

APPENDIX I

A SUMMARY OF MY LEARNING

Alí Ehécatl

[This account, ostensibly written by a young performer, describes a process of development through working with the principles of anthropocosmic theatre. It was originally included at the end of the closing chapter of what is now Part One. In fact, in the style of Stanislavski, Alí Ehécatl is a fictional character, allowing Núñez to include something of his own youthful experience. DM]

When I decided to study theatre, my whole family hit the roof. I was eighteen and had barely finished my secondary education. They thought that acting was not a very lucrative profession, in other words actors got to earn nothing or hardly anything, unless they got to be famous, and they thought that there was no chance of that for me. Besides, it was an atmosphere full of homosexuals and prostitutes, where addiction to drugs was widespread. So they tried everything to dissuade me from choosing theatre as a profession.

I was lucky and managed to get some money together. I convinced them of how sophisticated it sounded to study theatre abroad, and as true middle-class people, they understood the cultural prestige that that represented and gave my plans their blessing. I left for London in 1973 and spent a year searching furiously for success, in whichever way. I didn't find it.

The material I studied made me reflect more about the function of Mexican theatre in relation to contemporary world theatre.

When I went back to Mexico, a couple of years passed by amid whispers and echoes of my disappointment abroad, and without my finding an opening to work for a Mexican theatre. Sceptical, and having lost my way completely, and not knowing where to begin to build a truly Central American, and at the same time universal, theatre, I came across the forest of Chapultepec one day in May 1976. In the Casa del Lago I saw that a workshop was about to begin which looked as if it could be novel; it was directed by one Nicolás

Núñez, whom I had not met. Just for the sake of it, I signed up. That was the first contact I had with the proposition of an anthropocosmic theatre.

In the first work session, Nicolás explained to us the general scheme of his proposition; I thought it was pretentious, but I nevertheless let time go by. Anyway, there were two or three women in the group who were attractive enough to encourage me to keep going to the sessions.

'You aren't paying attention', Nicolas said to me during a breathing exercise. I was actually occupied with my mental jokes. 'You haven't understood any of what we're trying to do'. I was irritated by his arrogant, aggressive way of picking on me.

'So what exactly are we trying to do?' I asked sarcastically, trying to deflate his pretentious attitude of attempting to do something important. At that time, the most important things for me were my female companions' bodies, which lit up in the reddish nightfall at the end of July, in a bucolic Chapultepec. Nicolás kept quiet.

In the next work session Nicolás took me to one side. 'You aren't even fulfilling the first premise of our scheme'. I told him he was wrong, and that of course I was fulfilling it; I insisted, stating that my attitude was committed. He looked at me without believing a word, but simply shook his head from side to side and walked away saying to me, 'I hope you realise'. I took exception to his picking on me like that, as after all the only thing I was interested in was meeting up with the group and enjoying the presence of the two girls I liked. Besides, I was totally sceptical in the sense that anything really important could be generated in the workshop.

At the next class, I took along a text which I had written and recited in London. I took it for Nicolás so that he would realise that he could not put the pressure on me so easily. I wanted him to be aware that I had a personal history behind me, and anyway, the text provided a good way of impressing the girls in the group a bit more.

There were fourteen of us in the group, five women and nine men. Of the five, only Esperanza and Fe were attractive to me; the other three were mere

teenagers, so I didn't pay them much attention. All of the men, Nicolás apart, were aged between 18 and 23; Jaime was the most spirited in the exercises, followed in terms of work by Alfredo, who was known as 'Chac', and Félix who was Brazilian. The rest of us were Mexican. The text I took for them was the following:

Critical staging disguised as a street demonstration, recited at Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park, in London, on 24th March 1974

Here I am.

London in Spring.

My energy wasted away by the eternal cold.

Extension of paving-stones.

My esteemed and serene body, emancipated, volatile, set in your ways, vice-ridden coagulant friend: I'm telling you this because I cannot hammer a theatre out of your guts, because here, you do it energetically, with chic, and I hate you for doing theatre like that.

Because you pick up emotional charity with exaggerated virtuosity, because you deceive me, deceiving yourself, because you've forgotten to laugh. I hate you for that, too.

Let me also tell you that I have witnessed your infinite range of cheek which never gets revitalised, faces you pull in which your blood's taste of life does not flow. I'm fed up of looking into your eyes, looking to find that my-your (our) spiritual co-ordinate, and all I have found is gags, and any amount of useless projects of modern, industrial manufacture. You really made me sick.

