



Alejandro
Jodorowsky

Psychomagic

The Transformative Power of
Shamanic Psychotherapy

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Shamanic Psychotherapy

Alexander Jodorowsky

Translated by Richard L. Peltier



New York
London Toronto Mexico City

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The Transformation Power of
Memories Psychotherapy

Alexander Jakovlevsky

Translated by Richard L. Lullaby



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Psychomagic

"Psychomagic is a brilliant, wise, gentle, and moving vision with tremendous depth of imagination and psychological insight into the human condition. His work is a source of inspiration for me and for many of the most important and innovative artists of our time. Psychomagic is necessary reading for all who long to shock the world into awakening and remembrance of what has always been and what is still to come."

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"The best words I've ever read!"

MARLENE MACDONALD

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PROLOGUE

Having lived many years in Mexico City, I had the opportunity to study the methods of those called "witches" or "folk healers." They are legion. Every neighborhood has one. Rising up in the heart of the city is the great Mexico market, which sells exclusively single products: colored needles, sliced fish shaped like the devil, images of saints, medical plants, herbal wraps, tonics, charms, plaster sculptures of the Virgin of Guadalupe turned into skeletons, and so on. In some back rooms, plunged in semi-darkness, women, each with a triangle painted on her forehead, rub bunches of herbs and holy water on those who come for consultations; they practice "bleeding" the body and the soul. . . . Professional doctors, being helpful even if the remedy, despite their practices. According to them, medicine is a science. They would like to find a precise, ideal remedy for every illness, with each treatment distinct from all others. They want medicine to be one official method, with no variations, to be applied to patients who are treated only as bodies. None of them proposes to cure the soul. To folk healers, on the other hand, medicine is an art.

It is easier for the neoscientist to understand foreign language than national language. From a certain point of view, illnesses are demons, monsters that reveal unsolved problems. "Folk healers" develop personal techniques with great creativity: incantations, spells, strange medicines such as salt or fat larders, rusty screw fasteners, washed public sanitary napkins, animal excrement tablets, or moth eggs. Some have more imagination or talent than others, but all, if surrounded with faith, are useful. They speak to the primitive and superstitious individual, whom no all-way inside.

Watching these popular therapists operate, often performing miracles using the bewitching tricks of a skilled magician, I came up with the notion of the "mending." For the extraordinary however, it is necessary for the sick to firmly believe in the possibility of a cure and to accept the existence of miracles. To be successful, the healer is forced to employ

trick during the first meetings, which over time has shown that material reality plays that of the spirit. Once the sacred trap tricks the person seeking consolation, he experiences an interior transformation that provides him to capture the world by way of the illusion rather than by reason. This is the only way that a true miracle can take place.

But I ask myself without the sacred trap of this artistic therapy, could a person without faith be cured? On the other hand, although the rational mind guides each individual, can reason that anyone heal itself? At every moment, the capacity of the consciousness exceeds the limits of our reason, whether by way of dreams or by involuntarily acts. With that in mind, shouldn't there have way to make the consciousness believe voluntarily, like an ally?

One incident that occurred to one of my psychopedagogy courses gave me an idea. When I observed the manner of someone, a medical student routinely left on the floor lying with painful spasms. It seemed like an epileptic seizure. Until general panic, without anyone knowing how to help him, I went over to the affected student and—without knowing why and with a great deal of trouble—I removed his writhing hand from the ring finger of his left hand. Immediately, he calmed down. I realized that the objects that surround and accompany us form part of the language of the unconscious. In this way, getting a ring on a person can influence him, while taking the ring away can relieve him . . .

Another experience, which had very revealing results: "When my son Adrian was six months old, he was ill with a very bad case of bronchitis. A doctor friend of mine, an infant, prescribed drops of essential oils. My ex-wife Talita, Adrian's mother, was to pour thirty drops into his mouth three times a day. She quickly complained that the boy was not getting better.

I told her, "The problem is you don't believe in the remedy. What religion were you brought up in?"

"Like every Christian—Catholic."

"Then we are going to incorporate faith into these drops. Each time you administer them, say our Our Father."

So that's how Talita did, and Adrian recovered quickly.

After that, I began—very gradually—to incorporate this method in my last readings. When a client asked me how to solve a problem, I would provide what I called “Psychomagic.” Why didn’t I just call it “magic”?

For a primitive therapy to function, the witch doctor, supported by the spiritual expectations of the patient, must maintain a mystery, present himself as the possessor of supernatural powers obtained through a secret initiation and relying on divine and supernatural forces to bring about a cure. The remedies they provide are mysterious to their clients, and the actions they recommend are intended to be performed without knowing why. In Psychomagic, to the contrary, we used the individual’s understanding instead of his superstitious beliefs. The patient should know the reason for each of his actions. The psychomagician makes the transition from witch doctor to alchemist. Using psychomagic prescriptions, the patient becomes his own healer.

This therapy did not come to me as a sudden illumination but was perfected, step-by-step, over the course of many years. In the beginning, it seemed very outrageous, extremely “unscientific” that I could only experiment with rituals and relations. From time to time, in my conferences in Paris, I made references to it. One, I was invited to the study center founded by the spiritual teacher August Desjardins. He had heard of my experimentalism and asked if I could render an illness his mother-in-law suffered from on the palm of her hand. When the lady showed me her affected hand, I thought she made a request like a goddess, as if she felt excluded by her daughter-in-law’s marriage. I asked that Desjardins and his wife, in front of the patient, split a chocolate over a mound of green clay and then apply the resulting paste over the scars. The trouble disappeared quickly.

Gilles Faurat, a young disciple of Desjardins, came to see me on the advice of his master. Using the pretext of an interview, he wished to familiarize himself with my change theories. Based on our encounter, I developed a brief “biography” entitled *Le Champs Énergétique* (The Sacred Ticker), which consisted of a large number of readings. Gilles suggested that I develop my ideas more extensively. At the same time, reading in medicine the effects of my treatments, he requested a psychomagic session to help him become “a profoundly spiritual writer.” I suggested that he write a book of interviews with me that would be called

Psychomagic, entitled Sketches of a Psychic Therapy. My young friend was definitely not knowing the theme at all, he felt incapable of providing me with interesting questions.

That's exactly why I'm suggesting this. The kind of the spirit must liberate itself from the rational cage. In me will reverse the logical order. Instead of you asking me questions and I answering, first I will respond to you and then you will ask me . . . This is to say, the effect will come before the cause.

And that is exactly what we did. Marcel sat down in front of me with a recorder, and I went along giving responses to unsolicited questions for the next few hours. There were moments when my young interviewer slept anchored to his machine. When these finished this material into organized sections with questions for headings. When he was going deep into unknown territory for his field work, "I don't know if the artistic path and the therapeutic path can be recorded", he wrote in an objective tone declaring: "I am not one of the faithful. I do not write this book as an apprentice but as a friend. At times, a healthy propensity appears inside, which, by happy effect, leaves me to be specific about his thoughts."

When Jean de Sault, director of the collection "Two Spaces" at the French publisher Albin Michel, agreed to publish the book, he did so in condition that the title be changed. "We can't know the word 'psychomagic,' better to call it: *Le théâtre de la guérison, une thérapie magique* [The Theater of Healing: A Psychic Therapy]."

Le théâtre de la guérison [The Theater of Healing] appeared in 1962. It drew widespread interest. I received a healthy correspondence asking me to prescribe psychomagic acts. To develop this technique, until then practiced exclusively individually, I decided to accept ten clients sixteen per day, from Monday through Friday, in one and a-half-hour sessions. After establishing their genealogical tree—siblings, parents, aunts and uncles, grandparents, great-grandparents—I advised them on psychomagic acts, which would produce notable results. This was how I developed a certain number of guidelines, which permitted me to teach this act to a large number of students, many of them already established therapists. I granted private sessions for two years, at the end of which I began to write *Le théâtre de la*

Acidhead (Joaquín Benítez). Gilroy Harari fulfilled his career as a spiritual writer, and, today, as a father-in-the-family, he lives back-strepping again, collaborating with Arnold Desquignes in these adventures.

After the publication by Desquignes of *La Percepción del Acidhead* (2006) and thanks to numerous television interviews by Fernando Sánchez Dragó, the greater public learned about psychedelogs. There was no shortage of enthusiasts who, though lacking creative ability, wanted to know without even having performed an honest search or therapeutic work and who gave a naive imitation of my techniques.

In 2008, I gave a conference at a university in Madrid for a group of six hundred people. Officially directed by my facilitator, the young, former student, the students presented their problems relating psychedelogs advice to resolve them. At the end of the conference, Javier gifted me with a sample of his book, *Barmanolo* (2008), in which he describes his dreams: "I go to a shop where they sell thousands of agents; this tells them, a thousand gets me in the house. The man who accompanies me breathes in his, but he tells me there's no need for a pad or any other tactic. I throw everything away, and we go through the woods until we arrive at a river. The fish jump into our hands." I remember that his writings have a leading aspect. Javier is, then, sequences his support of my ideas and requests an appointment, for the purpose of asking me again the questions the students posed, questions in which the actual education system doesn't respond. "Students have changed, but unfortunately their professors continue to maintain the archaic way of thinking," he tells me. I travel to Porto, and he interrogates me for several days. "Think without limits, talk like the young maniacs," *Acidhead* is how the second and third parts of his book conclude.

PART ONE



Psychomagic

Sketches of a Psycho-Therapist

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST IN PAISE CHARACTER

by Interviewer Gillian Farrow

[From *Psychomagic*. Apparently if one thing is painful I am over-whelmed, but I am an introvert... a multi-talented man should I have said. He should experiment and feel all the ups and downs, the disputes and the joy, the magic and the reality, the courage and fear of his people. He should be able to stand on fire as a higher man-like example. You have to be God and the devil both of them. Being a good medicine man means being right in the midst of the turmoil, not shielding yourself from it. It means experiencing life in all its phases. It means not being afraid of setting up and playing the final row and then. That's surreal too.

JOHN (FAR) LAST BEEN close to someone who is someone who is someone.

After many evenings spent in his library discussing *Psychomagic*, I asked Alejandro Jodorowsky if he intended to produce a psychomagic act for me. He retorted that the mere act of producing this book in his company constituted a sufficiently powerful act. Why not?

To tell the truth, Jodorowsky himself is a walking psychomagic act, an elevated and definitely "poetic" character whose occasional frequency intrusions come much into the imagination of our seemingly predictable universe.

A director who, with his scrupulous detail and rigor, has marked the history of theater with his highly unusual "poetic" movement; a maker of cult films like *El Topo* or *The Holy Mountain*, in which unpaid American devotees dance and scholarly studies; an author and movie-making writer who can afford the luxury of working with the best technicians; an attractive father of five children, with each of whom he actually maintains a personal relationship in this day. "Jodo" is also an unconventional hard worker whose sharing

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST IN PSYCHIC CHARACTER

by Interviewer Gilles Fauriol

(From Psychomagic: Approaches of our Illnesses parapsych) I am no shaman-d, but I am no saint either: a medicine man should I have said. He should experience and feel all the ups and downs, the depths and the top, the magic and the reality, the courage and fear of the people. He should be able to deal with us as a human man-like an eagle. For there is in God and the devil, both of them. Being a good medicine man means being right in the midst of the human, not shielding yourself from it. It means experiencing life in all its phases, it means not being afraid of cutting up and playing the flesh man and them. That's sacred too.

(JOHN FINE, CLARK PETER (HOW) IS A MEDICINE MAN IN THE LATE 19th CENT.)

After many evenings spent in his library discussing Psychomagic, I asked Roberto Jakovlevich if he intended to produce a psychomagic act for me. He related that the mere act of producing his book in his company constituted a sufficiently powerful act. Why not?

To tell the truth, Jakovlevich himself is a walking psychomagic act, an elevated and definitely "psuche" character whose emotional frequency introduces some order into the organization of our seemingly preferable universe.

A shaman who, with his accomplices Daniel and Tanya, has marked the history of theater with his (rightly named) "psuche" movement; a maker of cult films like *El Tupo* or *The Holy Mountain*, in which spiritual humans devote themselves and wholly deliver; an author and considerably writer who can afford the luxury of working with the best technicians; an attentive father of five children, with each of whom he actually maintains a primitive relationship in this day; "Dado" is also an unconventional level reader whose dancing

intimations have left more than one person speechless; the surrealism drawn of the mythical Caliban² who, when the Mexican public is awoken by beguiling events like this, regularly pulled his uniform on by week-at-a-time, practicality given only an international imagination—was still an intentioner too influenced by Brechtian—whose work was and which flows around the world have counselled.

This Caliban of Mexican origin, who lived many years in Mexico and is now rooted in France, is a character that the newly random accident of today could not create, a being who infuses the power of the imagination into all the scenes of his multidimensional existence.

His residence, an unstable alloy of order and disorder, organization and chaos, is the splitting image of his career; if not simply the image of life itself. It is an experience in itself to encounter to this well-defined space with books, ideas, time . . . It is a place where one could run into the cosmopolitan Brechtian, Brecht, or Brecht, as well as a set or a woman from who leaves where she appears for a moment to take care of the household . . . It is a place of poetic power, a concentration of events, yet controlled, managed.

To be more precise, to work with a poetic character is not a disaster. This is because, above all, André regularly ignores schedules, agendas, and other temporal constraints that govern terrestrial life. When we had completed *Le Temps Suspendu* [The Suspend Time] and he proposed to help me get his psychobiography adventure to paper, I understood that it would have to totally dedicate myself and suspend all features. With him there are no advance arrangements, no fixed dates, no well-timed meetings—all is done spontaneously. Everything is on the order of the drifting. Not that he is incapable of submitting to discipline or to a schedule, quite the contrary; but finally, there is the mystery: how could this man, who, as soon as our interviews were finished, left to shoot a film with the creative title *The Rainbow Thing*, a big-budget shoot) have named masters like Peter O'Toole, Sean Connery or Christopher Lee and impose his availability on producers (who are, at the same time, enthusiastic and worried) and accept, in September, a conference for Marks, without the least effort in the world to get anything done on any written agenda? It is always necessary, as an intended date approaches, to track him down for fear that he totally forget and has disappeared to the other side of the world.

Continued of the narrative character of reality, Alexander has that fascinating and seducing aspect that makes him narrative in all manifestations. When in front of the public, he rarely resists the temptation to go to the limit. Notably very tough American, this exceptional being leaves here to be, in private, kind and most friendly, and he was, in the blink of an eye, transform himself into a human open, in the same vein as his film, where the grotesque-tempter with the grove, the abscissa with the surreal. He is always on the fringe: he dances on the subtle edge separating emotion from pathological provocation, innovation from average effects on good taste, seductivity from indecency... Familiar with his methods after more than fifteen years of collaboration, *Madness*, the great-cousin of *El Jaul*, sees all this as "the technique employed by Alexander in order to undermine the resistance of the audience."

Whatever the case, with indecency things always end up arranging themselves, regardless of the damage inflicted on the nerves of the spectators. He has accepted what it comes to spinning a situation presented under the worst auspices into a new direction, and he changes reality as easily as if it were clay.

Why not mention here a representative anecdote, which will appear again later in the book. It clearly illustrates this capacity to give reality a spin—something you'd better be prepared for if you have the audacity to accompany him on his trajectory.

Illustrated by an anecdote, his, we had agreed to appear together. The title included an organic vegetable market, vendors of ethnic foods, and all sorts of the exotic: poets of Mexican Nation, editors and doctors in alternative medicine... "What if it failed over? What happened was this: When I arrived at Vincennes in search of my home, I found him immersed in the development of a comic strip and little disposed to detaching himself from his long legs talk of "the magazine"  (as he sweetly called it).

I insisted, however, saying that they were waiting for us and that we must keep our word, until finally Alexander consented to get into my car, repeating all the while, "I don't feel it, all this... I don't believe we should go to the magazine..."

Upon arriving at our destination, we found the worst: a hall open to the four winds,

without microphones or chairs for the panelists, aside from of about a hundred people who had come to listen, not to Jukowsky, because of an error in programming, but to Dr. Westphalen, the vice-rector of medical medicine teachers ...

While I was looking, my greater companion, after repeating at a glance the magnitude of the catastrophe, threw at me, in a familiar tone, "Don't say! I already told you!" and he turned to leave.

My friend ran behind Juko and advised him to talk anyway, obviously being sensitive to Russian meaning. Alexander turned again and said, "Right, some people really love Dr. Westphalen. Why not introduce me as if I were him?" Tell them I am Dr. Plamen. Plamen said that I'm going to talk to them."

Perhaps today I would rise to this challenge, but I was, at the time, still so immersed in the conventional idea according to which Dr. Westphalen is Dr. Westphalen, Giller is Giller, and Jukowsky is Jukowsky ... My reality principle forbade me from siding in this march, so I mumbled some polite words to introduce my dangerous friend, who played himself boldly in front of the disinterested audience and spoke in a weak tone, "Listen, I am not Dr. Westphalen, but that doesn't matter. The person is not important! So, take me for Dr. Plamen Plamen and ask me all your questions. I make no difference between you. I will respond to you as if I were Dr. West! West! ..."

Stunned at first, the audience did not take long to give in to the spell and enter into Jukowsky's game, with which he, before my incredulous eyes, achieved great success. Soon enough he invited his surprised audience to tell him their problems, and in a gleaming tone he urged them to take full advantage of the fortune granted by destiny's whim, "Thank! ask me your questions. This is the last time I will come to the phone ..."

After stopping at the Doves Publishers booth where Dr. Westphalen's books" all the same, I could have sworn that Dr. Westphalen is, not? Alexander returned to the bookstore where he had met at the corner of a vast circle of silence, confining with silent bladders to distant advice and whispered comments. This was how an afternoon that began as a storm ended as an apothecary.

We should also recall his striking behavior. It is not rare that Alexander needs a person

for the first time and delivers point-blank some hidden truth, thus giving the interlocutor the disturbing impression of being in the presence of an inconsistent tongue.

A friend—well, call Claude Salomons—has not forgotten the evening when a conference, which was already open, while sitting on the terrace of a café at Saint-Denis, Jude presided, inconspicuously but not without delivery, to give one of his small revelations: "Listen to me, Salomons, can I talk to you? You are a friend-of my friend, not permit myself to talk to you. Listen, Salomons, if I look at you, I am a man divided into two halves—your upper lip is very different from your lower lip." Glancing at Claude, I noticed for the first time, this striking facial feature. "Your upper lip, very thin, not that of a woman, yes, indeed, almost right! It is the lip of an ascetic. But your bottom lip, a lot bigger, fleshy, is the lip of a sensual man, a lover of pleasure. Yes, you have these two halves in you. You must reconcile them." Albeit in itself very simple, this observation affected my friend, who was applying himself more than ever probably to nothing in himself these two contradictory contradictions, according to traditional logic: complementary, according to profane, spiritual logic.

How many people have I heard give similar reports that Adorno's had, with the aid of a handwritten or solely with the power of observation, summed up their current difficulty in a word and expounded a new aspect of their nature-based insight?

During a visit one day, I was shocked to witness Adorno's, who had never previously met the friend I had brought along, and without her formulating a question or drawing a card, was again a few minutes the master of the situation in which she found herself. No surprise there: our man inspires such power and direction.

The king Adorno's sits enthroned in his court, surrounded by swarms of followers for whom the Mystical Cabinet is like a very holy mass. There are those who for years have not missed a service, gathering with devotion to follow the master's most sacred sermons . . .

I would like to make it clear that I am not part of the flock. To use the terms Adorno's uses in the postscript to *On Strange Subjects*, the "mature young man" that I am has more to learn from the "mature old man," and it is, above all, on this side that we have concerned. It is with a healthy conviction that I sometimes oppose his stories, and this has the positive result

of obliging him to clarify his thoughts.

Because of his facile, which always provides fascination, one can also become doubtful or even irritated; for, as exact as they often are, these right-out-of-the-box intuitions sometimes seem a bit hasty. After seeing him indulge in his lightning lectures in the framework of the Cabaret where, in the space of one evening, he knows about everything old psychological facts as a result of the genealogy tree established with the part of "Psychomagic," the optimistic, sympathetic but having conceived a step of critical sense, cannot help but swing between admiration and skepticism, amazement and doubt. Admiration and amazement, of the breathtaking performance of that entire par excellence, his ability to manage and to guide the energy of a hall of five hundred people, and the true relevance of his observations, skepticism and doubt, as these evenings are garnished with laughter and emotion while human vast unshaped cities and suburbs in which complexes and tensions are exposed to broad daylight than treated by the "master" with a clever combination of humor, extravagance, and benevolence . . . adhering to a new genre, that of spiritual-analytical "reading shows." One leaves the hall both reduced and excited, wondering about the real consequences and the long-term effects of this jumble of artistic therapy.

There is something of the old-fashioned tooth puller and maker of puller in this visionary of Yverdon who describes himself as a "sacred initiator," but this heart of "transcendental charlatan," an integral part of the Jekyll-and-Hyde character, is in the final analysis of the source of a true compassionate energy. One can also very well say that Alexander is a buffoonist if he feels uncomfortable - a spyglass, very spy . . .

He is not a sacred initiator simply because he claims to be; under the surface and the apparent use of this transcendental artist is also of rigor in particular rigor, but rigor all the more, an inextinguishable creative potential, a profound poetic vision, and, I believe, a lot of kindness.

One man has a pure heart. If he is lying, Jesus doesn't abuse his divine power, which some of his subjects have granted him. His Majesty is his own God, never hesitating to put his teachings on trial and through a good measure of buffoonery. Although he doesn't

disregard homage from his disciples, he also has no desire to become an idol. Fundamentally *disinterested*—as I myself have had numerous occasions to verify—Andersky remains, in my opinion, a kind being, made of his talents as well as of his limitations.

Having had the chance to be involved with some true masters, such as the Japanese Uta Takanashi who studied him with the red iron-of-faces, he *knows not to be* a guru to the artist and noble master of the word but rather to be a kind and disarming guide with whom anyone can walk a stretch of the way.

"Grow up a little," Andersky pulled nearby to his daughter Eugenia, eight twenty and cheerful. "We don't yet grow-down a letter" The fact that *Andersky himself*, not without pride, related this to me—his progeny's *harshness*—says a lot about his character.

Farmed of the truth, although at times with the aid of an impostor, a known master who talks no more than *he* is silent and how down-below those who suspect him, Andersky is very much a *very* shaman. If the mystical *clown*, talked him what it takes to *immediately* inspire fascination or repulsion—and sometimes both—there is much to be gained by knowing him in all his *intimate distance*.

Even though he has published several novels and countless comic strips, Andri walked her retirement up to put down on paper what he holds *closest to his heart*. Following the thread of our conversation, Andersky took me on a magical journey with all the art of Cienfuegos willing for the theater. It is this journey to which you are now invited. This book is as much an artistic-spatial autobiography as it is a guide to a new therapy. A new opportunity to a world in which poetry *envelopes* risk, in which there is *transformation* into ritual sacrifice, and in which a real witch, armed with a kitchen knife, *opens wounds*, transplants hearts, and *overcomes* demons. It is my hope that this book will remain as the legacy of a far from ordinary individual's journey among us.

Chris Huxley
Fall, 1989-1991

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THE POETIC ACT

I suppose the birth of what you call Psychoanalysis responded to a need'....

Exactly. During the time of my life that made my activity now impossible, ²⁴ I devoted at least twenty-five years day to month to work. ...

You predicted their future?

Not at all. I do not believe in the real possibility of predicting the future, neither as from the moment you see the future, you modify it or you create it. To forecast an event is to produce it. In social psychology this is called "self-fulfilling prophecies." I have been a host by Anne Areeda Schotzberg, professor at the University of Nice, which studies precisely this phenomenon.

If you carefully observe the parts of a certain number of terminally ill cancer patients, one will notice that many times it has to do with people in infancy predicting something about themselves, which developed into an unconscious "life script" (of themselves or of their families) related to their life and death, at times including the date and time, their age, the very moment that they actually find themselves in the position of dying. For example, at thirty-three years (Jesus Christ's age at death) or at forty-five (the age of the

person's success or failure at the time of their death) or when his son turned seven years old (because this person was replaced at seven . . .). There are examples of a kind of automatic realisation of personal or family predictions.

In the same way, according to (Robert) Kessel, if a professor predicts (in his own head) that a poor student's performance will remain so, it is certain that it will not change. By contrast, when the professor decides that the student is intelligent but tired, and predicts (again, only in his own head) that the student will make progress, the student begins to progress. It is a surprising discovery but verified often and sufficiently enough to inspire a certain distrust of those who, under the pretext of possessing supernatural gifts, take the liberty of predicting events that their client's subconscious will translate into personal desires with the purpose of obeying the author's wishes. As a result, the client assumes the work of realising these predictions, many times with fatal consequences. All predictions are a mixing of power whereby the seer/psychic takes pleasure in writing destinies, thus hijacking the normal course of a life.

But why does this phenomenon have to have necessarily harmful consequences? What do you think there about those seers/psychics who predict happy things, prosperity, fertility, and other unhappinesses?

In any case, there is a matter of power, a manipulation. Moreover, I am firmly convinced that under the label of 'professional fortune-teller' hide, with rare exceptions, unstable, dishonest, manipulated individuals. At best, only the predictions of a genuine saint would be deserving of trust. This explains, for example, why I refuse to dedicate myself to clairvoyance.

Let's go back to the origins of Psychomagie and your activity as a tarot reader. What was your prediction?

I considered the tarot as a perspective not to facilitate locating a person's needs and knowing where his or her problems reside. It is well known that the mere recognition of an

connections as poorly understood problem already holds a key to the solution. Working with me, people became aware of their identity, of their difficulties, of what causes them to act. I made them walk through their problems; I was able to show them the natural origin of some of their discomfort. Nevertheless, I realized immediately that no true healing could take place if one did not take some concrete action. For the consultation to have a therapeutic effect, a creative action accomplished in reality would have to come out of it. To manage this, I had to suggest to those who came to see me one or two specific acts to carry out. The process and I had to, by common consent and with full awareness, figure out a very positive program of action. This is how I came to practice Psychoanalysis.

You practiced this therapy for a decade and achieved quite convincing results. How did you achieve it?

Something like this is not invented; one sees the path through oneself. But this path has depths.

Before going into detail about Psychoanalysis, to examine its relationship with psychoanalysis, to mention precise acts, to look into the different written or oral texts by your clients, it would be interesting to return to those roots.

The first thing that came to help me was poetry, my contact with the poets.

At the occasion of our interview for *Le Temps Suspendu* (The Stopped Timekeeping), you told me you were a lot of the great poets of your native country, Chile.

Yes, it was during my youth, in the 1930s. As it happens, I had the luck to be born in Chile. After all, I could just as easily have been born elsewhere. If it had not been for the Russo-Japanese war, my grandparents would not have emigrated and I would have simply been born in Russia. The flip side of this is: "Why did the ship on which they embarked bring them to Chile?" I would like to believe that an chance is always not destiny and that

none of what happens to us is the fruit of coincidence. Yet, if there is no coincidence, everything makes sense. For me, it is my introduction to poetry that justifies my birth in Chile.

All the same, Chile has never had such rights to poetry.

No, poets are everywhere. But the poetic life has more sense properly. In how many countries does a real poetic atmosphere exist? Without a doubt, ancient China was a land of poetry. But I think, in the 1990s in Chile, we lived poetically like in no other country in the world.

Can you explain?

History presented everything: teaching, politics, cultural life . . . The country itself lived immensally poetry. This was due to the temperament of the Chileans and to particular the substance of five of our poets, who were transformed for me into a species of archetypes. These poets were the men who guided my existence from the beginning. The most well known of them was no less than Pablo Neruda, a politically active man, ardent, very poetic in his writing, and who, above all, lived like an authentic poet.

What share of reason is there like an authentic poet?

In the first place not to have, to dare to give, to have the audacity to live with true reason. Neruda constructed a house in the form of a castle, gathering together around it a whole village; he was a poetist, and he wisely managed to become president of the republic. He handed his life over to the Communist Party, for idealism, because he truly wanted to achieve a social revolution, to build a more just world. And his poetry touched all of the Chilean people. In Chile, even freshmen at high schools absolutely longed to read Neruda's verse! His poetry was recited as much in schools as on the street. The whole world wanted to be a poet, like him. I'm not only talking about students, but workers and even freshmen-que in verse! He knew how to capture in his verse all the way atmosphere of the country.

Listen to this poem that comes to mind. We would recite it in union when, in

university student looking, an international marriage with the patriotic wine of our Chinese land.

It so happens that I am sick of myself and my wife
and my hair and my shadow.

It so happens I am sick of being a man.
(Still) would be more alone

to be left alone with a red life,
or killed with a blow on the ear.

It would be great
to go through the streets with a green light
being not polluted? / being the cold.

[TRANSLATED BY ROBERT BLY]

Apart from Stravinsky, who enjoyed modernism there, another few poets were of national importance. Vladimir Mayakovsky came from well to do surroundings, in any case less humble origins than Neruda. His mother knew all the French literary salons, and his provided the very thorough artistic education, through which his poetry, of great formal beauty, attracted the entire country with its elegance. We all dreamed about Europe, about the culture . . . Mayakovsky gave us a great aesthetic lesson. As an example, I will read to you the fragment of a lecture given by him in Madrid, three years before the appearance of the surrealistic manifesto:

Apart from the grammatical meaning of language, there is another magical meaning, which is the only one that interests us . . . The poet creates, outside of the world which exists, a world which should exist . . . The value of the language of poetry comes directly from its separation from spoken language . . . Language reveals itself in a constant act of comparing and presenting itself in the continuity of its total selfhood, disconnected from all prefigured conventional forms. Poetry, the ultimate freedom, is, at the same time, the

edge where the unknown begins, where there is neither contradiction nor doubt. Reaching the last border, the usual sequence of the phenomena breaks its logic, and on the other hand, there shows the hand of the great being, the divine is added together in a new logic. The great takes you by the hand to show you closer to that last frontier, shows the point on the great pyramid, toward that fold which extends beyond what is true and false, beyond life and death, beyond space and time, beyond nature and being, beyond spirit and matter ... There is, in his throat, an unspeakable silence.

Then there was a woman, Gabriela Mistral. Her appearance was that of a dry, austere lady, very separated from natural poetry. She taught in the two highest school districts, and this life gave her a credibility in becoming a symbol of peace for us. She pointed out the moral requirement with respect to the pain of the world. Gabriela Mistral was for Chileans a kind of guru, very mystical, a universal mother figure. She spoke of God but without too much rigor ... Listen to these fragments of the "Lesson of the Teacher" (the teacher in question was, naturally, the government):

But You who taught, forgive that I teach; that I bear the name of teacher as You did here on Earth ...

Teacher, make my lesson refreshing and disinterested temporary.

You transmit this imperishable desire for love which liberates me still, this allegory incarnation of peace

that overtake me when they love me ...

Make me master of all power that is not given, of all promises that tend, your school will save my life ...

Give me simplicity and give me deeply release me from being a complicated person or being many everything known. ...

Lift me my hand to punishment and within it move the universe.

The fourth major Chilean poet is Pablo Neruda. He also was an universal being, a kind of fusion of poetry and love where the greatest passions circulated. They attribute to him two

manifold effects, friends ... He was actually a Catholic exponentist who imported cultural promotion into Chile. He was surely religiously and social horribly meddling, and he had a terrible, dark sense of literary duties. These latter phrases that emerge like religious rather should reflect to give you an idea of his furious other.

Introduce the poem, designate the poem ...

Chances where material, as the stars are shown from across ...

When (Chilean) still that handsome ...

They, you are particularly the center of Chile, like any, precisely in the center ...

Chile's former capital from among friends ...

Learning to lead directly with the best of required.

Finally, the fifth was Manuel Pizarro. A nation of the people, he studied the university culture to become a professor at a large school and to embody the intellectual figure, the intelligent part figure. He introduced us to (Luis) Stigebach, the Vienna Circle, Kafka's private life. He had a very South American world ...

That is to say ...

And, however, are away about friends. From time to time Pizarro went to Sweden and returned with a friend. It fascinated us to see him with a strong friend ... Then they would know, and he would go back to Sweden university with a new course, apart from his intellectual influence, he brought home to Chilean people, he was the first to introduce a considerable, in creating ambiguity, he returned the art form. Here I have a fragment of Pizarro's "Writing to the Reader":

My poetry may very well be nowhere;

"The laughter in his head increased?" my instructions will argue,

"that is ridiculous"

"These pages bring poems instead of alpha"

"He kills and survives like a baby trying for the breast"
"The author wants to make himself understood?"
"All right, I'm trying to burn your ships,
Like the Phoenicians, I'm trying to destroy my own alphabet."
"Why bother the public then?" the reader/friend will ask:
"Then why give the public such hard times?" negatively readers will ask:
"If the author himself begins by putting down his own work,
How possible this, after all?"
"Watch out, I don't put anything down
Or better yet, I'll praise myself of writing things,
I'm proud of my shortcomings
I'll praise my weakness in the future,
Autographing birds
Battled like my own of their parents
In their own hands,
(Watch birds turn actually as flying something)
The way I use it
The time has come to bring this thing up to date
So I'll bury my quills in the hands of my readers!"

[THINKING OF THE POET'S THOUGHT]

I understood then that these five observations greatly marked the young man
you were.

They were alive, alive and happy! They were the best examples in the world they spent

their days fighting, exchanging insults Pablo in Bolivia, for example, published an open letter to Vicente Fox-Olayo in which he exclaimed: "I am beginning to be annoyed with this story, my little Norberto. Spend time that, I am not one of those women who break up a chinking chickenbone-and-egg story she has laid an egg in Europe." He professed what he said about Norberto? "Pablo Norberto is not a Communist, he is a Norbertist—the last of the Norbertists, or probably the only one." These people exposed themselves; they were not afraid to live their passions. As for us, we embraced one cause and then the other We were immersed in poetry from morning to night. It was truly in the center of our existence. For us, these few poets formed an ultimate mankind: Norberto was mine, Pons also, de Rilla too, Manuel earth, and Norberto, in the center, quintessence. We wanted to go beyond our preferences and build time on more than anticipate our quest.

And this, how was it?

All these poets had a public role. Heidekin said, "Poets, why stay alone the road? Make it bloom in the poem". Natalia refused a woman from the profile promising a marriage gift and then showing her a house the size of a pumpkin. They had begun having literature to participate in acts of everyday life, taking the aesthetic and rebellious position typical of poets.

You and your friends then seemed to go further in this direction.

From today to be the same age as the famous poet Enrique Lihn, now deceased. One day, he and I and other broke down in a book about Italian Futurism as illuminating phrase by Marinetti: "Poetry is an act!" And from that moment on, we decided to go attention to the poetic act. For three or four years, we dedicated ourselves to writing, not poets who, thinking about them all day long.

What did these acts consist of?

For example, Lihn and I decided one day to walk in a straight line, without ever swerving.

We walked down the avenue, walked some time free. Instead of going around it, we climbed up and over it. If it was crossed in our path, we climbed on top, walking on its roof. In front of a house, we rang the doorbell, entered through the door and walked where we could, sometimes through a window. The important thing was to maintain the straight line and not pay any attention to our clothes, as if it did not exist.

This should have caused more than one problem . . .

Not at all, why? You forget that Chile was a poetic country. Remember, having rung the bell of a house and having explained to the lady of the house that we were poets in action and that our mission required us to cross her house in a straight line—she understood perfectly and had us leave through the back door. For us, this crossing of the city in a straight line was a great experience, the way we managed to avoid all the obstacles. Later by later, we went about inventing more extreme acts. I was studying psychology, then she I was really fed up and decided to find a way to physically express that I had a bellyful. I left class and went calmly to situate in front of the door of the office of the rector. Of course, I ran the risk of being permanently expelled from the university. A magical thing, no one saw me. I waited and my act unfolded inevitably followed—in all corners of the week. Another day, we got a large quantity of coins in a bag full of holes and traveled to the center of the city. It was extraordinary to see everyone avoiding them behind us, the streets filled with doubled and tripled holes! We also decided to create our own imaginary city within the real city. We then we needed to relocate navigators. We looked for the best site station, a famous monument, and we began an imaginative journey, in accordance with our fantasy. We transformed the National Library into an intellectual wall. Without a doubt, this became the seed of the Mysterical Cabaret. What we tell things is important, by giving things different names, it sometimes is that we transformed them.

Also, we dedicated ourselves to very modest acts that were no less powerful, like getting a beautiful shell in the hand of the conductor when he came to take our bus tickets. The man stood there stopped for a long time without saying anything.

You were actually twenty years old. What did your family think of these responsibilities?

As you know, I come from a family of immigrants who spent eight hours a day working in a store. When pretty much my life in this town, they were afraid. One day my friends and I took someplace and dressed it with my mother's clothes. Then we hid it not like a corpse, surrounded by umbrellas, and we had a wake in the living room. When we were involved in this, we had all the necessary props, and it made an eerie impression. When my mother arrived, she was herself being veiled! All my friends came to give their condolences. It naturally had an enormous impact on my family. Another time, we killed my parents' bed with worms.

But this is very cruel, you were a hateful son.

Nevertheless, but I wanted, without the beauty of youth, to break out of the routine. These are about them up, closed them to open. What else could they do before the unknown? Life is like that, you understand? Totally unpredictable. You think things will happen this way or that way and, in reality, while standing on the corner talking to a friend, you can be run over by a truck, you can run into an old man and go to a hotel to make love, or the cat can kill on your hand while you work. The telephone can ring to announce the best or the worst of news. But who is young poets were persuaded to prove this, to swim against my parents' rigid world. To get into bed and that passed with a sense of some powerfully contradictions that happens to all of us every day.

My father practiced Psychoanalysis without knowing it. He was convinced that the more merchandise he had, the more he would sell. He had to give shoppers the image of superabundance, then he had behind him a row of drawers supposedly full of socks. He would stick a sock out of one of the drawers as it looked like the drawer was jam-packed, when there really was absolutely nothing inside. One day, when the store was full of customers, one of my friends, David, started opening all of the drawers. Then he wrote a poem proclaiming that my father was an exceptional man, comparable to the great

negative...equal to those who sold pure emotional

Your father must have been furious.

Actually, no. Every time something like that occurred, my family suffered a huge impact followed by silence and intense griefing. They were completely overwhelmed, and the results were as extraordinary for them that they thought they were living a dream, outside of the usual limitations of their existence. All of them who had a domestic quality, infused with mother. Remember Lisa and I set strange objectives. When we were fed up with the university, we would take the train to Vancouver, determined not to return until an older lady had invited us to drink a cup of tea. Successful, we returned to the capital victorious.

One day, with a friend's's blood, we went to a fine restaurant. We were both dressed very elegantly and ordered steak and potatoes. Once served, we rubbed the meat all over our bodies, cleaning our clothing. When we had finished, we again ordered the same and repeated the act. We did it three or six times back to back until the whole restaurant was seized by panic. A year later, we returned to the same establishment, but the waiter if professed: "If you are thinking to repeat what you did the other day, no way! I will not permit you to enter this restaurant." The act had made such an impact that time itself had stopped. It had happened a year earlier, but for him it wasn't it had happened a week ago.

Your words remind me of an episode when I was fifteen or sixteen years old. I was absorbed in spirituality and the inspirational teachings who passed from dependency to realization in an instant, influenced with a sense, knocked to the ground. They fascinated me. One day I asked my friends: Why continue progressing? What would happen if the whole world decided to stop working? Where would we go? And we decided to throw ourselves on the ground in the middle of the street and not move. The police came walked over us, some made comments: "If I'm not mistaken, this was a poetic act."

Of course! And I am sure that our readers, if they think about it, will remember similar moments of questioning conscious reality. Whether by then in front of a park bench, like

and dressed in tatters, to remind people that an economic crisis is always possible, that money can change at any moment. But remember, all of this happened in Chile, in a country subject to a form of collective insanity. Hardly we could not have gone on like in another environment. The majority of the Chilean bourgeoisie lived politely until six o'clock in the evening, then out of the office, they got drunk and changed their personalities, almost changing their physical bodies. They abandoned their bourgeois and social identities to assume their magical identities. The party was everywhere—the entire country was revealed without knowing it.

Could only the Chilean temperament itself explain this atmosphere?

People who are thought to be reasonable, those who believe in the reality and the usefulness of this world, do not play away acts. But in Chile the night troubles away its days! The country's face itself was literally, convulsed. This meant that everyone always was subject to a tension—either physical and material. We do not inhabit a rational world ruled by a bourgeois order supposedly well ingrained, but we live in a troubling reality. Nothing remains fixed, everything troubles. (Laughing.) Everyone lived precariously, at much in the material plane as in the relational. No one even knew how to make party: the couple married at six o'clock in the afternoon—could divorce at six o'clock in the morning, the guests could leave the bathroom and the window . . . Naturally, rape was at the heart of all this confusion. The country was poor, the social classes very differentiated.

Party guests have pointed, in retrospect, how the poem and theater acted? Beyond being picturesque, what did they teach you?

Wellness, however, an attitude for questioning the postulated mediocrity of ordinary life, and a love for the free act. And what is the definition of the poetic act? It should be beautiful, aesthetic, and without justification. It can also lead to some violence. The poetic act is a call to reality. One must face one's own death, the unknown, one's own shadow, the woman that resides inside of us. This life that we want to be logical is really crazy, shocking, marvelous, and cruel. We claim our behavior is logical and consistent, but it is, in fact,

irrational, crazy, contradictory. If we boldly observe our reality, we would affirm that it is poetic, shaped, coherent. In those times I was, without a doubt, immature, a young, hardhearted, headless kid. He does not deny that that particular poetic taught me to perceive the crazy complexity of existence and to not identify with the limits the majority of people envision themselves as until they cannot bear it anymore and revolt.

Facing does not respect a preordained stereotype of the world.

No, poetry is irrational! It's based upon the author's moment! It denounces appearances, it plays lies and conventions with its sword. I remember one day we went to the medical school and, with the help of a friend, stole an arm from a cadaver. We built in a way above and around ourselves by shaking hands with people, teaching them with the dead hand. We can dare to remark that it was cold, without life, because they didn't want to face the crude reality of the dead member. By telling you now, I realize that I am almost confessing. I know that all of this seems too trivial. For us, it was certainly a game, but a profoundly dramatic game. The art created another reality in the same place as ordinary reality. The act allowed us to access another level, and I am still convinced that with new acts we can open the door to another dimension.

Is the act conceived in this manner does not have a purifying and therapeutic value?

Of course it does. If you think so. Our individual human account of words and acts. Most of the time people are united with small humanistic acts, said one day—"hello"—they have control, they get better, they break everything, bad feelings, they increase its violence, sometimes committing a crime It's potential criminal even further with the poetic act, he could sublimate his homicidal propensity by staging an equivalent act.

All the same, there is still an outrageousness, which is, without a doubt, dangerous.

That's right, society has put up barriers so that fear and its expression, violence, do not spring up at every moment. Which is why when one carries out an act different from ordinary and codified actions, it is important to perform it constitutionally: announcing and accepting the consequences beforehand. Carrying out an act is a conscious process that aims at voluntarily introducing a fissure into the ideal order that governs society; it is not the compulsive demonstration of a blind rebel, thus allowing one to not identify oneself with the poetic act, to not be driven by the thought that it induces. For example, Breton fell into a trap when he, taken by his enthusiasts, declared the poetic act could radiating out on the street armed with a torches to open the way for people. He really regretted that later, even though he didn't actually do it. His declaration in itself was an attack on society. The poetic act allows the expressing energies that are normally repressed or asleep inside us. The spontaneous act is an open door to violence, to violence. When the crowds erupt into violence, when the demonstration degenerates and the people begin to act out on the on these walls, it is also about a liberation of repressed energies. For this reason, acts of violence do not meet the life poetic act.

Were you and your friends conscious of this?

We ended up being so, after observing some dangers were perpetrated by hot-headed individuals. These experiences shook us up and made us question ourselves seriously. A Japanese haiku provided clues for us, a student brought the master haigook, which stated:

*A butterfly
like every thing
can't turn into pepper!*

The master's response was immediate: "No, no, it is not like that. Let me correct your poem":

A pepper!

and wings
and it turns into a beating fly!

The lesson here is clear: the poetic act must always be positive; it must be construction and not destruction.

However, maybe there is it necessary for thinking for the sake of beautiful feeling.

Yes, but be careful with destruction as an end in itself. The act is an action and not an eternal emotion.

In this regard, how do you categorize some of the "acts" you have mentioned?

Indeed, many of them were nothing but reactions or, let's say, more or less clumsy attempts in the direction of a dignified yet worthy of the title as much as that it gave myself pay to self examination. I am very clearly that instead of emptying all of my father's dreams, we could have entered in procession loaded up with socks and let him tell his future as that his dream would become reality. Instead of putting worms in my parents' bed, we should have upholstered it with absolute luxury wrapped in gold paper. Instead of circulating my mother's socks, we could have inspired a scene in which she could have been admired in all her glory, like the Virgin ascending. The shock caused by the act must be positive.

Through all of this, did you and your friends feel guilty? Did you experience any remorse?

No, and I wouldn't say guilt is useless. A mistake is permitted if it is committed only once and as part of a sincere search for knowledge. This is the human condition; man makes knowledge. And what is a man in search of something if not, by definition, an eternal being? Error is an integral part of the journey. We abandon the negative experience, but without any remorse. We have opened the door to the true poetic act. To make the tortilla, you have to break the eggs.

TWO



THE THEATRICAL ACT

We have affirmed the metaphysical dimension of the act, but let's go back to its artistic aspect. If, before all else, passing to action, what place should writing occupy? Did you and your friends write or were you content to only execute acts?

John continued to write and became one of the country's greatest poets, so much so that today we can remember his acts. Chloé would be surprised to know what kinds of games their national poet devoted himself to. As for me, I abandoned poetry as much to dedicate myself to theater.

How did this transition take place?

Love for the act required creating props. Among other things machines, with which I quickly fell in love. Straightaway, I saw in the machine a highly metaphysical form. I loved to see an object dominated by my own hands escape from me. From the moment I put my hands on the machine to animate it, the machine begins to live in an almost autonomous way. I witnessed the development of an unknown personality, as if the deliberate use of my voice and my hands to take on an identity that was entirely his own. It seemed that I became a second consciousness machine.

Finally, I had the feeling of being directed by—manipulated by—the doll. This very deep relationship with the marionettes gave birth to a desire to become a marionette myself, in other words a stage actor.

You really think an actor is like a marionette? That's debatable.

In any case, this was what I thought of theater and acting. I never liked psychological theater, delirious to imitating "reality." For me, this realistic theater meant vulgar expression in which, under the pretense of revealing something real, the most obvious aspects are re-created as well as the most hidden and the crudest, just as it is perceived internally. What is generally called "reality" is just a part, an aspect of a much greater order. This so-called realistic theater appeared to me—and it still does—to work its magic of the unconscious dimension, the dreamlike magic of reality. Because, I repeat, reality is not rational, no matter how much we need to believe that it is to reassure ourselves. Human behavior is in general motivated by unconscious forces, those to which we can attribute rational explanations later. The world itself is not a rigid place but an amalgam of mysterious influences. To obtain from reality no more than the immediate appearance is a betrayal, a surrender to illusion—labeled as "realism." Nothing, as I hated the realistic theater, I began to feel repulsion toward the notion of author. I did not want to create actors who were a previously written text; I would prefer to attend a theatrical performance that had nothing to do with literature. I asked myself: "Why not something a play that's based on a text? Everything can be acted by direction. I could stage the daily newspaper, make a marvelous drama from the first page of the newspaper." That's how I began to work and to experience an expanding freedom. Since I did not try to imitate reality, I could move as I desired, make the most outrageous gestures, loud . . . Very quickly, the stage itself appeared to me as a limitation. I wanted to remove the theater from theater. For example, I imagined a piece staged on a bus. The public waited at the stops and got on the bus, which traveled through the city. Suddenly, one had to disembark and enter a bus, the continuity word, a claustrophobia, in essence, to get in there where something was happening before getting off again. The scene that I created was taken up again later by others. When it was announced that my glass would take place in a theater, sometimes I would take the

audience to the valley, to the vast ocean, or to the mountains. Later, the idea occurred to me that the theater could be without spectators and should not involve more than actors. It is expanded by parties at which everyone could perform. Finally, interpreting a character cannot belong to me. The actor, as I believed, should try to inhabit his own mystery, to understand what he comes to be. One does not go to the theater to escape from himself, but to establish contact with the mystery that we all are. Theater interested me less as a distraction than as an instrument for self-knowledge. For this reason, I replaced the classical "performance" with what I called "the ephemeral poem."

What is "ephemeral poem" exactly?

At this point in our discussion, I should refer to a passage published in 1973 in a book reviewed by [Fernando] Arrabal titled *Le Poétique*. This book allowed me to formulate the essential concepts of my process and my theatrical conceptions: "To create poetic euphonia, one must liberate oneself from the theater structure—this is a necessary precondition." From the architectural point of view, which forms they have, theaters are designed for actors and spectators. They obey the primordial law of the game, which consists in delimiting a space, that is to say, isolating the stage from reality, and that is why they impose (such imposition being anti-poetic) an understanding, a point of the relationship of the actor and the space. Before everything else, the actor must move the isolated and then the audience. Theaters impose imposed movements, even though, in general, it is a human gesture that determines the architecture. By distancing the spectator from the poetic party, one automatically eliminates the "text" and the "interpretation" from the occurring show. The place where the "ephemeral" takes place is a non-delimited space in which one does not know where the stage ends and where reality begins. The "poetic company" will choose the most distinctive place: a nuclear reactor, a forest, a public place, an operating room, a pond, a dilapidated house, or even a traditional theater, but using all of its spaces: euphonic demonstration between the actor, in the dressing room or the entrance, going beyond the long corridor, in the valley, the stage, the roof, and so on. One can also make an "ephemeral" act in the ocean, in an airplane, in a very fast train, in a cemetery, in a maternity ward, a slaughterhouse, a nursing home, a pediatric case, a gay bar, a convent, or all a

Second, since the "ephebeum" is a concrete manifestation, it cannot roll up problems of space and time. The space has its self-measurements and cannot symbolize another space; it is that it is in that moment. This is also true for time: there can be no depiction of aging. The time that passes is truly the time during which the actor dwells. In this real time and this objective space the actor moves. An actor divides his activity between a "person" and a "character." Before going, one could describe, in a clear and precise manner, how theater schools, in the first, the person-actor subsumes himself totally in the "personality," being to himself and to others with such precision that he understands his "person" to have taken on either a character with more concrete restrictions and more precise definitions. In the second school, one learns to act in an aesthetic manner, in a way that the actor in being the person was simultaneously the character. The actor should never forget being in the process of acting, and the person, during the performance, would relinquish his character.

The second, poetic man, does not act a performance and has totally eliminated the character. In the "ephebeum," this person tries to bring to the person what he is trying to be.

Playwrights love to stage a performance. It often happens that step-by-step another stage is staged where other actors perform before the first actors. Poetic man thinks that in everyday life the "majestic" go around disguised, integrating characters, and that the mission of the theater is to quit integrating characters being other characters. To eliminate that in order to ultimately get closer, little by little, to the person.

It is the inner path of the old theater schools: instead of going from the person to the character—as the old schools believed—poetic man tries to begin with the character, which is according to the anti-poetic education implanted by the "majestic": the person he carries inside himself. This "other" who makes up in a poetic euphoria is not a puppet made by definitions and lies but a being with fewer restrictions. The euphoria of the "ephebeum" drives the totality to the liberation of majestic forces, first state of grace.

To conclude: Poetic man does not hide behind "character" but tries to find his mode of real expression. Instead of being a "play exhibitor," he is a poet in a human state. (We understand to poet, not the office writer but the artistic creator.)

How did you put this program-manifesto together?

Sponsored among the spectator-artists the practice of a radical theater act, which consisted of incorporating one's own drama, exploring one's own intimate origins. It was for me the beginning of the second theater and was almost therapeutic. Then I came to realize that it'll hard, in my theatrical expression, shattered form, space, the relationship between actor and spectator, I had not yet attached time. I was still a prisoner of the idea that the show must be repeated, performed many times. In the time when "happenings" were taking place in the United States, on my part in Mexico, I had invented what I called the "ephemeral piece," which consisted in staging a show that could be presented only once. It had to be accomplished by introducing perishable things: smoke, fruits, jelly, live animals . . . It had to do with accomplishing acts that could not ever be repeated. In summary, I wanted the theater, instead of heading toward the dead, toward death, to return to the consequences: the instantaneous, the fugitive, the only momentaneous. This way theater is made in the image of life where, according to a saying by Heraclitus not forgotten by Lao Tseu, nothing is the same twice. Thus, to recreate the theater was to carry it to the extreme, to go to the paroxysm of this act form. Through the happenings, I rediscovered the theatrical act and its therapeutic potential.

