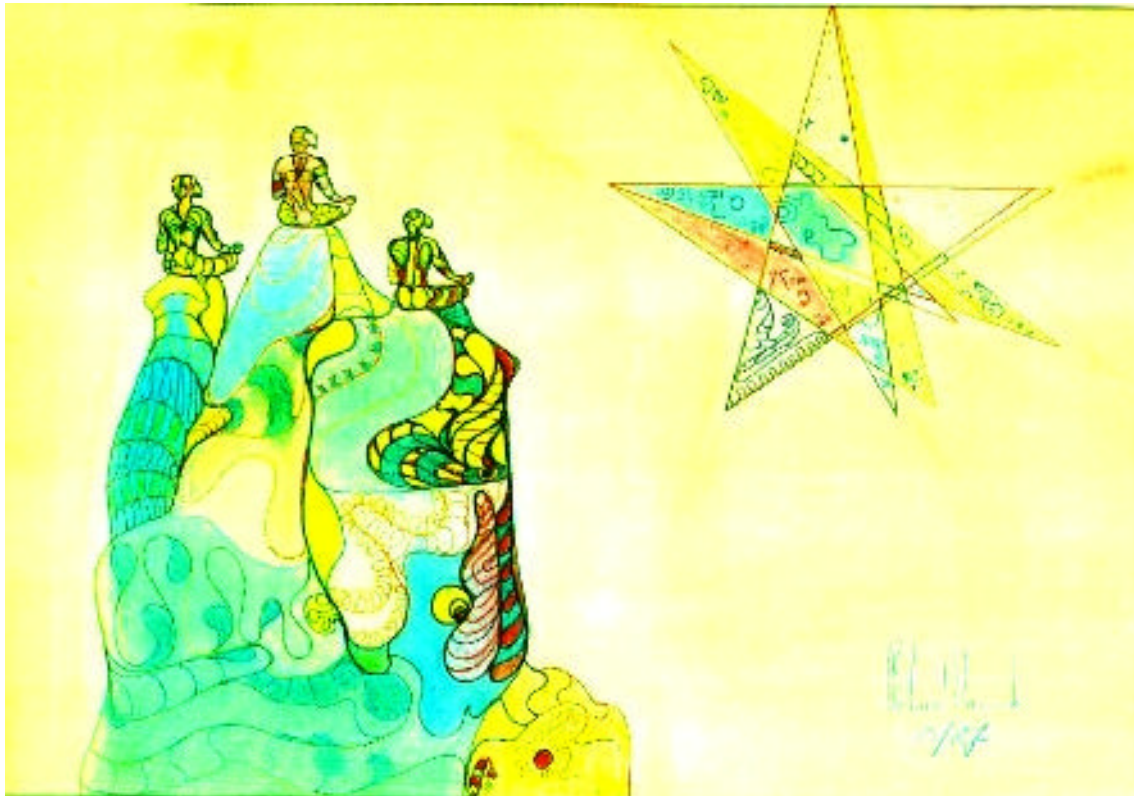




Wuyiquan and the Ancient Mexican **Warrior Path**



The Teachings of Don Juan

I am going to teach you the secrets that make up the lot of a man of knowledge. You will have to make a very deep commitment because the training is long and arduous.

A man goes to knowledge as he goes to war, wide awake, with fear, with respect, and with absolute assurance. Going to knowledge or going to war in any other manner is a mistake, and whoever makes it will live to regret his steps.

When a man has fulfilled those four requisites there are no mistakes for which he will have to account; under such conditions his acts lose the blundering quality of a fool's acts. If such a man fails, or suffers a defeat, he will have lost only a battle, and there will be no pitiful regrets over that.

A man of knowledge is one who has followed truthfully the hardships of learning, a man who has, without rushing or without faltering, gone as far as he can in unraveling the secrets of power and knowledge. To become a man of knowledge one must challenge and defeat his four natural enemies.

When a man starts to learn, he is never clear about his objectives. His purpose is faulty; his intent is vague. He hopes for rewards that will never materialize for he knows nothing of the hardships of learning.

He slowly begins to learn--bit by bit at first, then in big chunks. And his thoughts soon clash. What he learns is never what he pictured, or imagined, and so he begins to be afraid. Learning is never what one expects. Every step of learning is a new task, and the fear the man is experiencing begins to mount mercilessly, unyieldingly. His purpose becomes a battlefield.

And thus he has stumbled upon the first of his natural enemies: fear! A terrible enemy--treacherous, and difficult to overcome. It remains concealed at every turn of the way, prowling, waiting. And if the man, terrified in its presence, runs away, his enemy will have put an end to his quest and he will never learn. He will never become a man of knowledge. He will perhaps be a bully, or a harmless, scared man; at any rate, he will be a defeated man. His first enemy will have put an end to his cravings.

It is not possible for a man to abandon himself to fear for years, then finally conquer it. If he gives in to fear he will never conquer it, because he will shy away from learning and never try again. But if he tries to learn for years in the midst of his fear, he will eventually conquer it because he will never have really abandoned himself to it.

Therefore he must not run away. He must defy his fear, and in spite of it he must take the next step in learning, and the next, and the next. He must be fully afraid, and yet he must not stop. That is the rule! And a moment will come when his first enemy retreats. The man begins to feel sure of himself. His intent becomes stronger. Learning is no longer a terrifying task.

When this joyful moment comes, the man can say without hesitation that he has defeated his first natural enemy. It happens little by little, and yet the fear is vanquished suddenly and fast. Once a man has vanquished fear, he is free from it for the rest of his life because, instead of fear, he has acquired clarity--a clarity of mind which erases fear. By then a man knows his desires; he knows how to satisfy those desires. He can anticipate the new steps of learning and a sharp clarity surrounds everything. The man feels that nothings concealed.

And thus he has encountered his second enemy: Clarity! That clarity of mind, which is so hard to obtain, dispels fear, but also blinds. It forces the man never to doubt himself. It gives him the assurance he can do anything he pleases, for he sees clearly into everything. And he is courageous because he is clear, and he stops at nothing because he is clear. But all that is a mistake; it is like something incomplete. If the man yields to this make-believe power, he has succumbed to his second enemy and will be patient when he should rush. And he will fumble with learning until he winds up incapable of learning anything more. His second enemy has just stopped him cold from trying to become a man of knowledge. Instead, the man may turn into a buoyant warrior, or a clown. Yet the clarity for which he has paid so dearly will never change to darkness and fear again. He will be clear as long as he lives, but he will no longer learn, or yearn for, anything.

He must do what he did with fear: he must defy his clarity and use it only to see, and wait patiently and measure carefully before taking new steps; he must think, above all, that his clarity is almost a mistake. And a moment will come when he will understand that his clarity was only a point before his eyes. And thus he will have overcome his second enemy, and will arrive at a position where nothing can harm him anymore. This will not be a mistake. It will not be only a point before his eyes. It will be true power.

He will know at this point that the power he has been pursuing for so long is finally his. He can do with it whatever he pleases. His ally is at his command. His wish is the rule. He sees all that is around him. But he has also come across his third enemy: Power!

Power is the strongest of all enemies. And naturally the easiest thing to do is to give in; after all, the man is truly invincible. He commands; he begins by taking calculated risks, and ends in making rules, because he is a master.

A man at this stage hardly notices his third enemy closing in on him. And suddenly, without knowing, he will certainly have lost the battle. His enemy will have turned him into a cruel, capricious man, but he will never lose his clarity or his power.

A man who is defeated by power dies without really knowing how to handle it. Power is only a burden upon his fate. Such a man has no command over himself, and cannot tell when or how to use his power.

Once one of these enemies overpowers a man there is nothing he can do. It is not possible, for instance, that a man who is defeated by power may see his error and mend his ways. Once a man gives in he is through. If, however, he is temporarily blinded by power, and then refuses it, his battle is still on. That means he is still trying to become a man of knowledge. A man is defeated only when he no longer tries, and abandons himself.

He has to come to realize that the power he has seemingly conquered is in reality never his. He must keep himself in line at all times, handling carefully and faithfully all that he has learned. If he can see that clarity and power, without his control over himself, are worse than mistakes, he will reach a point where everything is held in check. He will know then when and how to use his power. And thus he will have defeated his third enemy.

The man will be, by then, at the end of his journey of learning, and almost without warning he will come upon the last of his enemies: Old age! This enemy is the cruelest of all, the one he won't be able to defeat completely, but only fight away.

This is the time when a man has no more fears, no more impatient clarity of mind--a time when all his power is in check, but also the time when he has an unyielding desire to rest. If he gives in totally to his desire to lie down and forget, if he soothes himself in tiredness, he will have lost his last round, and his enemy will cut him down into a feeble old creature. His desire to retreat will overrule all his clarity, his power, and his knowledge.

But if the man sloughs off his tiredness, and lives his fate though, he can then be called a man of knowledge, if only for the brief moment when he succeeds in fighting off his last, invincible enemy. That moment of clarity, power, and knowledge is enough.

Anything is one of a million paths. Therefore you must always keep in mind that a path is only a path; if you feel you should not follow it, you must not stay with it under any conditions. To have such clarity you must lead a disciplined life. Only then will you know that any path is only a path and there is no affront, to oneself or to others, in dropping it if that is what your heart tells you to do. But your decision to keep on the path or to leave it must be free of fear or ambition. I warn you. Look at every path closely and deliberately. Try it as many times as you think necessary.

This question is one that only a very old man asks. Does this path have a heart? All paths are the same: they lead nowhere. They are paths going through the bush, or into the bush. In my own life I could say I have traversed long long paths, but I am not anywhere. Does this path have a heart? If it does, the path is good; if it doesn't, it is of

no use. Both paths lead nowhere; but one has a heart, the other doesn't. One makes for a joyful journey; as long as you follow it, you are one with it. The other will make you curse your life. One makes you strong; the other weakens you.

Before you embark on any path ask the question: Does this path have a heart? If the answer is no, you will know it, and then you must choose another path. The trouble is nobody asks the question; and when a man finally realizes that he has taken a path without a heart, the path is ready to kill him. At that point very few men can stop to deliberate, and leave the path. A path without a heart is never enjoyable. You have to work hard even to take it. On the other hand, a path with heart is easy; it does not make you work at liking it.

I have told you that to choose a path you must be free from fear and ambition. The desire to learn is not ambition. It is our lot as men to want to know.

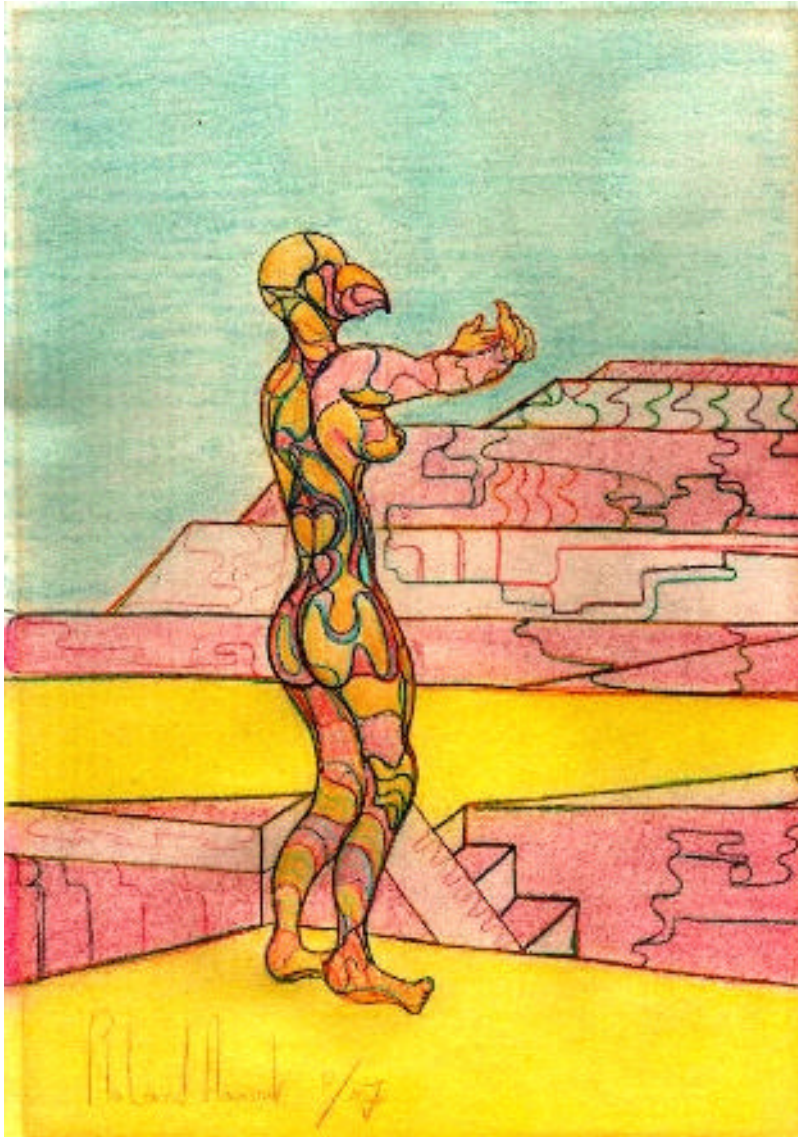
The path without a heart will turn against men and destroy them. It does not take much to die, and to seek death is to seek nothing.

For me there is only the traveling on the paths that have a heart, on any path that may have a heart. There I travel, and the only worthwhile challenge for me is to traverse its full length. And there I travel--looking, looking, breathlessly.



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A Separate Reality

You think about yourself too much and that gives you a strange fatigue that makes you shut off the world around you and cling to your arguments.

A light and amenable disposition is needed in order to withstand the impact and the strangeness of the knowledge I am teaching you. Feeling important makes one heavy, clumsy, and vain. To be a man of knowledge one needs to be light and fluid.

One has to reduce to a minimum all that is unnecessary in one's life.

Once you decide something put all your

petty fears away. Your decision should vanquish them. I will tell you time and time again, the most effective way to live is as a warrior. Worry and think before you make any decision, but once you make it, be on your way free from worries or thoughts; there will be a million other decisions still awaiting you. That's the warrior's way.

A warrior thinks of his death when things become unclear. The idea of death is the only thing that tempers our spirit.

To be a warrior you have to be crystal clear.

My acts are sincere but they are only the acts of an actor because everything I do is controlled folly. Everything I do in regard to myself and my fellow men is folly, because nothing matters.

Certain things in your life matter to you because they're important; your acts are certainly important to you, but for me, not a single thing is important any longer, neither my acts nor the acts of any of my fellow men. I go on living though, because I have my *will*. Because I have tempered my *will* throughout my life until it's neat and wholesome and now it doesn't matter to me that nothing matters. My *will* controls the folly of my life.

Once a man learns to *see* he finds himself alone in the world with nothing but folly. Your acts, as well as the acts of your fellow men in general, appear to be important to you because you have *learned* to think they are important.

We learn to think about everything, and then we train our eyes to look as we think about the things we look at. We look at ourselves already thinking that we are important. And therefore we've got to *feel* important! But then when a man learns *those*, he realizes that he can no longer think about the things he looks at, and if he cannot think about what he looks at everything becomes unimportant. Everything is equal and therefore unimportant.

We need to look with our eyes to laugh. When our eyes *see*, everything is so equal that nothing is funny. My laughter, as well as everything I do is real but it also is controlled folly because it is useless; it changes nothing and yet I still do it.

One must always choose the path with heart in order to be at one's best, perhaps so one can always laugh.

You don't understand me now because of your habit of thinking as you look and thinking as you think. By "thinking" I mean the constant idea that we have of everything in the world. *Seeing* dispels that habit and until you learn to *see* you will not really understand what I mean.

Our lot as men is to learn. I have learned to *see* and It'll you that nothing really matters. A man of knowledge lives by acting, not by thinking about acting, nor by thinking about what he will think when he has finished acting. A man of knowledge chooses a path with heart and follows it; and then he looks and rejoices and laughs; and then he *sees* and knows. He knows that his life will be over altogether too soon; he knows that he, as well as everybody else, is not going anywhere; he knows, because he *sees*, that nothing is more important than anything else. In other words, a man of knowledge has no honor, no dignity, no family, no name, no country, but only life to be lived, and under these circumstances his only tie to his fellow men is his controlled folly. Thus a man of knowledge endeavors, and sweats, and puffs, and if one looks at him he is just like any ordinary man, except that the folly of his life is under control. Nothing being more important than anything else, a man of knowledge chooses any act, and acts it out as if it matters to him. His controlled folly makes him say that what he does matters and makes him act as if it did, and yet he knows that it doesn't; so when he fulfills his acts he retreats in peace, and whether his acts were good or bad, or worked or didn't, is in no way part of his concern.

You think about your acts, therefore you have to believe your acts are as important as you think they are, when in reality nothing of what one does is important. Nothing! But then if nothing really matters, as you ask me, how can I go on living? It would be simple to die; that's what you say and believe, because you're thinking about life, just as you're thinking now what *seeing* would belike. You want me to describe it to you so you can begin to think about it, the way you do with everything else. In the case of *seeing*, however, thinking is not the issue at all, so I cannot tell you what it is like to *see*. Now you want me to describe the reasons for my controlled folly and I can only tell you that controlled folly is very much like *seeing*; it is something you cannot think about.

Our lot as men is to learn and, as I've said, one goes to knowledge as one goes to war; with fear, with respect, aware that one is going to war, and with absolute

confidence in oneself. Put your trust in yourself. There's no emptiness in the life of a man of knowledge, everything is filled to the brim and everything is equal. For me there is no victory, or defeat, or emptiness. Everything is filled to the brim and everything is equal and my struggle is worth my while.

In order to become a man of knowledge one must be a warrior. One must strive without giving up, without a complaint, without flinching, until one *sees*, only to realize then that nothing matters. You're too concerned with liking people or with being liked yourself. A man of knowledge likes, that's all. He likes whatever or whoever he wants, but he uses his controlled folly to be unconcerned about it.

My controlled folly applies only to myself and to the acts I perform while in the company of my fellow men.

You must talk to the plants you're going to pick before you pick them. In order to *see* the plants you must talk to them personally, you must get to know them individually; then the plants can tell you anything you care to know about them.

You fail to understand that I am not joking. When a sorcerer attempts to *see*, he attempts to gain power.

You think everything in the world is simple to understand because everything you do is a routine that is simple to understand.

You have to have an *unbending intent* in order to become a man of knowledge.

A warrior takes responsibility for his acts; for the most trivial of his acts. He waits patiently, knowing that he is waiting, and knowing what he is waiting for. That is the warrior's way.

What makes us unhappy is to want. Yet if we would learn to cut our wants to nothing, the smallest thing we'd get would be a true gift. To be poor or wanting is only a thought; and so is to hate, or to be hungry, or to be in pain. They are only thoughts for me now, I have accomplished that feat. The power to do that is all we have, mind you, to oppose the forces of our lives; without that power we are dregs, dust in the wind.

It is up to us as single individuals to oppose the forces of our lives. Only a warrior can survive. A warrior knows that he is waiting and what he is waiting for; and while he waits he wants nothing and thus whatever little thing he gets is more than he can take. If he needs to eat he finds a way, because he is not hungry; if something hurts his body he finds a way to stop it, because he is not in pain. To be hungry or to be in pain means that the man has abandoned himself and is no longer a warrior; and the forces of his hunger and pain will destroy him.

The countless paths one traverses in one's life are all equal. Oppressors and oppressed meet at the end, and the only thing that prevails is that life was altogether too short for both.

You must act like a warrior. One learns to act like a warrior by acting, not by

talking. A warrior has only his *will* and his patience and with them he builds anything he wants. You have no more time for retreats or for regrets. You only have time to live like a warrior and work for patience and *will* .

Will is something very special. It happens mysteriously. There is no real way of telling how one uses it, except that the results of using the *will* are astounding. Perhaps the first thing that one should do is to know that one can develop the *will* . A warrior knows that and proceeds to wait for it.

A warrior knows that he is waiting and knows what he is waiting for. It is very difficult, if not impossible, for the average man to know what he is waiting for. A warrior, however, has no problems; he knows that he is waiting for his *will* .

Will is something very clear and powerful which can direct our acts. *Will* is something a man uses, for instance, to win a battle which he, by all calculations, should lose. It is not what we call courage. Courage is something else. Men of courage are dependable men, noble men perennially surrounded by people who flock around them and admire them; yet very few men of courage have *will* . Usually they are fearless men who're given to performing daring common-sense acts; most of the time a courageous man is also fearsome and feared. *Will* , on the other hand, has to do with astonishing feats that defy our commonsense. You may say that it is a kind of control.

Will is not what one calls "will power." Denying oneself certain things with "will power," is an indulgence and I don't recommend anything of the kind. The indulgence of denying is by far the worst; it forces us to believe we are doing great things, when in effect we are only fixed within ourselves.

Will is a power. And since it is a power it has to be controlled and tuned and that takes time. When I was your age I was as impulsive as you. Yet I have changed. Our *will* operates in spite of our indulgence. For example your *will* is already opening your gap, little by little.

There is a gap in us; like the soft spot on the head of a child which closes with age, this gap opens as one develops one's *will* . It's an opening. It allows a space for the *will* to shoot out, like an arrow. What a sorcerer calls *will* is a power within ourselves. It is not a thought, or an object, or a wish. An act of "will power" is not *will* because such an act needs thinking and wishing. *Will* is what can make you succeed when your thoughts tell you that you're defeated. *Will* is a force which is the true link between men and the world.

The world is whatever we perceive, in any manner we may choose to perceive. Perceiving the world entails a process of apprehending whatever presents itself to us. This particular perceiving is done with our senses and with our *will* . *Will* is a relation between ourselves and the perceived world.

What the average man calls will is character and strong disposition. What a sorcerer calls *will* is a force that comes from within and attaches itself to the world out there. One can perceive the world with the senses as well as with the *will* .

An average man can "grab" the things of the world only with his hands, or his senses, but a sorcerer can grab them also with his *will* . I cannot really describe how it is done, but you yourself, for instance, cannot describe to me how you hear. It happens that I am also capable of hearing, so we can talk about what we hear, but not about how we hear. A sorcerer uses his *will* to perceive the world. That perceiving, however, is not like hearing. When we look at the world or when we hear it, we have

the impression that it is out there and that it is real. When we perceive the world with our *will* we know that the world is not as "out there" or as "real" as we think.

Will is a force, a power. *Seeing* is not a force, but rather a way of getting through things. A sorcerer may have a very strong *will* and yet he may not *see* ; which means that only a man of knowledge perceives the world with his senses and with his *will* and also with his *seeing* .

Now you know you are waiting for your *will* . You still don't know what it is, or how it could happen to you. So watch carefully everything you do. The very thing that could help you develop your *will* is amidst all the little things you do.

When a man embarks on the paths of sorcery he becomes aware, in a gradual manner, that ordinary life has been forever left behind; that knowledge is indeed a frightening affair; that the means of the ordinary world are no longer a buffer for him; and that he must adopt a new way of life if he is going to survive. The first thing he ought to do, at that point, is to want to become a warrior. The frightening nature of knowledge leaves one no alternative but to become a warrior.

By the time knowledge becomes a frightening affair the man also realizes that death is the irreplaceable partner that sits next to him on the mat. Every bit of knowledge that becomes power has death as its central force. Death lends the ultimate touch and whatever is touched by death indeed becomes power.

A man who follows the paths of sorcery is confronted with imminent annihilation every turn of the way, and unavoidably he becomes keenly aware of his death. Without the awareness of death he would be only an ordinary man involved in ordinary acts. He would lack the necessary potency, the necessary concentration that transforms one's ordinary time on earth into magical power.

Thus to be a warrior a man has to be, first of all, and rightfully so, keenly aware of his own death. But to be concerned with death would force any one of us to focus on the self and that would be debilitating. So the next thing one needs to be a warrior is detachment. The idea of imminent death, instead of becoming an obsession, becomes an indifference.

Now you must detach yourself; detach yourself from everything. Only the idea of death makes a man sufficiently detached so he is incapable of abandoning himself to anything. Only the idea of death makes a man sufficiently detached so he can't deny himself anything. A man of that sort, however, does not crave, for he has acquired a silent lust for life and for all things of life. He knows his death is stalking him and won't give him time to cling to anything, so he tries, without craving, ~~h~~ of everything.

A detached man, who knows he has no possibility of fencing off his death, has only one thing to back himself with: the power of his decisions. He has to be, so to speak, the master of his choices. He must fully understand that his choice is his responsibility and once he makes it there is no longer time for regrets or recriminations. His decisions are final, simply because his death does not permit him time to cling to anything.

And thus with an awareness of his death, with his detachment, and with the power of his decisions a warrior sets his life in a strategically manner. The knowledge of his death guides him and makes him detached and silently lusty; the power of his final

decisions makes him able to choose without regrets and what he chooses is always strategically the best; and so he performs everything he has to with gusto and lustrous efficiency.

When a man behaves in such a manner one may rightfully say that he is a warrior and has acquired patience. When a warrior has acquired patience he is on his way to *will*. He knows how to wait. His death sits with him on his mat, they are friends. His death advises him, in mysterious ways, how to choose, how to live strategically. And the warrior waits! I would say that the warrior learns without any hurry because he knows he is waiting for his *will*; and one day he succeeds in performing something ordinarily quite impossible to accomplish. He may not even notice his extraordinary deed. But as he keeps on performing impossible acts, or as impossible things keep on happening to him, he becomes aware that a sort of power is emerging. A power that comes out of his body as he progresses on the path of knowledge. He notices that he can actually touch anything he wants with a feeling that comes out of his body from a spot right below or right above his navel. That feeling is the *will*, and when he is capable of grabbing with it, one can rightfully say that the warrior is a sorcerer, and that he has acquired *will*.

A man can go still further than that; a man can learn to *see*. Upon learning to *see* he no longer needs to live like a warrior, nor be a sorcerer. Upon learning to *see* a man becomes everything by becoming nothing. He, so to speak, vanishes and yet he's there. I would say that this is the time when a man can be or can get anything he desires. But he desires nothing, and instead of playing with his fellow men like they were toys, he meets them in the midst of their folly. The only difference between them is that a man who *sees* controls his folly, while his fellow men can't. A man who *sees* has no longer an active interest in his fellow men. *Seeing* has already detached him from absolutely everything he knew before.

Don't let the idea of being detached from everything you know give you the chills. The thing which should give you the chills is not to have anything to look forward to but a lifetime of doing that which you have always done. Think of the man who plants corn year after year until he's too old and tired to get up, so he lies around like an old dog. His thoughts and feelings, the best of him, ramble aimlessly to the only things he has ever done, to plant corn. For me that is the most frightening waste there is.

We are men and our lot is to learn and to be hurled into inconceivable new worlds. *Seeing* is for impeccable men. Temper your spirit now, become a warrior, learn to *see*, and then you'll know that there is no end to the new worlds for our vision.

When you *see* there are no longer familiar features in the world. Everything is new. Everything has never happened before. The world is incredible! Everything you gaze at becomes nothing!

Things don't disappear they don't vanish, they simply became nothing and yet they are still there. *Seeing* makes one realize the unimportance of everything.

Seeing is learned by *seeing*.

A warrior treats everything with respect and does not trample on anything unless he has to. He does not abandon himself to anything, not even to his death. He is not a willing partner and not available, and if he involves himself with something, you can be sure that he is aware of what he is doing. For a warrior there is nothing out of control. Life for a warrior is an exercise in strategy. But you want to find the meaning of life. A warrior doesn't care about meanings. He would set his life strategically. Thus if he couldn't avoid an accident he would find means to offset his handicap, or avoid its consequences, or battle against them. He would be battling to the end.

A warrior is never available; never is he standing on the road waiting to be clobbered. Thus he cuts to a minimum his chances of the unforeseen.

A warrior is never idle and never in a hurry.

When a man learns to *see*, not a single thing he knows prevails. Not a single one. Nothing is known; nothing remains as we used to know it when we didn't *see*.

A warrior lives strategically and never carries loads he cannot handle.

Nothing is pending in the world, nothing is finished, yet nothing is unresolved.

The path of knowledge is a forced one. In order to learn we must be spurred. In the path of knowledge we are always fighting something, avoiding something, prepared for something; and that something is always inexplicable, greater, more powerful than us. The inexplicable forces will come to you. Later on it'll be your own ally, so there is nothing you can do now but to prepare yourself for the struggle.

The world is indeed full of frightening things and we are helpless creatures surrounded by forces that are inexplicable and unbending. The average man, in ignorance, believes that those forces can be explained or changed; he doesn't really know how to do that, but he expects that the actions of mankind will explain them or change them sooner or later. A sorcerer, on the other hand, does not think of explaining or changing them; instead, he learns to use such forces by redirecting himself and adapting to their direction. That's his trick. There is very little to sorcery once you find out its trick. A sorcerer, by opening himself to knowledge, falls prey to those forces and has only one means of balancing himself, his *will*; thus he must feel and act like a warrior. I will repeat this once more: Only as a warrior can one survive the path of knowledge. What helps a sorcerer live a better life is the strength of being a warrior.

It is my commitment to teach you to *see*. I am compelled, therefore, to teach you to feel and act like a warrior. To *see* without first being a warrior would make you weak; it would give you a false meekness, a desire to retreat; your body would decay because you would become indifferent. It is my personal commitment to

make you a warrior so you won't crumble.

A warrior should be prepared only to battle. His spirit is not geared to indulging and complaining, nor is it geared to winning or losing. The spirit of a warrior is geared only to struggle, and every struggle is a warrior's last battle on earth. Thus the outcome matters very little to him. In his last battle on earth a warrior lets his spirit flow free and clear. And as he wages his battle, knowing that his *will* is impeccable, a warrior laughs and laughs.

A warrior selects the items that make his world. He selects deliberately, for every item he chooses is a shield that protects him from the onslaughts of the forces he is striving to use. The average man who is equally surrounded by those inexplicable forces is oblivious to them because he has other kinds of special shields to protect himself.

People are busy doing that which people do. Those are their shields. Whenever a sorcerer has an encounter with any of those inexplicable and unbending forces we will talk about, his gap opens, making him more susceptible to his death than he ordinarily is. We die through that gap, therefore if it is open one should have his *will* ready to fill it; that is, if one is a warrior. If one is not a warrior, like yourself, then one has no other recourse but to use the activities of daily life to take one's mind away from the fright of the encounter and thus to allow one's gap to close.

Act like a warrior and select the items of your world. You cannot surround yourself with things helter-skelter any longer. I tell you this in a most serious vein. A warrior encounters those inexplicable and unbending forces because he is deliberately seeking them, thus he is always prepared for the encounter. The first thing you must do, then, is be prepared. A warrior takes the responsibility of protecting his life. Then if any of those forces tap him and open his gap, he must deliberately strive to close it by himself. For that purpose he must have a selected number of things that give him great peace and pleasure, things which he can deliberately use to take his thoughts from his fright and close his gap and make him solid.

In his day-to-day life a warrior chooses to follow the path with heart. It is the consistent choice of the path with heart which makes a warrior different from the average man. He knows that a path has heart when he is one with it, when he experiences a great peace and pleasure traversing its length. The things a warrior selects to make his shields are the items of a path with heart. You must surround yourself with the items of a path with heart and you must refuse the rest.

You must stop talking to yourself. Every one of us does that. We carry on an internal talk. We talk about our world. In fact we maintain our world with our internal talk. Whenever we finish talking to ourselves the world is always as it should be. We renew it, we kindle it with life, we uphold it with our internal talk. Not only that, but we also choose our paths as we talk to ourselves. Thus we repeat the same choices over and over until the day we die, because we keep on repeating the same internal talk over and over until the day we die.

A warrior is aware of this and strives to stop his talking. This is the last point you have to know if you want to live like a warrior.

First of all you must use your ears to take some of the burden from your eyes. We have been using our eyes to judge the world since the time we were born. We talk to others and to ourselves mainly about what we see. A warrior is aware of that and listens to the world; he listens to the sounds of the world. He is aware that the world will change as soon as he stops talking to himself and he must be prepared for that monumental jolt.

The world is such-and-such or so-and-so only because we tell ourselves that that is the way it is. If we stop telling ourselves that the world is so-and-so, the world will stop being so-and-so. You must start slowly to undo the world.

Your problem is that you confuse the world with what people do. The things people do are the shields against the forces that surround us; what we do as people gives us comfort and makes us feel safe; what people do is rightfully very important, but only as a shield. We never learn that the things we do as people are only shields and we let them dominate and topple our lives. In fact I could say that for mankind, what people do is greater and more important than the world itself.

The world is all that is encased here; life, death, people, the allies, and everything else that surrounds us. The world is incomprehensible. We won't ever understand it; we won't ever unravel its secrets. Thus we must treat it as it is, a sheer mystery!

An average man doesn't do this, though. The world is never a mystery for him, and when he arrives at old age he is convinced he has nothing more to live for. An old man has not exhausted the world. He has exhausted only what people do. But in his stupid confusion he believes that the world has no more mysteries for him. What a wretched price to pay for our shields!

A warrior is aware of this confusion and learns to treat things properly. The things that people do cannot under any conditions be more important than the world. And thus a warrior treats the world as an endless mystery and what people do as an endless folly.

Focus all your attention on listening to sounds and do your best to find the holes between the sounds. Stay in complete alertness.

Everything is meaningful for a sorcerer. The sounds have holes in them and so does everything around you. Ordinarily a man does not have the speed to catch the holes, and thus he goes through life without protection. The worms, the birds, the trees, all of them can tell us unimaginable things if only one could have the speed to grasp their message.

Fright is something one can never get over. A warrior cannot indulge, thus he cannot die of fright. Your difficulty is that you want to understand everything, and that is not possible. If you insist on understanding you're not considering your entire lot as a human being. Your stumbling block is intact.

Understanding is only a very small affair, so very small--yet sober understanding is vital.

Only by acting can one become a sorcerer.

You now have the need to live like a warrior.

Journey to Ixtlan

There is no need for us to say anything about others. There is no need for you or for me to regard other's actions in our thoughts one-way or another. The worst thing we can do is to force people to agree with us. I mean that we shouldn't try to impose our will when people don't behave the way we want them to. The worst thing one can do is to confront human beings bluntly. A warrior proceeds strategically. If one wants to *stop* our fellow men one must always be outside the circle that presses them. That way one can always direct the pressure.

Fright never injures anyone.

What injures the spirit is having someone always on your back, beating you, telling you what to do and what not to do.

People hardly ever realize that we can cut anything from our lives, any time, just like that. For example, smoking and drinking are nothing. Nothing at all if we want to drop them. Only one thing is indispensable for anything we do; the spirit. One can't do without the spirit.

I have no routines or personal history. One day I found out that they were no longer necessary for me and, like drinking, I dropped them. One must have the desire to drop them and then one must proceed harmoniously to chop them off, little by little. If you have no personal history, no explanations are needed; nobody is angry or disillusioned with your acts. And above all no one pins you down with their thoughts. It is best to erase all personal history because that makes us free from the encumbering thoughts of other people. I have, little by little, created a fog around me and my life. And now nobody knows for sure who I am or what I do. Not even I. How can I know who I am, when I am all this?

Little by little you must create a fog around yourself; you must erase everything around you until nothing can be taken for granted, until nothing is any longer for sure, or real. Your problem now is that you're too real. Your endeavors are too real; your moods are too real. Don't take things so for granted. You must begin to erase yourself.

You've said that you want to learn about plants. Let's put it this way then. If you want to learn about plants, since there is really nothing to say about them, you must, among other things, erase your personal history.

Begin with simple things, such as not revealing what you really do. What's wrong is that once people know you, you are an affair taken for granted and from that

moment on you won't be able to break the tie of their thoughts. I personally like the ultimate freedom of being unknown. No one knows me with steadfast certainty, the way people know you, for instance.

From now on you must simply show people whatever you care to show them, but without ever telling exactly how you've done it. You see, we only have two alternatives; we either take everything for sure and real, or we don't. If we follow the first, we end up bored to death with ourselves and with the world. If we follow the second and erase personal history, we create a fog around us, a very exciting and mysterious state in which nobody knows where the rabbit will pop out, not even ourselves.

When nothing is for sure we remain alert, perennially on our toes. It is more exciting not to know which bush the rabbit is hiding behind than to behave as though we know everything.

You have to curl your fingers gently as you walk in order to keep your attention on the trail and the surroundings. Your ordinary way of walking is debilitating and you should never carry anything in your hands. If things have to be carried one should use a knapsack or any sort of carrying net or shoulder bag. By forcing the hands into a specific position one is capable of greater stamina and greater awareness.

If you really want to learn, you have to remodel most of your behavior. You take yourself too seriously. You are too damn important in your own mind. That must be changed! You are so goddamn important that you feel justified to be annoyed with everything. You're so damn important that you can afford to leave if things don't go your way. I suppose you think that shows you have character. That's nonsense! You're weak, and conceited! In the course of your life you have not ever finished anything because of that sense of disproportionate importance that you attach to yourself.

Self-importance is another thing that must be dropped, just like personal history. The world around us is very mysterious. It doesn't yield its secrets easily. Now we are concerned with losing self-importance. As long as you feel that you are the most important thing in the world you cannot really appreciate the world around you. You are like a horse with blinders, all you see is yourself apart from everything else.

To help you lose self-importance talk to little plants. It doesn't matter what you say to a plant, what's important is the feeling of liking it, and treating it as an equal.

A man who gathers plants must apologize every time for taking them and must assure them that someday his own body will serve as food for them. So, all in all, the plants and ourselves are even. Neither we nor they are more or less important. From now on talk to the little plants, talk until you lose all sense of importance. Talk to them until you can do it in front of others. You must talk to them in aloud and clear voice if you want them to answer you.

The world around us is a mystery, and men are no better than anything else. If a little plant is generous with us we must thank her, or perhaps she will not let us go.

You have to be aware of the uselessness of your self-importance and of your personal history.

Your death can give you a little warning, it always comes as a chill. Death is our eternal companion, it is always to our left, at an arm's length.

How can anyone feel so important when we know that death is stalking us. The thing to do when you're impatient is to turn to your left and ask advice from your death. An immense amount of pettiness is dropped if your death makes a gesture to you, or if you catch a glimpse of it, or if you just have the feeling that your companion is there watching you.

The issue of our death is never pressed far enough. Death is the only wise adviser that we have. Whenever you feel, as you always do, that everything is going wrong and you're about to be annihilated, turn to your death and ask if that is so. Your death will tell you that you're wrong; that nothing really matters outside its touch. Your death will tell you, "I haven't touched you yet."

One of us here has to change, and fast. One of us here has to learn again that death is the hunter, and that it is always to one's left. One of us here has to ask death's advice and drop the cursed pettiness that belongs to men that live their lives as if death will never tap them.

Think of your death now. It is at arm's length. It may tap you any moment, so really you have no time for crappy thoughts and moods. None of us have time for that. The only thing that counts is action, acting instead of talking.

When a man decides to do something he must go all the way, but he must take responsibility for what he does. No matter what he does, he must know first why he is doing it, and then he must proceed with his actions without having doubts or remorse about them.

Look at me, I have no doubts or remorse. Everything I do is my decision and my responsibility. The simplest thing I do, to take you for a walk in the desert for instance, may very well mean my death. Death is stalking me. Therefore, I have no room for doubts or remorse. If I have to die as a result of taking you for a walk, then I must die.

You on the other hand, feel that you are immortal, and the decisions of an immortal man can be cancelled or regretted or doubted. In a world where death is the hunter, my friend, there is not time for regrets or doubts. There is only time for decisions.

When you get angry you always feel righteous. You have been complaining all your life because you don't assume responsibility for your decisions. To assume the responsibility of one's decisions means that one is ready to die for them. It doesn't matter what the decision is. Nothing could be more or less serious than anything else. In a world where death is the hunter there are no small or big decisions. There are only decisions that we make in the face of our inevitable death.

In order to find the proper place to rest all one has to do is to cross the eyes. The technique takes years to perfect. It consists of gradually forcing your eyes to see separately the same image. The lack of image conversion entails a double perception of the world; this double perception allows one the opportunity of judging changes in the surroundings, which the eyes are ordinarily incapable of perceiving.

Looking in short glances allows the eyes to pick out unusual sights. They are not sights proper, they are more like feelings. If you look at a bush or a tree or a rock where you may like to rest, your eyes can make you feel whether or not that's the best resting place. I don't care what you see. How you feel is the important issue. It takes a

long time to train the eyes properly. The trick is to feel with your eyes. Your problem now is that you don't know what to feel. It'll come to you, though, with practice.

No one can tell you what you are supposed to feel. It is not heat, or light, or glare, or color. It is something else. Once you learn to separate the images and see two of everything you must focus your attention in the area between the two images. Any change worthy of notice would take place there, in that area. The feeling that you get is what counts. I can't tell you how to feel. You must learn that yourself.

I hunt in order to live. I can live off the land, anywhere. To be a hunter means that one can see the world in different ways. In order to be a hunter one must be in perfect balance with everything else, otherwise hunting would become a meaningless chore.

Today we took a little snake. I had to apologize to her for cutting her life off so suddenly and so definitely; I did what I did knowing that my own life will also be cut off someday in very much the same fashion, suddenly and definitely. So, all in all, we and the snakes are on a par. One of them fed us today.

Hunters must be exceptionally tight individuals. A hunter leaves very little to chance. For your purposes it doesn't really matter whether you learn about plants or about hunting. I am a hunter. I leave very little to chance. Perhaps I should explain to you that I learned to be a hunter. I have not always lived the way I do now. At one point in my life I had to change. Now I'm pointing the direction to you. I'm guiding you. I know what I'm talking about; someone taught me all this. I didn't figure it out for myself.

I'm having a gesture with you. Other people have had a similar gesture with you; someday you yourself will have the same gesture with others. Let's say that it is my turn. One day I found out that if I wanted to be a hunter worthy of self-respect I had to change my way of life. I used to whine and complain a great deal. I had good reasons to feel shortchanged. I am an Indian and Indians are treated like dogs. There was nothing I could do to remedy that, so all I was left with was my sorrow. But then my good fortune spared me and someone taught me to hunt. And I realized that the way I lived was not worth living ... so I changed it.

I laugh a great deal because I like to laugh, yet everything I say is deadly serious.

It is getting dark. The world is very strange at this time of the day. We are very noticeable here and something is coming to us. It may seem to be wind to you, because wind is all you know. Here it comes. Look how it is searching for us. It's something that hides in the wind and looks like a whorl, a cloud, a mist, a face that twirls around. It moves in a specific direction. It either tumbles or it twirls. A hunter must know all that in order to move correctly.

To believe that the world is only as you think it is, is stupid. The world is a mysterious place. Especially in the twilight. This can follow us. It can make us tired or it might even kill us. At this time of the day, in the twilight, there is no wind. At this time there is only power.

If you would live out here in the wilderness you would know that during the twilight the wind becomes power. A hunter that is worth his salt knows that, and acts accordingly. He uses the twilight and that power hidden in the wind. If it is convenient to him, the hunter hides from the power by covering himself and remaining motionless

until the twilight is gone and the power has sealed him into its protection.

The protection of the power seals you like in a cocoon. A hunter can stay out in the open and no puma or coyote or slimy bug could bother him. A mountain lion could come up to the hunter's nose and sniff him, and if the hunter does not move, the lion would leave. I can guarantee you that.

If the hunter, on the other hand, wants to be noticed all he has to do is to stand on a hilltop at the time of the twilight and the power will nag him and seek him all night. Therefore, if a hunter wants to travel at night or if he wants to be kept awake he must make himself available to the wind.

Therein lies the secret of great hunters. To be available and unavailable at the precise turn of the road.

You must learn to become deliberately available and unavailable. As your life goes now, you are unwittingly available at all times. To be unavailable does not mean to hide or to be secretive but to be inaccessible. It makes no difference to hide if everyone knows that you are hiding.

We are fools, all of us, and you cannot be different. At one time in my life I, like you, made myself available over and over again until there was nothing of me left for anything except perhaps crying. And that I did, just like yourself.

You must take yourself away. You must retrieve yourself from the middle of the road. Your whole being is there, thus it is of no use to hide; you would only imagine that you are hidden. Being in the middle of the road means that everyone passing by watches your comings and goings.

The art of a hunter is to become inaccessible. To be inaccessible means that you touch the world around you sparingly. You don't expose yourself to the power of the wind unless it is mandatory. You don't use and squeeze people until they have shriveled to nothing, especially the people you love.

To be unavailable means that you deliberately avoid exhausting yourself and others. It means that you are not hungry and desperate.

A hunter knows he will lure game into his traps over and over again, so he doesn't worry. To worry is to become accessible, unwittingly accessible. And once you worry you cling to anything out of desperation; and once you cling you are bound to get exhausted or to exhaust whoever or whatever you are clinging to.

I've told you already that to be inaccessible does not mean to hide or to be secretive. It doesn't mean that you cannot deal with people either. A hunter uses his world sparingly and with tenderness regardless of whether the world might be things, or plants, or animals, or people, or power. A hunter deals intimately with his world and yet he is inaccessible to that same world. He is inaccessible because he's not squeezing his world out of shape. He taps it lightly, stays for as long as he needs to, and then swiftly moves away leaving hardly a mark.

A good hunter knows one thing above all--he knows the routines of his prey. That's what makes him a good hunter. A hunter that is worth his salt does not catch game because he sets his traps, or because he knows the routines of his prey, but because he himself has no routines. He is free, fluid, unpredictable.

In order to be a hunter you must disrupt the routines of your life. I am concerned with the things animals do; the places they eat; the place, the manner, the time they

sleep; where they nest; how they walk. These are the routines I am pointing out to you so you can become aware of them in your own being.

All of us behave like the prey we are after. That, of course, also makes us prey for something or someone else. Now, the concern of hunter, who knows all this, is to stop being a prey himself. It takes time. You could begin by not eating lunch every single day at twelve o'clock.

A good hunter changes his ways as often as he needs. A hunter must not only know about the habits of his prey, he also must know that there are powers on this earth that guide men and animals and everything that is living. Powers that guide our lives and our deaths.

All of us are fools. You always feel compelled to explain your acts, as if you were the only man on earth who's wrong. It's your old feeling of importance. You have too much of it; you also have too much personal history. On the other hand, you don't assume responsibility for your acts; you're not using your death as an adviser, and above all you are too accessible.

One must assume responsibility for being in a weird world. For you the world is weird because if you're not bored with it you're at odds with it. For me the world is weird because it is stupendous, awesome, mysterious, unfathomable; my interest has been to convince you that you must assume responsibility for being here, in this marvelous world, in this marvelous desert, in this marvelous time. I want to convince you that you must learn to make every act count, since you are going to be here for only a short while, in fact, too short for witnessing all the marvels of it.

Change! If you do not respond to that challenge you are as good as dead. You have never taken the responsibility for being in this unfathomable world. Therefore, you were never an artist, and perhaps you'll never be a hunter. There is one simple thing wrong with you--you think you have plenty of time. You think your life is going to last forever.

Now you're vehemently asserting some nonsense. You don't have time for this display. This, whatever you're doing now, may be your last act on earth. It may very well be your last battle. There is no power which could guarantee that you are going to live one more minute. If this were your last battle on earth, I would say that you are an idiot. You are wasting your last act on earth in some stupid mood.

You have no time, my friend, no time. None of us have time. Don't just agree with me. Act upon it. What I recommend you to do is to notice that we do not have any assurance that our lives will go on indefinitely. Change comes suddenly and unexpectedly, and so does death. There are some people who are very careful about the nature of their acts. Their happiness is to act with the full knowledge that they don't have time; therefore, their acts have a peculiar power.

Acts have power. Especially when the person acting knows that those acts are his last battle. There is a strange consuming happiness in acting with the full knowledge that whatever one is doing may very well be one's last act on earth. I recommend that you reconsider your life and bring your acts into that light.

You don't have time, my friend. That is the misfortune of human beings. None of us have sufficient time. Your acts cannot possibly have the flair, the power, the compelling force of the acts performed by a man who knows that he is fighting his last

battle on earth.

We are all going to die. There is something out there waiting for me, for sure; and I will join it, also for sure. Use it. Focus your attention on the link between you and your death, without remorse or sadness or worrying. Focus your attention on the fact you don't have time and let your acts flow accordingly. Let each of your acts be your last battle on earth. Only under those conditions will your acts have their rightful power. Otherwise they will be, for as long as you live, the acts of a timid man. There is no time for timidity, simply because timidity makes you cling to something that exists only in your thoughts. It soothes you while everything is at a lull, but then the awesome, mysterious world will open its mouth for you, as it will open for every one of us, and then you will realize that your sure ways were not sure at all. Being timid prevents us from examining and exploiting our lot as men.

Our death is waiting and this very act we're performing now may well be our last battle on earth. I call it a battle because it is a struggle. Most people move from act to act without any struggle or thought. A hunter, on the contrary, assesses every act; and since he has an intimate knowledge of his death, he proceeds judiciously, as if every act were his last battle. Only a fool would fail to notice the advantage a hunter has over his fellow men. A hunter gives his last battle its due respect. It's only natural that his last act on earth should be the best of himself. It's pleasurable that way. It dulls the edge of his fright.

I've told you, this is a weird world. The forces that guide men are unpredictable, awesome, yet their splendor is something to witness. Call them forces, spirits, airs, winds, or anything like that.

At moments of power, the world of ordinary affairs does not exist and nothing can be taken for granted.

I've told you never to carry anything in your hands when you walk. Get a knapsack.

Now it's time for you to become accessible to power, and you are going to begin by tackling *dreaming*.

A warrior seeks power, and one of the avenues to power is *dreaming*. What you call dreams are real for a warrior. You must understand that a warrior is not a fool. A warrior is an immaculate hunter who hunts power; he's not drunk, or crazed, and he has neither the time nor the disposition to bluff, or to lie to himself, or to make a wrong move. The stakes are too high for that. The stakes are his trimmed orderly life which he has taken so long to tighten and perfect. He is not going to throw that away by making some stupid miscalculation, by taking something for being something else.

Dreaming is real for a warrior because in it he can act deliberately, he can choose and reject, he can select from a variety of items those which lead to power, and then he can manipulate them and use them, while in an ordinary dream he cannot act deliberately.

In *dreaming* you have power; you can change things; you may find out countless concealed facts; you can control whatever you want. You are going to learn how to make yourself accessible to power.

Power is something a warrior deals with. At first it's an incredible, far-fetched

affair; it is hard to even think about it. Then power becomes a serious matter; one may not have it, or one may not eventually realize that it exists, yet one knows that something is there, something which was not noticeable before. Next power is manifested as something uncontrollable that comes to oneself. It is not possible for me to say how it comes or what it really is. It is nothing and yet it makes marvels appear before your very eyes. And finally power is something in oneself, something that controls one's acts and yet obeys one's command.

I am going to teach you right here the first step to power. I am going to teach you how to *set up dreaming*. To *setup dreaming* means to have a concise and pragmatic control over the general situation of a dream, comparable to the control one has over any choice in the desert for instance, such as climbing up a hill or remaining in the shade of a water canyon. You must start by doing something very simple. Tonight in your dreams you must look at your hands.

Don't think it's a joke. *Dreaming* is as serious as *seeing* or *dying* or any other thing in this awesome, mysterious world. Think of it as something entertaining and don't get discouraged or stop trying if you don't succeed right away. Imagine all the inconceivable things you could accomplish. A man hunting for power has almost no limits in his *dreaming*. The trick in learning to *set up dreaming* is obviously not just to look at things but to sustain the sight of them. *Dreaming* is real when one has succeeded in bringing everything into focus. Then there is no difference between what you do when you sleep and what you do when you are not sleeping.