That's how I came to the happy conclusion that your theatre, my dear novel friend, no longer contains that touchstone which talks directly to my guts. For this reason, rather than any other, I really hate you.

I came here from so far away, because I needed to see you close up, get to know you, find out what was the true colour of your emotions. And

now that I am here, all I can think of to say to you is that you need to go there, to the valleys of the sun, to the place where looks and tastes of earth still don't freeze: I mean, to Mexico.

I have scoured the sources of Elizabethan theatre, those of the *commedia dell' arte*, of the theatre of the absurd, war theatre, poor theatre, the grotesque, puppet theatre, live theatre, total theatre, political, mystical, of all their origins and their possible evolutions in our age, and until today, in this city, nowhere have I felt the communication of theatre as a manifestation of joy of life; only in some passage or other, for two or three people, have I discovered a fine ray of tortured brightness which connects me to the final guffaw of my personal representation of being human in this world, via and through the instrument of theatre.

By this I do not mean that everything in my travels has been, or still is, in ruins around me; quite the contrary.

Shakespeare is more alive than ever, as are Ibsen and many others. It's just that in every production you do of their plays, in almost the majority I could say (with the odd exception) both to Shakespeare and to any other maker of theatre, your stages full of modern technology are killing them. And I see how you rip their guts and their sex out and leave them in rags, where the colouring and the swelling of emotion are not ruled by bloody blows but by the weakened rouge of make-up. I do not believe in this type of theatre and I do not accept that type of falsified Shakespeare.

Because Shakespeare, just like anybody else, is not for me a style or a fashion; he is not even a socio-political circumstance at a given moment, but an emotional vibration which swallows the make-up with any other speculation and leaves us naked, clear, illuminated in joy or tragedy, with the only shade of reality which allows genuine communication.

So I believe in a theatre of light, in a theatre of genuine dramatic joy, in which the phallus is not disguised or deformed, and life vibrates serenely

and terrifyingly, connecting us with the real co-ordinates of a world cast before our eyes in worrying cycles of joyous vitality, and is eternally transformed, at every step falling, just as at this very moment, living.

One of the most distressing dramas in this atmosphere which surrounds us, my dear friend, happens when we discover, accidentally or by surprise, that our feet are in a world which belongs to us, our veins are full of acts about to be performed, and as we realise this, we cannot find enough courage to experience these acts; we choke to death on gushes of life which we could not get out into the open. This, my dear friend, is our day-to-day drama, both in the theatre and in the big cities.

So where can we find the pleasure and joy of natural hierarchies? How can we re-establish the original rhythm which will give us back our healthy appetite for life and sex.

At this time, when our spiritual concerns find no satisfaction in established rites, when our internal sympathies debate amid the jingling of Krishna, in the streets of New York, or Zen Buddhism exercises in London's West End, or even in the masquerades of those who appear to be illuminated and come to collect our tithes as a weekly jape wherever we may be in the world. At a moment when we know we are alone, when as an individual need we have the quest for a new touchstone which will link us to something magical, at a moment like this - again, we must reinvent theatre, as a frighteningly divine game which is rebuilt from any point, without conditions, without tithes, in a free, natural way.

If I am talking to you like this, my dear friend, it is because I feel that the impulse of vigorous theatre is convulsing in my insides, where I can feel the tuggings of urges caught up in the infinite acquisition of my worlds gladdened to the very limit, till they reach the edge of the silent, changeless universe of death.

That is why I came here. To shout out to you what I feel.

I feel the sun and its energy. I believe in a theatre of the sun. I believe in the light which creeps through the fabrics of our human labyrinth, to make us jump into action and hence be connected to totalising vitality.

I look down on any production which externalises, or which is formed in institutions, just as I look down upon the stupidest theatrical production I have been unlucky enough to suffer: religious and political orthodoxies, as well as theatrical ones.

I am absolutely convinced that internal convulsions and changes which sensitive individuals undergo, when they are the result of honestly and deeply emotional manifestations, consequently form and change culture.

I believe in this type of culture, performed by strokes of stomach and light. I believe in this type of theatre.

I do not believe in the pedantry of bourgeois humour which fabricates with its industry apparent cultural changes in any artistic manifestation, merely producing disorientation and a cloudy ideological colonialism without any consistency; your waste culture, dark, shady, sterile, you know it well, my dear friend; that is your arguable magazine information.