How did you pull it off? What were the ingredients for the happenings?

Well, I would rather choose an ordinary place than a theater: the School of Fine Arts, a psychiatric ward, a sanatorium, a school for people with Freud's syndrome . . . I chose existing places subjected to actor there.

You really wanted to set up the "ephemeral piece" in these places?

Yes, that's the marvel of theater: discipline does not exist, they let you do the kind of thing. One day, we performed a large ballet in a cemetery. It was a strong act, the dance of the living among the dead . . . So then, once a place was selected, I made calls to a group of

people who wanted to express themselves. In no way did I direct artists. These people came to carry out a free public act, all the conditions were then brought together for the coming of the ephemeral.

The ephemeral, such as what you practiced, had, if I'm not mistaken, something improvisative if I had all the ingredients of a complete party. How did you find the means to finance such events?

I always found the money. For me the ephemeral party had to be precisely a party. Now, when one throws a party, one does not change his guests for the details or find they are too little. I always gave that too. I received money from royalties, from staging more classical pieces, many times under another name. The fact is that, like [Francis] Comptell, I never had financial problems, which, as long as it always worked out, is truly a miracle. Apart from that, I believe in miracles, or rather in the existence of a law that if my intentions are pure and I do what I must do, the money will follow, in some way or another. Michel will agree to what a person calls fate, but I will always arrange the financial means that are required each moment. When I had money in my pocket, I would invest it in a happening. I asked acquaintances if they wanted to express something, then I gave them the means to do so. This method of approaching the happening already had a therapeutic value. It was also a way to continue to live with the public art we have talked about.

What lessons did you extract from your happenings?

I noticed that many people carry an art inside, which ordinary conditions do not let them materialize. When someone is offered the necessary possibility and favorable circumstances to publicly express the art which inside him, it is very rare that the person hesitates. If I asked you what art you would like to carry out in public, I am sure that an answer would never be very immediately, and if I brought together the favorable conditions for realizing this expression, you would become participating in the game.

(Sings ...)

I'm going to give you some examples. In the spring, I founded a queer group in Madison, not with white and other white, but with white and other people in search of an alternative way to express themselves, far from conformity. I had obtained the main playground of the Catholic school. I proposed that my friends construct an act that they would like to carry out, and it would lead the women to make it happen. The celebrated painter Howard Hodgkin joined the queer demonstration and decided to create a chicken publicly and make an abstract painting with the animal's guts and blood. While his wife, dressed in a suit uniform, dressed as a chicken-liver on his side.

What a good show Really delicious. Are there more?

Hundreds of young women wanted to dance naked in idyllic rhythms while a bearded man covered her body with dancing women.

Another wanted to be a child in a ballroom, with white but without underwear and white while interpreting Steve Lora.

An architectural student used a manuscript and hit it violently with axes in his stomach and pelvis. Once the manuscript was destroyed, he took from its leather surface images of sewage and hundreds of eyeballs.

Another student appeared dressed as a math professor with a big bag full of eggs. As he recited the algebraic formulas, he broke one egg after the other on his forehead.

Another arrived with a tin bowl and several liters of milk. With a stick in the bowl, he began to write a dense Mother's Day poem while he emptied the milk over his head.

A woman with long black hair, dressed in black stockings decorated with pearls on the sides and walking with crutches, yelled at the top of her voice: "I'm innocent! I'm innocent!" while she took from between her breasts slices of raw meat and forced them at the public. Then she sat in a child's chair and a chairwoman completely shaved her head. In front of her was a baby carriage filled with doll heads of all sizes, without eyes or hair. Once shaved, the woman began to throw the heads at the public while screaming, "I am not! I am

and?"

A young man wearing a leather jacket pushed a bathtub covered by a towel toward the center of the stage. In its weight, one could guess it was full of liquid. He left the stage and returned carrying in his hands a young woman, dressed as a bride. Without putting her down, he removed the towel from the tub. It was full of blood. Without letting go of the woman, he began to stroke her breasts, her neck, and her legs, becoming more and more excited about submerging her in the blood. Then he started to rub her with a live tiger while showing an open smile.

An exceedingly attractive woman, with the air of a Hollywood temptress, wearing a long golden dress that clung to her body, appeared onstage with a pair of large scissors in her hands. Several dark-skinned men walked toward her, each offering her an enormous banana, which she ate with her scissors twirling with laughter.

These are sufficient examples. One can see in these bizarre descriptions a propensity of images. You speak in the first place of the therapeutic value of these acts. But isn't there a risk of sliding into perversion?

In Mexico I was prohibited from carrying out in public acts that had openly sexual connotations. Since I did not want to have problems with the law, I restricted some content and excluded people whose acts could have been viewed as attacks on morality. Likewise, I always tried to keep myself far from drugs. But, to be sure, something was only restricted in two ways. One day a female was determined to eat a live dove onstage. He anticipated a reaction. Some people fainted, and articles of protest appeared in the newspaper. But they couldn't put me in jail, which would have happened had it been a sex scandal. Outside of sex, everything is permitted.

You speak of a limit imposed outside the country's law. What would happen if this restriction did not exist?

In the United States it was common, in the framework of the happenings, to give oneself up

in a kind of collective orgy in which the participants abused themselves while smoking marijuana. I was invited on multiple occasions to this type-of-celebration in New York or in other places, but I always declined the invitation because I quickly realized that this way was a dead end. After this finally translated into a kind of dirty pornography. Now, pornography is not constructive but destructive under the appearance of liberty, what is really presented there is another form of slavery.

Let's go back to the story of the pepper and the butterfly. If the act is an action and not a reaction, where is the boundary between the releasing of inmates sleeping deeply inside us, with the consequent risk that they will devour us, and the conscious motherification of a liberating act?

This has to do with a subtle border, which is precisely where the danger of this type of practice is located. I was once approached by people to whom pornography and random sexual encounters. I did not encourage them, because the experience of participants had taught me to direct only positive things. However, it is very difficult to achieve the "positive," that is to say, something that creates a feeling of life and of expansion, by the "negative" I mean "sex" that, when brought to the stage, creates a feeling of death and destruction. The act itself implies connecting with the dark and violent, the monstrous and repressed, that we carry inside ourselves. Inevitable as it is, sexual acts can contain "negativity."

What is important is that this destructive energy, which, when allowed to stagnate, acts on us from the inside, can release itself as a shattered and transformed expansion. The alchemy of the successful act changes the darkness in light.

Your responsibility is, at the very least, *overwatching*? Don't you run the risk of playing the oppressive role?

Not anymore. I am not safe from all risks, because danger is part of life. If one wants to remain controlled by his little world without questioning his function, it's not worth it to try as all that entails risk. Better to stop at home watching television. But the work that I propose actually is founded on a lot of experience, experience that I did not have in that

long-ago time of the happenings. Apart from that, it wasn't my place to have thoughts. I was, first, in the quality of an artist, a man of the theater in search of a total experience. As I replaced this act here, I was in it in addition, therapeutic effects. It is necessary to restore this experience in context. That being said, I admit to having committed some failures during this time. For example, the public denouncing of the show seems to me today an all-around error, a purely destructive act. But I didn't expect if I did not imagine the man could manifest something like that. He had never stated to me that this was his intention. When I saw him arrive with this live animal, it had a strong impact on me, and I was overwhelmed. I recognize my insanity at that time. But, what can I do? One becomes able only to measure, as he goes through his own insanity.

Was there a time when you felt off-balance of having control of an energy you had generated? Were there moments in which the ephemeral panic transformed into panic pure and simple?

(Laughter.) There were extreme instances, but I believe them to have always been mysteriously protected. The one Jerry Lee Lewis knew his place at the end of the concert really affected me; this influenced me to not live in a place and to generate a panic movement in a theater. On another occasion, in the downtown center of Paris, during an ephemeral that made history, I had a basket full of ripens, which I planned to throw on the audience. Can you imagine the apocalypse that would have resulted! But just as I was going to act, a kind of sixth sense warned me of the danger. I suddenly had the vision of a horrific panic, heart attacks, people trampled or crushed in the champagne for the exit . . . It could have been a real catastrophe. . . .

Can you give me an example of an extreme happening that you rather see as an indication?

At the time, I was very young and quite handsome. So, I had a few admirers. Four of them wanted to stage a strange show. In Mexico, it is customary to drink tequila with a kind of spicy tomato juice called *sangrita*. There are, therefore, always two bottles: one of tequila

and one of sangria. The young ladies came onstage to offer me a bottle of tequila, asking me to drink it. Once I had done it, a doctor came and extracted a bit of blood from each one of them. This blood was spilled in a glass that they presented to me saying: 'Now drink the sangria; drink the blood of your disciples.' For me this was a real shock. I went off on a long speech about blood, wine, sugar, the Last Supper, all the while telling myself that once I had been as easy as to organize these happenings, I would now have to face the consequences of my actions. When I finally decided to drink the blood, it had coagulated! As creator of the sacramental game, it was impossible to draw back. I therefore had to not drink but eat the blood of my flock.

Beyond the outrageous or scandalous character of such experiences, they have value as initiation rites. They throw you in, throw you a moment, beyond attraction and repulsion, beyond cultural conditioning, beyond the effects of beauty and of faith.

These women get me up against a wall, and had to abandon speech and pure authority. It was a lesson. I think that these acts were not always consciously conducted and that they were part of this experimental period, but you have to get into the cage if you're going to tame the tiger.

From the artistic point of view, these practices earned you a rather changed reputation.

The polemic was considerable. I received a lot of letters in which the diligents asked shoulders with an inch, even a threat. The world of Mexican theatre found itself revolutionized. From Mexico, I came to Paris, where this extraordinary Central American happening took place.

Maybe you can talk in an abstract block, about the extent to which it was a kind of apothecary for you, a reminder not used purgator.

Yes, it was a genuine party, a celebration where the forces of darkness emerged from the tragic light out in the open with the forces of light, a battle between angels and demons, a

ritual saturated with insanity and with wisdom . . . This pair drew ballroom meticulously prepared. I had acquired certain experiences, and nothing tempted me. The rules were measured with full knowledge of the cause. Putting on this vest, I was aware of heading toward a death, a rite of passage from which I would come out either destroyed or transformed . . . For me, it was not about asserting myself by counteracting to a little intellectual manifestation in front of a select public. I didn't care in the least about the cross-gender fights of those coming from the deteriorated brains of some self-satisfied pseudo-artists. I did not worry then, any more than I do now, about the little apprehensive "spirituality" million, or about the opinions of those perpetually frightened people who are refuge in a cheap post-structuralist efforts-as-if being the reconstruction of life, the daily post discussion. . . . It was not a question of singing water with whom whom publicly would be applauded in trendy reviews, but a question myself completely. I wanted to expose myself: to put life, death, madness, wisdom in a game and to undertake a kind of ritual murder.

What happened?

The first part was based on reactions by Taper, Arechal, and Alain. From Leymann: Taper gave me four drawings, which I staged with Gerardo Martinez's bullet compass, with white made-of-white black on which the artist himself drew, and figures carved in wood. That way the public could attend Taper's bullet, which took place directly on a black platform. It portrayed the stages of initiation of a very young girl: her first pair of stockings, brought in a little wheelbarrow by an elderly lady without legs; her first pair of shoes; her first bra (her blouse's structure came showing like on an enormous plaster breast, lifting up a cloud-of-death; her first bikini; her first party). . . .

Arechal attracted me with a little lost page remedy: the story of a prisoner in love with a dog-faced prince who ends up by deception with a bull-faced prince. For this scene, I filled the stage with a thousand child-like sleeping deathfully. The prisoner manifested a ballroom with a stream of milk-pudding out. In me, these first two parts constituted understanding the comic-prose prologue of the "Innocentia Mitochondria." Some of the more well-known

American East poets, like Allen Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, attended the event. The latter was so impressed that he asked me for a written description of "Sacramental Misadventure" for his *City Lights Journal*, an article that would be preceded by a little explanatory profile. The simplest is to let you read this document, composed immediately after the event and published in San Francisco in 1966. It conveys all the excitement and the beauty of this ephemeral poetic, better than my memory could today.

The goal of theater is to prevent accidents. Theater should be based on what has been called "surreal" ephemeral accidents. In accepting its ephemeral character, theater will discover what distinguishes it from other arts and consequently opens it to its own art. Other accidents written pages, recordings, movies, volumes: theater knows that time means very slowly. Theater itself should not last even a day in the life of a man. Just born, it should immediately die. The only trace it will leave will be carved into the interior of human beings and will manifest in psychological changes. If the objective of other arts is to make movies, the goal of theater is specifically to change man. If theater is not a life science, it cannot have time to be aware.

SACRAMENTAL MISADVENTURE

A poetic ephemeral presented May 22, 1966, at the General Festival of Free expression in Paris

A room from which all the tables, stools, partitions, and decorations had been removed. In other words, a stage cleared of all the usual multiplicity: nothing but naked walls.

- Everything is painted white, including the floor.
- A black rectangle (in good condition), the windows are broken so it can shelter things, (also used like a dressing room, space to rest, and so forth).
- Two white benches on which objects are arranged.
- A ladder/black, a ladder.

- A jet of oil boiling on an electric hot plate.
- Before the curtain is raised, large quantities of incense are burned.
- All the women are togged.
- Two of them, spread out on the ground, are painted entirely in white.
- Another woman, painted in black, is atop the roof of the black automobile. At her side, another painted pink. Both have their feet in a basin of incense. A woman dressed in a long silken dress, her hair arranged in a half moon, leans on her crutches. Her whole face is masked including her nose and mouth. Two holes in the dress reveal her nipples; another reveals her pubic hair. She carries a large pot of other women.
- One more woman, wearing an overcoat's hood, high leather boots, a black belt. She holds a whip. Her breasts are covered with a black cloth.
- A red head drapes with hair to their shoulders.
- The audience have taken drugs, except the musician.
- A bandal connects the stage to the public. The clowns and costumes used during the show will be thrown at the spectators.

Sudden and steady opening of the curtain. The color below the stage, I appear, dressed in a shiny black plastic suit, high incense like those of a garbage collector, rubber boots, leather gloves, large plastic glasses. On my head, a white mask; on behind, three big eggs.

Two groes. I exit their throat. The music explodes: a cascade of electric guitars.

The birds scold, dying. Southern fly. Blood spurts on the two women in white. Terror. I dance with them. I beat them with the dying birds. Stains of death. Blood.

(I had anticipated cutting the birds' throat on the butcher's block. But, in my terror, carried away by a strange force, I dipped their necks with my bare hands as easily as if mashing a bottle.)

The woman in pink, her feet still in the basin, moves her legs, while the woman in black,

She a slave, begins to strip her body in honey.

I destroy the garments that hatch the black.

The woman in white violently opens and closes the windows. Ah, that metallic sound!

She gives the window to the two women in white who begin to cut the black plastic off me.

She destroys my wall. I lose my hands and gloves. Curiously possessed also, the women tear up my wall with their bare hands.

My body is then covered with newly poured oil of steel polished onto me like a shield.

Swirling, the women lead the red steel wall but it is already given by given. They give the gloves to the woman in white: 'With an enormous silver knife, she violently throws the steel into the boiling oil. (The proximity of the hot plate to the seething, bottom of the women produces electric shocks.)

Each piece of meat once fried is put on a white dish; the two women put the dishes in the public's zone.

I remain dressed in black leather pants. A phallus made of the same material is long perpendicular to the floor. I have leather bracelets on my wrists and ankles; homage to Marlene, the Reverend of the Italian people (poor and cruel slave). Communication. Carnal-ists.

I take the hatchet and cut my leather phallus into slivers on the hatchet's block.

The woman in black, sometimes of the children, dances; she moves the house like a madwoman while I break the white dishes with abandon in confusion.

The woman in white dances without stopping. When they feel that they take the black parties.

I bring a metal frame. Slowly, I lift the black shield covering the breasts of the madwoman. Her skin is not painted. She has a muscular, strong, hard, a powerful body.

I put the frame around my neck while turning my back to the public.

The woman gives me a kick off the whip.

I have a red line on her right breast with lipstick.

Second look of the ship. The line begins after roller coaster and descends to her vagina.

Of the first look was strong but not so much; I needed more. I sought a still unknown psychological state. I wanted to bleed in treatment myself. In front my own image. The second look shocked me instantly. When the veterinarian first reacted, he also had when dreamed of flogging a man. The third time, very excited, she looked me with all her might. The second look has made its mark.)

The woman reacts in confusion to feel me; she pushes me with all her strength. With her opposition around my neck, I whirl around and fall to the ground. (I could have broken my cervical vertebrae but, in the strange emotional state where I found myself, time slowed down, and as if I were in a movie in slow motion, I lifted myself up without the slightest injury.) I pinch her breasts before bringing her back to herself. Calm.

The woman in black brings me flowers. Ah, this yellow color!

They throw down her skirt. I found in the middle.

A professional hairdresser, nearly paralyzed with fear, approaches in front of my hair.

The woman covered in honey moves down then she reveals the man. I dance with her.

Second look with the blonde hair. Her light seems to summarize all of total hypocrisy. It summarizes them without preamble. They slip down her honey-covered thighs. Then, in impact on her black pubic hair. The sublimation of woman. The open half-dressed. Her naturally accepting nudity. Liberty. Purity. She looks over to me. On her body, starting from the stomach, I give the hair to her on my head.

I want to give the impression that these pubic hairs grow like a forest and invade the whole body. The hands of the hairdresser stereotyped by society. It is the veterinarian who must manage to show my head.

Two models of Catherine Harley, changes to all that has happened and persisted at the idea of selling their very expensive silk clothing (justified for the occasion) come and go, carrying two beautiful big baguettes onto the stage.

Now my hands are on fire, I take two black snakes-out-of-a jar of money. At last, I try with tape to stick them onto my head-to-substitute-for-hair, but I decide with-trying to put them on my chest like two-breasties. Perseparation-impedes me.

The snakes-move-around-my-heads like living-water. Marriage.

I show the women in pink with the snakes. She hides in the way like a snake in its shell, the dance moves, the-snake one-think-of-a-bill as an apartment.

I lighten-the-model-dressed in green. She-drops her head-and-jumps back.

A spectator laughs. I throw the head at her face. (During a reception, some-days later, the woman approached to tell me that wearing the head in the face caused the communion, as if I had presented her with a gigantic sacramental-head inside the head.)

Suddenly, suddenly: I see the public seated there-in-the-chairs, partitioned people, hysterical, excited, but immobile, non-participatory, restricted to the-chairs, which is about to engulf them, I want to throw the snakes on them-to-burn-them.

I restrain myself. I refuse-the-way-needed-of-a collective past.

Calm, Violence of the music, amplifiers-ran-of-the-way-up-light-objects, a shirt, and orange-down. The color of a husband burned alive.

I exit and return, with a heavy cross made with two wooden beams. On the cross, a crucified-child-like upside-down, with two nails in its-chest, like a disappointed Christ. (I had let it rest for a week.) In the cross, two nails-up; on the lower part, a sign with an arrow stating "exit on top"; above the children, a sign stating "no exit." I give the cross to the always-woman. I bring another. Two signs-up; always the one-on-the-bottom indicates the exit at the top, always the one on top-indicates sitting.

I give the-cross to-a woman in white. I bring-a third-cross. I give-it-to-the-other woman in white.

The two women shackle the crosses, transforming them into gigantic phalluses; they fight with one-of-the-two sticks at the end-of-the-cross in the air-window, they simulate the movements of a sexual act achieved with-the vehicle.

I put the beam in front of the eyes. The crumpled chicken is shaken off over the spectators' heads. He is the man tall.

Among the musicians, I choose the one with the longest hair. I lift him. He is as still as a memory. I dress him in priest's clothing. I cover him with sticks.

The women, on their knees, open their mouths and stick out their tongues as if they will die.

A new character appears: a woman dressed in a tube-shaped suit, like an upright worm. This suggests the idea of a "piped line" in decomposition—a pipe becomes a Casanova.

The musicians, including the performer of a pistol, spend a lot of time in groups. He places half of a yellow spirit in each woman's mouth. They swallow it in just one swallow.

Baronessal headbashing in group!

A pregnant woman makes her entry. Her mouth is made of cardboard. The pipe confirms that she has a plaster head. He takes the head and breaks it into a thousand pieces. He opens the stomach using a spike. It must not be able to prevent him from truly wounding her.

He puts his hands on the interior of her stomach and takes out light bulbs. The woman screams as if she is giving birth. She gets up, tears a hole made of rubber from her blouse and hits the pipe in the chest. The hole falls to the ground. The woman leaves. I pick up the hole. I open its stomach with a scalpel and take out a few fish swimming in a pool. End of the movie. Serial drama ends. The film continues to wriggle; the drummer shakes champagne bottles until they explode.

Upon seeing the fish-eating everything, the pipe has an epileptic attack. The fish die. The drummer is silent. I throw the animal over the headband. It falls to the middle of the spectators. Freedom of death.

Everyone leaves the stage except me.

Swatch music. Powerful lyrics. Silence.

Two huge white hands hold a man's head at me. It weighs eight kilos (sometimes pounds). His silhouette, his language, his eyes, his tongue. . .

My sense had its willpower. I myself got cold. In an instant, I became that head.

I sense my body: a tongue in the form of a serpent head. I fall to my knees. I want to yell. That is impossible because the man's mouth is closed. I wish my index finger is here open. My fingers slip up the people. I don't feel anything but my fingers—variable satellites turning around a fixed planet.

I feel myself like the serpent head. Blind. Power to see.

I pierce the tongue with a hole pencil; I open the jaws. I take out the tongue. I direct the head, mouth open, toward the sky, while I myself also look up, mouth open.

A heading that does not come from me but from the tongue. One more time, I see the people. Incomprehensible, frozen, made by the skin of a fixed eye. All of us are the tongue. I throw the head to the middle of the stage. It becomes the center of our circle.

A white woman (the tongue white hands were blue).

He wears a black coat, a black hat, a white Father Christmas beard. He walks like Washington. He is standing on a silver beam. He takes three bottles of milk from a leather suitcase. He hangs them into his hat.

I rub my cheek against his. His face is white. We take a milk bottle. Baptism.

He grabs hold of my ears and squeezes me passionately on the mouth. His hands take hold of my testicles. The time lasts several minutes. We tremble, distressed, Catholic.

With a hole pencil, he leaves two lines from the center of my mouth to my skin. My jaw now looks like a neurologist's doll. He is seated on the butcher's block. One of his hands enters my back as if he wants to pass through. To end my spinal column, he put his fingers in my sleeve and squashes my lungs and makes me scream or beg. He makes me move. I feel like a machine, worker. Dead. I must stop being a machine.

I dig my hand between his legs. I open his fly. I put my hands in and with a finger force it take out the pig's foot similar to the one that I imagined to be the phallus of my father when I was five years old. With the other hand I take out a pair of bull's testicles. I squander some out to the form of a cross. The white woman as if he were castrated. He appears dead.

The Jewish man becomes stronger, each time, it becomes more and more indelibly.

A bundle appears, wrapped but, a coat, a black hood, his apron covered in blood.

He spreads the rabbit out and begins the autopsy: he puts his hands in his coat and takes out an enormous white heart, like a lung, I said the heart thrown in the snow. Long phores of gut, I said.

The butcher leaves. The child, I lift up the rabbit's head. I take out the man's brain. I squish it against my head.

I take the nose and put it near the rabbit. I take from the suitcase a long plastic tail ribbon and attach the old man to the coat, around the gale.

I lift up everything—wood, meat, clothing, body—and I throw it all along the length of the ramp that descends to the public. (Everything weighs nearly my father in spite of the shocking violence, the man-made nothing and the very presence of him.)

The woman is white, black, pink, and silver white.

They leave.

Waiting.

A new person enters: a woman covered in black white tail in triangles, a kind of epilithic. A three-meter rubber dinghy is attached to her suit and resembles an enormous vagina. Orange plastic. Head without. The bottom of the suit is made of white plastic.

(Symbol: the hymen.)

Below, she signals to me. When it approaches, she dominates me. When I move away, she follows me. She surrounds me. The suit moves me completely. I take the ax. I split the white bottom. Working, I split the suit and take refuge in the vagina. I stay between her legs, hidden by the black coat. From a bag hidden near her stomach, I take out forty five tuffins and throw them at the public.

They come to pick from the enormous vagina, the live stream, one could say.

He gets to be lost. One from a woman going forth. A woman who still is the ground in

the middle of the glass lightbulbs, like splatters, feathers, blood, pieces of fireworks (while he shaved my head, I lit up thirty-six, one for each year of my life, problem of honey, pieces of spirit, lemon, bread, milk, meat, eggs, wood splinters, nails, wood I exhibit in that world. My voice resembles those of a baby or an old man. The old man, making a desperate effort, keeps from here to there, attached to the cross like a pig in agony. He frees himself from the plastic ribbon. He exits.

The woman reaches under the woman in black toward me. I tilt her. Her leg is under mine, her arms are spread open. A corpse rises. The black paint suggests a resurrection: my own death.

Clinging me like the woman three days into my arms, belted with the making of my picture, I disappear into completely black. My hair looks as if it were burned.

The woman attacks me, one to the other, with bindings. I am tied to her by the wrist, the arm, the leg, and the neck. This heavy embrace is mounted in me and I am mounted in her. We look like the same being: we totally make one. Slowly, we improve a dance. We spread on the ground. The sacraments are not here or mine, but both of ours at the same time. No one controls them.

The woman in white and gold splashes us with mint, blackcurrant, and lemon-sprig. The gray liquid, green, red, and yellow, covers us, mixed with the heat. It creates a knot of mud.

Signs.

The curtain begins to fall slowly. Our united bodies cling one to the other, like pillars. We want to rise; we fall.

The curtain is down.

All the ingredients employed in the "Sacramental Melodrama" were thrown at the public: nails, eggs, mushrooms, animals, bread, milk paste, and so forth. Big alterations between the sacrament who taught the black of prey to change the color. Nothing remained.)

Alone, I ask myself if I regret having missed the "Sacramental Melodrama" or if I am glad to have missed it.

"Wait! It's not your job!" The audience then argued over the liver-rotten, the internal organs, the shades, the hair, and so forth. I returned to the stage and addressed them: "Generally, one pays a high price for one's place at a theater to watch very little. Today, there was no charge, you didn't pay anything, and you received a lot. It was a night, in order to present to you the last part of this piece, I sacrificed hours of preparation. Go get some coffee and come back at two in the morning!"

Everyone applauded and left the theater. At two in the morning, the theater was again full. I began the ceremony that John Doe Larumonte had proposed to me. I got dressed in a suit from the 1920s. I shared the polite hint of his young wife to the sound of muted music. On her body, she had glacial dimensions. It was a very morning act, and the spirit in which it was accomplished quickly generated a religious atmosphere. There was also a tape in plaster of Radio's Presence in which we made holes with blades of a hammer. Bits of China ink came out of the head of the thinker, there we began thousand little kindnesses in the theater. As I told you, I was at the end of the happening, so-called of myself that the birds came and landed on my head without any paying any attention.

What was the meaning of this public demonstration?

It was like an exorcism, the final exorcism of what had, for a long time, marked my life. This happening, at the same time that it made history, ended a period of my life. I felt exhausted, hollowed, and I thought a lot about it. I had always seen, prevailing around me, the ghost of darkness, and I felt more than ever that theater should go toward the light. However, I told myself, never forget that the light grows out of the soul. One must explore the soul, its depths and its light towards dawn alone. My main concern from then on was to promote positive, enlightened, and liberating theater, so I realized that I needed to become completely different, and I began to practice theater differently. If someone was neither who, decided to be theater, I would communicate the following theory: The theater is a magical force, a personal and a nontransmittable experience. It belongs not only to artists but also to the whole world. It decides, a rough revolution is enough for this force to transform your life. It is time for human beings to let go of conditional reflexes, hypnosis

systems, someone self-concept. *World Literature* devotes many pages to the theme of the "double," which, little by little, engulfs man from his world, takes over his love-life, places, his friendships, his family, his work, until it makes him an isolated soul, at times, his own concept, according to some versions of the national myth. For my part, I believe that we are the "double" and not the original.

You want to say that we identify ourselves with a person who is but a mere caricature of our deeper self?

Exactly. Our self-concept . . .

In other words, the idea that we make of ourselves . . .

Yes, our ego. It doesn't matter the name that we give to this agent of alienation; it is never more than a pale ego, an approximation of our essential self. We identify ourselves with this double that is as remote as it is illusory. And suddenly, the "original" appears. The ruler begins to take back the place that belongs to him. The limited "me" that had penetrated, in danger of death, and equally so, the the "original" will, in the end, dissolve the double. As much as humans identify with the double, we must understand that the frightening invader is nothing but ourselves, our own-deeper self. Nothing belongs to us; everything belongs to the "original." Our only chance is that the Other arises and eliminates us. We do not suffer from this murder, but we will take part. It sets us a moral sacrifice in which we give ourselves entirely to the master, without reserve.

How can theater help someone return to the, using your expression, "original"?

Because we too inclined to what I call our subconscious, the idea one has of oneself, why not adopt a completely other point of view? For example, tomorrow, you can be Richard. You will wake up as Richard, and you will brush your teeth, you will dress like him, you will think like him, toward the city like him . . . For one week, twenty-five hours a day, neither we

other spectator than yourself, you will be the poet, acting like him with your friends and acquaintances without providing them with any explanation. You will achieve being an author-actor-spectator, producing yourself and not a disorder in your life.

If understood right, you explain this theory to your clients, then you create a program for them.

That's it! I establish a program, an act-act series of acts-to-accomplish in life in a given time frame: five hours, twelve hours, twenty-four hours. . . . An elaborate program based on their problem, designed to work the character with whom they have identified themselves in order to help them, coincide with their deeper will. For an idiot, I made him adopt the personality of a saint for a few weeks. For an indifferent mother, I assigned the duty of imitating maternal love for a century. To a judge, I gave the task of supposing himself as a tramp-and-go begging at a restaurant. From his pocket, he should take out handfuls of glass doll eyes. I have created a character intended to establish itself in fully life and to believe it. This is how my theatrical research gradually began to take on a therapeutic dimension. From being a director, I turned into a theatrical psychiatrist, giving people their direction to take their place as a character in the comedy of existence.

I confess that I'm skeptical about the effects of this theatrical therapy, although the idea in itself is very interesting. How can an indifferent mother adopt the character of a loving mother and above all manage to achieve it during her lifetime?

First of all, do not forget that my clients all suffered being dominated by their doubts. If they came to me, it was precisely because they felt lost in their role and created a completely different nature to themselves than the "original." The program is founded, then, on a client's real desire to change. The indifferent mother, for example, suffers from not being able to transmit love to her son. In addition, I believe in the virtue of imitation, in the good sense of the word. A saint engages himself in the "imitation of Jesus Christ." Why cannot an idiot, or an indifferent, begin to imitate a saint?

Why not? Honestly, no, all simulation of this type—which is equivalent to what is also called *simulation as spiritual practice*—is really not that easy to implement day after day . . .

Agreed, yes, that. But if the method could be a little less ambitious than in this approach and if the *ethos* took a step toward *realism*, isn't that *more* like it?

THREE



THE OVERING ACT

The interpretation of dreams is a major part of the work of the artist-chaos-director. Chaotic chaos repeats in the search for that other form of madness, which is wisdom.

Yes, although the interpretation of dreams is a practice model in the world. With time, the only thing that has changed is the forms of interpretations. There is a complex system, which consists of systematically attributing a concrete symbolic significance to this or that image, to Jung's concept, which holds that one should not explain the dream but rather experience living it, by means of analysis, to the enlightened state, to the end result of seeing where this leads. The next stage, situated beyond all interpretation, consists of entering the lucid dream, in which you know you are dreaming; this knowledge gives you the ability to work on the contents of the dream.

It is the practice made popular through the writings of Charles Gnosticon.

He popularized it, but he didn't invent it. Actually, the first book dedicated to lucid dreaming that I know of was published in France (described in his *opéra de la dérive* [Dreams and How to Drive Them] by Henry de Saint-Denis. As early as 1887, this author laid out the magnificent question, anyone can approach in this excerpt that I want to send to you:

As a dream is like a reflection of real life, the events that appear to take place in it generally follow, even in their randomness, certain coherent chronological laws within the normal sequence of all true events. I want to say that if, for example, I dream that I have broken my arm, it will appear to me that I went to a shop or that I went properly, or if I dream that they close the bathroom clothes, it will seem to me that the light is flicked and that darkness is all around me. From this perspective, I imagined that if, in dreams, I make the gesture of putting a hand over my eyes, I should obtain, in the first place, a similar illusion to what really happens if I do the something while awake: that is to say, I would make the images of objects, which appear to be placed in front of me, disappear. Then I asked myself if, after producing this interruption of perceiving visions, my imagination could not more easily create new objects, since that I would do in my thoughts. Experience follows closely with this reasoning. The placing, in my dream, of a hand on my eyes caused, in that moment, the vision of the countryside during harvest time which, beforehand, I had suddenly tried to change using only the strength of my imagination. I did not see anything but a mistral—exactly what happened to me in real life. I then made another example all in the memory of the much talked about eruption of the mountain and, as if by magic, this memory, already placed now in the form of my thoughts, suddenly appeared clear, brilliant, strong; and before I woke up, I had an understanding of how the transition itself operated . . . If we manage to establish a conclusive way for the will to exercise enough strength during the dream to direct the course of the spirit through the world of illusions and reminiscences (as it directs the body during the day through the events of the real world), we will realize that certain habits of exercising the faculty—paired with being conscious, within our dreams, of the true state—can lead organically through persistence of effort, to very concrete results. Not only must the dreamer recognize above all that the directing action of his will is reflected in both real and false dreams, but he will also perceive the influence of this same will in his incoherent or passionate dreams. The incoherent dreams will usually coordinate themselves under this influence; as for the passionate dreams, full of stormy desires or painful thoughts, the result of this consciousness called this acquired freedom of spirit will put the painful images aside, directing, by contrast, happy hopes. The fear of

having diagnosable visions will decrease as a result of increasing ones that they are wrong, and the desire to see pleasant images appear will become more effective through recognizing the capacity to render them. The desire will soon be stronger than the fear, and since the dominant thought is what makes the images snap up, the agreeable dream will prevail. This, at least, is the way I understand it, in theory, a postulated phenomenon, one that I postulate routinely.

Fascinating, right? I don't know if Castaneda would be inspired by this book or if his dissociative coincides with those of the author by chance. What is certain is that this late nineteenth-century text chronicles the method that Castaneda would later elucidate. It was indeed Weston who recommended this reading to me.

Did you begin to have lucid dreams after having read it, or were you already familiar with the experience?

I had the great luck of having my first lucid dream at seventeen years old. In this dream, I was in a movie theater watching an animated film worthy of Walt. Suddenly I saw myself seated in the center of the theater, and I knew that I was dreaming. I looked toward the exit, but, as I was not more than an adolescent lacking spiritual training or psychomorphical ability, I thought: "If I open this door, I will enter into another world and I will die!" and I panicked! My only solution was to wake myself up, and I made enormous efforts to leave the dream, until I felt that I could ascend from the depths to my body, which seemed to be situated on the surface. I reintegrated into my physical shell, and I woke up. That's how my first experience went, and finally, it left me breathless. From then on, I began to familiarize myself with the lucid dream.

How can a person be sure that she is dreaming? After all, I also could decide right now, while talking to you, that I am dreaming.

In the beginning I made a test. I supported myself in the air with my two hands as if on an invisible table, and I propelled myself upward. It's stated, I know I was dreaming. Quickly, I

inspiration and began working on the dream. I will read you a short dream written in my yellow notebook in 2015, which reminds me an important detail: I made an effort for the first time to practice the technique described here.

I am alone in an unknown house. Everything seems completely real, but without knowing why, an feeling indicated that I think, "Maybe the drawing. If I am dreaming, I can fly." Inside an effort, I support myself in the air with the palm of my hands, and I spread myself up. I float in the room. "It is a dream?" I tell myself. I decide to take advantage of the opportunity to perfect my flight, and not only on me myself, fly but to feel myself fly. I turn over, I go spread down. I am satisfied. I decide to plane glide around the whole house. I fly through a corridor, and I notice how short living room. In the corner, I see two five-year-old boys. I perceived them to see them better: they are not boys but old women, strong and wrinkled. They laugh and hide. They are the spirits of the house. They have a disarming air. They are nice. They disappear in the shadows and laughter me. They don't dare me to look for them. The dream about me, I have feeling. . . . I tried to enter without a combinator or password. I look out the window and see a peaceful forest. I tell myself, "This is probably a dream. I am going to explore it." I fly. I get out of the box by passing through the window glass, and I glide through the forest. I feel lucidity again. . . . Now I find myself in a valley, before an opaque window. I don't hesitate to realize that I am dreaming, and I tell myself, "Surely, this is a dream." I try to exit flying over the window, but I don't achieve this. I have the feeling that the walls have various nature of thickness, that I must get through them, it feels like is impossible. I force myself to try. I pass through the wall without difficulty, and I exit the space. Outside there is a white sky. I float between the clouds. While I lie myself the ceiling is rough brown, I think, "I must take advantage of this dream to see my interior God." Suddenly, I feel a profound enthusiasm inside me, obviously caused by a terrible fear. I give myself explanations: "It is too hard a test. I am still not prepared for this meeting. I will leave it for another day."

And I wake up. On the one hand, I feel content to have discovered this technique that lets me know if I am dreaming, but, on the other hand, I am disturbed because of my inability and my lack of value. In my dream notebook, I write this commentary:

I believe the moment has arrived to go further in the back-dream: to run wild. But I'm still scared of dying. I do not dare. . . . I cannot have entered into my unconscious and I find the interior Gods more in flux. . . . I must pursue the goddess, confront them, speak to them without confusing myself with their meaning and establish a real contact with them, to know their secrets. I must cross worlds, cross death's path, get to the center of my being, defeat the monsters and the demons. . . . I want to be more courageous and free and courageous my fear. Also, I have to find allies and accept them, not always do all the work alone.

I suppose your back-dream practice passed through different phases.

began directing the game. Told myself, "I want to see elephants walking by in Africa." And in a few seconds I was in Africa, seeing a herd of elephants. I would change the set, desire to go to the death drive and then to see thousands of penguins. . . . Things are such so that it stopped walking myself up. I have experimented with all kinds of adventures with myself. Once, I wanted to know what it would be like. I threw myself from the top of a building, and I crashed against the wall. Immediately, I found myself alive in another body, among the multitude that looked at the suicide's corpse. This is how I discovered that the brain doesn't know death. Another time, I decided to let myself be possessed by a mythological god.

Did you have a female orgasm?

The experience of being penetrated was more complete than that of a usual sexual relation. Don't forget that I wanted with erotic images that exceeded the limits of reality. So that you understand better my practice, I ran with the dream exactly as I wrote it down, in detail, in my notebook, with the date April 4, 1979.

I am in a dream, spread out between two twin beds. I am supporting my back against the wall. In front of my feet appears an Amazon. . . .

An Interview?

Yes. I'll explain. The afternoon before the dream, I had been at a call with a Chilean male whom I asked about the *mapuche* folklore. He told me that, according to the legend, the widows of Chilean male children and mutilated them so that, converted into monsters, they would serve as helpers with the name "Jumuche." I'll continue:

.... a blind, hairy, naked, hairless, with a bird's head, wings for arms, a deformed torso, and bowlegged, a kind of large penis, as horrible as it was disgusting, and we think, "This is a god with whom I have to have relations. His penis should be used something in my spirit." Now I know I am dreaming and that I have the power to guide my dream. I decide to work on this matter with the objective of transforming it into a positive thing. I achieve this. The *Jumuche* requires good posture, normal features, and turns into a beautiful being, indescribable, like a diva statue. I get out from between the beds and I lay down with my hands in the air in the middle of the bedroom. I know that I must be transformed by a god. I feel for my femininity, lifting my legs to do so. A transparent tube, very deep, continuous loop, comes out from between the legs of the god. I decide to surrender myself without resistance so that he can introduce the tube between the me and the area, this space, the perimeter, in female called *chakra* *malibhu*. I know that I don't have wings and I am not crying and penetration. The god kneels down between my open legs and begins to penetrate me. His organ rises up my spirit column until I feel it enter my brain. My movements diminish.

Appendix . . .

If you call this metaphoric explosion "female orgasm," yes, Chilean, I have experienced it, and it was a marvelous feeling. I felt very emotional. Being myself be generated by this god created from my own masculinity. When I do this *chakra* myself to achieving remarkable dreams in the state of wakefulness, especially sexual desires, of course. In dreams, I gave myself to female beings with half-human, half-pasture women. Allow me to read to you another sensation made after one of those dreams. Although I want to clarify a point before

withdrawing the lucid dream, in which I controlled the images, I had to overcome a series of obstacles that appeared like so many other tests of initiation. Only then could I claim the right to be the master and god of my dreams. This passage takes from my childhood dreams well this aspect of the previous:

I am in an industrial world, without nature, only made up of buildings. It is a border. I do not have three-dimensional dimensions. When soldiers prevent my passage, I jump the barrier and take off running, pursued by the soldiers. After opening a passage door, I find myself in front of a wall a thousand kilometers deep. At the edge of this abyss, I realize that I am dreaming. The pursuers have ceased to exist. I decide to throw myself in the bottom, knowing already that nothing can happen to me. I jump and I fall with a great velocity. I am not afraid. I feel the desire to stop the fall. The fall stops. On the wall there appears a door. I enter and now I am at the entrance of a cathedral.

Understood that I have the magical power to make whatever I want appear before my eyes. So, I feel the desire to conduct an erotic experience. I create three women-figures, half-parasitic and half-human, crawling up on all fours. I kiss one on the mouth, and her legs disappear. On the other's back I try to put my index finger in their ear, under the ear. I penetrate while the others watch me aggressively, and I try to reach orgasm. But inevitably I quit being lucid, and the dream dissolves me and, finally, it turns into a nightmare. I wake up with palpitations ...

Where do these experiences reside in the initiation dimension?

In the special features of which, at the moment that I began making love with three women outside, the desire overtook me, making me lose lucidity, and the dream escaped my control. I forget I was dreaming. The something happened to me with women. When I quit being fascinated by women, my dream quit being lucid. Each time I tried to satisfy my human passions, the script abandoned me and I lost lucidity. It was a big lesson: I finally understood that, in life as in dreams, in order to remain lucid it is necessary to distance oneself, to not identify oneself with the action. It is an old spiritual principle that the lucid dream made me remember. Desire and fear are, in all traditional affairs, the two faces of one

identity.

Available, the dream also showed me how to behave in the face of my fears. There was a period in which I often had the same nightmare: I found myself in a desert where a ghoulish entity emerged from the horizon like an immense cloud of negativity with the intent to destroy me. I woke up screaming, soaked in sweat. One day, I got fed up and I decided to offer myself to this entity. Stronger than the dream, in a state of lucid terror, I told myself, "Okay, I'm going to stop waiting, to wake up. You ~~don't~~ have to do anything but come and destroy me." The entity approached and suddenly disappeared. I woke up for a few seconds, started to shiver, very pleasant, and falling asleep, as I understood that we sometimes create our own demons. What matters is how all power over us when we become our grip. It is one of the classic signs of lucid dreaming. I, then, made several attempts to control my fate of the final passage while creating my own death.

Can you give me other examples of this process?

Well, it will be in regard my childhood. Listen:

I have a strong desire to urinate. I feel the accumulation of liquid in my bladder. As a little kid, I piss a huge jet of blood. I know it is serious, but I don't worry. I tell myself: "The liquid is red because I made too much effort. I cannot stop urinating, to change this, I can relax and, with my will, transform the red into yellow." At one moment still I am myself but then by the entity, little by little I transform the color. Then the nightmare dominates me again, and again I urinate blood. I take back control of my dream, without losing my mind, and the jet suddenly turns water.

Another dream:

I am in a café, in a public place. I sit in a corner among the other clients. Suddenly, in the middle of the terrace, a hundred men, young and aggressive, enter one's gaze. With a burst of high-pitched laughter, the police who pass in a millisecond through the hallways, I rise and tell him he should prove himself with greater dexterity. I remind him that my friend previously

attempted suicide by firing a bullet into his head and ribs being transpierced by this dreadful pain. The madman looks around and believes while murmuring in a delirious way, "Yes, Now what?" He wants for me to start to tremble, but I am not afraid. The madman looks around me. I do not move. I know he will not shoot and I tell him, "You won't shoot."

"And why not?" he asks.

"Because I am excited by your delirious of grandeur."

Indeed I know this madman, observed by his own spirit, cannot truly be interested enough in me to seek to annihilate me. I wake up happy. This, which could have been a nightmare, did not cause me.

Another dream in which I know my monster:

I walk upon unknown territory and reach a hole like the mouth of a huge cavern. It is horrible, giant monsters about twenty meters high spring up. I immediately realize my situation, because I know this hideous creature is part of me, an obscure energy of my spirit. I decide not to destroy it but to strengthen it: this is where death with white feathers, nerve bundles, diaphanous wings, and rice. Passed him a very beautiful angelic being. He proposes to take me along with him into the cavern. I overcome the temptation. The angel is the hideous energy of my spirit that I must destroy. I arrange for him to cover me as I crawl from all of the pores in my skin. Now it is I who has turned into a being of light and energy. I rise calmly. I wake up full of joy.

Now, look in this very public dream where I see myself entering, eyes big and open, the kingdom of the dead:

I am in the entrance of death. Stated in front of me on a bench is the angel Charles Gaudel, dressed for forty years. I say hello and he says, "Oh, indeed, there's nothing death is to do." We pass into another room where a door going directly to death is found. A plump doorman teaches everyone present and decides who will go through the last door and who will not. Before us, two adolescents arrive. After they are judged the doorman forces them back and they go, everyone will have to live. Gaudel is delighted that it is now my turn. The

dimension teaches me and declares me dimensional. Carlos Gardel lectures, he is afraid, and I tell him, "What does it matter? Good! What we are going to really know, what is hidden, what does?" Finally, dimmed, I push him so that he passes into that dimension with me. Upon passing through the ether, the ether disappears into an explosion of light. Swirling heavily around the border of death, I find myself in a great landscape. I am in the company of very agreeable people. I throw black paper envelopes into the air. They fall down again, full of secrets and precious objects. I can perform miracles as I dominate this dimension, and I know that the same envelopes will always fall head down, full. I offer the gifts to the people who accompany me, and I wake up feeling very content.

Finally, a hot dream among many others where I find myself once again confronted by madness:

I meet even the dead underground in a labyrinth. A stranger enters in let me pass. I enter in the shadow the presence of an animal. I know that it acts like a black panther and that the unknown is the master. He speaks me in cross directly without fear. I follow his instructions, but the panther jumps on me, throws me to the ground, and, with his claws, first immobilizes my head. It utilizes all my resistance without hurting me, the only way it can then play with a mouse. I see the disorganized face of the master who utilizes me in the company of his big cat, he feels powerless. The animal never frightens me. Without moving, I let it covering hair with its mouth. I know I must abandon myself. Someone said they caught the situation with love, declares that the panther. I begin to identify with love, and I become one with her. At this instant, the panther disappears. I get up, cross the underground, and go on my way. I wake up full of joy.

If I understood right, you have applied what you've learned in your dreams in the course of your daily life, and you have afterward distinguished these dreams into the practice of Yogaयोग.

Exactly I have found myself Tuesday to day to be fulfilled in what has been given to me to understand in the dream. For what good is to receive the lessons without applying them to the case of daily life? I know, through intense aspiration, does not require the

transformative love, until it's applied.

Can you give me an example of application in daily life of a principle presented in a dream?

Well, as I have said, the local dream taught me to confront the monster. It's clear to run away if one does not feel strong enough to face it, but the moment when one must look it in the eye. Sometimes, the displaced monster turns into an ally—the fear neutralizes the adversary's hostility while our will to face him with love dissolves him, turning his purpose to change. While I shot The Holy Mountain in Mexico, there were two significant moments. Because I was shooting in front of a cathedral, they said I desecrated their names. They also whispered that I defamed the army and the Mexican police. . . . One day two police officers called out to me and said, "Work and an minister wants to see you." So they brought me to the office of this minister, who said, more or less, "Listen, Ambassador: The president knows you very well. He admires what you do, you have a character here. But he needed. Just as a government can have a very good friend, it can, if you displease it, turn into a formidable enemy. Do not show any uniform in the film, erase all of the religious symbols, and you will live in peace." In Mexico, such warnings by the minister were the equivalent of a death threat. Upon returning home that evening, I heard voices in the garden, "Attention, Ambassador! We are going to kill you." There was at the time in Mexico a paramilitary group of young people called "the Falcons" who were in charge of the daily jobs. I understood that all this could turn out badly so the next day I took all my family to the United States and headed to South America. However, I did not want this minister to become an enemy; nor did I want the ghosts of my death threats on my conscience. Since the film was finished, I assembled all of The Holy Mountain's good reviews from Europe and the United States. I went back to Mexico, and I asked for a meeting with the minister who remained angry with me for having taken my team and left Mexico. Offering the pres-

transformation here, until it's applied.

'Can you give me an example of application in daily life of a principle presented in a dream?'

Well, as I have said, the local dream taught me to confront the monster. It's okay to run away if one does not feel strong enough to face it; but the moment comes when one must look it in the eyes. Sometimes, the disguised monster turns into an ally. One day revolutionized the attorney's hostility while one will to face him with true dispassion him, meeting his purpose to change. While I shot The Holy Mountain in Mexico, there were two assassinations (murders) because I was shooting in front of a cathedral, they said I celebrated black masses. They also whispered that I celebrated the anniversary the Mexican police. . . . One day, two police officers called out to me and said, "Look and no minister wants to see you." So they brought me to the office of this minister, who said, more or less, "Listen, Anderson, the president leaves you very well. He believes that you do you have a friend in him. Rather careful. Just one government can be a very good friend, it can, if you discipline it, turn into a formidable enemy. Do not throw any stones to the fire, erase all of the religious symbols, and you will live in peace." In Mexico, such remarks by the minister were the equivalent of a death threat. Upon returning home that evening, I heard voices in the garden, "Attention, Anderson! We are going to kill you." There was at the time in Mexico a paramilitary group of young people called "the Falcons" who were in charge of the dirty jobs. I understood that all this could turn out badly, so the next day I took all my family to the United States and decided to forbid shooting there. However, I did not want this minister to become an enemy, nor did I want the ghosts of my death threats on my conscience. Once the film was finished, I assembled all of The Holy Mountain's good contacts from Europe and the United States. I went back to Mexico, and I asked for a hearing with the minister who remained angry with me for having taken my team and left Mexico. Offering the press clippings, I told him, "See what my film did for Mexico? They talk about it around the world." He said that that again put myself in the mouth of the wolf, he called and gave me a pat on the back. "It's good, Anderson. You are brave. I applaud you." Not only did he not present any more problems for me, but he even gave me presents for them in the time

accidents, which shows to what point it is sometimes harmful to dare to leave the machine. The essential principle is, as often as possible, never leave an account unsorted with an enemy. Because, the more things stay at the limit stage, the more later accidents it, at the risk of growing. A bomb often long has not to its years before it explodes, but the day when the detonation occurs, the harm is considerable. It's better to defuse the bomb, to not let the flames of doubt linger around us or in the surroundings. Our enemy needs to kill the adversary; it would better to transform it, to make it an ally.

Another principle of the hard dream consists in continuously changing the content of the dream. How have you applied this in the course of your daily life?

Well, for example, I have told you that in my dreams I loved to change the scene, to go from Africa to the United States, for example, to transform the environment. . . . In the same way, I understood that I should not, in any way, allow myself to be a prisoner of my surroundings in my everyday life. Real reality is not rigid, or so much so that the exceptions we have in our heads. If we feel creative pressure, we can dream within the given environment—we're free to change! What says it is impossible? The hard dream taught me to move within a whole reality, where all the mutations, all the transformations can occur at every moment. That depends entirely on my intention. In the hard dream, the single intention of finding myself in Africa among a herd of elephants transported me there. In this other dream mode—which is "real"—it is also my brain, the representation that I make of the world, which controls the game. "Reality" does not exist in itself, instant after instant. I create my reality, happy or nightmarish, monstrous or pacificate.

Example?

The other day, when you came to visit me at my home, you noticed I had changed everything. I was tired of the old dream. I thought now therefore, nothing in the house that I did not want anymore I put out on the street. My cleaning out turned into a kind of neighborhood party; people began to help themselves . . . Some days later, the neighbors

horrified me, "Did He know you?"