A warrior has to be perfect in order to deal with the powers he hunts. Look at your hands. When they begin to change shape you must move your sight away from them and pick something else, and then look at your hands again. It takes a long time to perfect this technique.

Any warrior could become a man of knowledge. As I told you, a warrior is an impeccable hunter that hunts power. If he succeeds in his hunting he can be a man of knowledge.

You are a man and like any man you deserve everything that is a man's lot--joy, pain, sadness and struggle. The nature of one's acts is unimportant as long as one acts as a warrior. If you really feel that your spirit is distorted you should simply fix it--purge it, make it perfect--because there is no other task in our entire lives which is more worthwhile. Not to fix the spirit is to seek death, and that is the same as to seek nothing, since death is going to overtake us regardless of anything. To seek the perfection of the warrior's spirit is the only task worthy of our manhood.

No matter how much you like to feel sorry for yourself, you have to change that. It doesn't jibe with the life of a warrior.

The hardest thing in the world is to assume the mood of a warrior. It is of no use to be sad and complain and feel justified in doing so, believing that someone is always doing something to us. Nobody is doing anything to anybody, much less to a warrior.

You are here, with me, because you want to be here. You should have assumed full responsibility by now, so the idea that you are at the mercy of the wind would be inadmissible.

Self-pity doesn't jibe with power. The mood of a warrior calls for control over himself and at the same time it calls for abandoning himself.

Ordinary dreams get very vivid as soon as you begin to *set up dreaming*. That vividness and clarity is a formidable barrier. Don't be distracted from the purpose of *dreaming*, which is control and power.

I'm going to remind you of all the techniques you must practice. First you must focus your gaze on your hands as the starting point. Then shift your gaze to other items and look at them in brief glances. Focus your gaze on as many things as you can. Remember that if you only glance briefly the images do not shift. Then go back to your hands.

Every time you look at your hands you renew the power needed for *dreaming*, so in the beginning don't look at too many things. Four items will suffice every time. Later on you may enlarge the scope until you can cover all you want, but as soon as the images begin to shift and you feel you are losing control go back to your hands.

When you feel you can gaze at things indefinitely you will be ready for a new technique. I'm going to teach you this new technique now, but I expect you to put it to use only when you are ready.

The next step in *setting up dreaming* is to learn to travel. The same way you have learned to look at your hands you can will yourself to move, to go places. First you have to establish a place you want to go to. Pick a well-known spot--perhaps your school, or a park, a friend's house--then, will yourself to go there.

This technique is very difficult. You must perform two tasks: you must will yourself to go to the specific locale; and then, when you have mastered that technique, you have to learn to control the exact time of your traveling. You are making yourself accessible to power; you're hunting it and I'm just guiding you.

Last night when the lion let out a scream, you moved very well. Everything you did then was done within a proper mood. You were controlled and at the same time abandoned. You were not paralyzed with fear. To climb that bluff as you did, in darkness, required that you hold on to yourself and let go of yourself at the same time, that's what I call the mood of a warrior.

I wanted to show you that you can spur yourself beyond your limits if you are in the proper mood. A warrior makes his own mood. You didn't know that. Fear got you into the mood of a warrior, but now that you know about it, anything can serve to get you into it.

It's convenient to always act in such a mood, it cuts through the crap and leaves one purified. One needs the mood of a warrior for every single act, otherwise one becomes distorted and ugly. There is no power in a life that lacks this mood.

A warrior is a hunter. He calculates everything. That's control. But once his calculations are over, he acts. He lets go. That's abandon. A warrior is not a leaf at the mercy of the wind. No one can push him; no one can make him do things against himself or against his better judgment. A warrior is tuned to survive, and he survives in the best of all possible fashions.

A warrior could be injured but not offended. For a warrior there is nothing offensive about the acts of his fellow men as long as he himself is acting within the proper mood.

The mood of a warrior is not so far-fetched for yours or anybody's world. You need

it in order to cut through all the guff. To achieve the mood of a warrior is not a simple matter. It is a revolution. To regard the lion and the water rats and our fellow men as equals is a magnificent act of the warrior's spirit. It takes power to do that.

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There's no plan when it comes to hunting power. Hunting power or hunting game is the same. A hunter hunts whatever presents itself to him. Thus he must always be in a state of readiness. You know about the wind, and now you may hunt power in the wind by yourself. But there are other things you don't know about which are, like the wind, the center of power at certain times and at certain places.

Power is a very peculiar affair. It is impossible to pin it down and say what it really is. It is a feeling that one has about certain things. Power is personal. It belongs to oneself alone. A hunter of power entraps it and then stores it away as his personal finding. Thus, personal power grows, and you may have the case of a warrior who has so much personal power that he becomes a man of knowledge.

If you store power your body can perform unbelievable feats. On the other hand, if you dissipate power you'll be a fat old man in no time at all. A hunter of power watches everything and everything tells him some secret. How can one be sure that things are telling secrets? you ask. The only way to be sure is by following all the instructions I have been giving you, starting from the first day you came to see me. In order to have power one must live with power.

There are worlds upon worlds, right here in front of us. And they are nothing to laugh at. Power commands you and yet it is at your command.

Power is a very weird affair. In order to have it and command it one must have power to begin with. It's possible, however, to store it, little by little, until one has enough to sustain oneself in a battle of power.

The world is a mystery. This, what you're looking at, is not all there is to it. There is much more to the world, so much more, in fact, that it is endless. So when you're trying to figure it out, all you're really doing is trying to make the world familiar. You and I are right here, in the world that you call real, simply because we both know it. You don't know the world of power, therefore you cannot make it into a familiar scene.

Once you know what it is like to *stop the world* you realize there is a reason for it. You see, one of the arts of the warrior is to collapse the world for a specific reason and then restore it again in order to keep on living.

Someday you will live like a warrior, in spite of yourself. I have taught you nearly everything a warrior needs to know in order to start off in the world, storing power by himself. It takes a lifelong struggle to be by oneself in the world of power.

A warrior never turns his back to power without atoning for the favors received. When in places of power, you have to act as if nothing is out of the ordinary, because they have the potential of draining people who are disturbed.

You should try willing yourself to go to a specific place in *dreaming* while you take a nap during the daytime and find out if you can actually visualize the chosen place as it is at the time you are *dreaming*. Otherwise the visions you might have are not *dreaming* but ordinary dreams.

In order to help yourself you should pick a specific object that belongs to the place you want to go and focus your attention on it. It is easier to travel in *dreaming* when you can focus on a place of power. Perhaps the school where you go is a place of power for you. Use it. Focus your attention on any object there and then find it in *dreaming*. From the specific object you recall, you must go back to your hands and then to another object and so on.

It doesn't matter how one was brought up, what determines the way one does anything is personal power. A man is only the sum of his personal power, and that sum determines how he lives and how he dies.

Personal power is a feeling, something like being lucky. Or one may call it a mood. Personal power is something that one acquires regardless of one's origin. A warrior is a hunter of power. I am teaching you how to hunt and store it. The difficulty with you, which is the difficulty with all of us, is to be convinced. You need to believe that personal power can be used and that it is possible to store it. To be convinced means that you can act by yourself.

A man of knowledge is one who has followed truthfully the hardships of learning; a man who has, without rushing or faltering, gone as far as he can in unraveling the secrets of personal power. Only be concerned with the idea of storing personal power.

Hunting power is a peculiar event. It first has to be an idea, then it has to be set up, step by step, and then, bingo! It happens. Hunting power is a very strange affair. There is no way to plan it ahead of time. That's what's exciting about it. A warrior proceeds as if he had a plan though, because he trusts his personal power. He knows for a fact that it will make him act in the most appropriate fashion.

I treat myself very well, therefore, I have no reason to feel tired or ill at ease. The secret is not in what you do to yourself but rather in what you don't do.

This is a place of power. Find a place for us to camp here on this hilltop. This time just act for a change. It doesn't matter how long it takes you to find a suitable place to rest. It might take you all night. It is not important that you find the spot either; the important issue is that you try to find it. You have to look without focusing on any particular spot, squinting your eyes until your view is blurred, and don't let your preference for routines take over.

I screamed because abrupt noises scare away unpleasant spirits. Power does not belong to anyone. Some of us may gather it and then it could be given directly to someone else. You see, the key to stored power is that it can be used only to help someone else store power.

Everything a man does hinges on his personal power. Therefore, for one who doesn't have any, the deeds of a powerful man are incredible. It takes power to even conceive what power is. This is what I have been trying to tell you all along.

The world is a mystery and it is not at all as you picture it. Well, it is also as you picture it, but that's not all there is to the world; there is much more to it. You have been finding that out all along, and perhaps tonight you will add one more piece.

I don't plan anything. All is decided by the same power that allowed you to find this spot.

I'm checking your carrying net to see if the food gourds and your writing pads are secured. A warrior always makes sure that everything is in proper order, not because he believes that he is going to survive the ordeal he is about to undertake, but because that is part of his impeccable behavior.

Trust your personal power. That's all one has in this whole mysterious world. Get hold of yourself, because the darkness is like the wind, an unknown entity at large that could trick you if you are not careful, and you have to be perfectly calm in order to deal with it. You must let yourself go so your personal power will merge with the power of the night.

A warrior acts as if he knows what he is doing, when in effect he knows nothing. A warrior is acting impeccably when he trusts his personal power regardless of whether it is small or enormous.

I'm going to demonstrate a special way of walking in the darkness; the gait of power. My trunk is slightly bent forward, but my spine is straight. My knees are also slightly bent. Raise your knees almost to your chest every time you take a step.

The gait of power is for running at night, and it is completely safe. This is the night! And it is power!

At night the world is different. My ability to run in the darkness had nothing to do with my knowledge of these hills. The key to it is to let one's personal power flow out freely, so it could merge with the power of the night. Once that power takes over there is no chance for a slip-up.

You have to abandon yourself to the power of the night and trust the little bit of personal power that you have or you will never be able to move with freedom. The darkness is encumbering only because you rely on your sight for everything you do, not knowing that another way to move is to let power be the guide.

Keep on moving on the same spot and try to feel as if you are actually using the gait of power. First curl your fingers against your palms, stretching out the thumb and index of each hand.

You can always see fairly well, no matter how dark the night is, if you don't focus on anything but keep scanning the ground right in front of you. The gait of power is similar to finding a place to rest. Both entail a sense of abandon, and a sense of trust. The gait of power requires that one keep the eyes on the ground directly in front, because even a glance to either side will produce an alteration in the flow of movement. Bending the trunk forward is necessary in order to lower the eyes. The reason for lifting the knees up to the chest is because the steps have to be very short and safe. You are going to stumble a great deal at first but with practice you will be able to run as swiftly and as safely as you can in the daytime.

There are entities which are in the world, and which act on people. They are here, around us at all times. In daylight, however, it is more difficult to perceive them, simply because the world is familiar to us, and that which is familiar takes precedence. In the darkness, on the other hand, everything is equally strange and very few things take precedence, so we are more susceptible to those entities at night.

There is only one way to learn, and that way is to get down to business. To only talk about power is useless. If you want to know what power is, and if you want to

stress it you must tackle everything yourself.

The road to knowledge and power is very difficult and very long. Little by little you are plugging up all your points of drainage. You don't have to be deliberate about it, because power always finds away. Take me as an example. I didn't know I was storing power when I first began to learn the ways of a warrior. Just like you, I thought I wasn't doing anything in particular, but that was not so. Power has the peculiarity of being unnoticeable when it is being stored.

You must stretch your body many times during the day. The more times the better, but only after a long period of work or a long period of rest.

Your body needs fright. It likes it. Your body needs the darkness and the wind. Your body now knows the gait of power and can't wait to try it.

I've told you that the secret of a strong body is not in what you do to it but what you don't do. Now it is time for you not to do what you always do.

Practice *not-doing* by looking at a tree or bush; fix your attention not on the leaves but on the shadows of the leaves. Running in the darkness does not have to be spurred by fear but can be a very natural reaction of a jubilant body that knows how to *not-do*.

To *not-do* what you know how to do is the key to power. In the case of looking at a tree or bush, what you know how to do is to focus immediately on the foliage. The shadows of the leaves or the spaces in between the leaves are never your concern. Start focusing on the shadows of the leaves on one single branch and then eventually work your way to the whole tree, and don't let your eyes go back to the leaves, because the first deliberate step to storing personal power is to allow the body to *not-do*. The body likes things like this. You can *stop the world* using this technique. Once you have succeeded, you must work as if nothing has happened to you and don't mention or even be concerned with any of the events you have experienced.

You should not have remorse for anything you have done, because to isolate one's acts as being mean, or ugly, or evil is to place an unwarranted importance on the self. Well-being is a condition one has to groom, a condition one has to become acquainted with in order to seek it. You don't know what wellbeing is, because you have never experienced it. Well-being is an achievement one has to deliberately seek.

In order to accomplish the feat of making yourself miserable you have to work in a most intense fashion. It is absurd you have never realized you could work just the same in making yourself complete and strong. The trick is in what one emphasizes. We either make ourselves miserable, or we make ourselves strong. The amount of work is the same.

Today you must be perfectly calm and restored, because you are going to learn *not-doing* in spite of the fact that there is no way to talk about it, because it is the body that does it.

That rock over there is a rock because of *doing*. You say that you don't understand what I mean. Your saying that is *doing*. *Doing* is what makes that rock a rock and that bush a bush. *Doing* is what makes you yourself and me myself. Take that rock for instance. To look at it is *doing*, but to *see* it is *not-doing*. You say my words are not

making sense to you. Oh yes they do. But you are convinced that they don't because that is your *doing*. That is the way you act towards me and the world.

That rock is a rock because of all the things you know how to do to it. I call that *doing*. A man of knowledge, for instance, knows that the rock is a rock only because of *doing*, so if he doesn't want the rock to be a rock all he has to do *doing-doing*.

The world is the world because you know the *doing* involved in making it so. If you didn't know its *doing*, the world would be different. Without that certain *doing* there would be nothing familiar in the surroundings. This is a pebble because you know the *doing* involved in making it into a pebble. Now, in order to *stop the world* you must stop *doing*. In the case of this little rock, the first thing which *doing* does to it is to shrink it to this size. So the proper thing to do, which a warrior does if he wants to *stop the world*, is to enlarge a little rock, or any other thing, by *not-doing*.

Look at the holes and depressions in the pebble and try to pick out the minute detail in them. If you can pick out the detail, the holes and depressions will disappear and you will understand what *not-doing* means.

Doing makes you separate the pebble from the larger boulder. If you want to learn *not-doing*, let's say that you have to join them. See the small shadow that the pebble cast on the boulder. It is not a shadow but a glue which binds them together. A warrior can tell all kinds of things from the shadows.

A warrior always tries to affect the force of *doing* by changing it into *not-doing*. *Doing* would be to leave the pebble lying around because it is merely a small rock. *Not-doing* would be to proceed with that pebble as if it were something far beyond a mere rock.

Is all this true? To say yes or no to that question is *doing*. But since you are learning *not-doing* I have to tell you that it really doesn't matter whether or not all this is true. It is here that a warrior has a point of advantage over the average man.

An average man cares that things are either true or false, but a warrior doesn't. An average man proceeds in a specific way with things that he knows are true, and in a different way with things that he knows are not true. If things are said to be true, he acts and believes in what he does. But if things are said to be untrue, he doesn't care to act, or he doesn't believe in what he does. A warrior, on the other hand, acts in both instances. If things are said to be true, he would act in order to do *doing*. If things are said to be untrue, he still would act in order to do *not-doing*. *Not-doing* is only for very strong warriors.

There are infinite numbers of lines that join us to things. They are real lines. You can feel them. The most difficult part about the warrior's way is to realize that the world is a feeling. When one *doing-doing*, one is feeling the world, and one feels the world through its lines.

Not-doing is very simple but very difficult. It is not a matter of understanding but of mastering it. *Seeing*, of course, is the final accomplishment of a man of knowledge, and *seeing* is attained only when one has *stopped the world* through the technique of *not-doing*.

Shadows are peculiar affairs. Look at the shadow of that boulder. The shadow is the boulder, and yet it isn't. To observe the boulder in order to know what the boulder is, is *doing*, but to observe its shadow is *not-doing*.

Shadows are like doors, the doors of *not-doing* . A man of knowledge, for example, can tell the innermost feelings of men by watching their shadows. You may say that there is movement in them, or you may say that the lines of the world are shown in them, or you may say that feelings come from them. To believe that shadows are just shadows is *doing*. That belief is somehow stupid. Think about it this way: there is so much more to everything in the world that obviously there must be more to shadows too. After all, what makes them shadows is merely our *doing*.

When searching for a resting place one has to look without focusing but in observing shadows one has to cross the eyes and yet keep a sharp image in focus. The idea is to let one shadow be superimposed on the other by crossing the eyes. Through this process one can ascertain a certain feeling which emanates from shadows.

Dreaming is the *not-doing* of dreams, and as you progress in your *not-doing* you will also progress in *dreaming*. The trick is not to stop looking for your hands, even if you don't believe that what you are doing has any meaning. In fact, as I have told you before, a warrior doesn't need to believe, because as long as he keeps on acting without believing he is *not-doing* .

If you tackle *not-doing* directly, you yourself will know what to do in *dreaming* .

During the day shadows are the doors of *not-doing* , but at night, since very little *doing* prevails in the dark, everything is a shadow. I've already told you about this when I taught you the gait of power.

Everything I have taught you so far has been an aspect of *not-doing* . A warrior applies *not-doing* to everything in the world, and yet I can't tell you more about it than what I have said today. You must let your own body discover the power and the feeling of *not-doing* .

It is stupid for you to scorn the mysteries of the world simply because you know the *doing* of scorn.

The only thing that is real is the being in you that is going to die. To arrive at that being is the *not-doing* of the self.

When every one of us is born we bring with us a little ring of power. That little ring is almost immediately put to use. So every one of us is already hooked from birth and our rings of power are joined to everyone else's. In other words, our rings of power are hooked to the *doing* of the world in order to make the world.

For instance, our rings of power, yours and mine, are hooked right now to the *doing* in this room. We are making this room. Our rings of power are spinning this room into being at this very moment.

A man of knowledge develops another ring of power. I would call it the ring of *not-doing* , because it is hooked to *not-doing* . With that ring, therefore, he can spin another world.

Your difficulty is that you haven't yet developed your extra ring of power and your body doesn't know *not-doing* . We all have been taught to agree about *doing* . You don't have any idea of the power that that agreement brings with it. But, fortunately, *not-doing* is equally miraculous, and powerful.

There is no way to escape the *doing* of our world, so what a warrior does is to turn

his world into his hunting ground. As a hunter, a warrior knows that the world is made to be used. So he uses every bit of it. A warrior is like a pirate that has no qualms in taking and using anything he wants, except that the warrior doesn't mind or he doesn't feel insulted when he is used and taken himself.

The instant one begins to live like a warrior, one is no longer ordinary. It is meaningless to complain. What's important from this point on is the strategy of your life.

You may go any place you wish, but if you do, you must assume the full responsibility for that act. A warrior lives his life strategically. When he has to act with his fellow men, a warrior follows the *doing* of strategy, and in that *doing* there are no victories or defeats. In that *doing* there are only actions. The *doing* of strategy entails that one is not at the mercy of people.

There is something you ought to be aware of by now. I call it the cubic centimeter of chance. All of us, whether or not we are warriors, have a cubic centimeter of chance that pops out in front of our eyes from time to time. The difference between an average man and a warrior is that the warrior is aware of this, and one of his tasks is to be alert, deliberately waiting, so that when his cubic centimeter pops out he has the necessary speed, the prowess to pick it up.

Chance, good luck, personal power, or whatever you may call it, is a peculiar state of affairs. It is like a very small stick that comes out in front of us and invites us to pluck it. Usually we are too busy, or too preoccupied, or just too stupid and lazy to realize that that is our cubic centimeter of luck. A warrior, on the other hand, is always alert and tight and has the spring, the gumption necessary to grab it.

You maintain that your insistence on finding explanations for everything is something so deeply ingrained in you that it overrules every other consideration, that it's like a disease. There are no diseases, there is only indulging. And you indulge yourself in trying to explain everything.

We both are beings who are going to die. There is no more time for what we used to do. Now you must employ all the *not-doing* I have taught you and *stop the world*.

People tell us from the time we are born that the world is such and such and so and so, and naturally we have no choice but to see the world the way people have been telling us it is. *Seeing* happens only when one sneaks between the worlds; the world of ordinary people and the world of sorcerers.

The real thing is when the body realizes that it can *see*. Only then is one capable of knowing that the world we look at every day is only a description. My intent has been to show you that.

Only as a warrior can one survive the path of knowledge, because the art of a warrior is to balance the terror of being a man with the wonder of being a man.

Nothing is gained by forcing an issue. If you want to survive you must be crystal clear and deadly sure of yourself.



Tales of Power

To be sensitive is a natural condition of certain people. In the final analysis sensitivity matters very little. What matters is that a warrior be impeccable. What matters to a warrior is arriving at the totality of oneself.

It is not advisable for you to indulge in focusing your attention on past events. We may touch on them, but only in reference.

You can arrive at the sorcerers' explanation by accumulating personal power. Personal power will make you slide with great ease into the sorcerers' explanation.

The self-confidence of a warrior is not the self-confidence of the average man. The average man seeks certainty in the eyes of the onlooker and calls that self-confidence. The warrior seeks impeccability in his own eyes and calls that humbleness. The average man is hooked to his fellow men, while the warrior is hooked only to himself. You're after the self-confidence of the average man, when you should be after the humbleness of a warrior. The difference between the two is remarkable. Self-confidence entails knowing something for sure; humbleness entails being impeccable in one's actions and feelings.

You must push yourself beyond your limits, all the time. The only possible course that a warrior has is to act consistently and without reservations. You know enough of

the warrior's way to act accordingly, but your old habits and routines stand in your way.

You say you've heard that the masters of Eastern esoteric doctrines demand absolute secrecy about their teachings. Perhaps those masters are just indulging in being masters. I'm not a master, I'm only a warrior. So I really don't know what a master feels like.

It doesn't matter what one reveals or what one keeps to oneself. Everything we do, everything we are, rests on our personal power. If we have enough of it, one word uttered to us might be sufficient to change the course of our lives. But if we don't have enough personal power, the most magnificent piece of wisdom can be revealed to us and that revelation won't make a damn bit of difference.

I'm going to utter perhaps the greatest piece of knowledge anyone can voice. Let me see what you can do with it.

Do you know that at this very moment you are surrounded by eternity? And do you know that you can use that eternity, if you so desire?

There! Eternity is there! All around! Do you know that you can extend yourself forever in any of the directions I have pointed to? Do you know that one moment can be eternity? This is not a riddle; it's a fact, but only if you mount that moment and use it to take the totality of yourself forever in any direction.

You didn't have this knowledge before, now you do. I have revealed it to you, but it doesn't make a bit of difference, because you don't have enough personal power to utilize my revelation. Yet if you did have enough power, my words alone would serve as the means for you to round up the totality of yourself and to get the crucial part of it out of the boundaries in which it is contained.

Your body is the boundary I'm talking about. One can get out of it. We are a feeling, an awareness encased here. We are luminous beings and for a luminous being only personal power matters.

Dreaming entails cultivating a peculiar control over one's dreams to the extent that the experiences undergone in them and those lived in one's waking hours acquire the same pragmatic valence. The sorcerers' allegation is that under the impact of *dreaming* the ordinary criteria to differentiate a dream from reality becomes inoperative.

The early stage of the preparatory facet, called *setting up dreaming*, consists of a deadly game that one's mind plays with itself. Some part of yourself is going to do everything it can to prevent the fulfillment of your task.

As soon as the sight of your hands begins to dissolve or change into something else, you have to shift your view from your hands to another element in the surroundings of your dream.

Something in us is threatened by our activities in *dreaming*. Each warrior has his own way of *dreaming*. Each way is different. The only thing which we all have in common is that we play tricks in order to force ourselves to abandon the quest. The counter-measure is to persist in spite of all the barriers and disappointments.

The sorcerers' explanation of how to select a topic for *dreaming*, is that a warrior chooses the topic by deliberately holding an image in his mind while he shuts off his internal dialogue. If he is capable of not talking to himself for a moment and then

holds the image or the thought of what he wants in *dreaming* , even if only for an instant, then the desired topic will come to him.

If one is to succeed in anything, the success must come gently, with a great deal of effort but with no stress or obsession.

You must learn how to stop your internal dialogue at will. At the beginning of our association I delineated another procedure: walking for long stretches without focusing the eyes on anything. My recommendation was to not look at anything directly but, by slightly crossing the eyes, to keep a peripheral view of everything that presented itself to the eyes. If one keeps one's unfocused eyes fixed at a point just above the horizon, it is possible to notice, at once, everything in almost the total 180-degree range in front of one's eyes. That exercise is the only way of shutting off the internal dialogue.

The internal dialogue is what grounds us. The world is such and such or so and so, only because we talk to ourselves about its being such and such or so and so. The passageway into the world of sorcerers opens up after the warrior has learned to shut off the internal dialogue.

To change our idea of the world is the crux of sorcery, and stopping the internal dialogue is the only way to accomplish it. The rest is just padding. Nothing of what we do, with the exception of stopping the internal dialogue, can by itself change anything in us, or in our idea of the world. The provision is, of course, that that change should not be deranged. Therefore a teacher doesn't clamp down on his apprentice. That would only breed obsession and morbidity.

A warrior takes his lot, whatever it may be, and accepts it in ultimate humbleness. He accepts in humbleness what he is, not as grounds for regret but as a living challenge.

The humbleness of a warrior is not the humbleness of a beggar. The warrior lowers his head to no one, but at the same time, he doesn't permit anyone to lower his head to him. I know only the humbleness of a warrior, and that will never permit me to be anyone's master.

Things are real only after one has learned to agree on their realness.

You're afraid of me, you say, of the awesomeness of my knowledge, that there is no solace for you, no haven to go to. I represent the warrior's freedom. Solace, haven, fear, all of them are moods that you have learned without ever questioning their value.

Seeing is a special capacity that one can develop which allows one to apprehend the *ultimate* nature of things.

The world had to conform to its description; that is, the description reflects itself. We have learned to relate ourselves to our description of the world in terms of what sorcerers call habits or intentionality, that is, the property of human consciousness whereby an object is referred to, or is intended.

Persist in acting like a warrior. The rest comes of itself and by itself. The rest is

knowledge and power. Men of knowledge have both. And yet none of them could tell how they got to have them, except that they had kept on acting like warriors and at a given moment everything changed. A warrior must be calm and collected and must never lose his grip.

The flaw with words is that they always force us to feel enlightened, but when we turn around to face the world they always fail us and we end up facing the world as we always have, without enlightenment. For this reason, a sorcerer seeks to act rather than to talk and to this effect he gets a new description of the world--a new description where talking is not that important, and where new acts have new reflections.

We are luminous beings and everything we are or everything we feel shows in our fibers. Humans have a brightness peculiar only to them. That's the only way to tell them apart from other luminous living beings.

Seeing happens only when the warrior is capable of stopping the internal dialogue.

A warrior starts off with the certainty that his spirit is off balance; then by living in full control and awareness, but without hurry or compulsion, he does his ultimate best to gain this balance. In your case, as in the case of every man, your imbalance is due to the sum total of all your actions.

There is nothing in this world that a warrior cannot account for. You see, a warrior considers himself already dead, so there is nothing for him to lose. The worst has already happened to him, therefore he's clear and calm; judging him by his acts or by his words, one would never suspect that he has witnessed everything.

Knowledge is frightening, but if a warrior accepts the frightening nature of knowledge he cancels out its awesomeness. Knowledge is a most peculiar affair, especially for a warrior. Knowledge for a warrior is something that comes at once, engulfs him, and passes on.

I urge you to feel at ease and confident and trust your personal power.

Any thought that one holds in mind in a state of silence is properly a command, since there are no other thoughts to compete with it.

Feelings are the gauge that assesses the state of being of the subject you are *seeing* .

We are dealing with that immensity out there. To turn that magnificence out there into reasonableness doesn't do anything for you. Here, surrounding us, is eternity itself. To engage in reducing it to a manageable nonsense is petty and outright disastrous.

Whenever the internal dialogue stops, the world collapses and extraordinary facets of ourselves surface, as though they had been kept heavily guarded by our words. You are like you are, because you tell yourself that you are that way. You are too heavy and self-important. Let go!

I'm going to begin telling you about the "double" or the "Other." The double is the

sorcerer himself developed thru his *dreaming* . The double is an act of power to a sorcerer but only a tale of power to you. The double is the self; that explanation should suffice. For a sorcerer who *sees* ,the double is brighter.

Don't take things so seriously. I've told you time and time again that the world is unfathomable, and so are we, and so is every being that exists in this world. It is impossible, therefore, to reason out the double.

A sorcerer can double up, that's all one can say. No sorcerer knows where his Other is. A sorcerer has no notion that he is in two place sat once. To be aware of that would be the equivalent of facing his double, and the sorcerer that finds himself face to face with himself is a dead sorcerer. That is the rule. That is the way power has set things up. No one knows why.

By the time a warrior has conquered *dreaming* and *seeing* and has developed a double, he must have also succeeded in erasing personal history, self-importance, and routines. So doing is the means for removing the impracticality of having a double in the ordinary world, by making the self and the world fluid, and by placing them outside the bounds of prediction.

A fluid warrior can no longer make the world chronological, and for him, the world and himself are no longer objects. He's a luminous being existing in a luminous world. The double is a simple affair for a sorcerer because he knows what he's doing.

A sorcerer may certainly notice afterwards that he has been in two places at once. But this is only bookkeeping and has no bearing on the fact that while he's acting he has no notion of his duality.

Think of this, the world doesn't yield to us directly, the description of the world stands in between. So, properly speaking, we are always one step removed and our experience of the world is always a recollection of the experience. We are perennially recollecting the instant that has just happened, just passed. We recollect, recollect, recollect.

If our entire experience of the world is recollection, then it's not so outlandish to conclude that a sorcerer can be in two places at once. This is not the case from the point of view of his own perception, because in order to experience the world, a sorcerer, like every other man, has to recollect the act he has just performed, the event he has just witnessed, the experience he has just lived. In his awareness there is only a single recollection. The sorcerer, however, recollects two separate single instants, because the glue of the description of time is no longer binding him. We're always one jump behind.

Does the double have corporeality? Certainly. Solidity, corporeality are memories. Therefore, like everything else we feel about the world, they are memories we accumulate, memories of the description.

The only way to counteract the devastating effect of the sorcerers' world is to laugh at it. It's your duty to put your mind at ease. Warriors do not win victories by beating their heads against walls but by overtaking the walls. Warriors jump over the walls; they don't demolish them.

There are three kinds of bad habits which we use over and over when confronted with unusual life situations. First, we may disregard what's happening or has happened and feel as if it had never occurred. That one is the bigot's way. Second, we may

accept everything at its face value and feel as if we know what's going on. That's the pious man's way. Third, we may become obsessed with an event because either we cannot disregard it or we cannot accept it wholeheartedly. That's the fool's way. There is a fourth, the correct one, the warrior's way. A warrior acts as if nothing had ever happened, because he doesn't believe in anything, yet he accepts everything at its face value. He accepts without accepting and disregards without disregarding. He never feels as if he knows, neither does he feel as if nothing had ever happened. He acts as if he is in control, even though he might be shaking in his boots. To act in such a manner dissipates obsession.

You must cultivate the feeling that a warrior needs nothing. You have everything needed for the extravagant journey that is your life. I have tried to teach you that the real experience is to be a man, and that what counts is being alive; life is the little detour that we are taking now. Life in itself is sufficient, self-explanatory and complete. A warrior understands this and lives accordingly; therefore, one may say without being presumptuous that the experience of experiences is being a warrior.

If a warrior needs solace, he simply chooses anyone and expresses to that person every detail of his turmoil. After all, the warrior is not seeking to be understood or helped; by talking he's merely relieving himself of his pressure. That is, providing that the warrior is given to talking; if he's not, he tells no one.

You indulge. You feel that indulging in doubts and tribulations is the sign of a sensitive man. Well, the truth of the matter is that you're the farthest thing from being sensitive. So why pretend? I've told you, a warrior accepts in humbleness what he is.

We confuse ourselves deliberately. All of us are aware of our doings. Our puny reason deliberately makes itself into the monster it fancies itself to be. It's too little for such a big mold, though.

No one develops a double. That's only a way of talking about it. All of us luminous beings have a double. All of us! A warrior learns to be aware of it, that's all. There are seemingly insurmountable barriers protecting that awareness. But that's expected; those barriers are what makes arriving at that awareness such a unique challenge. You are afraid of it because you're thinking that the double is what the word says. A double, or another you. I chose those words in order to describe it. The double is oneself and cannot be faced in any other way.

The double is not a matter of personal choice. Neither is it a matter of personal choice who is selected to learn the sorcerers' knowledge that leads to that awareness. Have you ever asked yourself, why you in particular? I don't mean that you should ask it as a question that begs an answer, but in the sense of a warrior's pondering on his great fortune, the fortune of having found a challenge.

To make it into an ordinary question is the device of a conceited ordinary man who wants to be either admired or pitied for it. I have no interest in that kind of question, because there is no way of answering it. The decision of picking you was a design of power; no one can discern the designs of power. Now that you've been selected, there is nothing that you can do to stop the fulfillment of that design.

A warrior is in the hands of power and his only freedom is to choose an impeccable life.

You're in a terrible spot. It's too late for you to retreat but too soon to act. All you can do is witness. For you there is only witnessing acts of power and listening to tales,

tales of power.

The double is one of those tales. You know that, and that's why your reason is so taken by it. You are beating your head against a wall if you pretend to understand. All that I can say about it, by way of explanation, is that the double, although it is arrived at through *dreaming*, is as real as it can be. It is the self. It is the awareness of our state as luminous beings. It can do anything, and yet it chooses to be unobtrusive and gentle.

A man of knowledge cannot possibly act towards his fellow men in injurious terms.

A warrior is always ready for anything. To be a warrior is not a simple matter of wishing to be one. It is rather an endless struggle that will go on to the very last moment of our lives. Nobody is born a warrior, in exactly the same way that nobody is born a reasonable being. We make ourselves into one or the other.

Jog on this spot, facing the west. The idea is to draw *power* from the impending twilight by raising one's arms to the sky with the fingers stretched, like a fan, and then clasp them forcefully when the arms are in the mid point between the horizon and the zenith.

I'm going to tell you about the dreamer and the dreamed. The double begins in *dreaming*. The double is a dream. I am referring to the first emergence of the awareness that we are luminous beings. Each one of us is different, and thus the details of our struggles are different.

The steps that we follow to arrive at the double are the same, though. Especially the beginning steps, which are muddled and uncertain. A dream in which one is watching oneself asleep is the time of the double. Rather than wasting power in wondering and asking questions, one should use the opportunity to act. When you have the chance you should be prepared.

A warrior never lets his guard down. What matters is what can you use as a shield? A warrior must use everything available to him to close his mortal gap once it opens. So, it's of no importance that you really don't like to be suspicious or ask questions. That's your only shield now.

There is no flaw in the warrior's way. Question without fear, without suspicion and without draining yourself. Assemble what you learn, without presumptuousness and without piousness.

The self dreams the double. Once it has learned to dream the double, the self arrives at this weird crossroad and a moment comes when one realizes that it is the double who dreams the self. Your double is *dreaming* you. No one knows how it happens. We only know that it does happen. That's the mystery of us as luminous beings. You can awaken in either one.

Storing sufficient personal power will enable you to turn your *will* into a functioning unit. As I've said, *will* is a force that emanates from the umbilical region through an unseen opening below the navel, an opening called the *gap*. *Will* is

cultivated only by sorcerers and gives them the capacity to perform extraordinary acts.

The *will* develops in a warrior in spite of every opposition of the reason. You are the one who's learning, therefore you yourself must claim knowledge as power. You must find out whether or not your *will* works. You must prove to yourself that you are in the position to claim knowledge as power. In other words, you yourself have to be convinced that you can exercise your *will*.

The body must be perfection before the *will* is a functioning unit.

You feel irked with yourself because you are so helpless, you say. There is nothing wrong with the feeling of being helpless. But to indulge in protesting and complaining is another matter.

What exactly is an ally? There is no way of saying, just as there is no way of saying what exactly a tree is. Just like in the case of a tree, the only way to know what an ally is, is by experiencing it.

Your reason cannot accept the possibility of such a thing to begin with. Fortunately, it is not the reason which puts ally together. It is the body. An ally is perceived in many degrees. Each of those perceptions is stored in one's body. The sum of those pieces is the ally. I don't know any other way of describing it.

Our reason is petty and it is always at odds with our body. This, of course, is only a way of talking, but the triumph of a man of knowledge is that he has joined the two together.

The ally is waiting for you, that's for sure. It is right here, or there, or in any other place. The ally is waiting for you, just like death is waiting for you, everywhere and nowhere. It's waiting for the same reason that death waits for you, because you were born. There is no possibility of explaining at this point what is meant by that. You must first experience the ally. You must perceive it in its full force.

The way one understands the ally is a personal matter. There's no need to be confused. Confusion is a mood one enters into, but one can also get out of it. At this point there is no way of clarifying anything. Later we'll consider these matters in detail. It's up to your personal power, so work for impeccability.

I've told you that the true art of a warrior is to balance terror and wonder. Power can be met only with power. The crux of sorcery is the internal dialogue; that is the key to everything. When a warrior learns to stop it, everything becomes possible; the most farfetched schemes become attainable. We are a feeling and what we call our body is a cluster of luminous fibers that have awareness. As long as you think that you are a solid body you cannot conceive what I am talking about.

Warriors keep controlled and aloof. They don't believe anything, but still act efficiently.

We are luminous beings. We are perceivers. We are an awareness; we are not objects; we have no solidity. We are boundless. The world of objects and solidity is a way of making our passage on earth convenient. It is only a description that was created to help us. We, or rather our *reason*, forget that the description is only a description and thus we entrap the totality of ourselves in a vicious circle from which we rarely emerge in our lifetime.

We are perceivers. The world that we perceive, though, was created by a

description that was told to us since the moment we were born.

We, the luminous beings, are born with two rings of power, but we use only one to create the world. That ring, which is hooked very soon after we are born, is *reason*, and its companion is *talking*. Between the two they concoct and maintain the world. So, in essence, the world that your *reason* wants to sustain is the world created by a description and its dogmatic and inviolable rules, which the *reason* learns to accept and defend.

The secret of the luminous beings is that they have another ring of power which is never used, the *will*. The trick of the sorcerer is the same trick of the average man. Both have a description; one, the average man, upholds it with his *reason*; the other, the sorcerer, upholds it with his *will*. Both descriptions have their rules and the rules are perceivable, but the advantage of the sorcerer is that *will* is more engulfing than *reason*. You must learn to let yourself perceive whether the description is upheld by your *reason* or by your *will*. That is the only way for you to use your daily world as a challenge and a vehicle to accumulate enough personal power in order to get to the totality of yourself.

Never dwell on past events except in reference. To emphasize them would mean to take away from the importance of what's taking place now. A warrior cannot possibly afford to do that.

Only as a warrior can one withstand the path of knowledge. A warrior cannot complain about, or regret, anything. His life is an endless challenge, and challenges cannot possibly be good or bad. Challenges are simply challenges. As is always the case in the *doings* and *not-doings* of warriors, personal power is the only thing that matters. The basic difference between an ordinary man and a warrior is that a warrior takes everything as a challenge, while an ordinary man takes everything either as a blessing or as a curse.

A warrior must be fluid and must shift harmoniously with the world around him, whether it is the world of *reason*, or the world of *will*. The most dangerous aspect of that shifting comes forth every time the warrior finds that the world is neither one nor the other. I was told that the only way to succeed in that crucial shifting was by proceeding in one's actions as if one believed. In other words, the secret of a warrior is that he believes without believing. But obviously a warrior cannot just say he believes and let it go at that. That would be too easy. To just believe would exonerate him from examining his situation. A warrior, whenever he has to involve himself with believing, does it as a choice, as an expression of his innermost predilection. A warrior doesn't believe, a warrior *has* to believe.

It is not so difficult to let the spirit of man flow and take over; to sustain it, however, is something that only a warrior can do.

Having to believe means that you accept the facts of something, consider all possibilities and possible outcomes, and then choose to believe in accordance with your innermost predilection. Believing is a cinch. *Having* to believe is something else. If you *have* to believe, you must use all of an event, account for all possibilities, and consider everything. Before deciding that you believe one way you must consider that

it may well be another way.

A warrior, or any man for that matter, cannot possibly wish he were somewhere else; a warrior because he lives by challenge, an ordinary man because he doesn't know where his death is going to find him.

Death is the indispensable ingredient in *having* to believe. Without the awareness of death everything is ordinary, trivial. It is only because death is stalking us that the world is an unfathomable mystery. Without an awareness of the presence of our death there is no power, no mystery.

Having to believe that the world is mysterious and unfathomable is the expression of a warrior's innermost predilection. Without it he has nothing.

You are aware of everything only when you think you should be; the condition of a warrior, however, is to be aware of everything at all times.

Now it's time to talk about the totality of oneself. Some of the things I am going to point out to you will probably never be clear. They are not supposed to be clear anyway. So don't be embarrassed or discouraged. All of us are dumb creatures when we join the world of sorcery, and to join it doesn't in any sense insure us that we will change. Some of us remain dumb until the very end. What I'm about to say is meant only to point out a direction.

I'm going to tell you about the *tonal* (pronounced, toh-na'hl) and the *nagual* (pronounced, nah-wa'hl). Every human being has two sides, two separate entities, two counterparts which become operative at the moment of birth; one is called the "tonal" and the other the "nagual."

The *tonal* is the social person. The *tonal* is, rightfully so, a protector, a guardian--a guardian that most of the time turns into a guard.

The *tonal* is the organizer of the world. Perhaps the best way of describing its monumental work is to say that on its shoulders rests the task of setting the chaos of the world in order. It is not farfetched to maintain, as sorcerers do, that everything we know and do as men is the work of the *tonal* . At this moment, for instance, what is engaged in trying to make sense out of our conversation is your *tonal* ; without it there would be only weird sounds and grimaces and you wouldn't understand a thing of what I'm saying.

I would say then that the *tonal* is a guardian that protects something priceless, our very being. Therefore, an inherent quality of the *tonal* is to be cagey and jealous of its doings. And since its doings are by far the most important part of our lives, it is no wonder that it eventually changes, in every one of us, from a guardian into a guard. A guardian is broad-minded and understanding. A guard, on the other hand, is a vigilante, narrow-minded and most of the time despotic. I say, then, that the *tonal* in all of us has been made into a petty and despotic guard when it should be a broad-minded guardian.

The *tonal* is everything we are. Anything we have a word for is the *tonal* . Since the *tonal* is its own doings, everything, obviously, has to fall under its domain.

Remember, I've said that there is no world at large but only a description of the

world which we have learned to visualize and take for granted. The *tonal* is everything we know. I think this in itself is enough reason for the *tonal* to be such an overpowering affair.

The *tonal* is everything we know, and that includes not only us, as persons, but everything in our world. It can be said that the *tonal* is everything that meets the eye.

We begin to groom it at the moment of birth. The moment we take the first gasp of air we also breathe in power for the *tonal*. So, it is proper to say that the *tonal* of a human being is intimately tied to his birth.

You must remember this point. It is of great importance in understanding all this. The *tonal* begins at birth and ends at death.

The *tonal* is what makes the world. However, the *tonal* makes the world only in a manner of speaking. It cannot create or change anything, and yet it makes the world because its function is to judge, and assess, and witness. I say that the *tonal* makes the world because it witnesses and assesses it according to *tonal* rules. In a very strange manner the *tonal* is a creator that doesn't create a thing. In other words, the *tonal* makes up the rules by which it apprehends the world. So, in a manner of speaking, it creates the world.

The *tonal* is like the top of a table--an island. And on this island we have everything. This island is, in fact, the world.

There is a personal *tonal* for every one of us, and there is a collective one for all of us at any given time, which we can call the *tonal* of the times. It's like the rows of tables in a restaurant, every table has the same configuration. Certain items are present on all of them. They are, however, individually different from each other; some tables are more crowded than others; they have different food on them, different plates, different atmosphere, yet we have to admit that all the tables are very alike. The same thing happens with the *tonal*. We can say that the *tonal* of the times is what makes us alike, in the same way it makes all the tables in a restaurant alike. Each table separately, nevertheless, is an individual case, just like the personal *tonal* of each of us. But the important factor to keep in mind is that everything we know about ourselves and about our world is on the island of the *tonal*.

What, then, is the *nagual*? The *nagual* is the part of us which we do not deal with at all. The *nagual* is the part of us for which there is no description--no words, no names, no feelings, no knowledge. It is not mind, it is not soul, it is not the thoughts of men, it is not a state of grace or Heaven or pure intellect, or psyche, or energy, or vital force, or immortality, or life principle, or the Supreme Being, the Almighty, God--all of these are items on the island of the *tonal*.

The *tonal* is, as I've already said, everything we think the world is composed of, including God, of course. God has no more importance other than being a part of the *tonal* of our time.

The *nagual* is at the service of the warrior. It can be witnessed, but it cannot be talked about. The *nagual* is there, surrounding the island of the *tonal*. There, where power hovers.

We sense, from the moment we are born, that there are two parts to us. At the time of birth, and for a while after, we are all *nagual*. We sense, then, that in order to function we need a counterpart to what we have. The *tonal* is missing and that gives us, from the very beginning, a feeling of incompleteness. Then the *tonal* starts to

develop and it becomes utterly important to our functioning, so important that it opaques the shine of the *nagual* , it overwhelms it. From the moment we become all *tonal* we do nothing else but to increment that old feeling of incompleteness which accompanies us from the moment of our birth, and which tells us constantly that there is another part to give us completeness.

From the moment we become all *tonal* we begin making pairs. We sense our two sides, but we always represent them with items of the *tonal*. We say that the two parts of us are the soul and the body. Or mind and matter. Or good and evil. God and Satan. We never realize, however, that we are merely paring things on the island, very much like paring coffee and tea, or bread and tortillas, or chili and mustard. I tell you, we are weird animals. We get carried away and in our madness we believe ourselves to be making perfect sense.

What can one specifically find in that area beyond the island? There is no way of answering that. If I would say, Nothing, I would only make the *nagual* part of the *tonal* . All I can say is that there, beyond the island, one finds the *nagual*.

But then you say, when I call it the *nagual* ,aren't I also placing it on the island? No. I named it only because I wanted to make you aware of it. I have named the *tonal* and the *nagual* as a true pair. That is all I have done.

We sense that there is another side to us. But when we try to pin down that other side the *tonal* gets hold of the baton, and as a director it is quite petty and jealous. It dazzles us with its cunningness and forces us to obliterate the slightest inkling of the other part of the true pair, the *nagual*.

The *nagual* has consciousness. It is aware of every thing. In order to talk about it we must borrow from the island of the *tonal* , therefore it is more convenient not to explain it but to simply recount its effects.

Are the *nagual* and the *tonal* within ourselves? you ask. You yourself would say that they are within ourselves. I myself would say that they are not, but neither of us would be right. The *tonal* of your time calls for you to maintain that everything dealing with your feelings and thoughts takes place within yourself. The sorcerers' *tonal* says the opposite, everything is outside. Who's right? No one. Inside, outside, it doesn't really matter.

To explain all this is not that simple. No matter how clever the checkpoints of the *tonal* are the fact of the matter is that the *nagual* surfaces. Its coming to the surface is always inadvertent, though. The *tonal* 's great art is to suppress any manifestation of the *nagual* in such a manner that even if its presence should be the most obvious thing in the world, it is unnoticeable.

Let's say that the *tonal* , since it is keenly aware of how taxing it is to speak of itself, has created the terms "I," myself," and so forth as a balance and thanks to them it can talk with other *tonals* , or with itself, about itself.

Now when I say that the *tonal* forces us to do something, I don't mean that there is a third party there. Obviously it forces itself to follow its own judgments.

On certain occasions, however, or under certain special circumstances, something in the *tonal* itself becomes aware that there is more to us. It is like a voice that comes from the depths, the voice of the *nagual* . You see, the totality of ourselves is a natural condition which the *tonal* cannot obliterate altogether, and there are moments,

especially in the life of a warrior, when the totality becomes apparent. At those moments one can surmise and assess what we really are.

When we die, we die with the totality of ourselves. A sorcerer asks the question. "If we're going to die with the totality of ourselves, why not, then, live with that totality?"

A warrior treats his *tonal* in a very special manner. Life can be merciless with you if you are careless with your *tonal*.

To see a man as a *tonal* entails that one cease judging him in a moral sense, or excusing him on the grounds that he is like a leaf at the mercy of the wind. In other words, it entails seeing a man without thinking that he is hopeless or helpless. You know exactly what I am talking about. One can assess people without condemning or forgiving them.

Youth is in no way a barrier against the deterioration of the *tonal*. You say you think there might be a great many reasons for one's condition. I find that there is only one, our *tonal*. It is not that our *tonal* is weak because, for example, we drink; it is the other way around, one drinks because one's *tonal* is weak. That weakness forces one to be what he is. This happens to all of us, in one form or another.

But aren't I also justifying our behavior by saying that it's our *tonal*? No, I'm giving you an explanation that you have never encountered before. It is not a justification or a condemnation, though. Our *tonals* are weak and timid. All of us are more or less in the same boat.

There is no need to treat the body in an awful manner, but the fact is that all of us have learned to perfection how to make our *tonal* weak. I have called that indulging. Only a warrior has a "proper *tonal*." The average man, at best, can have a "right *tonal*."

The *nagual* is not experience or intuition or consciousness. Those terms and everything else you may care to say are only items on the island of the *tonal*. The *nagual*, on the other hand, is only effect. The *tonal* begins at birth and ends at death, but the *nagual* never ends. The *nagual* has no limit. I've said that the *nagual* is where power hovers; that was only a way of alluding to it. By reasons of its effect, perhaps the *nagual* can be best understood in terms of power.

One of the acts of a warrior is never to let anything affect him. Thus, a warrior may be seeing the devil himself, but he won't let anyone know that. The control of a warrior has to be impeccable.

A *proper tonal* is a *tonal* that is just right, balanced and harmonious. There are, roughly speaking, two sides to every *tonal*. One is the outer part, the fringe, the surface of the island. That's the part related to action and acting, the rugged side. The other part is the decision and judgment, the inner *tonal*, softer, more delicate and more complex. The *proper tonal* is *atonal* where the two levels are in perfect harmony and balance.

You say you are puzzled because I have never talked about women in relation to my knowledge. You're a man, therefore I use the masculine gender when I talk to you. That's all. The rest is the same.

For a *proper tonal* everything on the island of the *tonal* is a challenge. Another way of saying it is that for a warrior everything in this world is a challenge. The greatest challenge of all, of course, is his bid for power. But power comes from the *nagual*, and when a warrior finds himself at the edge of the day it means that the hour of the *nagual* is approaching, the warrior's hour of power.

One bids for power and that bidding is irreversible. I wouldn't say that at the time power comes, that one is about to fulfill his destiny, because there is no destiny. The only thing that can be said then is that, at that point, one is about to fulfill his power.

The best of us always comes out when we are against the wall, when we feel the sword dangling overhead. Personally, I wouldn't have it another way.

Men are very frail creatures, who make themselves even more frail with their indulging.