And so we come to realise that what separates some of us from others in this medium is not necessarily a question of talent, but of the budget of having enough time free to reinvent culture step by step. Original sin is the idiotic distribution of our paid time, yours, mine, everybody's. In this manipulation of our simple permanence is the essence of that pigheaded habit of sticking instants in headings, and dusks in photographs, to freeze our soul and turn us into objects, supposed makers of art, where the laid-back cheek of the average man contemplates the vigorous image of the artist's cheek in motion. I do not believe in this exchange of petrified cheeks. I do not believe in this type of theatre.

Moreover, you are committing the sin of obscurantism when you censure and hinder capable people, because at this advanced stage of media evolution, the vitality and internal spell of any artistic manifestation is no longer the patrimony of any group, clan or social nucleus, because if we can no longer ignore the fact that the emotional co-ordinates produced by art are resting under the skin of any human being, it is clear that our responsibility as individual artists is totally committed with the performance of this or that group, other people, everybody. And you are unwilling to realise this.

So I shall now end my journey through your sterile scenarios, full of tricks disguised as magical technology, which never convinces me fully; full of possibilities, worlds which freeze at the moment when they were about to lose control, Saxon precipices and cliffs where you, perhaps due to the climate, become the executioner of your own vitality, as you rediscover your stubborn habit of killing reality through reasoning.

I come from a place where reality has a hot waist, I come from the valleys where Prince Quetzalcóatl began his flight to the sun.

Just as if here, somehow, the words of Gauguin were fitting when he said: *If our life is ill, our art must also be ill, and we can only give it back its health by starting again, like children or savages.* And in such a scandalous situation as this, my dear friend, one of the quickest and healthiest paths would be to gather together your copious and overstructured encyclopaedia and ... burn it.

Nevertheless, you are not solely responsible for this huge fraud which envelops your glamour, my broken-down friend: I also have part of my cheek and my emotions deformed by compulsion. That is the self which at this moment I am snatching from your clutching arms so as to try and rehabilitate it and give it back to life. That is the cheek which discovers itself with these words, independent; acting before you, breathing, with its look and body open, proving that reality is

achieved and lost at every moment, that life reveals itself by fusing with the breath of whoever is breathing us, in this way, before you, at this moment.

Two classes later, when Nicolás gave me back my text, he asked me to read it out to the group, and this seemed like a good idea. I began to read it and as I got into it, I understood that I had generated this text in an organic, personal way; when I tried to exhibit it and use it to impress the group, it turned against me. In a certain way I had been totally honest as I wrote it and recited it in England, but now that I was reading it to a group of Mexicans of my own age in Mexico, I was overwhelmed by the commitment of what I was discovering in my own lines. How could it possibly have moved me so far away from myself? For a moment it seemed like a text written by a complete stranger. I stopped a couple of times and Nicolás insisted that I should continue. I finished completely confused, as if I were returning from a long journey.

‘Did you really shout that text out in England?’ asked somebody, and I answered in an absent kind of way, without daring to look at anybody.

‘How is it possible’, Nicolás began to say, ‘for somebody to have written something like this and yet not have the will to work, merely coming to the workshop to pass the time of day?’

Helena added to this:

‘Do you think we don’t meet here to try and develop a process appropriate to us as Mexicans, just as you want?’

I did not know what to say. The class ended.

When I got home, I looked for the exercise book in which I had jotted down the work scheme of the workshop, and read: Point number one - will to work. I realised that I had confused my willingness to go to the workshop; I thought it was enough simply to be there, that making the effort to reach the woods of Chapultepec, in the middle of a congested city, more or less on time, was a merit which more than fulfilled my will to work. But that was not the case. The will to work was something else. It was being awake and

committed to the exercises, it was not being distracted by other activities such as chatting each other up or thrusting our insidious egos on the others; it was, above all, being attentive and ready to make the best possible use of our work time.