"Oh no," I replied. "How do you know me? By my crimes, my sins?"

"By your garbage!" they replied. "We removed incredible things from in front of your house!"

In short, I not only changed my dress, but I also transformed a lot of the atmosphere of my neighborhood.

All the same, *Alexandre*, it is easier, if not *that* money, to change the furniture than to transport oneself among the African elephants.

No, the fundamental principle is the same: this all depends in the end, in our conception of reality. One can see reality as a nightmare, and God knows that in the worst situations, anything can happen. But it is in this same reality that one can develop humility and accomplish considerable work to transform the negative into positive.

Some might say this is a question of the power: if you have a large sum of money, you can effectively take a jet and go to Africa or New York.

You just must attract life! Your life corresponds to the conception that you make of it. Well, for example, I have never been a millionaire or even very wealthy, but I have always applied the level dream principle to my daily life: why not go there? Thus, I have attracted favorable circumstances when I have had real need. The other day, I had the desire to treat myself to a little vacation. I had been invited to a film festival in Chicago, so I went there exactly for three days. I left on Friday, I came back on Sunday. (You see, *Laurent*.)

I remember one day, a millionaire friend asked me, "What are you doing this weekend?"

"Nothing," I told him.

"You need to go to Hollywood?"

And there it was! His private jet brought us to Hollywood for the weekend.

As you tell this, it seems very simple, but not everyone runs with billions.

Listen, you are trying to make me a liar, but you know as well as I do, from your own experience, that such protest creates its own reality.

I needed to have for the other side of the world for the weekend. I was intimately concerned of the feasibility of reality, and this sent me a billionaire with a prototype. That's all he has for you, what you loved in life was meeting ropes and listening to talk 'n' roll. You really wanted to know the three two seemingly rather different aspects of your existence. And then, since you did not have a right dose of reality, you attracted the adequate circumstances, and you finally found, in Arkansas, a true top-roller, not content with having created an address, is also leader of such band. Without a doubt, he is the only such person on the planet. He was then very little known in the United States and totally unknown in Europe but through a magic of life and fate he was all the same. (See Gilles Fauré's *L'Homme au livre à l'ouest: Les nouveaux Signes du Occident* [The Man, From to the West: The New Wonders of the West].)

Also when you were a prophet, you went to see my ideas and collected articles about me, and then, here we are friends! And we are now ourselves making books together. In your intention and determination, you attracted these statistically improbable circumstances.

First . . .

Listen, let me tell you another story. In 1993, long before I discovered all this, I asked my wife, "Where do you want to go for vacation?"

"I would really like to go to Greece," she replied.

"Very well," I replied. "We will go to Greece."

"But how? We don't have a penny."

"We are going to Greece!"

At that moment, someone knocked on the door of the guest where we lived. It was a friend and member of Francisco Marín's well-known (at the time) South American music group, Los Sincronistas. He said to me, "Listen, we have to leave on tour to Greece in three days to give a show at a folk festival, and our other dances had fallen ill. Would you replace him?"

"But I do not know those dances . . ."

"It doesn't matter. My wife is going to teach you!"

Right away I learned two dances, *Salvadora* and *Chiriquillo*. There, now, my place, we left the house, after that, how can I not consider reality like a dream that belongs to me to create and go along?

I agree on the principle; but your convictions and the way in which you experience them appear to me to be open to suspicion. After all, the earth is populated with people who don't wait for anything but do realize their dreams without effort. Experience shows that to desire is not enough; one must also merit it.

"What you say here appears very important. Of course, those things that I'm telling you happened to me, so I can say that my life is commensurate with my deepest dreams. I truly believe in the magic of reality. But for this magic to operate, it is helting to cultivate in oneself a certain number of qualities that are at times contradictory, at least to appearance: innocence, self-control, faith, honesty . . . Putting this magic into motion requires a lot of sobriety, and also purity, and a lot of work on oneself. So I insist that I desire my existence to perfecting myself, to knowing myself, and to making myself intensely sensitive. It is important to never lose sight of all the discipline without which this approach to existence would be but an illusion. Life is not there for satisfying the desires of the first flesh that was created. Life is wonderful to us when we abandon ourselves to it and when we overcome our oppositions."

Does this meditation work then include an application of karmas received by means of the lucid dream? Because, in being meditation requires a great deal of effort, unlike the lucid dream where it is enough just to hold the intention for something to be achieved.

Believe me! To remain conscious within the dream requires considerable effort.

In addition, the potential dangers during the dream are very real. If you are terrified, you really are; you perceive the terror, and it is difficult to tear up to things. Finally, the greatest lesson of the lucid dream-how not to slide as such is the demand for lucidity. No, do not forget that without lucidity, nothing is possible. Thus, as I said, from the instant when one lets oneself be caught up by the experience one means into the dream dreams one, and the lucidity that was the only guarantee of this initiation dissolves away. The magic we have called lucid does not operate except by detachment. What makes the game possible is the lucidity of the witness, whereas identification with conscious reality, on the contrary, changes existence and reduces the realm of possibility. In dreams, as in daily life, the more lucid one is, the more one is detached, the more one can enjoy perceiving all of existence as a vast playground. The less one is detached, the more life turns into a dead-end. Perceiving time brought me, paradoxically, to wake up and maintain a lucid control as a threat of existence, even if this requires a major effort. Because God knows how marvelous life can be when one is, above all, open-to-the-magic! The danger of identification is the temptation to let oneself be captured by the spell as one opens up. On the other hand, lucidity strengthens itself with practice.

Another dream of lucid dreaming, which we have already made allusion to, another facet of magic: the flexibility of the mind. Not only do you not hold back life in a rigid process, that you learn yourself to be flexible.

Yes, I pay close attention to not allowing too much self-definition, to not tying myself into a narrow-minded self-view. In the dream, I can perceive myself as a fifty-year-old man, but also as a young boy, or as an alien; you see, or as a woman, why not? I never learn of

my being manifest. In reality, I try to let those books express themselves while responding to the demands of the situation without clinging to a preconceived idea of what I am or what I should be. When I travel, people often ask what is my nationality. If someone strikes up a conversation with anyone and they say to me, "Are you Italian?" I respond, "Yes."

If someone takes me for Greek, French, Russian, Israeli—whatever—I always respond with the affirmation, "Delighted to have guessed, the person then identifies me as an Italian, a Russian, a Greek, or a Chinese, and that does not change anything. One advantage for their day at the Museum is a good example of this attitude. When we arrived, the public was not waiting for us; they had come for Dr. Wengshun.

Dr. Wengshun, Alexander:

You, Dr. Pierre Pilon.

An Brief . . .

Backed your interview me as Dr. Wengshun, but you did not dare. To, I could have given two hours of lecture under the provisional identity of Dr. What? What? I could have spoken about health and occupied my message. Little matter who broadcasts it. Little matter who it and I always believe according to what machines to use in me. If the expert is a filmmaker, I play the filmmaker; if he exports a comic strip writer, I play the writer. . . . I accept whatever role, while knowing in my inner experience that I do not reflect myself to what another generation of me, to what someone else believes me to be.

Have you explored other aspects of the body-dream?

Later, I wanted to explore other, more metaphysical dimensions I put myself to the search for my inner master. Permit me, again, to read to you a lesson in this decisive respect.

I am in the company of two ordinary, but brilliant women I came to be friends although I do not know them. We were conversant and gave the same call, which could equally likely be

that of a school, a temple, or a government palace. Everything is very spacious. We walk, hugging the wall, suddenly an enormous white horse bursts out. The noise really alarms the students. One of them exclaims, "An earthquake is coming!" They study the noise, suddenly meeting the first horse. Disputing is easier than that I was dreaming. I told them, "Do not be afraid, nothing will happen to you. It's a dream." Everything seems, however, so real that I begin to doubt. But, in making the sleeping state slip by force of will, I acquire a certitude that I am really dreaming. Right away, I suggest to myself to make good use of this facility. "This time!" I tell myself, "I am going to ask to gaze at the Divinity!" although I could be asked by a sleep terror. I decided to do it. "This one is Jesus Christ," I say to my friends. They place themselves under each of my wings, resembling human crutches, to help me move toward a distance of black noise, which comprises everything two steps and rises up in the middle of the unknown like a pedestal. "I now feel capable of gazing the Divinity alone," I say to my friends. Knowing they are parts of the dream, I make them disappear with grief, and I begin to drink the steps. Again I am prey to terror. Maybe I am going to come from this image and before me, . . . Against the statue, which are covered with noise, and I make enormous efforts to avoid sliding. There an animated photograph appears on which a plumed soldier possesses like a dream. I can't believe it. "A plume, a real plume, the Divinity . . . this is not possible!" The man disappears, and I take this place. I am deep green old and dressed in a uniform suit. I have the appearance of an old university professor, with plumes on the tip of the nose. I know that this brown image of myself is a necessary veil, the projection of hidden things, and that it lets me survive without separating my first meeting with the Divinity. The photo animates itself and begins to speak to me with sympathy. It communicates a message to me; it gives me a dream. I realize everything of it, not more than a few words: the measure of humanity. I often recall this first experience, which allows me to make a first step in the search for the inner God, the path, the inner death of me, the forgotten me—think neither the noise that me misleads to it—nor this without being in terror. I realize my strength, take support in the air, noise, and put myself in floating. Like a man, I throw myself against the noise and noise is to supply more than the work of horses, a vast lighting opened with noise. I want to again contemplate my inner God. In front of me appears, hope-like change, not diminished gradually resembling the Star of David in color. I tell myself that I must not be content to just look at them—one is black, the other is white—but that I must walk them there. In 2

penetrate their outer, multi-splendored surface on fire.

There you have it: the dream, just as I recorded it. It is from this memorable experience that I wrote the screenplay, *Offical*.

In the practice of lucid dreaming consists of planting an act or intention within the movie script. Can you go further than the lucid dream?

Yes, it is possible to go to what I call the therapeutic dream, in which the lucidity is utilized to heal a wound, to make-up for a deficiency in the enlightened state. I want to give you four examples taken from my notebook:

I find myself in the company of Thomas, my paternal grandfather, whom I never had the chance to meet, following some family squawks. He is a plump little man, with a big forehead. In the dream, I realize that we do not really know one another: we have never spoken or even once taken a walk together. I ask him, "When is it possible that you, my grandfather, have never taken me to your arm?" I realize that the script is too automatic, and I cannot resist. "Oh father, how can I be, Grandfather, that I, your-grandson, have never hugged you?" I suggest that I do it, and the script, like a witness, I wake up in the clear memory of the dream, hugging him, found this family exchange.

Second example:

I am in my bedroom, such as it is in reality, standing face to face with my father. I say to him, "All my life, you never hugged me like a father." I see him just then, and realize also that now that I am an adult, I am going to take you to my arm." With that, and without him, I hug him, stroke him, embrace him, twiddle his hair, and I feel with my hand the amazing sign of his head. With pleasure, I realize, "You are ninety years old, and you are still strong!" I continue to stroke him, with tenderness and tenderness, and I tell him, "Your arms were communicated with my mouth, I also have departed against dark physical contact." And, apparently at the age he is now, twenty-six, I take him in my arms and tell him

as such means I have just done with my father. I wake up.

During the day I chat with Dad, and I tell him joyously that he was part of the dream. I ask him to embrace me and cradle me. As his big and bearded arm first, he does it by forcing himself, progressively, then not forcing him. His real upbringings extend from which we draw a feeling of well-being and power. Thus, I achieved in a dream something that was missing in my relationship with my father, which then gave my son the possibility of having it in reality.

Third example:

I have financial problems and dream that they are going to hire me as an actor in a theater company. I am going to see the producer in discuss my salary. I explain to him that he must pay me very well as "hiring me as I know myself." I am not going to be happy to just act but to also make sure his show goes very well. I will experience the lighting, the music, the costumes, my character's roles, and so forth. Briefly, I am going to "enjoy myself" with everything. The producer understands me and agrees to give me a good salary, what I dream: I wake-up renewed, my confidence is myself regained. I know that my material difficulties are going to be resolved.

Finally, fourth example: For three days, I suffered strong pains in the stomach, probably an intestinal infection. I couldn't sleep, and I did not want to take antibiotics. I went to bed and dream:

I lie in my bed, prop in the same pain I had while awake. The healer-herbalist arrives. She lies on top of me and begins to work the right side of my neck while saying, "I am going to heal you, little brother." In a supreme effort, she slides my left hand between us and puts it on my stomach. Then she breathes the air without separating from me. We breathe a moment, horizontally, then we dream in the bed. She slowly slides. I wake up cured, without ever feeling unpleasant again.

It comes to me to say that I have that interrupted healing and that I have access to an

inner-acting a kind of divinity. I remember that in Mexico, before dying, Padilla made a ring appear in the palm of her hand, and she put it on my left ring finger, then said, "I will come visit you in your dreams."

As you can imagine, dreams like this are immediately breathless. They are truly *revelatory* dreams, in which the unconscious channels its power truthfully from the beyond.

If it is possible to use this knowledge acquired in the practice of lucid dreaming as a vehicle in the therapeutic dream, can you go further, to touch in the dream a dimension of knowledge?

You and this other stage, I call the lucid dream. One day, I stopped planning scenarios, preferring to attend a dream only as an observer. I let it roll, follow its own course, but because I wasn't caught up by it, everything remaining lucid. I am spectator of my own dream, and I abstain from all intervention. In fact, I believe I have recently passed to another level even more subtle than I call the wise dream, at present, the *protagonist* of the dream I attend, as spectator in a stage. The protagonists speak, which I take note of upon waking up, which are not original and may be extracts from some sacred text, but from the deepest place in my unconscious, these true words just as I observed lucidly during the dream.

Can you reveal some from these "wise dreams"?

You, but not without substance. . .

Why? Are you now getting to play master?

It does not have to do with that! I simply fear not being believed. (Sometimes extracts from his library as immense notebooks that resemble a golden book.) You see it is in this other notebook that I make my most positive dreams. I can open it and analyze an example of a wise dream; but will our readers be ready to admit that a man is able to have such dreams? Maybeyou should, first, give my own word of honor. . .

What was? This could be kind of awkward I declare on my honor that you have actually dreamed . . .

(Oh, I verify that on my honor to have actually had the following dream! Each is free to believe what s/he will.)

These dreams are that extraordinary?

No, in fact, they are very simple. What is unusual is precisely the element that makes them ego dreams. Everything is in the interior climate of the dream. (Incidentally, made from his big notebook, translating simultaneously as all of his dreams are written in Spanish:

I find myself in the company of a woman in married attire who is watching me. She tells me, "Let yourself fall into my arms without looking up at all." I let myself fall without looking up at all. The woman watches me, she looks me in the stockings and into a nipple. I am so relaxed that he does not suspect. He then says to his mistress, "Impossible to fight with him. He is an [?] dead" and again the dead, one can do nothing."

You see! An example of a ego-dream in which I achieved absolute relaxation. Another example:

I go out on the street in a light suit that makes me appear extremely young. As I fall myself, "It is good that people see me as young, as I have me and I find myself as always on the inside."

Oh, more, this other dream:

I attend a class of a professor of philosophy who declares, "The secret is in the thoughts" and I respond, "If you have not accepted death, you have achieved nothing. Only the

acceptance of death delivers us from the thought of death.”

Permit me to give you another reading of two sage dreams:

Signs brought me in their cardboard sleeve they have amassed all sort of furniture. They want to make with me, and they show me a cardboard box and a big vase that looks like the one in the tower of Streville. With it, they think to dress themselves in shabby and discover the universal value, the material capable of dissolving all other materials. I smile at them and ask them, “Do you know what the universal value is?” During they have no response, I tell them, “It is the blood of Christ, the drop of the blood of Christ on your heart dissolves all other feelings. So only love lasts.”

A depressed child tells me, “You magnificent! I have no value, and does not see me. It is occupied with more important things.” I respond, “You represent the center of” a sphere composed of infinite points. Imagine now the center of this sphere. It is a hot point, which is, at the same time, communicating with all the other points.”

I was expecting your dreams to be a bit more crazy, a proliferation of symbols of institutions, like in your films or comic strips. The dreams that you tell of have not a bit more order, unusual for you.

Well, my comic books and my films correspond with the lucid dream.

As you have seen, these dreams are often very short. Their special character resides in their impact and in the sensation that I have of myself in them. In the dream, I am a sage, detached, happy, and this sensation provides for a time upon waking.

I would like for you to now give some examples of the “humile” dreams.

Here is a typical dream in which I realize the value of others:

I find myself in the home of J-hinds. I am in the company of an undisciplined woman who, however, has a very distinguished apple. She can't have been more than 18 or 19 years old.

I find her very perceptive, extremely kind, and understanding. After a moment, she asks me, "Do you know who I am?" I reply in the negative. "I am Christine," she says. "It is I who could be you when you were an infant." I realize then that I've found myself in the presence of my first enemy. I then say to my friends, "Unbelievable! This is the first woman I ever loved!" Knowing that she is still living and has reached such a degree of realization gives me great joy. Christine and I embrace, then she goes. My friends then say to me, in a very affectionate tone, "We hardly ever get all and get she seems so young!" I make up with joy in my heart.

Another example:

I am surprised in the middle of the road by a student rebellion. The police there, none, and there are police officers everywhere. Someone shows a machine gun, so I lie on the ground without feeling any fear. A policeman takes me in. I am interrogated. I wonder what I have in my pockets: bags of medicinal herbs as well as newspaper clippings of rather strong facts about the police and military in their ridiculousness. I explain to them that I am a professor of the same, and they release me. I walk the streets. My car is a wreck, and I have even lost my shoes. Instead of shoes, I take the tips of my feet on an asphalt road. I enter a café in old downtown. Among the clients, a plump enough woman of the popular kind, who seems full of goodness, looks up at me as she takes me for a drink. She murmurs, "Look what is in this poor man's in. Something must be done." She takes me for a drink. I find her to be so good, and I am so touched by her sharing that I decide not to see her again. I realize she surprises me in the role she plays as an urban disappointment, and I permit her to freely give up with these good feelings. I give my black leather suitcase and bag for a little game of love that I can offer her. Among the herbs, there is a bottle of pills. They are vitamins, but the woman is persuaded that I brought drugs, and she experiences even greater joy. Without knowing anything about the same, she takes a walk, that of the Magicians. "Good," says she. "You should not carry this card. Look: the young man has a pill between his fingers." She actually takes the yellow stick from between the Magician's fingers. I tell her thank you for her good intentions, and I promise to no longer use drugs. I think the right. At my pocket, I have the intention to make myself more important. In the evening, it is with joy that I am alone.

Do you make distinctions among other kinds of dreams?

(Of course! There are "grosser dreams" in which the dreamer shares with the rest of humanity what he has learned. For example:

I find myself in an immense space, deep-over-a-space novel of millions of demonstrators; I suddenly realize that I am dreaming. I get around in the air in order to witness their mission. The public voice in admiration goes away and I realize. I ask them all to join hands and form a huge chain as they comply with me. Upon touching them, I make them rise and try to make strongly by force of my thoughts, but they do not move. I must touch them with tenderness; then go to them, they rise, fly towards me, and we go crawling up on the surface of a rising sphere in the sky, all together in a chain, until I wake up.

To know not only how to give but also how to receive, to accept the service that another brings, is equally part of the art of generosity. This I understood from the following dream:

I am in Paris. The newspapers have a problem with the government, as it did not provide the war material for printing. France thus finds obligated to publish with a newspaper and price according to a primitive process using sugar. At the city's newspaper stand, seated in front of a wooden table, is Bernadette, the devoted mother of my eldest son, Pierre. I tell Pierre her, and I find her thoughtful, happy, as she rarely was in her life. Unlike before, her death, she is usually positive toward me. Also, she inspires my self-confidence; I know I can count on her. Realizing that I am dreaming, I tell myself: "Bernadette is dead, but in the dream she lives. To speak with the dead does not waste me; I trust her. It is an exchange, what was brought to me, since she knows perfectly what I am totally ignorant, and will change her attitude whenever I want to consult her on this subject." Bernadette begins to explain why the situation is serious, and why the president is wrong to trust the cabinet he has just named. Then she speaks to me of the future, "We live," she tells me, "in the idea that the future does not belong to us, that it is not for us . . . although we are usually tied together with the future. In the future, we will be very active." I think she makes reference to the future in general, the millions of years remaining to know the unknown.

After this dream, I was heartily delighted in this reconciliation with the mother of my son, all the more so as realized with no much conflict. Herodotus became really nice, proposed to collaborate on the perfecting of our spirit while adding the heat of himself. I have thus accepted her new presence in my life, through the dream.

Lucid dream, therapeutic dream, sage dream, humble dream, generous dream . . . What is for you the ultimate dream, the ultimate place alive?

The magical, creative dream. All these years of creative exploration, I have only known one, from this:

I am in my bedroom, supporting myself to the air with my hands, I sink off. I breathe to feel all the power of my voice. Laying the song across to me, I sink, with an almost-lifetime glow, sounds, which go well beyond those of the sphere. The voice does not depend on me: I breathe it and because I don't have to breathe, that is, I am through my mouth to discover it, living magic. . . . Very much, I feel I have opened a dimension of myself unknown until now. In plain lucidity, I open my eyes, and I wake up. I note that my heart beats fast. Without moving, I recall all the details of the dream. Suddenly, a song neither ancient nor recent is my song. It is not emitted from a human voice, but it cannot be less than human resonance – as if all the neighborhoods in the city were singing. This song seems to arise out of another dimension. I tell myself that I am still half asleep, and I must observe more lucidly what happens. The phenomenon repeats, and I abandon myself to listening, especially since this lucid one and extraordinary experience offers the rhythm of my heart. On the one hand, I believe myself to be hallucinating; on the other hand, it appears to me that a little above what could be called the third ear, like one speaks of the third eye, a sort of above-hearing . . . I sleep deeply and, in another dream, I see myself as a star in the universe I call measuring. "It was a divine voice the voice of a goddess. She does not come from a third but was emitted by reality itself. She comes from the depths, from the human soul from the air . . ."

Epiphany: Now, come back to the dream called reality. Can we, as some might affirm, envision our life like a dream from which we must awake up?

I would say rather that one must turn this unconscious dream that is more often our life into a lucid dream. At one time, I had the habit of, before going to sleep, reviewing all the events of my day. I enjoyed them like a film from first to last then in reverse, according to the advice of an old book of magic. This practice of "walking backward" allowed me to distance myself from the incidents of the day—after having analyzed, judged, and taken part in the last ones. I would return to pass through the day again in reverse, and as I found myself in a detached state. Reality thus captured takes on the same qualities as a lucid dream. Through this activity I saw at what point, like someone, I dream my dream! To review my day at night compares to remembering my dream in the morning.

The sole fact of remembering a dream is already like organizing it. I do not see the dream again just as it was, but I see selected parts of it. On the same note, seeing again the last twenty-four hours, I do not have access to all the events of the day but only to those that I have retained. This selection already constitutes an interpretation on which, additionally, I graft my judgments, my appreciations . . . To become more conscious, we can begin to distinguish our subjective perception of the day from the objective reality. When one does not conduct these exercises, one is able to afterwards speculate the meaning of the passing day, without being carried away by judgments and appreciations. From this position as witness, it becomes possible to interpret one's life as one interprets a dream. Permit me to give you an example of the application of this approach: that of my student, named Guy Marchand, one day asked me for advice. He did not know how to take some young dishonest people appearing in the house that belonged to him. Surprised that he had not called the police, since the law was on his side, I told him, "In certain way, this situation suits you. Thanks to it, you are expensing an old illness. I suggest the following approach: Consider this situation as a dream. Try to interpret it as you would a dream recalled the previous night. Do you have a younger brother?" He responded in the affirmative, and I asked him then if, in his infancy, he had not felt betrayed by his father regarding the attraction of his parents. He, of course, confirmed that he had. I quickly interrogated him about the relationship he

maintain today with the brother in question. As I reported, Guy rendered to me that they had a bad rapport and never saw one another. I explained to him that it was he himself who maintained this embarrassing situation with the equities in order to expose the delirium caused by the arrival of his brother. I added that he needed to forgive his brother, treat him well, and make peace with him if he wanted the situation resolved. I gave him psychological advice and, a week later, I received a post card from Birmingham. "Hereafter, there was the cathartic—big explosion of ourselves," with the following message: "Following my quarters, you presented a psychological act, and I give you the real results. It resulted that I gave my brother a bouquet of flowers and treated him to a letter to act as we renewed our fraternal support and put the past, when I felt betrayed by him, aside. The goal was to obtain the departure from my house of the fraudulent and illegal visitors. I offered the flowers to my brother and spoke with him Friday noon. Friday night, the two equities left—with my furniture! But finally they are gone, and I can return to my home. Thank you." Interesting, no? Taking the brother was like taking away Guy's past.

So, you had asked this young man to interpret an existential situation as if it were a dream filled with symbols to decipher.

Exactly. Since we dream our life, we will interpret it and discover what it wants to say to us, the messages that it wants to transmit to us, as if transferring it into a lucid dream. Since the lucidity is reached, we arrive to act in reality knowing that if we push only to satisfy our spiritual desires, we will be taken, we will lose all detachment, all control, and all possibly these treasures. To live knowing and affecting lives—as much in the material dream as in the dreamal dream that we call our life—we must become here and be awakened.

This detachment, which does not prevent action or compensation and does not authorize greed or sentimentalism, looks a lot like wisdom.

Of course! What good is it to live with the dream and to make an effort at lucidity if not to move toward wisdom? Reality is a dream on which we must work in order to progressively pass from the unconscious dream, lacking all lucidity, and which can be a nightmare, to

what I call the ego dream.

And the Enlightened? The spiritual traditions say there *are* Enlightened . . .

To wake up is to stop dreaming, to wake from the *ego* dream, to become the dreamer.

FOUR



THE MAGIC ACT

How does one pass from the magic act to the magic act? Above all, what is the magic act according to Andean magic?

As I have said, it was in Mexico where I acquired a true command of the magic act. If Chile was, in the past, a poetic country, Mexico is an absolutely poetic country where the Mexicans flourish. Any person just a little bit creative feels this vibration there, understands this dream-principle in the very texture of Mexican reality. On the other hand, you could travel there for ten years without ever catching a glimpse of the *Wixley* magic. Mexico City comprises a whole world of sorcerers, a world that is responsible for continued development in water. When people are in bad shape or when things are not going well, they go to call to a sorcerer who carries out a kind of purification, the inside the whole body using a heap of herbs soaked in holy water. This is an extremely common practice, and not only among the peasants. Intellectuals and politicians do not hesitate to devote themselves to it; it is such an integral part of Mexican life. Among these sorcerers, there are, of course, healers expert in hallucinogenic medicines and medicinal plants. Some are accompanied with up to three thousand herbs. Others use animal sacrament exclusively. There are also Mexican healers practicing phenomena that may be subtle or may be magic. For example, I remember a woman from a remote village who always went about veiled dressed in a nightgown; steel spikes came out of her whole body.

Black magic is also practiced, and a number of sorcerers operate with evil spells. You can tell these sorcerers to tell an evil spell on an enemy. I have personally been witness to some things. For example, in one of my shows, I made fun of an influential woman whose everyone called in Tijuana and said she was the producer's mistress. My actors refused to perform, convinced that in Tijuana had cast a spell over the theatre. So I agreed to have a woman's assistant come to lift the spell. I have to admit that I laughed when I saw him splash the theatre with holy water. But then, while we had a coffee, he began to tremble, and an immense loud groan in my ear came his ears. This sudden reaction grew to such proportions that he had to go to the hospital. There was no doubt in his mind that he had absorbed into his body the bad spell cast over the theatre.

Psychosomatic reactions?

It's possible that in my case, sometimes strange things happen . . . One day a director of a film came to school with whom I had just signed a contract told me, "You are alive, you were by Mexico. Everything seems wonderful to you. But if you dare to look here in this theatre, you will discover there another aspect of this country." So I immediately the theatre, opened it, and straightaway was overcome by an extremely headache.

What then did this infernal theatre contain?

That this was statistically really necessary to believe from the the designated victims of their clients. Their features were, in themselves, as horrible to look at that I felt faint. If they were exhibited at Broadway, or the towers, the public could see what power an art object can have, beautiful or hideous. A work bearing such energy directly affects the organism of anyone who contemplates it. Although strongly disagreeable to look, this experience made me wonder. I asked myself what could a beautiful object be the good-magnets whose works of art would be changed with such a positive force that they would push a spectator into ecstasy. It has principles that sometimes described in Psychoanalysis.

Can you give me an example?

I received a visit one day from a mother whose son was homosexual. This woman had never accepted her son's difference. While continuing to denote malaffection to him, she felt real shame. The son wanted to become a pianist, but each time he took an exam it gave a result: his mother panicked fearing his failure. The poor boy felt it and was so demoralized that he indeed failed. I quickly realized that this woman saw the pianist profession as an effeminate activity, one of homosexual character. So I gave her an exercise. The exercises when not spells make little effort of their victim than deal with plus. I asked this mother to proceed in the same way. So she made a figure in the image of her son and used letters, diagonals, hair, and a piece of the boy's clothing so that the object would be truly united with his energy. In accordance with my instructions, she glued a gold Lapis under each foot and sprinkled a drop of white wine on each of the shoulders. She updated the statuette with holy water and placed it on the side of a piano with honey-combed keys—symbol of sweetness, sweetness. She left a candle constantly burning in the room, and for one hour each day, she came to pray for the success of her son. The following-moment more concrete, and the pianist's relationship with his mother was transformed.

Is that good magic?

No, it is Psychomagic! Later, we will get back to the principles of Psychomagic, but it gave this example to show how it was inspired by the standard practice of black magic in Mexico. It wanted to reverse the program: if it was in evil from a distance, why not do good?

Saying that it is not enough to have good intentions and simulate the reverse of popular evil spells. How do similar practices work?

son and mother are connected psychically. If the mother had not made a step in the direction of adopting a different attitude—and performing the psychomagic act with the ally: came to embody the change, to render a reality, a materiality that would have

otherwise been almost – she was – could feel it, even if he was far away. He cannot feel fear. As the mother would not naturally accept the homosexuality of her child and forgive him, it gave her the concrete possibility of making a step in that direction by complying with a prescribed religious ceremony. That is the language the unconscious can understand in the traditional analysis. It has to do with detecting messages sent by the unconscious and interpreting them into everyday language. Me, I do the reverse: I read messages in the unconscious using appropriate archaic language. In Psychoanalysis, it is the unconscious that deciphers the information transmitted by the conscious.

If I understood you well, one must, in Psychoanalysis, learn to speak the language of the unconscious in order to consciously read it messages.

Exactly. And if one directly addresses the unconscious in its own language, in theory it is going to answer. But we will get to that. For now, I would like to explain how the maps are constituted in the dream of Psychoanalysis. While in Mexico, I found myself confronted with the power of harmful sorcery. I was naturally, about the same power of beneficial sorcery. If those forces could be put to the service of evil, couldn't they be used for the service of good? I also searched for a good wizard. Then a friend spoke to me of the famous Pablita, a small, good-looking, poor, old woman. People came from far away to consult her in the hope of being healed. I was very moved by the prospect of meeting this famous sorcerer, so I prepared myself for this.

What do you mean "prepared"?

I had my guard up. After all, nothing guaranteed me that this woman wasn't also evil. In Mexico, there are very dangerous sorcerers who can directly introduce a little darkness into the consciousness of a visitor and trigger a delayed reaction. You see, at first you don't feel a thing, but at the end of three or six months, you're in agony. ... I therefore protected myself when I visited Pablita. You understand, she wasn't just any sorcerer: her consultations could easily attract three thousand visitors. I tell you, it was sometimes necessary to evacuate her by helicopter. So it suited me to take precautions.

How does one protect oneself from the influence of a survivor?

It was in a way my first psychodrama act. Above all, I felt that at all costs, I had to disguise myself. To go back in the bathroom of my old identity was to expose myself to the worst. So it began by dressing myself in brand new clothing from head to toe. It was important that my clothes not be chosen by me. I gave money and my measurements to these friends and asked them to go buy all the clothing they wanted to.

Why these friends?

For impersonalization and so that the outfit these friends did not reflect the taste of any particular individual. Shoes, underwear, everything had to be absolutely new. It was not until I departed for the meeting with Pichón that I put on these new garments. In addition, I prepared a false identity card, another name, another birth date, another photo. . .

I bought a slab of pork, wrapped it in silver paper, and put it in my pocket as a reminder. At each time I put my hand in my pocket, the silver wrapped contact with the meat would remind me that I was in a special situation and that I should avoid letting myself get caught up, no matter what happened. I arrived at the apartment where Pichón was operating that day, and I found myself in the presence of about thirty other people, some of whom occupied important social positions. I should point out that I met her under relatively privileged conditions, far from those crates who grope around her while she operates in a public place. I made myself part of the intelligentsia. Although she had never been in the cinema, Pichón knew that I was a filmmaker, director of the film *37 Faps*, which had been talked about a lot. I approached and saw a thin old woman, stocky and nearly blind. Her husband was seated and he turned me a piercing look and barked me, "Boy, my boy?"—it was a little strange to have myself called "boy" at more than forty years old—"What are you are afraid of? Get closer to this poor old lady."

Slowly, I got near her, stopped. She had used the right expression to address me. At this

age, indeed, I was not mature. While I was an child, my level of maturity was not really that of a forty-year-old man. At least, I had remained an adolescent.

"What do you want from me? What do you want from this poor old lady?" she asked me.

"You are a lady, right?" I responded. "I would like to see your hands."

To general amusement, everyone wondered why she suddenly granted me so much importance—she put her hand in mine. This old lady's hand had such softness, such grace. . . . It could have belonged to a young girl of fifteen. I couldn't believe my senses.

"Oh," I exclaimed. "You have the hand of a young girl, of a beautiful young girl!"

At that moment, instantly, I was touched by a feeling, difficult to describe. Facing this delirious old woman, I felt myself in the presence of an ideal adolescent, the girl that the young man in me had always searched for. She had her hand raised, palm towards me, and it clearly appeared to me as something. I was completely lost, and I did not know what to do. From her ambiguous enormous voice, "Accept the gift," they all told me "accept it" I thought quickly: the gift of Pachta is of an irrefragable nature, but I wanted to not like I accepted the terrible gift. So I made a gesture as if taking something in my hand. But as soon as I approached her, I saw something shining between her ring finger and middle finger. I caught the visible object that was nothing other than an eye on the inside of a triangle. Now, it was precisely the symbol of K' Eke. . . . Pachta knows some conclusions from this: at the very least—nothing expensive: "This woman is an exceptional magician. When she first put her hand in mine, I clearly felt that she was not feeling anything. She had prepared her hand, but how did she make this eye emerge from out of nowhere? How did she know this object was the symbol of my kind? In any case, she had me." I then asked her if I could serve as her assistant, and she immediately accepted.

"Yes," she told me. "You will be the one to read the poem that will serve me in private times."

So I began to recite a resonant poem to the delirious Winona Rose, Chaudhury. Suddenly, this delirious old lady burst an enormous cry, close to the roaring of a lion, and she began to speak in a man's voice, "My friends, I am happy to be among you. Bring me the

first of the sick?

The patient began to line up, each holding an egg in his hand. After rubbing their whole bodies with it, the surgeon broke it and examined the white and the yellow to detect the evil ... If the blood nothing grew, she prescribed incisions, or sometimes changed things like salt or bit incense. It happened that she advised eating turtle eggs and making a plaster with washed potatoes and human excrement ... When she judged the problem serious, she proposed a "surgical operation." Filicating these interventions, I saw incredible things compared to those operations; the work of Filipino healers would seem modest.

Example?

Oh! I could tell you of hundreds of operations. Later, indeed, I continued to serve as her assistant. I wanted to be the first to scrutinize the phenomenon, and thus I was witness to the most represented things. I'll first describe the residence. The majority of the time Pachita squatted at her house at the rate of one or two sessions per week. This apartment was perceived by a potential risk because she gathered up all the sick animals in the neighborhood to live there for a time and do their business. . . . It was better to wait in this place breathing in the dog cat, pungent droppings. . . . Yet, as soon as Pachita entered the room-to-operate, the risk seemed to disappear just from her presence. Without a doubt, it was her invisible presence, the aura of a queen who made us forget these disgusting fragrances. This lady clearly had the aura of a great venerated lama.

What does your father recall her as representative?

I often asked myself ... because in the end Pachita improved the diseased as well as the healthy! What is certain is that she was disposed of an energy superior to the normal. One day, the wife of the president of the Republic of Mexico invited her to a reception given on the patio of the government palace where a number of cages held a great variety of birds. When Pachita arrived, these hundreds of drooping birds all overcame up and began to chirp with great fervor. There were a number of witnesses there to confirm this incident, that

should not leave it to her diabolical ideas. She knew how to create an ambience around her appropriate to capturing the great and the patient sides. Her house was kept in semi-darkness; thick curtains prevented any light from entering and were so effective that writing from outside, one was plunged into a world of darkness. Some assistants—all of whom were convinced of the objective existence of the “hermetics” (little brothers), as Reichel had named the spirit that she supposedly controlled and who, in her opinion, worked the healing—led the newcomer down the hall in his sudden blindness. These assistants played, it seems to me, a key role in the construction of the “operations.”

You mean to say they helped the survivors create the conjuring?

It could be that. Perhaps one or a dozen conjures. . . . In fact, it will never be known. What's the case is that all these assistants, in the role they played, were not accomplices in tragedy; all of them had as common father “The Little Brother.” In the eyes of these brave people, the Hermetic was the one that mattered. Perhaps was but an excellent father, a “demon,” as one would say today, an instrument of evil. They respected the old lady, but they did not remember her until she was in trouble. For them, the disoriented being was more real than the person in the flesh through which he manifested. This faith by which Perhaps was convinced generated a magic atmosphere, which contributed to persuading the patient of his disease for a time.

How would an ordinary consultation with Perhaps proceed?

Seated in an obscure hall, a group of clients waited their turn to enter the room where the conjures operated. All the assistants spoke with low voices, like in a temple. At times, one left the “operating room” extending a mysterious bundle to her hands. He went into the bathroom, and by the half opened door, those in the waiting area could see the glint of a burning object. The assistant came out and murmured, “Do not go in there before the veil is burned. As long as it is active, the danger is approach. You will catch it.” What was this “veil”? The waiting clients didn't know anything, but knowing they had to hold their nerves as long as the consultation lasted created a strange impression. Little by little, they were leaving

conscious reality, to topple over into a completely irrational parallel world. Then suddenly, from the operating room, five assistants appeared carrying an inert body wrapped in a blackened cloth. They put the body down like a corpse. Indeed, even the operation was over and the bandages in place, Fuchita required the patient's absolute immobility for a half hour—or sudden death. Fearing, being excited by magical forces, the recovering patients do not make even the slightest movement. Immobility as a rule, they definitely appear dead. It goes without saying that this does not stage just the next condition into a state. When Fuchita calls in a deep voice, always using the same expression, "It is now your turn, darling child of my soul," that generally makes them shake and regress into childhood. In this sense, this ceremony does not treat adults but children, and all are treated as such, whatever their age. I once saw her give a lesson to a minister and ask him in a serious and brotherly voice, "What hurts you, my little boy?" People give up body and soul to her, taking her as an arbiter for their lives.

You have described the audience and the preliminaries, which is certainly very important, but I would like to know how the operation itself proceeds in general. As "initiator," you were a privileged witness.

Only up to a point, because I was, like the others, captured by the magical influence! Fuchita always had the patient lie on a mat, by the light of a candle, because the internal organs in her opinion level things from electric lights. She marked the place on the body where she was going to "operate" and surrounded it with alcohol soaked cotton. The odor filled the room, enhancing the "operating room" atmosphere. The leader was always followed by two helpers—I was often one of those two assistants—as well as half a dozen followers who were forbidden to cross their legs, arms, or fingers, so that energy could circulate freely. At her side, I saw her finger sink almost vertically into the eye of a blind man . . . I watched her "change the heart" of a patient; with her hands, she seemed to open his chest; the blood ran . . .

She made me plunge my hand into the wound I hit the flesh wiggles, and I withdrew my fingers, bloodied. From a jar to the side, I passed her a bowl from which I knew where—from

the surgeon or the hospital...that the "transplanted" is the patient in a magical way. Soon after being placed on the chest, the heart seemed to be absorbed and disappeared just like that, as if isolated by the body of the patient. This phenomenon of "isolation" was common with all of the "transplants": the would place a piece of intestine on the patient being operated on and no matter how it disappeared into him, I saw her spread hand and put her hands in it. There was an odor of burning flesh, the sound of liquid... The operations were not lacking in violence and constraint: a rather shocking show, in Western fashion, but Pichita showed, at the same time, an extraordinary willpower.

What was the role of the followers present?

The witnesses relied on their presence. Should an operation seem to be going badly, both Pichita and the patient would solicit the active help of all the people present.

Can you give me an example?

I remember an operation during which all moments seemed simple from Pichita's mouth. "The child is getting cold. Quick, heat the air or we are going to lose him." A second later, we were all running, on the verge of hysteria, in search of an electric heater. As soon as we plugged it in, we noticed the electricity cut out. "Is something in the child is going to be in agony?" groaned the Little Brother, while the patient, on the verge of another arrest from actually seeing his stomach opened and the guts in the air, whispered, frozen in terror, "My brothers, I beseech you, help me!" And we all gathered around and put our mouths against his body, blowing on it with all our might, vented, laughing about ourselves, trying frantically to warm him with our breath. "Very good, my children, my dear," the Little Brother cried suddenly. "The temperature is back up, and the danger is passed. I can continue."

Did you ever lose a patient?

No. To my knowledge, Pichita has never killed a person while trying to heal him, even if the

operations often had critical moments. That seemed in a certain way to be part of the process.

Did the patients suffer?

Depended, yes. The operations could be painful. When Pachita died, her gift was transferred to her son Kaxipax, who operates like his mother. When I watched him, I noticed that the Anemone spoke more sweetly and that the knife no longer caused pain.

I remarked about this to one of the assistants who responded, "From information to information, El Hieronymo makes progress. He has learned recently to not make his patients suffer."

You have said that Pachita showed a lot of tenderness, in spite of her big knife. You were shocked by her gesture? weren't you?

Yes, I had a pain in my liver, and I was nervous to try having an "operation" myself. Pachita told me that I had a tumor on my liver, and threatened to treat me. I decided to make a game of it, telling myself that she couldn't possibly kill me. Because, of all the people she had operated on, there had not been a single mishap. The time had come to get myself on the list now.

And you weren't afraid, about the pain?

No, because for me it was all theater. I wanted to undergo an operation to see what would happen. But when I found myself on the bed in front of Pachita, with a huge knife in her hand and surrounded by her paying followers, I did begin to feel afraid. I would say much more gladly to get up and leave, but it was too late. I realized that she was cutting me with her knives ...

I felt the pain of my flesh being cut with knives. Blood ran, and I thought I was going to die. After she made the cut in my stomach, it felt like my belly had been ripped open. I had

never felt that bad in my life. For about eight minutes, I suffered silently, and I went completely white. Fialita made me drink some herbal tea, and then I could feel blood rushing through my body again. There she stood like she was pulling out my liver . . . Finally, she passed her hands over my stomach to close the wound, and the pain instantly disappeared! If it was thought of hand, the illness was perfect. Not only did the treatment see the bloodstagnation and my apparently lost liver, but they also felt the same pain as the patient. Never then, my liver has never bothered me. (Living with the cure, that was one of the greatest experiences of my life. That woman was something, spectacular, as impressive as a mystical Tibetan lama. Never had I felt so much pain, nor so much gratitude, as in that moment when she told me I was cured and that I could go. In that instant, I saw in her the Mother Goddess. What a psychological shock! Fialita was a great psychologist, she knew the human soul.)

Were you ever afraid of Fialita again?

Oh, you also know my well how to use terror therapy. On this subject, I would like to cite, as without flattery, my mentor, Fialita Tumbay, who was assistant in the leader of the same time I was:

After collecting a miscarriage—I lost the baby from having too much shiraga (chemical opium)—I had pain in my uterus. The doctors did not find the cause, and they saw in the symptoms psychosomatic effects from feelings of guilt. Whatever the cause, the pain was real, unbearable, and lasted for months . . . I decided to consult Fialita. She touched my stomach, without even having me undress, and she told me, “You were pregnant with twins. You still have a dead fetus inside you. I will have to operate—now. Come back on Friday in the afternoon with a package of cotton, a bandage, and a liter of alcohol. Bring the towel the three days preceding the operation.” On Friday, Fialita, in turn, had me undress without an operation before my appointment. The little brother opened a body, took out a beating heart, and put in another (which she said had been brought at a hospital). Fialita had me touch the uterus, close the wound with a single sweep of my hand, and organize the helpers to bring the patient into the recovery room. “Here you,” she said

then told me. I started to shake from head to toe, my teeth chattered, I was sweating. When I saw her lift the bloody knife, I fell on the floor, and I stayed there terrified. So the Little Brother told me secretly, through the mouth of Fuchita, who suddenly acquired the human voice of a man: "Take yourself and lie down here. If not, I cannot do anything and your wounds will catch gangrene." With a lot of difficulty, I got up and laid myself on the chilling bed. While a helper raised my shirt to show my stomach, the others began to pray under a painting of Christ Jesus, the colored emperor who, according to them, was more other than the spirit who possessed the witch. She washed the cotton with alcohol and put it on my stomach, around the area made invisible to them. Then, very quickly, with the cold blow of a surgeon, she opened my stomach. I felt a hot pain, I heard sounds of liquid, I perceived the smell of blood, and I believed I was dead. The disarticulation of the operation seemed interminable: my heart beat a thousand times per second, my gaze was in the open, and my whole body was frozen. But she, or better said, the Little Brother, was unaffected: not a word, not a carbon gesture, an inviolable precision. Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain, as if they tore off a fragment of viscera, and Fuchita showed me a black and viscous thing, which looked like a squid. "That is the fetus. It is rotten." The smell was unbearable. "Bring me that bag," she ordered. The helpers ran to the kitchen and returned with a plastic supermarket bag. With great care, Fuchita made a package and tied it with a selfless and gave it to her now saying, "Tonight you will throw this into the canal, into the dark water, with your back turned on it, and you will leave without looking back. Malignant things are ought to glimpse. . . ." Then she closed the wound with her hands, and the pain disappeared in an instant, as did the heat. She bandaged my stomach, and she ordered me to rest for three days and to drink a liquid prepared especially for me. As I was the last patient of the day, at that time Fuchita had to restore her own body and have the Little Brother return to his kingdom. I began to cry as hard that my wife seemed to take over the little eyes. While the helpers proved that Fuchita would return to being a woman, I heard a little voice saying, sounding in the corridor, "Money, money . . ." It seemed to me that only I could hear it, and I exclaimed, "Outside there, there is a child calling for her money." They ordered me, secretly, to get down and to let the vampire go. After a month, I could walk normally. A very sharp pain perforated my stomach at the faintest sudden movement, but the result of

the operation was successful: I never again suffered pain of this nature, after six months again. Since then, I converted into a faithful follower of Pachita and, in the company of Alejandro, I have avoided many operations. I cannot affirm categorically what I saw was real or an illusion, but regardless of what I saw, this woman undoubtedly also had faith in her and, above all, in the Little Mother. Pachita dedicated her entire life to those who suffer. What was a long, it built her a "sacred house" as Alejandro would say.

Now I would like to relate a follow-up that, some years, was due to a lack of faith or the bad faith of a person. I knew a rich American-Spanish who suffered from a persecution complex. She was convinced that death pursued her; that it circled around her using her as a channel. Her sleeping body had descended in the past; her mother had died in an airplane accident on her way to visit her; a friend of her committed suicide. . . . I advised Pachita that I was going to introduce her to someone powerful. I tried to persuade her to believe, but she was closed in distrust toward the white woman who visits an Indian village. The American entered at the child's house in an ambiguous mood. She entered the room with a repugnant, distasteful air. Upon seeing her enter, El Mercurio, embodied in Pachita, went red in the face and, expelling foam from the mouth and brandishing the faith with the expression of an assassin, murdered her. Determined to kill her. Between the sight of my present, we held the child, who fought with a force that seemed nearly impossible to subdue. We sang a spell, and after several minutes of complete pain and rage—a pain bordering on an epileptic fit—El Mercurio calmed down. Pachita began to caress the head of the American, who was suddenly very submissive, like a frightened child. "Now I see, my little daughter," murmured El Mercurio through Pachita's mouth. "You are possessed by a criminal demon. Without knowing it, you give death. You want to kill. Don't deceive yourself, because you realize that you, because of her, of the world and out of awareness, you are full of a fatal the destruction. If you want to live yourself, you must follow my instructions to the letter." El Mercurio ordered her to go to the bath-market and buy seven belts of different colors and a piece of coral. For twenty-one days, while sleeping, she should wrap her body with the seven belts and sleep covered like a mummy, with the coral on her chest, like a medallion. For me, the marriage was closed: she should have slept every night wrapped in the children, symbol of an alliance with God, and purified by the humble beauty of the

meat, that the patient did not see it like that. She terminated the consultation, again accused her old personality, and created every obstacle imaginable in order to not follow the instructions of going to the market. First she broke a tin. Then she suggested she buy the beef in a store in the metropolitan area because the beef market seemed like a dirty place to her, full of filthy Indians. . . . After two or three weeks, I convinced her to go with me to the market. Once we were there, she proved to be almost sane; she bargained on the price of the meat and the beef until she was angry over a few pennies. Finally we left the market with the package in her hand, but she almost forgot it in the taxi and didn't show the meat interest in taking it with her. That was WFI decided to cut her tin, and I never saw her again. I tell her in that world, her world without faith and without love, a vision of herself. Two later, I was informed by the press that she had killed her lover. Perhaps was right: that woman was an assassin. El Hiermanito, trying to keep on her to kill her, acted as a mirror. The American, needed to her collecting, did not want to change, which was reason enough for her not wanting to break free from the knowledge transmitted by Pachita, to whom she had gone for a consultation only because I asked her to, although she had no true faith in the power. My point is that it is necessary to collaborate with a creature. El Hiermanito couldn't find someone who did not deeply desire it or who refused to collaborate.

It could be that a person had faith but did not desire to recover their health. I remember, for example, a woman named Encarnita, the patient of a doctor friend of mine, who was told she had no more than two years to live. Encarnita was sick with cancer, and they had already removed her breasts. At the request of her doctor, who supposed being anything, she traveled with me to Mexico. Although very depressed, she agreed to an operation by Pachita, who suggested putting her blood in injecting two liters of plasma that arrived from another dimension, made by El Hiermanito. The day arrived and, after the usual ceremony, Encarnita herself lay on the bed. El Hiermanito stuck a knife in her arm, and we heard the blood fall into a metal bucket. It was a thick, striking stream. Then El Hiermanito introduced into the wound the end of a meter-long plastic tube, lifting the other end into the air to connect it to the outside. He could hear the sound of liquid pouring smoothly from an unknown place, while El Hiermanito said, "Encarnita the holy plasma, little daughter, do not reject it." The day after the operation, not

believing in the efficacy of the "transfusion," Henriette was sad and listless. I tried to get her to respond, but it was impossible. She was strong like a Red gnat, obstinate. She accused me of wanting to take her to Calcutta. Two days later, a large inked scarves appeared on her arm. Very afraid, I called Estique, Pachita's son, who, after consulting his mother, told me, "You found her both in medicine, but she rejects it. She wants to make the body plasmic. He tonight have her do her business in a bedpan, and tomorrow morning apply the treatment to her arm to explode the seat of the infection." I gave the message to Henriette, who closed herself in her room. I do not know if she followed the advice or not, but the truth is that the scarves exploded leaving a very large scar, perhaps the lesion was visible. Immediately I took her back to Pachita who, converted into El Abuelito, said in the patient's own voice, "I was waiting for you, daughter! I am going to give you what you desire. Come . . ." The healer took her by the hand like a little girl and brought her to the bed and surprisingly started humming an old French song, while rubbing a knife before the open eyes of the patient. I had the impression that she was hypnotizing her. So she asked her, "Why did you want them to cut off your breasts?" To which Henriette answered, in a child's voice, "To not be a mother."

"And now, my dear girl, what do you want them to cut?"

"The glands that swell in my neck."

"Why?"

"To not have to speak to people."

"And then, little daughter?"

"For them to cut the glands that swell under my arm."

"Why?" "To not have to work."

"And then?"

"That they cut those that swell under my arm, so I can be alone with myself."

"And then?"