Seeing must be direct, for a warrior can't use his time to unravel what he himself is *seeing*. *Seeing* is *seeing* because it cuts through all that nonsense. In the beginning *seeing* is confusing and it's easy to get lost in it. As the warrior gets tighter, however, his *seeing* becomes what it should be, a direct knowing. A warrior asks a question, and through his *seeing* he gets an answer, but the answer is simple.

A rule of thumb for a warrior is that he makes his decisions so carefully that nothing that may happen as a result of them can surprise him, much less drain his power.

To be a warrior means to be humble and alert. When you come to see me you should come prepared to die. If you come here ready to die, there shouldn't be any pitfalls, or any unwelcome surprises, or any unnecessary acts. Everything should gently fall into place because you're expecting nothing.

It's not that you have to live with all this. You are all this. A warrior doesn't ever leave the island of the *tonal*. He uses it. This is your world. You can't renounce it. It is useless to get angry and feel disappointed with oneself. All that that proves is that one's *tonal* is involved in an internal battle; a battle within one's *tonal* is one of the most inane contests I can think of. The tight life of a warrior is designed to end that struggle. From the beginning I have taught you to avoid wear and tear.

The warrior's way is harmony--the harmony between actions and decisions, at first, and then the harmony between *tonal* and *nagual*.

It is the *tonal* that has to relinquish control. The *tonal* is made to give up unnecessary things like self-importance and indulging, which only plunge it into boredom. The whole trouble is that the *tonal* clings to those things when it should be glad to rid itself of that crap. The task then is to convince the *tonal* to become free and fluid. That's what a sorcerer needs before anything else, a strong, free *tonal*. The stronger it gets the less it clings to its doings, and the easier it is to shrink it.

The *tonal* shrinks at given times, especially when it is embarrassed. Once the *tonal* has shrunk, the *nagual*, if it is already in motion, no matter how small that motion is, will take over and achieve extraordinary deeds.

The affairs of the *nagual* can be witnessed only with the body, not the reason.

We are fluid, luminous beings made out of fibers. The agreement that we are solid objects is the *tonal*'s doings. When the *tonal* shrinks, extraordinary things are

possible. But they are only extraordinary for the *tonal* .

The *nagual* , once it learns to surface, may cause great damage to the *tonal* by coming out without any control. Your *tonal* has to be convinced about all of this with reasons, your *nagual* with actions, until one props the other. As I have told you, the *tonal* rules, and yet it is very vulnerable. The *nagual* , on the other hand, never, or almost never, acts out; but when it does, it terrifies the *tonal* .

The *tonal* must be protected at any cost. The crown has to be taken away from it, but it must remain as the protected overseer. Any threat to the *tonal* always results in its death. And if the *tonal* dies, so does the whole man. Because of its inherent weakness the *tonal* is easily destroyed, and thus one of the balancing arts of the warrior is to make the *nagual* emerge in order to prop up the *tonal* . I say it is an art, because sorcerers know that only by boosting the *tonal* can the *nagual* emerge. That boosting is called personal power.

My advantage over you at this moment is that I know how to get to the *nagual* , and you don't. But once I have gotten there I have no more advantage and no more knowledge than you.

In moments of great danger, fear, or stress, push your belly down by pushing the diaphragm down while taking four sharp gasps of air through the mouth, followed by four deep inhalations and exhalations through the nose. The gasps of air have to be felt as jolts in the middle part of the body. Keeping the hands tightly clasped, covering the navel, gives strength to the midsection and helps to control the gasps and the deep inhalations, which have to be held for a count of eight as one presses the diaphragm down. The exhalations are done twice through the nose and twice through the mouth in a slow or accelerated fashion, depending on one's preference.

The *nagual* is only for witnessing. When one is dealing with the *nagual* , one should never look into it directly. The only way to look at the *nagual* is as if it were a common affair. One must blink in order to break the fixation. Our eyes are the eyes of the *tonal* , or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that our eyes have been trained by the *tonal* , therefore the *tonal* claims them. One of the sources of an apprentice's bafflement and discomfort is that his *tonal* doesn't let go of his eyes. The day it does, his *nagual* will have won a great battle. Your obsession or, better yet, everyone's obsession is to arrange the world according to the *tonal* 's rules; so every time we are confronted with the *nagual* , we go out of our way to make our eyes stiff and intransigent. I must appeal to the part of your *tonal* which understands this dilemma and you must make an effort to free your eyes. The point is to convince the *tonal* that there are worlds that can pass in front of the same windows. Let your eyes be free; let them be true windows. The eyes can be the windows to peer into boredom or to peek into that infinity.

All you have to do is to set up your *intent* as a customhouse. Whenever you are in the world of the *tonal* , you should be an impeccable *tonal* ; no time for irrational rap. But whenever you are in the world of the *nagual* , you should also be impeccable; no time for rational crap. For the warrior, *intent* is the gate in between. It closes completely behind him when he goes either way.

Another thing one should do when facing the *nagual* is to shift the line of the eyes from time to time, in order to break the spell of the *nagual* . Changing the position of the eyes always eases the burden of the *tonal* . This shifting should be done only as a relief, though, not as another way of palliating yourself to safeguard the order to the *tonal*.

If there are too many unnecessary items on your island you won't be able to sustain the encounter with the *nagual* . No one is capable of surviving a deliberate encounter with the *nagual* without a long training. It takes years to prepare the *tonal* for such an encounter. Ordinarily, if an average man comes face to face with the *nagual* the shock would be so great that he would die. The goal of the warrior' straining then is not to teach him to hex or to charm, but to prepare his *tonal* not to crap out. A most difficult accomplishment. A warrior must be taught to be impeccable and thoroughly empty before he could even conceive witnessing the *nagual* .

The island of the *tonal* has to be swept clean and maintained clean. That's the only alternative that a warrior has. A clean island offers no resistance; it is as if there were nothing there.

Nothing that we may have gained in the course of our lives can reveal to us the designs of power. A warrior must struggle like a demon to shrink his *tonal* ; and yet at the very moment the *tonal* shrinks, the warrior must reverse all that struggle to immediately halt that shrinking.

After the *tonal* shrinks, the warrior is closing the gate from the other side. As long as his *tonal* is unchallenged and his eyes are tuned only for the *tonal*'s world, the warrior is on the safe side of the fence. He's on familiar ground and knows all the rules. But when his *tonal* shrinks, he is on the windy side, and that opening must be shut tight immediately, or he would be swept away.

As a rule the *tonal* must defend itself, at any cost, every time it is threatened; so it is of no real consequence how the *tonal* reacts in order to accomplish its defense. The only important matter is that the *tonal* of a warrior must become acquainted with other alternatives. What a teacher aims for, in this case, is the total weight of those possibilities. It is the weight of those new possibilities which helps to shrink the *tonal* . By the same token, it is the same weight which helps stop the *tonal* from shrinking out of the picture.

The *nagual* can perform extraordinary things, things that do not seem possible, things that are unthinkable for the *tonal* . But the extraordinary thing is that the performer has no way of knowing how those things happen. The secret of the sorcerer is that he knows how to get to the *nagual* , but once he gets there, your guess is as good as his as to what takes place.

Let's say that the warrior learns to tune his *will* , to direct it to a pinpoint, to focus it wherever he wants. It is as if his *will* , which comes from the midsection of his body, is one single luminous fiber, a fiber that he can direct at any conceivable place. That fiber is the road to the *nagual*. Or I could also say that the warrior sinks into the *nagual* through that single fiber. Once he has sunk, the expression of the *nagual* is a matter of his personal temperament.

One of the aims of the warrior's training is to cut the bewilderment of the *tonal* , until the warrior is so fluid that he can admit everything without admitting anything.

The yell of a warrior is one of the most important issues of sorcery. You can focus on your yell, using it as a vehicle.

A warrior follows the dictums of power.

The only way to fend off the *nagual* is to remain unaltered. The *nagual* is only for witnessing. So, we can talk about what we witness and about how we witness it. You want to take on the explanation of how it is all possible, though, and that is an abomination. You want to explain the *nagual* with the *tonal*. That is stupid. We make sense in talking only because we stay within certain boundaries, and those boundaries are not applicable to the *nagual*.

To be a perfect *tonal* means to be aware of everything that takes place on the island of the *tonal*. It takes a gigantic struggle to clean the island of the *tonal*.

We interpret any unknown expression of the *nagual* as something we know. The *nagual* might be interpreted as a breeze shaking the leaves, or even as some strange light, perhaps a lightning bug of unusual size. If a man who doesn't *see* is pressed, he would say that he thought he saw something but could not remember what. This is only natural. The man would be talking sense. After all, his eyes would have judged nothing extraordinary; being the eyes of the *tonal* they have to be limited to the *tonal*'s world, and in that world there is nothing staggeringly new, nothing which the eyes cannot apprehend and the *tonal* cannot explain.

In order to be an average *tonal* a man must have unity. His whole being must belong to the island of the *tonal*. Without that unity the man would go berserk; a sorcerer, however, has to break that unity, but without endangering his being. A sorcerer's goal is to last; that is, he doesn't take unnecessary risks, therefore he spends years sweeping his island until a moment when he could, in a manner of speaking, sneak off it.

The whispering of the *nagual* will come at times and then vanish. Don't be afraid of it, or of any unusual sensation that you may have from now on. But above all, don't indulge and become obsessed with those sensations.

A warrior is, let's say, a prisoner of power; a prisoner who has one free choice: the choice to act either like an impeccable warrior, or to act like an ass. In the final analysis, perhaps the warrior is not a prisoner but a slave of power, because that choice is no longer a choice for him. He cannot act in any other way but impeccably. To act like an ass would drain him and cause his demise.

An immortal being has all the time in the world for doubts and bewilderment and fears. A warrior, on the other hand, cannot cling to the meanings made under the *tonal*'s order, because he knows for a fact that the totality of himself has but a little time on this earth.

A warrior cannot be helpless, or bewildered or frightened, not under any circumstances. For a warrior there is time only for his impeccability; everything else drains his power, impeccability replenishes it.

Impeccability is to do your best in whatever you're engaged in. The key to all these matters of impeccability is the sense of having or not having time. As a rule of thumb, when you feel and act like an immortal being that has all the time in the world you are

not impeccable; at those times you should turn, look around, and then you will realize that your feeling of having time is an idiocy. There are no survivors on this earth!

Turn off your internal dialogue and let something in you flow out and expand. That something is your perception, but don't try to figure out what I mean. Just let the whispering of the *nagual* guide you.

There's no future. The future is only a way of talking. For a sorcerer there is only the here and now.

Everything that I've done with you was done to accomplish one single task, the task of cleaning and reordering your island of the *tonal*. I've told you countless times that a most drastic change is needed if you want to succeed in the path of knowledge. That change is not a change of mood, or attitude, or outlook; that change entails the transformation of the island of the *tonal*.

Once that transformation has been accomplished a teacher would usually say to his disciple that he has arrived at a final crossroad. To say such a thing is misleading, though. In my opinion there is no final crossroad, no final step to anything. And since there is no final step to anything, there shouldn't be any secrecy about any part of our lot as luminous beings. Personal power decides who can or who cannot profit by a revelation; my experiences with my fellow men have proven to me that very, very few of them would be willing to listen; and of those few who listen even fewer would be willing to act on what they have listened to; and of those who are willing to act even fewer have enough personal power to profit by their acts. So, the matter of secrecy about the sorcerers' explanation boils down to a routine, perhaps a routine as empty as any other routine.

At any rate, you know now about the *tonal* and the *nagual*, which are the core of the sorcerers' explanation. To know about them seems to be quite harmless. We are talking innocently about them as if they were just an ordinary topic of conversation. But before we venture beyond this point a fair warning is required; a teacher is supposed to speak in earnest terms and warn his disciple that the harmlessness and placidity of this moment are a mirage, that there is a bottomless abyss in front of him, and that once the door opens there is no way to close it again.

The years of hard training are only a preparation for the warrior's devastating encounter with whatever lies out there, beyond this point. What will happen in that encounter depends on whether or not you have enough personal power to focus your unwavering attention on the wings. The years of hard training are only a preparation for the warrior's devastating encounter with whatever lies out there, beyond this point. What will happen in that encounter depends on whether or not you have enough personal power to focus your unwavering attention on the wings of your perception, so let's review what we've done.

The first act of a teacher is to introduce the idea that the world we think we see is only a view, a description of the world. Accepting that seems to be one of the hardest things one can do; we are complacently caught in our particular view of the world, which compels us to feel and act as if we know everything about the world. A teacher, from the very first act he performs, aims at stopping that view. Sorcerers call it

stopping the internal dialogue, and they are convinced that it is the single most important technique that an apprentice can learn.

In order to stop the view of the world which one has held since the cradle, it is not enough to just wish or make a resolution. One needs a practical task; that practical task is called the right way of walking. It seems harmless and nonsensical. As everything else which has power in itself or by itself, the right way of walking does not attract attention.

Walking in that specific manner saturates the *tonal*, it floods it. You see, the attention of the *tonal* has to be placed on its creations. In fact, it is that attention that creates the order of the world in the first place; so, the *tonal* must be attentive to the elements of its world in order to maintain it, and must, above all, uphold the view of the world as internal dialogue.

The right way of walking is a subterfuge. The warrior, first by curling his fingers, draws attention to the arms; and then by looking fixedly, without focusing his eyes, at any point directly in front of him on the arc that starts at the tip of his feet and ends above the horizon, literally floods his *tonal* with information. The *tonal*, without its one-to-one relation with the elements of its description, is incapable of talking to itself, and thus one becomes silent.

The position of the fingers does not matter at all. The only consideration is to draw attention to the arms by clasping the fingers in various unaccustomed ways. The important thing is the manner in which the eyes, by being kept unfocused, detect an enormous number of features of the world without being clear about them. The eyes in that state are capable of picking out details which are too fleeting for normal vision.

Together with the right way of walking, a teacher must teach his apprentice another possibility, which is even more subtle: the possibility of acting without believing, without expecting rewards--acting just for the hell of it. I wouldn't be exaggerating if I told you that the success of a teacher's enterprise depends on how well and how harmoniously he guides his apprentice in this specific respect.

Stopping the internal dialogue is, however, the key to the sorcerers' world. The rest of the activities are only props; all they do is accelerate the effect of stopping the internal dialogue. There are two major activities or techniques used to accelerate the stopping of the internal dialogue: erasing personal history and *dreaming*.

The secret of all this is one's attention. All of this exists only because of our attention. This very rock where we're sitting is a rock because we have been forced to give our attention to it as a rock.

Erasing personal history and *dreaming* should only be a help. What any apprentice needs to buffer him is temperance and strength. That's why a teacher introduces the warrior's way, or living like a warrior. This is the glue that joins together everything in a sorcerer's world. Bit by bit a teacher must forge and develop it. Without the sturdiness and level headedness of the warrior's way there is no possibility of withstanding the path of knowledge.

In order to help erase personal history three other techniques are taught. They are: losing self-importance, assuming responsibility, and using death as an adviser. Without the beneficial effect of those three techniques, erasing personal history would involve the apprentice in being shiftily, evasive and unnecessarily dubious about himself and his actions.

By now there is no way for you to recollect the immense effort that you needed to establish self-pity as a feature of your island. Self-pity bore witness to everything you did. It was just at your fingertips, ready to advise you. Death is considered by a warrior to be a more amenable adviser, which can also be brought to bear witness on everything one does, just like self-pity, or wrath. Obviously, after an untold struggle you have learned to feel sorry for yourself. But you can also learn, in the same way, to feel your impending end, and thus you can learn to have the idea of your death at your fingertips. As an adviser, self-pity is nothing in comparison to death.

There is seemingly a contradiction in the idea of change; on the one hand, the sorcerers' world calls for a drastic transformation, and on the other, the sorcerers' explanation says that the island of the *tonal* is complete and not a single element of it can be removed. Change, then, does not mean obliterating anything but rather altering the use assigned to those elements.

Take self-pity for instance. There is no way to get rid of it for good; it has a definite place and character in your island, a definite facade which is recognizable. Thus, every time the occasion arises, self-pity becomes active. It has history. If you then change the facade of self-pity, you would have shifted its place of prominence.

One changes the facade by altering the use of the elements of the island. Take self-pity again. It is useful to you because you either feel important and deserving of better conditions, better treatment, or because you are unwilling to assume responsibility for the acts that brought you to the state that elicited self-pity, or because you are incapable of bringing the idea of your impending death to witness you acts and advise you.

Erasing personal history and its three companion techniques are the sorcerers' means for changing the facade of the elements of the island. For instance, by erasing your personal history, you deny use to self-pity; in order for self-pity to work you have to feel important, irresponsible, and immortal. When those feelings are altered in some way, it is no longer possible for you to feel sorry for yourself.

Your self-pity will still be a feature of your island; it will be there in the back in the same way that the idea of your impending death, or your humbleness, or your responsibility for your acts has-been there, without ever being used.

Once all those techniques have been presented, the apprentice arrives at a crossroad. Depending on his sensibility, the apprentice does one of two things. He either takes the recommendations and suggestions made by his teacher at their face value, acting without expecting rewards; or he takes everything as a joke or an aberration.

If you use those four techniques to clear and reorder your island of the *tonal* they lead you to the *nagual*. Power provides according to your impeccability. If you seriously use those four techniques, you will store enough personal power, you will be impeccable, and power will open all the necessary avenues. That is the rule.

We function at the center of *reason* exclusively, regardless of who we are or where we come from. *Reason* can naturally account in one way or another for everything that happens within its view of the world. Sorcerers have learned after generations to account in their views for everything that is accountable about them. I would say that sorcerers, by using their *will*, have succeeded in enlarging their views of the world.

Some though are not man of knowledge. They never brake the bounds of their enormous views and thus never arrive at the totality of themselves.

Only if one pits two views against each other can one weasel between them to arrive at the real world. That is, one can arrive at the totality of oneself only when one fully understands that the world is merely a view, regardless of whether that view belongs to an ordinary man or to a sorcerer.

What matters is not to learn a new description but to arrive at the totality of oneself. One should get to the *nagual* without maligning the *tonal* , and above all, without injuring one's body.

The *tonal* doesn't know that decisions are in the realm of the *nagual* . When we think we decide, all we're doing is acknowledging that something beyond our understanding has set up the frame of our so-called decision, and all we do is to acquiesce.

In the life of a warrior there is only one thing, one issue alone which is really undecided: how far one can go on the path of knowledge and power. That is an issue which is open and no one can predict its outcome. I once told you that the freedom a warrior has is either to act impeccably or to act like a nincompoop. Impeccability is indeed the only act which is free and thus the true measure of a warrior's spirit.

I've taught you the three techniques that help *dreaming*: disrupting the routines of life, the gait of power, and *not-doing* . Disrupting routines, the gait of power, *doing-doing* are avenues for learning new ways of perceiving the world, and they give a warrior an inkling of incredible possibilities of action. The knowledge of a separate and pragmatic world of *dreaming* is made possible through the use of those three techniques.

Dreaming is a practical aid devised by sorcerers. They were not fools; they knew what they were doing and sought the usefulness of the *nagual* by training their *tonal* to let go for a moment, so to speak, and then grab again. This statement may not make sense to you. But that's what you're doing: training yourself to let go without losing your marbles. *Dreaming* , of course, is the crown of the sorcerers' efforts, the ultimate use of the *nagual* .

We're at the end of our review. All in all, then, you have been being led into the *nagual* . But here we have a strange question. What is being led into the *nagual* ? Not *reason* . *Reason* is meaningless there. *Reason* craps out in an instant when it is out of its safe narrow bounds. Your *tonal* ? No, the *tonal* and the *nagual* are the two inherent parts of ourselves. They cannot be led into each other. Your perception!

We're coming now to the sorcerers' explanation. It won't explain anything and yet...

Sorcerers say that we are inside a bubble. It is a bubble into which we are placed at the moment of our birth. At first the bubble is open, but then it begins to close until it has sealed us in. That bubble is our perception. We live inside that bubble all of our lives. And what we witness on its round walls is our own reflection.

If what we witness on the walls is our own reflection, then the thing that's being reflected must be the real thing. The thing reflected is our view of the world. That view is first a description, which is given to us from the moment of our birth until all our attention is caught by it and the description becomes a view. The teacher's task is to

rearrange the view, to prepare the luminous being for the time when the spirit opens the bubble.

The bubble is opened in order to allow the luminous being a view of his totality. Naturally this business of calling it a bubble is only a way of talking, but in this case it is an accurate way.

The delicate maneuver of leading a luminous being into the totality of himself requires that the teacher reorder the view of the world. I have called that view the island of the *tonal*. I've said that everything that we are is on that island. The sorcerers' explanation says that the island of the *tonal* is made by our perception, which has been trained to focus on certain elements; each of those elements and all of them together form our view of the world. The job of a teacher, insofar as the apprentice's perception is concerned, consists of reordering all the elements of the island on one half of the bubble. By now you must have realized that cleaning and reordering the island of the *tonal* means regrouping all its elements on the side of *reason*. My task has been to disarrange your ordinary view, not to destroy it but to force it to rally on the side of *reason*.

The art of a teacher is to force his disciple to group his view of the world on the right half of the bubble. That's the side of the *tonal*. The teacher always addresses himself to that side. By presenting his apprentice with the warrior's way he forces him into reasonableness, and sobriety, and strength of character and body. The other half of the bubble, the one that has been cleared, can then be claimed by something sorcerers call *will*.

We can better explain this by saying that the task of the teacher is to wipe clean one half of the bubble and to reorder everything on the other half. The spirit then opens the bubble on the side that has-been cleaned. Once the seal is broken, the warrior is never the same. He has then the command of his totality. Half of the bubble is the ultimate center of *reason*, the *tonal*. The other half is the ultimate center of *will*, the *nagual*. That is the order that should prevail; another arrangement is nonsensical and petty, because it goes against our nature; it robs us of our magical heritage and reduces us to nothing.

We have one single issue left. Sorcerers call it the secret of the luminous beings, and that is the fact that we are perceivers. We men and all the other luminous beings on earth are perceivers. That is our bubble, the bubble of perception. Our mistake is to believe that the only perception worthy of acknowledgment is what goes through our *reason*.

To be ready for the sorcerers' explanation is a very difficult accomplishment. It shouldn't be, but we insist on indulging in our lifelong view of the world.

The mystery, or the secret, of the sorcerers' explanation is that it deals with unfolding the wings of perception.

The *nagual* by itself is of no use, it has to be tempered by the *tonal*. The sorcerers' secret in using the *nagual* is in our perception.

There's no way to get to the sorcerers' explanation unless one has willingly used the *nagual*, or rather, unless one has willingly used the *tonal* to make sense out of one's actions in the *nagual*. Another way of making all this clear is to say that the view of

the *tonal* must prevail if one is going to use the *nagual* the way sorcerers do.

Order in our perception is the exclusive realm of the *tonal* ; only there can our actions have a sequence; only there are they like stairways where one can count the steps. There is nothing of that sort in the *nagual* . Therefore, the view of the *tonal* is a tool, and as such it is not only the best tool but the only one we've got.

This is the sorcerers' explanation. The *nagual* is the unspeakable. All the possible feelings and beings and selves float in it like barges, peaceful, unaltered, forever. Then the glue of life binds some of them together.

When the glue of life binds those feelings together a being is created, a being that loses the sense of its true nature and becomes blinded by the glare and clamor of the area where beings hover, the *tonal* . The *tonal* is where all the unified organization exists. A being pops into the *tonal* once the force of life has bound all the needed feelings together.

I said to you that the *tonal* begins at birth and ends at death; I said that because I know that as soon as the force of life leaves the body all those single aware nesses disintegrate and go back again to where they came from, the *nagual* .

What a warrior does in journeying into the unknown is very much like dying, except that his cluster of single feelings do not disintegrate but expand a bit without losing their togetherness. At death, however, they sink deeply and move independently as if they had never been a unit.

There is no way to refer to the unknown, one can only witness it. The sorcerers' explanation says that each of us has a center from which the *nagual* can be witnessed, the *will* . A warrior can venture into the *nagual* and let his cluster arrange and rearrange itself in any way possible.

I have called that cluster the bubble of perception. I have also said that it is sealed, closed tightly, and that it never opens until the moment of our death. Yet it could be made to open. Sorcerers have obviously learned that secret, and although not all of them arrive at the totality of themselves, they know about the possibility of it. They know that the bubble opens only when one plunges into the *nagual* .

The secret of the double is in the bubble of perception. The cluster of feelings can be made to assemble instantly anywhere. In other words, one can perceive the *here* and the *there* at once.

You are a nameless cluster of feelings. There is another center of assemblage, the *will* , through which it is possible to judge or assess and use the extraordinary effects of the *nagual* . One can reflect the *nagual* through the *will* , although one can never explain it.

The conviction that there is a real *you* is a result of the fact that you have rallied everything you've got around your *reason* . At this point your *reason* admits that the *nagual* is the indescribable, not because the evidence has convinced it, but because it is safe to admit that. Your *reason* is on safe ground, all the elements of the *tonal* are on its side.

To make *reason* feel safe is always the task of the teacher. The teacher tricks the apprentice's *reason* into believing that the *tonal* is accountable and predictable. I have labored to give you the impression that only the *nagual* is beyond the scope of explanation; the proof that the tricking was successful is that at this moment it seems to you that there is still a core that you can claim as your own, your *reason* . That's a

mirage. Your precious *reason* is only a center of assemblage, a mirror that reflects something which is outside of it.

The last piece of the sorcerers' explanation says that reason is merely reflecting an outside order, and that reason knows nothing about that order; it cannot explain it, in the same way it cannot explain the *nagual*. *Reason* can only witness the effects of the *tonal*, but never ever could it understand it, or unravel it. The very fact that we are thinking and talking points out an order that we follow without ever knowing how we do that, or what the order is.

Sorcerers say that through the *will* they can witness the effects of the *nagual*. I can add now that through *reason*, no matter what we do with it, or how we do it, we are merely witnessing the effects of the *tonal*. In both cases there is no hope, ever, to understand or to explain what it is that we are witnessing.

The wings of perception can take us to the most recondite confines of the *nagual* or to inconceivable worlds of the *tonal*.

The *tonal* of every one of us is but a reflection of that indescribable unknown filled with order; the *nagual* of every one of us is but a reflection of that indescribable void that contains everything.

You have nothing except the force of your life that binds that cluster of feelings. Turn off your internal dialogue; gather the power needed to unfold the wings of your perception and fly to that infinitude.

You need nothing except impeccability. What really matters is being an impeccable warrior. Your only chance is your impeccability. You must wait without regrets. You must wait without expecting rewards. If you don't act impeccably, if you begin to fret and get impatient and desperate, you'll be cut down mercilessly by the sharpshooters from the unknown.

If, on the other hand, your impeccability and personal power are such that you are capable of fulfilling your task, you will then achieve the promise of power. And what's that promise? you ask. It is a promise that power makes to men as luminous beings. Each warrior has a different fate, so there is no way of telling what that promise will be for you.

You have learned that the backbone of a warrior is to be humble and efficient. You have learned to act without expecting anything in return. Now I tell you that in order to withstand what lies ahead of you beyond this day, you'll need your ultimate forbearance.

A warrior must be always ready. The fate of all of us here has been to know that we are the prisoners of power. No one knows why us in particular, but what a great fortune. We are all alone, that's our condition. We are alone. But to die alone is not to die in loneliness. What a wonderful thing it is to be in this beautiful world! In this marvelous time!

A warrior acknowledges his pain but he doesn't indulge in it. Thus the mood of a warrior who enters into the unknown is not one of sadness; on the contrary, he's joyful because he feels humbled by his great fortune, confident that his spirit is impeccable, and above all, fully aware of his efficiency. A warrior's joyfulness comes from having accepted his fate, and from having truthfully assessed what lies ahead of him.

I am going to disclose to you a warrior's secret. Perhaps you can call it a warrior's predilection. The life of a warrior cannot possibly be cold and lonely and without feelings because it is based on his affection, his devotion, his dedication to his beloved. And who, you ask, is his beloved? I will show you now.

His love is the world. He embraces this enormous earth. The earth knows that he loves it and it bestows on him its care. That's why his life is filled to the brim and his state, wherever he'll be, will be plentiful. He roams on the paths of his love and, wherever he is, he is complete.

This is the predilection of a warrior. This earth, this world. For a warrior there can be no greater love. Only if one loves this earth with unbending passion can one release one's sadness. A warrior is always joyful because his love is unalterable and his beloved, the earth, embraces him and bestows upon him inconceivable gifts. The sadness belongs only to those who hate the very thing that gives helter to their beings.

This lovely being, which is alive to its last recesses and understands every feeling, soothed me, it cured me of my pains, and finally when I had fully understood my love for it, it taught me freedom.

Listen to that dog's barking. That is the way my beloved earth is helping me now to bring this last point to you. That barking is the saddest thing one can hear.

That dog's barking is the nocturnal voice of a man. It comes from a house in that valley towards the south. A man is shouting through his dog, since they are companion slaves for life, his sadness, his boredom. He's begging his death to come and release him from the dull and dreary chains of his life.

That barking, and the loneliness it creates, speaks of the feelings of men, men for whom an entire life was like one Sunday afternoon, an afternoon which was not altogether miserable, but rather hot and dull and uncomfortable. They sweated and fussed a great deal. They didn't know where to go, or what to do. That afternoon left them only with the memory of petty annoyances and tedium, and then suddenly it was over, it was already night.

The antidote that kills that poison is here; this earth. The sorcerers' explanation cannot at all liberate the spirit. Look at your self, you have gotten to the sorcerers' explanation, but it doesn't make any difference that you know it. You're more alone than ever, because without an unwavering love for the being that gives you shelter, aloneness is loneliness.

Only the love for this splendid being can give freedom to a warrior's spirit; and freedom is joy, efficiency, and abandon in the face of any odds.

The Second Ring of Power

Anything is possible if one wants it with *unbending intent* and you don't let your thoughts interfere.

Power comes only after we accept our fate without recriminations.

When one has nothing to lose, one becomes courageous. We are timid only when there is something we can still cling to.

A warrior doesn't seek anything for his solace, nor can he possibly leave anything to chance. A warrior actually affects the outcome of events by the force of his awareness and his *unbending intent* .

You must lose your human form. You don't yet know about the human mold and the human form. The human form is a force and the human mold is ... well ... a mold.

Everything has a particular mold. Plants have molds, animals have molds, worms have molds. Sorcerers have the avenue of their *dreaming* to lead them to the mold. The mold of men is definitely an entity, an entity which can be seen by some of us at certain times when we are imbued with power, and by all of us for sure at the moment of our death. The mold is the source, the origin of man, since, without the mold to group together the force of life, there is no way for that force to assemble itself into the shape of man.

The human form is a sticky force that makes us the people we are. The human form has no form. It's anything, but in spite of not having form, it possesses us during our lives and doesn't leave us until we die.

A warrior must drop the human form in order to change, to really change. Otherwise there is only talk about change. One cannot change one iota as long as one holds on to the human form. A warrior knows that he cannot change, and yet he makes it his business to try to change, even though he knows that he won't be able to. That's the only advantage a warrior has over the average man. The warrior is never disappointed when he fails to change.

The only thing that makes you think you are yourself is the form. Once it leaves, you are nothing. A warrior without form begins to see an eye. The formless warrior uses that eye to start *dreaming* . If you don't have a form, you don't have to go to sleep to do *dreaming* . The eye in front of you pulls you every time you want to go.

Everything has to be sifted through our human form. When we have no form, then nothing has form and yet everything is present.

The art of the *dreamer* is to hold the image of his *dream* . Our art as ordinary people is that we know how to hold the image of what we are looking at. We just do it; that is, our bodies do it. In *dreaming* we have to do the same thing, except that in *dreaming* we have to learn how to do it. We have to struggle not to look but merely to glance and yet hold the image.

Everything we say is a reflection of the world of people. You talk and act the way you do because you're clinging to the human form.

Everything in a warrior's world depends on personal power and personal power depends on impeccability. Part of being impeccable for a warrior is never to hinder others with his thoughts.

You indulge in not trying to change. That's as wrong as feeling disappointed with our failures. Warriors, must be impeccable in their effort to change, in order to scare the human form and shake it away. After years of impeccability a moment will come when the form cannot stand it any longer and it leaves.

The art of a sorcerer is to be inconspicuous even in the midst of people. Concentrate totally on trying not to be obvious. To learn to become unnoticeable in the middle of all this is to know the art of *stalking* .

Be calm and self-controlled and give others your undivided attention.

The whole issue of sorcery is perception. A warrior must notice everything, that's his trick, and there lies his advantage.

It is an honor and a pleasure to be a warrior, and it is the warrior's fortune to do what he has to do.

What is the art of *stalking* ? A hunter just hunts, a *stalker* stalks anything, including himself. An impeccable *stalker* can turn anything into prey. We can even stalk our own weaknesses. You do it in the same way you stalk prey. You figure out your routines until you know all the *doing* of your weaknesses and then you come upon them and pick them up like rabbits inside a cage.

Any habit is, in essence, a *doing* , and a *doing* needs all its parts in order to function. If some parts are missing, a *doing* is disassembled.

A warrior eats quietly, and slowly, and very little at a time.

The only deterrent to our despair is the awareness of our death, the key to the sorcerer's scheme of things. The awareness of our death is the only thing that can give us the strength to withstand the duress and pain of our lives and our fears of the unknown. Volition alone is the deciding factor; in other words, one has to make up one's mind to bring that awareness to bear witness to one's acts.

We are human creatures. Who knows what's waiting for us or what kind of power we may have.

It doesn't matter what anybody says or does. You must be an impeccable man yourself. The fight is right here in this chest. It takes all the time and all the energy we have to conquer the idiocy in us. And that's what matters. The rest is of no importance. To be an impeccable warrior will give you vigor and youth and power.

I have taught you to be dispassionate. The world of people goes up and down and people go up and down with their world; as sorcerers we have no business following them in their ups and downs. The art of sorcerers is to be outside everything and be unnoticeable. And more than anything else, the art of sorcerers is never to waste their power.

We hold the images of the world with our attention. Let your attention go from the images of the world. If you don't focus your attention on the world, the world collapses. Instead of fighting to focus, let go of the images by gazing fixedly at distant hills, or by gazing at water, like a river, or by gazing at the clouds.

If you gaze with your eyes open, you get dizzy and the eyes get tired, but if you half-close them and blink a lot and move them from mountain to mountain, or from cloud to cloud, you can look for hours.

As I've told you, the *tonal* and the *nagual* are two different worlds. In one you talk, in the other you act. At first all of us secretly do not want the world of the *nagual* . We are afraid and have second thoughts. Our *unbending intent* and our impeccability gets us thru that.

Everyone can *see* , and yet we choose not to remember what we *see* .

With our attention we can hold the images of a dream in the same way we hold the images of the world. The art of the *dreamer* is the art of attention.

Your *reason* is the demon that keeps you chained. You have to vanquish it if you want to achieve the realization of my teachings. The issue, therefore, has been how to vanquish your *reason* . By *reason* I don't mean the capacity for comprehending, inferring or thinking, in an orderly, rational way. To me *reason* means attention.

The core of our being is the act of perceiving, and the magic of our being is the act of awareness. Perception and awareness can be a single, functional, inextricable unit with two domains. The first one is the *attention of the tonal* ; that is to say, the capacity of average people to perceive and place their awareness on the ordinary world of everyday life: our *first ring of power*; our awesome but taken-for-granted ability to impart order to our perception of our daily world.

The second domain is the *attention of the nagual* ; the capacity to place our awareness on the no ordinary world. It's our *second ring of power* , or the altogether portentous ability all of us have, but only sorcerers use, to impart order to the no ordinary world.

What I have struggled to vanquish, or rather suppress in you, is not your *reason* as the capacity for rational thought, but your *attention of the tonal* , or your awareness of the world of common sense. The daily world exists because we know how to hold its images; consequently, if one drops the attention needed to maintain those images, the world collapses.

Practice is what counts. Once you get your attention on the images of your dream, your attention is hooked for good. In the end you can hold the images of any dream.

Our *first ring of power* is engaged very early in our lives and we live under the impression that that is all there is to us. Our *second ring of power* , the *attention of the nagual* , remains hidden for the immense majority of us, and only at the moment of our death is it revealed to us. There is a pathway to reach it, however, which is available to every one of us, but which only sorcerers take, and that pathway is through *dreaming* . *Dreaming* is in essence the transformation of ordinary dreams into affairs involving volition. *Dreamers* , by engaging their *attention of the nagual* and focusing it on the items and events of their ordinary dreams, change those dreams into *dreaming*.

There are no procedures to arrive at the attention of the *nagual* , only pointers. Finding your hands in your dreams is the first pointer; then the exercise of paying attention is elongated to finding objects, looking for specific features, such as buildings, streets and so on. From there the jump is to *dream* about specific places at specific times of the day. The final stage is drawing the *attention of the nagual* to focus on the total self.

That final stage is usually ushered in by a dream that many of us have had at one time or another, in which one is looking at oneself sleeping in bed. By the time a sorcerer has had such a dream, his attention has been developed to such a degree that instead of waking himself up, as most of us would do in a similar situation, he turns on his heels and engages himself in activity, as if he were acting in the world of everyday life.

From that moment on there is a breakage, a division of sorts in the otherwise unified personality. The result of engaging the *attention of the nagual* and developing it to the height and sophistication of our daily attention of the world is the other self, an identical being as oneself, but made in *dreaming* .

There are no definite standard steps for reaching that double, as there are no definite steps for us to reach our daily awareness. We simply do it by practicing. In the act of engaging our *attention of the nagual* , we find the steps. Practice *dreaming* without letting your fears make it into an encumbering production.

There is a crack between the worlds and it is more than a metaphor. It is rather the capacity to change levels of attention. Don't try to reason it out. Act like a warrior and follow what I've told you.

We choose only once. We choose either to be warriors or to be ordinary men. A second choice does not exist. Not on this earth.

The only freedom warriors have is to behave impeccably. Not only is impeccability freedom but it is the only way to scare away the human form.

The second attention, or the attention of the *nagual* ,is reached only after warriors have swept the top of their tables, their islands of the *tonal* , clean. Reaching the second attention makes the two attentions into a single unit, and that unit is the totality of oneself.

Diligence in an impeccable life is the only way to lose the human form. Losing the human form is the essential requirement for unifying the two attentions.

The attention under the table is the key to everything sorcerers do. In order to reach that attention I have taught you *dreaming* .

Another way to learn how to do *dreaming* is by learning *gazing*. If you gaze at a pile of leaves for hours your thoughts get quiet. Without thoughts the attention of the *tonal* wanes and suddenly your second attention hooks onto the leaves and the leaves become something else. The moment when the second attention hooks onto something is called *stopping the world* .

The difficulty in gazing is to learn to quiet down the thoughts. Once you can *stop the world* you are a gazer. And the only way of *stopping the world* is by trying. Combine gazing at dry leaves and looking for our hands in *dreaming* . Once you have trapped your second attention with dry leaves, you do gazing and *dreaming* to enlarge it. And that's all there is to gazing. All we need to do in order to trap our second attention is to try and try.

Once *dreamers* know how to *stop the world* by gazing at leaves, they can gaze at other things; and finally when the *dreamers* lose their form altogether, they can gaze at anything.

First after leaves, gaze at small plants. Small plants are very dangerous. Their power is concentrated; they have a very intense light and they feel when *dreamers* are gazing at them; they immediately move their light and shoot it at the gazer. *Dreamers* have to choose one kind of plant to gaze at.

Next gaze at trees. *Dreamers* also have a particular kind of tree to gaze at. Next gaze at moving, living creatures. Small insects are by far the best subject. Their mobility makes them innocuous to the gazer, the opposite of plants which draw their light directly from the earth.

The next step is to gaze at rocks. Rocks are very old and powerful and have a specific light which is rather greenish in contrast with the white light of plants and the yellowish light of mobile, living beings. Rocks do not open up easily to gazers, but it is worthwhile for gazers to persist because rocks have special secrets concealed in their core, secrets that can aid sorcerers in their *dreaming*.

A second series in the order of gazing is to gaze at cyclic phenomena: rain and fog. Gazers can focus their second attention on the rain itself and move with it, or focus it on the background and use the rain as a magnifying glass of sorts to reveal hidden features. Places of power or places to be avoided are found by gazing through rain. Places of power are yellowish and places to be avoided are intensely green.

The position of the body is of great importance while one is gazing. One has to sit on the ground on a soft mat of leaves, or on a cushion made out of natural fibers. The back has to be propped against a tree, or a stump, or a flat rock. The body has to be thoroughly relaxed. The eyes are never fixed on the object, in order to avoid tiring them. The gaze consists in scanning very slowly the object gazed at, going counterclockwise but without moving the head. The idea is to let your perception play without analyzing it.

The effect you are after in gazing is to learn to stop the internal dialogue. To do that you can focus your view as gazers do or, as I've already told you, flood your awareness while walking by not focusing your sight on anything. That is, sort of feel with your eyes everything in the 180-degree range in front of you, while you keep your fixed and unfocused eyes just above the line of the horizon.

The essential feature of sorcery is shutting off the internal dialogue. Stopping the internal dialogue is an operational way of describing the act of disengaging the attention of the *tonal*.

Once we stop our internal dialogue we also *stop the world*. That is an operational description of the inconceivable process of focusing our second attention. Part of us is always kept under lock and key because we are afraid of it. And to our reason, that part of us is like an insane relative that we keep locked in a dungeon. That part is our second attention, and when it finally can focus on something the world stops. Since we, as average man, know only the attention of the *tonal*, it is not too farfetched to say that once that attention is canceled, the world indeed has to stop. The focusing of our wild, untrained second attention is, perforce, terrifying. The only way to keep that insane relative from bursting in on us is by shielding ourselves with our endless internal dialogue.

Dreamers can gaze in order to do *dreaming* and then they can look for their dreams in their gazing. For example you can gaze at the shadows of rocks and then, in your

dreaming , you might find out that those shadows have light. You can then, while gazing, look for the light in the shadows until you find it. Gazing and *dreaming* go together.

A warrior has no compassion for anyone. To have compassion means that you wish the other person to be like you, to be in your shoes, and you lend a hand just for that purpose. The hardest thing in the world is for a warrior to let others be. The impeccability of a warrior is to let them be and to support them in what they are. That means, of course, that you trust them to be impeccable warriors themselves. If they are not then it's your duty to be impeccable yourself and not say a word. Only a sorcerer who *sees* and is formless can afford to help anyone. Every effort to help on our part is an arbitrary act guided by our own self-interest alone.

The problem for you as a challenge is whether or not you will be capable of developing your *will* , or the power of your second attention to focus indefinitely on anything you want.

The Eagle's Gift

Our total being consists of two perceivable segments. The first is the familiar physical body, which all of us can perceive; the second is the luminous body, which is a cocoon that only seers can perceive, a cocoon that gives us the appearance of giant luminous eggs.

One of the most important goals of sorcery is to reach the luminous cocoon; a goal which is fulfilled through the sophisticated use of *dreaming* and through a rigorous, systematic exertion called *not-doing* . I've defined *not-doing* as an unfamiliar act which engages our total being by forcing it to become conscious of its luminous segment.

To explain these concepts I've make a three-part, uneven division of our consciousness. The smallest, the first attention, or the consciousness that every normal person has developed in order to deal with the daily world, encompasses the awareness of the physical body. Another larger portion, the second attention, is the awareness we need in order to perceive our luminous cocoon and to act as luminous beings. The second attention is brought forth through deliberate training or by an accidental trauma, and it encompasses the awareness of the luminous body. The last portion, which is the largest, is the third attention. It's an immeasurable consciousness which engages indefinable aspects of the awareness of the physical and the luminous bodies. The battlefield of warriors is the second attention, which is something like a training ground for reaching the third attention.

The compulsion to possess and hold on to things is not unique. Everyone who

wants to follow the warrior's path has to rid himself of this fixation in order not to focus our *dreaming body* on the weak face of the second attention.

The *dreaming body*, sometimes called the "double" or the "Other," because it is a perfect replica of the *dreamer*'s body, is inherently the energy of a luminous being, a whitish, phantomlike emanation, which is projected by the fixation of the second attention into a three-dimensional image of the body.

The *dreaming body* is as real as anything we deal with in the world. The second attention is unavoidably drawn to focus on our total being as a field of energy, and transforms that energy into anything suitable. The easiest thing is of course the image of the physical body, with which we are already thoroughly familiar from our daily lives and the use of our first attention. What channels the energy of our total being to produce anything that might be within the boundaries of possibility is known as *will*.

At the level of luminous beings the range is so broad that it is futile to try to establish limits--thus, the energy of a luminous being can be transformed through *will* into anything.

We are not merely whatever our common sense requires us to believe we are. We are in actuality luminous beings, capable of becoming aware of our luminosity. As luminous beings aware of our luminosity, we are capable of unraveling different facets of our awareness, or our attention. That unraveling could be brought about by a deliberate effort, as we are doing ourselves, or accidentally, through a bodily trauma.

The old sorcerers deliberately placed different facets of their attention on material objects. By unraveling another facet of our attention we might become receptors for the projections of ancient sorcerers' second attention. Those sorcerers were impeccable practitioners with no limit to what they could accomplish with the fixation of their second attention.

Be fluid, at ease in whatever situation you find yourself. Your challenge is to deal with people with ease regardless of what they do to you. Remember what I have said, that it is of no use to be sad and complain and feel justified in doing so, believing that someone is always doing something to us. Nobody is doing anything to anybody, much less to a warrior.

You must let go of your desire to cling. The very same thing happened to me. I held on to things, such as the food I liked, the mountains where I lived, the people I used to enjoy talking to. But most of all I clung to the desire to be liked. Those things are our barriers to losing our human form. Our attention is trained to focus doggedly. That is the way we maintain the world. Now is the time to let go of all that. In order to lose your human form you should let go of all that ballast.

Dissipating a mood through overanalyzing it wastes our power.

If you have the same vision in *dreaming* three times, pay extraordinary attention to it. When a *dreamer* dreams that he sees himself asleep he must avoid sudden jolts or surprises, and take everything with a grain of salt. The *dreamer* has to get involved in dispassionate experimentations. Rather than examining his sleeping body, the *dreamer* walks out of the room.

In *dreaming* what matters is volition, the corporeality of the body has no significance. It is simply a memory that slows down the *dreamer*. If you do not stare at things but only glance at them, just as you do in the daily world, you can arrange your perception. That is, by taking your *dreaming* for granted, you then can use the perceptual biases of your everyday life.

Wait before revealing a finding. Wait for the most appropriate time to let go of something that you hold.

Losing the human form brings the freedom to remember your self. Losing the human form is like a spiral. It gives you the freedom to remember and this in turn makes you even freer.

A warrior knows that he is waiting and knows also what he is waiting for, and while he waits he feasts his eyes on the world. The ultimate accomplishment of a warrior is joy.

Accept your fate in humbleness. The course of a warrior's destiny is unalterable. The challenge is how far he can go within those rigid bounds, how impeccable he can be within those rigid bounds. If there are obstacles in his path, the warrior strives impeccably to overcome them. If he finds unbearable hardship and pain on his path, he weeps, but all his tears put together could not move the line of his destiny the breadth of one hair. Fulfill your fate as a warrior not as a petty person.

Detachment does not automatically mean wisdom, but it is nonetheless, an advantage because it allows the warrior to pause momentarily to reassess situations, to reconsider positions. In order to use that extra moment consistently and correctly, however, a warrior has to struggle unyieldingly for a lifetime.

A warrior is someone who seeks freedom. Sadness is not freedom. We must snap out of it. Having a sense of detachment entails having a moment's pause to reassess situations.

Formlessness is, if anything, a detriment to sobriety and level headedness. An aspect of being detached, the capacity to become immersed in whatever one is doing, naturally extends to everything one does, including being inconsistent, and outright petty. The advantage of being formless is that it allows us a moment's pause, providing that we have the self-discipline and courage to utilize it.

We unwittingly focus on fear and distrust, as if those were the only possible options available to us, while all along we have the alternative of deliberately centering our attention on the opposite, the mystery, the wonder of what is happening to us.

There are no steps to anything a warrior does. There is only personal power.

In the final analysis every *dreamer* is different. There are, however, general states. *Restful vigil* is the preliminary state, a state in which the senses become dormant and yet one is aware.

The second state is *dynamic vigil*. In this state one is left looking at a scene, a tableau of sorts, which is static. One sees a three-dimensional picture, a frozen bit of something—a landscape, a street, a house, a person, a face, anything.

The third state is *passive witnessing*. In it the *dreamer* is no longer viewing a frozen bit of the world but is

observing, eye witnessing, an event as it occurs. It is as if the primacy of the visual and auditory senses makes this state of *dreaming* mainly an affair of the eyes and ears.

The fourth state is the one in which you are drawn to act. In it one is compelled to enterprise, to take steps, to make the most of one's time. This state is called *dynamic initiative*.



You have to look after someone and take care of them in a most selfish fashion--that is, as if they are your own self. Selfishness can be put to a grand use. To harness it is not impossible. The surest way to harness selfishness is through the daily activities of our lives.

You are efficient in whatever you do because you have no one to bug the devil out of you. It is no challenge to you to soar like an arrow by yourself. If you are given the task of taking care of someone else, however, your independent effectiveness will go to pieces, and in order to survive you will have to extend your selfish concern for yourself to include the one under your care. You must honor them regardless of what they do to you, and you must train your body, through your interaction with them, to feel at ease in the face of the most trying situations.

It is much easier to fare well under conditions of maximum stress than to be impeccable under normal circumstances, such as in the interplay with another under your care.

Further, then, you cannot under any circumstances get angry with them, because they are indeed your benefactor; only through them will you be capable of harnessing your selfishness.

You take care of them as a means of training yourself for the hardship of interaction with people. It is imperative that you internalize a mood of ease in the face of difficult social situations.

Dreaming begins as a unique state of awareness arrived at by focusing the residue of consciousness, which one still has when asleep, on the elements, or the features, of one's dreams.

The residue of consciousness, called the second attention, is brought into action, or

is harnessed, through exercises *doing-doing* . The essential aid to *dreaming* is a state of mental quietness, called "stopping the internal dialogue," or the "*not-doing* of talking to oneself." To teach you how to master it, I've made you walk for miles with your eyes held fixed and out of focus at a level just above the horizon so as to emphasize the peripheral view. This method is effective on two counts. It allows you to stop your internal dialogue, and it trains your attention. By forcing you to concentrate on the peripheral view, I reinforced your capacity to concentrate for long periods of time on one single activity.

The best way to enter into *dreaming* is to concentrate on the area just at the tip of the sternum, at the top of the belly. The attention needed for *dreaming* stems from that area. The energy needed in order to move and to seek in *dreaming* stems from the area an inch or two below the belly button. That energy is the *will* , or the power to select, to assemble. In a woman both the attention and the energy for *dreaming* originate from the womb.

Anything may suffice as a *not-doing* to help *dreaming* , providing that it forces the attention to remain fixed. The attention one needs in the beginning of *dreaming* has to be forcibly made to stay on any given item in a dream. Only through immobilizing our attention can one turn an ordinary dream into *dreaming*.

In *dreaming* one has to use the same mechanisms of attention as in everyday life. Our first attention has been taught to focus on the items of the world with great force in order to turn the amorphous and chaotic realm of perception into the orderly world of awareness.

The second attention serves the function of a beckoner, a caller of chances. The more it is exercised, the greater the possibility of getting the desired result. But that is also the function of attention in general, a function so taken for granted in our daily life that it has become unnoticeable; if we encounter a fortuitous occurrence we talk about it in terms of accident or coincidence, rather than in terms of our attention having beckoned the event.