I arrived at the next class a bit earlier than usual and began to play with the people who were there, asking them about the second point of our scheme, i.e. their deformations [distortions]. Chac looked at me inquisitively and I began to walk in a deformed way, as if I were a hunchback. He began to imitate me and we ended up adopting the most extravagant positions and faces one could imagine. By then, the whole group had arrived and were watching us in silence. We ended by slumping to the ground; I felt as if I had passed through ancient places and atmospheres; I had quite a penetrating taste in my mouth, as if my body had generated special fluids. Helena congratulated us on what she called good work. We began the class and I asked myself inside, what were my deformations and how could I detect them. We did the usual warm-up exercises: we stood on our heads, first against the wall and then, for those who had mastered the process, with no more support than the arms; then we warmed up our legs, together with rhythmic breathing. This warm-up is based on Tai-Chi, which originated in China, although some people say that its origins are Mayan. The basic position is bending the legs a little, as if one were sitting on an imaginary bench, with the spine straight; then one breathes deeply, moving very slowly through a form of quite complicated choreography, where the synchronisation of the breathing, the rhythm of the movement and the concentration in the lower abdomen should be a harmonious, fluent whole. Learning Tai-Chi takes many years, but the simple introductory exercises were led by Helena, who knows the 108 positions of Tai-Chi. We continued with some exercises led and developed by Nicolás. Here the contact, recognition and practice of each part of our body were carried out, and it was continually insisted that we paid attention to the source of energy of the human machine, i.e. in the lower abdomen.

For me, this was now a revelation. These were exercises I had been doing mechanically; my attention was on Fe and Esperanza, never on my own muscles and even less on my centre of energy.

I now realised how different it was to do an exercise with the attention alive, and obviously I reaped the benefits. The indifference and inertia disappeared from my soul; I began to sweat in a different way, with the awareness that now I really was working on my instrument.

The warm-up finished and we worked on the voice, i.e. all our body's resonators. Here we used a position similar to the basic one used for Tai-Chi, but with the hands in front, making a circle as if we were hugging a tree. This is the position of Chi-Kun. In this position, we breathed and opened our mouths as wide as possible, trying to let the sound vibrate out of our entire body. We shouted as loudly as we could, without focussing our attention on the vocal chords, but rather on the lower abdomen.

When we finished this class, I really understood that at that moment I had come into contact with the first step of the workshop's work scheme: the will to work. At that moment I began to worry about the second step, which is the contact with obstacles and deformations.

Until this moment the idea that I could have obstacles or deformations had never occurred to me. As far as I knew, I had always been a normal person. However...

Contact with Obstacles and Deformations

Once I had begun to take the scheme seriously, things started to change by themselves. As I looked for my deformations and obstacles through the workshop sensitisation exercises, I understood the enormous number of obstacles I had inside me, and determined a few 'habits' which I thought were part of my nature but were not; they were, in fact, deformations.

I understood the need to re-educate myself, I mean I now understood it organically, not only intellectually. I remember the first exercise of this type, that is to say the first exercises I did seriously. Once we had done all our

warm-up exercises, we relaxed and prepared our spirits for the sensitisation exercise. We were lying down on the ground, with our eyes closed; Nicolás asked for our trust so that we could do the exercise. He told us that we were in a safe place where our exact commitment was to work on ourselves as well and honestly as we could. He asked us to stand up with our eyes closed and begin to walk around the place, attentive to the reactions of our organism, focussing our attention on what was happening to us, rather than what was happening outside: if we were pushed or handled, it was more important to detect what that push referred me to, than to try and find out who had pushed me. We all knew that we were working in good faith and that if each person was sufficiently into the exercise, they were not looking to bother or impose themselves on the others. I recall that when I stood up, trying to keep my attention on my own organism, I noticed that I insisted on seeing myself through the eyes of the others; this was now a bit ridiculous for me, as I found myself walking in a way in which my attention was focused on the others. When I made the effort to walk with my attention on myself, I noticed that I began to walk in a different way from normal. I carried on making this effort, and felt liberated. For the first time, I felt free from the pressure of the others; I relaxed; I told myself that however ridiculously I walked, nobody could see me and therefore all I had to do was walk as my body wanted me to walk; I walked numerous times like this round the work space; at each step I felt freer and happier with my own walk. I knew at once that the way of walking which had characterised me up till that point had a tremendous affectation, a type of block which stopped me from allowing my human animal to walk, merely walk, without any more pretence.

I admitted to myself that I had discovered this blockage and promised myself that I would work on it. I had thought I had no blockages of any type, and look how I now realised I could scarcely walk normally without any problems.

Like this exercise to recognize ourselves in our walk, we did others in the areas of smell, taste, touch, sight and hearing, without ignoring the most representative emotional areas of our instrument, such as love, hatred, tenderness or passion.

All this, of course, via a work process sustained in the workshop, i.e. several days of uninterrupted work, so as to get a fuller idea of this type of internal 'cartography'.