"The glands in my legs, so that they cannot force me to go anywhere."

"And then what do you want?"

"To be . . ."

"Very well, my little daughter, now you know the path your illness will take. Choose: follow this path or lead yourself!"

Fachin put a dressing on her arm, and three days later the wound had healed. Beatrice decided to go back to Paris, and she died two weeks later. When I told Fachin the sad news, she replied, "El Hermanito has not come only to lead. He also helps those who follow it. St. St. Canon and other great doctors protect themselves like warriors, following a plan of preventive support. When you show an ill patient, who seeks to wipe himself out, the path the illness takes, he will learn to follow it. For this reason, the French women, instead of spending two years suffering, quit fighting. They yielded to the illness and helped it realize its plan in two weeks." Before this I had believed that it was enough to make someone conscious of self-destructive impulses in order to save them. From this case, I learned the lesson that such knowledge could also accelerate the person's death.

Fachin's testimony is indeed really interesting in that it concerns the relationship between healing and faith, as well as the importance of the desire to live. For your part, what do you think, Alejandro? Is faith in faith necessary?

Not necessarily. Everything Fachin reveals is signifi-cantly exact, but one cannot draw a generalization from it. Without a doubt, it would be preferable to have faith, but this is not a requirement. Moreover, Fachin appears to know exactly how to strike the chapters who come to her, as she did by putting the symbol story like in her hand. One day, I brought her the French physician Jean-Pierre Viguer. He was a giant horse-champion who did not believe in these things and did not intend to be tricked by an old Mexican woman. He had lost his leg and I suggested to provide my wife to Fachin's illness. He was very hesitant, but convinced him of being ahead, he finally consented while saying he would write a report.

And what was the result of this confrontation between the old woman and

What's the deal with our narrator's crisis?

It happens that Fiquera himself, very touched by the episode, tells of it in *Coyote Stories*, his memoirs published through editor Robert Leffert in 1961. So I am going to read the related passage. This testimony of a chapter cannot but add weight to what I have already told you about Fabela:

During that visit to Mexico, to the house of Alejandro, I went to meet the strongest person I had ever met. The strongest and the broadest of beings I had lived with a month's time in my thirty-five months. Not a little was difficult. A huge thing like two thousand liters with a hole in the middle. I had searched for wisdom there, going from speech doctor to specialist, trying to find someone who could repeat this, his hole. They advised me simply to completely quit because it was impossible. One evening, suddenly, I asked her with Valeria if she would take me to see Fabela, an old-style Mexican leader. Here, one would tell her a secret. And like that, one early morning, I left for Fabela's house with Valeria carrying a sewing in her hand, something that had to do with the treatment.

We come to a narrow little house, a big, modern marriage entrance, Valeria knows. The door half opens on an old shop in which Valeria explains the nature of our visit. He lets us in. The courtyard is full of people. Men, women, children, from all social classes but mostly the poor, Indians, mestizos, very typical Mexicans with baskets, candles, believe whatever their beliefs – all that, that literature, that debate, endless talking. At the heart of the courtyard, on a heap of wood, a little eagle stands at it all with his sharply aware eye.

We wait. After about twenty minutes, a door opens in the house at the end of the courtyard, a little old woman comes out, an old lady (she looks like a lot of the women in the courtyard). Except that she is very small, fat, round, with a white eye, which seems to me better than the other ones to see what the good one can't see anymore. Impossible to guess her age. She could be one hundred or fifty. She is there, in the courtyard, she looks at everyone and knows a deep, unending knowledge.

"You . . ." The guy gets up and follows her into the house, a long moment later, he comes out. She again looks above the people gathered there, and she points her finger at

me. "Yes. . . ?" It seems I realize that I'm adopting a mental attitude of openness in front of this strange person. I tell myself, "I do not know anyone or anything. No, I open myself. Anyway, she cannot damage my leg anymore than it already is."

A bit surprised anyway to pass by everyone, but Alejandro explained to me that she thinks men should go ahead of women because men deal better with suffering; women can wait--as I later learned her, accompanied by Tullio who explains my case in Spanish.

Suddenly, this little old lady turns toward me and does two or three very quick hand moves while looking at me with her white eyes. Right then, I would have said she was twenty years old if someone had asked her age. So she takes the raw egg Tullio brought, breaks it and rubs it all over me, on my face, on my cheeks, on my shirt, on my pants. Then she takes a kind of white liquid in a big bottle behind her and does the same as with the egg. Tullio completely whitewashed. She touches my leg on the bands left from the cast. Then she goes back to us that, like a little society scene with dignitaries and candles, and she begins to pray in murmur. I listen. I don't understand anything, but listen. The room is shadowy, only lit by three or four candles; there is an opening table, two or three assistants who are here to learn or to whom she shows the gift, and Tullio, who prays. Then she stops, she moves toward her assistant and dishes a lot of proteins, herbs, plants. They give the lot to Tullio for me. I turn toward her.

"What do I have to give her for all that?"

"You give what you want, a pain, two pains. . . ."

I look out by chance the first ball in my pocket, which was I don't know how many pains, I forget, and re-again around the courtyard. Then we walk into the big, colorful Mexican market, filled with shouts and agitation, where people breathe about in such a way one could say, like in Africa, as the heat did not affect them. In this small market we bought everything we had to. Upon returning to their home, Tullio made a stew with everything, which I ate on my thigh and prostate. I kept it there for three weeks. I lived normally. I trained with it. And at the end of three weeks, she took it off. It was gone! The only pain I felt was when taking off the prostate; it pulled out hairs. My test had disappeared, completely. And I never had another problem with it. Of course, those who

have never lived through something like this could question the sincerity of the minority who have, but Pahlitz really convinced me.

Then you have it. The testimony of Jean-Pierre. Interesting, isn't?

True. According to you, what must our conclusion be?

I will never confirm that Pahlitz's manipulations were true operations, but I will never confirm the contrary . . . and I concluded that it was not important. It is not belief in an "objective" world, our modern, self-defined rational morality that makes this kind of question foremost in. He always stops to place ourselves as detached observers of a supposed exterior phenomenon, and so the mechanisms should be clearly defined, in the "disinterested" morality. In contrast, the kind of problem is not even posed. There is not a subject observed and an object observed; there is the world as a drama occurring with signs and symbols, a field of interaction where multiple forces and influences meet. In this context, to know if Pahlitz's operations are "real" or not proves illegal. What is real? From the time you move into the energetic field of the universe, you incorporate yourself into his reality and his actions into yours; you both move inside the real where the practices of healing are revealed operations. And the fact is that a number of people have been made well and truly healed! In addition, if I return to the old "objective" point of view, I could never describe the "thing" even if I stayed with her week after week, for hours . . . Whatever the case may be, one cannot but recognize Pahlitz's genius. His very thought, what an achievement it has to do with healing, this good woman was the greatest. Healer of all time! And what a psychologist . . .

What did she teach you? What did you keep for your future psycho-somatic practice?

First of all, I learned how to trust people. Thanks to her, I understood that everyone, or almost—in a child, at times an adolescent. Each time someone went to her, she began immediately by touching hands with them, establishing a sensory relationship and putting

people in her hand. It produced a strange phenomenon: from feeling this old lady's hands, she appeared like the maternal mother, and there was no way to resist her. I testify to this all the more since I was, at the time, extremely rebellious with teachers, and I refused to subject myself to anyone. But with her contact, my resistance melted like snow in the sun. Pschits knew that within every child, even the most severe, slept a child eager to be loved and that touch would do more than words to immediately instill his trust and put the subject in a state of receptivity. This first touch also allowed her to establish a diagnosis. I remember, for example, the day when I brought my French friend to her. He had suffered for some time, and it had taken six months with the French doctors to discover the presence of a polyp in the bowels. Pschits passed her hands over his body and pronounced straightaway the presence of a thickening in the intestines. My friend was astonished!

But in addition to these quasi-divine abilities, this sorcerer sometimes performed what appears to me today to be marvelous psycho-magic acts. One day she treated a man who was on the verge of suicide because he couldn't bear losing his hair at thirty years of age. He had tried all the treatments possible without success, and he could not allow himself to be seen bald. If Pschits asked him through the mouth of the old lady, "Do you believe in me?" He responded in the affirmative and, in fact, that he had faith in Pschits, so the girl gave him the following instructions: "Get a kilo of rosewood, freeze it, mix it all together to make a paste that you will apply to your head. This medicine will make your hair grow again." The man vaguely protested, but Pschits insisted, telling him that if he wanted to avoid baldness, he would have to do it this way. He hesitated and decided to submit to the magical treatment. Three months later, he returned and addressed the old lady, "It was very difficult to find the rosewood, but I tracked down a laboratory among white rats. I gave a lab assistant a tip, and he consented to saving the rosewood to give me. When I had the kilo, I played on it and made the paste, then suddenly realized that it made no difference to me whether or not I had hair. As it turned out, I did not apply the medicine. I decided to be content with my hair."

I saw it as an excellent psycho-magic act. Pschits asked for a payment for her act and really made no profit. Finding himself there, at the moment of performing this act, he realized that he could perfectly accept his fate. Confronted with the reality of the difficult act that was asked

of him, he saw that he preferred to remain blind. He left his world of thoughts, of his imagination, to look the real in the eye. These directions, aimed at his glasses, gave him the opportunity to maintain they made it possible to pass through a shade process that resulted in making it possible for him to accept himself as he was.

It is just as I mentioned Psychoanalysis. It was noticed that Psychoanal people on a blinder walk, destined, in the final analysis, to reconcile them with an aspect of themselves. I remember a person who had a big problem with money and was incapable of running his living. The old lady imposed on him a strange ceremony: The "patient," each night, had to urinate in a chamber pot until it was full. He went then, every night, under his bed and sleep over his pee pee for thirty days. In addition to this manipulation, I, of course, considered what could be the significance. Little by little, I began to glimpse the sense of it: If a person does not suffer any particular handicap from the physical or intellectual point of view and cannot earn a living, the truth is that the person does not want to. A part of the person opposes it and comes into conflict with money. Yet, following the directives of Psycho quickly requires a person in a few moments it does not take long for the value, preserved day after day under the bed, to let out a powerful value. Finally, sleep above the pee, the patient becomes satisfied in his own stomach, he sleeps in the fragment of his own waste. Such an exercise requires a spirit of sacrifice and develops the will. He must have done so in order to leave the nightly pee together with his pee pee.

I don't doubt it, Alexandre, but how does this relate to his money problems?

Well, a symbolic relationship: pee is yellow, like gold. But, at the same time, it is waste. Producing waste prevents from a natural need: the need to urinate or to defecate is a consequence of another need: to eat and to drink. Yet, to sustain these needs, one must earn money. Money, because it is a form of energy, must circulate . . . And that person could not earn a living because he felt a repulsion toward money, considered it dirty and vile . . . The money energy was, in this case, blocked. It was a necessity, but he did not want to be involved in its manipulation. A part of this person refused to be paid in the merchandise of money, its selling and buying, its transformation into food or other necessities of life. He was aware he was getting the legitimate place of "gold" in that role that constitutes all of

existence. Fuchino threatened to demonstrate this fear. Finding himself each night alone with his stagnant pee, the patient subtly understood that nothing became "dirty" unless it *flowed* and circulated. When urine in toilet and pain in under the foot, the trouble began. . . . "Child" understood because it was altered a *diagnosable* place. Finally, as I have already mentioned, the role that of protecting the exercise from the beginning, forced him to show will, an indispensable quality for naming a living, normally.

By the way, Fuchino asked her patients to pay her?

No, she did not ask for fees, but the people made donations. "When she operated, there was always a teacher basket with a deep pocket in which the patients deposited what they wanted. One could not accuse her of running a "business." It happened that those who had the means to pay, paid her well; it was, in effect, an honorable experience to be healed by this woman. She didn't lead people to earn money; she earned money because she healed people.

Let's go back to your experience and to what this encounter provided, from the viewpoint of Psychosomatics.

I've already recounted the operation that I myself underwent. So I won't go back there. In fact, Fuchino became both devoted entirely to her.

Her contribution to Psychosomatics is as important as essential: observing her, I discovered that when one goes through the medium of operating, the human body reacts as if it underwent a *trans-operation*. I'll tell you that I am going to open your stomach to take out a piece of your liver, and I put you on a table and exactly reproduce all the ideas and all the maneuverings, if you feel a little on your skin, if you are blindfolded, if you have the feeling that my hands run through your entrails and take something out, you are then "operated on." The human body accepts directly and naturally the symbolic language in the manner of a child. Fuchino knew this and was accomplished in the art of using this vocabulary in an operational—no better way to say it—an *operational* manner.

Yes, to you, she was above all an expert in symbolic communication?

Absolutely. She was, moreover, very attentive to objects, to the jewelry a person wore, for example. I remember a woman wearing an oval brooch, on the inside of it, in a little hole, also oval shaped, a notch was lost. It was evidently a gift from her mother, and Pashia quickly saw that this woman would not settle her problems as long as she was not disengaged from the influence of her mother. It's important to note that this hole symbolized the mother-in-the sense that it was still the mother that made the daughter what she is . . . Pashia instinctively deciphered the symbolic message and recommended a complete ritual to get rid of the object. For her, nothing was innocent, the world was truly a forest of symbols in constant interaction. It is through this contact that I was opened to the language of objects, to the significance that they take on. For example, the gift, anything given has an meaning, registered in the dynamics of generation and communication. In the same way, leaving something behind at someone's house or in a public place is not an accident. Primitive society knows the mechanism of these interactions and has more or less mastered them. But, of course, it has trouble with an intuitive wisdom, not an intellectual or a scientific one. The creature or daemon would probably be incapable of having an coherent discussion on his own position; for that, it would be necessary to be positioned on the outside, to watch oneself acting and decipher one's own performance.

The creature or daemon is not the unconscious 'objective' spectator but an integral part of the subjective universe in which everything is alive. Pashia, too, was always an animated being: the tumor was an evil creature that deserved to be hurtled alive—and right away you hear birds chirping. At times, she emerged from a sick body—a moving shape that seemed to drift like a marionette in the half light. She materialized the sickness, which thus lost its status as an invisible enemy—which had made it even all the more menacing—in reality a vaguely grotesque figure that hovered in the. From the domain of a homosexual patient, a black phallus blowing the crowd was removed.

Worthy of your happenings? They are "poetic" scenes that you describe.

"Worthy of love?" I do not know how she succeeded in leading me to that foreign world . . . "Tears, collective hallucination, inflated conspiracy?" Anyway, if there was a trap, it was a moral trap. I want to say that her magic was purely effective. She actually reduced the majority of those who came to her. That is why I wanted to observe her and learn from her.

You position yourself, though, somewhat differently unlike Castaneda, who, having received the teachings from Don Juan, became himself a shaman, gave his and claims to be a sorcerer. You remain yourself in maintaining fixed universal principles, making them not magic but "Psychomagic."

Yes, for I am not, in the end, from a culture called "primitive." In my opinion, with few exceptions, and I do not give an opinion in the case of Castaneda, whom I met in Mexico during this time—you cannot become a shaman or sorcerer if you're not born into a primitive context. Even with the strongest will and the biggest opportunity in the world, one does not disconnect so easily from all of the cultural mainstream baggage.

Castaneda is an elusive character whom few can boast of having seen. Under what circumstances did you meet him?

At that time, in the twenties, I was still innocent-certain naiveté, thanks to the film *El Pope*, which, to many, was an example of the magic Castaneda had seen it before and liked it. I found myself in Mexico in a restaurant at which they serve a splendid steak and good wine. Castaneda was there in the company of a Mexican woman whom he had met in the film of a lady blond who was also there with a man. Castaneda, like it couldn't have been anyone else—upon learning who I was, sent his blond to my table. The woman asked me if I wanted to meet Castaneda. "Of course," I replied, "I am a great admirer of his!" She said that he would come at any time, but I insisted on going to him.

A first-time introduction . . .

"Life is fantastic!" I proposed to Castaneda that we go to his hotel, but he wanted to come to

mine. We were like two Chinese, competing in politeness. He did not seem to give me preference, and I think some, otherwise.

And you didn't wonder if he just you really were in the presence of Castaneda?

Not for an instant. Later, in the United States, he published a book in which a portrait appears, a drawing. And it is the portrait of the man I met.

What was your first impression?

In Mexico, it is easy to determine the social class by simply by looking at him physically. Castaneda has the appearance of a bank driver.

What?

Yes, he looks like any other man on the street. He is not too tall, very stocky, with wavy hair and a nose slightly flattened, a blotch on the popular skin. But, as soon as he opens his mouth, he is transformed into a person behind each of his words one senses a huge culture.

It gives the impression of wisdom?

More than wisdom, of wisdom. Quickly we became friends. He dressed simply and was perhaps not that much down with his knowledge ... It seemed like it wasn't him Juan but rather Castaneda who was featured in the books. I found myself caught up again in his tone, his voice, that somehow it seemed ...

In your opinion do his books accurately read stories or fiction?

It is difficult to say. My impression is that they are based on a real experience except for the parts that elaborate and interpose concepts extracted from universal esoteric literature. In

his books you find Zora, the Opiumheads, the books, work with demons... One thing is for sure, he went all over Mexico in order to do his investigations.

Do you believe in the existence of Don Juan?

No, I believe that the character was created by Castaneda, who, of course, has met a number of Tzotzil artists.

How did the conversation in the hotel room develop?

In the first place, he asked to tell me he would write the minutes early. Such gentlemanliness affected me. Then, when he arrived, I said, "I don't know if you are a madman, a genius, a scisseler, or if you tell the truth." He assured me that he said only the truth, and immediately afterwards he told me an incredible story, of how Don Juan, with a couple days on the back, proposed him forty kilometers away—because he had been distracted by a woman who passed by. He also talked to me about the new life of Don Juan, who was capable of spending fifteen times in a row, on the other hand, it appeared to me that Castaneda himself liked women a lot. He asked me if we might make a movie together. Hollywood had offered him a lot of money, but he didn't want Don Juan to be Anthony Quinn ... Then he began to have diarrhea, with a lot of pain in his stomach, something that, he said, never happened to him, ever. I also had strong pains in the low back and in the right leg. It was strange that those pains came often coincided to make plans for a joint project. The pains made us cry about the room. I called a taxi and accompanied him to the hotel. Then it went to have Pablito speak to me. I had insisted that Castaneda go meet that exceptional woman, but he did not appear. I had to stay in bed for three days. When recovered, I called the hotel, but he had left. I did not ever see him again. Life repeated us. A woman (don't know his name).

That is to say, he seemed to be at the same time a son and a very interesting person....

He tell me his notion of Don Juan with modernization . . . I am accustomed to the theme, to nature, and he did not seem to love her. Maybe he's really crazy and a genius?

In your opinion, what has been Hawthorne's contribution?

His contribution has been immense. He created a domain of different knowledge, a North American domain. He revived the concept of the spiritual warrior. He put into motion the general notion of waking dreams. Without a doubt, he published too much, but the American publishers made him sign contracts for hundreds of books. And he always, in spite of everything, had something new to say. His books reveal a lot of forgotten things. In this age of e-mails or history is of little importance. If it's a bag, it is a sacred bag.

As a Christian with Russian roots, having lived a long time in America, you are truly not the prototype of the western worldview of the Christian Western.

It's true. I am really crazy, as you know.

Oh, yes . . . right!

But my madness, my craziness, remains rooted in a culture that is nevertheless very modern. Take it or not, I am the product of a modernistic society, which claims to maintain an "objective" rapport with the world. My most extreme beliefs are always placed within this context; we can't get away from that. I suggest, maybe, to emphasize the contradictions and the dead ends, but that doesn't make it killer. To be a warrior or a dominator is fine in a dramatic world. For my own part, I do not believe enough in primitive magic to use myself to become a magician.

That is why, while I wanted to learn from Puhika, I never mentioned receiving her gift in order to take my turn to become a healer. I would even say that I always refused.

Without a doubt, you don't believe enough in magic to become a magician;

And your beliefs will then come . . .

The fact is that I can't say what is truth and what is fantasy. But I quickly realized that to learn from Puckia, it was necessary to adopt a clear stance and to act as if I absolutely didn't believe at all.

Why?

If I had come from the principle that all this could be true, that magic as such could be a reality, I would very quickly have found myself at a dead end. I would have endeavored to follow her magical trail, to become myself a magician, and I would have achieved only partial or mediocre results because one cannot become a magician by saying, "All this could be true" (as I tried myself to act as if this could not be anything but literally "false"). I don't want to say to students—one was well obliged to acknowledge the feeling and the strange phenomena that went around Puckia—but better if it could be explained by an ensemble of psycho-physiological laws. I then found myself able to truly learn from this woman something that I could then reverse on myself.

To . . .

To know the way to use the language of objects and the symbolic vocabulary in order to produce certain effects in people; basically, how specifically to direct the communication in its own language, be that by words, by objects, by acts. That's what I learned from Puckia!

Puckia was truly exceptional, but she was part of a tradition.

Of course, and that is why, after having met her, I concerned myself with the function of magic in all primitive cultures. I read hundreds of books on the subject in my library, some national elements that I could use in a conscious way in my own practice. I do not want to belabor this, but I want to give you some examples. All cultures have an idea of the power of the word, the magician that desires expressed in a healthy way leads to fulfillment. But often, the name of God or the spirit is misused by its association to a image. The magician

less intuitively that the unconscious is inscribed not only in the real language but also in shapes, images, and objects. In addition, the Egyptians awarded a capital importance to the written word. It was more about what was written than about what was said. In *Psychoanalysis*, I often ask people to draw letters, not so much for whose the letters go or what they say as for the mere act of writing and of matching these images with therapeutic values. Another universal practice is that of purification, ablution rituals. In Babylon, during the healing ceremonies, the exorcists ordered the patient to undress, to throw all their old clothes away (symbols of the old self, and to dress anew. The Egyptians considered purification a prerequisite to the casting of magic formulas, as is witnessed in ancient texts. For Sigmund the exact source, but this greatly inspired me: "It's man, rather this formula for his own use, he must be seated in oil and balsam, the sores in the head and filled with burning incense; he must have a good quality water in the mouth; he must be dressed in new clothing, after washing in flowing waters, to be wearing white tunics, and to have painted the image of Isis in fresh India ink on the tongue." According to this, it is not unusual that I ask those who come for a consultation to take a bath, to have an epilation, because I know that this act, in various appearances, greatly influences their psychology. I puts them in a different disposition. If someone thinks going to see his mother, I suggest rinsing the mouth seven times before the meeting, and filling pockets with lavender. These details suffice to make them approach the meeting in a different way.

The ancients also attributed a role of the eye to a number of symbolic objects: the magic beads were called *eyes* or *beard*, a small animal, or even a collar. Also heads of lion, lion figurines, feathers, or hair were used . . . Finding in the text traces of these practices, I gave myself up to reflecting on the ways these people make one object, and I asked myself how to use this in a positive way. Magicians would require the names of their enemies or wives, which then were destroyed and buried, causing similar destructions and disappearances for their adversaries. The portraits of the "bad guys" were painted on the sides of royal vessels, or the king trampled the portrait whenever every day. In *Psychoanalysis*, I have often resorted to the same "primitive" principles—for exclusively a positive end. I advise people: "bring someone against" an object, to assign it a name Along the same line, from the Middle centuries, I learned the concepts of substitution, replacement, and identification: the

magician, in effect, does not shatter evil by finding its origins, but rather seals it, enclosing it from the victim's body or spirit and sending it to hell. Based on an old text, "an object will be attached to the right hand and foot of the afflicted, then withdrawn, and attached correctly to a corpse, while the afflicted says: 'I remove the evil and I attach it to this corpse', and then loses the corpse." In the same way, Pacheco removed the evil by attaching it to a plant, a tree, or a statue, which had the effect of making the plant the victim our very eyes. It is also possible to replace the victim with a lamb or a goat: it is the old concept of magically substitution where the animal takes the place of the patient. One ties a lamb on the head of a goat and then slits its throat with a knife that has previously been put in the throat of the suffering patient. . . . According to Jewish magic, an evil force can be a mistaken lamb, induced by error. To fix this, one disciplines himself as the person on whom he wishes to vent his anger, changes his name . . . I have myself had the occasion, to surely have to change a name, even a handwritten one could prove effective. I also apply this principle to a hard case: as a rule, the Tower reflects a catastrophe, but why not call it the ¹Real and the ²Self and, in this way, change it positively? all of these old tricks taught many-one/realize an act of purification.

There are only a few examples of the material principles of magic acts that I use in *Psychomagic*, in other words, in *therapeutic actions*.



THE PSYCHOLOGIC ACT

After the magic act, we come to the psychomagic act. In the context of magic that surrounds a ceremony like Pachita, faith plays an essential role. Yet you could argue that faith is not a prerequisite.

Then, rather than speak of 'faith,' let's use the word 'obedience.' I would like simply to say that even if one does not believe in the power of the ceremony, it is appropriate to remain impartial and to leave an opening for the ceremony to work. Otherwise stated, faith or not, a patient must show enough integrity to follow to the letter the instructions received. If you consult a doctor and, once gone from the office, you do not put the best effort in obeying the prescribed medication, how can you then evaluate the effectiveness of the treatment? If Pachita prescribes whatever one, the person believes it and complies it without seeking to understand. Otherwise, that's all, because of the cynicism that the suggested practice can encompass. As we have already emphasized, all this is part of a culture radically different from ours: the editor of an important French monthly magazine got cancer and asked me if I could interview him in Pachita. So I brought him to the house; she operated on him and said, "You are healed, but be careful: let six months pass before telling anyone!" He did not obey. As soon as he was back in France, he had cancer by a battery of doctors in the hope of countering the ceremony's wonder. They told him that he was not healed, and he died three months later. On the other hand, one of my French friends, a reporter for a big film magazine, already the victim of several head attacks, under my insistence, was brought to

Fachin's lesson is that she could 'change' his heart. The operation complete, the surgeons asked him to wait three months to tell, after that time had passed, he submitted to exams and an EEG to reveal great improvements. You have guessed, and he is still alive to this day. I can also cite the case of the musician to the director François Reichenthal. Following a traffic accident, she seemed condemned to be paralyzed. Fachin operated on her, and she began to walk. Some time has passed, and she even has come to thank me for having introduced her to the surgeons. I pushed them the surgeon to ask her to testify at a conference I gave at the Marlborough hotel to an audience of about five hundred people. Let me read to you a part of her testimony, as it was recorded and then transcribed:

Indorenwsky: I'm going to interview you. What's your name?

Chantal Claude.

Is this your French name and French surname?

Yes, French surname and French name.

Is this Indian accident?

Yes, in India. My vertebra column was crushed, nerves split in my back and also vertebrae/brakes. I was in a coma for three months. When I came out of it, they told me I was paralyzed and would never walk again. Dr. Reichenthal called me and said, "I am with Depardon, Indorenwsky. He wants to speak with you." For me, Indorenwsky was, at the time, someone who had made a completely crazy film. He asked me, "What's wrong?" and I told him, "I am paralyzed." He told me this was not serious. "You must go to Moscow to see the surgeon Fachin." So I went to be operated on without believing any of it. I did not believe in the talk; I did not believe anything at all. She did something that hurt like hell. It was very, very painful. She cut me open from the neck to the crotch. I had given her a hundred books in my suitcase.

Is this, therefore, the vertebra from the hospital or the surgeon, I don't know? ... At times, she brings about a relief ...

Yes that was that! But I must tell you one thing: I was sure that one day I would get up and walk. I did not believe in Fachin; I took Depardon for a madman. But, at least, I was

more of walking again, and I achieved that. Before anything else, *Thalera* is special.

A: Tell us about your operation!

C: Well, she opened up all of my spine with a knife. I very well felt that. Then I felt her tapping like with a hammer. Then, she returned to me . . . hit me, she first hit the bottle of alcohol over me at many degrees. There was a swelling, like of hot blood. The alcohol burned me terribly. An iron passed in front of me, and I didn't miss the chance. I hit it. Yes, I hit it! At that moment, I fainted. That was not really because of the pain but because of the smell of blood that I smelled from the turned me over. I asked myself, "But what is she doing?" and I didn't see her hands anymore. They were gone. She was inside my stomach, and I didn't feel anything.

A: That is what you saw? . . .

C: That is what I saw.

A: There you go! Sometimes, it is like a transfer, my friends. I do not know if you saw a program on *Abdulla* in Egyptian martial art used as a personal defense. It consists of using the situation's own energy to defeat him. The master arrives and, with the *Abdulla*, he is already invisible. This is not because against another who is not his own student he cannot do anything. A transfer is necessary. That is to say, we transfer to certain untyped strengths that we carry inside us, and because we operate this transfer, we make this person a master, a guru, someone who has immense power. He is invisible. It is our transfer. It is completely useful and necessary, but it is a transfer. With *Pachita*, what is curious is that everyone who comes to see her makes such a transfer.

Interviewing . . . *Chusette* did not believe, but she allowed it, unlike the magazine editor who let it go to his head.

Yes. For the production team, it was necessary, above all, to participate in the game without seeking to understand. For my part, however, I tried hard to take hold of some of the mechanism of work in the process of healing and to be able to use from then. I remember, for example, one of my friends who felt extremely weak. *Pachita* told him to stop taking

vitamin: this ordered him to quit the habit, to drink glass of meat and eat it. He should perform this ritual once a week. Of course, he consumed all of his energy, in my opinion, for one very simple reason: consciousness is really mine and he thought that man as an individual of authority. He had to mobilize all of his energy. He discovered himself stronger and decided to believe it, and his life changed from the instant that he developed another perception of himself. This, at least, is how I explain it.

Between capturing certain subtle psychological mechanisms at work in the surgery practiced by Parikh and prescribing psychoanalytic acts there is a big gap. How did you cross it? How did you go from reflecting on a couple and to the practice of psychoanalysis?

As you know, I studied the text a lot, and I enjoyed a certain reputation as a harlequin. Author of some books, filmmaker, and stage director, I never looked to save my living through the early hours, I wanted to, at one time, study the hard stuff. For that, it was necessary to communicate with others, to practice giving readings. So I went to see the Lombardi's the bookstore called home as that specialist in the text. Because the owner requested me, I suggested that they could a little room in the rear of the boutique and hire me to receive two people per day for six months to give professional readings. They posted me all, and didn't move. I am not going to exaggerate my idea of the text. Before I'm say, I do not read the future but I content myself with the present and force the client on self knowledge, starting from the principle that it is useless to know the future of someone who are in love in the moment. In short, I give these consultations, which generated in me certain thoughts. The more I advance, the more I notice that all problems stem from the genealogy that.

What does you mean to say by that?

To enter into a person's difficulties into enter into his family, to penetrate the psychological atmosphere of his domestic milieu. We are all marked, not to say contaminated, by the psychosocial universe of our people. A number of people have associated with them a

personality that is not *thine*, one that is borrowed from one or more members of *their* emotional-environment. To be born into a family is to be, if I may say it this way, possessed.

This possession is transmitted from generation to generation: the embodied human the machine is projecting onto his children what was projected onto him—unless an awakening occurs to break the cycle. At the end of their first hour consultation, a number of people exclaimed, “I have not discovered as much in two years of analysis!” So I was happy with myself, convinced that only an awakening sufficed to eradicate problems. Yet that was not true. To make a difficulty, it is not sufficient to clearly identify the problem. An awakening that is not followed by some action serves nothing. From that, little by little, it glimpsed that I had to advise people. And yet, I refused. “What right had I to intrude into people’s lives, to try to influence their behavior? I did not want to become a *coercive myself*! It was a difficult position, because the people who came to me are asked for that: I would have had to become their father, their mother, their husband, their spouse . . . But I was not disposed to become a director of consciousness, to interfere in anyone’s existence. So, something was imposed on me: for the awakening to become operative, I must make the present act, had there to remain a responsibility act, but I must do so without taking anyone assuming the risk of grief regarding their life. Thus, the birth of the psychoanalytic act in which I joined together all that I had discovered over the years and all that I had talked about in interviews.

How did you proceed?

First of all, I would thoroughly study the person, compel him to tell me absolutely everything, instead of trying to divine, by way of the hand, what could be well hidden. I subjected him to a very simple interrogation. I would question my clients about birth, parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters, social life, relationship with money, emotional life, intellectual life, health . . .

A true confession.

Absolutely, and I quickly became a cruel holder of dreadful secrets! Truths, signs, secrets. . .

A man confessed a childhood secret. At the end of one school year, he mailed his father a letter, planning to throw a big rock at his head from the top-of-a wall. Maybe the teacher died, but the boy didn't stick around to find out . . . One day, I visited the father of a Belgian family, and immediately guessed him to be homosexual. "Yes, I realize, and I have sexual relations with my people a day of the month, every time it comes to Paris. And do you know what my problem is? I would like to be able to deal with teachers, like my friend." The children began to come out of the closet. I gathered up the blackest, most outrageous secrets. Inevitably, a woman confessed to me that the father of her daughter was no other than her own father; a boy confided by his mother told me everything . . . homosexuality, homosexual features, masturbation . . . Everything has happened! People were here to tell all because they loved me, and they judged me capable of proposing a therapy adapted to their cultural national heritage.

Why do you have to receive such a detailed confession?

Because, before taking on whatever the problem may be, it's most important to know the situation. This principle I learned from the author of *The Book of Five Rings*, Miyamoto Musashi. He says that before combat, one must remember very early in the situation and acquire a perfect knowledge of it. Certain doctors also apply this method. A familiarisation with a person's psycho-emotional state appears to me to be a prerequisite for the prescription of a psychomagic act.

How does the heart play its off of mind? If a person confesses, you don't need to guess at anything.

People usually make only partial confessions. They guess the best, if I dare say, the later. The heart helps me to expose certain shameful secrets right off the bat. Then, dealing with all the elements, I'm ready to recommend an irrational act, at the same time, rational and irrational in its appearance but rational in that the person knows why it has to be done. On the other hand, all psychomagic acts have patterns, that is to say, unrepeatable, effects—which are precisely what gives psychomagic its richness.

Please explain.

I'm going to give you an example. One day I received a visit from a Polish woman whose father had died in Peru when she was eight years old. Her mother had saved all traces of this man, burning his photos and letters. To my shock had remained emotionally eight years old. In her fiction, she still talked like a little girl and had big problems. I persuaded her not to let her obsession go to Peru to the place where her father had lived and bring back something, a memento, a palpable trace of his existence. Upon returning to Europe, she had to place whatever mementos she brought back in her room, light a candle, then go to her mother's home and sleep but across the fire. Specifically because her mother had always instructed her and proved hostile to her. As you will see, accomplishing this act required a real commitment. She went to Peru and found the boarding house where her father had lived and, by one of those synchronizations which prove what I call "Reading Cues," found letters and photos. Her father had entrusted them to the owner of the boarding house in the hope that his daughter would come one day to take possession of them. My patient found, several decades later, the mementos he had left, and thanks to them, she was able to "reconnect" her father. Reading these letters and looking at the photographs, she stopped seeing her father as a ghost and ended up feeling that he had been a flesh and blood being. Upon returning to her home, she placed the letters and photos in her room, lit the candle, and went to see her mother with the intention of really reconciling her. Mother and daughter ordinarily have a very difficult relationship. Yet my patient was surprised to discover that her mother—to whom she had announced her visit—was waiting for her and, for the first time, had prepared a meal. Surprised to see her being so nice, she was embarrassed at the idea of sleeping her, especially since her mother gave her no love. But the psychoanalyst will suggest a shared concern that she had to respect. So, at the moment of demand, she reconciled her mother by surprise and for no apparent reason, already anticipating a better reaction because she had always felt harassed by her mother. So, the mother reacted toward to simply ask, "But why did you do that?" Before such an opening, the daughter finally found the words and could express all the grief that she had toward her. Do you know what the mother concluded? "You reconciled me," she said, "and, as well, you should see my mother."

Through this act, a friendship bond is formed between these two women.

And a miracle.

I can give you the names and address of the person if you want to verify the story. I told you that to show how the act follows its own logic. One does not know how it is going to proceed nor what the effects are going to be. But it is prescribed on the basis of a good knowledge of the situation. The result, whatever it may be, cannot be anything but positive.

You then went from based readings to prescribing psychomagnetic acts.

I quickly had to leave big demand people who came to consult me as a biologist, those who had followed my massage training, and those who attended my weekly conferences at the Mystical Cabinet—it was much too. I adapted them towards the work individually, in groups of thirty or forty, and in the framework of the Mystical Cabinet, where there are between three and five hundred. The essential procedure, however, does not vary: someone explains a problem to me, and I prescribe an act. But it was in private interviews that the majority of acts were prescribed.

In prescribing an act, you make a contract with the person . . .

Yes. And this mutual agreement is very important. First of all, the person promises to complete the act in the exact way that I prescribe it, without changing one iota. To avoid any misunderstandings and due to the history of the memory, the person must immediately make them clear and the procedure to follow. Once the act is accomplished, she must send me a letter in which, first, she transcribes the instructions received from me; second, she tells me in detail how she applied them, the circumstances, and the sensations that arose during the process; third, she describes to me the results. The sending of this letter constitutes my only tie for prescribing the act.

Then you do not receive money as a psychomagnetic?

I have always held that the arts be prescribed, for free, at least from the strictly financial point of view, the writing and reading of the letter being a form of payment. In making the difference rather than at length, the person pays the price that literature.

How do your clients react when faced with these demands?

There are, of course, as many different reactions from my clients, but it is possible to distinguish certain types of attitudes: there are people who take a year to read the letter; others refuse not react to the reality what it tells them and haggles . . . They find all kinds of excuses to not follow the instructions to write. For, if the psychoanalysis changes in any way, the necessary conditions for the success of the act are not respected, and the effects can even prove to be negative. It must be said that to speak in such a direct way to the unconscious amounts to, in some way, creating an it a kind of pressure: one seeks to make it sleep. Now, we only have the problems we really need to have. We are attached to our difficulties. Nothing comes as a surprise. So, those who protest against and arrange to sabotage the act do not truly want to cure themselves. To get out of my difficulties implies that I deeply modify my relationship with myself and with all of my past. Under these conditions, who is truly ready to change? People really want to cease suffering but they are not ready to pay the price, that is to say, to include, to no longer define themselves by their previous suffering. As to my advice, the less I accept the haggling, the more I render a service to others. It says to my clients: position yourself to accept or refuse my conditions.

That your gaze be gaze, that your ear be ear . . .

Exactly!

One wonders that the psychoanalytical institution itself is not patient's. What happens with the psychoanalyst? How are you authorized to prescribe acts that address the unconscious?

I am going to give you an irrational response: in the moment when I prescribe the act, it's

don't doubt it, I am justified.

That you feel justified if don't doubt, but how can you be so sure of it? At the end of the day, there is a lot at stake.

In this regard, there is, in fact, but one unobjectionable rule, who prescribes the self? I have worked so much to disidentify myself from my "I," that in dispensing psycho-spiritual advice, this not I who speaks, but an unconscious.

Everyone is like that? It's all weird, just like sometimes I feel my unconscious advice.

True, but in the case of the person acting automatically, there is not any disidentification. I do not claim to have reached wisdom, because I am not disidentified twenty-four hours a day; but while the, practicing an art, that is, playing my role as psychoanalyst, I find myself in a house as in independence—whatever you wish to call it—this is no longer my little "I" who speaks. I feel that what has to be said is raised from the depths. I feel that I have worked enough with myself to be capable of this timely disidentification. Of course, we move in a subtle and subjective domain, one that no longer has any relationship to reason but only to faith, a faith knows that he does well; deep within himself, he knows it automatically, and he is led by a positive force—even if some people criticize him or are something harmful in him. Each time I give psycho-spiritual advice, I am convinced that it is the appropriate response to the person's problem. It is only in the second phase that I lay it open and explain it in a rational manner. The advice does come just one stroke of my unconscious in direct contact with the unconscious of the client.

This spontaneity of speaking from the depths is not given to everyone.

In my case, it is the fruit of the work of my whole life: I spent a good part of my existence meditating and studying traditional teachings in, little by little, find in myself an impersonal space. The self speaking of substance but rather of impersonality, of a state situated beyond

or believe my little 'man.' He said it is not independent but the comparison is not also precludes the appropriate art. I feel myself, then, animated by a really positive and documented feeling. It is the nature of the 'psychomagician' that I look to do only good. Of my patients, I do not ask for their money but their effort. There will be change according to my compensation, and that is why Psychomagic has not become an industry. Believe me, it would have been easy to live abundantly from my consultations, as strong was the demand. People are more ready to pay, to take out their wallet, than to give a little bit of themselves. It's living, some through cinema and comic books. I prefer, for my practice as psychomagician, that my clients communicate me what they do in dollars.

Isn't this activity great/Spring? At least, you feel recognized.

I do not see Psychomagic becoming a company!

In that case, why have you hoped for a publication of the concentrated book in this direction?

My motivation in this respect is something else. Though I write books and essays or comics, I don't feel that I want, myself, compose a book for Psychomagic. On the contrary, it would be too bad if this method disappeared after my death—that no trace would remain. It seems to me that the time has come to put this in paper and to disseminate it to all fathers. More and more people talk about Parkes; they write, with more or less talent and sensitivity, books and relevant articles, inspired by me, by those images with which I find myself closely in contact. Also, I feel I need to tell how I went from the garden art, the theatrical art, the mobile art, and the magic art to Psychomagic—in the first place, to give testimony to a certain approach based on reality which results from the practice of Psychomagic, and second, to give interested people some bearing, a text to reference. After all, it was precisely because that me for La Franque Segrade? I never asked.

I agree.

I told myself that that you, as a writer and a friend, could give form to this knowledge—to which I am only a vessel. I lived then on this dimension of service. Oh, I know, it sometimes happens that I am unbearable: I am a mystical clown, a comedian of spirituality, a point person . . . But I have truly, sincerely worked on myself. You may think me an exuberant idealist, but I am nothing less than an honest man, a reader touched by the suffering of beings who wanted, all of their lives, to serve the beauty that flows from them. Psychomagic is part of the best I have to me. What I expect, in all honesty, is sharing—for my good and for the good of others. If this book brings a degree of recognition, that is extremely good, but that is not my business. It is truly in a spirit of service that I compose this book with you.

Briefly, Psychomagic is a purely spiritual approach . . .

Exactly. I concentrate on action—on relieving suffering by providing an act—without worrying about the fruits that I could personally harvest. Because of this, Psychomagic could not be reduced to a medical or paramedical approach. It acts before everything, on detachment from the painful.

Will it always be possible to remain detached? A number of therapists still take the trap. When they make their living by their practice, material necessity makes them take on more and more patients mechanically.

Even if I should have to make Psychomagic a professional practice, I will never find myself financially dependent on it, for the good and simple reason that comic books and cinema suffice for me to live well. And yet, I do not have any intention of abandoning the artistic creation. From the material point of view, detachment comes from knowing that I can stop at any time and not fall apart without resources.

Can you clarify what you understand as "detachment," not only from the material point of view but in respect to the practice of Psychomagic itself?

To be able to help a person, it is necessary to never expect anything of him and to penetrate all aspects of his privacy without getting personally involved. I will give you an example. A participant in one of my massage courses could not bear to have someone touch her chest. As soon as a man, even a man whom she trusted, pretended to touch her breasts, she would start screaming. This caused a lot of suffering, and she refused deeply to be free of this irrational panic. I proposed that she take off her shirt. This she accepted, revealing beautiful breasts, which were not noticeable or unusual. I asked her, "Do you trust me?"

"Yes," she responded.

"I would like to touch you in a particular way, which is unlike both the touch of a doctor or a man playing with your body and the cold medical examination. I would like to touch you with my spirit. Do you think I could touch you, establish an intimate contact with you which is not sexual at all?"

"Maybe ..."

I then put my hands three inches from her breasts and spoke to her softly, "Look at my hands. I am going to approach you slowly, millimeter by millimeter. As soon as you feel attacked or bothered, tell me to stop, and I will not offend any further."

Then I very slowly moved my hands closer to her. I found myself less confident than her breasts when she asked me to stop. So I stopped. Then, after a long moment, I got really close to the painful zone. Slowly, very slowly, I again began to move my hands toward her, very much listening to what was happening with her. Concerned by the quality of the situation I showed her, feeling that I operated very kindly, she did not make the least protestation. In the end, my hands were on her chest, to her amazement, without her feeling any pain.

Why I have I told this story? Because this example shows the kind of "detachment" that is, I believe, indispensable to anyone who truly wishes to help others. I could touch that the breasts of this woman by being something other than my sexual "I," without thinking for one second of taking pleasure from this touch. In fact, it was with my soul that I touched her. At that moment, I was no longer a man but a unity. It is necessary to be able to touch

the body of another in order to contact the spirit, without this proximity involving extended time to ourselves. I cited you the case of the pretty woman but, without detail. It should make clear that I have touched all sorts of people, old, young, beautiful, ugly, at times deformed or sick . . . What is important is to position oneself in an inner state that excludes all temptation to profit from the other or to abuse the power that one has over the other. Because, at the end of the day, whether through love, marriage, or Psychoanalysis, nothing achieves union but by a unique love, a detached energy that, at times, still is human being-to-help another human being. It has to do with a pure energy, very pure, very simple, and very subtle. In the instant that personal will, desire, or that romanticizing play, the relationship of help loses its justification and becomes a masquerade. I do not say that, in me, these manifestations of the ego will surge when I act, but if I recognize them immediately for what they are and I let them pass as thoughts, passions in their manifestation, then they can fade straightforwardly without influencing the relationship with the person who gave me an opportunity to help. I am very conscious of the severity of the inner purification, ritual obligations that have been prescribed well enough by tradition and that release not only attachments of the body but, above all, those of the heart and the mind. Looking at it another way, what good does it do to beat my head against the wall if I am not purified, sufficiently transparent? I remember a Zen story along this line: Walking in snowy country, the disciples asked the master, "Master, the snowfalls are white, when will they lose this color?" The master did not respond right away. He concentrated in his heart, and then said, in a harsh voice, "When the snowfalls are white, they are white; when they are not white, they are not white!" What's great response! The master did to accept himself. If my present condition bothers me, that's a sign for me to correct it, to, more or less consciously, I try to be distant from what I am, to forget. I am not me. If, on the other hand, I accept my state at the moment, I am at peace. I do not chase under the pretext that I need be more of a saint, more beautiful, more pure than I am—here in this moment. "When I am white, I am white; when I am obscure, I am obscure. That's it! That does not prevent me from working on me, to seek to become a better instrument; this acceptance of myself does not limit my experience but rather sustains them. Because one can only advance from where one truly is.

This, you say, surmounts the possible risk of misrepresentation (of) understood

you, only a person who has already worked a lot on his own problems can give psychoanalytic advice. I would go as far as to say that this approach is *never* alone, the fruit of your very specific journey, and it appears difficult for others to apply it. Perhaps, some could be inspired by it, but no-one could know how to play it the way you do. Yet, we know well enough that you have been a role model. Your night of Symbolical Father's address a range of people, many of whom believe themselves more influenced than they really are and use your lessons for their own benefit.

Also, this is true. I will use her as an example of this kind of attitude. After hearing me talk a bit about Psychoanalysis, a guy quickly collected himself to practice it. He organized a stage act, with a lot of confidence, persuaded some women to do the same act (each must buy a big pair of trousers and send it as a gift to her mother) "What a catastrophe! Actually, there is much more advice than there are people, and it would not be possible to persuade any woman. The psychoanalyst supermarket is an illusion. Each act is "tailor-made," based on listening, deeply and, as I have already explained, on a spontaneous contact with the unconscious, which is the only way to make this specific distribution possible: only as the fruit of my spiritual work. To persuade the same act to a group, without really listening and without true love, seems intended to me. One can imagine the reaction of the mothers receiving the trousers by mail..... That can only have a negative effect. When I persuade a seemingly aggressive act, I only do it having the certitude that the consequences will be positive. It is always about an essentially creative act. This man, on the contrary, has exercised a destructive influence.

The same individual asked his victims to identify themselves with a doll, to transfer in them all of their pain, then deposit them at his house in a big bag. One of those women went back to me in a joyful way to psychoanalysis, persuaded that the man had the power over her . . . Besides, he could not even restrain her by returning the doll because, once the people left, he threw them all in the garbage. Finally, he is a scoundrel who makes money by exploiting my work and the credulity of some women. So I take advantage of our dialogue to denounce publicly all those who claim to practice Psychoanalysis.

It is a serious pitfall. How can these kinds of overexposure be avoided?

The solution may be to train some people in whom I truly trust, whom I have known for a long time. Maybe I will do it. I have trained some people in marriage, trust, and even in psychoneurology, among others: psychology and psychoanalysis. But it seems better to teach Psychoanalysis. To master this discipline, one must have conducted truly personal spiritual work, to be detached from one's passions, at least not be at their mercy anymore. Once again, it has been the work of my entire life.

JEN

CHP

EXAMPLES OF PSYCHOLOGIC ACTS

This will be the last segment of our dialogue, and I'd like for it to be a bit more relaxed. Let's dedicate it to a description of some psychologic acts.

That will be very, but a warning: to describe psychologic acts is to mix directly into the language of the interaction. It is not an invariant rule. You might be shocked—not to mention our reader. ...

Well, it's all right as long as it won't be blown away by the power of the descriptions.

Oh, don't mind me, but I've warned you! Not that, by these acts, I tried to solve extraordinary-sounding or settled-looking-with small, simple human problems. But what is more mysterious, more irrational, than our little problems? Our daily difficulties reveal us about that's just the tip of the iceberg.

I agree. Give some examples.

Okay. We take the case of a famous friend of mine. She had a child with a man who has the same name as her father. That is already very significant. Yet, I know and that this woman has the same name as her father's mother!

It's as if each one of them was searching for their father and mother, respectively, in the other.

Of course, huh? In fact, people often fall in love with a man or a woman that reminds them of their mother or father. In her childhood, this woman was left alone with only her mother of nearly age and never had any more contact with her father. She only disliked that a man with the same name as her father, but she also arranged for him to abandon her and disappear, so she arranged for her daughter to have the same kind of relationship she had with her own father. Of course, she did not achieve all of that consciously; it has to do with a completely weak, unconscious strategy. Beginning to understand the extent of her losses, she came to ask me to persuade me and that would allow her to forgive her father and then embrace her instead of men. I asked her to tell me at what moment her father had broken off relations with her. "When I started menstruating," she responded. It is common for a father to break relations with his daughter when she becomes a woman. He feels that he's lost his little girl who sat in his lap, and he has a horrible time giving up that kind of intimacy. That's what. Right away I asked her where her father was buried. Then I suggested that she go to his grave. "There," I told her, "you bury, as close as possible to the body, rather than stand in your manhood, as witness, just off to the side."

Blind and heavy . . .

The lesson to them is: beware in life with women, to signify that it is not an aggressive act but rather a loving one, an attempt at communication. There's the example of a very simple psychological act that allowed the purification of a brutally broken relationship and at the same time the resumption of an emotional evolution interrupted by a shock. Although an adult, this woman remained at the emotional stage of the young girl confronted with her first mother and the divorce from her father.

Another example.

A young Chastal, at four years old, found herself placed in a school directed by the sister of the mother of her mother.

In other words, her great-aunt.

Kindly. This great-aunt religiously spanked the child. In working with me, Chastal demonstrated the hate she held toward this woman: she would not begin her, and she had no way to escape her because the father was no longer in the world. So I advised her to go to the gate of this woman and, once there, give her whips to this hate: that she kick, scream, piss, and defecate on the coach, but provided that she dedicate herself to giving close attention to her subsequent reactions to her demonstrations of vengeance. She followed my advice, and after letting off some steam atop the supervisor, she felt a deep desire to clean it up and cover it with flowers. And, little by little, she couldn't help but surrender to the evidence that she, in fact, *loved* her great-aunt.

And you expected that?

Of course. It was evident that all this hate was nothing but the belated love of a mother at affliction. I knew that Chastal still held the long bottled-up love toward this woman who, even as the master handmaiden, had represented Chastal's only link to her family. Following the expression of her hate-filled rage, Chastal would have to allow this long-contained love to come out.

Another example.

A woman had persistent vertigo. Simply drinking a bit of water made her feel bad. I advised her to place her feet between the thighs of another woman and rub the sole against her vulva.

How . . . What was the result of this shock treatment?

The execution of this act provided a crisis of taste followed by a cooling judgement. There was a symbolic significance of her verdict: that of being swallowed by her mother, that is relation to the husband, and as both do you can see my technique is somewhat bizarre.

To say the least, yes. How do you get such strong ideas?

They come. That's all. The truth is that I am an artist. That is indeed why I have taken the pain to explain my journey. The diverse creative stages of my existence shaped me and developed my imagination.