The only thing that really counts in making the shift into the *dreaming body* is anchoring the second attention. Attention is what makes the world. What is important is to store attention in *dreaming*.

The first attention, the attention that makes the world, can never be completely overcome; it can only be turned off for a moment and replaced with the second attention, providing that the body had stored enough of it. *Dreaming* is naturally a way of storing the second attention. In order to shift into your *dreaming body* when awake you have to practice *dreaming* until it comes out your ears.

I have given you three tasks to train your second attention. First, to find your hands in *dreaming* . Next, to choose a locale, focus your attention on it, and then do daytime *dreaming* and find out if you can really go there. I've suggested that you place someone you know at the site in order to do two things: first to check subtle changes that might indicate that you were there in *dreaming* , and second, to isolate unobtrusive detail, which would be precisely what your second attention would zero in on.

The most serious problem the *dreamer* has in this respect is the unbending fixation of the second attention on detail that would be thoroughly undetected by the attention of everyday life, creating in this manner a nearly insurmountable obstacle to

validation. What one seeks in *dreaming* is not what one would pay attention to in everyday life.

One strives to immobilize the second attention only in the learning period. After that, one has to fight the almost invincible pull of the second attention and give only cursory glances at everything. In *dreaming* one has to be satisfied with the briefest possible views of everything. As soon as one focuses on anything, one loses control.

The last generalized task I gave you to train your second attention was to get out of your body. This task begins with a dream in which you find yourself looking at yourself asleep.

To elucidate the control of the second attention, I've presented the idea of *will*. *Will* can be described as the maximum control of the luminosity of the body as a field of energy; or it can be described as a level of proficiency, as a state of being that comes abruptly into the daily life of a warrior at any given time. It is experienced as a force that radiates out of the middle part of the body following a moment of the most absolute silence, or a moment of sheer terror, or profound sadness. Those things afford the warrior the concentration needed to use the luminosity of the body and turn it into silence.

For a human being sadness is as powerful as terror. Both can bring the moment of silence. Or the silence comes of itself, because the warrior tries for it throughout his life. It is a moment of blackness, a moment still more silent than the moment of shutting off the internal dialogue. That blackness, that silence, gives rise to the *intent* to direct the second attention, to command it, to make it do things. This is why it's called *will*. The *intent* and the effect are *will*; they are tied together.

We don't feel our *will* because we think that it should be something we know for sure that we are doing or feeling, like getting angry, for instance. *Will* is very quiet, unnoticeable. *Will* belongs to the other self. We are in our other selves when we do *dreaming*.

Will is such a complete control of the second attention that it is called the other self.

Intent is present everywhere. *Intent* is what makes the world. People, and all other living creatures for that matter, are the slaves of *intent*. We are in its clutches. It makes us do whatever it wants. It makes us act in the world. It even makes us die. When we become warriors, though, *intent* becomes our friend. It lets us be free for a moment; at times it even comes to us, as if it had been waiting around for us.

Again, human beings are divided in two. The right side, which is called the *tonal*, encompasses everything the intellect can conceive of. The left side, called the *nagual*, is a realm of indescribable features: a realm impossible to contain in words. The left side is perhaps comprehended, if comprehension is what takes place, with the total body; thus its resistance to conceptualization. All the faculties, possibilities, and accomplishments of sorcery, from the simplest to the most astounding, are in the human body itself.

The power that governs the destiny of all living beings is called the Eagle or the *Indescribable Force*. Providing the luminous shell that comprises one's humanness has been broken, it is possible to find in the *Indescribable Force* the faint reflection of

man. The *Indescribable Force* 's irrevocable dictums can then be apprehended by seers, properly interpreted by them, and accumulated in the form of a governing body. Thus the rule was formed.

The rule is not a tale. The rule states that every living thing has been granted the power, if it so desires, to seek an opening to freedom and to go through it.

To cross over to freedom does not mean eternal life as eternity is commonly understood--that is, as living forever. What the rule states is that one can keep the awareness which is ordinarily relinquished at the moment of dying. I cannot explain what it means to keep that awareness. My benefactor told me that at the moment of crossing, one enters into the third attention, and the body in its entirety is kindled with knowledge. Every cell at once becomes aware of itself, and also aware of the totality of the body.

This kind of awareness is meaningless to our compartmentalized minds. Therefore the crux of the warrior's struggle is not so much to realize that the crossing over stated in the rule means crossing to the third attention, but rather to conceive that there exists such an awareness at all.

There is a common error, that of overestimating the left-side awareness, of becoming dazzled by its clarity and power. To be in the left-side awareness does not mean that one is immediately liberated from one's folly--it only means an extended capacity for perceiving, and above all, a greater ability to forget.

One has to be utterly humble and carry nothing to defend, not even one's person. One's person should be protected, but not defended.

It takes a very long time to clean out the garbage that a luminous being picks up in the world. We are so stiff and feel so self-important.

Stalkers deal with people, with the world of ordinary affairs. *Stalkers* are the practitioners of controlled folly as the *dreamers* are the practitioners of *dreaming* . Controlled folly is the basis for *stalking* , as dreams are the basis for *dreaming* . Generally speaking, a warrior's greatest accomplishment in the second attention is *dreaming* , and in the first attention his greatest accomplishment is *stalking*.

In the absence of self-importance, a warrior's only way of dealing with the social milieu is in terms of controlled folly.

Deal with the world exclusively in terms of controlled folly.

A warrior never loses his mind under any circumstances.

A warrior is never under siege. To be under siege implies that one has personal possessions that could be blockaded. A warrior has nothing in the world except his impeccability, and impeccability cannot be threatened. Nonetheless, in a battle for one's life a warrior should strategically use every means available.

We must live our lives impeccably for no other reason than to be impeccable.

Although human beings appear to a seer as luminous eggs, the egg like shape is an

external cocoon, a shell of luminosity that houses a most intriguing, haunting, mesmeric core made up of concentric circles of yellowish luminosity, the color of a candle's flame.

Losing the human form is the only means of breaking that shell, the only means of liberating that haunting luminous core. To break the shell means remembering the other self, and arriving at the totality of oneself.

An unconquerable pessimism overtakes a warrior at a certain point on his path. A sense of defeat, or perhaps more accurately, a sense of unworthiness, comes upon him almost unawares. A warrior's resolution to live impeccably in spite of everything cannot be approached as a strategy to ensure success.

The warrior enters into a state of unsurpassed humility; when the true poverty of his human resources becomes undeniable, the warrior has no recourse but to step back and lower his head.

It is monstrous to think that the world is understandable or that we ourselves are understandable. What we are perceiving is an enigma, a mystery that one can only accept in humbleness and awe. The two sides of a human being are totally separate and it takes great discipline and determination to break that seal and go from one side to the other. We have been put together by forces incomprehensible to our reason. The only thing we do not have is time. Every minute might be our last; therefore, it has to be lived with the spirit.

Perception suffers a profound jolt when we are placed in states of quietude in darkness. Our hearing takes the lead then, and the signals from all the living and existing entities around us can be detected--not with our hearing only, but with a combination of the auditory and visual senses, in that order. In darkness the eyes become subsidiary to the ears.

Power spots are actual holes in a sort of canopy that prevents the world from losing its shape. A power spot can be utilized as long as one has gathered enough strength in the second attention. The key to withstanding the *Indescribable Force*'s presence is the potency of one's *intent*. Without *intent* there is nothing.

Be impeccable and practice meticulously whatever you learn, and above all, be careful and deliberate in your actions so as not to exhaust your life force in vain.

The prerequisite for entrance into any of the three stages of attention is the possession of life force, because without it warriors cannot have direction and purpose. Upon dying our awareness also enters into the third attention; but only for an instant, as a purging action, just before the *Indescribable Force* devours it.

Stalkers become lighthearted and jovial and enjoy their lives.

The second attention belongs to the luminous body, as the first attention belongs to the physical body.

Dreaming is in fact a rational state. In *dreaming*, the right side, the rational awareness, is wrapped up inside the left side awareness in order to give the *dreamer* a

sense of sobriety and rationality; but the influence of rationality has to be minimal and used only as an inhibiting mechanism to protect the *dreamer* from excesses and bizarre undertakings.

Our first attention is hooked to the emanations of the earth, while our second attention is hooked to the emanations of the universe. A *dreamer* by definition is outside the boundaries of the concerns of everyday life.

The *dreamers* ' power to focus on their second attention makes them into living slingshots. The stronger and the more impeccable the *dreamers* are, the farther they can project their second attention into the unknown and the longer their *dreaming* projection will last.

Dreaming is no illusion. It's a step toward the control of the second attention; in other words, you are learning the perceptual bias of that other realm.

There is no way on earth that we can order anyone or ourselves to rally knowledge. It is rather a slow affair; the body, at the right time and under the proper circumstances of impeccability, rallies its knowledge without the intervention of desire.

The first principle of the art of *stalking* is that warriors choose their battleground. A warrior never goes into battle without knowing what the surroundings are.

To discard everything that is unnecessary is the second principle of the art of *stalking* .

Warriors don't have the world to cushion them, so they must have the rule. Yet the rule of *stalkers* applies to everyone.

The first precept of the rule is that everything that surrounds us is an unfathomable mystery.

The second precept of the rule is that we must try to unravel these mysteries, but without ever hoping to accomplish this.

The third, that a warrior, aware of the unfathomable mystery that surrounds him and aware of his duty to try to unravel it, takes his rightful place among mysteries and regards himself as one. Consequently, for a warrior there is no end to the mystery of being, whether being means being a pebble, or an ant, or oneself. That is a warrior's humbleness. One is equal to everything.

Apply all the concentration you have to decide whether or not to enter into battle, for any battle is a battle for one's life. This is the third principle of the art of *stalking* . A warrior must be willing and ready to make his last stand here and now. But not in a helter-skelter way.

The fourth principle of the art of *stalking* is; relax, abandon yourself, fear nothing. Only then will the powers that guide us open the road and aid us. Only then.

The fifth principle is; when faced with odds that cannot be dealt with, warriors retreat for a moment. They let their minds meander. They occupy their time with something else. Anything would do.

The sixth principle: warriors compress time; even an instant counts. In a battle for your life, a second is an eternity; an eternity that may decide the outcome. Warriors aim at succeeding, therefore they compress time. Warriors don't waste an instant.

A recapitulation is the forte of *stalkers* as the *dreaming body* is the forte of *dreamers*. It consists of recollecting one's life down to the most insignificant detail.

The first stage is a brief recounting of all the incidents in our lives that in an obvious manner stand out for examination.

The second stage is a more detailed recollection, which starts systematically at a point that could be the moment prior to the *stalker* sitting, and theoretically could extend to the moment of birth.

A perfect recapitulation can change a warrior as much, if not more, than the total control of the *dreaming body*. In this respect, *dreaming* and *stalking* lead to the same end, the entering into the third attention. It is important for a warrior, however, to know and practice both.

The key element in recapitulating is breathing. Recollecting is easy if one can reduce the area of stimulation around the body. Theoretically, *stalkers* have to remember every feeling that they have had in their lives, and this process begins with a breath.

Write down a list of the events to be relived. The procedure starts with an initial breath. *Stalkers* begin with their chin on the right shoulder and slowly inhale as they move their head over a hundred and eighty degree arc. The breath terminates on the left shoulder. Once the inhalation ends, the head goes back to a relaxed position. They exhale looking straight ahead.

The *stalker* then takes the event at the top of the list and remains with it until all the feelings expended in it have been recounted. As *stalkers* remember the feelings they invested in whatever it is that they are remembering, they inhale slowly, moving their heads from the right shoulder to the left. The function of this breathing is to restore energy. The luminous body is constantly creating cobweb like filaments, which are projected out of the luminous mass, propelled by emotions of any sort. Therefore, every situation of interaction, or every situation where feelings are involved, is potentially draining to the luminous body. By breathing from right to left while remembering a feeling, *stalkers*, through the magic of breathing, pick up the filaments they left behind. The next immediate breath is from left to right and it is an exhalation. With it *stalkers* eject filaments left in them by other luminous bodies involved in the event being recollected.

These are the mandatory preliminaries of *stalking*. Unless *stalkers* have gone through the preliminaries in order to retrieve the filaments they have left in the world, and particularly in order to reject those that others have left in them, there is no possibility of handling controlled folly, because those foreign filaments are the basis of one's limitless capacity for self-importance.

In order to practice controlled folly, since it is not a way to fool or chastise people or feel superior to them, one has to be capable of laughing at oneself. One of the results of a detailed recapitulation is genuine laughter upon coming face to face with the boring repetition of one's self-esteem, which is at the core of all human interactions.

The rule defines *stalking* and *dreaming* as arts; therefore they are something that one performs. The life-giving nature of breath is what also gives it its cleansing capacity. It is this capacity that makes a recapitulation into a practical matter.

A profound recapitulation is the most expedient means to lose the human form.

Thus it is easier for *stalkers*, after recapitulating their lives, to make use of all *doings-doings* of the self, such as erasing personal history, losing self-importance, breaking routines and so forth.

A *stalker* never pushes himself to the front. In order to apply this seventh principle of the art of *stalking*, one has to apply the other six. Only a master *stalker* can be a master of controlled folly. Controlled folly doesn't mean to con people. It means, as my benefactor explained it, that warriors apply the seven basic principles of the art of *stalking* to whatever they do, from the most trivial acts to life and death situations.

Applying these principles brings about three results. The first is that *stalkers* learn never to take themselves seriously; they learn to laugh at themselves. If they're not afraid of being a fool, they can fool anyone. The second is that *stalkers* learn to have endless patience. *Stalkers* are never in a hurry; they never fret. And the third is that *stalkers* learn to have an endless capacity to improvise.

Stalkers face the oncoming time. Normally we face time as it recedes from us. Only *stalkers* can change that and face time as it advances on them. They see time as something concrete, yet incomprehensible.

We're warriors, and warriors have only one thing in mind--their freedom. To die and be consumed by the *Indescribable Force* is no challenge. On the other hand, to sneak around the *Indescribable Force* and be free is the ultimate audacity.

What's needed to enter fully into the other self is to abandon the *intent* of our first attention.

Be frugal and utilize every bit of your energy without wasting any of it.

When I talk about time, I am not referring to something which is measured by the movement of a clock. Time is the essence of attention; the *Indescribable Force*'s emanations are made out of time; and properly, when one enters into any aspect of the other self, one is becoming acquainted with time.

The wheel of time is like a state of heightened awareness which is part of the other self, as the left side awareness is part of thyself of everyday life. It can physically be described as a tunnel of infinite length and width; a tunnel with reflective furrows. Every furrow is infinite, and there are infinite numbers of them. Living creatures are compulsorily made, by the force of life, to gaze into one furrow. To gaze into it means to be trapped by it, to live that furrow.

Will belongs to the wheel of time. It is something like the runner of a vine, or an intangible tentacle which all of us possess. A warrior's final aim is to learn to focus it on the wheel of time in order to make it turn. Warriors who have succeeded in turning the wheel of time can gaze into any furrow and draw from it whatever they desire. To be trapped compulsorily in one furrow of time entails seeing the images of that furrow only as they recede. To be free from the spellbinding force of those grooves means that one can look in either direction, as images recede or as they approach.

Warriors have no life of their own. From the moment they understand the nature of awareness, they cease to be persons and the human condition is no longer part of their view. You have your duty as a warrior and nothing else is important. So do your best.

The challenge of a warrior is to arrive at a very subtle balance of positive and negative forces. This challenge does not mean that a warrior should strive to have everything under control, but that a warrior should strive to meet any conceivable situation, the expected and the unexpected, with equal efficiency. To be perfect under perfect circumstances is to be a paper warrior.

I will give you a formula, an incantation for times when your task is greater than your strength;

I am already given to the power that rules my fate.

And I cling to nothing, so I will have nothing to defend.

I have no thoughts, so I will see.

I fear nothing, so I will remember myself.

Detached and at ease,

I will dart past the Eagle to be free.

It takes an enormity of strength to let go of the *intent* of everyday life. One must place one's attention on the luminous shell. A warrior must evoke *intent*. The glance is the secret. The eyes beckon *intent*.

The reason why *seeing* seems to be visual is because we need the eyes to focus on *intent*. Our eyes can catch another aspect of *intent* and that's called *seeing*. The true function of the eyes is to be the catchers of *intent*.

You should trust yourself. On the left side there are no tears. A warrior can no longer weep. The only expression of anguish is a shiver that comes from the very depths of the universe. It is as if one of the *Indescribable Force*'s emanations is anguish. The warrior's shiver is infinite.

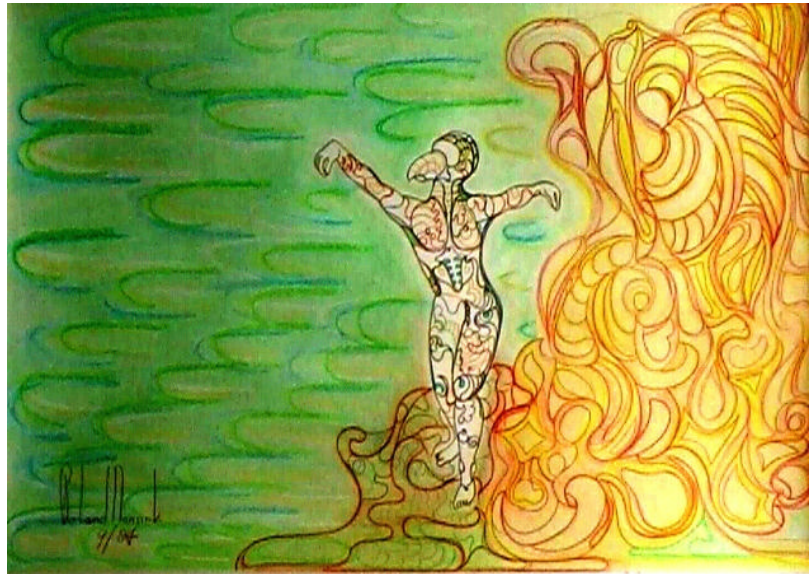
The act of remembering the other self is thoroughly incomprehensible. In actuality it is the act of remembering oneself, which does not stop at recollecting the interaction warriors perform in their left side awareness, but goes on to recollect every memory that the luminous body has stored from the moment of birth.

This act of remembering, although it seems to be only associated with warriors, is something that is within the realm of every human being; every one of us can go directly to the memories of our luminosity with unfathomable results.

The Fire From Within

There is no completeness without sadness and longing, for without them there is no sobriety, no kindness. Wisdom without kindness and knowledge without sobriety are useless.

Seeing is a peculiar feeling of knowing, of knowing something without a shadow of doubt.



Self-importance is our greatest enemy. Think about it--what weakens us is feeling offended by the deeds and misdeeds of our fellow men. Our self-importance requires that we spend most of our lives offended by someone.

Every effort should be made to eradicate self-importance from the lives of warriors. Without self-importance we are invulnerable.

Self-importance can't be fought with niceties.

Seers are divided into two categories. Those who are willing to exercise self-restraint and can channel their activities toward pragmatic goals, which would benefit other seers and man in general, and those who don't care about self-restraint or about any pragmatic goals. The latter have failed to resolve the problem of self-importance.

Self-importance is not something simple and naive. On the one hand, it is the core of everything that is good in us, and on the other hand, the core of everything that is rotten. To get rid of importance-importance that is rotten requires a masterpiece of strategy.

In order to follow the path of knowledge one has to be very imaginative. In the path of knowledge nothing is as clear as we'd like it to be. Warriors fight self-importance as a matter of strategy, not principle.

Impeccability is nothing else but the proper use of energy. My statements have no inkling of morality. I've saved energy and that makes me impeccable. To understand this, you have to save enough energy yourself.

Warriors take strategic inventories. They list everything they do. Then they decide which of those things can be changed in order to allow themselves a respite, in terms of expending their energy.

The strategic inventory covers only behavioral patterns that are not essential to our survival and well-being.

In the strategic inventories of warriors, self-importance figures as the activity that consumes the greatest amount of energy, hence, their effort to eradicate it.

One of the first concerns of warriors is to free that energy in order to face the

unknown with it. The action of rechanneling that energy is impeccability.

The most effective strategy for rechanneling that energy consists of six elements that interplay with one another. Five of them are called the attributes of warrior ship: control, discipline, forbearance, timing, and *will*. They pertain to the world of the warrior who is fighting to lose self-importance. The sixth element, which is perhaps the most important of all, pertains to the outside world and is called the petty tyrant.

A petty tyrant is a tormentor. Someone who either holds the power of life and death over warriors or simply annoys them to distraction.

Petty tyrants teach us detachment. The ingredients of the new seers strategy shows how efficient and clever is the device of using a petty tyrant. The strategy not only gets rid of self-importance; it also prepares warriors for the final realization that impeccability is the only thing that counts in the path of knowledge.

Usually, only four attributes are played. The fifth, *will*, is always saved for an ultimate confrontation, when warriors are facing the firing squad, so to speak.

Will belongs to another sphere, the unknown. The other four belong to the known, exactly where the petty tyrants are lodged. In fact, what turns human beings into petty tyrants is precisely the obsessive manipulation of the known.

The interplay of all the five attributes of warrior ship is done only by seers who are also impeccable warriors and have mastery over *will*. Such an interplay is a supreme maneuver that cannot be performed on the daily human stage.

Four attributes are all that is needed to deal with the worst of petty tyrants, provided, of course, that a petty tyrant has been found. The petty tyrant is the outside element, the one we cannot control and the element that is perhaps the most important of them all. The warrior who stumbles on a petty tyrant is a lucky one. You're fortunate if you come upon one in your path, because if you don't you have to go out and look for one.

If seers can hold their own in facing petty tyrants, they can certainly face the unknown with impunity, and then they can even stand the presence of the unknowable.

Nothing can temper the spirit of a warrior as much as the challenge of dealing with impossible people in positions of power. Only under those conditions can warriors acquire the sobriety and serenity to stand the pressure of the unknowable.

The perfect ingredient for the making of a superb seer is a petty tyrant with unlimited prerogatives. Seers have to go to extremes to find a worthy one. Most of the time they have to be satisfied with very small fry. Then warriors develop a strategy using the four attributes of warrior ship: control, discipline, forbearance, and timing.

On the path of knowledge there are four steps. The first step is the decision to become apprentices. After the apprentices change their views about themselves and the world they take the second step and become warriors, which is to say, beings capable of the utmost discipline and control over themselves. The third step, after acquiring forbearance and timing, is to become men of knowledge. When men of knowledge learn to *see* they have taken the fourth step and have become seers.

Control and discipline refer to an inner state. A warrior is self-oriented, not in a selfish way but in the sense of a total examination of the self.

Forbearance and timing are not quite an inner state. They are in the domain of the man of knowledge.

The idea of using a petty tyrant is not only for perfecting the warrior's spirit, but

also for enjoyment and happiness. Even the worst tyrants can bring delight, provided, of course, that one is a warrior.

The mistake average men make in confronting petty tyrants is not to have a strategy to fall back on; the fatal flaw is that average men take themselves too seriously; their actions and feelings, as well as those of the petty tyrants, are all-important. Warriors, on the other hand, not only have a well-thought-out strategy, but are free from self-importance. What restrains their self-importance is that they have understood that reality is an interpretation we make.

Petty tyrants take themselves with deadly seriousness while warriors do not. What usually exhausts us is the wear and tear on our self-importance. Any man who has an iota of pride is ripped apart by being made to feel worthless.

To tune the spirit when someone is trampling on you is called control. Instead of feeling sorry for himself a warrior immediately goes to work mapping the petty tyrant's strong points, his weaknesses, his quirks of behavior.

To gather all this information while they are beating you up is called discipline. A perfect petty tyrant has no redeeming feature.

Forbearance is to wait patiently--no rush, no anxiety--a simple, joyful holding back of what is due.

A warrior knows that he is waiting and what he is waiting for. Right there is the great joy of warrior ship.

Timing is the quality that governs the release of all that is held back. Control, discipline, and forbearance are like a dam behind which everything is pooled. Timing is the gate in the dam.

Forbearance means holding back with the spirit something that the warrior knows is rightfully due. It doesn't mean that a warrior goes around plotting to do anybody mischief, or planning to settle past scores. Forbearance is something independent. As long as the warrior has control, discipline, and timing, forbearance assures giving whatever is due to whoever deserves it.

To be defeated by a small-fry petty tyrant is not deadly, but devastating. Warriors who succumb to a small-fry petty tyrant are obliterated by their own sense of failure and unworthiness.

Anyone who joins the petty tyrant is defeated. To act in anger, without control and discipline, to have no forbearance, is to be defeated.

After warriors are defeated they either regroup themselves or they abandon the quest for knowledge and join the ranks of the petty tyrants for life.

There are a series of truths about awareness that have been arranged in a specific sequence for purposes of comprehension. The mastery of awareness consists in internalizing the total sequence of such truths.

The first truth is that our familiarity with the world we perceive compels us to believe that we are surrounded by objects, existing by themselves and as themselves, just as we perceive them, whereas, in fact, there is no world of objects, but a universe of the *Indescribable Force*'s emanations.

Before I can explain the *Indescribable Force*'s emanations, I have to talk about the known, the unknown, and the unknowable.

The unknown is something that is veiled from man, shrouded perhaps by a

terrifying context, but which, nonetheless, is within man's reach.

The unknown becomes the known at a given time. The unknowable, on the other hand, is the indescribable, the unthinkable, the unrealizable. It is something that will never be known to us, and yet it is there, dazzling and at the same time horrifying in its vastness.

There is a simple rule of thumb: in the face of the unknown, man is adventurous. It is a quality of the unknown to give us a sense of hope and happiness. Man feels robust, exhilarated. Even the apprehension that it arouses is very fulfilling. The new seers *saw* that man is at his best in the face of the unknown.

The unknown and the known are really on the same footing, because both are within the reach of human perception. Seers, can leave the known at a given moment and enter into the unknown.

Whatever is beyond our capacity to perceive is the unknowable. And the distinction between it and the knowable is crucial. Confusing the two would put seers in a most precarious position whenever they are confronted with the unknowable. Most of what's out there is beyond our comprehension.

The first truth about awareness is that the world out there is not really as we think it is. We think it is a world of objects and it's not.

You say you agree with me because everything could be reduced to being a field of energy. But you are merely intuiting a truth. To reason it out is not to verify it. I am not interested in your agreement or disagreement, but in your attempt to comprehend what is involved in this truth. You cannot witness fields of energy; not as an average man, that is. Now, if you were able to *see* them, you would be a seer, in which case you would be explaining the truths about awareness.

Conclusions arrived at through reasoning have very little or no influence in altering the course of our lives. Hence, the countless examples of people who have the clearest convictions and yet act diametrically against them time and time again; and have as the only explanation for their behavior the idea that to err is human.

The first truth is that the world is as it looks and yet it isn't. It's not as solid and real as our perception has been led to believe, but it isn't a mirage either. The world is not an illusion, as it has been said to be; it's real on the one hand, and unreal on the other. Pay close attention to this, for it must be understood, not just accepted. We perceive. This is a hard fact. But what we perceive is not a fact of the same kind, because we learn what to perceive.

Something out there is affecting our senses. This is the part that is real. The unreal part is what our senses tell us is there. Take a mountain, for instance. Our senses tell us that it is an object. It has size, color, form. We even have categories of mountains, and they are downright accurate. Nothing wrong with that; the flaw is simply that it has never occurred to us that our senses play only a superficial role. Our senses perceive the way they do because a specific feature of our awareness forces them to do so.

I've used the term "the world" to mean everything that surrounds us. I have a better term, of course, but it would be quite incomprehensible to you. Seers say that we think there is a world of objects out there only because of our awareness. But what's really out there are the *Indescribable Force*'s emanations, fluid, forever in motion, and yet unchanged, eternal.

The reason for the existence of all sentient beings is to enhance awareness. The old seers, risking untold dangers, actually *saw* the *Indescribable Force* which is the source of all sentient beings. They called that indescribable force the Eagle, because in the few glimpses that they could sustain, they *saw* it as something that resembled a black-and-white eagle of infinite size. They *saw* that it is the *Indescribable Force* that bestows awareness and creates sentient beings so that they will live and enrich the awareness it gives them with life. They also *saw* that it is the *Indescribable Force* , that devours that same enriched awareness after making sentient beings relinquish it at the moment of death. For the old seers to say that the reason for existence is to enhance awareness is not a matter of faith or deduction. They *saw* it.

A nagual man or woman is someone flexible enough to be anything. To be a nagual, among other things, means to have no points to defend. The description of the *Indescribable Force* as the Eagle, and what it does, are not truths to defend passionately. Those truths were put together for the delight and enlightenment of warriors, not to engage any proprietary sentiments. When I told you that a nagual has no points to defend, I meant, among other things, that a nagual has no obsessions.

The *Indescribable Force* is as real for seers as gravity and time are for you, and just as abstract and incomprehensible. The *Indescribable Force* and its emanations are as corroboratable as gravity and time and the discipline of the new seers is dedicated to doing just that. The *Indescribable Force* 's emanations are an immutable thing-in-itself, which engulfs everything that exists, the knowable and the unknowable.

There is no way to describe in words what the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations really are. A seer must witness them. They are a presence, almost a mass of sorts, a pressure that creates a dazzling sensation. One can catch only a glimpse of them, as one can catch only a glimpse of the *Indescribable Force* itself.

There is nothing visual about the *Indescribable Force* .The entire body of a seer senses the *Indescribable Force* . There is something in all of us that can make us witness with our entire body. Seers explain the act of *seeing* the *Indescribable Force* in very simple terms: because man is composed of the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations, man need only revert back to his components. The problem arises with man's awareness; it is his awareness that becomes entangled and confused. At the crucial moment when it should be a simple case of the emanations acknowledging themselves, man's awareness is compelled to interpret. The result is a vision of the Eagle, and the Eagle's emanations. But there is no Eagle and no Eagle's emanations. What is out there is something that no living creature can grasp.

The characteristic of miserable seers is that they are willing to forget the wonder of the world. They become overwhelmed by the fact that they *see* and believe that it's their genius that counts. A seer must be a paragon in order to override the nearly invincible laxness of our human condition. More important than *seeing* itself is what seers do with what they *see*.

The *Indescribable Force* attracts our consciousness, much as a magnet attracts iron shavings. At the moment of dying, all of our being disintegrates under the attraction of that immense force.

Seers who *see* the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations often call them commands. That's what they really are, commands.

Everything is made out of the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations. Only a small portion of those emanations is within reach of human awareness, and that small portion is still further reduced, to a minute fraction, by the constraints of our daily lives. That minute fraction of the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations is the known; the small portion within possible reach of human awareness is the unknown, and the incalculable rest is the unknowable.

The new seers, being pragmatically oriented, became immediately cognizant of the compelling power of the emanations. They realized that all living creatures are forced to employ the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations without ever knowing what they are. They also realized that organisms are constructed to grasp a certain range of those emanations and that every species has a definite range. The emanations exert great pressure on organisms, and through that pressure organisms construct their perceivable world.

In our case, as human beings, we employ those emanations and interpret them as reality. But what man senses is such a small portion of the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations that it's ridiculous to put much stock in our perceptions, and yet it isn't possible for us to disregard our perceptions.

I want you to be very aware of what we are doing. We are discussing the mastery of awareness. The truths we're discussing are the principles of that mastery.

One of the greatest forces in the lives of warriors is fear, it spurs them to learn.

The *Indescribable Force* 's emanations cannot be rendered at all in a language of comparisons. Individual seers may feel the urge to make comments about certain emanations, but that will remain personal.

The new seers were terrible practical men. They weren't involved in concocting rational theories.

The new seers, imbued with practicality, were able to *see* a flux of emanations and to *see* how man and other living beings utilize them to construct their perceivable world.

The way those emanations are utilized by man is so simple it sounds idiotic. For a seer, men are luminous beings. Our luminosity is made up of that portion of the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations which is encased in our egg like cocoon. That particular portion, that handful of emanations that is encased, is what makes us men. To perceive is to match the emanations contained inside our cocoon with those that are outside.

Seers can *see* , for instance, the emanations inside any living creature and can tell which of the outside emanations would match them.

The emanations are something indescribable. My personal comment would-be to say that they are like filaments of light. What's incomprehensible to normal awareness is that the filaments are aware. I can't tell you what that means, because I don't know what I am saying. All I can tell you with my personal comments is that the filaments are aware of themselves, alive and vibrating, that there are so many of them that numbers have no meaning and that each of them is an eternity in itself.

Perception is a condition of alignment; the emanations inside the cocoon become aligned with those outside that fit them. Alignment is what allows awareness to be cultivated by every living creature. Seers make these statements because they *see* living creatures as they really are: luminous beings that look like bubbles of whitish light.

The emanations inside and the emanations outside are the same filaments of light. Sentient beings are minute bubbles made out of those filaments, microscopic points of light, attached to the infinite emanations.

The luminosity of living beings is made by the particular portion of the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations they happen to have inside their luminous cocoons. When seers *see* perception, they witness that the luminosity of the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations outside those creatures' cocoons brightens the luminosity of the emanations inside their cocoons. The outside luminosity attracts the inside one; it traps it, so to speak, and fixes it. That fixation is the awareness of every specific being.

Seers can also *see* how the emanations outside the cocoon exert a particular pressure on the portion of emanations inside. This pressure determines the degree of awareness that every living being has.

The *Indescribable Force* 's emanations are more than filaments of light. Each one of them is a source of boundless energy. Think of it this way: since some of the emanations outside the cocoon are the same as the emanations inside, their energies are like a continuous pressure. But the cocoon isolates the emanations that are inside its web and thereby directs the pressure.

I've mentioned to you that the old seers were masters of the art of handling awareness. What I can add now is that they were the masters of that art because they learned to manipulate the structure of man's cocoon. I've said to you that they unraveled the mystery of being aware. By that I meant that they *saw* and realized that awareness is a glow in the cocoon of living beings. They rightly called it the glow of awareness.

The old seers *saw* that man's awareness is a glow of amber luminosity more intense than the rest of the cocoon. That glow is on a narrow, vertical band on the extreme right side of the cocoon, running along its entire length. The mastery of the old seers was to move that glow, to make it spread from its original setting on the surface of the cocoon inward across its width.

Seeing is to lay bare the core of everything, to witness the unknown and to glimpse into the unknowable. As such, it doesn't bring one solace. Seers ordinarily go to pieces on finding out that existence is incomprehensibly complex and that our normal awareness maligns it with its limitations.

Your concentration has to be total. To understand is of crucial importance. The new seers placed the highest value on deep, unemotional realizations. For instance, the other day, when you understood about your self-importance, you didn't understand anything really. You had an emotional outburst, that was all. I say this because the next day you were back on your high horse of self-importance as if you never had realized anything.

The same thing happened to the old seers. They were given to emotional reactions. But when the time came for them to understand what they had *seen* , they couldn't do it. To understand one needs sobriety, not emotionality. Beware of those who weep with realization, for they have realized nothing.

There are untold dangers in the path of knowledge for those without sober understanding. I am outlining the order in which the new seers arranged the truths about awareness, so it will serve you as a map, a map that you have to corroborate with your *seeing* , but not with your eyes.

Everybody falls pray to the mistake that *seeing* is done with the eyes. *Seeing* is not a matter of the eyes.

Seeing is alignment and perception is alignment. The alignment of the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations used routinely is the perception of the day-to-day world, but the alignment of emanations that are never used ordinarily is *seeing* . When such an alignment occurs one *sees* . *Seeing* , therefore, being produced by alignment out of the ordinary, cannot be something one could merely look at. So, don't succumb to the way *seeing* is labeled and described.

When seers *see* , something explains everything as the new alignment takes place. It's a voice that tells them in their ear what's what. If that voice is not present, what the seer is engaged in isn't *seeing* .

It is equally fallacious to say that *seeing* is hearing, because it is infinitely more than that, but seers have opted for using sound as a gauge of a new alignment.

The voice of *seeing* is a most mysterious inexplicable thing. My personal conclusion is that the voice of *seeing* belongs only to man. It may happen because talking is something that no one else besides man does. The old seers believed it was the voice of an overpowering entity intimately related to mankind, a protector of man. The new seers found out that that entity, which they called the mold of man, doesn't have a voice. The voice of *seeing* for the new seers is something quite incomprehensible; they say it's the glow of awareness playing on the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations as a harpist plays on a harp.

The pressure that the emanations outside the cocoon, which are called emanations at large, exert on the emanations inside the cocoon is the same in all sentient beings. Yet the results of that pressure are vastly different among them, because their cocoons react to that pressure in every conceivable way. There are, however, degrees of uniformity within certain boundaries.

Now, when seers *see* that the pressure of the emanations at large bears down on the emanations inside, which are always in motion and makes them stop moving, they know that the luminous being at that moment is fixated by awareness.

To say that the emanations at large bear down on those inside the cocoon and make them stop moving means that seers *see* something indescribable, the meaning of which they know without a shadow of doubt. It means that the voice of *seeing* has told them that the emanations inside the cocoon are completely at rest and match some of those which are outside.

Seers maintain, naturally, that awareness always comes from outside ourselves, that the real mystery is not inside us. Since by nature the emanations at large are made to fixate what is inside the cocoon, the trick of awareness is to let the fixating emanations

merge with what is inside us. Seers believe that if we let that happen we become what we really are--fluid, forever in motion, eternal.

The degree of awareness of every individual sentient being depends on the degree to which it is capable of letting the pressure of the emanations at large carry it.

Seers have *seen* that from the moment of conception awareness is enhanced, enriched, by the process of being alive. The awareness of an individual insect or that of an individual man grows from the moment of conception in astoundingly different ways, but with equal consistency. Awareness develops from the moment of conception.

Sexual energy is something of ultimate importance and it has to be controlled and used with great care. Don't resent or applaud what I say, thinking that I am speaking of control in terms of morality; I mean it in terms of saving and rechanneling energy. I recommend, therefore, that one control oneself and understand the *Indescribable Force* 's command that sex is for bestowing the glow of awareness. It is the *Indescribable Force* 's command that sexual energy be used for creating life. Through sexual energy, the *Indescribable Force* bestows awareness. So when sentient beings are engaged in sexual intercourse, the emanations inside their cocoons do their best to bestow awareness to the new sentient being they are creating.

During the sexual act, the emanations encased inside the cocoon of both partners undergo a profound agitation, the culminating point of which is a merging, a fusing of two pieces of the glow of awareness, one from each partner, that separate from their cocoons.

Sexual intercourse is always a bestowal of awareness even though the bestowal may not be consolidated. Warriors know that the only real energy we possess is a life-bestowing sexual energy. This knowledge makes them permanently conscious of their responsibility. If warriors want to have enough energy to *see* , they must become misers with their sexual energy.

You needn't think this a puritanical attitude toward sex. There is nothing wrong with man's sensuality. It's man's ignorance of and disregard for his magical nature that is wrong. It's a mistake to waste recklessly the life-bestowing force of sex and not have children, but it's also a mistake not to know that in having children one taxes the glow of awareness. Seers have *seen* that on having a child, the parents' glow of awareness diminishes and the child's increases. In some supersensitive, frail parents, the glow of awareness almost disappears. As children enhance their awareness, a big dark spot develops in the luminous cocoon of the parents, on the very place from which the glow was taken away. It is usually on the midsection of the cocoon. Sometimes those spots can even be *seen* superimposed on the body itself.

Nothing can be done to give people a more balanced understanding of the glow of awareness. At least, there is nothing that seers can do. Seers aim to be free, to be unbiased witnesses incapable of passing judgment; otherwise they would have to assume the responsibility for bringing about a more adjusted cycle. No one can do that. The new cycle, if it is to come, must come of itself.

The consciousness of adult human beings, matured by the process of growth, can no longer be called awareness, because it has been modified into something more

intense and complex, which seers call attention.

At a given time in the growth of human beings a band of the emanations inside their cocoons becomes very bright; as human beings accumulate experience, it begins to glow. In some instances, the glow of this band of emanations increases so dramatically that it fuses with the emanations from the outside. Seers, witnessing an enhancement of this kind, had to surmise that awareness is the raw material and attention the end product of maturation.

Attention is the harnessing and enhancing of awareness through the process of being alive.

The danger of definitions is that they simplify matters to make them understandable; in this case, in defining attention, one runs the risk of transforming a magical, miraculous accomplishment into something commonplace.

Attention is man's greatest single accomplishment. It develops from raw animal awareness until it covers the entire gamut of human alternatives. Seers perfect it even further until it covers the whole scope of human possibilities.

Human alternatives are everything we are capable of choosing as persons. They have to do with the level of our day-to-day range, the known; and owing to that fact, they are quite limited in number and scope. Human possibilities belong to the unknown. They are not what we are capable of choosing but what we are capable of attaining.

An example of human alternatives is our choice to believe that the human body is an object among objects. An example of human possibilities is the seers' achievement in viewing man as an egg like luminous being. With the body as an object one tackles the known, with the body as a luminous egg one tackles the unknown; human possibilities have, therefore, nearly an inexhaustible scope.

Seers say that there are three types of attention. When they say that, they mean it just for human beings, not for all the sentient beings in existence. But the three are not just types of attention, they are rather three levels of attainment. They are the first, second, and third attention, each of them an independent domain, complete in itself.

The first attention in man is animal awareness, which has been developed, through the process of experience, into a complex, intricate, and extremely fragile faculty that takes care of the day-to-day world in all its innumerable aspects. In other words, everything that one can think about is part of the first attention.

The first attention is everything we are as average men. By virtue of such an absolute rule over our lives, the first attention is the most valuable asset that the average man has. Perhaps it is even our only asset.

Taking into account its true value, the new seers started a rigorous examination of the first attention through *seeing*. In order to examine and explain the first attention, one must *see* it. Only seers can do that. But to examine what seers *see* in the first attention is essential. It allows the first attention the only opportunity it will ever have to realize its own workings.

The first attention is the glow of awareness developed to an ultra shine. But it is a glow fixed on the surface of the cocoon, so to speak. It is a glow that covers the known.

The second attention, on the other hand, is a more complex and specialized state of the glow of awareness. It has to do with the unknown. It comes about when unused

emanations inside man's cocoon are utilized.

The reason I called the second attention specialized is that in order to utilize those unused emanations, one needs uncommon, elaborate tactics that require supreme discipline and concentration.

The concentration needed to be aware that one is having a dream is the forerunner of the second attention. That concentration is a form of consciousness that is not in the same category as the consciousness needed to deal with the daily world.

The second attention is also called the left-side awareness; and it is the vastest field that one can imagine, so vast in fact that it seems limitless. It is a quagmire so complex and bizarre that sober seers go into it only under the strictest conditions.

The new seers let the mastery of awareness develop to its natural end, which is to extend the glow of awareness beyond the bounds of the luminous cocoon in one single stroke.

The third attention is attained when the glow of awareness turns into the fire from within: a glow that kindles not one band at a time but all the *Indescribable Force*'s emanations inside man's cocoon. The supreme accomplishment of human beings is to attain that level of attention while retaining the life-force.

Don't let your self-importance run rampant.

Usually anger is very sobering, or sometimes fear is, or humor.

Awareness begins with the permanent pressure that the emanations at large exert on the emanations trapped inside the cocoon. This pressure produces the first act of consciousness; it stops the motion of the trapped emanations, which are fighting to break the cocoon, fighting to die.

For a seer, the truth is that all living beings are struggling to die. What stops death is awareness. The new seers were profoundly disturbed by the fact that awareness forestalls death and at the same time induces it by being attracted by the *Indescribable Force*. Since they could not explain it, for there is no rational way to understand existence, seers realized that their knowledge is composed of contradictory propositions.

For example, seers have to be methodical, rational beings, paragons of sobriety, and at the same time they must shy away from all of those qualities in order to be completely free and open to the wonders and mysteries of existence.

Only a feeling of supreme sobriety can bridge the contradictions. You may call the bridge between contradictions anything you want--art, affection, sobriety, love, or even kindness.

In examining the first attention, the new seers realized that all organic beings, except man, quiet down their agitated trapped emanations so that those emanations can align themselves with their matching ones outside. Human beings do not do that; instead, their first attention takes an inventory of the *Indescribable Force*'s emanations inside their cocoons. Human beings take notice of the emanations they have inside their cocoons, no other creatures do that. The moment the pressure from the emanations at large fixates the emanations inside, the first attention begins to watch itself. It notes everything about itself, or at least it tries to, in whatever aberrant

ways it can. This is the process seers call taking an inventory.

I don't mean to say that human beings choose to take an inventory, or that they can refuse to take it. To take an inventory is the *Indescribable Force* 's command. What is subject to volition, however, is the manner in which the command is obeyed.

Although I dislike calling the emanations commands, that is what they are: commands that no one can disobey. Yet the way out of obeying the commands is in obeying them.

In the case of the inventory of the first attention, seers take it, for they can't disobey. But once they have taken it they throw it away. The *Indescribable Force* doesn't command us to worship our inventory; it commands us to take it, that's all.

The emanations inside the cocoon of man are not quieted down for purposes of matching them with those outside. This is evident after *seeing* what other creatures do. On quieting down, some of them actually merge themselves with the emanations at large and move with them.

But human beings quiet down their emanations and then reflect on them. The emanations focus on themselves. Human beings carry the command of taking an inventory to its logical extreme and disregard everything else. Once they are deeply involved in the inventory, two things may happen. They may ignore the impulses of the emanations at large, or they may use them in a very specialized way.

The end result of ignoring those impulses after taking an inventory is a unique state known as reason. The result of using every impulse in a specialized way is known as self-absorption.

The first attention works very well with the unknown. It blocks it; it denies it so fiercely that in the end, the unknown doesn't exist for the first attention.

Taking an inventory makes us invulnerable. That is why the inventory came into existence in the first place.

The first attention consumes all the glow of awareness that human beings have, and not an iota of energy is left free. So, the new seers proposed that warriors, since they have to enter into the unknown, have to save their energy. But where are they going to get energy, if all of it is taken? They'll get it from eradicating unnecessary habits. Eradicating unnecessary habits detaches awareness from self-reflection and allows it the freedom to focus on something else.

The unknown is forever present, but it is outside the possibility of our normal awareness. The unknown is the superfluous part of the average man. And it is superfluous because the average man doesn't have enough free energy to grasp it.

There is a force that is present throughout everything there is. It is called *will*, the *will* of the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations, or *intent*.

One of the most worthwhile findings of the ancient seers was the discovery that organic life is not the only form of life present on this earth.

For seers, to be alive means to be aware. For the average man, to be aware means to be an organism. This is where seers are different. For them, to be aware means that the emanations that cause awareness are encased inside a receptacle.

Organic living beings have a cocoon that encloses the emanations. But there are

other creatures whose receptacles don't look like a cocoon to a seer. Yet they have the emanations of awareness in them and characteristics of life other than reproduction and metabolism; such as emotional dependency, sadness, joy, wrath, and so forth and so on. And the best yet, love; a kind of love man can't even conceive. If we take as our clue what seers *see*, life is indeed extraordinary.

Those beings make themselves known to man all the time. And not only to seers but also to the average man. The problem is that all the energy available is consumed by the first attention. Man's inventory not only takes it all, but it also toughens the cocoon to the point of making it inflexible. Under those circumstances there is no possible interaction.

In the life of warriors it is extremely natural to be sad for no overt reason. Seers say that the luminous egg, as a field of energy, senses its final destination whenever the boundaries of the known are broken. A mere glimpse of the eternity outside the cocoon is enough to disrupt the coziness of our inventory. The resulting melancholy is sometimes so intense that it can bring about death. The best way to get rid of melancholy is to make fun of it.

There is nothing more lonely than eternity. And nothing is more cozy for us than to be a human being. This indeed is another contradiction--how can man keep the bonds of his humanness and still venture gladly and purposefully into the absolute loneliness of eternity? Whenever you resolve this riddle, you'll be ready for the definitive journey.

The new seers have found that the only thing that counts is impeccability. That is, freed energy.

Pull yourself together and don't fight your fear, roll with it. Be afraid without being terrified. Put all your concentration on the midpoint of your body--a true center of energy in all of us. Fear does not exist as soon as the glow of awareness moves beyond a certain threshold inside man's cocoon.

I'll briefly outline the truths about awareness which I have discussed. 1) There is no objective world, but only a universe of energy fields which seers call the *Indescribable Force's* emanations. 2) Human beings are made of the *Indescribable Force's* emanations and are in essence bubbles of luminescent energy; each of us is wrapped in a cocoon that encloses a small portion of these emanations. 3) Awareness is achieved by the constant pressure that the emanations outside our cocoon, which are called emanations at large, exert on those inside our cocoon. 4) Awareness gives rise to perception, which happens when the emanations inside our cocoons align themselves with the corresponding emanations at large.

The next truth is that perception takes place because there is in each of us an agent called the assemblage point that selects internal and external emanations for alignment. The particular alignment that we perceive as the world is the product of the specific spot where our assemblage point is located on our cocoon.

In order to corroborate the truths about awareness, you need energy. Dealing with petty tyrants helps seers accomplish a sophisticated maneuver: that maneuver is to move their assemblage points.

In order for our first attention to bring into focus the world that we perceive, it has to emphasize certain emanations selected from the narrow band of emanations where man's awareness is located. The discarded emanations are still within our reach but remain dormant, unknown to us for the duration of our lives.

The new seers call the emphasized emanations the right side, normal awareness, the *tonal*, this world, the known, the first attention. The average man calls it reality, rationality, commonsense.

The emphasized emanations compose a large portion of man's band of awareness, but a very small piece of the total spectrum of emanations present inside the cocoon of man. The disregarded emanations within man's band are thought of as a sort of preamble to the unknown, the unknown proper consisting of the bulk of emanations which are not part of the human band and which are never emphasized. Seers call them the left-side awareness, the *nagual*, the other world, the unknown, the second attention.

Normally the glow of awareness is *seen* on the surface of the cocoon of all sentient beings. After man develops attention, however, the glow of awareness acquires depth. In other words, it is transmitted from the surface of the cocoon to quite a number of emanations inside the cocoon.

A state of heightened awareness is *seen* not only as aglow that goes deeper inside the egg like shape of human beings, but also as a more intense glow on the surface of the cocoon. Yet it is nothing in comparison to the glow produced by a state of total awareness, which is *seen* as a burst of incandescence in the entire luminous egg. It is an explosion of light of such magnitude that the boundaries of the shell are diffused and the inside emanations extend themselves beyond anything imaginable.

Seers who deliberately attain total awareness are a sight to behold. That is the moment when they burn from within. The fire from within consumes them. And in full awareness they fuse themselves to the emanations at large, and glide into eternity.

I've explained to you that the new seers aim to be free. And freedom has the most devastating implications. Among them is the implication that warriors must purposely seek change. Your predilection is to live the way you do. You stimulate your reason by running through your inventory and pitting it against your friends' inventories. Those maneuvers leave you very little time to examine yourself and your fate. You will have to give up all that.

Human beings repeatedly choose the same emanations for perceiving because of two reasons. First, and most important, because we have been taught that those emanations are perceivable, and second because our assemblage points select and prepare those emanations for being used.

Every living being has an assemblage point which selects emanations for emphasis. Seers can *see* whether sentient beings share the same view of the world, by *seeing* if the emanations their assemblage points have selected are the same.

One of the most important breakthroughs for the new seers was to find that the spot where that point is located on the cocoon of all living creatures is not a permanent feature, but is established on that specific spot by habit. Hence the tremendous stress

the new seers put on new actions, on new practicalities. They want desperately to arrive at new usages, new habits.