Nicolás asked us to jot down in a notebook, in different sections, the problems, blockages or tensions which we discovered, for instance in the head, arms, legs, hips, and then separate further each of these areas: in the head, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the eyebrows, the teeth, the chin, etc., until we had done a complete check on this area. Of course this took me a long time and I think it is a task which never finishes, since as soon as I think I have got a more or less definite scheme for a certain area, things immediately happen to change it; it is important for us to realise that nothing is ever at rest. Our deformations get worse or weaken, but never remain at the same level of affectation, so it is necessary to establish a continuous revision device, for life. In this sense, I agree totally with Nicolás when he has mentioned that picking up this internal 'cartography' and keeping it up to date is a lifelong project.

Among the habits I discovered which were imposed on me by my environment, was that of drinking during meetings, for instance. I realised that I drank as a challenge, to fit in, so as not to be left behind, to show everybody else that I was very macho, etc. As I gradually discovered the true causes of some of my acts, I abandoned certain attitudes or deformations which, far from being organic, were social impositions which I was unable to put my finger on. That was what so many exercises in the workshop achieved for me, allowing me to get a little closer to my real needs and learn, through my re-education, to get rid of my artificial habits or behaviours.

I learned to reflect organically, to give myself time, or rather to give my body time and let its wisdom guide my actions. I would not claim that I have achieved this totally, or anything close, but for me the important thing is that I realised that it is along these lines that I should be working, both to learn to be better in the world, and to be able to propose 'something', theatrically speaking.

General Scheme of our Deformations

With the time and discipline to carry around in a notebook the notes corresponding to my feelings and blockages, I had my internal ‘cartography’ in a reasonable time. It had a lot of variations, and was changeable, but despite that I could see certain recurring feelings, some thoughts, always faithful to certain stimuli. In other words, I could basically determine the type of human animal I was dealing with.

Nicolás asked us to do absolutely nothing to change our habits, but merely to recognise them, however horrible they appeared to us, and register them (hence the notebook), using as a help the idea of filming ourselves for the *Last Judgement*. Let us say that it was only a process of self-observation. Of course the better we did it, the better we could pick up the scheme for ourselves (until that time without judgements of any type, simply observing ourselves as continually as we could).

When we finished this stage of the work, some of us had a more precise idea of our uneasinesses, automatisms and feelings in general. For instance, I discovered that I smoked excessively, and the more I observed myself, the more I realised that I did it due to nervousness, as a social process, as a support for when I was with other people, as a substitute for food, etc. I had the impulse to get rid of this habit, but Nicolás asked me to wait a while longer. So it was very revealing to observe the impulses which led me to smoke and become aware of their devices. I carried on smoking, but now I was certain of why I did it. At least I was no longer under the illusion of believing that I did it because I liked it. The cigarette is only one of the many points of observation, through which I began to discover myself. I think that the same thing happened to most of the members of the group.

Greater energy to recognise and overcome our fears and deformations

Once we had picked up our scheme with discipline, after a reasonable amount of time, we were ready for the fourth step: greater energy to recognise and overcome our fears and deformations.

The important thing at this stage was to have a perfect understanding of the mechanism of our habits and realise that, for instance, the habit of smoking came into my body via x need (in fact the cause is unimportant; what matters is the intensity with which it entered the body). Let us imagine that it entered due to anxiety at an energy level of 40. If I want to change this habit, I must 'consciously' choose another habit to replace the previous one. I must get it into my organism at the precise moment at which I feel the need for my former vice. Let us say I feel the need to smoke, and at that moment I bring the new habit into my body, but making an effort of will to begin it, at an energy level of over 40. I decided to stop smoking, and in its place I decided that every time I fancied a cigarette I would breathe deeply at least five times. The day I began the change, I felt the need to smoke and made the effort to raise my energy level, then gave my body the order to register the change. I had set my smoking habit at 40, so I tried to make the level of will about 50 or 60. The first few times were the most complicated; by the fifth or sixth day, I discovered a type of crisis whereby the desire to smoke rose to about 60 or 70, as if the habit were making a special effort to keep going. So I too made a special effort and set my breathing at 80 or 90. Once I had passed through this crisis, I no longer suffered this impulse to smoke, and a certain type of breathing pattern was established in my body which I have upheld to this day.

Aside from this, there were certain fears in my system which, being resigned to them, I had merely recognised, but they were still active in my organism, like for instance the fear I experienced in the countryside at night. Being alone at night in the middle of the countryside was something which terrified me. My decision to overcome this fear led me to promote the design of a special exercise to work on it. Nicolás and I designed it, and we were also helped by Helena and Jaime to complete it.