Has it ever happened, during a patient, that nothing comes?

Up until now, this has not happened to me. Amnesia has always come. I suppose that my advice varies in quality and effectiveness; but that, I cannot say. It is up to the people who come to consult me to carry out the act and judge for themselves. But, in fact, I can hardly imagine myself made in front of someone. Either it is simple or it is not. If you address me, I will inevitably have something to tell you. My prescription will always be well intentioned and will never be totally lacking in efficacy. To say what my advisory role is would be impossible. One thing must be clear: I do not place myself on scientific ground but on an artistic one. Psychiatry means nothing of course but a kind of applied art generating therapeutic devices, which is absolutely different. Picasso produced more than ten thousand drawings, all of them more or less good. Some is totally devoid of value; still not all of them are masterpieces. But, at the same time, each one is by Picasso, in other words, a product of the talent of a certain artist. 'I do not look for *it* but *I find*,' said Picasso lightly to his studio, a second nature. Anyone who has not developed the habit 'To Find' has not felt this spontaneous spirit coming from the depths, but anyone committed to the creative domain has it flow, simply. Imagine a (the) master who does not accept a challenge posed by a student's question. Such occurrence is rooted neither in science nor in imagination but, in faith, in the divine.

Let's continue. Give me other examples.

A young man complains of "being in his head." He explains that he is unable to "take hold of reality" and to "advance" in the direction of financial autonomy. I take his word for it and advise him to fashion pieces of gold and push them to the edge of his throat—he'll walk on gold all day! This should allow him to leave his head, put his feet in reality, and advance. In this example, I took hold of the terms used to the throat himself.

I would also like to tell you what set that involved my eldest son, Benito.

I'm listening.

Benito, at seven years old, played in my film *El Togo*. Before I tell the story, some clarifications need to be made. First of all, Benito's mother, never really lived with me. When he was conceived, I had believed myself sterile. My father hated his son father and never signed his name "Johannowsky." Not having any desire to carry on the family name, he had succeeded in convincing me in a subtle way that I would never have children and that I was thus the last Johannowsky.

An actress with whom I was working said to me one day that she was convinced of my sterility, to which I replied that persuasion was not part of my destiny. We ended up sleeping together and, some time later, she announced that she was pregnant by me. Treating her and knowing from that this child was definitely mine, I went through a kind of intimate revolution, both inside and outside. The woman with whom I had been living had left, and I found myself alone faced with the responsibility for which I was not prepared at all. I accepted the coming of the child, abortion was ruled out, but I felt that I would be handicapped for a very long time filling the role of father. In addition, I did not have resources, and I would not really find any financial support in the woman and her child, although at Benito's birth, I did give him a tidy sum. A while later, this actress went to work in Europe and took the child with her. Six or seven years later, although I told the story in *Le Triomphe d'Agrippa*, I went through a deep understanding and made contact again with

the mother of my son, telling her that I would from then on earn a good living and that she could, if she wanted to, send money to me. He arrived with his teddy bear and a photo of his mother. I then decided to have him play in *33 Taps*. Here's how the film begins: I enter playing a flute. I am accompanied by a little boy, and I tell him solemnly, "Now, you are seven years old, you are man. Dig your toy and your mother's picture." The child does it, buries the teddy bear in the sand, putting the photo in the hole with it. After the filming, we move away together.

As the years passed, I realized that Brecht and I were communicating badly on the spiritual level. I had to admit that I had committed errors, and I sought to repair them. Brecht had often spoken of the toy that I asked him to bury when he came to live with me. That teddy bear was his very first toy, the one that I had given to him at his birth, before we were separated from one another for seven years. After the filming finished, we did not go back to get the teddy bear that Brecht had buried in the sand according to my script. I realized that I had brutally cut him off from his childhood and from his mother, after having the portrait sent to the toy, he did not speak again about Brecht and quit writing to him. Later, he made this conclusion: "I did not suffer, because I imagined that the actor would go to live inside the teddy bear, that it would be *them* home." This thought was what had haunted the child at the time. One day, a long time after, when Brecht was twenty-four years old, I imagined a new set to repair the old set, for his birthday, I told myself, "I am going to bury a teddy bear in our garden and cover it with sand beside a picture of his mother." Then I put on a black hat, similar to the one I wore in *33 Taps*, and asked Brecht to describe and convert the garden in the film, the child was asked to dig up the teddy bear and the photo. I made these remarks to him: "Today, you are seven years old, and you have the right to be a child. Come dig up your first toy and the portrait of your mother." When I decided to carry out the set, I encountered some disturbing blocks. My idea had been to bury a teddy bear as similar to the first one as I could find. It had been a hard toy, filled with straw. But the industry had progressed, and all the teddy bears are now soft and flexible. So the old rigid teddy bear I wanted was beautiful, supple, delicate teddy bear. As for the photo, the one that Brecht buried when he was seven years old was in black and white; but when I looked for a picture of his mother now in the set, she had perished in an airplane accident—I only

boundaries in roles, so that having buried a gay metaphor, my son could dig up a related image. These modifications, caused by "circumstances," greatly contributed to the art's success. What I want to tell you is that the shuddering blocks, the elements that our cannot control, also play an important role in Psychoanalysis. It is appropriate to my hard to accomplish a prescription all following the given instructions and in the best conditions, but once our body itself in the situation, unpredictable incidents and other changes independent of our will become part of the process. In El Figo, I sheltered Hector under a block painted to protect him from the withering desert sun. The day when, here in Vancouver, we accomplished the art, it rained, so that I had to shelter him under a black umbrella. He did not really know what I was going to do, but he suddenly understood when he saw me initiate the slippery-slip of the lower and make like I was on my knees with him behind. He climbed on my back, and we went through the rain to the place where I had buried the teddy bear. He told me, nervously, "Today, I did not take the umbrella. I know you would not let me and shelter me," as if he had sensed what was going to happen. We dug up the teddy bear and the colored photograph of his mother, we hugged each other's arms, and he cried for a long time with his head on my shoulder, voice of gratitude, like a child full of tenderness. From that day forward, he decided to mail a poem to me every day. Since that time, I have received some text from him every day. I keep these poems in a special box. It gave to me that the communication between us is much better. As I speak to you now [now], he is thirty years old, and we have a really beautiful relationship.

That is a very beautiful story. Through this work, you radically transformed an difficulty from his childhood.

Yes, but in just the right way. I took the circumstances associated with a negative emotional change and brought a positive change into them. And in so doing, I also paid my own psychological debt.

REVIEW



PSYCHOLOGIC LETTERS

Once an act is completed, you told me, the only progress you make is that the effort sends you a letter reporting the execution of the act. I would like to have specifics on the subject of this psychomagic mail.

I demand this letter for two reasons: the psychomagic act, having all the characteristics of a dream, is very quickly forgotten if one does not put it immediately to paper, and what one remembers is falsified. The best way to show satisfaction to a therapist is to report back on one's feeling, the result of the therapist's efforts. It is a good sign of spiritual health to know how to think. These letters are an integral part of the psychomagic act. They mention and conclude it, as it speaks.

What that intrigues me. Would you consider reading some of them to me?

With pleasure. Since I cannot show an actual act, the letters will give you a taste of it. For you to really know the process, I am going to comment on the first letter, sentence by sentence. Afterward, while I read the others to you, I will leave it to you to guess the hidden message behind each act. Remember, they were rationalist first glances.

Let's go . . .

(Do not forget as I read these letters, that it is not me speaking but the person to whom I prescribed an act, the person responding to myself as me. This is the last letter, then, that I will attempt now to sign along.)

(Gide's letters themselves are between brackets in the text. Some minor corrections in grammar have been made to the letters. Most of the original text is Gide's own and not bracketed.)

I am a psychologist and I came to you now because I have not succeeded in working in my profession. I cannot even a book. You gave me the following psychomagic act: Take a double square blueprint [I will have to take a double square blueprint, like the next card. Double square maps, also known as the spirit and the body. It was necessary to work with the two.] of a color chosen as an initiatory color. [What color? The person chooses the color that has symbolic strength for him, so that the object speaks to the person.] Then, divide the blueprint into two parts and plant wheat [There, I play with words. When you plant wheat, you put wheat in your pocket. It is not by coincidence that in French one sometimes calls wheat "wheat" (wheat in English).] One part of the wheat is planted on one side of the double square blueprint in order, in four lines, two lines of even possibilities and two lines of odd possibilities. [For me, to make the lines even and odd symbolizes the negation of the man and woman inside oneself. In every initiation ceremony, the odd is masculine and the even is feminine. During the same initiation in man and in woman, we recognize the couple, man and woman, inside each of us.] On the other side of the double square blueprint, the wheat is scattered randomly. [There is an ordered side, which symbolizes the necessity of the intellect to work methodically, and a side in disorder, indicating trust given to the unconscious. This spatial condition demonstrates that perfect order only exists next to disorder.] You told me to put golden clay on the other side, the sterile side, and water it in the evenings with holy water [For me, clay is the human body. God made Adam by taking clay from the four corners of the earth—earth, north, east, west. And with this clay from the four corners, he made a balanced man. So, the four corners provide equally inside us. If a person has not established equilibrium between his physical needs, his desires, his emotions, and his

intuition, he cannot feel good. In a well-adjusted human being, these four energies are balanced. Concerning the holy water—that was prescribed so that the body is cleansed. That is the first thing to do in an effort to connect oneself with the feminine dimension (male/female). Invoking this woman within her body. I (her father) manifest myself and that is no longer deeper. I (your own possession of it.) Then to make little hearts of wine and put them in the four corners of the room; you fill me in them pray in my female ancestors. I lay down porcer's clay. I put it on the left side and, at night, I water it with holy water (water I had dedicated kept in my altar next to my Buddha). I therefore obtained the water to make the little hearts. [I give her work to do because in order to feel work, it is necessary that one knows how to work. These little mothers should fulfill her and means know to love work, or you will never work.] February 26. I make the little hearts and put them where indicated. I also add more porcer's clay and holy water, and I give to the women of my genealogy too so that they will help me. The 26th, I continue adding the porcer's clay, the holy water, and prayers. For a month, nothing happened. [In fact, something has already happened.] Some little sprouts appear on the left, but not like the right side. [Then, she expresses a refusal to see the difference between the left and the right. She puts them in a competition. It is as if she says, "A woman is not like a man, she is weak, inferior." And while she remarks, "It is not like the right side," one cannot but reply, "Of course not! Because the left side is the left side!" What a mystery! We know that in our patriarchal society, the left side is the feminine (the symbol of the positive side of the body. In India, the right hand is the hand of God (the hand used for eating) and the left is the hand of Earth (the hand used for cleaning the forbidden). And when one spins, one has to do it toward the left, never toward the right. In this case, we should understand the message transmitted to the new women: negate your femininity. And the Pythagoras, which operates through synchrony as if you will, pushes humans upward through these aspects of what: negate your femininity. Do not neglect your intuition, attend to your inner woman. As if the wheel said, "I do not give because you do not love the earth. And you do not love the earth because you do not love yourself in your feminine dimension." I (after having added porcer's clay and holy water three times to this, I saw that the wheel had spoken). [Interesting. Apparently nothing happened, yet when spoken!] The male side is less than the other. [Always the comparison. . .

But even if only one tiny plant had sprouted, in a handful of months violence from a cemetery in the dead of winter, that would still be a miracle. What sprouted in her bedroom—what a miracle! I have been sure of six plants and trees of five. [Adding them up makes six. We remember I had her use a double square floorpaper so that this forms a neat mat. Six, in this square, in the shape of a heart each, are twenty-two plants, as many as are in the Rhyon house—another miracle!] I found work on March 2, and I am still working at the moment. I thank you for having helped me.

Success. So . . . I would be curious to hear another letter.

So, here's another one, but I will not add any comments. The author is an American writer by the name of R. M. Koster. He had gotten writer's block and began to drink too heavily. His wife knew of my work, and feeling that I could help him recover his creativity, she encouraged him to make a trip from Panama—where he was living then—in Paris so that I could prescribe a psychomagic act for him. I noted that he had not written a book in more than ten years. I'll send the letter that he sent me after he was free of alcoholism and had started to write again. He describes what he did.

This should be good.

In this telling, Koster adopts a humorous style that does not mask the tragedy that he has lived through. Later,

Situation only March 1961: During the year, I wrote three novels, all three very good, whose subject is an imaginary country of Central America, a metaphor of Panama, and my reactions to this country. Without my knowing it, these books would prefigure the story of the Republic of Panama because once these books were written, God decided to playback me and turn my imaginings into reality. He acted precisely the Rhyon because, unlike others, he knows the present. While working on the third novel, I lost heart and became nervous when in the presence of alcohol. I had decided to not write any more about this imaginary country that was called Treadwell and, in the last pages, I developed it

by an earthquake. Since this book was finished in September 1978, I have not written anything more. I lost all confidence in my literary aptitude and began to drink. When I met you, I said: "Without confidence, you are not able to work. In order to write a novel, it is necessary to throw yourself off the top of a building. At that moment, you are writing without knowing where you are going. Maybe the heaven will catch you, maybe not, but if your chief concern is security, you have to go down using the stairs. But it means that one does not write a novel. When one chooses to be living life, but takes the stairs, one does not truly live. The moment comes when you have to take a leap." Your response was, "You are possessed by an old 'I'! When you wrote the book, it was another 'I' who wrote it, other characters who spoke. But those characters exist in your unconscious; they are part of you. And what do you do? You battle with them; you exterminated them. So, these things are angry with you because you did not bring your mind where it was to go. Its creativity, its usefulness. When one is in the process of creating, it is necessary to give in, let the emotion spread like a mushroom. We must obey what speaks inside of us, and you did not do that, you cut off your creativity." I accepted your analysis, having always been convinced that it is the book that matches the writer, the same way the book order the reader, and not the reverse. You recommended I:

1. Burn my three projects that followed the third novel, those that I never could conclude. "Whittemont takes place in the room where I write."
2. Use an alcoholic drink to light the fire, this is order to remedy my excessive consumption of alcohol.
3. Since the room is on the first floor and since I had used the metaphor of the writer jumping from the top of a building, that is to say, giving his whole self to his book, you suggested, once the act was completed, to walk through the window rather than taking the stairs.

You specified other details, which will appear as we go through the description of my art. I gathered all the necessary material, and I put it in a tall iron cauldron: samples from the first incomplete manuscript, a list of rolls, the green ribbon to attach the

sheets of paper, a needle to prick my finger and then put a drop of blood on each of the manuscripts. . . . I cut it all off, immediately the room became horrible smoky. I took the window—although it was really hot—and put it in the bathroom for fear that smog would cover the room and because I did not want anyone to see the smoke and call the fire department. I closed the door to the bathroom, putting the window on the floor, and I began to cough and to suffocate. I waited. I closed the door behind me and, for the next fifteen minutes, I went back from time to time to make sure it was still burning. Meanwhile, I began to prepare the window for my exit. Like all windows in this tropical country, it had glass, shutters, metal screen. First of all, I unscrewed the screen and glass, then I took down part of the shutter so I could pass through, a delicate operation that necessitated removing the metal supporting the glass. Finally, once the manuscripts were burned and the door opened, another thick smoke cloud surrounded me. Unable to take anymore, I took the window and put it out the window. I placed it on the ledge just outside the window, then I ran to close the bathroom door to avoid the smoke spreading into the whole house. I went out through the window, crossed over the roof, and got down into the courtyard. I threw what was left of the manuscript into the garbage. The next day, when I entered the bathroom, I noticed that, for some mysterious reason, a load of paper remained on the basin lid, the one remained in the bathroom and the walls, originally white, had turned black. When I picked up the sheet of paper, I saw that underneath it, the basin lid remained very white. I closed the bathroom but even today, six months later, one can still smell smoke and see the difference in the white rectangle on the basin top. Results of your Psychomagic: I have written an article about Herman, and I write with great joyous about Pansamarian events. It seems that your magic concerns itself little with the present and is only guided by the future.

I read Esther's postcard to congratulate him, pointing out that he did not burn the remaining sheet of paper. I also told him that if he wanted to make fiction, I could prepare another psychomagic act. And he responded, "For now, I do not desire another act because I have let it work. What I have brought to my head, chest, and to both the knees where one is empty. Right now, I am full. Thank you."

Whether or not one has faith in this "Psychomagic," you give verifiable facts here, which, I have to say, is really impressive. Do all your clients respond by letter in such detail as Dr. M. Knight?

In general, yes. But it sometimes happens, within the framework of a friendly conversation that I propose an act without having been asked. In those cases, I almost never get a response, simply because it is not that threat is completed. The person did not ask it, the person heard it in passing, maybe with an amused curiosity, but without attaching any importance to it.

Let's return to the importance of motivation, central to all kinds of therapy. It is important that the person truly desires to change.

Of course. From the instant when the desire is truly there, and also the trust, everything becomes possible. I am going to send a long letter that illustrates well the principle that an extremely simple act can take an immense dimension if it is accomplished with faith.

My name is Jacqueline. I told you my father committed suicide when I was twelve years old, something so glib I also told you that with all my problems with money for so many years, I have had suicidal thoughts. You explained to me that my father committed suicide in a calm way and that I was, myself, slowly committing suicide, following my father's footsteps. I also told you that my mother died three weeks after my father's death, after several years of mutual degradation. I needed to express, in an art, something that was certainly suppressed for a long time. I needed liberation and, I believe, outside.

You assigned me the following act: buy a dozen beautiful oranges (flora, heavy ones), go to a nursing home, and give the oranges as gifts to a dozen residents. For twelve months each, start with these twelve people. Then to remember to tell you the effect it had. My father died on a Saturday, so you told me to complete the act on a Saturday. I vividly understood the task that you gave me. I thought that the nursing home would

makes me reflect on my father's age (at first, I did not dream about associating this act with my mother, that the stranger was a symbol of fertility and that in going to see people roughly the same age as my father, I would no longer reject him. If, on this occasion, I gave him life, I equally authorized myself to live and to no longer feel pressured to reproduce his art. Besides, twelve strangers, twelve people, it would not be the symbol of the fertile woman, the Flanged Man, in the hand. It was necessary then that I follow through, that I go to the extreme of my pain, in order to find joy; maybe it is necessary that I discover good time before achieving my triumph.

The days before I performed this act were not very agreeable. I felt heat in my body, I had palpitations; anxiety, I felt I was suffocating. I looked for a public meeting house, thinking the people I would find would perhaps be more ready, less reserved than the elderly living in private institutions. No, I found myself fifty three kilometers away from the city where I reside, in a city sharing a name with my husband! To gain access, I had, under the advice of my friend, called the director to explain that I was a psychologist doing work on the loneliness of the elderly and that I wished to speak with a dozen people.

Arriving at this place, I quickly understood that I faced something for which I was ill-prepared: all the people I met seemed to have, in effect, customs, abnormal behavior. They were all, for the most part, "mentally ill." I had a closed heart as I thought there an element of my past, which had made me suffer a lot, my mother, some years before her death had also "lost her head," and I had always rejected her, though I was never able to admit it. I found there something very painful, I had not chosen this place by coincidence: in spite of the pain, there was no question of turning around. I needed to do this, I had to do it. The pain described me: there had been so much suffering in these people's lives.... I had the impression that they had thrown me a net for help. I felt a lot of affection for all these "oldies." It was difficult for me to pay attention to the time that passed with each person. I know that the whole psychologic act must be scrupulously respected, under penalty of "failing." You prescribed me twelve minutes per person. In consultation, I spent about three hours with the first person who came to see me and I did not look at my watch; there, it was necessary to concentrate like a hangdog but it was

good, without a doubt, indispensable, for me. That turned me to place myself in the present moment, to be rightless, for me to realize that love given to felt by the other, that unconditional messages are not necessarily stronger because they are longer.

There were people who no longer had teeth, who could not eat the oranges and did not want to take it, I told them to offer it to someone they wanted. Others did not like oranges, and I told them how to give it as a gift to someone. That happened three or five times. Once, I was very afraid because a man who did not have his hand anymore refused to take the oranges even to give it to someone, so I chatted with him, I did not know if I could count him as one of the Indian people (since his orange remained with me). All that complicated my job a lot, and I was afraid of failing. This man followed me while I chatted with the others and, finally, I was able to convince him to take the oranges. Suddenly, the man fell. He had defecated and could not move without the help of an apparatus on which he supported himself. Everyone looked at him, but no one moved. I helped this man as well as I could to get up but he did not want to sit up while I was, for a minute. Once he was up again, he absolutely made it in a moment. There were people who told me he wanted to go to his room located in another wing. I continuously suggest him up the stairs wherever needed legs. While he was up the stairs, I concluded him so that he wouldn't fall back and break his back. That was some struggle, but I was not afraid that he would fall on me and make me slide down the stairs. I felt that love of love surrounding us. Finally, this gentleman was able to go wherever wished to go. It was heartbreaking, and I still had no oranges, I still had no person to give, and yet, I felt my work would not be void. It was necessary to interrupt the act for as long as that time I would return to chat with the last person and offer the last. And if that's critical because of this interruption?

Leaving, I found my husband who was waiting for me, and we talked about all of it. I gave twelve minutes per person, and I felt like I had left a lot of happiness, having concluded in ending a bit of suffering. But these eleven people – how much had they also given me? That might seem strange because it came from human people, but they all thanked me for having come to visit them. Each time I said good-bye, the person said thank-you. I believe that even if the intellect knows all or part of what we call a "sense of reality," the heart still senses the love it is offered. That is, more or less, what I felt there.

At our school, I returned to see my terrible prison with the terrible orange. It was a man in a wheelchair, who had had a leg amputated. I then felt, again, that this act had made me conscious of the fact that there are so many places where an enormous amount of suffering exists, and everyone can, in his own way, contribute to easing this suffering. In going to this nursing home, I found myself taking my mother and my father. In doing, my parents both died in a three-week interval. I felt like a totally distressed child. Thanks to my visit to the nursing home, I felt I had given life to them both again.

When I reflected, as you asked, to tell you what I felt, you proposed the following: 'Go back to the exact place where you bought the orange the first time, at noon, twelve o'clock,' you specified, 'and buy one orange, the most beautiful.' I asked you what day I should do this and you responded, 'What day had you gone there?' It was a Saturday. You said, 'No it's Sunday. Then, next yourself' at the door of a church and slowly eat your orange, taking ten minutes to do it. That's all.' Saturday, July 12, I went to the market. An old lady informed me that on that holiday the merchants would be there.

At twelve o'clock, very precisely, I took the orange that appeared to me to be the most beautiful, and I bought it. I took my bike, and accompanied by my husband, I found a church where I could sit in front of the door. I knew of the existence of a church named "Notre Dame de la Paix" that I never entered because its modern architecture did not really attract me. It is a bit outside the city. I dreamed only one thing: that the door would be locked—as all churches are now locked outside of normal business hours. So I pushed my bicycle, and by a minute, when I pushed the door, it was not locked. The interior of the church formed a quarter circle. There was a lot of stained glass windows, of course—but I felt very well. The church was "hot." I sat down to pray, to give thanks, before starting to eat my orange. The priest arrived. He prayed also, and then he heard about the church. I waited for the priest to leave because I did not dare to eat my orange right in front of the door. Then I took my bike, and with my husband, who had waited for me outside, we left. Upon leaving the church, I left the door open. For me, my act could not have been completed if the door had been closed; apart from that, I had the impression that the action in happiness was impossible for me.

After a bit, we went back to the church and were astonished to see that the priest's car

was gone. But this time, I was really afraid that the door would be locked. Not only was the door not locked, but it remained graciously open just as I had left it. So I could, with real ease and a lot of pleasure, sit myself in front of the open door. And at precisely one o'clock, I began to feel my cramps. Earlier in the week, I said that twelve minutes to eat an orange would be hardly long—certainly, I don't even take time to move it. I inhale. . . Twelve minutes after one o'clock was, for me, a beautiful revelation, the way in real this chapter of my life and move toward a total transformation. I began to enjoying the first section. What I felt, I will not forget. As I write these lines, I experience the same emotion. I sit that quarter little bit by little bit. I was moved, I wanted to cry. . . all the while feeling so. This time, I felt well and, maybe for the first time, gave myself the right to life. If one life I hated, that passed through me, that passed before me. I really felt, before, that I had forbidden myself something very strong. Life, without a doubt. . . There, I know God's door had always been open and that it was only me who closed it. I was in total communion with God. This emotion was intense. I looked at the time after having covered the first section; four minutes had passed. Time passed so fast, I would need to hurry up a bit. The feelings were still strong. After having experienced a certain pain, I went on with great pleasure toward my cramps. I believe that for the first time, I knew what an orange-tarted life. It was a discovery. In fact, it was as if I had eaten my first orange. I wanted the time to flow a bit slower to enjoy it longer. But the act was the act, and at twenty-four minutes after one o'clock, I finished my orange. I then entered the church, and I stayed there for a while without thinking about anything at all. I was empty inside, but happily; the emptiness was certainly a necessity for a new heart to enter. Then I left with my husband, who had waited for me on a bench, very close, because it was important that he be near me on that day. And I realize that, in asking me to write, you supply more help. How can I say this? While I ate my orange, I experienced a feeling of acceptance of life inside myself. Perhaps this corresponded with the moment I was born, because as I wrote everything to you—I made several shells—I had the feeling of giving birth to myself. I want to heal from my past, and I must say that, for the moment, it is my twelve-year-old daughter who helps me move forward. I love her above everything else, and I wish her happiness; but I know she will not find this happiness if I do not find an image of someone who wants to live.

This letter is, in many regards, something. The testimony, above all, of the faith this woman has in Psychomagic. The trouble with the "difficulties of life" is that it behaves like a very vague wall, after reading this long sentence, I realize that *despite the wall, I'd still see again, that I would have liked to find in another letter, one testifying to the resolution of a more precise difficulty, more easily circumscribed, thanks to Psychomagic.*

I will let you read the letter by Annie, a young woman, half-French (by her mother's), half-Vietnamese (by her father), she felt complex among the French, and her femininity was threatened because she did not accept her Asian roots. Very affected by the war, her father returned Vietnam, I advised her to go to his homeland to find her roots. Indifferent, she should, at Christmas, cut a mango, writing the stress and gratitude it is a glass of water, then plant it in an earthenware pot for thirty-three days.

Then it was necessary to take it to Vietnam to plant it in her paternal family's garden. Here, then, is what she wrote to me once the act was accomplished:

I left for Vietnam on August 5, 1981. When the airplane began to fly over Vietnam, an unexpected turbulence, although from the beginning the trip had been very calm. Then, I began to be sick, and I spent this time of flying over Vietnam in the restroom vomiting. It seemed that a part of me refused this country (maybe because of the disgust my father held toward his own race). Arriving there, I felt I saw my father in all the little men with whom I communicated (my father left Vietnam at fourteen years old). And then, a strange thing, I was astonished about having my period, and I had experienced the same feeling at the time of my first menstruation. We think I then recovered contact with my femininity. I could also observe the femininity of the Vietnamese women, so natural, delicate, and gracious. I was shocked that no one took me for a Vietnamese, and it was then that, for the first time, my French roots appeared clearly to me. I arrived August 15 at my father's city of birth. I was very moved, and I cried almost all night, paying an immense tribute and a full rage I felt toward my father. The next day, I went to see the house of my great-great-grandfather, and the whole family heard itself reunited to celebrate the

ancestors. We burned incense before the altar of all the ancestors. I had a strong feeling in front of the tomb of my great-grandmother, though I never met her. Then, I planted my mango tree in the garden, with the whole family's assistance. This moment was extraordinary: to dig a hole in Vietnam's yellow earth to plant this tree whose roots were surrounded by black earth from France. The contact of the two lands was, for me, a decisive symbol. In addition, through misadventure, the garden was full of mango trees. The trip was very important for me. It allowed me to acknowledge my duality, to analyze and give value to the heritage of this culture, to recognize that I had found my multiculturalism as a lifelong thread.

Why did Annelle have to wait for Christmas to eat the mango that keeps the most precious things three days later?

This girl not only experienced a complex love-to love encounter with her double origin, she also found herself between two religions. I therefore had to persuade her sometimes to accept herself as a gift of the two cultures and to combine them within her. Christ was born on Christmas and died at thirty-three years of age, only to rise from the dead. It is this entire cycle that Annelle transported to Vietnam in the form of a plant.

Have you had the occasion to "read" other racial complexes?

Yes, of course. One day I went to visit a man with an African father and a French mother and, almost immediately afterward, I saw a woman in the same situation. They did not know one another, and they came to consult me separately. They both experienced a long odyssey toward their mixed race. I decided to write them in a psychobiography, one that they would complete together. I told myself that through this act, simultaneously completed by two people of the opposite sex, they were going to embody the latest man and woman, the minuscule and atomic. Their skin was neither very light nor very dark. I asked them to paint themselves one in black, one in white, and go by car to the Arc de Triomphe, then, from there, to walk down the Champs-Élysées. You are two tubes of paint. One bears the inscription "Black" the other "White."

The bathroom is bright, and the grout on right side/burnt off that man, the hair-to-moist, unfeeling. She seems almost to say, she chose to paint herself first as a white female. I paint myself there in black. Periodically, I feel my stomach, in knots, then I tell myself, "Let's go. This is nothing. It's going to be fine." In fact, there is nothing amazing about this. I remember what pushed me to accept this walk down the Change (after creating a wig and a hair bun. My complexion is white and dressed in black. No walk, at first, fast, not've wanted to run, but once we're down, I pulled all the attention, as the women to notice the woman at my side. A lot of people look at me, smiling, and I feel really small as if I observed inside myself. I hear people commenting, "That's quite nice!" I smile. I do not feel my body. I do not feel the ground with walking me. It feels like I'm dreaming, and the light now. I want to tie off my wig and clean my skin and women, "This is not me!" We enter a shadowy corridor, and I smile, myself hit. When we go out, I am better. The end of the distance seems easier, and I notice one thing: whatever the image that the people have of me, this is no more than an image. No one can see me just as I am; if I do not decide to really show myself. If even then—who is really capable of seeing me? We arrive at the end of our first trip. In the car, back home, I dream of this notion of image, and I tell myself it would be interesting to play a bit with mine. Back home in the bathroom, I wash my hair and the black color goes away; it drops into the sink. I remember that, all my childhood, I had wanted to see the color of my skin drip into the sink. This time, I played the role of the white man. I find the paint more difficult. I am not as good at imitating the aspect of the white flesh. I have the air of a cheap queen. The image that I give myself this time is that of a heavy metal fan with a brown face. Painting myself as a white man gives me the impression of committing a wrongdoing. It is interesting because this feeling did not exist earlier. We walk down the Change (after again, but this time, women seem to notice me. A lot of people, however, choose the grout my side. She is very black and dressed in white. Throughout the distance, I tell myself if the people would feel as uncomfortable as I do at the moment if they knew what I was doing Though, all of this is, in the end, very impersonal. No one sees anything. People are indifferent, each is doing his own thing. A little loss of the Flaga Magazine, and the trip is finished. I feel very light. I have this crazy desire to spend money on new clothes. It is

with them—ended.

Very interesting. But the letter does not mention the subsequent effects of the cut.

Sylvia and Nathan had very positive reactions. They both, some time later, found partners, Sylvia with a woman of 30-year, Nathan with a man of 30-year. As much as I know, these two couples are doing well.

If we'll now, we have mentioned truly painful complexes but if I can say, purely psychologically, a man unable to earn a living, a mother unable to work, people unable to live with their mixed race . . . Could Psychoanalysis aid a person who has undergone a very precise exterior trauma? For example, a dramatic experience exceptionally very common, in my opinion, an abortion?

I will show you a letter relating to this problem. Brigitte told gaily about an abortion undergone in the absence of her companion, Michel. She was depressed and not resigned to this idea. Her relationship with her friend was in a crisis; they drove it out more and more. I proposed an act so that they could remove the fetus together and definitely bury it. Brigitte and Michel must collaborate building a box out of fine wood, lined with a fabric of the best quality, the box of course symbolizing a coffin. In addition, they should choose, in medical apparatus, a box to symbolize the fetus: they chose a mangle. Brigitte, naked, should place the fetus on her stomach and keep it there with a thick bandage. Michel should cut the bandage with a pair of scissors, as if he were a surgeon, and extract the mangle. Brigitte should relieve all the feelings she had during the operation and express them loudly. After placing the "fetus" in the box, they should go bury it in a very beautiful place. That done, Brigitte should kiss Michel and with her tongue put her stone marble, one red and one black, into his mouth. This is how I prescribed the act. Here is the letter from Brigitte:

We searched for the material in a bit of haste—like the hour before the execution. I

close the same day as the termination—a Saturday at 5:15 p.m. The event took place at Michael's house. I took the exact position that I had on the operating table, my legs in the air, naked, the orange bandage from my stomach with a bandage. Michael comes over. He is dressed in white, like a surgeon. He proceeds very fast, and I scream, yell. I again feel the effects in my stomach. I cry a lot. I hate, he soothes me. Michael cuts the bandage and puts the orange in the box. Right away, I have a doubt: it should be equally necessary to cut the orange with the scissors. Michael wants to do it afterward, but I hates him, I cry a lot. Michael tells me, "The orange cannot be anymore, anyway, ever healed." Then Michael sits next to me; he becomes my husband. I feel that he holds me. He has thousand images over. It is necessary to find a place to bury the box. We leave, by motorcycle, and go toward Saint-Chemais en-Laps, through forest into. The box is in my backpack. I approached thousands and, at the same time, a deep relief. Finally, we stop at what he had in the park of the houses that Louis XIV preferred. The place is absolutely magnificent. I cry a lot. Michael holds me, but he seems distant. We dig a hole with our bare hands, collecting it from our gloves. The evening is cool. We kiss. I put the two little stone marbles in Michael's mouth. Michael spits out one of the marbles, the red one, and it falls to the ground. I immediately want a crime. Michael responds and finds the red marble. I put it again in his mouth, so powdered, he spits out the black marble. Kneels me, and gives me back the red marble. I throw the black marble in the park's fountain, and I feel very relieved. With the red marble, I go, as you advised me, to make a red flag. Psychoanalysis continues took place—intense redness in my cheeks—just like those that appeared after the operation. I felt very liberated from the guilt and my energy returned. I am calm, serene, accepting of what can happen. I found trust again in myself and in Michael. I choose life, whatever happens to it. My natural energies are restored. I do not feel any more marital pain. Thank you.

What does the kiss with the face-colored stone mean?

Display the symbols of the red-black red and black) as well as stones. Putting him close to a manifestation of love. Brigitte gives Michael the opportunity to give life or death. Spitting out, first, the red marble, Michel manifests his desire to kill the woman to not be a father. He,

himself, collects the marble and, in introducing it again into her mouth, he gives it another try. And this time, he chooses to spit the red marble—life—which he deposits in his companion's mouth. He thus manifests his acceptance of another child to come. In losing the black marble into a fountain, Brigitte returns her anger for death to her unconscious, finds the trust again in Michel, and loses herself of her fears, such as her culpability. All present in her body, life circulates, not death anymore. From now on, her sex is a space for creation—not destruction anymore.

This well illustrates well the consistent technique of “employing the language of the unconscious.” That, if I understood correctly, is Psychomagic’s essential drive.

You just enlarges simple colloquial advice that anyone can understand.

In this case, how does this advice work?

For it to be effective, I must seize or provide the occasion, so that the right moment to deposit it. It is a question, so to speak, of “timing.” The same advice given at the wrong moment will not have the least effectiveness. This prevents responsible success: If I send the shot in the direction of the goal without there being an opening, no gesture, no position as it may be, will be faulty, because the ball will not penetrate the wall of the defense. However, if I profit from a moment of hesitation, the goalie's weakness, my shot will hit the ball's eye. Similarly, when a person lets down their guard a bit, I often try to link a psychological goal. We understand well that anyone who is grey in a riot continuously maintains a position of defense. The age refuses to yield. I must then seize or provide a moment of distinction so as to let an order pass through the line of defense, into the unconscious. In order for the client to adopt the advice, it is important to penetrate his stubborn “I” and to touch the much more important core of the self.

As there is better illustrations this principle?

Here, not exactly a letter, but a narrative drafted by someone you know, the celebrated cartoonist, Jean Claude, a.k.a. Whodunnit.

I met Alejandro in the apartment. We worked on the film there. Every day for two months, he brought me a new chapter in his totally surreal way of approaching the creation of a work, of my thought or situation, for that matter. . . . One of my most grueling problems at the time was smoking—how to spend those long hours with that fascinating person without suffering my thoughts through big gulps of “manufacture,” literally recovering over some refreshments on the terrace at a table, once the magic was implemented. Almost around the table, all the attention turned toward what I had started. Alejandro contemplated me with a focused and kindly mind. I thought about this that winter, struggle then, always available, affective, and reassuring, with the early darkening of the lights, the smoldering sound of the matches . . . Was I really to abandon these apparently indispensable pleasures? But I also thought of the gray urban, which invades everything, of the shortness of breath, of the phlegm and pain in the morning . . . I decided to take the step! And then, I was very curious. Not only was I going to see Alejandro perform a magic trick, but also, I was going to be the object. One last thing needed me to jump: the others sitting around me, waiting for my response. Was I going to disappoint them and together them of magic is action? “Okay, I am ready!”

“Right now?”

“Right now.”

“Give me your pack of cigarettes.”

I took out my pack of cigarettes, a third of the way gone. What he going to do a spell on them, transform them into a pumpkin? After some intense incantation, he reshaped with seriousness: “My magic is very powerful but very simple. To quit smoking, it suffices to make the decision, and that you have already done. The problem is to remember your decision, and that is where magic takes place. What has a pen?” I extended to him my ballpoint pen, redigned, fascinated, at the precise gesture of my friend who took apart the cellphoane sitting on the pack. He took the pen . . . I was finally going to see him

what relationships, what potential dreams, his ongoing transformation, opened park. "It is very simple, for this side, I write this little word—No, and on the other side this little phrase—I am." Raphael wrapped the telephone back around the park, and he returned it to me as if it were already ready to explode or nothing less than the Holy Ghost wrapped in golden flows. I should keep this park a half dozen weeks until, completely devoid of the least desire to murder, I make it a gift to a brilliant soul: one had to wonder what this "we" and "I" meant, I have not, alone, had the least desire to murder anyone again.

Well, here again, one says it is faith that saves! And yet . . .

You know, it happens that an act that appears almost leads us there, because this act "speaks" to the unconscious, which takes symbols for reality. The dream is a symptom of a deficiency. If the unconscious feels that this lack was filled, it ceases complaining through the intermediary symptoms. As an example, the following letter is from a woman named Sonia Silver:

I wrote to you about the Mystical Cabinet October 20, 1990, and asked you a question. For eighteen months, I had felt an intense pain in the back of my neck. Can this pain be the effect of a decline in the spiritual point of view? I have consulted doctors, neurologists, massageurs, chiropractors, homeopaths, and healers looking for a cure, and of course, I took anti-inflammatory medicine, vitamins, underwent injections, and so forth. Nothing worked. The evening of Wednesday, October 20, you presented a psychomagic act I had read on my husband's invariable having a kind of bulge behind the nape of my neck. Although you did not know it, my husband is an open stage. He was a talented singer! And there, I was healed. How much thanks I would like to be able to give!

So what happened?

It's simple. I made an equation with the nape, the past, and the unconscious. I had the intuition that the relationship with Sonia and her husband had not blossomed normally. Putting her on his knees, the husband was going to symbolically play the role of the father

while characteristically become a litigant again. In addition, because he was actively in line at the level of this painful point, the workable is never truly satisfied childhood desire, to know the father comes in place to be and communicate with on an emotional level.

Abandoned by my father, my mother destroyed all of his photos and burned all of the memories of my progenitor, who had died when I was three years old. So I had no memories. I experienced a deep anger at the idea that I would never know his face. I attended one of your lectures, which dealt with the genealogy tree. I asked you what I could do when I had not met my father and did not possess any photographs of him. You noted that while my father had not acknowledged me, I did know where he was buried—my mother had told me—so I should go to the gravesite and identify myself as his son by sliding a photo of myself into the grave. That is what I did, after some hesitation. Little by little, my anger disappeared. I accepted the idea of never knowing his face. After fifteen days, my mother, who thought she had destroyed all memory of this man, found a big photograph and gave it to me. This “meeting” with my father was and still is a great happiness. For the first time in my life, I discovered my identity. Now I had recognized and held at last toward my two fathers, as I do toward my mother. Your advice was providential. I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

This example is a good illustration of one of my convictions: to know that reality functions like a dream. At the very moment when Patrick got a photo of himself in his father's hands, his subconscious around reality is the symbol and united with the father figure. In this can step up in the dream that is life. Not having been able to prevent this union, that is to say, the appearance of the truth that the mother perpetuated, she finds the photo and gives her son the image that will make him feel complete. You see, for me, all the events are intimately bound to each other. An act well carried out translates on the reasonable of reality.

As the mother collaborated with the act unconsciously.

That is why it is important that the people implicated in the act be informed of its objective

as they can participate, with fervor, toward its realization. I will give you an example of a connection and successful collaboration. I advised Oswald, a man who suffered from feeling a perpetual emotional demand regarding his wife, to buy two big double-cushion sofas (a half of red velvet to carry out the art aesthetic notion). Here is his letter:

Earlier Monday, after having lunch together, my mother and I went to Niter Cane to look for two-fourth cushion. There were a lot of people. Then I had dinner to have dinner at a Chinese restaurant. We talked a lot, about food, about life, our family. Then we went back. A bit before midnight, we went to her room—the her/his room, and my father has his. His position is he is reading on the mat.

They were situated north to south. I had them to my back, one to my left and one to my right. There we tied ourselves closely together with the red velvet. We were tied together completely: feet, legs, pelvis, body, arms, hands, head . . . We ended up in an embrace, our arms around each other, and where one moved, the other had to follow. At that moment, I realized the events lived in my early childhood than my adolescence, with my mother. I had believed in those days that I always had to follow her instructions, to see things as she saw them, to do as she did, to think as she did . . . I then felt a knot in the lower of my stomach, then this feeling disappeared. We stayed attached until midnight. We were both very calm. At midnight, I began to cut the velvet. First, on the bottom, the feet, the childhood . . . We each cut half of the back, the feet, but she had cut a few more than she did. When we could separate ourselves, I thought, "Now, from this instant, I am free." I told her thank you, and I begged her. We then talked again for a long time, but always tied. So I then cut the cushion, backless, and returned home. The last part of the act consisted of making her a gift, which I should first dream. One day, something imposed itself on me: the only gift worthy of compensating for the gap provoked by the act was to thank her for what she gave me. Saturday, May 9, at midnight, I wrote with my blood, "I thank you for everything you have given me. I love you. Good bless you." Then I mailed this letter with me from the Niter Cane sofa, which I had in while writing. This act transformed my life. I ceased hanging over my wife like I had in the past due to an emotional demand coming from my childhood.

I would like to now show you another letter relating to a problem of identification to the mother. The subject has painted the victim of strong autism attacks. Here, I would like consider elements handled by the artist-his own painting. In addition, this letter is interesting because it presents the case of a person who has already had success in Psychomagic and apparently found himself healed, until a relapse, which opened the road for another act. An act that sometimes needs a difficulty disappear without really understanding it in its depth. It is appropriate there to provide the answer:

..... I asked you why, following a visit to a profitable nursery in Naples, I had a strong autism attack, after a year without any relapse. I also asked you why, since the day of my re-opening of the exhibition of the "angels" (the opening, by coincidence, being June 8, the eve of the terrible anniversary of my mother's death), I had started to have autism attacks again, and again required fully medication, which, I thought I'd never need again. In fact, I believe myself definitely healed after having, under your advice, labelled my medication under my mother's tomb exactly one year earlier. Actually, I had not had one attack until this day in Naples. ... You told me that, maybe, I do not allow myself success in the profession I have because my mother had died after a long sickness without having been able to blossom. You advised me to paint a skeleton and to draw over it an angel so the opposite forces would completely take the better. You proposed, in a way, to ease my subconscious by giving my mother the victim of angel. This idea resonated with me. I followed your advice and, in spite of my constant inability to paint, I forced myself to go to my studio to make the drawing. I painted the skeleton, but as I did not like it, I made another one over it. Then I made the white angel. Some days later, I had a strong autism attack with laryngitis, which took a while to get over. I was in despair and so tired that I was forced to go to the mountains for a rest. The biggest confusion provided to me, as did a great doubt about everyone and everything. 'Why did Psychomagic fail this time, to the point of providing a reverse result to what I wanted?' A mystery. . . . I was very discouraged until I thought about it, and it occurred to me that in drawing the angel, I had made two skeletons - two skeletons for one angel? I understood that unconsciously I still had a strong attraction to suffering, this suffering that even made me sick. Upon

my return, I remade the Psychomagic. This time, I drew a skeleton, then an angel. The next day, I descended to hell the door of the medicine. The day after, I actually started taking anything. I was cured! Thank you!

Alternative, we must be careful to not abuse our readers in an abundance of facts. The letters we've read manifested different facets of Psychomagic. Will you choose a last letter in which a common psychological mechanism would be discovered thanks to this amazing discipline? I think, for example, of fear. It is accepted that fear often masks a repressed desire. Have you, in your analyses, an updated "test," which was revealed by this dynamic, in itself very simple?

Let's come, how many? Here is a letter to this exemplary request.

One night in May, returning from your residence, I was attacked at the entrance of my apartment building by a masked man who tried to rape me. He did not succeed, but I was very afraid, and I have, without a doubt, concentrated my fright in the right side of my body, which, the next morning, was paralyzed. I conceived a living regulation regarding me: I could not stand contact with them anymore, and sometimes I could not even sit next to them. The fear took hold, and if I returned home late, I could see up in flights of stairs. I, who habitually never locked the door, isolated myself from the external world, barricading myself behind these walls. But the fear, it did not stop behind the door, it accompanied me everywhere . . . So you prescribed this act: "Go to Pigalle and act like a prostitute. Find some pretext to not go with the man who proposition you." It looked weird, could not be harder on my shoulders . . . I chose July 17, the anniversary corresponding to the War Test and to separation, no sign, then, putting myself under its protection. I went ahead of time to leave the place and to observe the neighborhood, which I did not know. This moment of all an easy ride for me to play. The evening of the 17, at 4 p.m., I descended in a miniskirt, a low-cut short, high-heeled shoes with Richard markings, and heavy makeup—destination Pigalle! I really wanted to not meet any one of my neighbors on my trip. On the same platform, a man approached me asking for money

for a light, the time, the location . . . I felt like I was in another person's skin, and I observed what happened inside me, a friend went with me to Pagine, and his presence was good for me. I sat on the terrace of a café. Some men came toward me, asking me to go with them. I refused, under the pretext of a foreign illness. Some believed I had AIDS.

After having dinner with my friend Hervé, I returned exhausted, but I no longer had any fear and was able, hence, to walk alongside a man or climb my six flights of stairs without a problem. I was no longer isolating myself, and I felt at peace.

This act permitted me to see that several personalities lay inside of me, to express them, to live my life, and to go beyond it. I felt liberated and that I was now able to get ahead of it and continue on my way. Without this act, I would be, indefinitely, completely separated from all my parts.

When returning from a lecture last Wednesday, I realized a man was following me. He wanted to have his way with me. The psychic magic act released in my memory, as well as all the strength that I constituted from it. I constituted this man, and in his eyes, I saw fear. I was now aware of my own strength, and he could see this, too. He left the building, and I went home, calm and confident.

I send you my thoughts of love, joy, and harmony for you and your family.

Let this beautiful letter and this sampling of psychoenergetic epistles!

IDENT



FROM DIAGNOSIS TO POWER

Alternative, isn't Psychomagic free simply, a hell free shell? Analysis often takes years; a number of therapists are spread out over long periods of time . . .

You know, a labyrinth is no more than a jangle of straight lines. Look myself if analysis and therapy do not sometimes have the tendency to introduce curves into straight lines . . . And then, we tell her a more definition than any conversation. However, I should make one thing clear: it is not that I practice an act to a person without having beforehand studied his genealogy: me—his family, parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters, and so forth.

No, each and one have remained in nothing but an episode in a longer process.

You, but a serious episode and decision. If I walk with a nail in my chest, my whole world, my sensibility, will be affected. Belonging to go further, I have to refuse my vision, to take out the nail. In the same way, when one suffers a trauma, all of our existence comes to be it is important to remedy the trauma.

In addition, it seems to me that Psychomagic helps to solve certain very specific, precise problems. I see it more as an isolated intervention rather than, say, a global therapy.

Gilias, there is but one global healing to find-*that*. There is no other. Only the discovery-of our-inherent-God can lead us there. The real consists, for better or worse, affording around the truth. No therapy can be partial.

What do you have to say on the subject of those methodical uses, at the same time, of our constructions as for those healings?

It is important to realize the importance of the imagination. In a certain way, with you I've had an exercise in imaginary autobiography. Not in the sense of "imaginary," since all of the reported facts are true, but in that the deep-story of our life is of a constant effort to broaden the imagination, release the limitations, to approach its therapeutic and transforming potential. If I teach anything, it is the imagination.

relative authenticity, presence of the imagination . . .

Essentially I teach people to imagine. Most of the time we have to know what the imagination can do, we cannot conceive of the extent of its scope. Because, in addition to the intellectual imagination, we also have the emotional imagination, the sensual imagination, the physical imagination, the economic imagination, the mythic imagination, the scientific imagination. . . . On all levels, including what we call "rational," the imagination operates. It is at home everywhere. So it is important to train it to approach reality not just from a one-sided-only narrow perspective but from multiple angles. Ordinarily, we perceive everything according to the very restricted paradigms of our beliefs, of our conditioning. From such a systematic, vast, unparallelable reality, we cannot perceive more than what is filtered through our minuscule point of view. The active imagination is key to an expanded vision. It allows us to envision stills according to points of view other than our own, to think and see things from different perspectives. This is true freedom: to be capable of having ourselves, viewing the foundation of our life world to open up the narrow. I would like the readers of this book to at least accept the idea of the therapeutic power of the imagination, so that Psychomagic, at the end of the day, is no more than a method

application of the proposed process

PART TWO

THE

Lessons for Minors

EXERCISES

10.1

Lessons for Mathuria

A SYNTHESIS OF EXPERIENCES

by Interviewer-Jordan Eshleman

Alexander Jodorowsky only agreed to give these Lessons for Students on condition that the results could prove useful to others. My response was that if it was useful for me, a depleted and much-battered man, it would be for others. Accordingly, we decided to create this work, which complements, ten years after its appearance, his mythical work *Pinknoise* (*Poche*). These interviews are, therefore, the fruit of an experience between someone willing to share knowledge and someone who wants to learn. More than confirming ourselves, our conversations were constant doubts together with kind responses.

Out of his personal circumstances and knowledge, Jodorowsky has opened roads and shortcuts in his search for happiness. For him being a guru (he does not like to be depicted this way) or a teacher is an essential being who—precisely for this reason—loves of himself. His paths are appropriate for a whole effervescent generation of students who make use of individual formulas of consciousness and self-actualization. To lead, to grow, depends above all that man has both like meditation, art, dreams, various sacred substances, magic, alchemy, language, humor, and the text, within his reach. The first part of 'Lessons for Students is dedicated to these techniques.

Throughout adult life, Jodorowsky has traveled a fantastic human voyage of thousands of years in a very short time. He has experienced many different cultures while at the same time playing an active role in most guru cultures with his contributions to cinema, film, and literature. This trip through the memory of humanity is a constant and imaginative challenge and a perpetual exercise of release thereby; above all else, it is necessary to know who we are, forgetting part of what we have learned. The author provides these methods to us

in the manuscript of these lessons.

Indiscreetly, sometimes these experiences offloading off and changing his personal style, totally disturbing the church, "monasteries" or agents of the will. From freedom and the freedom, he was a synthesis of experience with therapeutic and necessary results in complete the human who has stopped fighting the pain cerebral and needs inner development, at the margin of whatever revolution or sacred text, of all dogmatic or ideological institutions. Indiscreetly understands that reality must be practiced in the first person and collectively. In this formidable search, in this crazy arena, the third part of this interview is dedicated.

The ideas of the author about the distinct levels of consciousness and so many other questions connected with the perennial philosophy in its pure state but are far from the narrow framework of traditional religions. Although he speaks of God, Indiscreetly is neither devout, not atheist, spiritual nor religious, rather he is simply a person. For him, health is equivalent only in the earthly because our fullness cannot reach the beyond, rather, it must carry itself out in this world, breaking the boundaries that impede it. Some of these ideas fitted in a phenomenon called "religion in crisis," or "religion by the book," which currently seems shaking into our society.