A matter of great importance is the proper understanding of the truths about awareness in order to realize that that point can be moved from within. The unfortunate truth is that human beings always lose by default. They simply don't know about their possibilities.

The new seers say that realization is the technique. They say that, first of all, one must become aware that the world we perceive is the result of our assemblage points being located on a specific spot on the cocoon. Once that is understood, the assemblage point can move almost at will, as a consequence of new habits.

The assemblage point of man appears around a definite area of the cocoon, because the *Indescribable Force* commands it. But the precise spot is determined by habit, by repetitious acts. First we learn that it can be placed there and then we ourselves command it to be there. Our command becomes the *Indescribable Force's* command and that point is fixated at that spot. Consider this very carefully; our command becomes the *Indescribable Force's* command.

I've mentioned to you that sorcery is something like entering a dead-end street. What I meant was that sorcery practices have no intrinsic value. Their worth is indirect, for their real function is to make the assemblage point shift by making the first attention release its control on that point.

The new seers realized the true role those sorcery practices played and decided to go directly into the process of making their assemblage points shift, avoiding all the other nonsense of rituals and incantations. Yet rituals and incantations are indeed necessary at one time in every warrior's life. But only for purposes of luring one's first attention away from the power of self-absorption, which keeps his assemblage point rigidly fixed.

The obsessive entanglement of the first attention in self-absorption or reason is a powerful binding force, and ritual behavior, because it is repetitive, forces the first attention to free some energy from watching the inventory, as a consequence of which the assemblage point loses its rigidity.

When that happens, if you are not a warrior, you think you're losing your mind. If you are a warrior, you know you've gone crazy, but you patiently wait. You see, to be healthy and sane means that the assemblage point is immovable. When it shifts, it literally means that one is deranged.

Two options are opened to warriors whose assemblage points have shifted. One is to acknowledge being ill and to behave in deranged ways, reacting emotionally to the strange worlds that their shifts force them to witness; the other is to remain impassive, untouched, knowing that the assemblage point always returns to its original position.

If the assemblage point doesn't return to its original position, then those people are lost. They are either incurably crazy, because their assemblage points could never assemble the world as we know it, or they are peerless seers who have begun their movement toward the unknown.

What determines it is energy! Impeccability! Impeccable warriors don't lose their marbles. They remain untouched. I've said to you many times that impeccable warriors may *see* horrifying worlds and yet the next moment they are telling a joke, laughing with their friends or with strangers.

The mind, for a seer, is nothing but the self-reflection of the inventory of man. If you lose that self-reflection, but don't lose your underpinnings, you actually live an infinitely stronger life than if you had kept it.

The flaw is in our emotional reaction, which prevents us from realizing that the oddity of our sensorial experiences is determined by the depth to which our assemblage point has moved into man's band of emanations.

Man's band of emanations is not like a ribbon, but rather like a disc. The luminous shape of man is like a ball with a thick disk inserted into it. If the ball were transparent you would have the perfect replica of man's cocoon. The disc goes all the way inside the ball. It's a disk that goes from the surface on one side to the surface on the other side.

The assemblage point of man is located high up, three-fourths of the way toward the top of the egg on the surface of the cocoon. Heightened awareness comes about when the intense glow of the assemblage point lights up dormant emanations way inside the disk. To *see* the glow of the assemblage point moving inside that disk gives the feeling that it is shifting toward the left on the surface of the cocoon.

The transparency of the luminous egg creates the impression of a movement toward the left, when in fact every movement of the assemblage point is in depth, into the center of the luminous egg along the thickness of man's band.

Man is not the unknowable. Man's luminosity can be *seen* almost as if one were using the eyes alone.

The old seers *saw* the movement of the assemblage point but it never occurred to them that it was a movement in depth; instead they followed their *seeing* and coined the phrase "shift to the left," which the new seers retained although they knew that it was erroneous to call it a shift to the left.

The contention of the new seers is that in the course of our growth, once the glow of awareness focuses on man's band of emanations and selects some of them for emphasis, it enters into a vicious circle. The more it emphasizes certain emanations, the more stable the assemblage point gets to be. This is equivalent to saying that our command becomes the *Indescribable Force*'s command. It goes without saying that when our awareness develops into the first attention the command is so strong that to break that circle and make the assemblage point shift is a genuine triumph.

The assemblage point is also responsible for making the first attention perceive in terms of clusters. An example of a cluster of emanations that receive emphasis together is the human body as we perceive it. Another part of our total being, our luminous cocoon, never receives emphasis and is relegated to oblivion; for the effect of the assemblage point is not only to make us perceive clusters of emanations, but also to make us disregard emanations.

The assemblage point radiates a glow that groups together bundles of encased emanations. These bundles then become aligned, as bundles, with the emanations at large. Clustering is carried out even when seers deal with the emanations that are never used. Whenever they are emphasized, we perceive them just as we perceive the clusters of the first attention.

One of the greatest moments the new seers had was when they found out that the unknown is merely the emanations discarded by the first attention. It's a huge affair, but an affair, mind you, where clustering can be done.

The unknowable, on the other hand, is an eternity where our assemblage point has no way of clustering anything.

The assemblage point is like a luminous magnet that picks emanations and groups them together wherever it moves within the bounds of man's band of emanations. This discovery was the glory of the new seers, for it put the unknown in a new light. The new seers noticed that some of the obsessive visions of seers, the ones that were almost impossible to conceive, coincided with a shift of the assemblage point to the region of man's band which is diametrically opposed to where it is ordinarily located.

Those were visions of the dark side of man. It is somber and foreboding. It's not only the unknown, but the who-cares-to-know-it.

The emanations that are inside the cocoon but out of the bounds of man's band can be perceived, but in really indescribable ways. They're not the human unknown, as is the case with the unused emanations in the band of man, but the nearly immeasurable unknown where human traits do not figure at all. It is really an area of such an overpowering vastness that the best of seers would be hard put to describe it.

The mystery is outside us. Inside us we have only emanations trying to break the cocoon. And this fact aberrates us, one way or another, whether we're average men or warriors. Only the new seers get around this. They struggle to *see*. And by means of the shifts of their assemblage points, they get to realize that the mystery is perceiving. Not so much what we perceive, but what makes us perceive.

The new seers believe that our senses are capable of detecting anything. They believe this because they *see* that the position of the assemblage point is what dictates what our senses perceive.

If the assemblage point aligns emanations inside the cocoon in a position different from its normal one, the human senses perceive in inconceivable ways.

The new seers are the warriors of total freedom, and their only search is the ultimate liberation that comes when they attain total awareness.

Warriors prepare themselves to be aware, and full awareness comes to them only when there is no more self-importance left in them. Only when they are nothing do they become everything.

Self-importance is the motivating force for every attack of melancholy. Warriors are entitled to have profound states of sadness, but that sadness is there only to make them laugh.

The articulation point of everything seers do is stopping the internal dialogue. The internal dialogue is what keeps the assemblage point fixed to its original position.

Once silence is attained, everything is possible. You stop talking to yourself by *willing* it, and thus you set a new *intent*, a new command. Then your command becomes the *Indescribable Force*'s command.

This is one of the most extraordinary things that the new seers found out: that our command can become the *Indescribable Force*'s command. The internal dialogue stops in the same way it begins: by an act of *will*. After all, we are forced to start talking to ourselves by those who teach us. As they teach us, they engage their *will* and we engage ours, both without knowing it. As we learn to talk to ourselves, we learn to

handle *will* . We *will* ourselves to talk to ourselves. The way to stop talking to ourselves is to use exactly the same method: we must *will* it, we must *intend* it.

Infants are taught by everyone around them to repeat an endless dialogue about themselves. The dialogue becomes internalized, and that force alone keeps the assemblage point fixed.

The internal dialogue is a process that constantly strengthens the position of the assemblage point, because that position is an arbitrary one and needs steady reinforcement.

I have profound admiration for the human capacity to impart order to the chaos of the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations. Every one of us, in his own right, is a masterful magician and our magic is to keep our assemblage point unwaveringly fixed.

The force of the emanations at large makes our assemblage point select certain emanations and cluster them for alignment and perception. That's the command of the *Indescribable Force* , but all the meaning that we give to what we perceive is our command, our gift of magic.

The new seers say that since the exact position of the assemblage point is an arbitrary position chosen for us by our ancestors, it can move with a relatively small effort; once it moves, it forces new alignments of emanations, thus new perceptions.

Power plants have that effect; but hunger, tiredness, fever, and other things like that can have a similar effect. The flaw of the average man is that he thinks the result of a shift is purely mental. It isn't.

On both edges of man's band of emanations there is a strange storage of refuse, an incalculable pile of human junk.

Any person can reach that storehouse by simply stopping his internal dialogue. If the shift is minimal, the results are explained as fantasies of the mind. If the shift is considerable, the results are called hallucinations.

One of the most mysterious aspects of the seers' knowledge is the incredible effects of inner silence. Once inner silence is attained, the bonds that tie the assemblage point to the particular spot where it is placed begin to break and the assemblage point is free to move.

If the assemblage point moves beyond a crucial threshold, the world vanishes; it ceases to be what it is to us at man's level.

I've explained to you that man has an assemblage point and that that assemblage point aligns emanations for perception. We've also discussed that that point moves from its fixed position. Now, the last truth is that once that assemblage point moves beyond a certain limit, it can assemble worlds entirely different from the world we know.

Without enough energy, the force of alignment is crushing. You have to have energy to sustain the pressure of alignments which never take place under ordinary circumstances.

Warriors are in the world to train themselves to be unbiased witnesses, so as to understand the mystery of ourselves and relish the exultation of finding what we really are. This is the highest of the new seers' goals. And not every warrior attains it.

To be a peerless nagual, one has to love freedom, and one has to have supreme detachment. What makes the warrior's path so very dangerous is that it is the opposite

of the life situation of modern man. Modern man has left the realm of the unknown and the mysterious, and has settled down in the realm of the functional. He has turned his back to the world of the foreboding and the exulting and has welcomed the world of boredom.

To be given a chance to go back again to the mystery of the

world is sometimes too much for warriors, and they succumb; they are waylaid by what I've called the high adventure of the unknown. They forget the quest for freedom; they forget to be unbiased witnesses. They sink into the unknown and love it.

In order to be unbiased witnesses, we begin by understanding that the fixation or the movement of the assemblage point is all there is to us and the world we witness, whatever that world might be.



The new seers say that when we were taught to talk to ourselves, we were taught the means to dull ourselves in order to keep the assemblage point fixed on one spot.

I'll tell you what my teacher said to me when I got to a certain point. He told me that I had been evicted from the home where I had lived all my life. A result of having saved energy had been the disruption of my cozy but utterly limiting and boring nest in the world of everyday life. My depression, he told me, was not so much the sadness of having lost my nest, but the annoyance of having to look for new quarters. "The new quarters are not as cozy," he said, "but they are infinitely more roomy."

My eviction notice came in the form of a great depression, a loss of the desire to live. When I told my teacher that I didn't want to live, he couldn't help laughing.

The position of the assemblage point on man's cocoon is maintained by the internal dialogue, and because of that, it is a flimsy position at best.

We are going to talk about the great bands of emanations. It is another key discovery that the old seers made, but in their aberration they relegated it to oblivion until it was rescued by the new seers.

The *Indescribable Force*'s emanations are always grouped in clusters. The old seers called those clusters the great bands of emanations. They aren't really bands, but the name stuck.

For instance, there is an immeasurable cluster that produces organic beings. The emanations of that organic band have a sort of fluffiness. They are transparent and

have a unique light of their own, a peculiar energy. They are aware, they jump. That's the reason why all organic beings are filled with a peculiar consuming energy. The other bands are darker, less fluffy. Some of them have no light at all, but a quality of opaqueness.

Organic beings belong to the same great band. Think of it as an enormously wide band of luminous filaments, luminous strings with no end. Organic beings are bubbles that grow around a group of luminous filaments. Imagine that in this band of organic life some bubbles are formed around the luminous filaments in the center of the band, others are formed close to the edges; the band is wide enough to accommodate every kind of organic being with room to spare. In such an arrangement, bubbles that are close to the edges of the band miss altogether the emanations that are in the center of the band, which are shared only by bubbles that are aligned with the center. By the same token, bubbles in the center miss the emanations from the edges.

As you can understand, organic beings share the emanations of one band; yet seers *see* that within that organic band beings are as different as they can be.

There are as many of these great bands as infinity itself. Seers have found out, however, that in the earth there are only forty-eight such bands.

For seers, that means there are forty-eight types of organizations on the earth, forty-eight types of clusters or structures. Organic life is one of them.

The old seers counted seven bands that produced inorganic bubbles of awareness. In other words, there are forty bands that produce bubbles without awareness; those are bands that generate only organization.

Think of the great bands as being like trees. All of them bear fruit; they produce containers filled with emanations; yet only eight of those trees bear edible fruit, that is, bubbles of awareness. Seven have sour fruit, but edible nonetheless, and one has the most juicy, luscious fruit there is.

What makes those eight bands produce awareness is the *Indescribable Force* ; which bestows awareness through its emanations. To say that the *Indescribable Force* bestows awareness through its emanations is like what a religious man would say about God, that God bestows life through love. However, the two statements are not made from the same point of view. And yet I think they mean the same thing. The difference is that seers *see* how the *Indescribable Force* bestows awareness through its emanations and religious men don't *see* how God bestows life through his love.

The *Indescribable Force* bestows awareness by means of three giant bundles of emanations that run through eight great bands. These bundles are quite peculiar, because they make seers feel a hue. One bundle gives the feeling of being beige-pink, something like the glow of pink-colored street lamps; another gives the feeling of being peach, like buff neon lights; and the third bundle gives the feeling of being amber, like clear honey.

So, it is a matter of *seeing* a hue when seers *see* that the *Indescribable Force* bestows awareness through its emanations. Religious men don't *see* God's love, but if they would *see* it, they would know that it is either pink, peach, or amber.

Man, for example, is attached to the amber bundle, but so are other beings. To know which beings share those emanations with man is something you will have to find out for yourself through your own *seeing* . There is no point in my telling you which ones; you would only be making another inventory. Suffice it to say that finding

that out for yourself will be one of the most exciting things you'll ever do.

The pink and peach bundles belong to other living beings. I've told you that the glow of awareness in man has different colors. They are not really colors but casts of amber.

The amber bundle of awareness has an infinitude of subtle variants, which always denote differences in quality of awareness. Pink and pale-green amber are the most common casts. Blue amber is more unusual, but pure amber is by far the most rare.

Seers say that the amount of energy that one saves and stores determines the cast. Countless numbers of warriors have begun with an ordinary pink amber cast and have finished with the purest of all ambers.

The three bundles with all their casts crisscross the eight bands. In the organic band, the pink bundle belongs mainly to plants, the peach band belongs to insects, and the amber band belongs to man and other animals.

The same situation is prevalent in the inorganic bands. The three bundles of awareness produce specific kinds of inorganic beings in each of the seven great bands.

You may want me to elaborate on the kinds of inorganic beings that exist, however, that is another thing that you must *see* for yourself. The seven bands and what they produce are indeed inaccessible to human reason, but not to human *seeing*.

The great bands are neither flat nor round, but indescribably clustered together, like a pile of hay, which is held together in midair by the force of the hand that pitched it. Thus, there is no order to the emanations; to say that there is a central part or that there are edges is misleading, but necessary to understanding.

Inorganic beings produced by the seven other bands of awareness are characterized by having a container that has no motion; it is rather a formless receptacle with a low degree of luminosity. It does not look like the cocoon of organic beings. It lacks the tautness, the inflated quality that makes organic beings look like luminous balls bursting with energy.

The only similarity between inorganic and organic beings is that all of them have the awareness-bestowing pink or peach or amber emanations.

Those emanations, under certain circumstances make possible the most fascinating communication between the beings of those eight great bands.

Usually the organic beings, with their greater fields of energy, are the initiators of communication with inorganic beings, but a subtle and sophisticated follow-up is always the province of the inorganic beings. Once the barrier is broken, inorganic beings change and become what seers call allies. From that moment inorganic beings can anticipate the seers most subtle thoughts or moods or fears.

The old seers became mesmerized by such devotion from their allies. Stories are that the old seers could make their allies do anything they wanted. That was one of the reasons they believed in their own invulnerability. They got fooled by their self-importance. The allies have power only if the seer who *sees* them is the paragon of impeccability; and those old seers just weren't.

Inorganic beings are not as plentiful as organic ones, but this is offset by the greater number of bands of inorganic awareness. Also, the differences among the inorganic beings themselves are more vast than the differences among organisms, because organisms belong to only one band while inorganic beings belong to seven bands. Besides, inorganic beings live infinitely longer than organisms.

The old seers also came to realize that it is the high energy of organisms and the subsequent high development of their awareness that make them delectable morsels for the *Indescribable Force*. In the old seers' view, gluttony was the reason the *Indescribable Force* produced as many organisms as possible.

The product of the other forty great bands is not awareness at all, but a configuration of inanimate energy. The old seers chose to call whatever is produced by those bands, vessels. While cocoons and containers are fields of energetic awareness, which accounts for their independent luminosity, vessels are rigid receptacles that hold emanations without being fields of energetic awareness. Their luminosity comes only from the energy of the encased emanations.

You must bear in mind that everything on the earth is encased. Whatever we perceive is made up of portions of cocoons or vessels with emanations. Ordinarily, we don't perceive the containers of inorganic beings at all.

The total world is made of the forty-eight bands. The world that our assemblage point assembles for our normal perception is made up of two bands; one is the organic band, the other is a band that has only structure, but no awareness. The other forty-six great bands are not part of the world we normally perceive.

There are other complete worlds that our assemblage points can assemble. The old seers counted seven such worlds, one for each band of awareness. I'll add that two of those worlds, besides the world of everyday life, are easy to assemble; the other five are something else.

A shift of the assemblage point to the area below its customary position allows the seer a detailed and narrow view of the world we know. So detailed is that view that it seems to be an entirely different world. It is a mesmerizing view that has a tremendous appeal, especially for those seers who have an adventurous but somehow indolent and lazy spirit.

The change of perspective is very pleasant. Minimal effort is required, and the results are staggering. If a seer is driven by quick gain, there is no better maneuver than the shift below. The only problem is that in those positions of the assemblage point, seers are plagued by death, which happens even more brutally and more quickly than in man's position.

My teacher thought it was a great place for cavorting, but that's all. A true change of worlds happens only when the assemblage point moves into man's band, deep enough to reach a crucial threshold, at which stage the assemblage point can use another of the great bands.

How? It's a matter of energy. The force of alignment hooks another band, provided that the seer has enough energy. Our normal energy allows our assemblage points to use the force of alignment of one great band of emanations. And we perceive the world we know. But if we have a surplus of energy, we can use the force of alignment of other great bands, and consequently we perceive other worlds.

This may seem like an oddity to you, but trees, for instance, are closer to man than ants. I've told you that trees and man can develop a great relationship; that's so because they share emanations.

The cocoon of a giant tree is not much larger than the tree itself. The interesting part is that some tiny plants have a cocoon almost as big as a man's body and three

times its width. Those are power plants. They share the largest amount of emanations with man, not the emanations of awareness, but other emanations in general.

Another thing unique about plants is that their luminosities have different casts. They are pinkish in general, because their awareness is pink. Poisonous plants are a pale yellow pink and medicinal plants are a bright violet pink. The only ones that are white pink are power plants; some are murky white, others are brilliant white.

But the real difference between plants and other organic beings is the location of their assemblage points. Plants have it on the lower part of their cocoon, while other organic beings have it on the upper part of their cocoon.

With the inorganic beings, some have it on the lower part of their containers. Those are thoroughly alien to man, but akin to plants. Others have it anywhere on the upper part of their containers. Those are close to man and other organic creatures.

The old seers were convinced that plants have the most intense communication with inorganic beings. They believed that the lower the assemblage point, the easier for plants to break the barrier of perception; very large trees and very small plants have their assemblage points extremely low in their cocoon. Because of this, a great number of the old seers' sorcery techniques were means to harness the awareness of trees and small plants in order to use them as guides to descend to what they called the deepest levels of the dark regions.

You understand, of course, that when they thought they were descending to the depths, they were, in fact, pushing their assemblage points to assemble other perceivable worlds with those seven great bands. They taxed their awareness to the limit and assembled worlds with five great bands that are accessible to seers only if they undergo a dangerous transformation. In their aberration they believed it was worth their while to break all the barriers of perception, even if they had to become trees to do that.

It is very easy in the path of knowledge to get lost in intricacies and morbidity. Seers are up against great enemies that can destroy their purpose, muddle their aims, and make them weak; enemies created by the warrior's path itself together with the sense of indolence, laziness, and self-importance that are integral parts of the daily world.

The mistakes the ancient seers made as a result of indolence, laziness, and self-importance were so enormous and so grave that the new seers had no option but to scorn and reject their own tradition.

The most important thing the new seers needed was practical steps in order to make their assemblage points shift. Since they had none, they began by developing a keen interest in *seeing* the glow of awareness, and as a result they worked out three sets of techniques that became their cornerstone.

With these three sets, the new seers accomplished a most extraordinary and difficult feat. They succeeded in systematically making the assemblage point shift away from its customary position. The old seers had also accomplished that feat, but by means of capricious, idiosyncratic maneuvers.

What the new seers *saw* in the glow of awareness resulted in the sequence in which they arranged the old seers' truths about awareness. This is known as the mastery of awareness. From that, they developed the three sets of techniques. The first is the

mastery of *stalking* , the second is the mastery of *intent* , and the third is the mastery of *dreaming* . I taught you these three sets from the very first day we met.

Stalking had very humble and fortuitous origins. It started from an observation the new seers made that when warriors steadily behave in ways not customary for them, the unused emanations inside their cocoons begin to glow. And their assemblage points shift in a mild, harmonious, barely noticeable fashion.

Stimulated by this observation, the new seers began to practice the systematic control of their behavior. They called this practice the art of *stalking* . The name, although objectionable, is appropriate, because *stalking* entails a specific kind of behavior with people, behavior that can be categorized as surreptitious.

The new seers, armed with this technique, tackled the known in a sober and fruitful way. By continual practice, they made their assemblage points move steadily.

Stalking is one of the two greatest accomplishments of the new seers. And *stalking* is merely behavior with people.

You can now understand that shifting the assemblage point was the reason why the new seers placed such a high value on the interaction with petty tyrants. Petty tyrants force seers to use the principles of *stalking* and, in doing so, help seers to move their assemblage points.

Stalking belongs exclusively to the new seers. They are the only seers who have to deal with people. The old ones were so rapped up in their sense of power that they didn't even know that people existed, until people started clobbering them on the head.

The mastery of *intent* together with the mastery of *stalking* are the new seers' two masterpieces, which mark the arrival of the modern-day seers. In their efforts to gain an advantage over their oppressors the new seers pursued every possibility. They knew that their predecessors had accomplished extraordinary feats by manipulating a mysterious and miraculous force, which they could only describe as power. The new seers had very little information about that force, so they were obliged to examine it systematically through *seeing* . Their efforts were amply rewarded when they discovered that the energy of alignment is that force.

They began by *seeing* how the glow of awareness increases in size and intensity as the emanations inside the cocoon are aligned with the emanations at large. They used that observation as a springboard, just as they had done with *stalking* , and went on to develop a complex series of techniques to handle that alignment of emanations.

At first they referred to those techniques as the mastery of alignment. Then they realized that what is involved is much more than alignment; what is involved is the energy that comes out of the alignment of emanations. They called that energy *will*.

Will became the second basis. The new seers understood it as a blind, impersonal, ceaseless burst of energy that makes us behave in the ways we do. *Will* accounts for our perception of the world of ordinary affairs, and indirectly, through the force of that perception, it accounts for the placement of the assemblage point in its customary position.

The new seers examined how the perception of the world of everyday life takes place and *saw* the effects of *will* . They *saw* that alignment is ceaselessly renewed in order to imbue perception with continuity. To renew alignment every time with the freshness that it needs to make up a living world, the burst of energy that comes out of those very alignments is automatically rerouted to reinforce some choice alignments.

This new observation served the new seers as another springboard that helped them reach the third basis of the set. They called it *intent* , and they described it as the purposeful guiding of *will* , the energy of alignment.

As time passed and the new seers established their practices, they realized that under the prevailing conditions of life, *stalking* only moved the assemblage points minimally. For maximum effect, *stalking* needed an ideal setting; it needed petty tyrants in positions of great authority and power. It became increasingly difficult for the new seers to place themselves in such situations; the task of improvising them or seeking them out became an unbearable burden.

The new seers deemed it imperative to *see* the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations in order to find amore suitable way to move the assemblage point. As they tried to *see* the emanations they were faced with a very serious problem. They found out that there is no way to *see* them without running a mortal risk, and yet they had to *see* them. That was the time when they used the old seers' technique of *dreaming* as a shield to protect themselves from the deadly blow of the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations. And in doing so, they realized that *dreaming* was in itself the most effective way to move the assemblage point.

One of the strictest commands of the new seers was that warriors have to learn *dreaming* while they are in their normal state of awareness. Following that command, I began teaching you *dreaming* almost from the first day we met.

Dreaming has to be taught in normal awareness because *dreaming* is so dangerous and *dreamers* so vulnerable. It is dangerous because it has inconceivable power; it makes *dreamers* vulnerable because it leaves them at the mercy of the incomprehensible force of alignment.

The new seers realized that in our normal state of awareness, we have countless defenses that can safeguard us against the force of unused emanations that suddenly become aligned in *dreaming*.

Dreaming , like *stalking* , began with a simple observation. The old seers became aware that in dreams the assemblage point shifts slightly to the left side in a most natural manner. That point indeed relaxes when man sleeps and all kinds of unused emanations begin to glow.

The old seers became immediately intrigued with that observation and began to work with that natural shift until they were able to control it. They called that control *dreaming* , or the art of handling the *dreaming body*.

There is hardly a way of describing the immensity of their knowledge about *dreaming* . Very little of it, however, was of any use to the new seers. So when the time of reconstruction came, the new seers took for themselves only the bare essentials of *dreaming* to aid them in *seeing* the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations and to help them move their assemblage points.

Seers, old and new, understand *dreaming* as being the control of the natural shift that the assemblage point undergoes in sleep. To control that shift does not mean in any way to direct it, but to keep the assemblage point fixed at the position where it naturally moves in sleep, a most difficult maneuver that took the old seers' enormous effort and concentration to accomplish.

Dreamers have to strike a very subtle balance, for dreams cannot be interfered with, nor can they be commanded by the conscious effort of the *dreamer* , and yet the shift

of the assemblage point must obey the *dreamer* 's command--a contradiction that cannot be rationalized but must be resolved in practice.

After observing *dreamers* while they slept, the old seers hit upon the solution of letting dreams follow their natural course. They have *seen* that in some dreams, the assemblage point of the *dreamer* would drift considerably deeper into the left side than in other dreams. This observation posed to them the question of whether the content of the dream makes the assemblage point move, or the movement of the assemblage point by itself produces the content of the dream by activating unused emanations.

They soon realized that the shifting of the assemblage point into the left side is what produces dreams. The farther the movement, the more vivid and bizarre the dream. Inevitably, they attempted to command their dreams, aiming to make their assemblage points move deeply into the left side. Upon trying it, they discovered that when dreams are consciously or semiconsciously manipulated, the assemblage point immediately returns to its usual place. Since what they wanted was for that point to move, they reached the unavoidable conclusion that interfering with dreams was interfering with the natural shift of the assemblage point.

From there the old seers went on to develop their astounding knowledge on the subject--a knowledge which had a tremendous bearing on what the new seers aspired to do with *dreaming* , but was of little use to them in its original form.

Thus far you have understood *dreaming* as being the control of dreams, and every one of the exercises I have given you to perform, such as finding your hands in your dreams, was not, although it might seem to be, aimed at teaching you to command your dreams. Those exercises were designed to keep your assemblage point fixed at the place where it had moved in your sleep. It is here that the *dreamers* have to strike a subtle balance. All they can direct is the fixation of their assemblage points. Seers are like fishermen equipped with a line that casts itself wherever it may; the only thing they can do is keep the line anchored at the place where it sinks.

Wherever the assemblage point moves in dreams is called the *dreaming position*. The old seers became so expert at keeping their *dreaming position* that they were even able to wake up while their assemblage points were anchored there.

The old seers called that state the *dreaming body* , because they controlled it to the extreme of creating a temporary new body every time they woke up at a new *dreaming position* . I have to make it clear to you that *dreaming* has a terrible drawback. It belongs to the old seers. It's tainted with their mood. I've been very careful in guiding you through it, but still there is no way to make sure.

I'm warning you about the pitfalls of *dreaming* , which are truly stupendous. In *dreaming* , there is really no way of directing the movement of the assemblage point; the only thing that dictates that shift is the inner strength or weakness of *dreamers* . Right there we have the first pitfall.

At first the new seers were hesitant to use *dreaming* .It was their belief that *dreaming* , instead of fortifying, made warriors weak, compulsive, capricious. The old seers were all like that. In order to offset the nefarious effect of *dreaming* , since they had no other option but to use it, the new seers developed a complex and rich system of behavior called the warrior's way, or the warrior's path.

With that system, the new seers fortified themselves and acquired the internal strength they needed to guide the shift of the assemblage point in dreams. The strength

that I am talking about is not conviction alone. No one could have had stronger convictions than the old seers, and yet they were weak to the core. Internal strength means a sense of equanimity, almost of indifference, a feeling of being at ease, but, above all, it means a natural and profound bent for examination, for understanding. The new seers called all these traits of character sobriety.

The conviction that the new seers have is that a life of impeccability by itself leads unavoidably to a sense of sobriety, and this in turn leads to the movement of the assemblage point.

I've said that the new seers believed that the assemblage point can be moved from within. They went one step further and maintained that impeccable men need no one to guide them, that by themselves, through saving their energy, they can do everything that seers do. All they need is a minimal chance, just to be cognizant of the possibilities that seers have unraveled.

All that is required is impeccability, energy, and that begins with a single act that has to be deliberate, precise, and sustained. If that act is repeated long enough, one acquires a sense of *unbending intent*, which can be applied to anything else. If that is accomplished the road is clear. One thing will lead to another until the warrior realizes his full potential. When a warrior understands all of that, it will indeed be a god sent example of the strength that I am talking about. At that point his assemblage point will have shifted, it will have been moved by sobriety to a position that fosters understanding, instead of being moved by capriciousness, to a position that only enhances self-importance.

The name *dreaming body* means a feeling, a surge of energy that is transported by the movement of the assemblage point to any place in this world, or to any place in the seven worlds available to man.

The procedure for getting to the *dreaming body* starts with an initial act which by the fact of being sustained breeds *unbending intent*. *Unbending intent* leads to internal silence, and internal silence to the inner strength needed to make the assemblage point shift in dreams to suitable positions.

This sequence is the groundwork. The development of control comes after the groundwork has been completed; it consists of systematically maintaining the *dreaming position* by doggedly holding on to the vision of the dream. Steady practice results in a great facility to hold new *dreaming positions* with new dreams, not so much because one gains deliberate control with practice, but because every time this control is exercised the inner strength gets fortified. Fortified inner strength in turn makes the assemblage point shift into *dreaming positions* which are more and more suitable to fostering sobriety; in other words, dreams by themselves become more and more manageable, even orderly.

The development of *dreamers* is indirect. That's why the new seers believed we can do *dreaming* by ourselves, alone. Since *dreaming* uses a natural, built-in shift of the assemblage point, we should need no one to help us.

What we badly need is sobriety, and no one can give it to us or help us get it except ourselves. Without it, the shift of the assemblage point is chaotic, as our ordinary dreams are chaotic. So, all in all, the procedure to get to the *dreaming body* is impeccability in our daily life.

Once sobriety is acquired and the *dreaming positions* become increasingly stronger, the next step is to wake up at any *dreaming position* . That maneuver, although made to sound simple, is really a very complex affair--so complex that it requires not only sobriety but all the attributes of warrior ship as well, especially *intent*.

Intent , being the most sophisticated control of the force of alignment, is what maintains, through the *dreamer* 's sobriety, the alignment of whatever emanations have been lit up by the movement of the assemblage point.

There is one more formidable pitfall of *dreaming* : the very strength of the *dreaming body* . For example, it is very easy for the *dreaming body* to gaze at the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations uninterruptedly for long periods of time, but it is also very easy in the end for the *dreaming body* to be totally consumed by them. Seers who gazed at the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations without their *dreaming bodies* died, and those who gazed at them with their *dreaming bodies* burned with the fire from within. The new seers solved the problem by *seeing* in teams. While one seer gazed at the emanations, others stood by ready to end the *seeing* .

It's perfectly possible for a group of seers to activate the same unused emanations. And in this case also, there are no known steps, it just happens; there is no technique to follow.

In *dreaming together* , something in us takes the lead and suddenly we find ourselves sharing the same view with other *dreamers* . What happens is that our human condition makes us focus the glow of awareness automatically on the same emanations that other human beings are using; we adjust the position of our assemblage points to fit the others around us. We do that on the right side, in our ordinary perception, and we also do it on the left side, while *dreaming together*.

Any warrior can be successful with people provided that he moves his assemblage point to a position where it is immaterial whether people like him, dislike him, or ignore him.

The two basic qualities of warriors are sustained effort and *unbending intent* .

It goes without saying that the most difficult thing in the warrior's path is to make the assemblage point move. That movement is the completion of the warrior's quest. To go on from there is another quest; it is the seers' quest proper.

In the warrior's way, the shift of the assemblage point is everything. The old seers absolutely failed to realize this truth. They thought the movement of the point was like a marker that determined their positions on a scale of worth. They never conceived that it was that very position which determined what they perceived.

The position of the assemblage point dictates how we behave and how we feel. The way to move that point is to establish new habits, to *will* it to move.

The only way to deal with peerless warriors is not to have self-importance, so that one can celebrate them unbiasedly.

Realizations are of two kinds. One is just pep talk, great outbursts of emotion and nothing more. The other is the product of a shift of the assemblage point; it is not

coupled with an emotional outburst but with action. The emotional realizations come years later after warriors have solidified, by usage, the new position of their assemblage points.

The earth itself is a living being. The old seers *saw* that the earth has a cocoon. They *saw* that there is a ball encasing the earth, a luminous cocoon that entraps the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations. The earth is a gigantic sentient being subjected to the same forces we are.

The old seers, on discovering this, became immediately interested in the practical uses of that knowledge. The result of their interest was that the most elaborate categories of their sorcery had to do with the earth. They considered the earth to be the ultimate source of everything we are.

The old seers were not mistaken in this respect, because the earth is indeed our ultimate source. It was the old seers who, on discovering that perception is alignment, stumbled onto something monumental. That the magic key that opens the earth's doors is made of internal silence plus anything that shines.

Just cut off the internal dialogue. The key to everything is the firsthand knowledge that the earth is a sentient being and as such can give warriors a tremendous boost; it is an impulse that comes from the awareness of the earth itself at the instant in which the emanations inside warriors' cocoons are aligned with the appropriate emanations inside the earth's cocoon. Since both the earth and man are sentient beings, their emanations coincide, or rather, the earth has all the emanations present in man and all the emanations that are present in all sentient beings, organic and inorganic for that matter. When a moment of alignment takes place, sentient beings use that alignment in a limited way and perceive their world. Warriors can use that alignment either to perceive, like everyone else, or as a boost that allows them to enter unimaginable worlds.

The unknown is not really inside the cocoon of man in the emanations untouched by awareness, and yet it is there, in a manner of speaking. When I say that we can assemble seven worlds besides the one we know, don't take it as being an internal affair.

The portion of emanations inside man's cocoon is in there only for awareness, and awareness is matching that portion of emanations with the same portion of emanations at large. They are called emanations at large because they are immense; and to say that outside man's cocoon is the unknowable is to say that within the earth's cocoon is the unknowable. However, inside the earth's cocoon is also the unknown, and inside man's cocoon the unknown is the emanations untouched by awareness. When the glow of awareness touches them, they become active and can be aligned with the corresponding emanations at large. Once that happens the unknown is perceived and becomes the known.

A nagual never lets anyone know that he is in charge. A nagual comes and goes without leaving a trace. That freedom is what makes him a nagual.

When man's assemblage point moves beyond a crucial limit, the results are always the same for every man. The techniques to make it move maybe as different as they

can be, but the results are always the same, meaning that the assemblage point assembles other worlds, aided by the boost from the earth.

The boost from the earth is the same for every man. The difficulty for the average man is the internal dialogue. Only when a state of total silence is attained can one use the boost. You will corroborate that truth the day you try to use that boost by yourself.

It takes years to become an impeccable warrior. In order to withstand the impact of the earth's boost you must be better than you are now.

The speed of that boost will dissolve everything about you. Under its impact we become nothing. Speed and the sense of individual existence don't go together.

There's one thing you haven't understood yet about the earth's being a sentient being; that the supreme awareness of the earth is what makes it possible for us to change into other great bands of emanations.

We living beings are perceivers. And we perceive because some emanations inside man's cocoon become aligned with some emanations outside. Alignment, therefore, is the secret passageway, and the earth's boost is the key.

Alignment has to be a very peaceful, unnoticeable act. The sobriety needed to let the assemblage point assemble other worlds is something that cannot be improvised. Sobriety has to mature and become a force in itself before warriors can break the barrier of perception with impunity.

The position of the assemblage point is everything, and the world it makes us perceive is so real that it does not leave room for anything except realness.

When the assemblage point assembles a world, that world is total. This is the marvel that the old seers stumbled upon and never realized what it was; the awareness of the earth can give us a boost to align other great bands of emanations, and the force of that new alignment makes the world vanish.

Every time the old seers made a new alignment, they believed they had descended to the depths below or ascended to the heavens above. They never knew that the world disappears like a puff of air when a new total alignment makes us perceive another total world.

To see the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations you must first move your assemblage point until you see the cocoon of man.

Alignment is a unique force because it either helps the assemblage point shift, or it keeps it glued to its customary position. The aspect of alignment that keeps the point stationary is *will* ; and the aspect that makes it shift is *intent* . One of the most haunting mysteries is how *will* , the impersonal force of alignment, changes into *intent* , the personalized force, which is at the service of each individual.

The strangest part of this mystery is that the change is so easy to accomplish. But what is not so easy is to convince ourselves that it is possible. There, right there, is our safety catch. We have to be convinced. And none of us wants to be.

It is possible for you to *intend* your assemblage point to shift deeper into your left side, to a *dreaming position* . Warriors should never attempt *seeing* unless they are aided by *dreaming*.

To move the assemblage point away from its natural setting and to keep it fixed at a new location is to be asleep; with practice, seers learn to be asleep and yet behave as if nothing is happening to them.

For purposes of *seeing* the cocoon of man, one has to gaze at people from behind, as they walk away. It is useless to gaze at people face to face, because the front of the egg like cocoon of man has a protective shield, which seers call the front plate. It is an almost impregnable, unyielding shield that protects us throughout our lives against the onslaught of a peculiar force that stems from the emanations themselves called the rolling force, or the tumbler.

The tumbler is a force from the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations. A ceaseless force that strikes us every instant of our lives. It is lethal when *seen* , but otherwise we are oblivious to it, in our ordinary lives, because we have protective shields. We have consuming interests that engage all our awareness. We are permanently worried about our station, our possessions. These shields, however, do not keep the tumbler away, they simply keep us from *seeing* it directly, protecting us in this way from getting hurt by the fright of *seeing* the balls of fire hitting us. Shields are a great help and a great hindrance to us. They pacify us and at the same time fool us. They give us a false sense of security.

A moment will come in your life when you will be without any shields, uninterruptedly at the mercy of the tumbler. It is an obligatory stage in the life of a warrior known as losing the human form.

Seers describe the human form as the compelling force of alignment of the emanations lit by the glow of awareness on the precise spot on which normally man's assemblage point is fixated. It is the force that makes us into persons. Thus, to be a person is to be compelled to affiliate with that force of alignment and consequently to be affiliated with the precise spot where it originates.

By reason of their activities, at a given moment the assemblage point of warriors drift toward the left. It is a permanent move, which results in an uncommon sense of aloofness, or control, or even abandon. That drift of the assemblage point entails a new alignment of emanations. It is the beginning of a series of greater shifts. Seers very aptly called this initial shift losing the human form, because it marks an inexorable movement of the assemblage point away from its original setting, resulting in the irreversible loss of our affiliation to the force that makes us persons.

Seeing is a euphemism for moving the assemblage point.

There are balls of fire that are of crucial importance to human beings because they are the expression of a force that pertains to all details of life and death, something that the new seers called the rolling force.

The rolling force is the means through which the *Indescribable Force* distributes life and awareness for safekeeping. But it also is the force that, let's say, collects the rent. It makes all living beings die. The ancient seers describe the tumbler as an eternal line of iridescent rings, or balls of fire, that roll onto living beings ceaselessly.

Luminous organic beings meet to rolling force head on, until the day when the force proves to be too much for them and the creatures finally collapse.

By becoming familiar with the rolling force through the mastery of *intent* , the new seers, at a given moment, open their own cocoons and the force floods them rather than rolling them up like a curled-up sow bug. The final result is their total and instantaneous disintegration.

Move your assemblage point, first by setting up your *unbending intent* to move it, and second by letting the context of the situation dictate where it should move. Don't worry about procedures, because most of the really unusual things that happen to seers, or to the average man for that matter, happen by themselves, with only the intervention of *intent*. You are not consciously refusing to let your assemblage point move. Every human being does that automatically.

Something is going to scare the living daylights out of you. Don't give up, because if you do, you'll die. Warriors live with death at their side, and from the knowledge that death is with them they draw the courage to face anything. The worst that could happen to us is that we have to die, and since that is already our unalterable fate, we are free; those who have lost everything no longer have anything to fear.

Your first attention doesn't want to give up control.

A shift of the assemblage point is marked by a change in light. In the daytime, light becomes very dark; at night, darkness becomes twilight. Don't indulge in fear, especially after you have realized that warriors have nothing to fear. When fear disappears all the ties that bind us dissolve.

The earth's boost is the force of alignment of only the amber emanations. It is a boost that heightens awareness to unthinkable degrees. To the new seers it is a blast of unlimited consciousness, which they call total freedom.

The tumbler's boost, on the other hand, is the force of death. Under the impact of the tumbler, the assemblage point moves to new, unpredictable positions.

Technically, as soon as the assemblage point shifts, we are asleep. You are absolutely asleep without having to be stretched out.

During normal sleep, the shift of the assemblage point runs along either edge of man's band. Such shifts are always coupled with slumber. Shifts that are induced by practice occur along the midsection of man's band and are not coupled with slumber, yet a *dreamer* is asleep.

The new seers maintain their assemblage points along the midsection of man's band. If the shift is a shallow one, like the shift into heightened awareness, the *dreamer* is almost like anyone else in the street, except for a slight vulnerability to emotions, such as fear and doubt. But at a certain degree of depth, the *dreamer* who is shifting along the midsection becomes a blob of light. A blob of light is the *dreaming body* of the new seers. Such an impersonal *dreaming body* is conducive to understanding and examination, which are the basis of all that the new seers do.

I have given you a detailed account of the two forces that aid our assemblage points to move: the earth's boost and the rolling force; plus the three techniques worked out by the new seers--*stalking*, *intent*, and *dreaming*--and their effects on the movement of the assemblage point.

Now, the only thing left for you to do before the explanation of the mastery of awareness is complete is to break the barrier of perception by yourself. You must move your assemblage point, unaided by anyone, and align another great band of emanations. Not to do this will turn everything you've learned and done with me into

merely talk, just words. And words are fairly cheap.

When the assemblage point is moving away from its customary position and reaches a certain depth, it breaks a barrier that momentarily disrupts its capacity to align emanations. We experience it as a moment of perceptual blankness. The old seers called that moment the wall of fog, because a bank of fog appears whenever the alignment of emanations falters.

There are three ways of dealing with it. It can be taken abstractly as a barrier of perception; it can be felt as the act of piercing a tight paper screen with the entire body; or it can be *seen* as a wall of fog.

There is great comfort and ease in *seeing* it as a wall of fog, but there is also the grave danger of turning something incomprehensible into something somber and foreboding; hence, my recommendation is to keep incomprehensible things incomprehensible rather than making them part of the inventory of the first attention.

Exercises of assembling other worlds allow the assemblage point to gain experience in shifting. The initial boost to dislodge your assemblage point from its usual position comes from *intent*. Since alignment is the force that is involved in everything, *intent* is what makes the assemblage point move.

The mastery of awareness is what gives the assemblage point its boost. After all, there is really very little to us human beings; we are, in essence, an assemblage point fixed at a certain position. Our enemy and at the same time our friend is our internal dialogue, our inventory. Be a warrior; shut off your internal dialogue; make your inventory and then throw it away. The new seers make accurate inventories and then laugh at them. Without the inventory the assemblage point becomes free.

The mold of man is a huge cluster of emanations in the great band of organic life. It is called the mold of man because the cluster appears only inside the cocoon of man.

The mold of man is the portion of the *Indescribable Force*'s emanations that seers can *see* directly without any danger to themselves.

To break the barrier of perception is the last task of the mastery of awareness. In order to move your assemblage point to that position you must gather enough energy.

Anger is a natural reaction to the hesitation of the assemblage point to move on command. It will be a long time before you can apply the principle that your command is the *Indescribable Force*'s command. That's the essence of the mastery of *intent*. In the meantime, make a command now not to fret, not even at the worst moments of doubt. It will be a slow process until that command is heard and obeyed as if it were the *Indescribable Force*'s command.

There is an unmeasurable area of awareness in between the customary position of the assemblage point and the position where there are no more doubts, which is almost the place where the barrier of perception makes its appearance. In that unmeasurable area, warriors fall prey to every conceivable misdeed. Be on the lookout and don't lose confidence, for you will unavoidably be struck at one time or another by gripping feelings of defeat.

The new seers recommend a very simple act when impatience, or despair, or anger, or sadness comes their way. They recommend that warriors roll their eyes. Any direction will do; I prefer to roll mine clockwise. The movement of the eyes makes the assemblage point shift momentarily. In that movement, you will find relief. This is in

lieu of true mastery of *intent* .

To *see* the mold of man on your own, unaided by anyone, is an important step, because all of us have certain ideas that must be broken before we are free; the seer who travels into the unknown to *see* the unknowable must be in an impeccable state of being. To be in an impeccable state of being is to be free of rational assumptions and rational fears.

The old seers as well as the mystics of our world have one thing in common--they have been able to *see* the mold of man but not understand what it is. Mystics, throughout the centuries, have given us moving accounts of their experiences. But these accounts, however beautiful, are flawed by the gross and despairing mistake of believing the mold of man to be an omnipotent, omniscient creator; and so is the interpretation of the old seers, who called the mold of man a friendly spirit, a protector of man.

The new seers are the only ones who have the sobriety to *see* the mold of man and understand what it is; the pattern of every human attribute we can think of and some we cannot even conceive. We are what it stamps us with.

Anyone who *sees* the mold of man automatically assumes that it is God. The new seers have *seen* that what we call God is a static prototype of humanness without any power. We are simply the product of its stamp; we are its impression. The mold of man is exactly what its name tells us it is, a pattern, a form, a cast that groups together a particular bunch of fiber like elements, which we call man.

Real affection cannot be an investment.

There are two ways of *seeing* the mold of man. You can *see* it as a man or you can *see* it as alight. That depends on the shift of the assemblage point. If the shift is lateral, the mold is a human being; if the shift is in the midsection of man's band, the mold is a light.

The position where one *sees* the mold of man is very close to that where the *dreaming body* and the barrier of perception appear. That is the reason the new seers recommend that the mold of man be *seen* and understood.

Freedom is like a contagious disease. It is transmitted; its carrier is an impeccable nagual. People might not appreciate that, and that's because they don't want to be free. Freedom is frightening. Remember that. But not for us.

The *dreaming body* and the barrier of perception are positions of the assemblage point, and that knowledge is as vital to seers as knowing how to read and write is to modern man. Both are accomplishments attained after years of practice.

The *dreaming body* is known by different names. The name I like the best is, the Other. We can be in two places at once, we can experience a sort of perceptual dualism. There is no end to the mystery of man and to the mystery of the world.

The only thing that soothes those who journey into the unknown, is oblivion. What a relief to be in the ordinary world!

For warriors, there are two positions of the assemblage point where there are no more doubts. In one you have no more doubts because you know everything. In the

other, which is normal awareness, you have no doubts because you don't know anything.

No rational assumptions should interfere with the actions of a seer. Rationality is a condition of alignment, merely the result of the position of the assemblage point. You have to understand this when you are in a state of great vulnerability. To understand it when your assemblage point has reached the position where there are no doubts is useless, because realizations of that nature are commonplace in that position. It is equally useless to understand it in a state of normal awareness; in that state, such realizations are emotional outbursts that are valid only for as long as the emotion lasts.

You can travel by waking up at a distant *dreaming position*. By moving your assemblage point from normal awareness all the way to the position where the *dreaming body* appears, your *dreaming body* can actually fly over incredible distances in the blink of an eyelid. The mystery is in the *dreaming position*. If it is strong enough to pull you, you can go to the ends of this world or beyond it, just as the old seers did. They disappeared from this world because they woke up at a *dreaming position* beyond the limits of the known.

There is no way of knowing how it is done. Strong emotion or *unbending intent*, or great interest serves as a guide; then the assemblage point gets powerfully fixed at the *dreaming position*, long enough to drag there all the emanations that are inside the cocoon.

Now you need to have one last clarification: the coherent but irrational realization that everything in the world we have learned to perceive is inextricably tied to the position where the assemblage point is located. If the assemblage point is displaced from that position, the world will cease to be what it is to us.

A displacement of the assemblage point beyond the midline of the cocoon of man makes the entire world we know vanish from our view in one instant, as if it had been erased--for the stability, the substantiality, that seems to belong to our perceivable world is just the force of alignment. Certain emanations are routinely aligned because of the fixation of the assemblage point on one specific spot; that is all there is to our world.

The soundness of the world is not the mirage. The mirage is the fixation of the assemblage point on any spot. When seers shift their assemblage points, they are not confronted with an illusion, they are confronted with another world; that new world is as real as the one we are watching now, but the new fixation of their assemblage points, which produces that new world, is as much of a mirage as the old fixation.

There is probably no way to soothe anyone who realizes the journey of the *dreaming body*.

You say that you feel terribly sad. Who cares about sadness? Think only of the mysteries; mystery is all that matters. We are living beings; we have to die and relinquish our awareness. But if we could change just a tinge of that, what mysteries must await us! What mysteries!

Warriors end their training when they are capable of breaking the barrier of perception, unaided, starting from a normal state of awareness.

The only force that can temporarily cancel out alignment is alignment. By *intending* a new position for your assemblage point and by *intending* to keep it fixed their long enough, you will assemble another of the seven worlds and escape this one. You'll be separated to keep it fixed their long enough, you will assemble another of the seven worlds and escape this one. You'll be separated from your normal world by the very barrier that you have broken: the barrier of perception. But you will remain. That is the mystery.

The wall of fog, the plain with yellow dunes, the world of the apparitions--all are lateral alignments that our assemblage points make as they approach a crucial position.

To assemble other worlds is not only a matter of practice, but a matter of *intent*. And it isn't merely an exercise of bouncing out of those worlds, like being pulled by a rubber band. You see, a seer has to be daring. Once you break the barrier of perception, you don't have to come back to the same place in the world. See what I mean.

For warriors the danger of assembling other worlds is that those worlds are as possessive as our world. The force of alignment is such that once the assemblage point breaks away from its normal position, it becomes fixed at other positions, by other alignments, and warriors run the risk of getting stranded in inconceivable aloneness.