One Friday evening, the four of us went to a place near the town of Apan. There, in silence, we went out into the dusk and walked onto a huge hill. We walked for about an hour and a half; I had no idea where I was. Night had fallen completely and it was almost totally dark, such that we could scarcely

see our hands. At that moment, as we had arranged, the group split up, leaving me on my own in the middle of the hill. All I had to do was resist the impacts of the night and the different entities of the countryside. If I found that I was in difficulties, we had agreed on a signal to call the other three, which I could only use if it were genuinely necessary. The agreement was that I was not allowed to stray far from the place where we split up. In complete silence, I had to be attentive to everything that was happening within and around me. The vast range of small and major fears which appeared almost drove me mad; several times I was within a whisker of making the emergency call, but I was kept going by the need to battle effectively against the fears. I had to make a supreme effort to continue my life with as few fears and as little manipulation as possible.

At dawn I felt a feeling of joy which exploded when the sun came out. I was dancing frantically, with my eyes full of tears and a sensation of fullness which I had never felt before. I had got through the night, I had got through my night and crossed through my fear, and the certainty that my organism, somewhere deep inside, had learned this, made me radiate an immense serenity.

As the sun came out, my guardians appeared, my friends and my protectors, with whose help I was able to come through the darkness. The three of them danced and did exercises to celebrate the sun; they had been sustaining me internally so that I could give myself over wholly to myself. Now we were together again. I felt the great experience which they feel in this type of exercise; they know the why and the wherefore of this type of bridge to lead us to the sun. Throughout this exercise my will was at its limit; so that I could pull through and see out the night I had to use all my external and internal resources, and I know that only with specialised assistance was it possible to do this. We have talked about the risk involved if somebody without this type of training dared to try this exercise, and Nicolás has recommended that under no circumstances should anyone unqualified be encouraged to try it. The design to work on our fears is quite selective, since there is a particular exercise for each fear.

This fourth point of the scheme carries on to be a continuous work tool, together with the other points. That is to say, we must always be attentive so as to be aware of the obstacles and deformations generated in our organism, almost by the mere fact that we are alive. We always need to be working to overcome them; the work is never done.

Removing other people's stares

The important thing here for me was becoming very clearly aware of how many 'interferences' from other people I had on top of me. Did I do what I did because I wanted to, or because other people wanted me to do it? Removing other people's stares from me meant, for me, focusing my attention on the 'I Am' and liberating myself of the physical, animist and emotional stares of other people. I realised that what others expected from me was not what I expected of myself. To stop doing what others expected me to do was part of my work, until the point at which people left me free from their stares. I noticed the incredible sequence of small manipulations, looks, tones and pure thoughts which we give off continuously to make another person do what we want. To stop doing this to others and avoid their doing it to me was part of my task. I ended up with the type of automatic replies to which I was so marvellously conditioned; some people, those who were best able to judge me, were the first to be surprised and say to me, 'you're not the same as you were before', 'what's happening to you?' and so on, simply because I was consciously working to break their little ways of manipulating me. I stopped paying attention to other people's stares and focused, to reiterate, on the 'I am'. This was the best thing, and it helped me most.

After a considerable period of time, I settled down into myself and felt the organic security of the 'I am' in a neat, coherent way, aware that my being did not spell aggression to anyone or anything, that I now had not even the slightest trace of arrogance, that I was simply discovering myself, before my very being, in all my shape and weight as a human animal tangled up in the infinite structures of cosmic animals of which I am also a part.

The exercise I did on the hill was quite helpful in my understanding of a lot of things about my own organism; it helped me, above all, to remove other people's stares. That space, at that moment, was absolutely mine; nobody, other than my three companions, could track my thoughts down in such a place, and they, as I well knew, were busy among themselves, leaving me alone in absolute freedom. For anyone else it would have been less than impossible to get into that type of experience. So, I got through the test, the prison which other people's thoughts imposed on me, and finally managed to get rid of other people's stares.

Stop looking at ourselves

If removing other people's stares is difficult, stopping looking at ourselves needs a super-human effort which can only be achieved by serious discipline. I cannot really say much about this, but what I do know is that the way is open to whoever wants to follow it, whoever feels the need to stop looking at themselves.

What I experienced through a series of exercises and work after observing something about this mechanism, was the explosive expansion of every atom in my body which instantaneously noticed the correspondence with the thread which linked them with the stars. I guessed at the incredible range of suns accumulated in infinity, of which my little body, at that moment, was a tiny, modest echo-box. I can say no more. That is the end of my summary.

Alí Ehécatl