Aljazeera is a visionary in so far as his level of consciousness leaves and beyond the limits of time. He has "business" being who knows the possibility of establishing a school, but when, for years, has dedicated his time to the constant understanding of himself. His intuitions about society, religion, and the destiny of humanity have been gathered in the fourth part of this interview, in the form of notes that include an exercise in futurology, where the reader will find many of the author's ideas and impressions.

Through these interviews, Aljazeera explains the therapeutic activity that he considers fundamental and that he carries out in many workshops around the world. In the chapter dedicated to the art of healing, he goes back to clarify some aspects already put forward in his Paternopsis. The last bit of this work is a hymn to life, which reflects the business and happy attitude of our character.

The transcription of Indiscreetly's words has in no way been easy, but I have been an

respected as liberally possible, though my limitations are evident at not catching all the abundance of his wit-thence, his trust in being able to pass on some of his intuitions to those who seek answers and equivalence on the marvellous journey of life. I avoided intervening deliberately specifically about the techniques he uses, although here almost all of them are spoken of. For this reason it is, in the end, a work of improvisation, a guide for anyone who desires to be enlightened. This is not unusual for someone that is testimony in the way he does things and lives things: it is a modest lesson in the form of a dialogue in which I represent a new generation of students.

I have to confess that I believe that in principle dejesús agreed to carry out these interviews simply to help me, even though afterward he liked the results and considered them useful for others. I went to Paris with a certain body-body complex. Some days, I dedicated myself for precisely an hour a day to meditating at home. At the end of each interview, I could usually translate his responses into examples that functioned as a sort of oil of images. The state of unobscured consciousness led to a pleasant, nirvanic drunkenness. Questions revolved in response like clouds of images. We finished by talking of the saints' names, without any reason. At the end of the second day, I confessed, "I don't know if all this will be useful, because I don't remember anything you said." Jokingly, he let the kitchen to answer my questions while in a house-like state. During these days he looked like a sculptor hammering an immense block of marble from which a face would appear, a change of state that at the same time would provide a mirror to others. "How do you see it?" he kept asking me, as if I were painting. During the days I went to his home, the dynamics were varied. My questions often quickly lowered the level of discourse, but at other times would catapult me into higher spheres. We bonded a lot together, and the isolationism caused by his presence would often last for hours. Of all the images I keep from those days, there is one that sometimes visits me in dreams: we are galloping on that path over our lives, transforming them at every instant.

JOSÉ LUIS ESPINOSA

PARIS-BARCELONA, MARCH-JUNE 2006

NINE



KEYS TO THE SOUL



Asleep and awake are two secretly united phases of reality. Understanding dreams is a path to knowing and transforming ourselves. But, in what extent can we do that, keeping in mind that they are gifts that we don't ask for?

Yes, we can. Throughout my life I have passed through various phases with regard to the dream. I come from a Jewish family; I worked; I had parents who hated one another—all this caused me to have terrible nightmares. I had to defeat those nightmares by confronting them, taking on my nightmares. It is true that since my youth I've used the gift of lucid dreaming, thwarting my dreams. At first, the lucid dreams would present themselves in the form of temptations. I would think myself aware that I was in a dream, and I wanted to obtain them, become a millionaire, have sexual experiences. Finally, what happened is that I got trapped. Whenever I asked for specific things, I got lost in the dream and consequently lost lucidity. I had put myself into a dream that was again unmanageable. Later, in my dreams, the desire to have sex just began to appear; I played with the images, I turned into a girl, I wanted power. Again, I became trapped and lost lucidity.

Dreams keep changing, and you can do different things in them like changes. But then you realize that when someone dreams, it is not a matter, and it is not lucidity to interfere in

the world of images.

I've finally reached the point of simply being a witness to my dreams; I contemplate them and I rest. Actually, I don't know really if I dream or not because in my dreams the distance there is just as I am in real life.

Do you blend waking and sleeping?

No, it's not that. What I mean is, when you dream, normally you are not you, you have other personalities, you are capable of doing things that you don't do in real life. In my dreams, however, I help people; I continue giving dance; I read the book; I give conferences. There are really no differences between what I do in my dreams and what I do while awake. This is in the range of language or symbolic content. The other night, I was in an airplane in complete darkness, and the airplane broke into the light. What I have now are happy dreams; I don't have nightmare anymore. I am not afraid, because I control these situations. I sleep without any worries. I accept the dreams just as they come. In a certain way...I do not say my ego because I am not relating exactly to my personality...my identity has solidified. It has regulated. My personality in my unconscious is exactly like that in my real life.

What therapies do you recommend for overcoming nightmares?

Begin with Freud, and then say things for him, dreams are repressed desires, frustrated desires, that sort of thing. I was also frustrated with Jung; I dreamed and then I prolonged the dream to half sleep, continuing the story, interrogating the dream to see what it wanted to tell me. Then I continued with awake dreams, developing the imagination. There are many magnificent therapies. In lucid-dreams, we get close to what the Freud likes do; they work with their dreams during the day, carrying them out through a kind of theater. In other schools, they accept them, make them intelligent, paint them. ... This is how you introduce dreams into your reality, not it?

But all of this is useful for what we are able. When you're more yourself, you do not need

to do anything. Simply live, simply dream. There is no separation.

He becomes drunk on the true nature of life?

Life teaches us the true nature of life, and the true nature of life is a mixture of dream and life. Because all life is a dream! The dramatist André Gide once de la Harpe already said this. He had a very high level of consciousness for his time. When we live the now, this instant seems real to us, but an hour later it will be a memory, and the images of the memory have exactly the same quality as the images of a dream.

We could say that we are going to stop a dream and that everything, all of our thoughts and feelings, will infiltrate the dream world and convert the dream. But that happens with dreams! Well, it's not like that at all. We dream and our dreams infiltrate themselves into our real life. The dream makes themselves reality, just as reality converts itself into a dream. Everything goes from reality up being real.

You tell us we can access the departed who appear to us in our dreams and that they dwell in a place in our memory, that they can give us advice and help us . . .

We have a collective mind and a collective consciousness that exists in some realm. There must be a region of the dead that meets us in the collective unconscious. That region is called "hell" in some cultures.

It is through your dreams that you become conscious of the existence of angels, right?

In local dreams, I can voluntarily change some things, but only up to a certain point. I cannot change the whole dream but only a part of it. With magic the same thing happens. You can produce changes in reality, but you cannot change all of reality.

Are the books of your library are art and poetry fundamental?

I believe that all human beings must dedicate themselves to writing poetry for half an hour every day, without worrying if the writing is good or bad, it'll still be commercially successful or not. Poetry is essential in life, from the time ago. Every day we should carry out a free act, a little thing that serves others, like giving a homeless person a shirt, simple things. There comes to transparency in everything for goodness. Sometimes I put milk in the pocket of a sleeping homeless person, so he thinks he has good luck. I invent miracles. Even if we don't believe in miracles, you can do little things to help others.

This even is full of thank-you cards asking what I desire as compensation for the help I bestowed. My response is nothing, because I help freely. I do all this based on time I can set aside for others.

What do you use to keep your company when you create?

For thirty years, I have always worked with background music. Celtic harps that have a hypnotic effect. If I am very inspired, I put pictures in the bottom of my doors or door windows in nice painted geometric figures symbolizing the fruits of the spirit: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control; with a honey-scented little garland on the sides of my desk. And, in moments of creative drought, I do some stretches and with vegetable dips.

You say you're never in a bad way?

All comes because we have to rate ourselves of not being satisfied, of not being in the present. There is a beautiful phrase that says, "If you are not you, what if this is not here, what if it is not there, when?" If you are capable of figuring out the when, the here, and the where the first, you are being yourself, and you have already saved yourself.

To create art is to know yourself?

Yes, but to know yourself is to know humanity and the universe. It is to pass from the singular to the plural.

Could you explain?

Think that the need for feeling is produced by a lack of awareness. We become ill because we have not met the world. There is a lack of beauty, and beauty is the center. There is a lack of awareness, and awareness is union between oneself and the universe.

Which artists have fully achieved feeling?

The most difficult thing in the world is to create sublime art. Very few people have achieved this. But I could cite Paul Gauguin, who learned to walk and was a student of Van Gogh; he achieved it. Federico Garcia Lorca is an opposite case: he could not achieve it, he did not know how to. Whom you would find in New York, it makes you sad.

You have said that literature never nothing? If it does not heal. And if it only feeds the author? Can art ever come and make others rich?

Remember some artists who said this world had made anything, that this a pipe, that we are going nowhere, that God is dead, and all these things. But literature is this. To express your word, to tell how you drink your morning coffee and general disgust, with everything around you rotting. While the world is dying, I drink my coffee. Or I profane my life as art. This is old-fashioned. One must cross this morosely certain. I, for example, realize that I cannot read Marcel Proust. He's too sick for me, and his nervous anti-contaminates me. Every day I see scientific cases, why would I want to read others? Meanwhile Franz Kafka is out there everywhere! I go to mail letters, and I find myself with Kafka in the post office; an employee full of problems.

What writers and painters would you want? Which would be in your private narrative art gallery?

What a question! You're working with the established notion that the art world is like a graveyard, or death which is the champagne painting, the champagne book, the champagne symphony, and so forth. But like not see the world like that.

In art, I see literature. For example, in thinking, rather than asking what's the best picture, I would ask by guess what's the best writers or the best poems. I have my house full of writers. In my library there are novels by Silver Kane and other authors, along with comic books, books of criminal philosophy, of Dostoev, Kabbalah, magic, alchemy, psychoanalysis . . . I am a man of my time and in my time there is the Internet. So one cannot and should not talk about personal work; we have rather masses of works by category, not by authors. The Internet has revolutionized all this. That whole literature. My house, that would be an old dream: all the books of the history of humanity, all the painting in history, all the films, music, sculpture, everything.

And art that does not exist, you also include?

Though it does not exist—and this is another thing—it exists. It inevitably can exist. Emily, Susan or Michel Foucault and laugh a lot. However, I would not produce that kind of literature, because it is totally obsolete. But there it is. One can go from Kafka to Camus and continue to learn. In the same way that a person continues to evolve from one level of consciousness to another, art evolves from one level of consciousness to the next. It is collective and not solitary. I cannot say the best painter is Leonardo da Vinci. I will say he reached another level of consciousness, but as he was an individual he could only reach to a certain level. If you pay attention, his machines behind the master because they lacked energy. These machine machines did not provide the essential, which is energy: they used primitive, limited forms of energy, based on pressure and water. Leonardo could not resolve this problem. His limitations were fixed in the humanity of that time, in its collective nature. Do you understand? If you asked the dumb question, "What book would

you bring with you to a deserted island?" I would respond, "a computer with Internet access." Obviously.

III

What do you think is the true role of language? How do you interpret it or make it useful?

Language is before everything an activity of the body. It corresponds with the nature of the nervous system. From my point of view, we must be able to produce beautiful and poetic language. A healthy language. Mental illnesses, like physical illnesses, are reflected in the way we speak. There are depressed words, like sick, inferiorities, or nervous words that are not life-giving but violent and twisted. Illness and the illness language of illness constitutes an-destructive.

Besides, through language, we transmit illnesses, and we access inferior levels of consciousness. The levels of consciousness of language coincide with those of the human being. Just as the human body has been evolving, so has language. If we hold back our language, we are a form and a content that already does not correspond to us, that is estranged. If we employ words revealing that or not even, we moderate ourselves, little by little.

There is the use of the first, the prototype, the language . . .

If you are referring to curse words, I will tell you that curse words are original revolutionary words that are designed to break the existing models, to break all other words. We have the impression that we are totally free to utter curse words, however, using them reduces the level of consciousness. The curse word is not useful—or if it is, it is only at first—in the moment. At first it seems revolutionary, but it does not allow us to change. It is like jargon. People go about distorting language through jargon, which, in principle, can be useful for establishing strong linguistic ties with the group, but persistent use of jargon

ultimately lowers the level of consciousness. The only language that lifts the level of consciousness is the sublime language that of art and poetry.

My school teacher said, he creates a new language if it necessary to gain things that would be a rigid way. What should we change in our language to change ourselves?

I am working on a book of definitions called *Intellectualism versus* (Intellectually Correct). All of us think badly and, to change this, we need to exchange some concepts for others. I have begun by changing the following expressions:

- Instead of never, very few times
- Instead of always, often
- Instead of that, someone else took something that belongs to someone else
- Instead of finally, unknown response
- Instead of eternal, incomprehensible time
- Instead of you are my teacher, you show me how to learn from myself
- Instead of I want to be, I am being ineffective
- Instead of I want to be, I reject what I am
- Instead of give me, allow me to take
- Instead of irritate me, I do not respect you
- Instead of my wife, the being with whom I share my life
- Instead of my work, what I have been given to do
- Instead of you are like this, I perceive you this way
- Instead of mine, what I have seen
- Instead of to do, to change from

As I write this book, I am listening to people speak on the street. I am reading poems through language. Also I am constructing definitions that break with the commonly accepted ones. All of these are defined by their own negation:

- Happiness is to be each day less anxious
- Wisdom is to be each day less confused
- Beauty is to be each day less conscious
- Intelligence is to be each time less dumb

In this way I can understand things differently. I consider it important for me to work with language this way because, for simple lack of understanding, we're moving toward a catastrophe. We are thinking poorly. In such, in our language we should replace:

- I begin with I continue
- Beautiful day with today I feel good
- I deal with change activity
- I know with I believe
- I am in blame with I am responsible

What is the mechanism through which the fine arts can advance our level of consciousness?

The explanation lies itself in its own definition: fine art and artistic creation, beauty is the maximum limit we can access through language. We cannot reach that limit, but we can get close to it through beauty. In language there is no truth, Beauty is what initiates call "the truth of truth." It is the maximum a human being can reach.

Hypnosis would correspond, on the other hand, with a lower level of consciousness?

To say beauty we talk about ugliness, to say light we speak of darkness. They are opposites. To sit one, we are already talking about the other. If we have to define ugliness, I would tell you that many times I looked for a concept contrary to beauty. With this system of opposites we speak of good and bad, of beautiful and ugly. I went through all of that and, in the end, I realized that conceptual tools worked and did not. Ugliness is all that helps us to reach higher levels of consciousness; ugliness is all that lowers our level of consciousness, anything that overwhelmed through our nervous system providing depression and self-destruction. Attacking our own health drives us toward destroying others. However, the higher level of consciousness drives us toward a pathos with life and toward the desire for immortality, clarity, and infinity. Immortality is probably reached—since death is a military phenomenon—in a collective way by creating and defending humanity. The human race, as a collective, can be infinite. Death is military, and knowing this helps us to understand the world. The negation of death is the negation of the individual.

III

To deal with life, is intoxication necessary?

Getting drunk produces a great emotional happiness, but alcoholism is horrible. It can happen that we drink sporadically as an escape or therapy, but it is not necessary. I think intelligent people have to open the doors of perception, but it is not necessary to do it like Timothy Leary, who turned his whole life into an intoxication; he became an addict and lived drugged without ever knowing himself.

It is one thing to break free of your own limitations, but avoiding yourself is another thing. I do not recommend that anyone avoid himself. I do not make apologies for this concept intoxication. Neither do I recommend marijuana, because if it is a strong friend, it is treacherous; it is not good to be misled all day.

And take medicines of that sort?

The experience-produced beings was meant to be metaphysical and to be mystical. When one smokes marijuana for the first time, it also opens the senses: it teaches us to feel well, to breathe well, to feel much better. But more or less is enough to know! Otherwise we end up creating an army of several beds and leaders who believe themselves to be gurus. It is a similar way, alcoholism making people violent, and this was my life.

Would you have become the way you are without having used hallucinogenic substances?

I have not become anything. What have I become? (He stands and turns himself around.) To where have I arrived? One does not arrive. In my case, I needed to take them at a certain moment, forty years ago, when I was going to make The Holy Mountain and had to play a master. I needed to understand the mind of a sage. I did not have this mentality, and I was aware of my limitations. So I hired a guru, Oscar Ichazo, who was one of the creators of the Esangorism of Personality and Claudio Naranjo's teacher. I paid him seventeen thousand dollars to give me LSD and to guide me. It was a year with a guide; he decided to change jobs. One hour later, he gave me a marijuana cigarette. The first trip lasted eight hours. After some time, we took more. There were two sessions in which I learned what, and I broke my own boundaries. I believe these experiments should not be made in a better spirit, not in the company of people who have not obtained a higher level of consciousness. It can happen that, during the experience, those people appear to be demons.

This is the explanation for why I took these kinds of drugs. The consequence is that it opened my mind and served me by demonstrating how far I could go. Gurdjieff said drugs are useful for that: 'You are in the office of a building, and the drug makes you rise quickly in the heaven. You are in the underground garage, and you jump fifty flights. You see the whole house, the whole city; and when you return, you realize that to go up again, you have to climb back down on your own, without drugs.'

Like in Plato's Allegory of the Cave, but being able to investigate beyond' . . .

You just, in this case, climbing with your own strength, without help. It has to do with being able to use it all without the drugs—which one can do. Otherwise it serves nothing.

In the West, we lack a point of reference or a culture of using these substances. For example, mushrooms have not remained in the most ritual crops, at parties, without reference or justification. Maria-Rubina Garcia, the shaman, provided them for you.

The next theme is early way of Function Films, whereas her assistant Helene-Lorene said I had to take, how to reach, what to do during the experience, and all that. This experience encompasses a way wise about if you don't try to make it a religious experience. Because it is you who has to make the trip, without controlling it from the outside or imposing archetypes, among other things, because your archetypes are inside you and your trip is yours.

Many people practice esoteric worship with mushrooms, just as with other drugs.

There is no reason to mix mushrooms in South American pre-hispanic plants with beliefs and things of this nature, as with other drugs. Mushrooms must be taken safely, without risk, and guided by someone who knows it, as with all psychedelic drugs.

Do you mean to say that these substances must be taken with someone who knows them, but who does not project any religious meaning or his own interests or personal story onto others?

Exactly. With someone who has developed her spirit and who acts as a guide, but without imposing any particular concepts on you during the experience. Well, when you are serious, about you, the way to exit. I was talking with these three men and, suddenly, the telephone rang. I was in the middle of the trip, and he said home, 'Karen!'

‘But how?’ asked him.

‘You can be in both worlds,’ I answered.

I answered the telephone, I spoke normally, and then I continued with the trip. This is the mark of a good guide.

I could, and each person can, be in two worlds; the one called real and the other. That is an important lesson that only a teacher can give. This is only one example of what we can learn by tripping.

Or could it be that the subconscious opens the way to knowledge?

For me it was a huge step. I recommended doing it at least one time and always with the guide. I saw that my wife, Marianne, had spiritual limitations—even though she was young, spoke six languages, was a university graduate—probably because she had received a French education upbringing. She wanted to continue the path of the hotel, and I told her she could not remain in this prison of the national, that she needed a psychological experience. As I went with her to Finland, I wanted a room with a window opening to the sky, and at two or three in the morning I had her out some mechanisms so that the effect would not melt away. I guided her. I marked the path, and it resulted in being a better experience in her life. It had taken advantage of the fact that she was on a trip and otherwise, she would have lost all the benefit of this experience.

Even marijuana should be taken as an initiation, like alcohol at a luncheon. The commercial impulse toward profit is the villain that we have lost.

What strange mechanism of the conscious can make these initiations break our boundaries?

We are used to living in a linear world, in a rational and rational architecture, and because of this, we are obligated in a given moment to break boundaries. Many times we cannot do it, precisely because we are prisoners to our minds. For this reason, we need an experience in

which are manifestations of perception loops, with the goal of bounding other people.

The shamans were primitive people, but now it is we who need to take modernness at our leisure, not with their dies. I am not going to take anything with a shaman of yours. The what? Is that taking substances gets me to sing to the Virgin Mary or to the market? What does all that matter to me? Some followers of gestalt therapy put on Flanagan to take between the, thanks!

When you take substances, you should be out in nature, waiting for the light of day to arrive, with as little outside interference as possible. It's enough to be with a teacher who tells you to go here or there. And now as free trips is sufficient for the brain to open well enough to let the throat of your life.

It really has nothing to do with drugs. An experience with modernness is not like consuming drugs. I had some modernness powder, and I decided to give it to some level modernness. I thought it was better that I give it to them than that some individual give it to them with the excuse to show them a party and to be drunk.

I imagine that these substances are saved for you.

There's a minute—let's not fall into the trap of the "saved" concept. Everything can be saved to a point, even disagreement. And nothing is "saved" to a normal person until it may be "useful." It is true that these experiences have different functions and results according to the level of consciousness of the user. Psychedelic substances were, in the first place, taken by shamans, who had a level of consciousness superior to that of the tribe. My thesis is that they should be recommended only for people who have a high level of consciousness. There are people with an almost hostile level of consciousness who can lose control or experience seriously hazardous reactions with these substances. One must be very careful, not only about who provides the drug, but also about whom one takes them with. I have a phone to run this up. "I do not know where I go, but I know with whom I go." One should not take this path with people who are incapable of understanding the experience, because they will try to distort and interrupt your trip. One drug is better, and you will have them into paradise. One drug is a saint, and you can make magnificent works. Take

experience with this. We must not think, as some would hope, that if we can **add** to the water supply, we will make society better. This would be a danger to the public.

For example, opium has fallen into the hands of people with a somewhat infinite mentality who have converted it into a religion. There were, low levels of consciousness will in a systematic way reproduce these examples. But it is clear that at the right moment, when it is agreed to within a national social framework, like we've been given, it is necessary that the people in positions of responsibility have an experience of knowing that there is something out there beyond the national.

But will there be people who do not need them?

(Of course, at this moment, I do not need them. It is like being in a dream, and I am already there. "What is it going to bring, hallucinations and things that I know?" The experience is beautiful, agreed, but what am I going to do with them? It is useful when you feel you have a limitation and you take it to help you better yourself. The person with a low level of consciousness is afraid to discover his limitations; if anyone tries, and he refuses knowing it. The person with a higher level of consciousness, the only thing he desires is that the tips show him where his limits are so he can defeat them, and he appreciates them deeply because he can believe. The people with low levels of consciousness look for someone else to affirm their values, but people with higher levels of consciousness, what they seek is someone to point out their defects so they can become better.

II

Could you explain to us what the level really is?

The test is a metaphysical machine. An organism of images and forms that is very difficult to communicate, one of humanity's first applied languages. The test has twenty-two Major Arcana. If with the Spanish alphabet you can write *San Quinto*, imagine what you can do with twenty-two cards, to which it is necessary to add another fifty-six Minor Arcana.

The test responds to some rules of optical projection. It is like a mirror that permits you to develop yourself by seeing more and more of yourself. I use it for others and also for myself to gain into this mirror and the ability to understand ourselves. If, for example, I ask it, "What is power?" it responds. "What is love?" it explains it to me. "Who am I?" and there you agree. The test shows us the client's innermost, and it can help, it helps. It seems to lead.

You can use the test for everything except reading the future.

"When people are interested in the future, and they ask me, for example, 'Are you going to find a mate?' I tell them, 'This I am not going to tell you because it would influence you.' What I am going to explain to you is why you have not yet found a mate." They want to know, "Are you going to have money?" and what I show them is why they do not have money. "I do not know whether to live in Madrid or Barcelona," another tells me and, well, the important thing is to know why you can't decide. I reduce everything to the present.

Actually, I don't believe in the future. It is something I do not even want to touch, because the brain has a tendency to other predictions. To the person who has a bit of faith in you, if you say he is going to break his leg, he breaks it.

At times, what happens is that this big magic machine, the test, when it falls into the hands of people that read it, is without an instrument for reading the future. They cannot create an object. It is a crime that they do not know that the test is a mirror with of art.

You have said that in order to read the test it is necessary to distance yourself from the client, to not interfere at all in that person's life.

You are so. To read the test, it is necessary to identify totally with the client, but without interfering in that person's affairs. It is necessary to respect him, without expecting to influence or modify.

I have always read for fun—except for some months in the beginning when I had to make a living—and because I was generous, but because the best is something useful for others. If I charge, I distort it, and in this way, I cannot know it in depth. To read the best is to do good, and it is to make art.

In other words, what you do with the best is “read” the client.”

Yes. It is like a Gipsy reader. It tells you what's up, what's happening, how a person is doing. It is told to the client himself. And at times, when a doubt or a choice exists, it responds. The best clarifies, it shows the will of the client and helps to uncover what is inside of him.

How can we understand what the best tells us?

At the beginning, trying to develop telepathy, I tried to predict. Then I dedicated myself simply to reading it, which did not impede my trying to see how the client was doing, how was his health, what were his passions, usually or intellectually. I accept the client with his limitations. I feel his voice, I receive how his breath smells, and at times, I touch him. I capture all I can before pulling up and I see how the matter flows, how he moves, how he acts, how he speaks to me.

VI

Throughout the history of humanity, the metaphor of personal transformation has taken different forms. One of these has been magic. Is magic possible without superstition?

Magic is not superstition; magic is the nature of the world. The world is not logical or rational, it is magic. Everything is closely related. For this reason, I called my book *Reality Flow*, because all events are aligned, nobody lives in not-time; the effects are sometimes

professed before the reason there are mysteries. Nobody parent of the world cannot understand it, like the chimpanzee does not understand 40 percent of the world. We have a lot to learn. Reality is mysterious, it is magic. It obeys incomprehensible principles. Reality is not scientific.

And when we do not understand the nature of the world, we create superstitions?

Exactly, and believe in things that never real because we need them.

Does magic work in reality or is our way of seeing the world?

In magic, if you are conscious, you can use the metaphors, the analogies, be it for me, the chaman makes noise with his fingers on the earth. If you have realized, you realize, at a certain level, that this works because the analogy is useful. The unconscious accepts the metaphors. When you leave the level of the unconscious, you realize that magic does not have laws. Magic works on the unconscious.

I speak of the unconscious of reality, not of our little unconscious. To be spiritualists, reality shows that a personal unconscious exists, as well as a familial one, one of the group, one of the planet, one of the universe. That is reality. The world is as much manifested as it is unmanifested. The world is as manifested it is as what it is not. The world is as much the possibilities that appear to us, as it is the infinite possibilities that hide from us.

Everyone is an immortal consciousness, an exact reproduction of the universe. Your consciousness is a part of and at the same time the totality of the universe. And say what they will with respect to your limited body, you are the complete consciousness. Let them tell you what they will about over-splendid death, those who are integrating oneself into the divine consciousness, you are immortal. However, to achieve this, it is necessary to have enough humility to view yourself personally and accept being only a channel. But if you present yourself as an all-powerful being who knows everything, you will be a fraud. For all that I tried to be more than what I am, I am not more than what I am. It is necessary to be

conscious of what we are. The greatest power of your life is to be able to help, and the greatest blessing man has is to be able to bring peace. There are monsters, but man does not dominate them. I have known little telepathic animals that each day were little bigger. But I do not write of things found in legends. "A teacher looks at persons and knows his name and birth date." I don't get to that, but I get to other things. Telepathy exists, I know.

How would you define black magic as opposed to white magic?

Black magic is a sick magic that tries to profit from the sadness of the world. It is a useless magic because it is directed toward destruction. It exists only for those who believe in it. Opening that door can be very dangerous.

How can you explain the existence of a white magic and a black magic?

The spirit has deep roots, long branches. You can walk infinitely into the negative, into the darkness, or you can rise toward the light. It is a question of choice. But I do not want to speak about black magic because, like I said, it is a sick thing.

The techniques, isn't it actually applied magic?

We do not know what it is. We know it exists. Just as we do not know what energy means the universe. Still we ignore it. We can feel how the world works, and this world is by many names, including God. What we are not able to understand, we call magic. But, in reality, it is a use of magic. We are talking of a use of magic, but we don't know exactly what it is. We do not control it. We cannot yet.

What are the bases of magic?

There are how to love, to dare, to be capable and to be quiet. "To be quiet?" I understand "to obey." Strength at rest is the greatest strength. For this reason, at times, I tell this initiation story that relates how the strongest man in the Chinese Empire makes his

demonstration of strength by taking a butterfly from a little boy and saying, "I am so strong that I can take a butterfly by the wings without hurting it." This is to be quiet.

It is necessary to manifest knowledge only when it asks us to, and if it does not, be quiet. One is going, the other is being, either or neither.

And how do you define "to love," "to share," "to be capable," "to be quiet"?

"To love": If you do not love, you do not suffer. There are those who do not want to cure themselves. The people tell us of when Jesus asked the paralytic if he wanted to walk, because if you do not want it, not even I can cure you.

"To love": To cure yourself you must be willing to face the changes that the cure is going to produce. For that cure the paralytic never needed, so to be cured, he has, must be, not have money...he wouldn't be able to pay anyone. When you are sick, you are really willing to submit to cure you; you are asking for tenderness. Tenderness is a request already. The sick person is screaming to be loved. It is necessary to dare to be cured, to enter into a new individuality in which you "discover" the way. The cure produces a change and, in a certain way, a new personality.

"To be capable" means that once you are doing something, you enter into the fight, and you don't have to be your own enemy. To be capable, it is necessary to be one and to not be the other, to not fight against yourself, because that will produce a big nervous and a failure for you.

"To be quiet" means that when every individual what you was, you love, because now you're become an individual. This is the problem that some guru have. They show their sainthood, and they lose it through the same act. The true master is invisible: no flowers, no neckties, no rings, no photos, no school, no disciples. But to the true master, all of humanity is the disciple. In an unguided way, the true master lets others slip in and subtly introduces knowledge that can raise another's level of consciousness. To be a master, neither school nor substance needed. A master does a superior universal will.

What does an alchemist do?

First we should define what an alchemist is: one who makes the philosopher's stone, who changes base metals into gold, who makes a spiritual solvent, and finally who has the ability for lasting life. The philosopher's stone: the alchemist wants to develop inner values as much as possible, to grow as a human being, and thanks to this, to raise the level of consciousness and find a better dimension.

The elixir for lasting life is a person who accepts life and lives everything as it is without self-manipulation.

The spiritual solvent is a person who has developed inner love in his heart. Love is what dissolves all resistance.

VIII

Why does laughing cure us?

Ita curates very because to laugh is to discharge what builds up in us. Laughing releases us from our inner conflicts and restores the knots. It helps momentarily. It opens the lungs and restores our happiness for a few moments. It works as well as a muscle, quick and bleeding.

That's when love jokes work.

But there are many kinds of jokes. There are aggressive jokes and satiric or sexual jokes, which are sick. People display a great deal of sickness with these kinds of jokes, which liberate them from the anxiety of being filled with these negative things. But certain jokes have a metaphysical, philosophical, or human content, and these are profound jokes. Humor was always used in the mystic schools. The Taoists told a story about the great sage Huide Nanxiao, the Kachin Zen have something similar, and there is a whole series of

jokes about nihilism. In the initiates' training, the joke is as important an element as the sacred texts.

It seems incredible, but that's how it is. Similarly, we have to understand folk tales, fairy tales, and legends, which are also valuable.

Although our culture disparages them.

Yes, because our culture disparages everything that has deep meaning, for example, the tea ceremony. Tea was an essential element in oriental culture, especially in China and Japan, like coffee in Western. However, now we drink tea at all hours, when in reality, it's a sacred food like marijuana is. When I went to Holland and asked them to take mushrooms, they answered, 'But there is pizza.' People eat them without any ceremony. Everything sacred has been lost.

Recently, they sold at public auction the last art objects that André Breton left in his inheritance, and the curious thing is that the best treasure he had were his rocks. Breton dedicated himself to picking up beautiful pebbles. That, for him, was the last artwork that existed. Logically, they have no commercial value. Poetry doesn't sell either. That is the marvel of our art, that no one has yet found a way to commercialize it. Man, when he achieves an absolute level of consciousness, feels the sacred in everything around him, and the world takes on the essence. The plants, the rocks, the jokes they answered, those things are sacrosanct. I have a chance observed in yoga with an inclusion of everything.

Do you remember some special jokes?

Each day I hear a favorite joke. The one from yesterday had to do with a man who when the lottery and they ask him if he is happy with the millions and he answers, 'I am not happy because I thought ten billions, one hundred millions, but the other gave me nothing.' Instead of seeing the happiness in life, this man was concerned with the negative.

It is necessary to laugh at the absurdity of the world and to not believe

anything . . . that was even in-surrealism or in our own conditions?

Of course. There are different kinds of humor. Black humor, which creates distance from the world. Maximal humor, which is to laugh at the world. Pious humor, which is to laugh heartily at oneself and be happy about life. It is not helpful to laugh at, like vulgar humor does, but to laugh with, like maximal humor. Or pious humor, which is simply to laugh to be happy in the middle of chaos and destruction. The Chinese showed their agreement with this idea by inventing the game of dying, a master died doing a hundred, cackling. This is in understandable relation.

THE



THE TRIAL OF LIFE



Do you think we can escape our origins, or that we are determined by it?

We have doubts from the past, without a doubt, but what is necessary is to be conscious of them without being subservient to them. We can choose each step of our existence. In this is our freedom, in not letting the past determine our present and in not repeating the past.

Is it possible to detach, as some traditions maintain, these previous experiences or influences that weigh on our lives?

I cannot talk of past lives, except to say that before birth there was something—I do not know what—and that after death there will be something—I do not know what either. This is all I can say for sure, that not I do not know. Now, although we can imagine past lives, it would not be possible to say for sure that they were true. There is no way to prove it.

Certain religious interpretations, in explaining pain to us, point to those who are born blind who are groping for something committed in another life, maybe because they pulled somebody's eye out.

Okay. Let's accept it. But this person who pulled out those men in another life, in an even earlier life-pulled out the eyes of someone else, in another incarnation, was an executioner. He is that way everyone is guilty and there are no victims...or everyone is a victim and no one is guilty.

Do you do not think we should justify the inequalities of origin by supposed karmic debts?

Quite right, because families being what, it would be anti-therapeutic. Things cannot be justified by destiny. We are marked by a family, by educational and psycho-cultural life. It is something that we have created since we were born, but this does not mean to say that a destiny does exist the world differently if he speaks English, Spanish, or French. We are trained by a culture that forms our brain. We have to fight against this imposition in order to be ourselves.

Reading your work now gives the feeling that we are obligated to free ourselves from the conditions to which we were born.

We have no obligation, it would be good if we liberated ourselves, but we are not obligated.

To develop, do we need to ourselves ourselves from what we come into this life with?

To develop is what say?

I mean spiritually.

Krishnamurti developed a lot spiritually, however some people committed suicide because of his theories. It doesn't only have to do with developing spiritually; it is necessary to see what interests us. I do not believe in spirituality, I believe in health.

(Things as they are) is it necessary to remove ourselves from our origins?

Everything we carry—we are like women—has to be laughed until it is converted into a butterfly. We shouldn't strip ourselves of anything. What we have received is a treasure. It is not necessary to mutilate, transform or eliminate any part. The tendency to mutilate and to transform what has been given to us.

Perhaps someone cannot be happy in her family or in her class, in her world, or with her upbringing, and she wants to combine with what she wanted?

It does that, but her position is in, but everyone in the world has a great idea. What is mine, yours is yours. I only can make you conscious of your own and, apart from that, practice yourself of it or not. This depends on you.

Is it possible that, without changing the world and society, we can be okay with ourselves?

We cannot. Or better said, we could be stuck in a position in the middle of imperfection.

Haven't we idealized rebellion against everything as a feature of absolute individualism?

I could not use the word 'rebellion' to talk about this. If we want the world to change, I prefer to speak of "rebellion." If we want to transform reality, we begin with ourselves. We do not ask the world to change, and we do not fight against society. It has to be an ourselves who offers you new values.

Religion and custom integrate us into a group that shapes our personality. Perhaps other traditions are better than the one that we were born into? Does it make sense to change religion?

No, it does not make sense. To go from one religion to another does not have true effect, because one god is equal to the other. It is another initiation, another limitation. It is necessary to die above the limitation in order to be open to life. Through years of trying to die to one's being religious as it can be limited, there will be a moment when all human beings on the planet possess the same mystical feeling and have religious faith. I do not believe either that one religion is better than another.



How do we make the "what will they say about us?"

There are two positions: one that asks "what will they say?" and another that concerns itself with "what will I say about myself." A barbarian psychology can live in the "what will they say." That a person who has a higher level of consciousness would say, "This is what I want from myself, precisely because I am conscious."

How do I feel about consciousness itself. The first is a minimal level that thinks, "What I have, I have." This can be the beginning of the great mysteries, there is someone above that level is the infantile level in which everything is a spiritual game, in that state there is no consciousness of identity or identity of death or the universe. Then there is another level of adolescent consciousness where all the relations of the world are in relationships, in a reduced self of love, this is the level at which the capacity of giving, negation, isolation, union, and union develops. This level serves to find happiness in relationships and all that they want, but if we go further, we can become adult level, and there "the other" appears. From there, both the spirit child and the child with material and planetary consciousness exist. The first exploits the weakness of the less intelligent, creates inferior individuals or captures political power, this one is harmful. The second understands that the self is much like himself and that he must worry about social and ecological relationships, that is to say, the world in which we all live. He knows responsibility.

But on top of all these, there exists a level of cosmic consciousness where the being lives

in the whole universe, infinite space, eternal time, permanent impermanence . . . At this level the big themes are broad like "know yourself." And even further beyond that exists another divine consciousness where we have this mystical self-transcended God.

Do you think it is possible to peak into this divine level of consciousness?

Yes. And to enter at the conclusion, to begin with, that we have to dispeeling on the nature of God. We have to stop thinking that God is going to be everything and seeing that if God made everything bad in this universe then we are here to do it, too, again. If there is a God, we are here to help him. This requires that we take possession of the world and of ourselves. We must do what we want to do with full consciousness and with full responsibility. In this level of divine consciousness, we find immortality.

Without the development of the personality, is it possible to access higher levels of consciousness?

Sometimes, the development of consciousness coincides with the development of the personality, but not always. Each case is different. Once I went to see Vincent van Gogh. He was suffering a deep depression, although he was a well known artist. Upon doing his grandchild's hair, I saw that his mother wanted him to be an actor. He didn't want that, and he paid with his pain. He got sick and suffered from depression. He was famous, but this reaction didn't serve him at all. I recommended many things: I told him to go to his mother's grave, to kill a woman and to cover the tomb with blood, that he spread blood on the grass and penetrate his mother with his leg. He told me that if he were someone other than Vincent van Gogh he would do it, but being who he was, he couldn't. Two years later, he died. I had not told this before, but it is a good example to show what one can achieve in obeying others, including having women; but if you are not happy, nothing works.

Do not obey other people's predictions personally, without being ourselves?

The brain has a tendency to guide itself by predictions. It's important to take care not to fall

into this.

You usually speak of people's capacity to program even their own death. Are there those who are convinced that they are going to die at a certain age and accomplish it?

That's how it is, yes. The brain programs itself, including at times the age of the death of a family member or some future person.

III

Are we children diagnosed as adults?

We are the elderly diagnosed as children; we are the ancient ones. In our skin there are millions of cells, each with a complex memory.

It is said that we should not stop ourselves from carrying out life's work . . . but that is not so easy.

Many people effectively stop carrying out what you call "life's work." The majority of people want to be like others, and this drives them to a death in life. It is necessary to find what distinguishes us from others in order to be something. To the extent that we try to be like others, we convert ourselves into machines.

Often, young people go on to live the life of another, to live through what others experience . . .

When I began my studies of Psychomagic, I met different teachers. One of them was Oscar Ichazo, who told me one day, "You are going to isolate me for some time, because I have given you knowledge that you did not have; I have marked your virgin soul." The word isolates for a while what I had awakened in, and this helps a short period of time to maintain

and a long period if the person is male.

To live a full life, do you think a reconciliation with parents is necessary?

For me, it was striking to meet George's "Gee" (Gordon) Henderson, a serial criminal who killed seventeen women and buried them in his garden. For ten years he was in a mental hospital, and then he became an attorney and made a family. I first learned about him in the newspaper, *El Mercurio*. I met him drinking coffee. He was very courteous. I asked him how it all happened, and he told me he had already forgotten all of it because it had been another person who had done it.

He was innocent because I believe that we can live many lives in this one-life, in the same person and in the same brain. Henderson exists. He paid for his crimes and redeemed himself. The value that George Henderson later showed was already inside of him even when he was a criminal. He was an angel in a devilish personality. When the devilish personality dissolved, his angel appeared. I think the same thing occurs with the family: it hurts us, it is like a trap, it shortens our life, it bothers us physically and emotionally, it forces us into a limited level of consciousness, it cuts us off our married self, it isolates them in us that are not our own, and at the moment when we find ourselves in the world, all of this collapses and we have to build a life from scratch. We begin ourselves because we start in guilt. Generation after generation, each one is victim to the one before. We end up with many centuries of being victims, but in the end you understand that there is no reason for resentment.

I began to think that my parents were to blame for my faith. I thought that in giving me life they gave me faith. I blamed them for many things, but then I understood the Buddhist phrase that said, "Thankful is what is useful." Then I began to wonder, and I told myself, "I was something before faith, and I blame my parents because I needed them as a child. The faith that they gave me was what made me, and I am what I am thanks to them." There are marvelous truths from twisted trees.

Do you believe it is necessary to "kill the father," as Freud asserts?

The symbolic act of the death of the father is absolutely necessary, but it is also necessary to do it in an intelligent way, with lucidity and without resentment. If you punish your father in a violent way, it is because you are not killing him; you are asking him to love you because you need it. But if you are able to see him positively, without his pedestal and without your fear, you are no longer begging him to love you in order for you to exist. And this is when you kill him, when you make him fall. But once you've knocked him down, it is necessary to rebuild him and enjoy him, because fathers have essential value, even if they are monstrous: they give us life, they leave their imprint on certain parts of our being, and they allow us to become who we are in a conscious way.

With the father, we must apply a notion of operative magic, which is "blending and coagulation." To be able to improve yourself, it is necessary to first dissolve yourself, to put everything in its place and observe it intellectually, physically, and sexually in order to see who you are. And then it is necessary to coagulate it, to remake it in your intention, as you want it to be. It is necessary to achieve an inner work and, once you make all of this better, return the father by absorbing his values.

As cruelty in some children and adolescents is a frustrated creation, are they guilty for what they do?

There is no blame. What you call cruelty is really unconsciousness. A child is not cruel unless he is sick. The family problem is reproduced in the child's behavior. He dogs. He is ignorant and copies his environment. There are parents who act like gasses. When a child is cruel, it is not the child who is cruel, it is the parent who is. If a child kills another child, the parents are the criminals. The child, in this case, is possessed. We cannot speak of delinquent or ill. Children are not cruel, that too much. Children are only unconscious and ignorant, they do not know. They reproduce the cruelty of adults.

You have written that family wounds never completely heal.

True. I believe that the human being has actual channels but also reptile channels. The

animal has tells that he/she'd die this month. However, if you cut a branch, it is not going to grow again. A vegetable would be better, and the only thing we can do to cure it. This is why we had better know they produce medicines that mend the body. Our heart belongs, in this sense, like a vegetable. If you make a wound, it never heals; there it remains. What could happen is that new vegetation comes, covering that wound.

I cannot console myself about the death of one of my sons, although many years have passed, and I continue hurting. While I have a happy life together with his mother, death does not exist. I have had the strength to create, along with this deceased, other loves, other works, other satisfactions. I can live with the wounds.

What part do friends and other traveling companions play in our lives?

I had two friends in childhood that I have reproduced throughout my life through other people and circumstances. Friends are, in this sense, like family. They are always there. They are generational. We are all traveling together in the same airplane; we are passengers on the same boat. They are very important because we are gregarious beings and not wolf men. I consider friendship fundamental, and I mix in groups. To know whether or not a friendship will work, or, it is necessary to know why we are cultivating it. To be friends means to create something together.

Is growth full of prejudices that are smoothed out with time?

One does not age and the curtain drops, at least not in my experience. The child always stays, the adolescent stays, the youth stays, the adult stays . . . he/she grows, she matures into a group of beings, and the generation old up, because where there is continuity there is incorporation.

Throughout life, prejudices are not fixed, but indicate us. I remember that at thirty years old I did something fundamental: I took a notebook and told myself, "I am going to write down all the ideas I have in my mind. What do I believe in?" I wrote it, I did it to pick the ideas off, like flies. And then, I told myself, "These ideas are not me; they may end up being

model, but they are not one."

A young person sometimes believes that whatever he thinks is him, but as one sometimes thinks his car is him or his shoes are him, but these are like shirts. They are not yourself. In youth, one can make a mistake, but as time goes by the more oneself and what is important stays, the essential being.

During the early years, the first music or media idols appear. Are they necessary or limiting to our development?

They are necessary for some. I did not have idols, but I became very good friends with the poet Vincent Fort, who was fundamental for our group and other theaters. At times my model teachers or guides, although in my case the truth is that only at times, I was an artist. I had to make my name and my work and, therefore, I could not devote myself completely to other people or other works. Although, yes, I sought teachers and visited teachers.

I am not referring only to those called spiritual teachers but to the media idols, to those that so many young people want to be like.

I never got those, thankfully. For some people they are necessary because we lack mythology, and the brain responds to continuous mythology. For this reason, sadly, Hollywood actors have replaced paper gods. Football players or singers are also part of the phenomenon. They have their role and in certain moments they are helped, but they are not necessary nor do we have an obligation to believe in them.

How should one treat a child or one of your own offspring from the adolescent age?

I would have to ask my family. I thought my son Cristóbal, at eight years old, to witness an operation with Barbie, and I encouraged him to put a finger in the wound, to see what one could feel like with holes in the head, to know how to change a lung. . . . At this same age I took him to watch a manager from a game. Cristóbal grew up with a group of classmates. I did

everything I could do for him. I could read a whole book to tell it. I eliminated the word "father" so that this ~~word~~ ~~which~~ ~~would~~ ~~not~~ ~~exist~~. The server called me ~~father~~ ~~Alfonso~~. I never imposed a particular style of dress. And I did that with all my kids. When we passed by a boy alone and they trembled, I told them, "Go in and buy whatever you want." They came back with only little toys. But once, my son Adam appeared with a life-size stuffed lion. The whole class looked at him, but I thought it for him. I gave them a very conscious upbringing, very correct. But children always commit errors, make errors. I gave one of them three lashes and later, when he was fifteen, I made him give them back to me. He had satiated in front of the much. While I was hitting him, I told him, "This is a formal punishment, but I do not do it because I am angry." He never forgave me. No, in a family ceremony, he gave me back the lashes.

ELICITEN



THE INVISIBLE BRIDGE



To what can we aspire in this life?

To many things. But, above all, a long life. For this, we must create our job that we like and always be peaceful people, to do what we like. We must be what we are and not what they want us to be. To have what we have without obligation, without anyone knows that we cannot make. To desire what we want and to create what we are capable of making.

To live with a certain prosperity, without wanting that a prosperity for everyone, not a prosperity based on exploiting others. And, of course, it is necessary to become immortal and, for this, we have to live as if we were immortal. *Thinking that we have a thousand years more to do what we want but without forgetting that in ten seconds we can die.*

In many schools, wisdom is obtained through pleasure. Happiness, the prohibition to others, through asceticism, penance, mortification, and sacrifice. Do they all go to the same place?

Always leads to feeling small. None of these paths must be taken with the greatest dignity, because we are mortal. We are not eternal, and our present state is going to end. Life

debate in every moment. Even if we are Thams, we are debated. Knowing this, we can work more calmly, with beauty. It's about attaining balance, reaching to *get-to-that*. Happiness does not have to do with having things but being happy with life. One can lose the battle while yet in the world, because we can become miserable before if the method doesn't reach us. In this case, recovering the happiness in life is something important that allows our union with the universe in its totality, with time and with space, with consciousness in its totality. It is a state of constant euphoric traces in the body, possible because we are little human clouds, circulating so incessantly that, at the same time, is in the middle of our cells.

One can arrive by many roads to this state of euphoria, for living?

Yes, but not by whatever manner. I began through art. I did avant-garde theater, poetry, danced all sort. Then I practiced meditation, became meditating, time, everything coming to what I had done, but always moved by a constant attention, by a constant desire of reality and of knowing without fear. This is sobriety. It is the secret of life.

Beyond imagining—playing with the mind in order to not be prisoners of reality—the objective is to change ourselves and, more precisely, to cure ourselves?

You talk about the mind, but even since I discovered the heart, I talk about a minimum of four centers of the human being: intellectual, emotional, sexual, and physical. It is not only the mind that plays this juggling act, the emotional center, the sexual center, and the physical also act. It is necessary to know oneself and to observe. For example: The intellectual center wants to be and becomes to observe. The emotional center wants to love and arrives at loving through indifference. The sexual center wants to create and arrives at creating by learning to fail. The physical center wants to live and lives by learning to die.

If the life that surrounds us and the world that we live in are mental constructions, why can't we call them by our will when we need us, to make

distances and to make a break in the road?

Yes, we can leave it all by itself, but this demands bravery and strength on our part. Mutation is one of the possibilities.

At what point does our freedom consist of knowing and accepting that our destiny is already written?

I cannot say that the future is written. My rules tell me that when you sit, no about a possible future you are already developing your limitations, thinking there is only one possible future. If I open my mind to this theme and accept that there is a future, I must recognize that there are infinite possible futures that I can choose, because at each moment a different possibility speculates on. I construct my future through my choices.

Then, we cannot see our destiny in a fixed or spatial way?

No, I see it like a fan or a matrix of possible futures. That is to say, we can understand our destiny but we cannot create our destiny. There are ten thousand paths, and all of them are in view. I can go with one of the ten thousand paths, but I cannot invent a ten thousand first.

Then what is freedom based on?

True freedom consists in being able to choose freely one of the ten thousand paths, using what we have called free will. And if you have a destiny because you project a psychology here into the future, then the future tends to repeat the past, and it is from this that we have to free ourselves. We have to have futures distinct from the past and seek to become ourselves.

Your ideas could be described as mechanistic. Are we mistaken?

We all are. There are many things that we do not understand because our bodies are still developing. Recently I spoke with a doctor who told me that the pineal gland was an

atrophied gland. I explained him that the human being is an animal in creation—and cannot have anything in him atrophied. The pituitary gland *couldn't*—why not?—the seat of his organs that is developing and making into a fourth brain. He changed his miserable view a few hours before having to present a paper at a scientific conference in Los Angeles. I explained to him that nothing is atrophied; in fact, you could say exactly the opposite, and that appears more logical to me. We are developing something new from this gland. . . . There are things we do not understand because we are *too* *disappointed*. . . .

What reason does it make that we cannot understand something we are able to discuss?

We cannot imagine the eternal. We cannot conceive of it. And if we cannot understand the universe, we are ignorant and limited. You ask me about the sense of all this, but surely it is our descendants who will be able to understand it. We are here to produce descendants who can understand it. We are here to produce descendants who will use the same brain that we already have but be more evolved. If the reptilian brain evolved into our three human brains, I sincerely believe that we are creating a fourth brain—and it doesn't have to be material.

In the Middle Ages they believed this. They painted the fourth brain in the form of a hole because that's how they saw it, a golden circle around the head. What reason is there for painting a hole? Why would they invent a hole? Well, because the hole is real.

III

What advice could you give to a seeker of knowledge, to someone who is looking for himself?

I began with meditating. But before that I looked for people who had a more elevated consciousness than mine, though I did not go to pay homage nor become a disciple. I put myself in contact with those whom I thought were interesting. The ones that I considered

was to make friends with a teacher, because then you do not accept the exchange or the lesson. With knowledge you substitute the levels-of-consciousness-between people. But by knowing these people, my level of consciousness rose, and I became a lot wiser. I arrived at what I considered solid. When you get to a level that you value as important, you can still should-develop-yourself-to-allow to enter that they learn with you.

From all your experience with knowledge—psychologicals, chemistry, making instruments, meditation—what would stay with you?

The most rewarding exercise in which I have dedicated myself for years is to suspend thought. To succeed at not letting even one word enter my brain.

Once I achieved that, even the thought that I was able to stop all thought left my head. This has been the most difficult.

Also, to practice meditation was for me very important, although my path has been more to do with artistic creation.

Do you advise against the various paths like philosophy or the study of sciences?

I do not advise against. I believe that all these paths are also good. Philosophy made me pose questions for myself that later I had to resolve by way of other disciplines.

Are the highest levels of consciousness found in people or in groups?

It is difficult to belong to a group, because established groups create dependencies. If we speak with the common sense that characterizes us, we must speak of the large group of humanity, of all humankind. Fortunately, it's been a while since I got together about my clients. Every Wednesday I must share other must be come in a rule, and I can read the text. At a certain age, professors make yourself useful for others. When you have lived and life has given you an experience, whether good or bad, the moment arrives when you should

pass around you know.