Breaking the barrier of perception is the culmination of everything seers do. From the moment that barrier is broken, man and his fate take on a different meaning for warriors.

What you are going to do is to make this world vanish. But *you* are going to remain somewhat yourself. This is the ultimate bastion of awareness, the one the new seers count on. They know that after they burn with consciousness, they somewhat retain the sense of being themselves.

This street, like all others, leads to eternity. All you have to do is follow it in total silence.

Intend the movement of your assemblage point. You must remember that *intent* begins with a command.

If warriors are going to have an internal dialogue, they should have the proper dialogue. That's the detached manipulation of *intent* through sober commands.

The manipulation of *intent* begins with a command given to oneself; the command is then repeated until it becomes the *Indescribable Force*'s command, and then the assemblage point shifts, accordingly, the moment warriors reach inner silence.

The fact that such a maneuver is possible is something of the most singular importance to seers. It means escaping the *Indescribable Force* by moving their assemblage points to a particular *dreaming position* called total freedom.

The old seers discovered that it is possible to move the assemblage point to the limit of the known and keep it fixed there in a state of prime heightened awareness. From that position, they *saw* the feasibility of slowly shifting their assemblage points permanently to other positions beyond that limit--a stupendous feat fraught with daring but lacking sobriety, for they could never retract the movement of their assemblage points, or perhaps they never wanted to.

Adventurous men, faced with the choice of dying in the world of ordinary affairs or dying in unknown worlds, will unavoidably choose the latter. The new seers, realizing

that their predecessors had chosen merely to change the locale of their death, came to understand the futility of it all; The futility of struggling to control their fellow men, the futility of assembling other worlds, and, above all, the futility of self-importance.

One of the most fortunate decisions that the new seers made was never to allow their assemblage points to move permanently to any position other than heightened awareness. From that position, they actually resolved their dilemma of futility and found out that the solution is not simply to choose an alternate world in which to die, but to choose total consciousness, total freedom.

By choosing total freedom, the new seers unwittingly continued in the tradition of their predecessors and became the quintessence of the death defier.

The new seers discovered that if the assemblage point is made to shift constantly to the confines of the unknown, but is made to return to a position at the limit of the known, then when it is suddenly released it moves like lightning across the entire cocoon of man, aligning all the emanations inside the cocoon at once.

The new seers burn with the force of alignment, with the force of *will*, which they have turned into the force of *intent* through a life of impeccability. *Intent* is the alignment of all the amber emanations of awareness, so it is correct to say that total freedom means total awareness.

Freedom is the *Indescribable Force*'s gift to man. Unfortunately, very few men understand that all we need, in order to accept such a magnificent gift, is to have sufficient energy. If that's all we need, then, by all means, we must become misers of energy in order to accept the *Indescribable Force*'s gift ourselves.

The Power of Silence

At various times I've attempted to name my knowledge for your benefit. I've said that the most appropriate name is *nagualism*, but that that term is too obscure. Calling it simply "knowledge" makes it too vague, and to call it "witchcraft" is debasing. "The mastery of *intent*" is too abstract, and "the search for total freedom" too long and metaphorical. Finally, because I've been unable to find a more appropriate name, I've called it "sorcery," although I admit it is not really accurate.

I've given you different definitions of sorcery, but I have always maintained that definitions change as knowledge increases. Now you are in a position to appreciate a clearer definition.

From where the average man stands, sorcery is nonsense or an ominous mystery beyond his reach. And he is right--not because this is an absolute fact, but because the average man lacks the energy to deal with sorcery.

Human beings are born with a finite amount of energy, an energy that is systematically deployed, beginning at the moment of birth, in order that it may be used most advantageously by the modality of the time.

The modality of the time is the precise bundle of energy fields being perceived. I believe man's perception has changed through the ages. The actual time decides the mode; the time decides which precise bundle of energy fields, out of an incalculable

number, are to be used. And handling the modality of the time--those few, selected energy fields--takes all our available energy, leaving us nothing that would help us use any of the other energy fields.

The average man, if he uses only the energy he has, can't perceive the worlds sorcerers do. To perceive them, sorcerers need to use a cluster of energy fields not ordinarily used. Naturally, if the average man is to perceive those worlds and understand sorcerers' perception he must use the same cluster they have used. And this is just not possible, because all his energy is already deployed.

Think of it this way. It isn't that as time goes by you're learning sorcery; rather, what you're learning is to save energy. And this energy will enable you to handle some of the energy fields which are inaccessible to you now. And that is sorcery: the ability to use energy fields that are not employed in perceiving the ordinary world we know. Sorcery is a state of awareness. Sorcery is the ability to perceive something which ordinary perception cannot.

Everything a teacher puts his apprentice through, each of the things he shows him is only a device to convince him that there's more to us than meets the eye.

We don't need anyone to teach us sorcery, because there is really nothing to learn. What we need is a teacher to convince us that there is incalculable power at our fingertips. What a strange paradox! Every warrior on the path of knowledge thinks, at one time or another, that he's learning sorcery, but all he's doing is allowing himself to be convinced of the power hidden in his being, and that he can reach it.

I'm trying to convince you that you can reach that power. I went through the same thing. And I was as hard to convince as you are. Once we have reached it, it will, by itself, make use of energy fields which are available to us but inaccessible. And that, as I have said, is sorcery. We begin then to *see*--that is, to perceive--something else; not as imagination, but as real and concrete. And then we begin to know without having to use words. And what any of us does with that increased perception, with that silent knowledge, depends on our own temperament.

Now, I'm going to give you a different and more precise definition of sorcery.

In the universe there is an unmeasurable, indescribable force which sorcerers call *intent*. Absolutely everything that exists in the entire cosmos is attached to *intent* by a connecting link. Sorcerers, warriors, are concerned with discussing, understanding, and employing that connecting link. They are especially concerned with cleaning it of the numbing effects brought about by the ordinary concerns of their everyday lives. Sorcery at this level could be defined as the procedure of cleaning one's connecting link to *intent*.

The task of sorcery is to take this seemingly incomprehensible knowledge and make it understandable by the standards of awareness of everyday life.

The guide in the lives of sorcerers is called "the nagual." The nagual is a man or a woman with extraordinary energy, a teacher who has sobriety, endurance, stability; someone seers *see* as a luminous sphere having four compartments, as if four luminous balls have been compressed together. Naguals are responsible for supplying what sorcerers call "the minimal chance": the awareness of one's connection with *intent*.

Naguals school their apprentices toward three areas of expertise: the mastery of *awareness*, the art of *stalking*, and the mastery of *intent*. These three areas of expertise are the three riddles sorcerers encounter in their search for knowledge.

The mastery of awareness is the riddle of the mind; the perplexity sorcerers experience when they recognize the astounding mystery and scope of awareness and perception.

The art of *stalking* is the riddle of the heart; the puzzlement sorcerers feel upon becoming aware of two things: first that the world appears to us to be unalterably objective and factual, because of peculiarities of our awareness and perception; second, that if different peculiarities of perception come into play, the very things about the world that seem so unalterably objective and factual change.

The mastery of *intent* is the riddle of the spirit, or the paradox of the abstract--sorcerers' thoughts and actions projected beyond our human condition.

The art of *stalking* and the mastery of *intent* depend upon instruction on the mastery of awareness, which consists of the following basic premises:

1. The universe is an infinite agglomeration of energy fields, resembling threads of light.
2. These energy fields, called the Eagle's, or the *Indescribable Force* 's emanations, radiate from a source of inconceivable proportions metaphorically called the Eagle--the *Indescribable Force* .
3. Human beings are also composed of an incalculable number of the same threadlike energy fields. These *Indescribable Force* 's emanations form an encased agglomeration that manifests itself as a ball of light the size of the person's body with the arms extended laterally, like a giant luminous egg.
4. Only a very small group of the energy fields inside this luminous ball are lit up by a point of intense brilliance located on the ball's surface.
5. Perception occurs when the energy fields in that small group immediately surrounding the point of brilliance extend their light to illuminate identical energy fields outside the ball. Since the only energy fields perceivable are those lit by the point of brilliance, that point is named "the point where perception is assembled" or simply "the assemblage point."
6. The assemblage point can be moved from its usual position on the surface of the luminous ball to another position on the surface, or into the interior. Since the brilliance of the assemblage point can light up whatever energy field it comes in contact with, when it moves to a new position it immediately brightens up new energy fields, making them perceivable. This perception is known as *seeing* .
7. When the assemblage point shifts, it makes possible the perception of an entirely different world--as objective and factual as the one we normally perceive. Sorcerers go into that other world to get energy, power, solutions to

general and particular problems, or to face the unimaginable.

8. *Intent* is the pervasive force that causes us to perceive. We do not become aware because we perceive; rather, we perceive as a result of the pressure and intrusion of *intent*.
9. The aim of sorcerers is to reach a state of total awareness in order to experience all the possibilities of perception available to man. This state of awareness even implies an alternative way of dying.

A level of practical knowledge is included as part of teaching the mastery of awareness. On this practical level are taught the procedures necessary to move the assemblage point. The two great systems devised by the sorcerer seers of ancient times to accomplish this are *dreaming*, the control and utilization of dreams; and *stalking*, the control of behavior.

Moving one's assemblage point is an essential maneuver that every sorcerer has to learn.

Sorcerers consult their past in order to obtain a point of reference. Establishing a point of reference means getting a chance to examine *intent* and nothing can give sorcerers a better view of *intent* than examining stories of other sorcerers battling to understand the same force.

In sorcery there are abstract cores, and then, based on those abstract cores, there are scores of sorcery stories about the naguals of our lineage battling to understand the spirit.

The only way to know *intent* is to know it directly through a living connection that exists between *intent* and all sentient beings. Sorcerers call *intent* the indescribable, the spirit, the abstract.

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Every act performed by sorcerers, especially by the naguals, is either performed as a way to strengthen their link with *intent* or as a response triggered by the link itself. Sorcerers, and specifically the naguals, therefore have to be actively and permanently on the lookout for manifestations of the spirit. Such manifestations are called gestures of the spirit or, more simply, indications or omens.

When a sorcerer interprets an omen he knows its exact meaning without having any notion of how he knows it. This is one of the bewildering effects of the connecting link with *intent*. Sorcerers have a sense of knowing things directly. How sure they are depends on the strength and clarity of their connecting link.

The feeling everyone knows as "intuition" is the activation of our link with *intent*. And since sorcerers deliberately pursue the understanding and strengthening of that link, it could be said they intuit everything unerringly and accurately. Reading omens is commonplace for sorcerers--mistakes happen only when personal feelings intervene and cloud the sorcerers' connecting link with *intent*. Otherwise their direct

knowledge is totally accurate and functional.

The spirit manifests itself to a sorcery, especially to a nagual, at every turn. However, this is not the entire truth. The entire truth is that the spirit reveals itself to everyone with the same intensity and consistency, but only sorcerers, and naguals in particular, are attuned to such revelations.

Naguals make decisions. With no regard for the consequences they take action or choose not to. Imposters ponder and become paralyzed.

Sorcerers speak of sorcery as a magical, mysterious bird which has paused in its flight for a moment in order to give man hope and purpose. Sorcerers live under the wing of that bird, which they call the bird of wisdom, the bird of freedom. They nourish it with their dedication and impeccability.

The bird of freedom can do only two things, take sorcerers along, or leave them behind. Don't forget, even for an instant, that the bird of freedom has very little patience with indecision, and when it flies away, it never returns.

When you have been afraid or upset, don't lie down to sleep, sleep sitting up on a soft chair. To give your body healing rest take long naps, lying on your stomach with your face turned to the left and your feet over the foot of the bed. In order to avoid being cold, put a soft pillow over your shoulders, away from your neck, and wear heavy socks, or just leave your shoes on. Follow my suggestions to the letter without bothering to believe or disbelieve me.

Intent creates edifices before us and invites us to enter them. This is the way sorcerers understand what is happening around them.

I want you to understand the underlying order of what I teach you. It means two things: both the edifice that *intent* manufactures in the blink of an eye and places in front of us to enter, and the signs it gives us so we won't get lost once we are inside.

At a certain stage, an apprentice enters into heightened awareness all by himself. Heightened awareness is a mystery only for our reason. In practice, it's very simple. As with everything else, we complicate matters by trying to make the immensity that surrounds unreasonable.

The Manifestations of the Spirit is the name for the first abstract core in the sorcery stories. Sorcerers know this as the edifice of *intent*, or the silent voice of the spirit, or the ulterior arrangement of the abstract.

Uterior means knowledge without words, outside our immediate comprehension, not beyond our ultimate possibilities for understanding. The ulterior arrangement of the abstract is knowledge without words or the edifice of *intent*. The ulterior arrangement of the abstract is to know the abstract directly, without the intervention of language. The abstract is the element without which there could be no warrior's path, nor any warriors in search of knowledge.

Warriors are incapable of feeling compassion because they no longer feel sorry for themselves. Without the driving force of self-pity, compassion is meaningless.

For a warrior everything begins and ends with himself. However, his contact with the abstract causes him to overcome his feeling of self-importance. Then the self becomes abstract and impersonal.

Dreaming is a sorcerer's jet plane. They can create and project what sorcerers know as the *dreaming body*, or the Other, and be in two distant places at the same time.

The spirit makes adjustments in our capacity for awareness. That's a statement of fact. You can say that it's an incomprehensible fact for the moment, but the moment will change.

While we dream the assemblage point moves very gently and naturally. Mental balance is nothing but the fixing of the assemblage point on one spot we're accustomed to. Dreams make that point move, and *dreaming* is used to control that natural movement.

There are two different issues. One, the need to understand indirectly what the spirit is, and the other, to understand the spirit directly.

Once you understand what the spirit is, the second issue will be resolved automatically, and vice versa. If the spirit speaks to you, using its silent words, you will certainly know immediately what the spirit is.

The difficulty is our reluctance to accept the idea that knowledge can exist without words to explain it. Accepting this proposition is not as easy as saying you accept it. The whole of humanity has moved away from the abstract. It takes years for an apprentice to be able to go back to the abstract, that is, to know that knowledge and language can exist independent of each other.

The crux of our difficulty in going back to the abstract is our refusal to accept that we can know without words or even without thoughts. Knowledge and language are separate.

I told you there is no way to talk about the spirit because the spirit can only be experienced. Sorcerers try to explain this condition when they say that the spirit is nothing you can see or feel. But it's there looming over us always. Sometimes it comes to some of us. Most of the time it seems indifferent.

The spirit in many ways is a sort of wild animal. It keeps its distance from us until a moment when something entices it forward. It is then that the spirit manifests itself.

For a sorcerer an abstract is something with no parallel in the human condition. For a sorcerer, the spirit is an abstract simply because he knows it without words or even thoughts. It's an abstract because he can't conceive what the spirit is. Yet without the slightest chance or desire to understand it, a sorcerer handles the spirit. He recognizes it, beckons it, entices it, becomes familiar with it, and expresses it with his acts.

Think about the proposition that knowledge might be independent of language, without bothering to understand it.

Consider this. It was not the act of meeting me that mattered to you. The day I met you, you met the abstract. But since you couldn't talk about it, you didn't notice it. Sorcerers meet the abstract without thinking about it or seeing it or touching it or feeling its presence.

The second abstract core of the sorcery stories is called the Knock of the Spirit. The first core, the Manifestations of the Spirit, is the edifice that *intent* builds and places

before a sorcerer, then invites him to enter. It is the edifice of *intent seen* by a sorcerer. The Knock of the Spirit is the same edifice seen by the beginner who is invited--or rather forced--to enter.

A nagual can be a conduit for the spirit only after the spirit has manifested its willingness to be used--either almost imperceptibly or with outright commands.

After a lifetime of practice, sorcerers, naguals in particular, know if the spirit is inviting them to enter the edifice being flaunted before them. They have learned to discipline their connecting links to *intent*. So they are always forewarned, always know what the spirit has in store for them.

Progress along the sorcerers' path is, in general, a drastic process the purpose of which is to bring one's connecting link to order. In order to revive that link sorcerers need a rigorous, fierce purpose--a special state of mind called *unbending intent*.

An apprentice is someone who is striving to clear and revive his connecting link with the spirit. Once the link is revived, he is no longer an apprentice, but until that time, in order to keep going he needs a fierce purpose which, of course, he doesn't have. So he allows the nagual to provide the purpose and to do that he has to relinquish his individuality. That's the difficult part.

Volunteers are not welcome in the sorcerers' world, because they already have a purpose of their own, which makes it particularly hard for them to relinquish their individuality. If the sorcerers' world demands ideas and actions contrary to the volunteers' purpose, volunteers simply refuse to change.

Reviving an apprentice's link is a natural's most challenging and intriguing work. And one of his biggest headaches too. Depending, of course, on the apprentice's personality, the designs of the spirit are either sublimely simple or the most complex labyrinths.

The power of man is incalculable. Death exists only because we have *intended* it since the moment of our birth. The *intent* of death can be suspended by making the assemblage point change positions.

I have given you different versions of what the sorcery task consists. It would not be presumptuous of me to disclose that, from the spirit's point of view, the task consists of clearing our connecting link with it. The edifice that *intent* flaunts before us is, then, a clearinghouse, within which we find not so much the procedures to clear our connecting link as the silent knowledge that allows the clearing process to take place. Without that silent knowledge no process could work, and all we would have would be an indefinite sense of needing something.

The events unleashed by sorcerers as a result of silent knowledge are so simple and yet so abstract that sorcerers decided long ago to speak of those events only in symbolic terms. The manifestations and the knock of the spirit are examples.

For instance, a description of what takes place during the initial meeting between a nagual and a prospective apprentice from the sorcerers' point of view, would be absolutely incomprehensible. It would be nonsense to explain that the nagual, by virtue of his lifelong experience, is focusing something we couldn't imagine, his second attention--the increased awareness gained through sorcery training--on his invisible connection with some indefinable abstract. He is doing this to emphasize and clarify

someone else's invisible connection with that indefinable abstract.

Each of us is barred from silent knowledge by natural barriers, specific to each individual. The most impregnable of my barriers was the drive to disguise my complacency as independence.

We as average men do not know, nor will we ever know, that it is something utterly real and functional--our connecting link with *intent*--which gives us our hereditary preoccupation with fate. During our active lives we never have the chance to go beyond the level of mere preoccupation, because since time immemorial the lull of daily affairs has made us drowsy. It is only when our lives are nearly over that our hereditary preoccupation with fate begins to take on a different character. It begins to make us see through the fog of daily affairs. Unfortunately, this awakening always comes hand in hand with loss of energy caused by aging, when we have no more strength left to turn our preoccupation into a pragmatic and positive discovery. At this point, all there is left is an amorphous, piercing anguish, a longing for something indescribable, and simple anger at having missed out.

The third abstract core is called the trickery of the spirit, or the trickery of the abstract, or *stalking* oneself, or dusting the link.

Perception is the hinge for everything man is or does, and perception is ruled by the location of the assemblage point. Therefore, if that point changes positions, man's perception of the world changes accordingly. The sorcerer who knows exactly where to place his assemblage point can become anything he wants.

The art of *stalking* is learning all the quirks of your disguise. To learn them so well no one will know you are disguised. For that you need to be ruthless, cunning, patient, and sweet.

Stalking is an art applicable to everything. There are four steps to learning it: ruthlessness, cunning, patience, and sweetness. Ruthlessness should not be harshness, cunning should not be cruelty, patience should not be negligence, and sweetness should not be foolishness. These four steps have to be practiced and perfected until they are so smooth they are unnoticeable.

Knowing what *intent* is means that one can, at any time, explain that knowledge or use it. A nague by the force of his position is obliged to command his knowledge in this manner.

A warrior needs focus. Heightened awareness is like a springboard. From it one can jump into infinity. When the assemblage point is dislodged, it either becomes lodged again at a position very near its customary one or continues moving on into infinity.

People have no idea of the strange power we carry within ourselves. At this moment, for instance, you have the means to reach infinity.

Egomania is a real tyrant. We must work ceaselessly to dethrone it. You can learn to be ruthless, cunning, patient, and sweet. Ruthlessness, cunning, patience, and sweetness are the essence of *stalking*. They are the basics that with all their

ramifications have to be taught in careful, meticulous steps.

Sorcerers' behavior is always impeccable. Sorcerers, though, have an ulterior purpose for their acts, which has nothing to do with personal gain. The fact that they enjoy their acts does not count as gain. Rather, it is a condition of their character. The average man acts only if there is the chance for profit. Warriors say they act not for profit but for the spirit. We have no thought of personal gain. Our acts are dictated by impeccability--we can't be angry or disillusioned.

The two masteries: *stalking* and *intent*, are the crowning glory of sorcerers old and new. *Stalking* is the beginning. Before anything can be attempted on the warrior's path, warriors must learn to *stalk*; next they must learn to *intend*, and only then can they move their assemblage point at will.

Words are tremendously powerful and important and are the magical property of whoever has them. Sorcerers have a rule of thumb: they say that the deeper the assemblage point moves, the greater the feeling that one has knowledge and no words to explain it. Sometimes the assemblage point of average persons can move without a known cause and without their being aware of it, except that they become tongue-tied, confused, and evasive.

The very first principle of *stalking* is that a warrior *stalks* himself. He *stalks* himself ruthlessly, cunningly, patiently, and sweetly.

Stalking is the art of using behavior in novel ways for specific purposes. Normal human behavior in the world of everyday life is routine. Any behavior that brakes from routine causes an unusual effect on our total being. That unusual effect is what sorcerers seek, because it is cumulative.

The sorcerer seers of ancient times, through their *seeing*, first noticed that unusual behavior produced a tremor in the assemblage point. They soon discovered that if unusual behavior was practiced systematically and directed wisely, it eventually forced the assemblage point to move.

The real challenge for those sorcerer seers, was finding a system of behavior that was neither petty nor capricious, but that combined the morality and the sense of beauty which differentiates sorcerer seers from plain witches.

Anyone who succeeds in moving his assemblage point to a new position is a sorcerer. And from that new position, he can do all kinds of good and bad things to his fellow men. Being a sorcerer, therefore, can be like being a cobbler or a baker. The quest of sorcerer seers is to go beyond that stand. And to do that, they need morality and beauty.

For sorcerers, *stalking* is the foundation on which everything else they do is built. It is the art of controlled folly.

Sorcerers say that heightened awareness is the portal of *intent*. And they use it as such. Think about it.

You must reach the point where you understand what *intent* is. And, above all, you must understand that that knowledge cannot be turned into words. That knowledge is there for everyone. It is there to be felt, to be used, but not to be explained. One can

come into it by changing levels of awareness, therefore, heightened awareness is an entrance. But even the entrance cannot be explained. One can only make use of it.

The natural knowledge of *intent* is available to anyone, but the command of it belongs to those who probe it.

Sorcerers believe that until the very moment of the spirit's descent, any of us could walk away from the spirit; but not afterwards.

The fourth abstract core is called the descent of the spirit or being moved by *intent*. It is the full brunt of the spirit's descent. The fourth abstract core is an act of revelation. The spirit reveals itself to us. Sorcerers describe it as the spirit lying in ambush and then descending on us, its prey. Sorcerers say that the spirit's descent is always shrouded. It happens and yet it seems not to have happened at all.

There is a threshold that once crossed permits no retreat. Every sorcerer should have a clear memory of crossing that threshold so he can remind himself of the new state of his perceptual potential. One does not have to be an apprentice of sorcery to reach this threshold, and the only difference between an average man and a sorcerer, in such cases, is what each emphasizes. A sorcerer emphasizes crossing this threshold and uses the memory of it as a point of reference. An average man does not cross the threshold and does his best to forget all about it.

Sorcerers say that the fourth abstract core happens when the spirit cuts our chains of self-reflection. Cutting our chains is marvelous, but also very undesirable, for nobody wants to be free.

What a strange feeling: to realize that everything we think, everything we say depends on the position of the assemblage point.

The secret of our chains is that they imprison us, but by keeping us pinned down on our comfortable spot of self-reflection, they defend us from the onslaughts of the unknown.

Once our chains are cut, we are no longer bound by the concerns of the daily world. We are still in the daily world, but we don't belong there anymore. In order to belong we must share the concerns of people. And without chains we can't.

What distinguishes normal people is that we share a metaphorical dagger: the concerns of our self-reflection. With this dagger, we cut ourselves and bleed; and the job of our chains of self-reflection is to give us the feeling that we are bleeding together, that we are sharing something wonderful: our humanity. But if we were to examine it, we would discover that we are bleeding alone; that we are not sharing anything; that all we are doing is toying with our manageable, unreal, man-made reflection.

Sorcerers are no longer in the world of daily affairs because they are no longer prey to their self-reflection.

The universe is made up of energy fields which defy description or scrutiny. They resemble filaments of ordinary light, except that light is lifeless compared to the *Indescribable Force*'s emanations, which exude awareness.

Normal perception occurs when *intent*, which is pure energy, lights up a portion of the luminous filaments inside our cocoon, and at the same time brightens a long extension of the same luminous filaments extending into infinity outside our cocoon.

Extraordinary perception, *seeing* , occurs when by the force of *intent* , a different cluster of energy fields energizes and lights up. When a crucial number of energy fields are lit up inside the luminous cocoon, a sorcerer is able to *see* the energy fields themselves.

Awareness takes place when the energy fields inside our luminous cocoon are *aligned* with the same energy fields outside.

Only a very small portion of the total number of luminous filaments inside the cocoon are energized while the rest remain unaltered. The filaments do not need to be *aligned* to be lit up, because the ones inside our cocoon are the same as those outside. Whatever energizes them is definitely an independent force. We can't call it awareness because awareness is the glow of the energy fields being lit up. The force that lights up the fields is named *will* .

Will is the force that keeps the *Indescribable Force* ' s emanations separated and is not only responsible for our awareness, but also for everything in the universe. This force has total consciousness and it springs from the very fields of energy that make the universe. *Intent* is a more appropriate name for it than *will* . In the long run, however, the name proves disadvantageous, because it does not describe its overwhelming importance nor the living connection it has with everything in the universe.

Our great collective flaw is that we live our lives completely disregarding that connection. The busyness of our lives, our relentless interests, concerns, hopes, frustrations, and fears take precedence, and on a day-to-day basis we are unaware of being linked to everything else.

Being cast out from the Garden of Eden sounds like an allegory for losing our silent knowledge, our knowledge of *intent* . Sorcery, then, is a going back to the beginning, a return to paradise.

The spirit is the force that sustains the universe. *Intent* is not something one might use or command or move in any way--nevertheless, one could use it, command it, or move it as one desires. This contradiction is the essence of sorcery. To fail to understand it has brought generations of sorcerers unimaginable pain and sorrow. Modern-day naguals, in an effort to avoid paying this exorbitant price in pain, have developed a code of behavior called the warrior' s way, or the impeccable action, which prepares sorcerers by enhancing their sobriety and thoughtfulness.

Sorcerers concern themselves exclusively with the capacity that their individual connecting link with *intent* has to set them free to light the fire from within.

All modern-day sorcerers have to struggle fiercely to gain soundness of mind. Sorcery is an attempt to reestablish our knowledge of *intent* and regain use of it without succumbing to it. The abstract cores of the sorcerer stories are shades of realization, degrees of our being aware of *intent* .

It does not matter what our specific fate is as long as we face it with ultimate abandon.

A warrior is on permanent guard against the roughness of human behavior. A warrior is magical and ruthless, a maverick with the most refined taste and manners, whose worldly task is to sharpen, yet disguise, his cutting edges so that no one would

be able to suspect his ruthlessness.

Sorcerers constantly *stalk* themselves. The sensation of being bottled up is experienced by every human being. It is a reminder of our existing connection with *intent*. For sorcerers this sensation is even more acute, precisely because their goal is to sensitize their connecting link until they can make it function at will.

When the pressure of their connecting link is too great, sorcerers relieve it by *stalking* themselves. *Stalking* is a procedure, a very simple one. *Stalking* is special behavior that follows certain principles. It is secretive, furtive, deceptive behavior designed to deliver a jolt. And, when you *stalk* yourself you jolt yourself, using your own behavior in a ruthless, cunning way.

When a sorcerer's awareness becomes bogged down with the weight of his perceptual input, the best, or even perhaps the only, remedy is to use the idea of death to deliver that *stalking* jolt.

The idea of death therefore is of monumental importance in the life of a sorcerer. I have shown you innumerable things about death to convince you that the knowledge of our impending and unavoidable end is what gives us sobriety. Our most costly mistake as average men is indulging in a sense of immortality. It is as though we believe that if we don't think about death we can protect ourselves from it.

Not thinking about death protects us from worrying about it. But that purpose is an unworthy one for average men and a travesty for sorcerers. Without a clear view of death, there is no order, no sobriety, no beauty. Sorcerers struggle to gain this crucial insight in order to help them realize at the deepest possible level that they have no assurance whatsoever their lives will continue beyond the moment. That realization gives sorcerers the courage to be patient and yet take action, courage to be acquiescent without being stupid.

The idea of death is the only thing that can give sorcerers courage. Strange, isn't it? It gives sorcerers the courage to be cunning without being conceited, and above all it gives them courage to be ruthless without being self-important.

Sorcerers *stalk* themselves in order to break the power of their obsessions. There are many ways of *stalking* oneself. If you don't want to use the idea of your death, you can use poems to *stalk* yourself.

I *stalk* myself with them. I deliver a jolt to myself with them. I listen, and shut off my internal dialogue and let my inner silence gain momentum. Then the combination of the poem and the silence delivers the jolt.

See if you can feel what I'm talking about with this poem by José Gorostiza.

*...this incessant stubborn dying,
this living death,
that slays you, oh God,
in your rigorous handiwork,
in the roses, in the stones,
in the indomitable stars
and in the flesh that burns out,
like a bonfire lit by a song,
a dream,*

a hue that hits the eye.

*...and you, yourself,
perhaps have died eternities of ages out there,
without us knowing about it,
we dregs, crumbs, ashes of you;
you that still are present,
like a star faked by its very light,
an empty light without star
that reaches us,
hiding
its infinite catastrophe.*

As I hear the words, I feel that that man is *seeing* the essence of things and I can *see* with him. I care only about the feeling the poets longing brings me. I borrow his longing, and with it I borrow the beauty. And marvel at the fact that he, like a true warrior, lavishes it on the recipients, the beholders, retaining for himself only his longing. This jolt, this shock of beauty, is *stalking*.

Death is not an enemy, although it appears to be. Death is not our destroyer, although we think it is.

Sorcerers say death is the only worthy opponent we have. Death is our challenger. We are born to take that challenge, average men or sorcerers. Sorcerers know about it; average men do not.

Life is the process by means of which death challenges us. Death is the active force. Life is the arena. And in that arena there are only two contenders at any time: oneself and death.

We are passive. Think about it. If we move, it's only when we feel the pressure of death. Death sets the pace for our actions and feelings and pushes us relentlessly until it breaks us and wins the bout, or else we rise about all possibilities and defeat death.

Sorcerers defeat death and death acknowledges the defeat by letting the sorcerers go free, never to be challenged again. Death stops challenging them. It means thought has taken a somersault into the inconceivable.

A somersault of thought into the inconceivable is the descent of the spirit; the act of breaking our perceptual barriers. It is the moment in which man's perception reaches its limits.

Sorcerers practice the art of sending scouts, advance runners, to probe our perceptual limits. This is another reason I like poems. I take them as advance runners. But poets don't know as exactly as sorcerers what those advance runners can accomplish.

As the energy that is ordinarily used to maintain the fixed position of the assemblage point becomes liberated, it focuses automatically on that connecting link. There are no techniques or maneuvers for a sorcerer to learn beforehand to move energy from one place to the other. Rather it is a matter of an instantaneous shift taking place once a certain level of proficiency has been attained.

The level of proficiency is pure understanding. In order to attain that instantaneous

shift of energy, one needs a clear connection with *intent* , and to get a clear connection one needs only to *intend* it through pure understanding.

Pure understanding is a sorcerer's advance runner probing that immensity out there.

The nature of ruthlessness is that it is the opposite of self-pity. All sorcerers are ruthless.

As I have said, the fourth abstract core of the sorcery stories is called the descent of the spirit, or being moved by *intent* . In order to let the mysteries of sorcery reveal themselves it is necessary for the spirit to descend. The spirit chooses a moment when a man is distracted, unguarded, and, showing no pity, the spirit lets its presence by itself move the man's assemblage point to a specific position. This spot is known to sorcerers as the place of no pity. Ruthlessness becomes, in this way, the first principle of sorcery.

The first principle should not be confused with the first effect of sorcery apprenticeship, which is the shift between normal and heightened awareness.

To all appearances, having the assemblage point shift is the first thing that actually happens to a sorcery apprentice. So, it is only natural for an apprentice to assume that this is the first principle of sorcery. But it is not. Ruthlessness is the first principle of sorcery.

What we need to do to allow magic to get hold of us is to banish doubt from our minds. Once doubts are banished, anything is possible.

Stop thinking by *intending* the movement of your assemblage point. *Intent* is beckoned with the eyes.

The place of no pity is the site of ruthlessness. Let's say that ruthlessness, being a specific position of the assemblage point, is shown in the eyes of sorcerers. It's like a shimmering film over the eyes. The eyes of sorcerers are brilliant. The greater the shine, the more ruthless the sorcerer is.

When the assemblage point moves to the place of no pity, the eyes begin to shine. The firmer the grip of the assemblage point on its new position, the more the eyes shine.

A recapitulation of their lives, which sorcerers do, is the key to moving their assemblage points. Sorcerers start their recapitulation by thinking, by remembering the most important acts of their lives. From merely thinking about them they then move on to actually being at the site of the event. When they can do that--be at the site of the event--they have successfully shifted their assemblage point to the precise spot it was when the event took place. Bringing back the total event by means of shifting the assemblage point is known as sorcerers' recollection.

Recollecting is not the same as remembering. Remembering is dictated by the day-to-day type of thinking, while recollecting is dictated by the movement of the assemblage point.

Our assemblage points are constantly shifting; imperceptible shifts. In order to make our assemblage points shift to precise spots we must engage *intent* . Since there is no way of knowing what *intent* is, sorcerers let their eyes beckon it.

What you feel and interpret as longing is in fact the sudden movement of your assemblage point.

Ruthlessness makes sorcerers' eyes shine, and that shine beckons *intent*. Each spot to which their assemblage points move is indicated by a specific shine of their eyes. Since their eyes have their own memory, they can call up the recollection of any spot by calling up the specific shine associated with that spot.

The reason sorcerers put so much emphasis on the shine of their eyes and on their gaze is because the eyes are directly connected to *intent*. Contradictory as it might sound, the truth is that the eyes are only superficially connected to the world of everyday life. Their deeper connection is to the abstract.

Man's possibilities are so vast and mysterious that sorcerers, rather than thinking about them, have chosen to explore them, with no hope of ever understanding them.

The only advantages sorcerers may have over average men is that they have stored their energy, which means a more precise, clearer connecting link with *intent*. Naturally, it also means they can recollect at will, using the shine of their eyes to move their assemblage points.

Be a paragon of patience and consistency by fighting for impeccability. Transform yourself daily, restraining yourself with the most excruciating effort.

It is a rare opportunity for a warrior to be given a genuine chance to be impeccable in spite of his basic feelings. The act of giving freely and impeccably rejuvenates you and renews your wonder.

The eyes of all living beings can move someone else's assemblage point, especially if their eyes are focused on *intent*. Under normal conditions, however, people's eyes are focused on the world, looking for food... looking for shelter...

For sorcerers to use the shine of their eyes to move their own or anyone else's assemblage point they have to be ruthless. That is, they have to be familiar with that specific position of the assemblage point called the place of no pity. This is especially true for the naguals.

Each nagual develops a brand of ruthlessness specific to him alone. Naguals mask their ruthlessness automatically, even against their will. I'm not a rational man, I only appear to be because my mask is so effective. What you perceive as reasonableness is my lack of pity, because that's what ruthlessness is: a total lack of pity.

Move your assemblage point to the precise spot where pity disappears. That spot is known as the place of no pity. The problem that sorcerers have to solve is that the place of no pity has to be reached with only minimal help.

Everything sorcerers do is done as a consequence of a movement of their assemblage points, and such movements are ruled by the amount of energy sorcerers have at their command.

Inside every human being is a gigantic, dark lake of silent knowledge which each of us could intuit. Sorcerers are the only beings on earth who deliberately go beyond the intuitive level by training themselves to do two transcendental things: first, to conceive the existence of the assemblage point, and second, to make that assemblage point move.

The most sophisticated knowledge sorcerers possess is of our potential as perceiving beings, and the knowledge that the content of perception depends on the position of the assemblage point.

Enjoy things with no expectation.

When the assemblage point moves and reaches the place of no pity, the position of rationality and common sense becomes weak.

Silent knowledge is something that all of us have, something that has complete mastery, complete knowledge of everything. But it cannot think, therefore, it cannot speak of what is know.

Sorcerers believe that when man became aware that he knew, and wanted to be conscious of what he knew, he lost sight of what he knew. This silent knowledge, which you cannot describe, is, of course, *intent* --the spirit, the abstract. Man's error was to want to know it directly, the way he knew everyday life. The more he wanted, the more ephemeral it became.

Man gave up silent knowledge for the world of reason. The more he clings to the world of reason, the more ephemeral *intent* becomes.

The origin of the anxiety that overtakes an apprentice with the speed of wildfire is the sudden movement of his assemblage point. Get used to the idea of recurrent attacks of anxiety, because your assemblage point is going to keep moving.

Any movement of the assemblage point is like dying. Everything in us gets disconnected, then reconnected again to a source of much greater power. That amplification of energy is felt as a killing anxiety. When this happens, just wait. The outburst of energy will pass. What's dangerous is not knowing what is happening to you. Once you know, there is no real danger.

Ancient man knew, in the most direct fashion, what to do and how best to do it. But, because he performed so well, he started to develop a sense of selfness, which gave him the feeling that he could predict and plan the actions he was used to performing. And thus the idea of an individual "self" appeared; an individual self which began to dictate the nature and scope of man's actions.

As the feeling of the individual self became stronger, man lost his natural connection to silent knowledge. Modern man, being heir to that development, therefore finds himself so hopelessly removed from the source of everything that all he can do is express his despair in violent and cynical acts of self-destruction. The reason for man's cynicism and despair is the bit of silent knowledge left in him, which does two things: one, it gives man an inkling of his ancient connection to the source of everything; and two, it makes man feel that without this connection, he has no hope of peace, of satisfaction, of attainment.

War is the natural state for a warrior, and peace is an anomaly. But war, for a warrior, doesn't mean acts of individual or collective stupidity or wanton violence. War, for a warrior, is the total struggle against that individual self that has deprived man of his power.

Ruthlessness is the most basic premise of sorcery. Any movement of the assemblage point means a movement away from the excessive concern with the

individual self.

Self-importance is the force generated by man's self-image. It is that force which keeps the assemblage point fixed where it is at present. For this reason, the thrust of the warrior's way is to dethrone self-importance. And everything sorcerers do is toward accomplishing this goal.

Sorcerers have unmasked self-importance and found that it is self-pity masquerading as something else. It doesn't sound possible, but that is what it is. Self-pity is the real enemy and the source of man's misery. Without a degree of pity for himself, man could not afford to be as self-important as he is. However, once the force of self-importance is engaged, it develops its own momentum. And it is this seemingly independent nature of self-importance which gives it its fake sense of worth.

Sorcerers are absolutely convinced that by moving our assemblage points away



from their customary position we achieve a state of being which could only be called ruthlessness. Sorcerers know, by means of their practical actions, that as soon as their assemblage points move, their self-importance crumbles. Without the customary position of their assemblage points, their self-image can no longer be sustained. And without the heavy focus on that self-image, they lose their self-compassion, and with it their self-importance. Sorcerers are right, therefore, in saying that self-importance is merely self-pity in disguise.

A nagual in his role as leader or teacher has to behave in the most efficient, but at the same time most impeccable, way. Since it is not

possible for him to plan the course of his actions rationally, the nagual always lets the spirit decide his course.

The position of self-reflection forces the assemblage point to assemble a world of

sham compassion, but of very real cruelty and self-centeredness. In that world the only real feelings are those convenient for the one who feelings them.

For a sorcerer, ruthlessness is not cruelty. Ruthlessness is the opposite of self-pity or self-importance. Ruthlessness is sobriety.

Sorcerers' increased energy, derived from the curtailment of their self-reflection, allows their senses a greater range of perception.

The only worthwhile course of action, whether for sorcerers or average men, is to restrict our involvement with our self-image. What a nagual aims at with his apprentices is the shattering of their mirror of self-reflection.

Each of us has a different degree of attachment to his self-reflection. And that attachment is felt as need.

It is possible for sorcerers, or average men, to need no one, to get peace, harmony, laughter, knowledge, directly from the spirit--to need no intermediaries. For you and for me, its different. I'm your intermediary and my teacher was mine. Intermediaries, besides providing a minimal chance--the awareness of *intent*--help shatter peoples mirrors of self-reflection.

The only concrete help you ever get from me is that I attack yourself-reflection. If it weren't for that, you would be wasting your time. This is the only real help you've gotten from me.

I've taught you all kinds of things in order to trap your attention. You'll swear, though, that that teaching has been the important part. It hasn't. There is very little value in instruction. Sorcerers maintain that moving the assemblage point is all that matters. And that movement depends on increased energy and not on instruction.

Any human being who would follow a specific and simple sequence of actions can learn to move his assemblage point. The sequence of actions I am talking about is one that stems from being aware. The nagual provides a minimal chance, but that minimal chance is not instruction, like the instruction you need to learn to operate a machine. The minimal chance consists of being made aware of the spirit.

The specific sequence I have in mind calls for being aware that self-importance is the force which keeps the assemblage point fixed. When self-importance is curtailed, the energy it requires is no longer expended. That increased energy then serves as the springboard that launches the assemblage point, automatically and without premeditation, into an inconceivable journey.

Once the assemblage point has moved, the movement itself entails moving from self-reflection, and this, in turn, assures a clear connecting link with the spirit. After all, it is self-reflection that has disconnected man from the spirit in the first place.

As I have already said to you, sorcery is a journey of return. We return victorious to the spirit, having descended into hell. And from hell we bring trophies. Understanding is one of our trophies.

Our difficulty with this simple progression is that most of us are unwilling to accept that we need so little to get on with. We are geared to expect instruction, teaching, guides, masters. And when we are told that we need no one, we don't believe it. We become nervous, then distrustful, and finally angry and disappointed. If we need help, it is not in methods, but in emphasis. If someone makes us aware that we need to curtail our self-importance, that help is real.

Sorcerers say we should need no one to convince us that the world is infinitely more complex than our wildest fantasies. So, why are we dependent? Why do we crave someone to guide us when we can do it ourselves? Big question, eh?

The spirit moves the assemblage point. I have insisted to the point of exhaustion that there are no procedures in sorcery. There are no methods, no steps. The only thing that matters is the movement of the assemblage point. And no procedure can cause that. It's an effect that happens all by itself.

The nagual entices the assemblage point into moving by helping to destroy the mirror of self-reflection. But that is all the nagual can do. The actual mover is the spirit, the abstract; something that cannot be seen or felt; something that does not seem to exist, and yet does. For this reason, sorcerers report that the assemblage point moves all by itself.

Because the spirit has no perceivable essence, sorcerers deal rather with the specific instances and ways in which they are able to shatter the mirror of self-reflection.

The world of our self-reflection or of our mind is very flimsy and is held together by a few key ideas that serve as its underlying order. When those ideas fail, the underlying order ceases to function.

Continuity is the key idea. Continuity is the idea that we are a solid block. In our minds, what sustains our world is the certainty that we are unchangeable.

I've described to you in the past the concept of *stopping the world* and that it is as necessary for sorcerers as reading and writing are for the average man. It consists of introducing a dissonant element into the fabric of everyday behavior for purposes of halting the otherwise smooth flow of ordinary events--events which are catalogued in our minds by our reason.

The dissonant element is called *not-doing*, or the opposite of *doing*. *Doing* is anything that is part of a whole for which we have a cognitive account. *Not-doing* is an element that does not belong in that charted whole.

Sorcerers, because they are *stalkers*, understand human behavior to perfection. They understand, for instance, that human beings are creatures of inventory. Knowing the ins and outs of a particular inventory is what makes a man a scholar or an expert in his field.

Sorcerers know that when an average person's inventory fails, the person either enlarges his inventory or his world of self-reflection collapses. The average person is willing to incorporate new items into his inventory if they don't contradict the inventory's underlying order. But if the items contradict that order, the person's mind collapses. The inventory is the mind. Sorcerers count on this when they attempt to break the mirror of self-reflection.

Intent is *intended* with the eyes. I know that it is so. Yet, just like you, I can't pinpoint what it is I know. Sorcerers resolve this particular difficulty by accepting something extremely obvious: human beings are infinitely more complex and mysterious than our wildest fantasies.

All I can say is that the eyes do it. I don't know how, but they do it. They summon *intent* with something indefinable that they have, something in their shine. Sorcerers say that *intent* is experienced with the eyes, not with the reason.

Continuity is so important in our lives that if it breaks it's always instantly repaired. In the case of sorcerers, however, once their assemblage points reach the place of no pity, continuity is never the same.

You are dealing with a new type of continuity. It takes time to get used to it. Warriors spend years in limbo where they are neither average men nor sorcerers. The difficulty is that the mirror of self-reflection is extremely powerful and only lets its victims go after a ferocious struggle.

There is something called a silent protector. It is a lifesaver, a surge of inexplicable energy that comes to a warrior when nothing else works. Sorcerers' options are silent protectors. They are positions of the assemblage point. There is something called a silent protector. It is a lifesaver, a surge of inexplicable energy that comes to a warrior when nothing else works. Sorcerers' options are silent protectors. They are positions of the assemblage point. The infinite number of positions which the assemblage point can reach. In each and every one of those shallow or deep shifts, a sorcerer can strengthen his new continuity.

The effect of those shifts of the assemblage point is cumulative. It weighs on you whether you understand it or not.

Don't wish for death, just wait until it comes. Don't try to imagine what it's like. Just be there to be caught in its flow.

The sorcerers' struggle for assuredness is the most dramatic struggle there is. It's painful and costly. Many, many times it has actually cost sorcerers their lives.

In order for any sorcerer to have complete certainty about his actions, or about his position in the sorcerers' world, or to be capable of utilizing intelligently his new continuity, he must invalidate the continuity of his old life. Only then can his actions have the necessary assuredness to fortify and balance the tenuousness and instability of his new continuity.

The sorcerer seers of modern times call this process of invalidation the ticket to impeccability, or the sorcerers' symbolic but final death.

Sorcerers have a peculiar bent. They live exclusively in the twilight of a feeling best described by the words "and yet..." When everything is crumbling down around them, sorcerers accept that the situation is terrible, and then immediately escape to the twilight of "and yet..."

Warriors do their utmost, and then, without any remorse or regrets, they relax and let the spirit decide the outcome. The decision of the spirit is another basic core. Sorcery stories are built around it.

A sorcerer's ticket to freedom is his death. I myself have paid with my life for that ticket to freedom, as has everyone else in my household. And now we are equals in our condition of being dead.

You too are dead. The sorcerers' grand trick, however, is to be aware that they are dead. Their ticket to impeccability must be wrapped in awareness. In that wrapping, sorcerers say, their ticket is kept in mint condition.

Explanations are never wasted, because they are imprinted in us for immediate or later use or to help prepare our way to reaching silent knowledge.

Silent knowledge is a general position of the assemblage point. Ages ago it was man's normal position, but, for reasons which would be impossible to determine, man's assemblage point moved away from that specific location and adopted a new one called "reason."

The place of no pity, being another position of the assemblage point, is the forerunner of silent knowledge, and yet another position of the assemblage point called "the place of concern," is the forerunner of reason.

Death is painful only when it happens in one's bed, in sickness. In a fight for your life, you feel no pain. If you feel anything, it's exultation.

One of the most dramatic differences between civilized men and sorcerers is the way in which death comes to them. Only with sorcerer-warriors is death kind and sweet. They could be mortally wounded and yet would feel no pain. And what is even more extraordinary is that death holds itself in abeyance for as long as the sorcerers need it to do so. The greatest difference between an average man and a sorcerer is that a sorcerer commands his death with his speed.

In the world of everyday life our word or our decisions can be reversed very easily. The only irrevocable thing in our world is death. In the sorcerers' world, on the other hand, normal death can be countermanded, but not the sorcerers' word. In the sorcerers' world decisions cannot be changed or revised. Once they have been made, they stand forever.

For a seer human beings are either oblong or spherical luminous masses of countless, static, yet vibrant fields of energy, and only sorcerers are capable of injecting movement into those spheres of static luminosity. In a millisecond they can move their assemblage points to any place in their luminous mass. That movement and the speed with which it is performed entails an instantaneous shift into the perception of another totally different universe. Or they can move their assemblage points, without stopping, across their entire fields of luminous energy. The force created by such movement is so intense that it instantly consumes their whole luminous mass.

Possibly every human being under normal living conditions has had at one time or another the opportunity to break away from the bindings of convention. I don't mean social convention, but the conventions binding our perception. A moment of elation would suffice to move our assemblage points and break our conventions. So, too, a moment off right, ill health, anger, or grief. But ordinarily, whenever we have the chance to move our assemblage points we become frightened. Our religious, academic, social backgrounds come into play. They assure our safe return to the flock; the return of our assemblage points to the prescribed position of normal living.

All the mystics and spiritual teachers you know of have done just that: their

assemblage points moved, either through discipline or accident, to a certain point; and then they returned to normalcy carrying a memory that lasted them a lifetime.

The average man, incapable of finding the energy to perceive beyond his daily limits, calls the realm of extraordinary perception sorcery, witchcraft, or the work of the devil, and shies away from it without examining it further.

Turn everything into what it really is: the abstract, the spirit, the *nagual*. There is no witchcraft, no evil, no devil. There is only perception.

Your assemblage point can move beyond the place of no pity into the place of silent knowledge. To manipulate it yourself means you have enough energy to move between reason and silent knowledge at will. If a sorcerer has enough energy--or even if he does not have sufficient energy but needs to shift because it is a matter of life and death--he can fluctuate between reason and silent knowledge.

At this stage in your development, any movement of your assemblage point will still be a mystery. Your challenge at the beginning of your apprenticeship is maintaining your gains, rather than reasoning them out. At some point everything will make sense to you.

You have to be able to explain knowledge to yourself before you can claim that it makes sense to you. For a movement of your assemblage point to make sense, you will need to have energy to fluctuate from the place of reason to the place of silent knowledge.

Your assemblage point can move by itself. You can *intend* the movement by manipulating certain feelings and in so doing your assemblage point can reach the position of silent knowledge.

One way to talk about the perception attained in the place of silent knowledge is to call it "here and here."

Intending the movement of the assemblage point is a great accomplishment. But accomplishment is something personal. It's necessary, but it's not the important part. It is not the residue sorcerers look forward to. The idea of the abstract, the spirit, is the only residue that is important. The idea of the personal self has no value whatsoever. Every time I've had the chance, I have made you aware of the need to abstract. You have always believed that I meant to think abstractly. No. To abstract means to make yourself available to the spirit by being aware of it.

One of the most dramatic things about the human condition is the macabre connection between stupidity and self-reflection.

It is stupidity that forces us to discard anything that does not conform with our self-reflective expectations. For example, as average men, we are blind to the most crucial piece of knowledge available to a human being: the existence of the assemblage point and the fact that it can move.

For a rational man it's unthinkable that there should be an invisible point where perception is assembled.

For the rational man to hold steadfastly to his self-image insures his abysmal ignorance. He ignores, for instance, the fact that sorcery is not incantations and hocus-pocus, but the freedom to perceive not only the world taken for granted, but everything else that is humanly possible.

Here is where the average man's stupidity is most dangerous; he is afraid of sorcery.

He trembles at the possibility of freedom. And freedom is at his fingertips. It's called the third point. And it can be reached as easily as the assemblage point can be made to move.

This is another of the sorcerers' contradictions: it's very difficult and yet it's the simplest thing in the world. I've told you already that a high fever could move the assemblage point. Hunger or fear or love or hate could do it; mysticism too, and also *unbending intent*, which is the preferred method of sorcerers.

Unbending intent is a sort of single-mindedness human beings exhibit; an extremely well-defined purpose not countermanded by any conflicting interests or desires; *unbending intent* is also the force engendered when the assemblage point is maintained fixed in a position which is not the usual one.

The distinction between a movement and a shift of the assemblage point is that a movement is a profound change of position, so extreme that the assemblage point might even reach other bands of energy within our total luminous mass of energy fields. Each band of energy represents a completely different universe to be perceived. A shift, however, is a small movement within the band of energy fields we perceive as the world of everyday life.

Sorcerers see *unbending intent* as the catalyst to trigger their unchangeable decisions, or as the converse: their unchangeable decisions are the catalyst that propels their assemblage points to new positions, positions which in turn generate *unbending intent*.

Trying to reason out the sorcerers' metaphorical descriptions is as useless as trying to reason out silent knowledge.

The world of daily life consists of two points of reference. We have for example, here and there, in and out, up and down, good and evil, and so on and so forth. So, properly speaking, our perception of our lives is two-dimensional. None of what we perceive ourselves doing has depth.

A sorcerer perceives his actions with depth. His actions are tridimensional for him. They have a third point of reference.

Our points of reference are obtained primarily from our sense perception. Our senses perceive and differentiate what is immediate to us from what is not. Using that basic distinction we derive the rest.

In order to reach the third point of reference one must perceive two places at once.

Normal perception has an axis. "Here and there" are the perimeters of that axis, and we are partial to the clarity of "here." In normal perception, only "here" is perceived completely, instantaneously, and directly. Its twin referent, "there," lacks immediacy. It is inferred, deduced, expected, even assumed, but it is not apprehended directly with all the senses. When we perceive two places at once, total clarity is lost, but the immediate perception of "there" is gained.

A sorcerer, because he has a connecting link with *intent*, sees an oddity as a vehicle to perceiving--not an oddity, but a source of awe.

Only sorcerers can turn their feelings into *intent*. *Intent* is the spirit, so it is the spirit which moves their assemblage points.

The misleading part of all this is that I am saying only sorcerers know about the

spirit, that *intent* is the exclusive domain of sorcerers. This is not true at all, but it is the situation in the realm of practicality. The real condition is that sorcerers are more aware of their connection with the spirit than the average man and strive to manipulate it. That's all. I've already told you, the connecting link with *intent* is the universal feature shared by everything there is.

Being in two places at once is a milestone sorcerers use to mark the moment the assemblage point reaches the place of silent knowledge. Split perception, if accomplished by one's own means, is called the free movement of the assemblage point.

Every apprentice must consistently do everything within his power to encourage the free movement of his assemblage point. This all-out effort is cryptically called "reaching out for the third point."

The third point of reference is freedom of perception; it is *intent* ; it is the spirit; the somersault of thought into the miraculous; the act of reaching beyond our boundaries and touching the inconceivable.

To discover the possibility of being in two places at once is very exciting to the mind. Since our minds are our rationality, and our rationality is our self-reflection, anything beyond our self-reflection either appalls us or attracts us, depending on what kind of persons we are.

In terms of his connection with *intent* , a warrior goes through four stages. The first is when he has a rusty, untrustworthy link with *intent* . The second is when he succeeds in cleaning it. The third is when he learns to manipulate it. And the fourth is when he learns to accept the designs of the abstract.

Your disadvantage in the sorcerers' world is your lack of familiarity with it. In that world you have to relate yourself to everything in anew way, which is infinitely more difficult, because it has very little to do with your everyday life continuity.

The specific problem of sorcerers is two-fold. One is the impossibility of restoring a shattered continuity; the other is the impossibility of using the continuity dictated by the new position of their assemblage points. That new continuity is always too tenuous, too unstable, and does not offer sorcerers the assuredness they need to function as if they were in the world of everyday life.

Sorcerers don't resolve this problem. The spirit either resolves it for us or it doesn't. If it does, a sorcerer finds himself acting in the sorcerers' world, but without knowing how. This is the reason why I have insisted from the day I found you that impeccability is all that counts. A sorcerer lives an impeccable life, and that seems to beckon the solution. Why? No one knows.

Impeccability, as I have told you so many times, is not morality, it only resembles morality. Impeccability is simply the best use of our energy level. Naturally, it calls for frugality, thoughtfulness, simplicity, innocence; and above all, it calls for lack of self-reflection. All this makes it sound like a manual for monastic life, but it isn't.

Sorcerers say that in order to command the spirit, and by that they mean to command the movement of the assemblage point, one needs energy. The only thing that stores energy for us is our impeccability.

We do not have to be students of sorcery to move our assemblage point. Sometimes, due to natural although dramatic circumstances, such as war, deprivation,

stress, fatigue, sorrow, helplessness, men's assemblage points undergo profound movements. If the men who find themselves in such circumstances are able to adopt a sorcerer's ideology, they would be able to maximize that natural movement with no trouble. And they would seek and find extraordinary things instead of doing what men do in such circumstances: crave the return to normalcy.

When a movement of the assemblage point is maximized, both the average man or the apprentice in sorcery becomes a sorcerer, because by maximizing that movement, continuity is shattered beyond repair.

You maximize that movement by curtailing self-reflection. Moving the assemblage point or breaking one's continuity is not the real difficulty. The real difficulty is having energy. If one has energy, once the assemblage point moves, inconceivable things are there for the asking.

Man's predicament is that he intuits his hidden resources, but he does not dare use them. This is why sorcerers say that man's plight is the counterpoint between his stupidity and his ignorance. Man needs now, more so than ever, to be taught new ideas that have to do exclusively with his inner world--sorcerers' ideas, not social ideas, ideas pertaining to man facing the unknown, facing his personal death. Now, more than anything else, he needs to be taught the secrets of the assemblage point.

The spirit is indefinable. One cannot even feel it, much less talk about it. One can only beckon it by acknowledging its existence.

The position of silent knowledge is called the third point because in order to get to it one has to pass the second point, the place of no pity.

Every human being has a capacity for that fluidity. For most of us, however, it is stored away and we never use it, except on rare occasions which are brought about by sorcerers, or by dramatic natural circumstances, such as a life-or-death struggle.

Only a human being who is a paragon of reason can move his assemblage point easily and be a paragon of silent knowledge. Only those who are squarely in either position can see the other position clearly. That was the way the age of reason came to being. The position of reason was clearly seen from the position of silent knowledge.

The one-way bridge from silent knowledge to reason is called "concern." That is, the concern that true men of silent knowledge have about the source of what they know. And the other one-way bridge, from reason to silent knowledge, is called "pure understanding." That is, the recognition that tells the man of reason that reason is only one island in an endless sea of islands.

A human being who has both one-way bridges working is a sorcerer indirect contact with the spirit, the vital force that makes both positions possible.

The spirit only listens when the speaker speaks in gestures. And gestures do not mean signs or body movements, but acts of true abandon, acts of largesse, of humor. As a gesture for the spirit, sorcerers bring out the best of themselves and silently offer it to the abstract.

Sorcerers count their lives in hours. In one hour it is possible for a sorcerer to live the equivalent in intensity of a normal life. This intensity is an advantage when it

comes to storing information in the movement of the assemblage point.

The assemblage point, with even the most minute shifting, creates totally isolated islands of perception. Information, in the form of experiences in the complexity of awareness can be stored there. But how can information be stored in something so vague? The mind is equally vague, and still you trust it because you are familiar with it. You don't yet have the same familiarity with the movement of the assemblage point, but it is just about the same.

The information is stored in the experience itself. Later, when a sorcerer moves his assemblage point to the exact spot where it was, he relives the total experience. This sorcerers' recollection is the way to get back all the information stored in the movement of the assemblage point.

Intensity is an automatic result of the movement of the assemblage point. Intensity, being an aspect of *intent*, is connected naturally to the shine of the sorcerers' eyes. In order to recall those isolated islands of perception sorcerers need only *intent* the particular shine of their eyes associated with whichever spot they want to return to.

Because his intensity rate is greater than normal, in a few hours a sorcerer can live the equivalent of a normal lifetime. His assemblage point, by shifting to an unfamiliar position, takes in more energy than usual. That extra flow of energy is called intensity.

Beware of a reaction which typically afflicts sorcerers--a frustrating desire to explain the sorcery experience in cogent, well-reasoned terms.

The sorcerers' experience is so outlandish that sorcerers consider it an intellectual exercise, and use it to *stalk* themselves with. Their trump card as *stalkers*, though, is that they remain keenly aware that we are perceivers and that perception has more possibilities than the mind can conceive.

In order to protect themselves from that immensity, sorcerers learn to maintain a perfect blend of ruthlessness, cunning, patience, and sweetness. These four bases are inextricably bound together. Sorcerers cultivate them by *intending* them. These bases are, naturally, positions of the assemblage point.

Every act performed by any sorcerer is by definition governed by these four principles. So, properly speaking, every sorcerer's every action is deliberate in thought and realization, and has the specific blend of the four foundations of *stalking*.

Sorcerers use the four moods of *stalking* as guides. These are four different frames of mind, four different brands of intensity that sorcerers can use to induce their assemblage points to move to specific positions.

Our tendency is to ponder, to question, to find out. And there is no way to do that from within the discipline of sorcery. Sorcery is the act of reaching the place of silent knowledge, and silent knowledge can't be reasoned out. It can only be experienced.

Sorcerers, in an effort to protect themselves from the overwhelming effect of silent knowledge, developed the art of *stalking*. *Stalking* moves the assemblage point minutely but steadily, thus giving sorcerers time and therefore the possibility of buttressing themselves.

Within the art of *stalking* there is a technique which sorcerers use a great deal: controlled folly. Sorcerers claim that controlled folly is the only way they have of dealing with themselves--in their state of expanded awareness and perception--and with everybody and everything in the world of daily affairs.

Controlled folly is the art of controlled deception or the art of pretending to be

thoroughly immersed in the action at hand--pretending so well no one could tell it from the real thing. Controlled folly is not an outright deception but a sophisticated, artistic way of being separated from everything while remaining an integral part of everything.

Controlled folly is an art. A very bothersome art, and a difficult one to learn. Many sorcerers don't have the stomach for it, not because there is anything inherently wrong with the art, but because it takes a lot of energy to exercise it.

By the time we come to sorcery, our personality is already formed and all we can do is practice controlled folly and laugh at ourselves.

Stalkers who practice controlled folly believe that, in matters of personality, the entire human race falls into three categories. Sorcerers long ago learned that only our personal self-reflection falls into one of the categories.

The trouble with us is that we take ourselves seriously. Whichever category our self-image falls into only matters because of importance-importance. If we weren't self-important, it wouldn't matter at all which category we fell into.

The basic cores reveal themselves extremely slowly, erratically advancing and retreating. I can't repeat often enough that every man whose assemblage point moves can move it further. And the only reason we need a teacher is to spur us on mercilessly. Otherwise our natural reaction is to stop to congratulate ourselves for having covered so much ground.

Self-importance is a monster that has three thousand heads. And one can face up to it and destroy it in any of three ways. The first way is to sever each head one at a time; the second is to reach that mysterious state of being called the place of no pity, which destroys self-importance by slowly starving it; and the third is to pay for the instantaneous annihilation of the three-thousand-headed monster with one's symbolic death.

Consider yourself fortunate if you get the chance to choose. For it is the spirit that usually determines which way the sorcerer is to go, and it is the duty of the sorcerer to follow.

The place of no pity is a position of the assemblage point, a position which renders self-pity inoperative.

Appearance is the essence of controlled folly, and *stalkers* create appearances by *intending* them. *Intending* appearances is exclusively an exercise for *stalkers*.

Stalkers call *intent*. The indispensable part of the act of calling *intent* is a total concentration on what is *intended*.

Man has a dark side. It's called stupidity. In the same measure that ritual forced the average man to construct huge churches that were monuments to self-importance, ritual also forced sorcerers to construct edifices of morbidity and obsession. As a result, it is the duty of every naggal to guide awareness so it will fly toward the abstract, free of liens and mortgages.

Ritual can trap our attention better than anything I can think of. But it also demands a very high price. That high price is morbidity; and morbidity could have the heaviest liens and mortgages on our awareness.

Human awareness is like an immense haunted house. The awareness of everyday life is like being sealed in one room of that immense house for life. We enter the room through a magical opening: birth. And we exit through another such magical opening: death.

Sorcerers, however, are capable of finding still another opening and can leave that sealed room while still alive. A superb attainment. But their astounding accomplishment is that when they escape from that sealed room they choose freedom. They choose to leave that immense, haunted house entirely instead of getting lost in other parts of it.

Morbidity is the antithesis of the surge of energy awareness needs to reach freedom. Morbidity makes sorcerers lose their way and become trapped in the intricate, dark byways of the unknown.

Stalkers who *intend* appearances are performers who are being coached by the spirit itself. The teacher's reason for training an apprentice as he does is freedom. He wants their freedom from perceptual convention. And he teaches them to be artists. *Stalking* is an art. For a sorcerer, since he's not a patron or a seller of art, the only thing of importance about a work of art is that it can be accomplished.

Think about the basic cores of the sorcery stories. Or rather, don't think about them, but make your assemblage point move toward the place of silent knowledge. Moving the assemblage point is everything, but it means nothing if it's not a sober, controlled movement. So, close the door of self-reflection. Be impeccable and you'll have the energy to reach the place of silent knowledge.

The Art of Dreaming

Sorcery is the act of embodying some specialized theoretical and practical premises about the nature and role of perception in molding the universe around us.

Our world is only one in a cluster of consecutive worlds, arranged like the layers of an onion. Even though we have been energetically conditioned to perceive solely our world, we still have the capability of entering into those other realms, which are as real, unique, absolute, and engulfing as our own world is.

For us to perceive those other realms, not only do we have to covet them but we need to have sufficient energy to seize them. Their existence is constant and independent of our awareness, but their inaccessibility is entirely a consequence of our energetic conditioning. In other words, simply and solely because of that conditioning, we are compelled to assume that the world of daily life is the one and only possible world.

Believing that our energetic conditioning is correctable, sorcerers of ancient times developed a set of practices designed to recondition our energetic capabilities to perceive. They called this set of practices the art of *dreaming*. It's the gateway to infinity.

Through *dreaming* we can perceive other worlds, which we can certainly describe, but we can't describe what makes us perceive them. Yet we can feel how *dreaming* opens up those other realms. *Dreaming* seems to be a sensation--a process in our bodies, an awareness in our minds.

Dreaming instruction is divided into two parts. One is about *dreaming* procedures, the other about the purely abstract explanations of these procedures: an interplay between enticing one's intellectual curiosity with the abstract principles of *dreaming* and guiding one to seek an outlet in its practices.

The human psyche is infinitely more complex than our mundane or academic reasoning has led us to believe.

The second attention is an energetic configuration of awareness.

In order to appreciate the position of *dreamers* and *dreaming*, one has to understand the struggle of modern-day sorcerers to steer sorcery away from concreteness toward the abstract.

Concreteness is the practical part of sorcery. The obsessive fixation of the mind on practices and techniques. And the unwarranted influence over people.

The abstract is the search for freedom, freedom to perceive, without obsessions, all that's humanly possible. Present-day sorcerers seek the abstract because they seek freedom; they have no interest in concrete gains.

After lifelong discipline and training, sorcerers acquire the capacity to perceive the essence of things, a capacity they call *seeing*.

To perceive the energetic essence of things means that you perceive energy directly. By separating the social part of perception, you'll perceive the essence of everything. Whatever we are perceiving is energy, but since we can't directly perceive energy, we process our perception to fit a mold. This mold is the social part of perception, which you have to separate.

You have to separate it because it deliberately reduces the scope of what can be perceived and makes us believe that the mold into which we fit our perception is all that exists. For man to survive now, his perception must change at its social base.

This social base of perception is the physical certainty that the world is made of concrete objects. I call this a social base because a serious and fierce effort is put out by everybody to guide us to perceive the world the way we do.

Everything is energy. The whole universe is energy. The social base of our perception should be the physical certainty that energy is all there is. A mighty effort should be made to guide us to perceive energy as energy. Then we would have both alternatives at our fingertips.

To train people in such a fashion is possible and this is precisely what I am doing with you. I am teaching you a new way of perceiving, first, by making you realize we process our perception to fit a mold and, second, by fiercely guiding you to perceive

energy directly. This method is very much like the one used to teach us to perceive the world of daily affairs.

Our entrapment in processing our perception to fit a social mold loses its power when we realize we have accepted this mold, as an inheritance from our ancestors, without bothering to examine it.

To perceive a world of hard objects that had either a positive or a negative value must have been utterly necessary for our ancestors' survival. After ages of perceiving in such a manner, we are now forced to believe that the world is made up of objects.

It is unquestionably a world of objects. To prove it, all we have to do is bump into them. We are not arguing that. I am saying that this is first a world of energy; then it's a world of objects. If we don't start with the premise that it is a world of energy, we'll never be able to perceive energy directly. We'll always be stopped by the physical certainty of the hardness of objects.

Our way of perceiving is a predator's way. There is another mode, the one I am familiarizing you with: the act of perceiving the essence of everything, energy itself, directly.

To perceive the essence of everything will make us understand, classify, and describe the world in entirely new, more exciting, more sophisticated terms. Terms that correspond to sorcery truths, which have no rational foundation and no relation whatsoever to the facts of our daily world but which are self-evident truths for the sorcerers who perceive energy directly and *see* the essence of everything.

For such sorcerers, the most significant act of sorcery is to *see* the essence of the universe. The essence of the universe resembles incandescent threads stretched into infinity in every conceivable direction, luminous filaments that are conscious of themselves in ways impossible for the human mind to comprehend.

From *seeing* the essence of the universe, sorcerers go on to *see* the energy essence of human beings and depict human beings as bright shapes that resemble giant eggs and call them luminous eggs.

When sorcerers *see* a human being they *see* a giant, luminous shape that floats, making, as it moves, a deep furrow in the energy of the earth, just as if the luminous shape had a taproot that was dragging.

The decisive finding of the sorcerers of antiquity and the crucial feature of human beings as luminous balls, is a round spot of intense brilliance, the size of a tennis ball, permanently lodged inside the luminous ball, flush with its surface, about two feet back from the crest of a person's right shoulder blade.

The luminous ball is much larger than the human body. The spot of intense brilliance is part of this ball of energy, and it is located on a place at the height of the shoulder blades, an arm's length from a person's back. The old sorcerers named it the assemblage point after *seeing* what it does. It makes us perceive. Inhuman beings, perception is assembled there, on that point. *Seeing* that all living beings have such a point of brilliance, the old sorcerers surmised that perception in general must take place on that spot, in whatever pertinent manner.

What they *saw* that made them conclude that perception takes place on the assemblage point was first, that out of the millions of the universe's luminous energy filaments passing through the entire luminous ball, only a small number pass directly through the assemblage point, as should be expected since it is small in comparison

with the whole.

Next, they *saw* that a spherical extra glow, slightly bigger than the assemblage point, always surrounds it, greatly intensifying the luminosity of the filaments passing directly through that glow.

Finally, that *saw* two things. One, that the assemblage points of human beings can dislodge themselves from the spot where they are usually located. And, two, that when the assemblage point is on its habitual position, perception and awareness seem to be normal, judging by the normal behavior of the subjects being observed. But when their assemblage points and surrounding glowing spheres are on a different position than the habitual one, their unusual behavior seems to be the proof that their awareness is different, that they are perceiving in an unfamiliar manner.

The conclusion the old sorcerers drew from all this was that the greater the displacement of the assemblage point from its customary position, the more unusual the consequent behavior and, evidently, the consequent awareness and perception.

Notice that when I talk about *seeing*, I always say "having the appearance of" or "seemed like." Everything one *sees* is so unique that there is no way to talk about it except by comparing it to something known to us.

The most adequate example of this difficulty is the way sorcerers talk about the assemblage point and the glow that surrounds it. They describe them as brightness, yet it cannot be brightness, because seers *see* them without their eyes. They have to fill out the difference, however, and say that the assemblage point is a spot of light and that around it there is a halo, a glow. We are so visual, so ruled by our predator's perception, that everything we *see* must be rendered in terms of what the predator's eye normally sees.

After *seeing* what the assemblage point and its surrounding glow seemed to be doing, the old sorcerers advanced an explanation. They proposed that in human beings the assemblage point, by focusing its glowing sphere on the universe's filaments of energy that pass directly through it, automatically and without premeditation assembles those filaments into a steady perception of the world.

How those filaments are assembled into a steady perception of the world, no one can possibly know. Sorcerers *see* the movement of energy, but just *seeing* the movement of energy cannot tell them how or why energy moves.

Seeing that millions of conscious energy filaments pass through the assemblage point, the old sorcerers postulated that in passing through it they come together, amassed by the glow that surrounds it. After *seeing* that the glow is extremely dim in people who have been rendered unconscious or are about to die, and that it is totally absent from corpses, they were convinced that this glow is awareness.

The assemblage point and its surrounding glow are the mark of life and consciousness. The inescapable conclusion of the sorcerers of antiquity was that awareness and perception go together and are tied to the assemblage point and the glow that surrounds it.

I can't explain to you why, but there is no way sorcerers can be mistaken about their *seeing*. Now the conclusions they arrive at from their *seeing* might be wrong, but that would be because they are naive, uncultivated. In order to avoid this disaster, sorcerers have to cultivate their minds, in whatever form they can.

It certainly would be infinitely safer for sorcerers to remain solely at the level of

describing what they *see* , but the temptation to conclude and explain, even if only to oneself, is far too great to resist.

When the assemblage point is displaced to another position, a new conglomerate of millions of luminous energy filaments come together on that point. The sorcerers of antiquity *saw* this and concluded that since the glow of awareness is always present wherever the assemblage point is, perception is automatically assembled there. Because of the different position of the assemblage point, the resulting world, however, cannot be our world of daily affairs.

The old sorcerers were capable of distinguishing two types of assemblage point displacement. One was a displacement to any position on the surface or in the interior of the luminous ball; this displacement they called a *shift* of the assemblage point. The other was a displacement to a position outside the luminous ball; they called this displacement a *movement* of the assemblage point. They found out that the difference between a shift and a movement was the nature of the perception each allows.

Since the shifts of the assemblage point are displacements within the luminous ball, the worlds engendered by them, no matter how bizarre or wondrous or unbelievable they might be, are still worlds within the human domain. The human domain is the energy filaments that pass through the entire luminous ball. By contrast, movements of the assemblage point, since they are displacements to positions outside the luminous ball, engage filaments of energy that are beyond the human realm. Perceiving such filaments engenders worlds that are beyond comprehension, inconceivable worlds with no trace of human antecedents in them.

This business of the assemblage point is an idea so farfetched, so inadmissible that there is only one thing for you to do. *See* the assemblage point! It isn't that difficult to *see* . The difficulty is in breaking the retaining wall we all have in our minds that holds us in place. To break it, all we need is energy. Once we have energy, *seeing* happens to us by itself. The trick is in abandoning our fort of self-complacency and false security.

It *is* just a matter of having energy. The hard part is convincing yourself that it can be done. For this, you need to trust the nagual. The marvel of sorcery is that every sorcerer has to prove everything with his own experience. I am telling you about the principles of sorcery not with the hope that you will memorize them but with the hope that you will practice them.

Our link is with the spirit itself and only incidentally with the man who brings us its message.

The assemblage point has nothing to do with what we normally perceive as the body. It's part of the luminous egg, which is our energy self.

It is displaced through energy currents. Jolts of energy, originating outside or inside our energy shape. These are usually unpredictable currents that happen randomly, but with sorcerers they are very predictable currents that obey the sorcerer's *intent*.

Every sorcerer feels them. Every human being does, for that matter, but average human beings are too busy with their own pursuits to pay any attention to feelings like that.

When the assemblage point moves outside the energy shape it pushes the contours of the energy shape out, without breaking its energy boundaries.

The end result of a movement of the assemblage point is a total change in the energy shape of a human being. Instead of a ball or an egg, he becomes something

resembling a smoking pipe. The tip of the stem is the assemblage point, and the bowl of the pipe is what remains of the luminous ball. If the assemblage point keeps on moving, a moment comes when the luminous ball becomes a thin line of energy. What makes mankind homogeneous is the fact that we are all luminous balls.

Another topic of our explanations is the indispensability of energetic uniformity and cohesion for the purpose of perceiving. Mankind perceives the world we know, in the terms we do, only because we share energetic uniformity and cohesion. We automatically attain these two conditions of energy in the course of our rearing. They are so taken for granted we do not realize their vital importance until we are faced with the possibility of perceiving worlds other than the world we know. At those moments, it becomes evident that we need anew appropriate energetic uniformity and cohesion to perceive coherently and totally.

Man's energetic shape has uniformity in the sense that every human being on earth has the form of a ball or an egg. And the fact that man's energy holds itself together as a ball or an egg proves it has cohesion. An example of a new uniformity and cohesion is the old sorcerers' energetic shape when it became a line: every one of them uniformly became a line and cohesively remained a line. Uniformity and cohesion at a line level permitted those old sorcerers to perceive a homogeneous new world.

The key to acquiring uniformity and cohesion is the position of the assemblage point, or rather the fixation of the assemblage point.

Those old sorcerers could have reverted to being egg like but they did not. And then the line cohesion set in and made it impossible for them to go back. What really crystallized that line cohesion and prevented them but making the journey back was a matter of choice and greed. The scope of what those sorcerers were able to perceive and do as lines of energy was astronomically greater than what an average man or any average sorcerer can do or perceive.

The human domain when one is an energy ball is whatever energy filaments pass through the space within the ball's boundaries. Normally, we perceive not all the human domain but perhaps only one thousandth of it. If we take this into consideration, the enormity of what the old sorcerers did becomes apparent; they extended themselves into a line a thousand times the size of a man as an energy ball and perceived all the energy filaments that passed through that line.

Make a giant effort to understand the new model of energy configuration I am outlining for you.

To understand all this certainly isn't an exercise for your reason. I have no way of explaining what sorcerers mean by filaments inside and outside the human shape. When seers *see* the human energy shape, they *see* one single ball of energy. If there is another ball next to it, the other ball is *seen* again as a single ball of energy. The idea of a multitude of luminous balls comes from our knowledge of human crowds. In the universe of energy, there are only single individuals, alone, surrounded by the boundless. You must *see* that for yourself.

To rearrange uniformity and cohesion means to enter into the second attention by retaining the assemblage point on its new position and keeping it from sliding back to its original spot.

The old sorcerers called the result of fixing the assemblage point on new positions the second attention. And they treated the second attention as an area of all-inclusive

activity, just as the attention of the daily world is. Sorcerers really have two complete areas for their endeavors: a small one, called the first attention or the awareness of our daily world or the fixation of the assemblage point on its habitual position; and a much larger area, the second attention or the awareness of other worlds or the fixation of the assemblage point on each of an enormous number of new positions.

Every time anyone enters into the second attention, the assemblage point is on a different position. To remember that experience, then, means to relocate the assemblage point on the exact position it occupied at the time those entrances into the second attention occurred. Not only do sorcerers have total and absolute recall but they relive every experience they had in the second attention by this act of returning their assemblage point to each of those specific positions. Sorcerers dedicate a lifetime to fulfilling this task of remembering.

Learning something in the second attention is just like learning when we were children. What we learn remains with us for life.

Entering into the second attention forces you to sustain, for long periods of time, new positions of your assemblage point and to perceive coherently in them, that is to say, it forces you to rearrange your uniformity and cohesion.

The assemblage point becomes very easily displaced during sleep. Dreams are totally associated with that displacement. The greater the displacement, the more unusual the dream or vice versa: the more unusual the dream, the greater the displacement.

Sorcerers view *dreaming* as an extremely sophisticated art; the art of displacing the assemblage point at will from its habitual position in order to enhance and enlarge the scope of what can be perceived.

The art of *dreaming* is anchored on five conditions in the energy flow of human beings.

1. . Only the energy filaments that pass directly through the assemblage point can be assembled into coherent perception.
2. If the assemblage point is displaced to another position, no matter how minute the displacement, different and unaccustomed energy filaments begin to pass through it, engaging awareness and forcing the assembling of these unaccustomed energy fields into a steady, coherent perception.
3. In the course of ordinary dreams, the assemblage point becomes easily displaced by itself to another position on the surface or in the interior of the luminous egg.
4. The assemblage point can be made to move to positions outside the luminous egg, into the energy filaments of the universe at large.
5. Through discipline it is possible to cultivate and perform, in the course of sleep and ordinary dreams, a systematic displacement of the assemblage point.



As a preamble to the first lesson in *dreaming* , I will talk about the second attention as a progression: beginning as an idea that comes to us more like a curiosity than an actual possibility; turning into something that can only be felt, as a sensation is felt; and finally evolving into a state of being, or a realm of

practicalities, or a preeminent force that opens for us worlds beyond our wildest fantasies.

Being a by-product of a displacement of the assemblage point, the second attention does not happen naturally but must be *intended*, beginning with *intending* it as an idea and ending up with *intending* it as a steady and controlled awareness of the assemblage points displacement.

The first step to power is to *set up dreaming* . To *set up dreaming* means to have a precise and practical command over the general situation of a dream.

This control is no different from the control we have over any situation in our daily lives. Sorcerers are used to it and get it every time they want or need to. In order for you to get used to it yourself I taught you to look at your hands while *dreaming* .

Explanations always call for deep thought. But when you actually dream, be as light as a feather. *Dreaming* has to be performed with integrity and seriousness, but in the midst of laughter and with the confidence of someone who doesn't have a worry in the world. Only under these conditions can our dreams actually be turned into *dreaming* .

I selected your hands as something to look for in your dreams because they will always be there. Looking for anything else is just as valid provided that you pick one thing in advance and stay with it night after night until you succeed in finding it. The goal of the exercise is not finding a specific thing but engaging your *dreaming* attention.

The *dreaming* attention is the control one acquires over one's dreams upon fixating the assemblage point on any new position to which it has been displaced during dreams. The *dreaming* attention is an incomprehensible facet of awareness that exists

by itself, waiting for a moment when we would entice it, a moment when we would give it purpose; it is a veiled faculty that every one of us has in reserve but never has the opportunity to use in everyday life.

There are seven gates and *dreamers* have to open all seven of them, one at a time. There are entrances and exits in the energy flow of the universe. In the specific case of *dreaming*, there are seven entrances, experienced as obstacles, which sorcerers call the seven gates of *dreaming*.

The first gate is a threshold we must cross by becoming aware of a particular sensation before deep sleep. A sensation which is like a pleasant heaviness that doesn't let us open our eyes. We reach that gate the instant we become aware that we're falling asleep, suspended in darkness and heaviness. There are no steps to follow. One just *intends* to become aware of falling asleep.

Intent or *intending* is something very difficult to talk about. I or anyone else would sound idiotic trying to explain it. Bear that in mind when you hear what I have to say next: sorcerers *intend* anything they set themselves to *intend*, simply by *intending* it.

For sorcerers, because the statement I made pertains to *intent* and *intending*, understanding it pertains to the realm of energy. Sorcerers believe that if one would *intend* that statement for the energy body, the energy body would understand it in terms entirely different from those of the mind. The trick is to reach the energy body. For that you need energy.

The energy body would understand that statement in terms of a bodily feeling, which is hard to describe. You'll have to experience it to know what I mean.

Intending is a subject not for your reason but for your energy body. At this point, you can't yet comprehend the import of all this, not only because you don't have sufficient energy but because you're not *intending* anything. If you were, your energy body would comprehend immediately that the only way to *intend* is by focusing your *intent* on whatever you want to *intend*.

The goal of *dreaming* is to *intend* the energy body. In this particular instance, since we're talking about the first gate of *dreaming*, the goal of *dreaming* is to *intend* that your energy body becomes aware that you are falling asleep. Don't try to force yourself to be aware of falling asleep. Let your energy body do it. To *intend* is to wish without wishing, to do without doing.

Accept the challenge of *intending*. Put your silent determination, without a single thought, into convincing yourself that you have reached your energy body and that you are a *dreamer*. Doing this will automatically put you in the position to be aware that you are falling asleep.

When you hear that you have to convince yourself, you automatically become more rational. How can you convince yourself you are a *dreamer* when you know you are not? *Intending* is both: the act of convincing yourself you are indeed a *dreamer*, although you have never dreamt before, and the act of being convinced.

I don't mean you have to tell yourself you are a *dreamer* and try your best to believe it. It isn't that.

Intending is much simpler and, at the same time, infinitely more complex than that. It requires imagination, discipline, and purpose. In this case, to *intend* means that you get an unquestionable bodily knowledge that you are a *dreamer*. You feel you are a *dreamer* with all the cells of your body.

You must reach your energy body on your own. *Intending* the first gate of *dreaming* is one of the means discovered by the sorcerers of antiquity for reaching the second attention and the energy body.

To ask a *dreamer* to find a determined item in his dreams is a subterfuge. The real issue is to become aware that one is falling asleep. And, strange as it may seem, that doesn't happen by commanding oneself to be aware that one is falling asleep but by sustaining the sight of whatever one is looking at in a dream.

Dreamers take quick, deliberate glances at everything present in a dream. If they focus their *dreaming* attention on something specific, it is only as a point of departure. From there, *dreamers* move on to look at other items in the dream's content, returning to the point of departure as many times as possible.

All that is required is your awareness of falling asleep. *Dreaming* has to be a very sober affair. No false movement can be afforded. *Dreaming* is a process of awakening, of gaining control. Our *dreaming* attention must be systematically exercised, for it is the door to the second attention.

The difference between the *dreaming* attention and the second attention is that the second attention is like an ocean, and the *dreaming* attention is like a river feeding into it. The second attention is the condition of being aware of total worlds, total like our world is total, while the *dreaming* attention is the condition of being aware of the items of our dreams.

The *dreaming* attention is the key to every movement in the sorcerers' world. Among the multitude of items in our dreams, there exist real energetic interferences, things that have been put in our dreams extraneously, by an alien force. To be able to find them and follow them is sorcery.

Dreams are, if not a door, a hatch into other worlds. As such, dreams are a two-way street. Our awareness goes through that hatch into other realms, and those other realms send scouts into our dreams.

Those scouts are energy charges that get mixed with the items of our normal dreams. They are bursts of foreign energy that come into our dreams, and we interpret them as items familiar or unfamiliar to us.

Dreams are a hatch into other realms of perception. Through that hatch, currents of unfamiliar energy seep in. Then the mind or the brain or whatever takes those currents of energy and turns them into parts of our dreams.

Sorcerers are aware of those currents of foreign energy. They notice them and strive to isolate them from the normal items of their dreams.

They isolate them because they come from other realms. If we follow them to their source, they serve us as guides into areas of such mystery that sorcerers shiver at the mere mention of such a possibility.

Sorcerers isolate them from the normal items of their dreams by the exercise and control of their *dreaming* attention. At one moment, our *dreaming* attention discovers them among the items of a dream and focuses on them, then the total dream collapses, leaving only the foreign energy.

I'm going to repeat what you must do in your dreams in order to pass the first gate of *dreaming*. First you must focus your gaze on your hands as the starting point. Then shift your gaze to other items and look at them in brief glances. Focus your gaze on as

many things as you can. Remember that if you glance only briefly, then the images don't shift. Then go back to your hands.

To pass the first gate of *dreaming* means that, first of all, we have reached the first gate of *dreaming* by becoming aware that we are falling asleep, or by having a gigantically real dream, and second, that we have crossed it by being able to sustain the sight of any item of our dreams.

In order to offset the evanescent quality of dreams, sorcerers have devised the use of the starting point item. Every time you isolate it and look at it, you get a surge of energy. As soon as the images begin to shift and you feel you are losing control, go back to your starting point item and start all over again.

The most astounding thing that happens to *dreamers* is that, on reaching the first gate, they also reach the energy body.

The energy body is the counterpart of the physical body. A ghostlike configuration made of pure energy. The physical body also is made out of energy.

The difference is that the energy body has only appearance but no mass. Since it's pure energy, it can perform acts that are beyond the possibilities of the physical body; such as transporting itself in one instant to the ends of the universe. And *dreaming* is the art of tempering the energy body, of making it supple and coherent by gradually exercising it.

Through *dreaming* we condense the energy body until it's a unit capable of perceiving. Its perception, although affected by our normal way of perceiving the daily world, is an independent perception. It has its own sphere.

That sphere is energy. The energy body deals with energy in terms of energy. There are three ways in which it deals with energy in *dreaming* : it can perceive energy as it flows, or it can use energy to boost itself like a rocket into unexpected areas, or it can perceive as we ordinarily perceive the world.

To perceive energy as it flows means to *see* . It means that the energy body *sees* energy directly as a light or as a vibrating current of sorts or as a disturbance. Or It feels it directly as a jolt or as a sensation that can even be pain.

Since energy is its sphere, it is no problem for the energy body to use currents of energy that exist in the universe to propel itself. All it has to do is isolate them, and off it goes with them.

Sorcerers isolate in their dreams scouts from other realms. Their energy bodies do that. They recognize energy and go for it. But it isn't desirable for *dreamers* to indulge in searching for scouts. I was reluctant to tell you about it, because of the facility with which one can get swayed by that search.

Reaching, with deliberate control, the first gate of *dreaming* is a way of arriving at the energy body. But to maintain that gain is predicated on energy alone. Sorcerers get that energy by redeploying, in a more intelligent manner, the energy they have and use for perceiving the daily world.

We all have a determined quantity of basic energy. That quantity is all the energy we have, and we use all of it for perceiving and dealing with our engulfing world. There is no more energy for us anywhere and, since our available energy is already engaged, there is not a single bit left in us for any extraordinary perception, such as *dreaming* .

That leaves us to scrounge energy for ourselves, wherever we can find it.

Sorcerers have a scrounging method. They intelligently redeploy their energy by cutting down anything they consider superfluous in their lives. They call this method the sorcerers' way. In essence, the sorcerers' way is a chain of behavioral choices for dealing with the world, choices much more intelligent than those our progenitors taught us. These sorcerers' choices are designed to revamp our lives by altering our basic reactions about being alive.

Those basic reactions are the two ways of facing our being alive. One is to surrender to it, either by acquiescing to its demands or by fighting those demands. The other is by molding our particular life situation to fit our own configurations.

One's particular life situation can be molded to fit one's specifications. *Dreamers* do that. A wild statement? Not really, if you consider how little we know about ourselves.

My interest, as a teacher, is to get you thoroughly involved with the themes of life and being alive; that is to say, with the difference between life, as a consequence of biological forces, and the act of being alive, as a matter of cognition.

When sorcerers talk about molding one's life situation they mean molding the awareness of being alive. Through molding this awareness, we can get enough energy to reach and sustain the energy body, and with it we can certainly mold the total direction and consequences of our lives.

Don't merely think about what I have told you. Turn my concepts into a viable way of life by a process of repetition. Everything new in our lives, such as the sorcerers' concepts I am teaching you, must be repeated to us to the point of exhaustion before we open ourselves to it. Repetition is the way our progenitors socialized us to function in the daily world.

As we tighten the control over our dreams, we tighten the mastery over our *dreaming* attention. The *dreaming* attention comes into play when it is called, when it is given a purpose. Its coming into play is not really a process, as one would normally understand a process, that is as an ongoing system of operations or a series of actions or functions that bring about an end result. It is rather an awakening. Something dormant becomes suddenly functional.

A *dreaming* teacher must create a didactic synthesis in order to emphasize a given point. In essence, what I wanted with your first task was to exercise your *dreaming* attention by focusing it on the items of your dreams. To this effect I used as a spearhead the idea of being aware of falling asleep. My subterfuge was to say that the only way to be aware of falling asleep is to examine the elements of one's dreams.

Exercising the *dreaming* attention is the essential point in *dreaming*. To the mind, however, it seems impossible that one can train oneself to be aware at the level of dreams. The active element of such training is persistence. The mind and all its rational defenses cannot cope with persistence. Sooner or later, the mind's barriers fall, under its impact, and the *dreaming* attention blooms.

As you practice focusing and holding your *dreaming* attention on the items of your dreams your entering into the second attention. This calls for even more sobriety on your part. Go slowly, but don't stop, and about all, don't talk about it. Just do it.

If one takes short glances at everything in a dream, the images do not dissolve. The difficult part is to break the initial barrier that prevents us from bringing dreams to our conscious attention.

This barrier is in part a psychological one created by our socialization, which puts a premium on disregarding dreams. But the barrier is more than socialization. It's the first gate of *dreaming*. The first gate of *dreaming* has to do with the flow of energy in the universe. It's a natural obstacle.

The energy needed to release our *dreaming* attention from its socialization prison comes from redeploying our existing energy. The emergence of our *dreaming* attention is a direct corollary of revamping our lives. Since we have no way to plug into any external source for a boost of energy, we must redeploy our existing energy, by any means available.

The sorcerers' way is the best means to oil, so to speak, the wheels of energy redeployment. Of all the items in the sorcerers' way, the most effective is *losing self-importance*. This is indispensable for everything sorcerers do, and for this reason I put an enormous emphasis on guiding all my students to fulfill this requirement. Self-importance is not only the sorcerer's supreme enemy but the nemesis of mankind.

Most of our energy goes into upholding our importance. This is most obvious in our endless worry about the presentation of the self, about whether or not we are admired or liked or acknowledged. If we are capable of losing some of that importance, two extraordinary things happen to us. One, we free our energy from trying to maintain the illusory idea of our grandeur; and, two, we provide ourselves with enough energy to enter into the second attention to catch a glimpse of the actual grandeur of the universe.

The capability of examining the contents of one's dreams is the product of a natural configuration of our being, similar to our capability of walking. We are physically conditioned to walk only in one manner, bipedally, yet it takes a monumental effort for us to tolerate to walk.

We are not alone in this world. There are other worlds available to *dreamers*, total worlds. From those other total worlds, energetic entities sometimes come to us.

You can't explain *dreaming* by way of things you know or suspect you know. Believe me, the most extravagant feature of sorcery is that configuration called out of this world.

You reach the second gate of *dreaming* when you wake up from a dream into another dream. You can have as many dreams as you want or as many as you are capable of, but you must exercise adequate control and not wake up in the world we know.

I'm not saying that you should never wake up in this world. But I have to tell you that that is an alternative. The sorcerers of antiquity used to do that, never wake up in the world we know. It certainly can be done, but I don't recommend it. What I want is for you to wake up naturally when you are through with *dreaming*, but while you are *dreaming*, I want you to dream that you wake up in another dream.

This control is no different from the control we have over any situation in our daily lives.

There's one problem with the second gate. It's a problem that can be serious, depending on one's bent of character. If our tendency is to indulge in clinging to things or situations, we are in for a sock in the jaw.

Imagine yourself going from dream to dream, watching everything, examining every detail. It's very easy to realize that one may sink to mortal depths. Especially if one is given to indulging.

Wouldn't the body or the brain naturally put a stop to it? Yes, if it's a natural sleeping situation, meaning normal. But this is not a normal situation. This is *dreaming*. A *dreamer* on crossing the first gate has already reached the energy body. So what is really going through the second gate, hopping from dream to dream, is the energy body.

The implication is that on crossing the second gate you must *intend* a greater and more sober control over your *dreaming* attention: the only safety valve for *dreamers*.

You will find out for yourself that the true goal of *dreaming* is to perfect the energy body. A perfect energy body, among other things of course, has such a control over the *dreaming* attention that it makes it stop when needed. This is the safety valve *dreamers* have. No matter how indulging they might be, at a given time, their *dreaming* attention must make them surface.

Crossing the second gate is a very serious affair; it requires a most disciplined effort.

I told you that one has to wake up in another dream, but what I meant is that one has to change dreams in an orderly and precise manner.

There are two ways of properly crossing the second gate of *dreaming*. One is to wake up in another dream, that is to say, to dream that one is having a dream and then dream that one wakes up from it. The alternative is to use the items of a dream to trigger another dream; that is, zoom from a definite item accessible to your immediate *dreaming* attention to another one, not quite accessible. Or gaze at any item of a dream, maintaining the gaze until the item changes shape and, by changing shape, pulls you into another dream.

Life and consciousness, being exclusively a matter of energy, are not solely the property of organisms. Sorcerers have *seen* that there are two types of conscious beings roaming the earth, the organic and the inorganic. In comparing one with the other, they have *seen* that both are luminous masses crossed from every imaginable angle by millions of the universe's energy filaments. They are different from each other in their shape and in their degree of brightness. Inorganic beings are long and candle like but opaque, whereas organic beings are round and by far the brighter. Another noteworthy difference sorcerers have *seen*, is that the life and consciousness of organic beings is short-lived, because they are made to hurry, whereas the life of inorganic beings is infinitely longer and their consciousness infinitely more calm and deeper.

Sorcerers find no problem interacting with them. Inorganic beings possess the crucial ingredient for interaction, consciousness.

For sorcerers, having life means having consciousness. It means having an assemblage point and its surrounding glow of awareness, a condition that points out to sorcerers that the being in front of them, organic or inorganic, is thoroughly capable of

perceiving. Perceiving is understood by sorcerers as the precondition of being alive.

The inorganic beings must also die. They lose their awareness just like we do, except that the length of their consciousness is staggering to the mind.

It's very difficult to tell what is what with them. Let's say that those beings are enticed by us or, better yet, compelled to interact with us.

The proper thing to do is to suspend judgment and let things take their course, meaning that you let the inorganic beings come to you.

The difficulty with inorganic beings is that their awareness is very slow in comparison with ours. It will take years for a sorcerer to be acknowledged by inorganic beings. So, it is advisable to have patience and wait. Sooner or later they show up. But not like you or I would show up. Theirs is a most peculiar way to make themselves known.

Sorcerers entice them in *dreaming*. What's involved, though, is more than enticing them; by the act of *dreaming*, sorcerers compel those beings to interact with them.

Dreaming is sustaining the position where the assemblage point has shifted in dreams. This act creates a distinctive energy charge, which attracts their attention. It's like bait to fish; they'll go for it. Sorcerers, by reaching and crossing the first two gates of *dreaming*, set bait for those beings and compel them to appear.

By going through the two gates, you make your bidding known to them. Then, you must wait for a sign from them; possibly the appearance of one of them, or simply some interference in your *dreaming*.

You must gauge your expectations. Our normal expectation when engaging in interaction with our fellow men or with other organic beings is to get an immediate reply to our solicitation. With inorganic beings, however, since they are separated from us by a most formidable barrier--energy that moves at a different speed--sorcerers must gauge their expectations and sustain the solicitation for as long as it takes to be acknowledged.

The solicitation is the same as the *dreaming* practices. But for a perfect result, you must add to your practices the *intent* of reaching those inorganic beings. Send a feeling of power and confidence to them, a feeling of strength, of detachment. Avoid at any cost sending a feeling of fear or morbidity. They are pretty morbid by themselves; to add your morbidity to them is unnecessary, to say the least.

They do, at times, materialize themselves in the daily world, right in front of us. Most of the time, though, their invisible presence is marked by a bodily jolt, a shiver of sorts that comes from the marrow of the bones.

In *dreaming* we have the total opposite. At times, we feel them as a jolt of fear. Most of the time, they materialize themselves right in front of us. Since at the beginning of *dreaming* we have no experience whatsoever with them, they might imbue us with fear beyond measure. That is a real danger to us. Through the channel of fear, they can follow us to the daily world, with disastrous results for us.

Fear can settle down in our lives, and we would have to be mavericks to deal with it. Inorganic beings can be worse than a pest. Through fear they can easily drive us raving mad.

What sorcerers do with the inorganic beings is mingle with them. They turn them into allies. They form associations, create extraordinary friendships. I call them vast enterprises, where perception plays the uppermost role. We are social beings. We

unavoidably seek the company of consciousness.

With inorganic beings, the secret is not to fear them. And this must be done from the beginning. The *intent* one has to send out to them has to be of power and abandon. In that *intent* one must encode the message "I don't fear you. Come to see me. If you do, I'll welcome you. If you don't want to come, I'll miss you." With a message like this, they'll get so curious that they'll come for sure.

Why should they come to seek you, or why on earth should you seek them? *Dreamers*, whether they like it or not, in their *dreaming* seek associations with other beings. This may come to you as a shock, but *dreamers* automatically seek groups of beings, nexuses of inorganic beings in this case. *Dreamers* seek them avidly. Why would *dreamers* do that? The novelty for us is the inorganic beings. And the novelty for them is one of our kind crossing the boundaries of their realm. The thing you must bear in mind from now on is that inorganic beings with their superb consciousness exert a tremendous pull over *dreamers* and can easily transport them into worlds beyond description.

The sorcerers of antiquity used them, and they are the ones who coined the name allies. Their allies taught them to move the assemblage point out of the egg's boundaries into the nonhuman universe. So when they transport a sorcerer, they transport him to worlds beyond the human domain.

Think about *dreaming* in these terms: *dreaming* is perceiving more than what we believe it is possible to perceive.

The second attention is available to all of us, but, by willfully holding on to our half-cocked rationality, some of us more fiercely than others, we keep the second attention at arm's length. *Dreaming* brings down the barriers that surround and insulate the second attention.

If the inorganic beings single a *dreamer* out by reappearing over and over again in his *dreaming*, it means that they seek an association. I've mentioned to you that sorcerers form bonds of friendship with them. Such a friendship consists of a mutual exchange of energy. The inorganic beings supply their high awareness, and sorcerers supply their heightened awareness and high energy. The positive result is an even exchange. The negative one is dependency on both parties. Once they have singled a *dreamer* out the *dreamer* can summon them in his normal daily awareness, size them up, and then decide himself what to do.

You summon them by holding your dream view of them in your mind. The reason they would saturate a *dreamer* with their presence in his dreams is that they want to create a memory of their shape in his mind.

You can then use that memory by closing your eyes and visualize their shape until they are just like they are in your dreams. When you have them in focus, open your eyes, then get up and grab one of them and don't let go, no matter how it shakes you. You drop it and you're done for!

If you feel the inorganic being's energy like water you are not going to have helping friends among the inorganic beings, but relationships of annoying dependency. Be, in that case, extremely careful. Watery inorganic beings are more given to excesses. The old sorcerers believed that they were more loving, more capable of imitating, or perhaps even having feelings. As opposed to the other kind, the fiery ones, who were thought to be more serious, more contained than the others, but also more pompous.

My recommendation is that you vanquish fear from your dreams and from your life, in order to safeguard your unity.

In matters of the inorganic beings, I am nearly a novice. I refused that part of the sorcerers' knowledge on the ground that it is too cumbersome and capricious. I don't want to be at the mercy of any entity, organic or inorganic.

By means of their *dreaming* contacts with inorganic beings, the old sorcerers became immensely well-versed in the manipulation of the assemblage point, a vast and ominous subject.

The inorganic beings have never been my cup of tea. My reason for that is the best reason in the world: we are antithetical. They love slavery, and I love freedom. They love to buy, and I don't sell.