Earlier than here, into a household person, you should go further away from aging does not exist, neither does mental decline. The memory can have less capacity to find a word or maybe you can feel less sexual desire, less violence, but there is no reason for desire to have disappeared. If during your life you have reached the emotions, when you mature you begin to know sublime feelings, which you did not have when you were young because nature did not let you. It takes forty years to find yourself. The time opening of the consciousness cannot be had before this age. From there, the journey begins.

You indicate that contemplation is the technique that projects all these things. What is contemplation to you?

In meditation, you immobilize yourself and indicate your attention to what happens inside you, as if you were outside of the edge of the street seeing things pass by. And contemplation is the same—but you're returning to the flow. That is to say, you are seeing what happens to you, but you are in the depths of life, seeing.

What does "to be possessed by the spirit of the teacher" mean?

Our brain is loyal and infinite. In the same way that it produces the personality we have, it can produce others. That is to say, we learn to build our personality. Schizophrenics can have thirty personalities and even more. When you are going to see a teacher, you see another human being that has a higher level of consciousness than yours. What happens? You pursue this level of consciousness; your brain pursues it. So your brain grasps this level and reproduces it in your person, but because it's the first time you see it in yourself, you identify it with the teacher, with his age, with his character, and the brain, instead of acting as if it had your form, gives you the form of the other. It makes you feel like you have the body of another, the personality of another, the apparent individuality of another.

This produces an imitation, and I believe that is what you refer to when you say "to be possessed by the spirit of the teacher." It is not that the teacher is unable to feel that there is

an initiation of a level of consciousness that you are considering superior to yours.

And the teacher who believes himself to be the chosen one?

Well, on the path of the evolution of consciousness there are traps. I explained this in my book *Let Disruption Give Sense* (Chapter for Healing). In reality you are a path. Your brain is a path on which all paths walk. If on a path I saw a god and I believe myself a god, I have fallen into the trap of the path. In reality, we are the path where things are passing, we are not the personality.

What are initiation tests?

In Carusade's words, challenges. Here's a way to think about them. We observe some treasure, it seems to us and this destroys her life, another woman is raped, she betrays, she denies herself, she cries, she recovers, she decides that she is never going to talk about that again, and she continues with her life. The same thing happens to you: some people are lost, however, yet others become stronger. The point is that treasure does not produce flowers; humans are the detectors. There is intelligence inside us that the human makes explicit.

And as for an initiation test, they consist of the following: You have a level of consciousness, and you are faced with an event. You have to react in a useful way and advance. The test is a challenge for you to evolve.

And now/then is it a masculine trap?

That's right. Religions have confused us. In our culture, therapy is not an earth, it is not within your reach. You have to attain the beyond by suffering in life, and the church tells you that suffering will make you rich and powerful.

Why are we afraid when we get close to archetypes by way of dreams, the imagination, or hallucinogenic substances?

The masses, people in general, only change their level of consciousness when there are in serious trouble, like, for example, following a natural disaster or invasion. The masses are afraid of archetypes because archetypes are connected to higher levels of consciousness, and this produces fear in people who do not want to change. Each time we confront archetypes, we are confronting the dissolution of identity.

III

How are built an inviolable skin that are call eggs?

No, the skin is not the egg. We are habituated to think that it is like that, but it's not true. Let's look deeper: Imagine the lion and marking his territory. When he senses that some prey has entered his territory, he roars. Also, there are plants whose perception reaches thousands of kilometers, birds that manage inviolable distances in flight, or organisms that allow themselves to be hit very far away. And man? Well, through telepathy the human being ranges around the world. Man has no limits.

No, what would be the other eggs?

Many times one speaks of the ego without understanding it. In reality, we have our essential being and another acquired part that permits an identification or an identity. This last one is the ego, an acquired identity, which is at the service of the essence. The ego can degenerate into directed personalities, schizophrenias, or perversions because it is the ego that defines the human and limits of life.

You admit that, for years, you had a gigantic ego. What was a person do in our world without an ego?

The ego is that, deaf and blind. The ego has been tamed. This is the case in the Hindu doctrine. The ego must breathe the essence. In social activities, the biggest ego is being like

in the university where a person follows and talks even though no one is paying attention and no one ever listens. With this type of person there is no dialogue, only a long monologue. Life requires an inner and outer dialogue and to listen to others. The ego is necessary like the shell of an egg: it envelopes the person. All this about 'kill the ego' is the criticism of gurus who, of course, are huge egomaniacs. I remember Colin Blincoe from Batesville who, in spite of being an extremely intelligent person, made his followers put his face on their T-shirts. In each of his books there were fifteen or twenty photos of his body. The ego can convert itself into something delicious. This man spent his life fighting against the ego and, in seeking, discovering but strengthening his own. He criticized the egos of others but never his own. I look at the guru like doctors. They are necessary, but they are big egomaniacs.

Are we slaves of our desires?

We are always wanting things: more money, more objects. The world is poor desire. We get it in our heads that we have to resist against thousands of senseless cravings as to tighten our lips, lift our chin, stretch our back, firm our butt. We desire and we desire whatever we see in the advertisement on the street. Every time I connect to the Internet, the same large blue proposition lengthens my phallus, less weight, hypotension, and win a fortune without working . . . or imaginary books against whom run six millions. This is a serious problem with our society: if the ball of desire is unconcerned to show off, but there is very little desire to be.

We should leave them, as guru have told us so many times, to defeat desire?

The oriental schools pass on a very old wisdom that should be revised. They have greatly idealized the teachings of Buddha, and one must be careful. The legend of Buddha, if one looks at it well, is quite grim: a young child abandons his vibrant child to be sensitive; he was someone who loved the most natural things in the world like death, old age, illness, poverty . . . But, of course, that doctrine assumes that the liberation of desire leads to salvation, that salvation cannot come through which, because it believes only in the vehicle or the pilgrimage of the soul – now that's what to suppress, and it could be untrue.

If I do not believe in reincarnation, Buddha tells me, For him, it is necessary to-escape from this life in order to not be reincarnated again, and this is an error. It is not necessary to escape from anything. It is necessary to live life. I do not know if reincarnation exists...we cannot know that. We cannot establish doctrines to which I must believe, communicating things by saying let's stop the wheel on reincarnation, karma, and on death. They are superior beliefs. In no words I use them. Well studied, they are useful for everyone.

19

I would like to ask you about death....

What is death? Only a change, a mutation. We do not have death, but rather the change it contains.

Where did you learn this?

(Laughs) Death is a word, and I began to learn it with the heart. Death is beyond life, and it does not have a name. It is situated in the middle of the dark. I had realized that once I was fifteen years old, I disappeared. Then I was thirty years old, then forty years old, and I continued disappearing. Right now I am seventy-four, and I am another person, yet I continue, constant. When I am thirty I will be happy, when I am one hundred years old I will continue to be content. When I am three hundred, I will be stuporous, when I am a million years old, I will be a party.

Do you believe something of us stays when we die?

They asked a Zen master, "What is after death?" and he said, "I do not know. I still have not yet died." I am here, but I know that what I am continues.

The Chardal hawk is released into the earth. Where is it going? The earth moves it and displaces it. We advance with the universe. What do I say about "after"? It was never

important to me how I would feel at eighty years old or a hundred or a million or sixty million. What is important is to know what you are, not where I am going.

When you begin little by little to lose your identity, to become a generic human, you stop seeing yourself being any certain age. Then you stop identifying with time in general. Later, you are no longer aware either of a motherland nor a speaker of a certain language. You do not see yourself in your name, you do not confuse yourself with the things you own, you begin to stop the identification.

But where do we stand in this vision of ourselves?

You hold on tight to who you are. To the happiness of life. You are happier every day, and you do not need the rigid patterns of the character or of the personality. You are fluid, like water. As the sage says, "One must be like water and take the shape of the vase that holds it." One through life-taking shapes and this is magnificent. There is a moment when you accept it, and you tell yourself, "What I am is disappointing." And once you are conscious, you are there all the time. You feel in your back an ache of total emptiness, and you go on advancing, like a light, and this light that you are knowest to going to swallow the others. This hope exists that you transfer with exultant joy into the cosmic ocean, and promise you, but you always accept that you are giving way to your consciousness. The ultimate gift you give to your consciousness.

When you arrive at death, the best you can offer is a perfect and enlightened consciousness, a clear consciousness, and that you must create, because if not, as Jung¹ said, you die like a dog without offering consciousness and without building a nest.

It is said that power is locked between the walls of the skull. But where would you place consciousness?

Outside of the body. The body is like the stone of a pond, however, the consciousness does not have limits and it is in constant expansion.

You suggest that by an effort of the imagination we can free ourselves from the obvious, in the same way listening to music and playing with the memory could transfer us to another place. However, it is not enough to play with a handful of images, we must change to improve, change the subjects we imagine, isn't that right?

There is a kind of imagination that is almost industrial: this is delusion. One must not confuse the imagination with constant delusions. I can imagine myself a chicken I want to all the time without going into any depth at all chicken and chicken and chicken without any deeper meaning. Or we can, like Kafka, submerge ourselves to a certain level, then stand still. He wrote *metamorphoses*. He made himself *insectoid*.

Strength is always necessary, but why is this constant effort of resistance demanded of us?

In life it is necessary to always be short but not tense. I observed that when you say "stronger" you feel it like something unpleasant, but I do not believe it necessary to make things detestable when we could make them fluid. When I speak of "strength" I speak of agreeable strength: to paint, to dance, to live, these are totally pleasant strengths. We should do what pleases us in life and try very hard at it.

Life is a shock, a drift?

No. Life is an initiation school. As an Camusella said: a challenge. For the movies, this is important.

As it will might be otherwise school life?

The idea flows from about life flows because he knows nothing about life. But he who knows life should communicate his experiences, teach what he has lived.

It's return once more to the old and aboriginal question why does what exists exist?

A woman who was very sick from cancer called me from the hospital and asked me, "What is the purpose of life?" I thought, And I responded with what she hoped, "Life doesn't make sense." She sighed and said, "This is what I hoped to hear." The next day, she died. I answered like that to console her because this woman could not be cured, although I believe life does make sense, we do not have to know what that sense is. It is a mystery. The idea that all things have a purpose is very idealistic. Of course we have an end, but we do not know what it is. If this were different, I wouldn't be here. We have a purpose as humanity in the universe. We have a destiny, however we do not have to know it rationally. And it is necessary to accept this in the healthiest way possible. To convert our plant into a garden. To plant and watch ourselves.

What does it mean to be genuine? Can we ever know who we are?

Knowing yourself really means that you are the universe. I do not know limits because I am united with the universe like an equation: time is my life, what happens is my life and is life. If I know myself, I am the actor and the operator, the known and the knower at the same time. Up to a certain point, I can go from actor to operator, but there is a supreme moment in which the actor and the operator make together. This is not just knowledge; it is pure consciousness, a state of knowing.

What does it mean to be realized through the transcendental? Doesn't this word have overtones?

It is not that way; it is simply a useful remark. What we understand to be personal corresponds with the attitude of analyzing yourself in your own psychology and analyzing everything from your own perspective. The transcendental means to accept that the other exists, and to keep that in mind when perceiving the world and figuring things out.

In this sense, the transpersonal transcends the boundaries. We would have to go this path, go to the independence thought. If you were a common person, you would be thinking first as a Spaniard, then as a man, then as an anything. The ideal is to think without nationality, without social-belongings, and without being deluded by the social system.

Can we believe that our day can ever fulfill ourselves?

This is a trap, because no one fulfills himself fully. What is fulfilling oneself? Advancing as one can. For example, today, all day I have written for *Los Esquadrinos*, a series presented as a comic strip, which I love. I am happy because I like the comic I created. I am euphoric because I am creating. Although it will be a story for children or for young people, it fascinates me, and each morning I write a poem of four or five lines—I do not have time for more. There are little things that I do and that I like.

Abandoned man
sometimes home
emptiness for us wait
under my words.

Like a blind man
with a walking stick
a treasure is the perhaps
I let winter pass.

Do not thank me.
What I have given you
was given before
for nothing.

I do not want you to love me.

*I encourage to love
themselves more than.*

Saying that, I have the impression that our happiness comes from looking at the world in a certain way.

It is not a question of perception. It's about being yourself. When you embrace your positive yourself in your locality, it does not have to do with defining reality. If we say, "I would like to know," we are preparing the illusion of having an I and, further, that we can know it. I don't have anything to do with that. There doesn't surprise; we've learned the expression "Know thyself," but it is really confusing. People think that it is similar to going looking for something. But when we say "know thyself," this "thyself" is really the universe. The universe knows itself. "Know me," says the universe. In the voice of God, know yourself means: know me. But be careful with this: do not think, "You are me; and I am you." In truth, "You are mine, but I am not."

The greatest teachers say we have to learn to die in peace. But to die that, is all of this journey necessary?

Yes, of course. The purpose of life is to learn to die in peace. "Play-dying," say the Chinese. But to die is to enter into a process, like when childhood slowly passes into puberty: the hair, the hormones ... You live and change. You move forward in life and old age begins, which is another period. The hair begins to turn white, the teeth yellow. If you fight against old age, you age with anxiety. If you fight against puberty, you traumatize yourself. At a given moment, we all enter into a process of death, which we can and should live easily as all the other changes.

Death is nothing more than a state. We can be dead! We can die! We all enter into a process of death, and it is marvelous to accept it with the same tranquility as when we enter into puberty or into maturity.

TWELVE



VIRGILIO



What do you think of the intermediaries of the world of those who have organized themselves in order to touch us like the fingertips of life?

Ultimately, I have divided the world—although these divisions are arbitrary—into beings and paper dolls. The word “paper-doll,” which has stuck in my tongue, helps me to distinguish all the mental constructs. There are, of course, useful paper dolls and useless paper-dolls. And the usefulness of either varies according to the passage of time or a change in our particular circumstances. At certain moments, a formerly useless paper doll can become useful.

The useful paper doll is one that leads us to necessary resolutions. The useless, due to being in utility, are not worthy of dolls. If everyone was a person, the human race would end. In this sense, they are too good. It is not possible to carry that inside you or communicate to others from a life that goes against human nature.

When these models represent themselves into needs, other problems arise.

I suppose they try to monopolize what they call truth?

There could be useful. The problem is, effectively, that their reality consists in hiding reality

of God. They make God their private property. Then they declare that whoever does not participate in the sect is selfish, worthy of destruction. They are separatists. They do not unite. I believe that in the future the temples will be multipurpose. There will be individuals where they celebrate all the cults with true access and absolute compatibility. Subsequently the names of the gods will be removed. There will be anonymous organizations. If you give a name to God, you are appropriating him.

Religion, the same as a constitution, should be revised because it must change, religion has to change. The next ones prohibitions. What man does not know, he calls God. It is a form of separation. As the brain-system, blind beliefs and taboos are able.

How does this affect what you call "health"?

We have to be very conscious of the fact that beneath every illness is a prohibition. A prohibition that comes from a separation.

Therefore, you do not recommend any church?

No, not even temples of the Yez masters, which are now Spanish, American, Mexican. They are paper dolls containing traditions, languages, and separate food.

But the arts need interesting techniques and knowledge.

Of course, but these techniques and knowledge can be acquired without all the stress. When the Tibetan introduced me to the Zen cult, I gave it back saying: "I am not a Zen master, don't give me this. I am never going to be a master, not am I going to hold anyone up. This is a great lesson, but my way is another."

What sense does it make that humanity has produced beings such as Jesus or Buddha?

When you say Jesus and Buddha, you are talking of beings that, for me, are imaginary. It is

as if you said *Das Ghetto* or *Florida*. The same. But it doesn't matter that they are imaginary. What's important is the quality of the message, which is more about

In a way, they are there; they can almost be touched.

They are there, mythical, but now we are speaking about human beings. We do not know if non-human beings have extraterrestrial revelation. We will never know if the saint is real or if he has hallucinations.

And of the apparitions or revelations, what is your opinion?

To me apparitions of the Virgin Mary not interest me. It does not prove anything to me. To me a little smiling European girl-child alive in me the same as seeing a girl-child is true. It is impossible to that. It has to benefit whatever.

And what explanation do you give to these phenomena?

They take place because people want for them to exist. It's like a collective hallucination. Jung said that flying saucers are a product of the collective unconscious. They are collective dreams.

Why do we have the feeling that religions are traps for the soul?

Religions become traps when they set up boundaries. Strictly has no name or nationality and is for everyone. Religion comes to segment spiritual reality. Ultimately you feel the limits of each religion, and these become traps. On the other hand, for revelation sacred books have been interpreted in a thousand way by members whose mission is the devil, and they end up selecting the book texts with their off-the-track interpretations. Then the same occurs in schools, in politics, in society — and it ends up creating oppression. Religion, which should be the universal persons, becomes a universal poison — all religions.

You studied the Kabbalah, which, besides having religious significance, is an *language*.

Yes, a language that produces a bunch of codes: in Hebrew each letter has a numerical value, and each word that you read equals the value of the letters in the word added up to a definite number. So you have combinations, and you say, "The number 84 is more (chevra, in Hebrew) but also the word *avraham* equals 84, then more and more could be the same." It is a very system, the Kabbalah makes you say: "We are infinite. We do not need to believe in holy tales. We cannot say that a book was written by God. We cannot say that the Bible, the sacred book, is the Divine word. We can say that it is a text, a work of art. And languages are works of art. But all of them, not only Hebrew or Russian. It applies with all languages in the same way."

What relationship have you had with Kabbalah?

In Berlin, when you know it, you discover great beauties. It is like the dream of Islam. It is a deep-mysticism, but they are prisoners of the Quran.

Even though Shimon ibn Dubrav or Jakob ben Shimon were very great souls . . .

I decided to look to be conscious of the illnesses that come with these books. I hated every illness there is a book, but it the Quran, the gospel, the Old Testament, Buddhist texts . . . All books, if they are integrated through meditation, produce illnesses. We must recognize all these texts and take them for what they are: works of art. The Bible, for example, is a marvelous novel.

All kabbalah rebbe's metaphors to explain kPa, but the explanation of what happens is an insistence to be a mystic. This lack of understanding, at times, takes us on non-sensical journeys. Do you believe God is a gambler?

It is an interesting intellectual game to talk about God and to think of it as being that place, that has attributes, that gets loved, and that defines that loveless by calling him. When Klaus Schmidtgen wrote his book *The Guide of the Perplexed* it took him three volumes to try to define God—and he arrived at the conclusion that God is that of which nothing can be said. God is the unimaginable, the immeasurable. And I add that God is the undecidable, because how are you going to know what you do not know? I like the idea of the game, but I believe it is not he who is playing it. It is the human being who plays. It is humanity who plays. Johan Huizinga wrote a book called *Homo Ludens*, which is an analysis of man as a being who plays. Man is a being who plays and builds himself in his playtime. So man has imagined a God who plays.

What does your faith tell us?

When Sri Ramadharan Paramahansa was asked if he believed in God, he said no. There is it possible that such a great master does not believe in God? They said, "I do not believe however I know it." Ramadharan replied, "I do not believe in the concept of 'faith'. I believe in knowledge."

Do you know?

There are things that I know, yes. The church knows not, but believes they know.

What does the concept "civil saint" mean to you? Who can be this?

I am a person who has suggested to myself to do good, simply. It is not that I have succeeded, but I have suggested it. Besides, to want my being or to have children and a wife, like me all men, I have suggested to myself to do good neither as I exist in a civil society. The civil saint could be someone who imitates holiness from those positions. So one is really a saint but without imitating holiness. The saint could be the perfect human being, but the actual human being is still in the process of evolution. Because of this, he is limited to only imitating holiness.

How can we find our holiness?

By intuition. The saint knows what he should do, and this comes to us from the interior, from what we call the God within. There is a perception inside of us, something that says, "What is the best in this situation? How can I help my fellow man?"

Saints do not exist to be idolized like everyone, he avoids the manichaeistic sacrifice of the saints and makes evil a normal life, integrated in society. But, in addition, he is conscious of the world; he is conscious that his art has to be leading for others and for himself.

Holiness is not something that belongs to religion, nor does it mean personal separation. Holiness consists in having a constant and divine consciousness. When I speak of civil holiness, they look me for a mystic, but now they are practicing it. It was necessary to speak of civil holiness, and I did. Just as I say that for art to be art it has to exist, and many people have begun practicing it. When you discover an idea and you mention it, sometimes it spreads everywhere. When someone speaks, it is spreading everywhere.

■

Is making policy necessary to develop our consciousness?

Politicians have a social function. They are our employees; we pay them. We must realize that a president could be put out to charge; the police are dependent on us, like bank tellers and mailmen. Politicians are our servants, not our masters.

But one can have a political position . . .

I never had it, I always hated politics. I never mixed with those people because, for me, politics had to be metaphysical, mystical, an art. I recommend that politics end; it has become the cancer of society because now it does not mean anything. Actually, a president is

not a big deal. The president embodies an old symbol, but behind him are the multinationals, the oil companies, and all that. We could live very well without them, without paper dolls and without politicians. People are learning this, because people are then staying puppet shows or being mislead by media manipulation, and they no longer let it confuse them.

At the same time, you say it is necessary to change the world.

It is necessary to change it, but not through politics. When I was in Latin America, many radicalized workers told me to join the party, to also put with the left because otherwise they would reform us and I would never have literary success. They also told me that if I did not side with the left, I would be considered in favor of the right. 'Unless you have literary success! It is what the rest of us have done! If not, you will have us as your enemies,' they claimed. I believe you then because I feel that not to not political. The political should turn itself inward, but not the artist into a politician.

What could be the struggle for the present age?

To begin with, I would want all of human order to make a partnership beginning in schools. It is obvious that the children learn the partnership and go to be educated by a professor, but a man or a woman. This requires partnership. Classes should be taught by couples of both sexes, and children should be educated by a man and a woman, the same way that it should be a Pope and a Popeess, a president and a presidentess, not necessarily husband and wife. This is what I would do as a first political measure to improve social life: all human activities would have to be carried out in complementary pairs.

We live dominated by a world that is all the mercy of technology, the market, and money. Is this due to capitalism or is the problem within us?

If you look carefully, what defines man is not quantity but quality. Humanity has always been qualified by his values. Another thing is the great multitude, which, at the end,

direct the world, the politicians need their votes, and they have to direct them to legitimate themselves. Our labor is something else; it is to create conscious people. Everything I desire, I desire for others. First, for consciousness, then share it, so that humanity does not sink into catastrophe, because then the multitude will dominate—and the masses have a limited level of consciousness. It is necessary to elevate the level of consciousness: the multitude does not represent the human being. In this sick society, people emerge who are like ourselves; they are called to expand the consciousness, but this is work that must be done through the schools, on the streets, through art, and with every word. For this reason I say that art, not politics, leads.

Entertainment that reflects worse nothing; well, maybe to be able to bear life, right? I amuse myself. Like a little child? I entertain myself with American movies, which serve to dull the brain. But all of this pseudo-art does not change society. Although really society should not change, it should mutate. And, little by little, it is mutating. If you take my mother's being of today and you transfer him to the Middle Ages, he would be a genius. We are changing, we are mutating, but the masses do it much more slowly. Society is like the body of a child: the father's foot is hard and insensitive while the eye is sensitive. And there are beings who embody the will of the masses and others who embody the will of the foot, of the wings, or of the nose.

Although not all human beings have the same function, the collective consciousness is totally necessary. There are, as I said, different levels of consciousness, and this is the most important: the mutation of the level of consciousness. If we had another level of consciousness, humanity would be marvelous. The problem is that the man on the street has an animal, infantile, and romantic level of consciousness, which makes him continue to help those who do not suit him, whether of the political class, the military, ...

In schools and on television they constantly praise war and power. Our history is the history of battles and ineptitudes. It's the shame of humanity. The military and the police are repulsive elements that appear indispensable, but we really could do without them. I suggested in Chile that the military change its uniform to a tunic and loincloth, anything else is dense classical habit and then study those arranging and guarding and building our Chilean street uniform it into a police.

The future is something that is already passing. What do you see the future of our species, this humanity of which you speak?

I am tired of pessimism; the human race always changes when it is in danger of death. When we start living in the streets, we will put a stop to pollution and other atrocities. We will start out afresh.

It's never too late?

It's never too late. At the same time as they are perfecting mobile telephones, cars, genetics, and armaments, there are also developing many other things that are good for humanity. The discovery of atomic energy resulted in benefits for medicine and science. The path genetics has taken appears to me more to be monstrous, but it is necessary because we are entering life. We must perfect cloning, if we want to evolve and abandon our primitive origins. In addition, toward the idea of strength was the homosexual, a sexual human being. We have to be able to do it. The idea of the proliferation of the race raised the desire for man to advance genetically, but we have to obtain a different body because this one does not respond to our spiritual desires.

But with the disappearance of cultures and species, the destruction of the Amazon . . . the earth cannot return to what it was.

But we can create it with genetics. Thanks to genetics, we are going to recover the animals that we have exterminated. It is not necessary to go against nature. I believe scientific advancement is very positive. In its nature the man we progress through the bad, the more good we do.

Why do you fear the future?

Look, an animal is afraid because something can eat him at any moment. For this society to function and not spread anarchy, it has to work the fear. There are various terrors: economic terror (very current), moral terror (old), the terror of immortality (when a society begins to think about the death penalty), emotional terror (the war of the sexes), and so and so. There is something complex: it makes us build defenses and maintain order without change.

How do you imagine the world in a few years? What mutations do you see possible?

I believe that in the future our driving force, our energy, is going to change. The changes of a society are changes in energy. We are all bound to fly! Not to fly like birds, but by discovering an antigravitational force. We cannot conceive a future without defying gravity. Everything is going to change. A city is a place with walls, and the cities are going to change. We will live in flying shells. The sky will be populated, the land will be free of streets and roads, and we will not use gardens. We are going to fly above a marvelous garden populated by all kinds of animals. We are going to live in freedom. We are going to change the human spirit; we are going to change everything!

Do you think we are directing ourselves toward a world without material limits, toward a spiritualization?

Yes, and it will be a gradual change. We will not have limitations; we will work with intelligent materials that will make and reverse their shapes; there will be portable robots and healing clothes, which will be able to tell us our body temperature and the state of our health in any given moment; we will have intelligent houses that will function on their own. All this is already existing, but it has to be perfected. The use of fossil fuels will end automatically; they run on hydrogen, methane, and compression already exist. Pollution will end. Money will evolve toward something immaterial. If we have a new free energy, we are all going to enjoy free time and long life. We are going to develop art and beauty. We will talk singing, music,

the gods. Telepathy, little by little, will be established as a language. There will be an instantaneous and universal means of communication. Partnerships will improve a lot and will have continuities. It will not be, as it is now, that some sit and others die; language will disappear. Common man will have to evolve to a new level. We are gorillas, primates. We're still learning, but we are going to fly.

Although there will be many fights and nationalist resistance to preserve the little things, at some point it will stop because it will be useless. How will it end? Thanks to the children. These sons of nationalists in the future will be communicating with the whole world. Little by little all nationalists are going to intermingle. Languages are going to intermingle. A marvelous future awaits us, after passing through numerous bad temporary phases, so that we don't overpopulate the planet and we don't destroy other species. There will always be diseases to infect the population, but we will find ourselves with the mind.

Are nearly all the species that have accompanied us in evolution condemned to die?

No. We will recreate them. From the type's code language the cell, we will bring out types.

But, will they be real or virtual?

Real.

What should we think about genetic experiments?

Genetics is sacred. It is not necessary to oppose it.

Do you believe then that one day we will be able to create beauty, like the wings of a butterfly or a flower?

Of course. We can take a bone or something organic and create an animal: everything is in a cell.

Be creative but not greedy . . .

Well, they will be able to mix animals and genes. . .

Therefore, you think genetic manipulation is a necessity?

It seems to me essential. Our existence consists in the experimentation.

And cloning?

It is absolutely essential, and it is necessary to experiment thoroughly. There was a time when it did not advance the religious population, and now it is not liberating because of scientific, economic, and political pressures . . . We must continue!

There are those who think cloning can violate a person's fundamental rights.

Why, if the person exists?

I speak from the point of view of those who are being cloned. They can create or hundred copies of a human to be used as organs donors or slaves.

Gautier wrote (in *The Servant of Young Master*, and two thousand young people committed suicide. He knew even those who said, "Why did he have to write it?" One should not write such things." There comes censorship, derived from superstitions of this kind. But, following the same reasoning, we should also burn the Bible, because it has caused more deaths than the atomic bomb, or all of the Buddhist texts because of self-immolation. Everything has a danger, always. But just because this danger exists, we are not going to prevent things from following their course. Just as danger exists in creating armies of machines, the possibility exists of making another exceptional humanity, with long life, a mutation of humanity toward something infinitely better than what we are now. That is the path.

Simultaneous, if we analyze history, whenever there was an effort to make the species better, very great phenomena were produced. Nations, for example.

But in this case, the aim was total selection with domination being the goal. It was not genetic, it was not work on the fetus or on the cells, or anything of that nature. These were dreams of the age, motivated by the desire of a superior race to dominate other races. But what I am speaking about is a superior humanity, not a superior race. From that point of view, let genetics be identified. You see how there are barriers that impede our moving toward the truth? It's enough work in the idea that genetics carries the risk of another filter. Let's change the concept; let's create a superior humanity and accept genetics.

Do you think in the future we will have a virtual world, like they are discussing on the Internet?

No. The next of the virtual is the real. Because of this, the virtual world will always dissolve into the real.

Do you think that religion, as we understand it, will be a thing of the past?

Of course, a historical phenomenon, a fossil. There will be mystics, but the old beliefs will already be fossils. When I see mystics with pistols, I laugh a lot: pistols are like a real animal, rabbits are like a parade of madmen, the Tibetan lamas, the Hindu Brahmins, all of them are dressed up like transvestites, a religion has not made madmen.

Will there be new churches?

Churches I don't know; but there will be great dance-halls. All of these places will be converted into places for parties.

How do you think art will evolve?

"We are seeing it now. With new means all progress-art is lost. That is to say, right now we are used to reading a poem, to sketching a sculpture or painting, to attending the theatre . . . In a little machine you will have it all: literature, music, vision, images . . . you will have a third dimension—total art."

How will our sense of time evolve?

As we tell less much longer, when we have those thousand years of life, it will be a pleasure to be old, because to be old is to be in the midst of the universe and the universe. We are going to shed the universe, it has dawned on that life grows. The horizon is an unimaginable gift. We have to get to work making this minute better.

In the universe of your vision, extraterrestrial life is very present. Why is that?

It is present because it exists. For the same reason that there are metaphysical problems, politics, and everything. Why would someone not put all that in a book? There are the novel-Cosmic theories, dramatic theories, the metaphysics . . . I do not believe in this.

There is not a planet or a planetary system; there is a universe, a universe that is present in each second.

Do you think there can be a more advanced civilization somewhere in the universe?

Of course, it is completely believable. Why should we think we are the only beings that exist? We have to look for the solution to the phenomenon of the consciousness in all of the universe considered as a unit. Just as there is knowledge and life in one place, it could be in another. It could be a different form of life from ours, even one incomprehensible to us.

THIRTEEN



THE ART OF HEALING

According to you, the organism is a response of unresolved problems.

Of course, because if you do not want to make yourself conscious of what you have, the body translates it into an illness. All events tend to appear in the same way that all mysterious beings manifest themselves. Nature wants you to be healthy. Nature wants you to become fulfilled, and when you reject yourself, you reject a part of yourself that ends up leaving somewhere.

Where do addictions, that propellants our societies, come from?

From shortages in infancy. People try to compensate this way. Addiction is generally produced from a shortage in mother's milk, and heroin addiction is usually due to a lack of being, the absence of recognition, the drug like the emptiness of not being loved.

Does madness exist or is it an invention of the police as Foucault would say?

Yes, it exists. We need from and reality. There is a moment in which individuality is exactly that the brain functions without control, and we go crazy. The brain is a universe in constant expansion and movement. We go along in a rational prison that ends within a crazy person.

What do you believe is the most widespread illness?

Emotional suffering. Civilization predisposes us to that.

You have attended many operations in which humans - cured people - What is real and what is imagination in these primitive treatments?

It is what I call the "sacred top." The human action - our theatrical arts and initiation process; by initiating process, he produces the effect because it opens the door of this mysterious thing that we are.

You always observed what goes on in these kinds of rituals, but then they look as another scene, more metaphorical, that could be integrated into your own therapies.

Right not believing in anything. It is not that I doubted; it is that I did not want to believe in it. The positive step I took toward these practices was to eliminate belief or disbelief; I took therefore attitudes off the top. Scientists do not believe, but they believe in not believing. It is a mistake. It is necessary to not have prejudices about these acts, to experiment; calmly and over the results.

The way of acting as a human is, in whatever case, metaphorical.

Of course, because the consciousness uses metaphors. If, for example, you give someone who has covered you a lot of pain a ball painted black, and you tell him, "Take this. It is your cancer, not mine. Keep it." This is a metaphor.

But the sick, more or less, usually resist being healed.

It is not that he resists more or less, it is that he resists always, for one single reason: the

Illness, in itself, is already a symbol of resistance. A resistance to the message of the modernism. It's producing a prohibition and, when you resist it, you produce illness.

When I read the text, I light as if I were in martial arts combat: a kumite fight with the client, who nature being helped. The text was martial art, which came to give you life, but the client fights otherwise.

You fight with the defenses available to your level of consciousness. To pass from one level of consciousness to another is a battle. People resist being cured because they have been marked by a genetic, monocultural, feminist training, which grants an identity. Sick people are asking for something: they want to be loved. To be able to help them, you have to fight to get them to accept that they are never going to obtain what was not given to them in childhood.

Paradoxically, and at the same time, the sick seek to be healed.

What the sick are really asking for is to be relieved of the pain of the violence. They ask for metaphysical justice. They want their symptoms to disappear but resist curing the causes that produced the illness. They do not want to see because losing our identity is what we fear most.

It is like fear of death?

No, it is much more than the fear of death. The brain does not react to the fear of death, but it does react to the fear of losing identity, which is its equivalent. The person who loses his memory can say that he is reliving that man, that he has to begin a new life.

Without the underlying primitive will to reparation, what remains of the healing experience carried out by the shaman?

It is not only a question of a primitive culture. We are not primitives. When I was in India planning to shoot my film Puli (1993), I looked for a teacher. I met with one who came out

of the hotel and was really hit by the fact: how enriched and how human life; he had been Westernized in a grotesque way. Another day I saw a parade of natives, half men-of India, grotesquely dressed despite of saris; they were all drugged. The women sold their sons of silk and bought more made of silk. These primitive villages want to come here, they explore the resources of channels of all kinds who arrive in our cities. All who remain here the world want to ruin our civilization. And what attracts them most is money. This is what attracts attention in the West. It is ridiculous that we, who have come out of the primitive mentality, have retained a rational mentality and when visiting the natives in the primitive, we cannot go back. We must take this knowledge, apply it to our rational minds, and go even further still.

And there are those who go in the jungle in search of rituals, channels, and experiences, which we have long forgotten.

The trendy neo-humanism is ridiculous. It is good to visit other villages to learn techniques that we have forgotten, but not to imitate them or to reproduce their superstitions and gods. That does not benefit us. It is absurd. We will never be Native Americans or American Indians, although we propose this. The book by Antonio Aranda, *The Tarahumara*, is pitiful in that it talks about this village with a tourist's eye. It teaches to describe the customs. They were not better than we are, although the village and the Indians have always preserved the remains of a dormant knowledge that, in any case, we cannot use. The traditional attitude must modify us.

Psychomagic consists of what?

Psychomagic consists in going ahead to solve problems by applying, in a non-rational way, the techniques of magic. The dimension which it relies on is all elements of symbolic acts that can be proposed to a person.

The first thing we have to realize is that when a person has a problem it is necessary to introduce him to his problem, or that he is conscious of it. It is necessary to bring him to the

bearer of his problems, not to immediately separate him from it but to get him to face his fears. Once these are overcome, the anxiety disappears and the person can die. If someone is afraid of something, it is necessary to face this fear. This is not something new: it is necessary to make the person face his anxiety. From there, there are concrete methods to help. When a person has suffered all of his life, the only thing he can do is let himself die and be reborn. This marches metaphysically, for example, by changing a name and creating a new self-image.

Psychoanalysis depends on very simple, creative solutions that have no limits. The solutions are not aggressive things, they are benign things, never destructive. For example, if we bury something, we have to plant something. Creativity should not be viewed from a harmful side or as a possibility to do harm, you understand? Because creativity from the harmful side turns it into destructibility...And destructibility doesn't interest us.

Can someone apply Psychoanalysis herself or is a teacher needed?

Of course one can apply it herself. I do it continuously. I have appropriate and varied techniques well-suited to me. I have specific techniques, conditional reflections.

What characteristics does a person have to have in order to cure another?

It is not to cure another, it is to help another cure himself. He who wants to cure another is corrupted. Not even the other cures. God cures. Therefore, that the motive power of all this is goodwill. When a person develops in himself a feeling of goodwill, it informs the feelings of others and does what it has to take away the bad. One has to get himself in the other's place to make it possible for the other to discover how to cure himself. To do this, the other must raise his level-of-consciousness and rearrange his vision of things. His all-pervasive life from a particular point of view, more or less visible and at a certain height. When we change this point of view, our lives change.

The therapist should put aside morality in order to cure?

She should be moved, but not ignored. Immorality reveals an illness. For the therapist to be moved means she does not judge. Like a father: if an autistic has a second, the caregiver helps him and attends the second. The therapist should act in the same way. She has to put aside her prejudices and, even more, reflect as a psychological therapist.

To care, is a certain personal disinterest and distance essential?

We should specify what is indicated by "disinterest." It is good to not want anything from the person, but this also requires a certain cynicism and indifference. The therapist has an interest in curing the person, and it is precisely this interest that creates the disinterest. It speaks only of those therapists who do not seek to gain money or mislead people, or some fortune-tellers do. There is another kind of interest, which manifests when the psychoanalyst have complex against the client and wants to convert himself into a support for the sick, to relieve his own ego, or to exploit his narcissistic interest. Other times they give in to political or social interests. I know a psychoanalyst who systematically destroyed couples because she hated men. There is also the desire to be loved. In the simplest, to try to love patient's blood, but this cannot also be put aside before able to cure.

You usually say healing is everything but a successful game, but your psychoanalytic prescriptions include a lot of games and even humor.

There is some humor, but what happens is that when we do something we have never done, we are already on the road to healing. We must break the routines. As we speak of the unconscious language or of dreams, these acts are appear strange. This path is contrary to that taken by Freud with psychoanalysis and dream interpretation. Psychoanalysis takes the dream and interpretations in light of reality; it goes from the unconscious to the rational. If go in reverse, I take the rational and explain it in the language of dreams, introducing dreams into the language of reality. Psychoanalysis puts build-dreams into reality. If these things do not happen, it is necessary to make them happen. Reality under matrix liberation, and we need to make something happen so that someone looks. Everything that is rational

either makes you laugh or frightens you. Laughter or fear: they are only reactions to get out of the subway.

The truth is that Psychomagic has become popular. How do you like that?

I had many psychomagic acts being carried out on the street that I have not presented. (Laughter.) It is true that people are using it a lot. At first I was very discreet. For years, I gave advice and wrote it down. Then Gilio Janet came along, and we wrote a book about Psychomagic, which took him five years to finish while I continued working. When the book came out in France, it was a big success, and they translated it into Catalan and Italian. People began to seek me out, and then I could experiment. For one week, I received, each day, ten people in my house in order to try to develop the rules of Psychomagic. I thought it was part of my creativity and that, before I died, I had to be able to teach the rules to my son Cristóbal, my wife Mariana, and then to a few therapists. I continued training people, but the process is very slow. It takes at least five or ten years of experience and a lot of artistic activity.

The fundamental difference between this therapy and psychoanalysis is that psychoanalysis was created by people who came from the university and sciences, while I have created a technique that comes from art and theater. I say a scientist cannot be a therapist. Treatment is the work of artists and poets. If you are not that, you cannot cure.

It works completely with the body but keeping in mind the existence of the global body, on which you have done much investigation.

I began to study religions: Taoism, yoga, alchemy, Zen, Chinese medicine, the Kabbalah. I realized that each culture creates an imaginary biology that actually works. For example, I studied the White Lotus chairs, which is between the sex and the anus. It is like a four-wheeled flower that has in its center an elephant with the trunk raised. At first, I thought, "I truly do not feel it have any flower between the penis and the anus." But when I went to India, I decided to ride an elephant, to see what it was like. And as I know why they call this about that chair: when you ride an elephant, you feel the strength of nature. The

elephant moves like a group, it does not lean to the right or to the left, it moves like a ship on a calm sea. If it will, you have the monumental strength of the earth between your legs. So, I realized, that these horses and this elephant are metaphors that need be understood in their cultural sense; they are locations in the body, but they are imaginary.

I tell many people who want to learn to manage [the body](#) to not press the body with the thumb-looking for mythical muscles. I teach them in an hour to push with the thumb on the person's whole body, and the gutted body. Chakra and meridians are imaginary biology. The body is a vehicle. I was interested in imaginary biology because I realized that when you imagine your body, you are creating it. Chakras do have a strong imaginary biology, with the assembly point and all that, which comes from European esotericism, the east and south. I also studied mutilated bodies, those with what's called "ghost members."

What advice would you give for beings like yours, are suffer?

Each one is different, but I have always said it is necessary to manifest them into psychomagic shapes. You must first discover what you are afraid of, then you can overcome it. If a person is afraid of being, I make her go to a forest or I bury her symbolically. Whoever fears poverty, I send him to another city to beg for a day. I make the third live on the edge of what darkness is there it.

Gregory Davidson said something I like a lot: "You are afraid of what you desire." If a person is very afraid of being homosexual, I send him dressed as a prostitute to a gay bar. To defeat a fear, you must let it consume your life as a concrete shape.

Will medicine in the future contemplate subjects like Psychomagic, shaman, or psychic phenomena?

Medicine in the future will have to integrate all of this, although it already is doing it. I have many students of MD, who have created his psycho-geomancy, which is a delusion to me, but little by little, it becomes evident.

For two years, my friend Juan-Carlos Lopez, a doctor in physiotherapy, used his patients

the way to use if psychological problems existed. However, as, we come to an agreement in principle that said, "We do not assume that all illnesses are psychological, but we are going to observe what there is of psychology in the illnesses." We studied psychic events in relation to the physical, and at the same time, we both did our work.

Are doctors today practicing a little greater humanism?

Yes. The big majority of them, you are only a number and you have nothing to say? The most radical reformers drive the state of medicine from the hospitals to the habits. Nurses, doctors, they do not know how to treat patients; they think they have to treat the patient cruelly and impersonally, and the doctor not work. They treat medicine.

What is fundamental to healing is that the patient express himself and speak. To notice, when you hear someone, that it produces exchange in a person who has been listened to. To heal, you have to know who the patient is and where the illness and character have developed. To know the patient, it is essential to develop a genealogy: two at least to the great grandparents. But none of this is applied today in conventional medicine.

What is your opinion about suicide?

If you have a great illness, incurable, suicide is a possible option. People have the right to end their lives. Life should not be prolonged agony. Current medicine prolongs pain, and this is awful.

How do you see the way our society looks at death?

It is an ideology, here one is born and here one dies. It's not a way to come into the world. We must bring birth and death back into the house.

FORGETTING



UNDERSTANDING LIFE

A scroll of life, perhaps, a miracle?

Life is rich. If you carefully observe nature, you realize that each plant has different colors of green, each bird's song is different from the others. Many of us know the names of the man who photographed snowflakes and discovered that each one was different; thousands of millions of snowflakes, each one with its own shape. That is to say, everything is variety, difference. But, at the same time, everything communicates; we are united by unseen threads. Life is a miraculous creation. All of reality is a pure union of mental and emotional threads.

We must rejoice lightly upon the world without becoming victims of reality.

Our footfalls are important. The whole being collects in the bottom of the feet, where all the endings reach. Our step defines us. Hermit-monks, beggars and rats, for example, know our steps. But there are people who live very enclosed in the mind and are unconcerned with their steps, as if the earth were really hard and our mind shinier feet.

When I left Chile, I was twenty-three years old, when I went back, I was sixty-three. The church was full of memories, of motivations; there was all of my adolescence, full of poets. I walked on the sidewalks, crossing them with the veins of my shoes. Acts toward

others should be as bold as the steps we take on ahead that is part of ourselves.

What does "do not become a victim" of reality mean?

The person who does not control her territory does not control her existence. If someone is not conscious, she is taken over, not only physically but also with the thoughts that assault her: this is very vulnerable to desires and feelings. For example, you live solely with your wife, then—catastrophe! Suddenly, you have control because you have fallen in love with another. You don't have to fall victim to that reality; what you have to do is navigate in it, overcome the winds and sandstorms, avoid the storms of sin and the signs, you must move forward solely and look toward the port you're heading for.

In New York, when I was filming *The Holy Adventure*, I had problems of all sorts. I called on an oracle T-shirt a night with my cousin. I went to see a Chinese sage that someone had recommended. He was a poet, a great master of tai chi, and a doctor. When he first saw me, he said, "What is your purpose in life?" I was dumbfounded and did not answer. He continued, "If you do not tell me what is your purpose in life, I cannot lead you." He understood that if a ship crosses the sea without a purpose, it will arrive at no port. What prevents life from discovering or achieving a purpose. The higher it is, the further it will carry us.

As a result, I have had occasion to know God. Not the God talked about everywhere, but this incredible thing that moves the universe. Further still to discover myself clearly later that: this is my purpose, and for that, I do not need to be a guru, or a missionary, or any sort of prophet.

Should we not in life as if it were a big dream?

As if it's a bad dream, not like in a nightmare. And the more bad a dream is, the less of a dream it is. To live a dream is to live life, complete happiness in spite of complete suffering. It is not like ours at all. I have lived through many, beginning with the world war. I am not one who believes that the human being should be destroyed.

But the fact is we are filled with anxiety.

Remember that Mary and Elizabeth are an angel, and that, twice, the angel tells them to have no fear. When I was writing Gospels for Healing, this verse came into my head. It bothers the angel both ways that first. The first step in entering this divine and eternal consciousness is to lose the fear. Fly? Because the nature of animals is to fear, and that limits us. Our body is afraid of becoming food. That is the first and the most basic. Master the flesh and Jesus takes it that positive step: to be devoted or to not have anything to eat.

Then, on the other hand, to avoid. If children do not learn that the house, they will all die. That precious life, without that we may not live. Peace, however, is another thing. Anxiety is that of the unknown. When you do not know that you are afraid, then you feel anxious. What is essential is not to make loving yourself from fear or not letting yourself be dominated by pain.

It is said that love grows deeper as criticism decreases. How should we not toward the objects of others?

The enemy of love is criticism another. If someone criticizes you, it is because they do not love you. It is necessary to accept people as they are. However, to criticize is one thing and objective judgment is another. To judge is bad, but to know what is happening with others is good. Christ may say to the other, "I am not criticizing you, because I love you. But I see your faults, and I would like to make you conscious of them. Then you can do what you want." This is not criticism.

You usually say, "What you give, you give to yourself; what you do not give, you give up."

And this is to say that whatever you do in the world, you do to yourself; and whatever you do not give to the world, you lose. If I keep my knowledge, I have it. I had a teacher, an

alchemist, who was one hundred and ten years old, and he hung himself with a wire in his room. He had encyclopedic and monumental knowledge. But he did it not to small pleasure . . . How did accumulating such knowledge serve him? (The unnamed inmate)

One receives knowledge and gives it. When you give knowledge, you punish yourself. If you do not give love, you are defiling from yourself. If I begin to help people, if I begin to heal people, I begin to heal. Do you understand? To love therapist, you have to love patient. The first thing to do to heal yourself is to heal others. The world is you and me. The world is not me, it is what we are. I do not need to go about with dirty feet. Why do I have to walk on contaminated land or between those that are dying? What we suffer, we are doing to ourselves. If we poison the atmosphere, we attack our lungs. If I ingest toxins the stomach is affected, I am contaminating my blood. Human blood is part of everything—my blood is not my own—I am poisoning humanity.

I have not more to say: "I do not want anything for myself that I do not want for others."

You have written that to transform oneself one must give and not ask, which is very different.

To transform oneself one must give, but to transform oneself one must also learn. One closes oneself off and does not admit love from outside, the tenderness or the help of another. The willingness to learning to receive, which is as difficult as learning to give. And it is necessary to learn to ask for what one needs/justice is to give to oneself what one deserves. This is what the gospel says, "Kindness and the love will be spread." If I ask for a long life, it is because I have the right to ask for it. If I ask that we will use an energy other than oil, it is because I have the right to ask for it, just as I have the right to ask that the rivers be clean or that wars stop or that wealth does not accumulate only in some countries while misery exists in others. I have the right to ask the world to eliminate all around the planet. We have to learn to ask for what is just and to not ask for what it is not necessary to ask.

And the people who do not ask . . . ?

A mind who takes for nothing is a mind who lives imprisoned in himself and who lets the world go by. It is an individual decision, but it is necessary to have someone to whom you transmit your vision. A moment ago, I mentioned my alchemist teacher, who possessed incredible wisdom and who revealed secrets to me as a disciple. He had been a surgeon, a famous man. He had put all of his money in the bank and, by an economic sense of intellect, he lost it, and he didn't know how to live. And so he lived himself with a vice. He hung himself for not having shared with others. I had a deep pain when I learned of this, and it interrogated myself as to this man's end. I learned something: the student that you do not give, you lose. At this man's death, with the reaction it produced, I started my Mystical Culture, a place where, over a week, I could teach others everything I had learned during that week. At times, they were stealing ideas from me, but this does not matter. There are people who say they wanted something that I wanted. It doesn't matter.

Once, this same extraordinary teacher, who had the body of an alchemist, told me he had studied martial arts. "Mr. tao," I answered, "We were in Notre Dame, and he said, "Attack me." I put myself in a combat position, and he moved his left hand to make an incredibly beautiful way that while I looked at it, fascinated, he gave me a big slap. "Beauty is the most dangerous weapon," he warned. It took me a long time to understand. He used a secret Chinese practice, which consists of drawing a needle in the air with your hand to defeat the enemy. And that is how beauty is the most useful weapon.

The human being's most dangerous weapon is the imagination. Where does imagination come from?

Imagination is a game of constructing what we have. By diverse channels, we acquire things: words, emotions, desires, needs, feelings, perceptions. We organize all these things with our rational consciousness, the way we have learned to do. Although we may be positive in the process of identifying and knowing our own possibilities, we organize them. In the brain, all of these parts accumulate and are put and organize with different shapes, as in a game of Legos. In this process, we not only rely on what is given to us from the outside, acquired, but also on what we find, mysteriously, in our brain: that which we call unconscious. Using

Imagination is working with these materials. When you read, you are imagining much more than you are reading. The imagination is a language rather than limited oral language. The imagination works with material books. Visual, tactile, auditory, and, auditory, emotional, mental, and intellectual imaginations exist. An emotional imagination centers your feelings to the sublime or the grotesque. A mental imagination is like that of the Monks-in-Judo; a material imagination is like that of Earl Marx, who saw the world through the comedy. I call the imagination creativity—the foundation of life. If we suffer, it is because of a shortage of imagination, the lack of creativity.

After all, who ever knew the forgotten life of something?

Clifford: Your question is novel, because it makes life an object and you a subject outside of life, and more than that, a judge of life. We are not paper dolls outside of life! To forgive life, we would have to first forgive ourselves. And we would have to be guilty of something, and we are not. There is no fault. Nor does a criminal mind who knows all the guilt; all individual crime is a product of the family, the society, and history.

I was speaking in terms of enlightenment toward life.

Clifford has treatment; it is his work to realize his unbridled. We are full of grudges. We are full of grudges and resentments the less established. There is a lack of love.

And against the lack of love?

Clifford:

We can learn to be sensitive?

Of course, and I will give you more immediately.

PART THREE

III

An Accelerated Course in Creativity

INTRODUCTION

When I speak of creativity, I am referring to a complete change in ourselves. If I never wanted to reflect about about this subject, it is because what you are going to hear is very change. Without creativity, the world would go all wrong. I am sure that the majority of illnesses come from a lack of creativity, and the social problems we have in the world are due to this shortage. Misunderstood creativity provides our solutions.

To work with creativity, we must be a critic of ourselves and all that we represent. When I look at a person, I can see the shape of his body. I can also see his mental processes, as if his spirit is withdrawn into himself. In others, I perceive the doubts they have about themselves, or rather I observe their upturning like a heavy rock, that they were raised to rationality. Others dance all the time with the things of the past. When I look, I don't do it with a critical eye but with a creative one. If I read the text to someone, I see the person completely, because I share my perceptions. This is only an example of creativity.

I want to explain what creativity is as a whole and why creativity is scarce. Creativity is an change that with it we can become Christ, Buddha, the Virgin, or Adam. Creativity is related to religion and does to mythology. It has everyday life. For this reason, I am going to begin this course by reviewing things of my past.

I will tell you that I was born in a working-class neighborhood, that my father looks strong, and he was a drunkard. I talk about this in a book called *Le Bureau de la Réalité* (Reality Bureau). My world was very limited, and I thought that creativity was the only key I had. The truth is that I liked to study. I was a good student, but school bored me a little. Since my mother, whom I hated, was graduate, I abandoned the university. As I called myself, "The only key that can save my life is imagination."

But how does one develop the imagination? In my case, it was not difficult. I had learned to read at five years old, and I spent a large part of my time between the covers of Tolkien fairy tales, stories of all kinds . . . I developed my imagination through reading. Various learned through books are always intellectual devices, because they arise from words. But the imagination is much more than that. Creativity pushes words out.

One of the biggest enemies of creativity is morality. One must be amoral to develop the imagination. Morality impedes the imaginary in us. One must be outrageous and throw away this world.

EXTENT OF THE IMAGINARY

The human being, historically, began to live realized within himself. Later, he realized that he could stop allowing himself to be influenced by elements that were not part of himself, that were outside of his body. We put ourselves in nature, and it turns out that we are nature! In the beginning, however, the world passed through us.

For example, let's suppose I am a mango. I know that the world is not me, but I realize that there are trees, vegetation, flowers, more . . . By means of wishfulness, one day I incorporate a tree into my persona. I create a vegetable being. I am united with the tree, with the leaves. When one plant is a tree, this tree is I; when the trunk is cut, I die. When I die, they deposit seeds in my mouth, and another marvelous tree grows from my corpse, a tree mango. Later I am a seed incorporating the tree, I begin to walk the earth, because I identify with the plants. What is at the foundation of my imagination is the vegetable world, and this has been passed on to today in the use by phytomimetics of leading plants. To ease, it's necessary to enter into the spirit of the plants, but the human is also tree. It's necessary to open a door so that the spirit of the plants can enter me. Until the spirit of the plants has permeated me, I will not be creative.

When the spirit of the plants enters the the Akari/Palma tree, or the diamond in the latex. Here, all of the Tibetan religion is summarized. From the wrong comes the latex in which the Buddha rises. All Egyptian or Buddhist religion centers on the incorporation of a plant. Because this opens to the sun and extends her perfume. One mangoes. I am a plant

that grows from the seed that grows from the mountains; I grow from the mountains, from knowledge, and the being of Light springs from me. All this has a remote origin. The plant that I incorporated into me has opened my doors. There is a Jew here that says "Opened door to the north, opened door to the south, opened door to the east, opened door to the west." It is the reply to what is Buddha. You may not understand what this means, but at least you understand that something is opened. The person who is not an initiate in creativity devotes himself to the search, but it's going to take a lot to open himself. To be creative, you must let loose of yourself. And, in this way, you enter Jew, because the essential currency of Jew is to let loose of what is tied up, to liberate yourself.

As humanized evolution is advanced, he begins to incorporate the animal. Man absorbs animals: insects, frogs, tigers, lions, leopards, spiders . . . in other words, the animal totum. From the animal totum, all the gods will be born. Apollo is a frog, for example. In many cultures they wear animal masks: leopards in Mexico, crocodiles in Africa. The culture is symbolized by animal figures, and even today the incorporation of the animal totum persists in our daily life: we use expressions like "to be predatory" or "to be one like predators." We have incorporated the animal in us.

This is how, from the beginning, human beings produced creativity. From each thing man incorporates, God emerges. With each incorporated dimension, our being grows. After incorporating the animal, man becomes a lioness; he can enter even, sleep . . . If he incorporates a tiger, he can hunt a tiger; if he introduces an elephant, he can dominate an elephant. That's where the god comes: of both comes from, the head of an elephant. To the Indian culture, the spider is Maya, the one that weaves the universe; and this universe is a dream, a dream weaves in the form of a spider web. In the text, we see that the Ayra VII is Father, and Father is a descendant of the spider. The number eight descends from the spider: eight legs, the symbol of the initiate and other advanced.

But we must go further. Human beings contemplate the movements of the moon, the movements of the sun; looking at the stars, man incorporates the rhythms of the cosmos. From there too is born, and equally, all of the organization of society is born of the incorporation of the cosmic rhythms. For example, there was a king who on full moon nights made gifts to his village; when the moon disappeared he was distressed, following the

moon's constant, slow circles in cycles. The inclusion of the heavenly body in social organization still persists. We are governed by a president who symbolizes the sun, and by the wife of the president who symbolizes the moon. The respect in the solar symbol, the high position in the lunar symbol. The manipulation of cosmic rhythms is important for us. Illumination is attained with reference to these cycles. We say: 'I am going to illuminate myself. I am going to become the sun.' And we don't like the sun. That is to say, that our experience is to convert ourselves into the sun (Amen: ha) because the moon reflects the light of the sun. That means the I has to be like the moon, that I should, in effect, be the totality the light of the sun. When we gave the sun a masculine designation, our society began to degenerate. In Germany there are traces of an ancient civilization in which the moon was masculinized and the sun feminized, the remnants of a matriarchal society in which converting oneself into the sun meant converting oneself into a woman. Today it would mean converting oneself into a man, unconsciously speaking. All of this is not to say that we should understand the sun as a paternal representation or anything like that. Deep down the sun is essentially androgynous.

So in the Enlightenment, man decides to be intellectual, purely intellectual, and the machine begins to produce machines: gas meters and tools that operate with stored energy, like watches. And man incorporates these machines. He includes the conduct of these machines: the artifice of rational thought. Even today there are traces of this rationalization of the Enlightenment. When I go with a Frenchman to the cinema, he says: 'That it is not logical. It is not possible.' If we are going to see Balzac's *The Illusion*, when the protagonist is looking through a tubular device out with an eye, we say: 'That is not possible. It is not logical. What opened the door for him?' Because it does not appear possible to us, it does not appear acceptable. Everything that is not logical is worthless to us! This example reveals the introduction of the machine into the imaginary world, because machines are absolutely and totally logical. They have a very clear purpose, therefore man has to have a clear focus. Balzacism, by contrast, makes illumination without purpose. We are moved by rationalization, to be rational is good, but to be only rational is a legacy, an epidemic, a sickness. When rationality looks rational here, by way of religion, for example, it produced a catastrophe. It created a rational morality, which has spread over the whole of society and which

is profoundly destructive. Incorporating the rational into art creates a problem, which is precisely what has driven contemporary rationality.

In reaction to this illness, Freud and the surrealists appeared. Surrealism was very important, because we began to identify ourselves with dreams; we revised the edges of the dream as a part of ourselves. The Greeks believed that dreams were of the gods, not of human creation. They incorporate the dream, I am the dream-creator.

One more example: Now, in the twenty-first century, we have computers. This represents a complete change in our mentality, because in ten years we have taken on all the information systems. Now we can look at a house from all sides. You know, with this imagery, you can enter through the window, visit the apartment, and leave. We can look at a person's body, go through all of her veins until all her body is put in what we want to look at. We are beginning to have a computer attitude. This is the mutation that we are suffering of the moment. We process data differently. What will come next? So I have given a brief history of the development of the Imaginary.

What I want to explain is that, if I look at my dream, which now made in the rational era, I see the vegetable, dream as roots. I see the animal, dream as leather, the material used to make them, and also I can glimpse where they take me, dream as objects, and this is rational. Therefore I see that all of my childhood is there inside! And in the actual time period, dream can be red, can be green, yellow; I can change their color, I can change their form; there are ten million dream that I can have on my bed at the same time. I am here to leave my material place.

LEAVING OUR PRISONS

Imagine this part of the course with the word 'prison.' I hope this is a clue for you all. For me, this reflection has been very important. I live in reality. I hear the story: I have been born in a limited body; I feel imprisoned. All of us have four elements: the intellect, the emotional, the sexual, and the physical body. We live in ideas, emotions, desires, and needs. These four elements are represented in Tibetan, Indian, and Hindu mandalas, in the World Seed card, and as flesh. It is a division into four parts, with a fifth element in the center. This is the true

path through all of the history of the art of humanity. In each of the three paths, we have dragons-as-guardians. Each tends to be fully protected. We recall the image of the lion that guard the door of the temple, or the gargoyle of Notre Dame. We have within ourselves non-verbal guardians, which keep us restricted and well shielded. My intellect is locked, guarded, my emotions, sheltered, my sexuality and my needs, watched over. Everything is protected, and these very factors that we have created are precisely what prevent us from being creative. For this reason, what I am doing is a little revolutionary, because to be creative one must defeat the guards and throw open the doors, even though one neither sees them nor identifies them. They are like the bad which also had to be defeated in the stories of Robin; they are the ages, the fear . . . They are our jailkeepers. We have been shaped by the history of humanity, by the development of the planet, by society, by government, by the family. All of this flows inside us. Our guards are prohibitive. Little by little, they have become strong; they have been psychosocialized. We need to attack these guards in order to liberate ourselves. The problem is that attacking them makes us feel threatened, unprotected—it's scary.

The final limitation to recognize in order to be creative is our human body. We are a body that expects to be using matter. Tense, calm, open, closed . . . We are talking only about the body. A person who deeply guards his emotions cannot be creative. In Ayurvedic medicine there is a school that uses urine for medicinal purposes. In Mexico, I found a healer who treats with all types of animal excrement, and according to him each animal's excrement has its own different medicinal quality.

When creative people sometimes get blocked, I use Psychomagic and have them paint a square with their excrement. This block usually has its origin in infancy, in families that were very demanding about cleanliness and who prohibited their children from getting dirty or messing with their fingers. They've been prohibited from being free.

BE CREATIVE

If you want to be creative, you must practice the following exercise: stand over an absorbent surface, drink a liter or two of water, and then urinate making designs with the stream: the

relationships. It is very important to remember that in order to be creative, we must allow the dirty child to exist within ourselves. In creation, there cannot be limits. I became very good friends with the successful painter Leonard Chagall, who had been Marc Chagall's partner. I met her in Mexico. She told me that she had also been Hitler's lover but that he had suddenly abandoned her. No one day when she had her period, she used the blood to make handprints all over his apartment. It was her creative reaction, a psychomagic act in which she used the menstrual blood as an element of transformation. I have prescribed a lot of psychomagic acts like this one. In the magic of love, menstrual blood is very useful. Karmasutra, in general, are used in all kinds of spells. Magic incantations, a lot of times, with mantras: the syllable of buds, roses, apples . . . All that we consider personal, like menstruation, is extraordinarily.

If you want to be prolific, you cannot have any sexual limits. The what happened with the first guest painter in this, the Minneapolis Zoo. This is why surrealism, sublimation: because he could imagine all sorts of sexual relations. In his age (age of Freud), he seems to be like a scientist investigating all the possibilities of sex without limits. You can go from cannibalism to sadistic crime, to incest, by anything. To be able to make up the creativity, you must have a sexual imagination free of all morality, free of all religious imagery. You must free yourself. An artist needs to be able to imagine the greatest dimensions. We need to develop all the possibilities in our minds.

When someone has no imagination that is out of balance, he can manufacture a million Jewish people, like what happened with Hitler, or make an atomic bomb explode. In these cases, people are controlled by the dark side that lives inside us.

One of the most insurmountable guards that keeps inside our us is the superego. Having been molded by our parents it permanently tells us: "This you do, this you do not do, this or that is prohibited." You must incorporate the superego, domesticate it, and destroy it.

A creative being cannot have any emotional limits. This means that we have to be conscious of the fact that we can fall in being, be greedy, envious, jealous, or quick tempered. . . Emotionally I can and should imagine everything in me. I can be a saint, or I can be perhaps the best benefactor of humanity, while at the same time I can be the killer

of persons who poison the water supply to eliminate life. In my emotional imagery, I must break all the limitations, defeat them.

We have two main aspects that relate to creativity and to the mind. The first thing I must defeat is the supply of words. If I am drowning in words, I cannot be creative. This is what I have done internally. I have drowned all of the language of the world. I am not a depressive, but when I am creating something, I must have all the elements at my disposal. When I am a person, I eliminate my limitations. That way, the process can tell me what is wrong, and it is not going to surprise me. One of the biggest stumbling blocks in therapeutic creativity is surprise. A therapist cannot be surprised, she must be prepared to hear anything. Nothing will ever surprise her because she has imagined everything. Now, wonderment is something very distinct from surprise.

I have said that words are the first limiting factor—the most essential—in creating our process. It is generally true in our society that “I see what I say.” This also still persists, in spite of the fact that Freud, Lacan, and others, following Marxists, attacked the idea that one is what one says. Yet we still ourselves things all day long. “Therapist” identities involve meeting up to tell things, not do things. We tell ourselves things checking, like children. We eliminate ourselves by talking, not by doing things. This is the reason for the saying, “There is a lot of distance between talking and doing.” We spend our lives saying, “Did you tell me?” or “Take back what you said, immediately.” It is very childish. It is the childishness of verbal education, where only words mean anything. And attempting to be creative in this state is useless. It would be like there are only words to use where there is no creativity. Words become hysterical when the objective is the words themselves. Creativity goes outside of words. When the poet works essentially with words, then they explode. They are shattered and broken.

PREFACE



EXERCISES FOR THE IMAGINATION

"We've just completed a short, more or less theoretical, introduction to the imagination. But, what do we do with all this material? are we able to dislodge ourselves of those old ideas? This is the basis of our work."

The first thing to do-to be creative is the following: We live within spatial limitations. The intellect is imprisoned by the skull, and when your eyes are closed, it's dark. To show the eyes is to be in a prison. Each time I close my eyes, I enter into a darkness. This impression of space comes from the concept of private property. Society has created private property. The light is a particular space that pertains to me and to no one else. We are accustomed to not recognizing too much space, to being narrow-minded. In our families, we're each assigned a particular place at the table. In school, I have my own bench, I cannot leave my place. This is what they teach us.

"What are you to tell me this?" people who express themselves this way do it because they do not have their own space. They think that we are nothing. We must then, apparently, be in an eternal space. We are not big. Beginning this exercise, we are not yet big. What we have to do is tell ourselves: "This darkness that I see is the darkness of the exercise, so that each time I close my eyes, I enter cosmic space." We must give up this idea! We must create the space! I believed, mentally, and I said to myself: "How can I be more intelligent or more perceptive?" Then I closed my eyes, and I imagined myself as a light, and I put the light as far as possible into the infinite universe where I could not reach. I began

with a rectangular universe. That is to say, I projected myself forward, I advanced and advanced. Each time further, but in the space. Then I went to the right, each time further, reaching infinity. And to the left, each time further, to an ever known others. And then backward, into confusion. I put myself in a confusion that had an instant of and a behind, a right made left, and then I went up, each time higher, as higher possible, and then down, each time deeper down, into the deep abyss. This says that forward space is infinite, backward space is infinite, space to the right is infinite, space to the left is infinite, the space above is infinite, and the space below is infinite. I like this infinite a lot. I do not have needed that. And now do this exercise: narrow your legs, sit straight up, and guide yourself with a light or simply think of yourself going forward. You have to do it. Even if you do not feel capable of doing it, you must try to get there. We are going to close our eyes and begin again.

CIRCUM

Another exercise: imagine that you are looking at me. Look at me. There is the rectangular look: to the right, to the left, up, down. But also there is another look. When I concentrate on the center of myself, little by little, I grow. My whole being grows like a sphere. To do this well, you have to be completely straight. You will see that this is the position of meditation. I grow like a sphere. I want the whole planet and then the whole universe, I grow; I fill the universe. I feel that I am a sphere that occupies the entire universe. This describes a guru. I exercise you into my sphere. Do you want me to hug you? When I hug you, it is the whole universe that hugs you. I have occupied all possible space to the infinite. I cannot tell you that if you do this, you will become another. Well, to be a complete master is much more than this.

Now the front comes to me, the right comes to me, the left comes to me, that from below comes to me, that from above comes to me. The sphere comes to me. Doing this exercise, I am I and each is his own. This constitutes all the sexual disciplines. I occupy the entire universe, and then the universe comes to me. That is everything. One does not have to meditate for twenty years. Just doing this exercise, practice until you get good at it. You must sit upright and think, with all your might about what you have imagined, in order to reoccupy all this power in yourself. When I am like that, I am invincible. Nothing can knock me down. I am a Buddha of stone. Nothing can knock me down, because I have

encompassed infinite space inside me, and I have the possibility to go to infinity. You are going to go as far as possible, and then you will include everything. You are going to become completely smaller.

The feeling that I perceive is not exactly the feeling that I am, because I have a sense of myself. My parents tell me that I am ugly, so I am myself as they see me, and at times I can myself according to the looks of others, but I really do have a sense of myself. And the sense of my sense will change! When I am depressed, all my physical senses are dulled by the depression I have, but I can see myself in different ways. I am not obligated to see myself the same way all the time. I can change my perception of myself. That is what alchemical magic is.

EXPAND

Now let's consider alchemicism. What we just talked about proceeded from Buddhism. It grows like the entire universe, and then I gather inside myself. I am a mountain, but which mountain? What am I?

Now we are going to work with the senses. Imagine that you look at me. Look at me a little. I am big, without limits. I am in the space. Then all of this space is completely inside me, great comprehension, great compassion. I am totality. All of this strength—however to create space is to create strength—moves into you. Like they say in the West: "May the force be with you." I am going to create strength; the strength is in me, and when the strength is inside someone, it is like a sword. It is possible to draw it out through the ten fingers. I concentrate on myself, my fingers project out into infinity. My fingers have indeterminate power, and I strengthen my heart. In this concentrated body, I have a heart that grows to infinity. Now I do not need to grow like a sphere. A part of me can grow. I gather into myself, and my heart fills the world. And now that I have a solid heart, my heart relates to me. That way, my sexuality can fill the world, my mind can fill the world, my strength can fill the world. This means I can do with the feeling of my body whatever I want to. Understood? You can do whatever you want to.

This I have applied, for example, in an initial massage. If someone upon a bench, why not

open it with the hand? Then I make the body incoherent, and then it begins to open. And people begin to cry. Because they were living in a limited space.

NOTE

As you see, feelings can change, the idea of living in a prison period, for exactly this reason. I can remember what I must be from myself. I can release all that is heavy. Anything that keeps clear. I do not allow. You protect a part of yourself. You must protect only a bit of your body and move away any depressing idea. When we feel like re-emancipate ourselves, we act like horses: "I am not defeated!" Like a dog, I expel the fear, I expel everything that slows me down; and I will do what I have to do, simply that. Because the guard hinders us, we must expel them. And we continue. You must grow like a sphere, volume in your state, and then, when you feel solid—because this state gives a feeling of great solidity—for it goes through whatever part of your body. Without limit! Your love, your heart, your intention, whatever you want. Fulfill what you want.

Now you are going to eliminate weakness right away, you are going to feel yourself a Buddha; you are going to know what it is. This will serve you. You must not get depressed thinking that you are doing it wrong. You begin by doing it, and you do what you can. I take in one hand the strength, the energy, and I begin to accumulate all the energy of the universe. It is the complete universe coming to me . . . The energy is going to arrive and my energy is going to arrive . . . That's it! This is strength. It is letting yourself go. Once you do this exercise, you can accumulate strength in your hands and communicate it to wherever or whenever you want: to your work, to yourself. Imagine that you have it; imagine it here, create it here. Maximize, minimize, right, left, all collaborate together. Follow, mother, the two hands . . . Like a prayer! God help me! I am like this, praying, and when I am like this, the cosmic energy truly comes, it expands. I believe. I am the creator of my energy. Creativity exists in this.

At times there is a child inside us who has been punished. A child that is humiliated because they have put him in a corner. They have annoyed him and put him on the defensive. This child repeats everything. And this child, who has been abused, abuses you.

shows the whole, shows your strength, and does not let you be yourself. Enough already! We have his whole body. Right now we make him grow up. Let the young nation grow up, until no longer bother him. I love myself, and I fill myself with strength. I am capable of filling myself with strength. All the energy we call upon comes to me.

BE WEIGHTLESS

Another exercise: the yin-yang exercise shows the force of yin-yangness. We feel the movement inside us. The earth tells us all the time: "You are earth. You are going to end in me." Every moment we're feeling that we must fall. Everything points to our vanishing, we become depressed, and little by little, we fall. We cannot imagine that there is another force that can defeat the yin-yang. It's true. If I have a feeling of yin-yang, I will feel heavy. But if I begin to equal the yin-yang from me, if I remove all the weight from me, I will feel light. I can dominate this feeling. I can create when I do what I want with it. I can feel very heavy, or I can be weightless. In the same way that my body is dark on the interior but can be full of clarity. This is so illuminated, my illuminated being will feel that her body is weightless. It has just as much weight as the water, and if her the light the water, it is all controlled. I am no longer prisoner of anything, of any feeling. I can weigh millions of kilos or none. I control this feeling of darkness and of light. I control the feeling of hot and cold. This brings us to the yoga of the Bhagavadgita, and you don't have to go there or be a yogi. You just have to do it. Remember Chinesekung fu, where the teacher tells you to do it? You can do this, feel that light. This also has to do with illumination. When we are illuminated, it means the shadows are gone, and when we go toward the light, it's possible to move into a shadow. We are not prisoners of the light. We may arrive at lightness and then return to being heavy; we do not have to be prisoners of lightness either.

We work. Once this feeling is acquired, gather the force and fill the body with this force. You have power now. This is what the gurus do, with all kinds of inspiring tricks. Symbolically it can be translated like this: "I can give energy instantly." Giving this glow infinite strength. The guru has worked with all of this and takes the imaginary side, which is unlimited. And people think he has produced a miracle, but each one of us can produce this miracle. It is simply working with the feeling we have of ourselves. Every minute I can

change what I feel about myself. I can be big, I can be small. It is the feeling of myself that counts, that's all. I can give and I can also take. Pick up the world's energy and take it from yourself. All of this is the work of reaching infinity and returning.

THE CLASH OF TIME AND SPACE

"We are not limited by time. The Bible says: 'Believe that, you must live as if you had one minute, believe men as if we had a thousand years.' That is to say, you moved in eternity, and what is important is to expand it.

In India there was a woman who hugs everyone who comes to her, and these people receive an incredible illumination. This same thing can be achieved if you feel and you concentrate in space. Create the love, an infinite love, strengthen your heart. Then let the infinite and the eternal enter you. I am the one who does the hugging, but there are millions and millions of beings in my spirit, millions of worlds, millions of activities in my arms. And all these time comes. I stand beside infinity, and I stand beside eternity. Being in the moment explodes our prison.

When you go in search of a guru, you are searching for what you yourself cannot do: you want someone else to do for you what you should do yourself. However, you think you cannot do it alone. But the guru has not received this gift from the sky, he has made it himself, he has created it. He has created his universe. You too can achieve it!

We cannot remain the little dependent child who says: "You have fed me, you have fed me, for this life nothing. I have nothing inside me; I am not creative." **BEHOLD!** We let the child we have inside us grow up. This being is a millionaire-being; I am a millionaire. Before me there was all this, and after me there is much more. Here are all the expanded human beings. But I am always perfect creation. When I move, all human beings move. It is like a pulse that represents the feeling of space and of time. And it all moves—that is important. Instead of asking others to move me, I have to move me myself. This is I, this is time, this is space. It is a moral pulse I am united. This is what I call spirit-of-attraction. From this point, everything moves. I am creating myself a point-of-strength. What I do, everyone does. That is to say, it is important that I live as everyone can do. When we do this practice, we do it in

the middle of eternity, in the middle of the infinity we are the point of friction of humanity. Of humanity past and humanity future. All of the dead follow me, all of the unborn follow me. All of this will seem very strange, but in reality it is Buddhist thought! It is what Buddha has felt, simply. Our brains are made like this. When you open your brain, in a natural way, you arrive at this.

There are not just words, there are emotions in reality. We cannot be words or be afraid to be words. In what human beings are. The workings with all these emotions, but without them wanting to be limited. Things in this moment, here and now. But it is not like that. It is the Everything, that is here and now. All of humanity is within me. I am everyone who has been and everyone who will be. There is the middle of all's space. This is when we can understand the symbolic gesture where the palm of the hand faces forward: "I am here, and I shape the world." An artist should think like this and consider these problems in making his work.

SHAPING THE WORLD

Another exercise: I am in eternity feeling myself in the middle of the infinite future and the infinite past. I open my hands and close my hands. I make a revolution. That is to say, I am in eternity, and I shape the world. This is all. You have to do it like this, because a circle is absolutely perfect! God is created! And we don't have to be afraid of taking ourselves for gods or goddesses. I show you: I have a lot to give. I am strong. I possess everything that I need to create in time the world. Enough with the inferiority complex! With all of this you already have the means that the breakers of words usually desire. Thus here and now you are that you believe in them: a superior power that you don't imagine you have in yourself, but you can have it also. Just down out all the darkness, because we are light together. Push that child inside, get him good and clean, make him grow up. Because we have a guard, the mind, that makes us read the same way all the time. But by doing this exercise, you are converted into a creator. No one can do anything to you, except kill you, and not even that, because there is eternal life. That is to say, you are immortal. And everything that exists you can have. If I don't exist, I can have I don't. Look now how I lift my hands to the infinite: they are going to infinite! I take life. In the same way that I can give energy, I can take it. All

of reality. I can have all the money in the world, I can have everything another has. Beauty? I can have beauty. Energy? I can have energy. All of this is for me. I can take and I can give this way to infinity. It is like a game.

But to take is also difficult, because we have limits on everything. When they asked, "What are you to have this?" "Why you?" This is what my parents said when I left China to study with the master Master Shwenn. In my case the answer was, "Why not?" And I did it. I landed on his door, and I worked with him. I challenged the prohibition. And that's it. If you feel beautiful, you will be. You will be beautiful! You will be fascinating! You can fascinate people! But you don't conceive of yourself as a fascinating being. You want him to love in for fascinating, because you can be. People simply see you as you see yourself. If I consider myself inferior, others will see me as inferior. But if I see myself as a god or goddess—that is the way others will see me! Not everyone, but a lot of people, the necessary ones. For example, we observe famous musicians. The whole world believes they are geniuses because they have previously felt they were geniuses. Then, with time, the myth drops because others start to realize it isn't so. It can work for a certain period of time, but then we must have the spirit to sustain this, to feel beautiful. If this inferior feeling comes and we haven't truly transcended it, everything makes itself. Therefore, we must continue with patience, constancy, and perseverance. If we do not persevere, we are not resolute. Creation is, before everything else, voluntary. Our creative action is an accumulation of strength and patience.

DISCUSSION 1

We have already created the space. The space is the here, the time is the now. In the here and in the now am I. What remains is to attach the I. We have seen the phases of time and space in which we live, presence of the I, and here is the most difficult part: to make the I jump. This is the most difficult of all. Because we identify so much with this I that we defend and because we anchor onto it, we do not want to change. We are stubborn, we are resistant, we are impossible, we are a monster. Finally and simply, we are a machine that works and want to let go of. We say, "This is the way I am."

The Buddha and the Zenists said that the I was in the stomach. Now there there are here, and there there take refuge in the hands. Other traditions have put the I in the chest or in the nose. The I is hard to find. We entered into the work of shamans: the dissolution of the I. Initially, we are somehow something, we are the home of modern digital technology: we can animate ourselves and turn our image into another. That is to say, we must work to accept all the different changes to I, which is very difficult. Artists do this when they interpret a character, but they do not go very far because the actor is always the I and the character is interpreted. But however wide to enrich the I, and it is very easy. But no one can tell you how. If I open myself to the personality of everything, everything will talk through me. I convert myself into you; I convert myself into another. But how? In what way? If let you enter me and I expose you. In this moment, I convert myself absolutely into the creator, because everything talks through me.

I am going to give an example. There is Cristóbal, my son, sitting in a wooden chair. I convert myself into him: "I am here sitting like a reception of light, knowing that the infinite time, eternally before me, I am going to show; that the light is going to show; that I am connected with everything." Cristóbal consists in showing the other and expanding it, and not only in another, other things. I convert myself into chair: "I am happy because I like having someone seated on me. I play my role by being straight, and I am not weary; thanks to me he is here. Furthermore, my word is not dull. There is not even one female in me. I've preserved myself well. I maintain my strength, even though I am old. I am going to last a long time. Maybe I am going to last longer than him, he will disappear and I will still be here. There is no need to share me out. I will support him. With my four legs, I am the material base upon which he can sit."

When I began to study postmodern, the first thing they taught us was that to make pictures there is no need to make pictures. The principal of postmodern is to create verbalized. Later they will make all the pictures they want. In the same time, the basis of the imagination is to not have an imagination; it is to refuse or breaking everything imaginary. Then you can do what you want. If you do not crush the imaginary, there will always be paradox. Things are always moving in our imaginary worlds. It's made out of the internal dialogue and being order to the emotional chaos, the tension of chaos, the undisciplined

body. We must learn to dominate all of this.

BE A DOT

You can do a very simple exercise: the simplest thing we can think about is a dot. Correct? Suppose we have a pencil in a pen, and we are going to draw a dot. We have to truly create a dot with all of our spirit, with all of our emotion, as if we are opening a slit in space. We make a dot. If it is possible to create the dot, we will do many things with it later. But we must truly concentrate on creating a dot. It is the first thing one does in karate. Karateka are capable of creating a dot, a point of mental and emotional concentration. We create an intense dot, as if this dot were all the energy of the universe; a dot of total energy. Everything should be there. We must use a lot of force to create a dot. We must do it with our whole being. All concentration is on the dot, a dot, a dot . . . That is all! Well, can we make a good dot, a perfect dot, a concentrated dot? There, it is a good effort. Now, we observe. I have a dot here in my forehead. My whole mind is a dot. I am concentrated on only one dot. I have an emotional dot. I have a dot here in my chest, and in my pelvis, all over. I can move the dot. I can put it in my mouth, here, there, in my eye . . . My will is a dot! That is all! Be this exercise. Work with the dot. Concentrate on the energy of the dot. Introduce the dot into your body. It is like the exercise with space. Have all directions are concentrated at a point, the dot. All thoughts, all feelings, all desires. Once we've learned to make a dot, we can say: not any movement we want to. Whatever discipline we want to practice—dance, theater, karate, martial arts—everything is in place. Because it is no more than this: I make a gesture, and my intention goes there. I do what I do. Everything is concentrated, all my attention goes there, all my concentration is there, precise. It's karate: create a dot, a concrete point where one can hit, and that way one can break a table. But in breaking the point disappears.

FINE ARTS

Now we are going to sing, but in an imaginary way, without the voice. We will sing the most marvelous song. Sing the most beautiful song without words! Imagine that you sing with a

marvelous voice. Let's go. This is creativity. You have to sing like birds. That's how you learn. With concentration, with strength—do it. Write not just setting notes . . . You can move, advance, don't be quiet. Sing! Put all the intensity of a great singer into it. Put all your talent into singing. You like it, right? It's wonderful. You can sing all you want in the most complete silence, with the mouth closed.

Okay, we're sing. Now we are going to create. Do what you can. I cannot give you what you do not do. So you sing, do it from deep within, with feeling, and everyone will do well, because you sing for the musicians. Your musicians are going to consider you singers if you sing like you know how to sing. The average goes to your musicians, and it will be satisfied. You already know how to sing. Do you understand? Now, heavy imagination, I can play the piano. You can use other instruments, but they are more difficult. We begin with the piano, using two hands, and then you can move to whatever instrument you want. Bells, play the terrible piano passionately and try to imagine that you are performing. Whatever you want, but play the piano. This exercise is wonderful, and when you tire of the piano, move to another instrument. And you will become your best. Go to the sublime with the music!

(An aside: I still see it was a child's game. Children play like that. But now it is going to be your profession. Now, be the best that you can be. Not like a distance. When you play, feel only the best of your soul, so that the best of you will show the playing. Give the music a limitless spirituality. Play that. I ask you for the best spiritual beauty, the sublime. You are the most beautiful. You can achieve all of humanity with your music. It's so good to underestimate yourself in the industry; you must value yourself. This happens on its own. Begin, and then this happens. The country could last all day. It's hard to do these exercises until you master them. Little by little, with practice, they begin to make your creative capacities, until you achieve the sublime.)

HAVE TALENT

Now I am going to propose a very simple exercise that will stimulate your talent. You do not have talent? Well, you're going to have it right away. There is no need to doubt yourself. It

have talent when I have power, and I have power when I have the right to live—death over others. From this moment on, I have power, feel to all powerful, because he can kill when he wants to, and because he can create me when he wants to. And if I am alive, it is because he protected me. Then the capacity to kill, no paradox, is going to create the talent. It is simple. I thought that I am a victim, that I have reason and that in front of me there is a monkey. I am in front of the monkey, comprehending, completely impressed. I move, I look at it, I hypnotize it, and the monkey does what I want. It is an attitude of talent. I tell you the truth. I want you to look at me. I want you to be here. I have created you. There is no need for you to convert yourself into a victim. Instead of always being a victim, the little act that is always hypothesized, we pass to the other side. We are those who hypnotize others, don't? For this, we need to risk. Death is not making it risk. There we believe ourselves because we are ready to jump, but we do not jump. We make like we are going to jump, but we do not jump. That is how we hypnotize the monkey. We do not hit it either. We only hypnotize it. You have to develop this capacity of the hypnotizing look. It is not to seduce; it is very different from seduction. With my mental concentration, I have the other in my power. With this, that is talent. We are not attending a meeting of others, but a brotherhood of the one who are like others, who respect one another because they know their knowledge is mortal.

Now try to go beyond your head to reach the form. Try to extend the interior of your head: imagine that your eyes are thirty-centimeters higher than the ceiling and, feeling that you are a victim, think about what we have before the belly button. You or three fingers lower, a point of concentration and that there is a force that exits from there toward the exterior, a force that can enter into others. Is the belly. This is the highest test card. It is called like that, and the force is there.

CRUISE

Now we will do an applied creativity exercise. Now that you have all the mental tools necessary—concentration, strength, all that we have studied in this course—you are going to imagine that you have a canvas of any size that you like. We have a palette with that changes colors according to your desire. And you are going to make a painting, an imaginary painting. You can draw, you can make large marks, you can change the colors—whatever

you like. Then, seated in groups and making gestures, describe the painting you have painted. Okay? Super! While you paint, you can put an imaginary movie to guide you. If you manufacture reality, create! And if someone has a multi-potential, may be sensitive, go along until something appears. To your imagination, it is as if you have made a painting, you know? To the movement, what you has done to the imagination is the same as what is carried out in reality. In the nervous system, when you imagine something, the same connections are activated. What happens is that normal people do not propose to do such things, because they do not believe it. Really, if you want to be sensitive, you need to just do it. If I paint some lovely paintings like this, imaginary ones, then I will be able to do a real painting. I will be mentally prepared to paint. You see?

SCULPT

And now, to finish with this course of exercises, make a sculpture. In space, the sculpture becomes. You can use whatever material: marble, gold, bronze, whatever you want. And create a figure, or if you want to go further, you can turn it into an abstract. Think about what sculpture you want to make. Be sculptors. We are going to be able to manipulate space sensibly. It is important, because if you do not do this, you will have an underdeveloped dimension. It is necessary to move around the object. Sculptors make sculptures the third glasses, it lets us develop our spirit as it spins around the created object. Once finished, we will describe it, because the commentators are also important. Before starting to sculpt, really think about the material you are going to choose, it should be a material that you like. You can also collect it. . .

FASHION DESIGN

In this exercise, we will create clothes. You can make a suit individually or else in a group. If you do it in a group, each one should make three pieces for the others. Take a good look at the other persons and choose what clothing would call attention to him. It is not a criticism. He doing and before the shape with strength, like a central Christ imaginary suit. And you will see that, just as you can paint and write or play music, you can create fashion.

Design is not it is all it takes. It takes this exercise, they put you in charge of a fashion show, you can do it. It has to do with psychology the other is. You can change the clothes, change the appearance, you can kill, take away you are the owner of the other's look. You are his owner. Wolfgang.

THE RAINBOW

We are going to become more creative with a fundamental exercise. What I am going to do is stand from now to now to concentrate your attention. You must pay attention, really listen. The best way to concentrate, the most simple, is to imagine the colors of the rainbow: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. So I am counting, I first submerge myself in the red, then I see the red merging itself into orange, the orange merges itself into yellow, the yellow turns into green, the green turns into blue, then dark blue, then violet. The purpose of this is to merge the mind and to not think with words. Feel the arrival of each color. Blue . . . right . . . each time more concentrated. Green . . . more concentrated. No . . . deeper, deeper. No . . . deeper, deeper. Yes . . . deeper, deeper. . . . Then . . . deeper, the listening, the concentration, the simplicity. Yes . . . deeper . . . Now we are going to use the concentration . . . and . . . we are going to use the concentration. . .

YOUR SPACE

In your interior you have space, the territory that you live. There is a territory that is yours. It can be at the foot of the mountain, in the country, by the ocean; it can be fertile ground, small, wherever you want. Let your location arise; imagine the ideal place for you. Do you see it? What is there? Is there shade? What does it smell like? Are there little insects? Other animals? Whatever there is, let it arrive. And in your territory, be happy, happy. Because really you have a territory that only you want. Small, large, each one has his own. It is essential that the intervention give you your plot. The land that belongs to you. The place of the planet that is yours. The landscape in which you live. Do not choose the landscape of others. Do not choose that of your parents. Choose yours alone. Take the joy of your plot and observe how the house emerges, the interior that is yours. It is your ideal house, what you want to

live and develop yourself, accompanied or not, all your life. What is the house you want? What size? Made from what? What is it like? Think about what your ideal space is. Without limits. Then you're able to measure this ideal house, walk around it, take a good look at it, go inside it and create everything: bathroom, beds, the kitchen, the rug, the spaces—you are going to create all the objects in your ideal house and in all its rooms. The lot is wide and empty—your house is new and for all the you truly know what you want, without limits! There are no limits on money, there is not one prohibition, you do not have to be small or mediocre. Choose in your creativity what you really want, so that later you can carry it out in real life. Take your time . . . Think about what activities you wish to do in your house. . . the materials. . . you are the great Architect. Your own architect. Your own creator . . . Take all the time you need, because it is fundamental for you to know your brother. Your house is your ego, it is your true I. Think also about how you are going to be dressed in your house. What clothing corresponds to you? How do you want to present yourself? In the kitchen, dress up everything you wish to eat. What is your ideal meal? And concentrate on the ideal company. With whom do you desire to be? If you want to be with anyone at all. There can be a reading room, a movie theater, music, books, animals—all that you desire. Without limits. Imagine your best in this ideal house.

And this part of the exercise is also fundamental, essential, so do it well. You are in the bed, lying down, but your life has ended. You are dead. And from your corpse you now begin to rise out under reform. How do you want to be reform? You are lying down, a being, a body that has stopped, and you get up with a new body. With what physique? What gender? What age? What would be your ideal? Imagine yourself as an ideal I. The I that we have is not our ideal I. We have an ideal, although it is still far away. Give yourself permission to imagine it. All these exercises are designed to eliminate the lack of confidence, to watch yourself. If you have a plot, if you have a house, if you have an ideal being, you have watched yourself.

Now criticize yourself the way a person in your family would. Your mother, your father, your brother. Talk with their voices. Put yourself in the position of someone who opposes you, because if until now you had not imagined any of this, it's because inside you there are forces working against what you imagine. What are these forces? Exactly: them. For

SIXTH



TECHNIQUES FOR THE IMAGINATION

The imagination operates on very simple principles. Some children have used it in education. The basis of the imagination has four elements, which are like mathematical elements: addition, subtraction, division, and multiplication. These are the four elements of the imagination. First, there is addition and subtraction. Then division, and multiplication. Addition, a minus, and with these two things, you have the imaginations of many people. It is very simple. Using subtraction, you must take away from everything, in the imaginary, until everything becomes small. For example, was the sea, was someone gone by with a package, and in that package he carried his entire lifeplace. You have an enormous imagination, because you have taken away from everything. You can subtractive everything. In my left pocket, I can carry my mother; in my right pocket, I have my father; I make them talk, and then I look at them. This happened in the movie *Henry, A Shock of the Kite*, as an exercise game.

One subtracts, subtracts—and one has to fight with the spiders. These are, in me, my elements for the imagination. And they are very useful! But we also have the plants: this could be addition. You can enlarge a pumpkin. The typical example could be the pumpkin that grows and grows and reaches the size of the planet, converting itself into a planet. And then it is so big it swallows the galaxy. Inside the pumpkin, there is all of history; all of humanity is here. Anything can be enlarged this way. It is simple. Make whatever you want grow, make it. In addition, you take these hours of division; you subtract them to make a building. This is how architects work. This is additive.

The imagination can increase or reduce. The Japanese imagination has created the small dwarf here, or here, the French dwarf here, the almost French dwarf here, the dwarf here, the dwarf here, for example, a monkey grows into King Kong, or Godzilla. In my case, I have a comic strip called *Megalo*, about a city that occupies the whole planet, although I cannot find time to do this.

Also the expansion of time is possible (Japanese). All of the superheros increase themselves in some way. For example, Flash Gordon is the fastest. A character who grows over everything but with a clock, or he/she loses everything, this happens in fairy tales, too. On the person who has the loudest voice and makes the buildings fall. There is the man who can sleep with three hundred women in a night, and so forth.

Imagine this: a horse passes in the street, and we think that there is an invasion, that horses are everywhere, that they are multiplying, that it is an epidemic. Now there are so many horses that we have to flee, because we are invaded, and at this point we can add another element: mirrors. The horses convert themselves into mirrors, and it is necessary to escape because they are destroying the humans. This is the imagination. That is to say, the imagination has used the mirror. (But we were still talking about addition and subtraction.)

A person becomes very weak, very weak, so much so that it is necessary to be fed up with food, like a marionette: she is the president, and she has to make a speech like that. Another example: a person loses power and her bones turn into liquid, like water. We can imagine it.

There is a story in which a young woman has such long hair that her lover can climb up her hands. This could be addition: a girl becomes a giant. Rapid. Reduce.

Many of Borges's words are very simple. In one of them there is a woman who serves a cup of tea, and then another, and another... thousands of cups of tea. In another, there are mushrooms that grow – until the entire house is full of them. In another, a dead body grows and grows and occupies the whole stage. And in *The Chair*, there is a chair, then another chair – until the entire stage is full of chairs. This is to say, the author does not have to have much imagination, because he simply uses the make-things-grow trick. In all of his words,

there is something that he multiplies. This becomes the same!)

Another element of the imagination is where something begins to decrease. Fuel is more, water is more, there's a planet where there is no water. There is an entire world about a planet that does not have water. An element has been split. And in splitting an element of nature, you make an imaginary world. I am showing you the processes of the imagination, formulas that you can apply anytime to your world and be able to create, expand, reduce. You create it.

A telephone call, ten telephone calls, all over the planet the telephone begins to ring, the buildings fall, and there is a catastrophe. Through multiplication. By magnification. Then, dream stage is: There is a hand that walks alone, it jumps on your back and strangles you. And it escapes as if it were a spider. This is fiction. You are walking on the street, and you see two people that walk without a body. In a study by Jung of the stories of Native Americans, he talks about a man who wanted to make love to the dead's daughter. So, he cut his phallus through the river and the phallus alone made love to the girl, leaving her pregnant. In this way, he managed to marry her.

Multiplication. Some Hindu goddesses have multiple arms. And each hand has an eye. Multiplication of the arms. Some, but four arms. There is also a Greek god with three heads. In the Ojapang, the eyelids has only one eye, on the forehead. That is reflection. In the case of the third eye, there is one-eye more. That would be multiplication.

And then, with these four elements one produces a mixture the Egyptian sphinx. It has a human head, a lion's body, an eagle's wings, a serpent tail. It is a mixture. There are a number of examples in the paintings of El Greco (Hippolytus Bosch), who often mixed elements. A woman is a mixture of man and animal. You take an element of one and an element of another and join them. That is how mixtures are created. An angel is a mixture of a human being and a bird with wings.

For a long time, I have been developing such mixtures. I imagined, for example, integrating the head of an elephant with a body that is a cloud, with four staircases for legs. The ability to mix elements presents interesting artistic possibilities, and the imagination uses them. These are techniques that we have at our disposal. Notice how we are always

reframing applications of this technique, in art, in politics. If you master this technique, you can work in any advertising agency.

And there is another form of imagination, which is imaginary time. Time travel. On this trip, I can go into the past. But the problem is that, if I modify the past, I modify the "present" point from which I departed. This is called temporal paradox, and it has been developed extensively in science fiction. It is one of the great themes. If I go into the past and kill my mother, then I would not have been born, because she would not have had me. Time travel is a main theme in many films, popular films, like the *Back to the Future* series. In those, the imagination plays with time. But there has a very strong sci-fi temporal foundation, because if I go into the past, I can witness my mother and make her my girlfriend, and in this case I could father myself with my mother, or I can witness my father in the past. This is one purpose of time travel imagery. Interfering with the past equates interfering with our present.

Then there is technology, which is the imagined end of the world. In what shape does the world end? fire, water, epidemic, or ascending into another dimension? There is a large part of the imaginary that has to do with the end of the world. This I am not recommending to you, although I do it intensely: I imagine various ways to die. I have imagined myself dying in a shower, while, being thrown from a building, being cut in two. I have projected myself a lot in accidents, in death, in free myself a lot from myself. I repeat to you that I do not recommend this to you. If you are distressed, do not do it. It is hard. Above all, imagine the death of loved ones. It is hard, because the possibility of a loved one dying creates always pain, and also we fear the possibility of our coming to exist.

To eliminate this, I have imagined a lot. I have turned myself into nothing: that is what happens when one enters darkness. I have made myself imagine the blackness, deep blackness that dissolves me I into nothingness. And then, the unexpected toward existence and light.

SEVENTEEN



THERAPEUTIC APPLICATIONS

We are going to work with feelings. Think about how you feel. What feeling do you have of yourself? Well, we live with feelings that sometimes are a little distressing. What lovely I am going to show you how to work with feelings of distress. Can anyone here have a feeling?

"I feel as if I had a wall in my chest." Listen hard, this is imagination. What is this wall like made of stone, metal, cement? Concentrate, try to tell me what it's like. Red bricks? Imagine that these are bricks of your despair. It is assumed that if you're, you can do what you want with this material. In the first place, it defines you: a wall was defined. Against what do you want to be defined? Look for the feeling. Do need to think; just feel the feeling. This wall is completely useful. Now meditate on the red bricks. They are pretty. Think that they are pretty. Install beauty into the bricks. Each time put more beauty into the wall. Okay? It is yours. It belongs to you. You can do what you want with it, build with it whatever you want. Make a self-off place. But imagine it completely. Imagine what this place is like, with these bricks. See it as a beautiful place. You can go inside. There, you have created a door. I have a solution: there is no need to eliminate the wall, only to open the door. And now, imagine the wall inside you, with a little door by which you can exit and enter. It is a part of you that preserves your individuality. This wall preserves your individuality because, for the moment, it is still weak. Okay? Now build your individuality. The red bricks are going to give you strength. If you make your wall strong, you will hear your feet. No one will be able to touch you. Do you understand? You must take the imaginary and incorporate it, work with the feeling. Because feelings that present themselves to us are

like symbols, we can work directly with them.

A person tells me that he feels that he has movement in his heart, and I answer that the movement is fertile; that he should think of adding earth to it and that anything can grow there. If the person can make something grow there, then the feeling changes.

"I feel like I have something on my shoulders, something that is crushing me." Okay, someone feels like something is crushing her. Let it come. Be not defined yourself, okay? (Change the feeling. Think that this comes from the interior and goes toward the exterior. Modify yourself. This emerges from your interior. Do you know what it is? Crushing wings. No, let them grow. Break them! Break the wings that are going to allow you to graduate you want to go. Create your wings and move your wings. Go where you like. Toward the north, toward your territory, toward yourself, toward your fulfillment. This is how feeling works.

"I feel like there's a ball of lead in my solar plexus." Wonderful. Imagine that your body is an atom, an alchemist's crucible. Imagine in another incarnation you are an alchemist. The ball of lead is the last material that is going to change you into gold. No, let this ball melt, go to the floor in the belly. This belly is the seat of the Great Work. Work, let the ball descend, instead of defending yourself, let it heat the fire of your sexuality, okay! Little by little, go about making it rise toward where it was, and as it is rising make it change colors, until it changes to golden, and go in the center of your chest. And then, let it shine, project its rays to all sides. Make it rise, and this way you make gold. What will you do with the gold? Currency, money. It is the appearance of money in your head. The negation of money comes into a heart. Do you have problems with money? Yes? Well, now you are going to have to make your money. If, upon making this ball rise, that weight, you feel too uncomfortable, convert the money into love. Love is the only creativity that gives you this kind of currency. Through the use of creativity, the feeling of distress will go.

"I have an ink in my head, thicker than plump into me." We are not going to ask what the thickeners are. Simply accept the feeling, but without asking yourself why or what it means, because it was in the initial thoughts that they threw at you when you were a child, things like that. You are going to think that this haunts your head, not that it enters into your head. But you still need to really work with this feeling, and what comes from your head is going to

change into roses, because roses have thorns. And when you imagine that you have roses coming out of your hand, imagine that insects come to pollinate them. And with the pollen, you are going to pollinate other plants in the world. And then you are self-generative; you can do what you want.

And if you have to stop with this game of "Look what you did to me!" or "You don't love me!" It is a lack of creativity. We should not blight ourselves in the feeling of not being loved. Similarly, if I have a feeling of not being loved, I must change this feeling and feel myself loved. And what can I do? Well, to begin with, stop asking. If I stop asking for love, then in a position to give it. Now say: "You don't love me, but I love you." And instead of spending my life anguishing myself and accusing others and suffering, I will say "Enough," and the problem ends. I love you, I am not going to live as a victim all of my life. No, I love you, and this stops. If you do not love me, it is your problem and mine. There is the cure. When we are creative, we are not contented in asking for something; on the contrary, we make it ourselves. We should just love there where there is not love, and we will find it. Because, if you are another like someone of your lack of capacity to love, it is because you have looked to someone who does not love you, and this is because you cannot love. You are incapable of loving, and your problem of not loving, you deposit on another, you project it like a mirror. Love, had it you love, the other is going to love you, because you are going to project your love to him.

We begin by loving things, art, people, our work, everything. We dedicate ourselves to creating and to loving. Because the other attitude drives me to do nothing, to being looked at every time. Creativity, on the other hand, shows you beyond what you do, what you should do, and what you do, you project. And if you project it, you receive it back. Everything you give to the world, the world gives to you. Everything you do not give to the world, the world does not give to you. You need to free yourself, unconditionally, from the appeal. Instead of saying "I want to have talent," we should say, "I have talent." Why would I want to have talent, if I have it? I want to have success. But if I have success, everything I want, I have. So, I stop asking, and I start doing my work. That is it! If I want to play music, I play it. If I want to sing, I sing. If I want to write, I write. If I want to gain money, I gain it. Period.

Because all our sins are always the barriers that prevent us from fulfilling ourselves.

Malcolm, mother, treat? It is this domineering mind-set that has said to me for a victim, you like a victim, and make yourself a victim. Peter worked. Malcolm is already the subject of another less acknowledged movie.

Footnotes

[1] For some years now, Indarovsky has been hosting, without publicity, a conference happening in line with the general theme every Wednesday in Paris. The event is free of charge; five hundred spectators attend each week, at the end of the Mystical Cabaret sessions, volunteers pass the hat to collect the money necessary to pay for renting the hall. Three days before the conference, and always before a change, Indarovsky reads the text made for some thirty people. At the conclusion of each reading, the person who received the reading is required to kiss the words "Thank you" with their index finger in Indarovsky's hands as payment.

[2] [Rajolaine, the name of the conference site, also means marijuana. -Ed.]

[3] [Indarovsky refers to this form to define his specific kind of level reading. -Ed.]

[4] [An ancient Chinese technique of self-massage. -Ed.]

About the Author

[Alexander Jodorowsky](#) is a playwright, filmmaker, composer, mime, psychotherapist, and author of many books on spirituality and love, and over thirty comic books and graphic novels. He has directed several films, including *The Rainbow Thief* and the cult classics *El Topo* and *The Holy Mountain*. He lives in France.

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