The best thing to do with inorganic beings is deny their existence but visit with them regularly and maintain that you are *dreaming* and in *dreaming* anything is possible. This way you don't commit yourself.

If one is to accept that inorganic beings are as real as people, where, in the physicality of the universe, is the realm in which they exist? That realm exists in a particular position of the assemblage point. Just like our world exists in the habitual position of the assemblage point.

Upon crossing the first or second gate of *dreaming*, *dreamers* reach a threshold of energy and begin to see things or to hear voices. Not really plural voices, but a singular voice. Sorcerers call it the voice of the *dreaming* emissary.

The *dreaming* emissary is alien energy that has conciseness. Alien energy that purports to aid *dreamers* by telling them things. The problem with the *dreaming* emissary is that it can tell only what the sorcerers already know or should know, were they worth their salt. It's alien energy. An impersonal force that we turn into a very personal one because it has a voice. Some sorcerers swear by it. They even see it.

We see it or hear it because we maintain our assemblage points fixed on a specific new position; the more intense this fixation, the more intense our experience of the emissary.

This force is capable of materializing itself. It all depends on how fixed the assemblage point is. But, rest assured, if you are capable of maintaining a degree of detachment, nothing happens. The emissary remains what it is: an impersonal force that acts on us because of the fixation of our assemblage points.

Is its advice safe and sound? It cannot be advice. It only tells us what's what, and then we draw the inferences ourselves.

It's just like I said, the emissary doesn't tell you anything new. Its statements are correct, but it only seems to be revealing things to you. What the emissary does is merely repeat what you already know.

You know now infinitely more about the mystery of the universe than what you rationally suspect. But that's our human malady, to know more about the mystery of the universe than we suspect.

The emissary tells me anything I focus my *intent* on, things I don't want to take the trouble of following up myself.

Let's say that the *dreaming* emissary is a force that comes from the realm of inorganic beings. This is the reason *dreamers* always encounter it. Every *dreamer*

hears or sees the emissary though very few see it or feel it. I don't have any explanation for this, besides, I really don't care about the emissary. At one point in my life, I had to make a decision whether to concentrate on the inorganic beings and follow in the footsteps of the old sorcerers or to refuse it all. My teacher helped me make up my mind to refuse it. I've never regretted that decision.

The whole realm of inorganic beings is always poised to teach. Perhaps because inorganic beings have a deeper consciousness than ours, they feel compelled to take us under their wings. I didn't see any point in becoming their pupil—their price is to high—their price is our lives, our energy, our devotion to them. In other words, our freedom.

They teach things pertinent to their world. The same way we ourselves would teach them, if we were capable of teaching them, things pertinent to our world. Their method, however, is to take our basic self as a gauge of what we need and then teach us accordingly. A most dangerous affair.

If someone was going to take your basic self as a gauge, with all your fears and greed and envy, et cetera, et cetera, and teach you what fulfills that horrible state of being, what do you think the result would be?

The problem with the old sorcerers was that they learned wonderful things, but on the basis of their unadulterated lower selves. The inorganic beings became their allies, and, by means of deliberate examples, they taught the old sorcerers marvels. Their allies performed the actions, and the old sorcerers were guided step by step to copy those actions, without changing anything about their basic nature.

Involvements of this nature curtail our search for freedom by consuming all our available energy.

If a sorcerer wants to live in the realm of the inorganic beings, the emissary is the perfect bridge; it speaks, and its bent is to teach, to guide.

I neither approve of that realm nor like it. It belongs to another mood, the old sorcerers' mood. Besides, its teachings and guidance in our world are nonsense. And for that nonsense the emissary charges us enormities in terms of energy.

Just because we haven't been taught to emphasize dreams as a genuine field for exploration doesn't mean they are not one. Dreams are analyzed for their meaning or are taken as portents, but never are they taken as a realm of real events.

To my knowledge, only the old sorcerers did that. But at the end they flubbed it. They got greedy, and when they came to a crucial crossroads, they took the wrong fork. They put all their eggs in one basket: the fixation of the assemblage point on the thousands of positions it can adopt.

Out of all the marvelous things the old sorcerers learned exploring those thousands of positions, only the art of *dreaming* and the art of *stalking* remain. The art of *dreaming* is concerned with the displacement of the assemblage point. *Stalking* is the art that deals with the fixation of the assemblage point on any location to which it is displaced.

To fixate the assemblage point on any new spot means to acquire cohesion. An apprentice does just that in his *dreaming* practices. He is perfecting his energy body. He is doing that and much more; he is learning to have cohesion. *Dreaming* does it by forcing *dreamers* to fixate the assemblage point. The *dreaming* attention, the energy body, the second attention, the relationship with inorganic beings, the *dreaming*

emissary are but by-products of acquiring cohesion; in other words, they are all by-products of fixating the assemblage point on a number of *dreaming positions* .

A *dreaming position* is any new position to which the assemblage point has been displaced during sleep. We fixate the assemblage point on a *dreaming position* by sustaining the view of any item in our dreams, or by changing dreams at will. Through his *dreaming* practices, an apprentice is really exercising his capacity to be cohesive; that is to say, he is exercising his capacity to maintain a new energy shape by holding the assemblage point fixed on the position of any particular dream he is having. While exercising his capacity to maintain a new energy shape, he isn't really maintaining a new energy shape yet, not exactly, and not because he can't but only because he is shifting the assemblage point instead of moving it. Shifts of the assemblage point give rise to minute changes, which are practically unnoticeable. The challenge of shifts is that they are so small and so numerous that to maintain cohesiveness in all of them is a triumph.

We know we are maintaining cohesion by the clarity of our perception. The clearer the view of our dreams, the greater our cohesion.

I'm going to tell you about a practical application of what an apprentice learns in *dreaming* . He focuses his attention, as if he is in a dream, on the foliage of a tree. He doesn't just gaze at it; he does something very special with the foliage. Remember, I've said that in *dreaming* , once you are able to hold the view of any item, you are really holding the *dreaming position* of your assemblage point. So then, an apprentice gazes at the leaves of a tree as if he is in a dream, but with a slight yet most meaningful variation: he holds his *dreaming* attention on the leaves of the tree in the awareness of our daily world.

By staring at the foliage, he accomplishes a minute displacement of his assemblage point. Then, by summoning his *dreaming* attention through staring at individual leaves, he actually fixates that minute displacement, and his cohesion makes him perceive in terms of the second attention. The process is so simple it is ridiculous.

Our speech faculty is extremely flimsy and attacks of muteness are common among sorcerers who venture this way, beyond the limits of normal perception.

It is not possible for one to rely on one's rationality to understand such an experience as summoning one's *dreaming* attention through staring at individual leaves. Not because our rationality is in any way impaired but because what takes place is a phenomenon outside the parameters of reason.

Reason is only a by-product of the habitual position of the assemblage point; therefore, knowing what is going to, being of sound mind, having our feet on the ground--sources of great pride to us and assumed to be a natural consequence of our worth--are merely the result of the fixation of the assemblage point on its habitual place. The more rigid and stationary it is, the greater our confidence in ourselves, the greater our feeling of knowing the world, of being able to predict.

What *dreaming* does is give us the fluidity to enter into other worlds by destroying our sense of knowing this world. *Dreaming* is a journey of unthinkable dimensions, a journey that, after making us perceive everything we can humanly perceive, makes the assemblage point jump outside the human domain and perceive the inconceivable.

We are back again, harping on the most important topic of the sorcerers' world; the position of the assemblage point. The old sorcerers' curse, as well as mankind's thorn

in the side. I say that because both, mankind in general and the old sorcerers, fell prey to the position of the assemblage point: mankind, because by not knowing that the assemblage point exists we are obliged to take the by-product of its habitual position as something final and indisputable. And the old sorcerers because, although they knew all about the assemblage point, they fell for its facility to be manipulated. You must avoid falling into those traps.

Different worlds exist in the position of the assemblage point. You will have two choices. One, to follow mankind's rationales and be faced with a predicament: your experience will tell you that other worlds exist, but your reason will say that such worlds do not and cannot exist. The other, to follow the old sorcerers' rationales, in which case you will automatically accept the existence of other worlds, and your greed alone will make your assemblage point hold onto the position that creates those worlds. The result would be another kind of predicament: that of having to move physically into vision like realms, driven by expectations of power and gain.

The *dreaming* emissary's voice is an impersonal but constant force from the realm of inorganic beings; thus, every *dreamer* experiences it, in more or less the same terms. And if we choose to take its words as advice, we are incurable fools.

My interest in telling you about the old sorcerers is not to bad-mouth them but to pit them against you. Sooner or later, your assemblage point will be more fluid, but not fluid enough to offset the facility to be like them: righteous and hysterical.

There is only one way to avoid all that. Sorcerers call it sheer understanding. I call it a romance with knowledge. It's the drive sorcerers use to know, to discover, to be bewildered.

Seeing children's assemblage points constantly fluttering, as if moved by tremors, changing their place with ease, the old sorcerers came to the conclusion that the assemblage points habitual location is not innate but brought about by habituation. *Seeing* also that only in adults is it fixed on one spot, they surmised that the specific location of the assemblage point fosters a specific way of perceiving. Through usage, this specific way of perceiving becomes a system of interpreting sensory data.

Since we are drafted into that system by being born into it, from the moment of our birth we imperatively strive to adjust our perceiving to conform to the demands of this system, a system that rules us for life. Consequently, the old sorcerers were thoroughly right in believing that the act of countermanding it and perceiving energy directly is what transforms a person into a sorcerer.

I am in wonder at the greatest accomplishment of our human upbringing: to lock our assemblage point on its habitual position. For, once it is immobilized there, our perception can be coached and guided to interpret what we perceive. In other words, we can then be guided to perceive more in terms of our system than in terms of our senses. Human perception is universally homogeneous, because the assemblage points of the whole human race are fixed on the same spot.

Sorcerers prove all this to themselves when they *see* that at the moment the assemblage point is displaced beyond a certain threshold, and new universal filaments of energy begin to be perceived, there is no sense to what we perceive. The immediate cause is that new sensory data has rendered our system inoperative; it can no longer be used to interpret what we are perceiving.

Perceiving without our system is, of course, chaotic. But strangely enough, when we think we have truly lost our bearings, our old system rallies; it comes to our rescue and transforms our new incomprehensible perception into a thoroughly comprehensible new world. Just like what happens to an apprentice when he gazes at the leaves of a tree and his *dreaming* attention comes forth. His perception is chaotic for a while; everything comes to him at once, and his system for interpreting the world doesn't function. Then, the chaos clears up and there he is, in front of a new world.

That world exists in the precise position of his assemblage point at that moment. In order to perceive it, he needs cohesion, that is, he needs to maintain his assemblage point fixed on that position. The result is that he totally perceives a new world for a while.

Others would perceive that same world if they had uniformity and cohesion. Uniformity and cohesion is to hold, in unison, the same position of the assemblage point. The old sorcerers called the entire act of acquiring uniformity and cohesion outside the normal world "stalking perception."

The art of *stalking*, as I have already said, deals with the fixation of the assemblage point. The old sorcerers discovered, through practice, that important as it is to displace the assemblage point, it is even more important to make it stay fixed on its new position, wherever that new position might be.

If the assemblage point does not become stationary, there is no way that we can perceive coherently. We would experience then a kaleidoscope of disassociated images. This is the reason the old sorcerers put as much emphasis on *dreaming* as they did on *stalking*. One art cannot exist without the other, especially for the kinds of activities in which the old sorcerers were involved.

The old sorcerers called them the intricacies of the second attention or the grand adventure of the unknown. These activities stem from the displacements of the assemblage point. Not only had the old sorcerers learned to displace their assemblage points to thousands of positions on the surface or on the inside of their energy masses but they had also learned to fixate their assemblage points on those positions, and thus retain their cohesiveness, indefinitely. We can't talk about the benefits of that, we can talk only about end results.

The cohesiveness of the old sorcerers was such that it allowed them to become perceptually and physically everything the specific position of their assemblage points dictated. They could transform themselves into anything for which they had a specific inventory. An inventory is all the details of perception involved in becoming, for example, a jaguar, a bird, an insect, et cetera, et cetera. It is possible, not so much for you and me, but you them. For them, it was nothing.

The old sorcerers had superb fluidity. All they needed was the slightest shift of their assemblage points, the slightest perceptual cue from their *dreaming*, and they would instantaneously stalk their perception, rearrange their cohesiveness to fit their new state of awareness, and be an animal, another person, a bird, or anything.

Sorcerers bring order to the chaos. Their preconceived, transcendental purpose is to free their perception. Sorcerers don't make up the world they are perceiving; they perceive energy directly, and then they discover that what they are perceiving is an unknown new world, which can swallow them whole, because it is as real as anything we know to be real.

What happens as an apprentice gazes at the leaves of a tree is that he began by perceiving the energy of the tree. On the subjective level, however, he believes he is *dreaming* because he employs *dreaming* techniques to perceive energy. To use *dreaming* techniques in the world of everyday life was one of the old sorcerers most effective devices. It made perceiving energy directly dreamlike, instead of totally chaotic, until a moment when something rearranged perception and the sorcerer found himself facing a new world. The scenery one views in that case is not a dream, nor is it our daily world.

I've been saying this to you over and over, and you think that I am merely repeating myself. I know how difficult it is for the mind to allow mindless possibilities to become real. But new worlds exist! They are wrapped one around the other, like the skins of an onion. The world we exist in is but one of those skins.

So then, is the goal of my teaching to prepare you to go into those worlds? No. I don't mean that. We go into those worlds only as an exercise. Those journeys are the antecedents of the sorcerers of today. We do the same *dreaming* that the old sorcerers used to do, but at one moment we deviate into new ground. The old sorcerers preferred the shifts of the assemblage point, so they were always on more or less known, predictable ground. We prefer the movements of the assemblage point. The old sorcerers were after the human unknown. We are after the nonhuman unknown. You haven't gotten to that yet. You are only beginning. And at the beginning everyone has to go through the old sorcerers' steps. After all, they were the ones who invented *dreaming*.

When *dreaming* is too easy for you it can be a damnation if you don't watch it. It leads to the human unknown. As I said to you, modern-day sorcerers strive to get to the nonhuman unknown; that is, freedom from being human. Inconceivable worlds that are outside the band of man but that we still can perceive. This is where modern sorcerers take the side road. Their predilection is what's outside the human domain. And what are outside that domain are all-inclusive worlds, not merely the realm of birds or the realm of animals or the realm of man, even if it be the unknown man. What I am talking about are worlds, like the one where we live; total worlds with endless realms.

Those worlds are in different positions of the assemblage point. But positions sorcerers arrive at with a movement of the assemblage point, not a shift. Entering into those worlds is the type of *dreaming* only sorcerers of today do. The old sorcerers stayed away from it, because it requires a great deal of detachment and no self-importance whatsoever. A price they couldn't afford to pay.

For the sorcerers who practice *dreaming* today, *dreaming* is freedom to perceive worlds beyond the imagination. Freedom is an adventure with no end, in which we risk our lives and much more for a few moments of something beyond words, beyond thoughts or feelings.

What can be the driving force to do all this? To seek freedom is the only driving force I know. Freedom to fly off into that infinity out there. Freedom to dissolve; to lift off; to be like the flame of a candle, which, in spite of being up against the light of a billion stars, remains intact, because it never pretended to be more than what it is: a mere candle.

To suspend judgment and let the inorganic beings come, was in fact, the very procedure used by the sorcerers of antiquity to attract them. It is very difficult to make the self give up its strongholds except through practice. One of the self's strongest lines of defense is indeed our rationality, and this is not only the most durable line of defense when it comes to sorcery actions and explanations but also the most threatened. The existence of inorganic beings is a foremost assailant of our rationality.

From time to time a projection from the realm of the inorganic beings, a current of foreign energy, a scout, will be injected into your dreams. So after you have crossed the first gate of *dreaming*, adjust your *dreaming* attention and be on the alert.

Scouts are more numerous when our dreams are average, normal ones. The dreams of *dreamers* are strangely free from scouts. When they appear, they are identifiable by the strangeness and incongruity surrounding them. Their presence doesn't make any sense.

Only in average dreams are things nonsensical. I would say that this is so because more scouts are injected then, because average people are subject to a greater barrage from the unknown.

In my opinion, what takes place is a balance of forces. Average people have stupendously strong barriers to protect themselves against those onslaughts. Barriers such as worries about the self. The stronger the barrier, the greater the attack.

Dreamers, by contrast, have fewer barriers and fewer scouts in their dreams. It seems that in *dreamers* 'dreams nonsensical things disappear, perhaps to ensure that *dreamers* catch the presence of scouts.

In *dreaming*, some items are of key importance because they are associated with the spirit. Others are entirely unimportant by reason of being associated with our indulging personality.

The first scout you isolate will always be present, in any form. Incongruous items are foreign invaders of your dreams. Upon isolating them, your *dreaming* attention always focuses on them with an intensity that does not occur under any other circumstances.

At that point in your *dreaming*, scouts are reconnoiterers sent by the inorganic realm. They are very fast, meaning that they don't stay long.

They come in search of potential awareness. They have consciousness and purpose, although it is incomprehensible to our minds, comparable perhaps to the consciousness and purpose of trees. The inner speed of trees and inorganic beings is incomprehensible to us because it is infinitely slower than ours.

Both trees and inorganic beings last longer than we do. They are made to stay put. They are immobile, yet they make everything move around them. Inorganic beings are stationary like trees. What one sees in *dreaming* as bright or dark sticks are their projections. What one hears as the voice of the *dreaming* emissary is equally their projection. And so are their scouts.

Trees also have projections like that. Their projections are, however, even less friendly to us than those of the inorganic beings. *Dreamers* never seek them, unless they are in a state of profound amenity with trees, which is a very difficult state to attain.

Remember, the realm of inorganic beings was the old sorcerers' field. To get there, they tenaciously fixed their *dreaming* attention on the items of their dreams. In that

fashion, they were able to isolate the scouts. And when they had the scouts in focus, they voiced their *intent* to follow them. The instant the old sorcerers voiced that *intent*, off they went, pulled by that foreign energy.

Only follow the *dreaming* emissary's guidance when it refers to *dreaming*.

The *dreaming* attention comes from behind the roof of the mouth. Feel in *dreaming* that you are pressing the roof of your mouth with the tip of your tongue.

By living up to my standards of self-examination with no indulgence, the emissary's voice and what it says will become a super challenge for you. You have to avoid, at all cost, succumbing to the temptation of the emissary's promise of knowledge, and you have to do this all by yourself.

The diabolical nature of the inorganic beings' realm is that it might very well be the only sanctuary *dreamers* have in a hostile universe.

It really is a haven for some *dreamers*. Not for me. I don't need props or railings. I know what I am. I am alone in a hostile universe, and I have learned to say, So be it!

Under the influence of *dreaming*, reality suffers a metamorphosis. Two options are faced by all *dreamers*: either we carefully revamp or we completely disregard our system of sensory input interpretation.

To revamp our interpretation system means to *intend* its reconditioning. It means that one deliberately and carefully attempts to enlarge its capabilities. By living in accordance with the sorcerers' way, *dreamers* save and store the necessary energy to suspend judgment and thus facilitate that *intended* revamping. If we choose to recondition our interpretation system, reality becomes fluid, and the scope of what can be real is enhanced without endangering the integrity of reality. *Dreaming*, then, indeed opens the door into other aspects of what is real.

If we choose to disregard our system, the scope of what can be perceived without interpretation grows inordinately. The expansion of our perception is so gigantic that we are left with very few tools for sensory interpretation and, thus, a sense of an infinite realness that is unreal or an infinite unrealness that could very well be real but is not.

The existence of inorganic beings is the foremost assailant of our rationality. Only after you have really suspended judgment will you get any relief.

An apprentice's energy level, which steadily grows, one day reaches a threshold that allows him to disregard assumptions and prejudgments about the nature of man, reality, and perception. That day he becomes enamored with knowledge, regardless of logic or functional value, and, above all, regardless of personal convenience.

The inorganic beings are after our awareness. They'll give us knowledge, but they'll extract a payment: our total being.

Inorganic beings can't force anyone to stay with them. To live in their world is a voluntary affair. Yet they are capable of imprisoning any one of us by catering to our desires, by pampering and indulging us. Beware of awareness that is immobile.

Awareness like that has to seek movement, and it does this, as I've told you, by creating projections, phantasmagorical projections at times.

Inorganic beings hook onto *dreamers*' innermost feelings and play them mercilessly. They create phantoms to please *dreamers* or frighten them. Inorganic beings are superb projectionists, who delight in projecting themselves like pictures on the wall.

The old sorcerers portrayed the inorganic beings' world as a blob of caverns and pores floating in some dark space. And they portrayed the inorganic beings as hollow canes bound together, like the cells of our bodies. Every *dreamer* sees that world in the same terms; as it is.

The inorganic beings create for *dreamers* the sense of being unique, exclusive; plus a more pernicious sense yet: the sense of having power. Power and uniqueness are unbeatable as corrupting forces. Watch out!

You can avoid that danger by going to that world a few times, and then never going back. In the opinion of sorcerers, the universe is predatorial, and sorcerers more than anyone else have to take this into account in their daily sorcery activities. Consciousness is intrinsically compelled to grow, and the only way it can grow is through strife, through life-or-death confrontations.

The awareness of sorcerers grows when they do *dreaming*. And the moment it grows, something out there acknowledges its growth, recognizes it and makes a bid for it. The inorganic beings are the bidders for that new, enhanced awareness. *Dreamers* have to be forever on their toes. They are prey the moment they venture out in that predatorily universe. To be safe, you must be on your toes every second! Don't let anything or anybody decide for you. That is to say, go to the inorganic beings' world only when you want to go.

Once you isolate a scout, a tremendous pull may be exerted on you to go to the inorganic beings' world. You can consciously stop that pull of the scouts. Always remember, you can change the course of your *dreaming* by *intending* that course.

With practice, your capacity to *intend* journeys into the inorganic beings' realm will become extraordinarily keen. An increased capacity to *intend* brings forth an increased control over your *dreaming* attention. This additional control makes one more daring. Such confidence is very scary because it is the confidence of a fool.

To be transported bodily is possible. We are energy that is kept in a specific shape and position by the fixation of the assemblage point on one location. If that location is changed, the shape and position of that energy will change accordingly. All the inorganic beings have to do is to place our assemblage point on the right location, and off we go, like a bullet, shoes, hat, and all.

It is absurd to trust the inorganic beings. They have their own rhythm, and it isn't human. Sorcerers' maneuvers are deadly. I beseech you to be extraordinarily aware. Don't get involved in having some idiotic confidence in yourself.

One must seriously consider that the inorganic beings have astounding means at their disposal. Their awareness is superb. In comparison, we are children, children with a lot of energy, which the inorganic beings covet.

You already understand that the gates of *dreaming* are specific obstacles, but you haven't understood yet that whatever is given as the exercise to reach and cross a gate

is not really what that gate is all about.

I mean that it's not true to say, for example, that the second gate is reached and crossed when a *dreamer* learns to wake up in another dream, or when a *dreamer* learns to change dreams without waking up in the world of daily life. The second gate of *dreaming* is reached and crossed only when a *dreamer* learns to isolate and follow the foreign energy scouts.

Waking up in another dream or changing dreams is the drill devised by the old sorcerers to exercise a *dreamer*'s capacity to isolate and follow a scout.

Following a scout is a high accomplishment and when *dreamers* are able to perform it, the second gate is flung open and the universe that exists behind it becomes accessible to them. This universe is there all the time but we cannot go into it because we lack energetic prowess, and in essence, the second gate of *dreaming* is the door into the inorganic beings' world, and *dreaming* is the key that opens that door.

The rule of the second gate can be described in terms of a series of three steps: one, through practicing the drill of changing dreams, *dreamers* find out about the scouts; two, by following the scouts, they enter into another veritable universe; and three, in that universe, by means of their actions, *dreamers* find out, on their own, the governing laws and regulations of that universe.

The unavoidable reaction on the part of the inorganic beings is the attempt to keep the *dreamer* in their world. The inorganic beings don't let anyone go, not without a real fight.

You have to continue your *dreaming* until you have gone through the universe behind the second gate. I mean that you alone must either accept or reject the lure of the inorganic beings.

I was forced to teach you *dreaming* only because that is the pattern set out by the old sorcerers. The path of *dreaming* is filled with pitfalls, and to avoid those pitfalls or to fall into them is the personal and individual affair of each *dreamer*, and I may add that it is a final affair.

Those pitfalls are the result of succumbing to adulation or to promises of power. And not only succumbing to those, but succumbing to anything offered by the inorganic beings. There is no way for sorcerers to accept anything offered by them, beyond a certain point.

That point depends on us as individuals. The challenge is for each of us to take only what is needed from that world, nothing more. To know what's needed is the virtuosity of sorcerers, but to take only what's needed is their highest accomplishment. To fail to understand this simple rule is the surest way of plummeting into a pitfall.

If you fall, you pay the price, and the price depends on the circumstances and the depth of the fall. But there is really no way of talking about an eventuality of this sort, because we are not facing a problem of punishment. Energetic currents are at stake here, energetic currents which create circumstances that are more dreadful than death. Everything in the sorcerers' path is a matter of life or death, but in the path of *dreaming* this matter is enhanced a hundred fold.

You may come to think you are extremely disciplined and conscientious with your *dreaming* practices. That's the time for you to be even more disciplined and handle everything related to *dreaming* with kid gloves. Be, about all, vigilant, one can't foretell where the attack will come from.

The universe behind the second gate is the closest to our own, and our own universe is pretty crafty and heartless. So the two can't be that different.

The universe of the inorganic beings is always ready to strike. But so is our own universe. That's why you have to go into their realm exactly as if you were venturing into a war zone.

I don't mean that *dreamers* always have to be afraid of that world. Once a *dreamer* goes through the universe behind the second gate, or once a *dreamer* refuses to consider it as a viable option, there are no more headaches.

Only then are *dreamers* free to continue. The universe behind the second gate is so powerful and aggressive that it serves as a natural screen or a testing ground where *dreamers* are probed for their weaknesses. If they survive the tests, they can proceed to the next gate; if they do not, they remain forever trapped in that universe.

For *dreamers*, their feelings alone can stop their *dreaming*. Once they have formulated the thought of reentering *dreaming*, their practices will continue as if they had never been interrupted.

If *dreaming* is overemphasized, it becomes what it was for the old sorcerers: a source of inexhaustible indulging. You must exercise all the care you are able to muster up. The old sorcerers' 'flaw was that they took to the inorganic beings' realm like fish take to water. When *dreamers* realize that the inorganic beings have no appeal it is usually too late for them, because by then the inorganic beings have them in the bag. The inorganic beings are like fishermen; they attract and catch awareness.

You are suffering from anxiety, you say. That means nothing. Gain back your energy, and don't worry about nonsense.

The inorganic beings are forever in search of awareness and energy. The inorganic beings cannot lie.

The third gate of *dreaming* is reached when you find yourself in a dream, staring at someone else who is asleep. And that someone else turns out to be you.

There are two phases to each of the gates of *dreaming*. The first, is to arrive at the gate; the second is to cross it. By *dreaming* that you see yourself asleep, you arrive at the third gate. The second phase is to move around once you've seen yourself asleep.

At the third gate of *dreaming* you begin to deliberately merge your *dreaming* reality with the reality of the daily world. This is the drill, and sorcerers call it completing the energy body. The merge between the two realities has to be so thorough that you need to be more fluid than ever. Examine everything at the third gate with great care and curiosity.

Our tendency at the third gate is to get lost in detail. To view things with great care and curiosity means to resist the nearly irresistible temptation to plunge into detail.

The given drill, at the third gate, is to consolidate the energy body. *Dreamers* begin forging the energy body by fulfilling the drills of the first and second gates. When they reach the third gate, the energy body is ready to come out, or perhaps it would be better to say that it is ready to act. Unfortunately, this also means that it's ready to be mesmerized by detail.

The energy body is like a child who's been imprisoned all its life. The moment it is

free, it soaks up everything it can find, and I mean everything. Every irrelevant, minute detail totally absorbs the energy body.

The most asinine detail becomes a world for the energy body. The effort that *dreamers* have to make to direct the energy body is staggering. I know that it sounds awkward to tell you to view things with care and curiosity, but that is the best way to describe what you should do. At the third gate, *dreamers* have to avoid a nearly irresistible impulse to plunge into everything, and they avoid it by being so curious, so desperate to get into everything that they don't let any particular thing imprison them.

My recommendations, which I know sound absurd to the mind, are directly aimed at your energy body. Your energy body has to unite all its resources in order to act.

Your entire energy body has to be engaged to perform the drill of the third gate. Therefore, to make things easier for your energy body, you must hold back your rationality.

At the third gate, rationality is responsible for the insistence of our energy bodies on being obsessed with superfluous detail. At the third gate, then, we need irrational fluidity, irrational abandon to counteract that insistence.

The position of the assemblage point is like a vault where sorcerers keep their records. Sorcerers are capable of leaving accurate records of their findings in the position of the assemblage point. When it comes to getting to the essence of a written account, we have to use our sense of sympathetic or imaginative participation to go beyond the mere page into the experience itself. However, in the sorcerers' world, since there are no written pages, total records, which can be relived instead of read, are left in the position of the assemblage point.

With the inorganic beings, once you get to play with them, you are hooked. They'll always be after you. Or, what's worse yet, you'll always be after them.

To be ready for a true merging of your *dreaming* reality and your daily reality you must recapitulate your life further.

The recapitulation of our lives never ends, no matter how well we've done it once. The reason average people lack volition in their dreams is that they have never recapitulated and their lives are filled to capacity with heavily loaded emotions like memories, hopes, fears, etcetera, et cetera.

Sorcerers, in contrast, are relatively free from heavy, binding emotions, because of their recapitulation. And if something stops them, the assumption is that there still is something in them that is not quite clear.

Recapitulating and *dreaming* go hand in hand. As we regurgitate our lives, we get more and more airborne.

The recapitulation consists of reliving the totality of one's life experiences by remembering every possible minute detail of them. It's the essential factor in a *dreamer*'s redefinition and redeployment of energy. The recapitulation sets free energy imprisoned within us, and without this liberated energy *dreaming* is not possible.

Make a list of all the people you have met in your life, starting at the present. Arrange your list in an orderly fashion, breaking it down into areas of activity, such as

jobs you have had, schools you have attended. Then go, without deviation, from the first person on your list to the last one, reliving every one of your interactions with them.

Recapitulating an event starts with one's mind arranging everything pertinent to what is being recapitulated. Arranging means reconstructing the event, piece by piece, starting by recollecting the physical details of the surroundings, then going to the person with whom one shared the interaction, and then going to oneself, to the examination of one's feelings.

The recapitulation is coupled with a natural, rhythmical breathing. Long exhalations are performed as the head moves gently and slowly from right to left; and long inhalations are taken as the head moves back from left to right. This act of moving the head from side to side is called "fanning the event." The mind examines the event from beginning to end while the body fans, on and on, everything the mind focuses on.

The sorcerers of antiquity, the inventors of the recapitulation, viewed breathing as a magical, life-giving act and used it, accordingly, as a magical vehicle; the exhalation, to eject the foreign energy left in them during the interaction being recapitulated and the inhalation to pull back the energy that they themselves left behind during the interaction.

It is more involved than an intellectual psychoanalysis. The recapitulation is a sorcerer's ploy to induce a minute but steady displacement of the assemblage point. The assemblage point, under the impact of reviewing past actions and feelings, goes back and forth between its present site and the site it occupied when the event being recapitulated took place.

The old sorcerers' rationale behind the recapitulation was their conviction that there is an inconceivable dissolving force in the universe, which makes organisms live by lending them awareness. That force also makes organisms die, in order to extract the same lent awareness, which organisms have enhanced through their life experiences. The old sorcerers believed that since it is our life experience this force is after, it is of supreme importance that it can be satisfied with a facsimile of our life experience: the recapitulation. Having had what it seeks, the dissolving force then lets sorcerers go, free to expand their capacity to perceive and reach with it the confines of time and space.

Dreaming requires every bit of our available energy. If there is a deep preoccupation in our life, there is no possibility of *dreaming*. If you think you are deeply preoccupied and your practices are not interrupted, it would be that you are only egomaniacally disturbed. To be preoccupied, for sorcerers, means that all your energy sources are taken on.

There is a second round of the recapitulation. It consists of a new recapitulation pattern. Construct a jigsaw puzzle by recapitulating, without any apparent order, different events of your life.

It'll be a mess if you let your pettiness choose the events you are going to recapitulate. Instead, let the spirit decide. Be silent, and then get to the event the spirit points out.

There are two basic rounds to the recapitulation, the first is called formality and rigidity, and the second fluidity.

When *dreaming* you are seeing your body you have to establish some valid guide to find out whether you are actually seeing your body asleep in your bed. Remember, you must be in your actual room, seeing your actual body. Otherwise, what you are having is merely a dream. If that's the case, control that dream, either by observing its detail or by changing it. Figure out a way to validate the fact that you are looking at yourself. Use your own judgment.

Dreamers have to be imaginative to move their energy bodies. Sorcerers say that at the third gate the entire energy body can move like energy moves: fast and directly. Their energy bodies know exactly how to move. They can move as they move in the inorganic beings' world. When your energy body learns to move by itself, you'll be thoroughly out of the inorganic beings' reach.

Be impeccable. I have told you this dozens of times. To be impeccable means to put your life on the line in order to back up your decisions, and then to do quite a lot more than your best to realize those decisions. When you are not deciding anything, you are merely playing roulette with your life in a helter-skelter way.

Instead of struggling to walk in *dreaming*, one *wills* oneself to move. It takes sorcerers forever to learn to move the energy body with their own volition. Once you've learned how to move your energy body by yourself, you should continue moving. Moving your energy body opens up a new area of extraordinary exploration.

Again, one must come up with an idea to validate the faithfulness of one's dreams.

To be transported by a scout is the real *dreaming* task of the second gate. It is a very serious matter, but not as serious as forging and moving the energy body. Therefore, when the time comes, you have to make sure, by some means of your own, whether you're actually seeing yourself asleep or whether you are merely *dreaming* that you're seeing yourself asleep. One's new extraordinary exploration hinges on really seeing oneself asleep.

Dreamers take a very long time to perfect their energy bodies. And this is exactly what's at stake here: perfecting your energy body. The reason the energy body is compelled to examine detail and get inextricably stuck in it is its inexperience, its incompleteness. Sorcerers spend a lifetime consolidating the energy body by letting it sponge up everything possible.

Until the energy body is complete and mature, it is self-absorbed. It can't get free from the compulsion to be absorbed by everything. But if one takes this into consideration, instead of fighting the energy body, one can lend it a hand by directing its behavior, that is to say, by *stalking* it.

Since everything related to the energy body depends on the appropriate position of the assemblage point, and since *dreaming* is nothing else but the means to displace it, *stalking* is, consequently, the way to make the assemblage point stay put on the perfect position, in this case, the position where the energy body can become consolidated and from which it can finally emerge.

The moment the energy body can move on its own, sorcerers assume that the optimum position of the assemblage point has been reached. The next step is to stalk it, that is, to fixate it on that position in order to complete the energy body. The

procedure is simplicity itself. One *intends* to stalk it.

Let your energy body *intend* to reach the optimum *dreaming position* . Then, let your energy body *intend* to stay at that position and you will be *stalking* .

Intending is the secret. Sorcerers displace their assemblage points through *intending* and fixate them, equally, through *intending* . And there is no technique for *intending* . One *intends* through usage.

The ideal spot and the fixation of the assemblage point are metaphors. They have nothing to do with the words used to describe them.

What comes next is a sorcerer's gem, the real task; *seeing* energy in your *dreaming* with your energy body.

Dreamers have a rule of thumb. If their energy body is complete, they *see* energy every time they gaze at an item in the daily world. In dreams, if they *see* the energy of an item, they know they are dealing with a real world, no matter how distorted that world may appear to their *dreaming* attention. If they can't *see* the energy of an item, they are in an ordinary dream and not in a real world.

What is a real world? A world that generates energy; the opposite of a phantom world of projections, where nothing generates energy, like most of our dreams, where nothing has an energetic effect.

Another definition of *dreaming* is: a process by which *dreamers* isolate dream conditions in which they can find energy-generating elements. *Dreaming* is the process by which we *intend* to find adequate positions of the assemblage point, positions that permit us to perceive energy-generating items in dreamlike states.

The energy body is also capable of perceiving energy that is quite different from the energy of our own world, as in the case of items of the inorganic beings' realm, which the energy body perceives as sizzling energy. In our world nothing sizzles; everything here wavers.

From a certain point the issue of your *dreaming* will be to determine whether the items on which you focus your *dreaming* attention are energy generating, mere phantom projections, or generators of foreign energy.

Seeing energy is the gauge to determine whether or not you are observing your real body asleep.

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In order to *see* in *dreaming* not only do you have to *intend seeing* but you have to put your *intent* into words. You have to speak up. There are other means to accomplish the same result, but voicing one's *intent* is one of the simplest and most direct way.

You need to have patience. You are learning to do something extraordinary, you are learning to *intend* to *see* in your dreams. Someday you will not have to voice your *intent* ; you'll simply *will* it, silently.

If nothing happens when you voice your *intent* to *see* it means that your dream is an ordinary dream; phantom projections; images that have life only in your *dreaming* attention.

Don't give up or get discouraged. Keep on trying. Sooner or later, you'll hit the right note.

The drill for the third gate of *dreaming* is to make the energy body move on its own.

In special dreams, our *dreaming* attention focuses on the daily world, and it moves

instantly from one real object to another in the world. What makes this movement possible is that the assemblage point is on the proper *dreaming position*. From that position, the assemblage point gives the *dreaming* attention such fluidity that it can move in a split second over incredible distances, and in doing so it produces a perception so fast, so fleeting that it resembles an ordinary dream.

When your energy body is complete and functioning, the implication that you *see* energy in your dream is that you are perceiving a real world, through the veil of a dream.

Unless we *see* in *dreaming*, we can't tell a real, energy-generating thing from a phantom projection.

The world is like an onion, it has many skins. The world we know is but one of them. Sometimes, we cross boundaries and enter into another skin: another world, very much like this one, but not the same.

In the view of sorcerers, the universe is constructed in layers, which the energy body can cross. Do you know where the old sorcerers are still existing to this day? In another layer, in another skin of the onion.

The idea of a real, pragmatic journey, taken in dreams, is very difficult to understand or to accept. The journey of the energy body depends exclusively on the position of the assemblage point.

Our problem is our cynicism. Cynicism doesn't allow us to make drastic changes in our understanding of the world. It also forces us to feel that we are always right.

I propose that you do one nonsensical thing that might turn the tide. Repeat to yourself incessantly that the hinge of sorcery is the mystery of the assemblage point. If you repeat this to yourself long enough, some unseen force takes over and makes the appropriate changes in you.

Cut your cynical attitude! Repeat this in a bona fide manner. The mystery of the assemblage point is everything in sorcery. Or rather, everything in sorcery rests on the manipulation of the assemblage point. You may know all this, but you have to repeat it.

There is an enormous difference between the thoughts and deeds of the men of antiquity and those of modern men. The men of ancient times had a very realistic view of perception and awareness because their view stemmed from their observations of the universe around them. Modern men, in contrast, have an absurdly unrealistic view of perception and awareness because their view stems from their observations of the social order and from their dealings with it.

You are a modern man involved with the views and observations of men of antiquity. And none of those views and observations are familiar to you. Now more than ever you need sobriety and aplomb. I am trying to make a solid bridge, a bridge you can walk on, between the views of men of ancient times and those of modern men.

Of all the transcendental observations of the men of ancient times, the only one with which you are familiar, because it has filtered down to our day, is the idea of selling our souls to the devil in exchange for immortality, which sounds to me like something coming straight out of the relationship of the old sorcerers with the inorganic beings.

Succumbing to the lure of the inorganic beings is not just an idea; it's real. *Dreaming*, likewise, is real; it is an energy-generating condition. You hear my statements and you may understand what I mean, but your awareness hasn't caught up with the total implication of it yet.

When you are fully aware of what an energy-generating condition means you will measure *dreaming* with the greatest care and deliberation. When you believe you are just *dreaming*, you take blind chances. Faulty reasoning tells you that no matter what happens, at a given moment the dream will be over and you will wake up.

I am talking to you about the views of men of antiquity and the views of modern man because your awareness, which is the awareness of modern man, prefers to deal with an unfamiliar concept as if it were an empty ideality.

If I left it up to you, you'd regard *dreaming* as an idea. Of course, I'm sure you take *dreaming* seriously, but you don't quite believe in the reality of *dreaming*.

I am saying all this because the time will come when you are in the proper position to understand that *dreaming* is generating-generating condition. Then, you will understand that ordinary dreams are the honing devices used to train the assemblage point to reach the position that creates this energy-generating condition we call *dreaming*.



Since *dreamers* touch and enter real worlds of all-inclusive effects, they ought to be in a permanent state of the most intense and sustained alertness; any deviation from total alertness imperils the *dreamer* in ways more than dreadful.

Regard *dreaming* as something extremely dangerous. And begin that now.

When you can displace your assemblage point quickly and easily that ease can have the

tendency to make the displacement erratic. Then you must bring that ease to order. And don't allow yourself even a fraction of an inch leeway.

Faithfully and daily repeat what I asked you to repeat, that everything in sorcery rests on the manipulation of the assemblage point. The results of your litany-like invocation will be incredible. It has the same effect on one's awareness that exercise has on the muscles of the body. Your assemblage point becomes more agile, which means that *seeing* energy in *dreaming* becomes the sole goal of your practices. A moment then comes when you're able just to *intend seeing*, without saying a word, and actually experience the same result as when you voice out loud your *intent to see*.

The energy of our world wavers. It scintillates. Not only living beings but everything in our world glimmers with an inner light of its own. The energy of our world consists of layers of shimmering hues. The top layer is whitish; another, immediately adjacent to it, is chartreuse; and another one, more distant yet, is amber.

You will *see* glimmers of them whenever items that you encounter in your dreamlike states change shapes. However, a whitish glow is always the initial impact of *seeing* anything that generates energy.

There is an endless number of different hues, but for the purposes of a beginning order, you should be concerned with those three. Later on, you can get as sophisticated as you want and isolate dozens of hues, if you are able to do it.

The whitish layer is the hue of the present position of mankind's assemblage point. Let's say that it is a modern hue. Sorcerers believe that everything man does nowadays is tinted with that whitish glow. At another time, more distant yet, it made it amber. The color of sorcerers' energy is amber, which means that they are energetically associated with the men who existed in a distant past.

The present whitish hue may change someday if man is capable of evolving. The grand task of sorcerers is to bring forth the idea that, in order to evolve, man must first free his awareness from its bindings to the social order. Once awareness is free, *intent* will redirect it into a new evolutionary path.

Sorcerers have succeeded in that task. They themselves are the proof. To convince others of the value and import of evolving is another matter.

The other kind of energy present in our world but alien to it is the scouts energy, the energy that sizzles.

Bear in mind that not every scout you are going to find belongs to the realm of inorganic beings. Some of the scouts you will encounter are going to be not from the inorganic beings' realm but from other, even more distant levels of awareness.

Since scouts are aware of themselves, they make contact with us when we are awake. But our great misfortune is to have our consciousness so fully engaged that we don't have time to pay attention. In our sleep, however, the two-way-traffic trapdoor opens: we dream. And in our dreams, we make contact.

The way to tell whether the scouts are from a level besides the inorganic beings' world is: the greater their sizzling, the farther they come from. It sounds simplistic, but you have to let your energy body tell you what is what. I assure you, it'll make very fine distinctions and unerring judgments when faced with alien energy.

Unless you know exactly what you are doing and what you want out of alien energy, you have to be content with a brief glance. Anything beyond a glance is as dangerous and as stupid as petting a rattlesnake.

Scouts are always very aggressive and extremely daring. They have to be that way in order to prevail in their explorations. Sustaining our *dreaming* attention on them is tantamount to soliciting their awareness to focus on us. Once they focus their attention on us, we are compelled to go with them. And that, of course, is the danger. We may end up in worlds beyond our energetic possibilities.

There are many types of scouts, but at a beginning level of energy one can only focus on three. The first two types are the easiest to spot. Their disguises in our dreams are so outlandish, that they immediately attract our *dreaming* attention. The scouts of the third type are the most dangerous, in terms of aggressiveness and power, and because they hide behind subtle disguises.

One of the strangest things *dreamers* find, which you yourself will find, is this third type of scout. The most ferocious scout hides behind people in our dreams. It's annoying that they are always associated with the dream images of our parents or close

friends. Perhaps that's why we often feel ill at ease when we dream of them. A rule of thumb for *dreamers* is to assume that the third type of scout is present whenever they feel perturbed by their parents or friends in a dream. Sound advice is to avoid those dream images. They are sheer poison.

Blue energy doesn't sizzle. It is like ours; it wavers, but it is blue instead of white. Blue energy doesn't exist in a natural state in our world.

The deadly scouts of the third type are bright orange.

The inorganic beings only show themselves at the beginning. After their scouts take us to their world, there is no necessity for the inorganic beings' projections. If we want to *see* the inorganic beings, a scout takes us there. For no one, and I mean no one, can journey by himself to their realm.

Their world is sealed. No one can enter or leave without the consent of the inorganic beings. The only thing you can do by yourself once you are inside is, of course, voice your *intent* to stay. To say it out loud means to set in motion currents of energy that are irreversible. In olden times, words were incredibly powerful. Now they are not. In the inorganic beings' realm, they haven't lost their power.

There is one last issue related to that world that we haven't discussed. In the final analysis my aversion to the old sorcerers' activities is very personal. As a nagual, I detest what they did. They cowardly sought refuge in the inorganic beings' world. They argued that in a predatorial universe, poised to rip us apart, the only possible haven for us is in that realm.

They believed that because it's true. Since the inorganic beings can't lie, the sales pitch of the *dreaming* emissary is all true. That world can give us shelter and prolong our awareness for nearly an eternity.

When the emissary's sales pitch, even if it's the truth, has no appeal to you, and you are ready to chance a road that might rip you apart, you will be ready for this one final statement about that world. The most dreadful statement I can make.

The energy necessary to move the assemblage points of sorcerers comes from the realm of inorganic beings.

This is the truth and the legacy of the old sorcerers to us. The inorganic beings have us pinned down to this day. This is the reason I don't like them. I resent having to dip into one source alone. Personally, I refuse to do it. And I am trying to steer you away from it.

We can't have dealings with them. And yet we can't stay away from them. My solution has been to take their energy but not give into their influence. This is known as the ultimate *stalking*. It is done by sustaining the *unbending intent* of freedom, even though no sorcerer knows what freedom really is.

The reason sorcerers have to take energy from the realm of inorganic beings is because there is no other viable energy for sorcerers. In order to maneuver the assemblage point in the manner they do, sorcerers need an inordinate amount of energy. As I've said, the deployment of energy is necessary in order to do *dreaming*. To start *dreaming* sorcerers need to redefine their premises and save their energy, but that redefining is valid only to have the necessary energy to *set up dreaming*. To fly into other realms, to *see* energy, to forge the energy body, et cetera, et cetera, is another matter. For those maneuvers, sorcerers need loads of dark, alien energy.

They take it from the inorganic beings' world by the mere act of going to that world. All the sorcerers of our line have to do this.

Awareness is an endless area of exploration for sorcerers and man in general. In order to enhance awareness, there is no risk we should not run, no means we should refuse. Bear in mind, however, that only in soundness of mind can awareness be enhanced.

I'm going to propose a line of action for you. It's the last task of the third gate of *dreaming*, and it consists of *stalking* the *stalkers*, a most mysterious maneuver. To stalk the *stalkers* means to deliberately draw energy from the inorganic beings' realm in order to perform a sorcery feat. A journey--a journey that uses awareness as an element of the environment.

In the world of daily life, water is an element of the environment that we use for traveling. Imagine awareness being a similar element that can be used for traveling. Through the medium of awareness, scouts from all over the universe come to us, and vice versa; via awareness, sorcerers go to the ends of the universe.

Awareness is an energetic element. You have to make that distinction. For sorcerers who *see*, awareness is a glow. They can hitch their energy body to that glow and go with it.

The difference between a physical and an energetic element is that physical elements are part of our interpretation system, and energetic elements are not. Energetic elements, like awareness, exist in our universe. But we, as average people, perceive only the physical elements because we were taught to do so. Sorcerers perceive the energetic elements for the same reason: they were taught to do so.

The use of awareness as an energetic element of our environment is the essence of sorcery. In terms of practicalities, the trajectory of sorcery is, first, to free the existing energy in us by impeccably following the sorcerers' path; second, to use that energy to develop the energy body by means of *dreaming*; and, third, to use awareness as an element of the environment in order to enter with the energy body and all our physicality into other worlds.

There are two kinds of energy journeys into other worlds. One is when awareness picks up the sorcerer's energy body and takes it wherever it may, and the other is when the sorcerer decides, in full consciousness, to use the avenue of awareness to make a journey. It takes an enormous discipline to do the second.

In the life of sorcerers there are issues that require masterful handling, and dealing with awareness, as an energetic element open to the energy body, is the most important, vital, and dangerous of those issues.

With enough energy you can perform the last task of the third gate of *dreaming*: to break the boundaries of the normal world and, using awareness as an energetic element, enter into another. This breaking and entering amounts to *stalking* the *stalkers*. Using awareness as an element of the environment bypasses the influence of the inorganic beings, but it still uses their energy.

In a pinch, your energy body is perfectly capable of taking care of itself.

After getting into a state of total inner silence, slip gently into *dreaming*, voicing your *intent* to go to the realm of the inorganic beings. Once you are in the world of the inorganic beings, you have to voice your *intent* to transfer your normal awareness to your energy body. What is important is that you *intend* the transfer of the total awareness of your daily world to your energy body.

Transferring awareness is purely a matter of voicing your *intent* and having the necessary amount of energy to tip the scales. That means to be able to add one's total physical mass to the energy body. Using awareness as a medium to make the journey into another world is not the result of applying any techniques but is the corollary of *intending* and having enough energy to be energetically capable of pulling our physicality and placing it on the energy body in order to make that journey.

In order to enter into that other world your total physical mass has to be added to your energy body. The great difficulty of this maneuver is to discipline the energy body. Lack of discipline is the only reason you may fail in performing this feat of ultimate *stalking*. Sometimes, as a fluke, an average person ends up performing it and entering into another world. But this is immediately explained away as insanity or hallucination.

Forget the self and you will fear nothing.

During an experience of *stalking* the *stalkers* one realizes that perceiving is an all-inclusive act when the assemblage point has been immobilized on one position. I have told you that the power our daily world has over us is a result of the fact that our assemblage point is immobile on its habitual position. This immobility is what makes our perception of the world so inclusive and overpowering that we cannot escape from it. If you want to break this totally inclusive force, all you have to do is dispel the fog, that is to say, displace the assemblage point by *intending* its displacement.

You yourself will understand what I mean the moment you have to bring your assemblage point to another position in order to dispel that world's fog which will begin to swallow you during a maneuver of *stalking* the *stalkers*. The reentry into our world is automatic if we don't let the fog set in.

Ordinarily *dreamers* experience the whole maneuver as a series of slow transitions, and they have to voice their *intent* to use awareness as an element. Ordinarily, *dreamers* are merely voyeurs.

The old sorcerers' damnation was that the inorganic beings took them to worlds from which they could not return.

Since they entered into that world with all their physicality, the fixation of their assemblage points on the position preselected by the inorganic beings was so overpowering that it created a sort of fog that obliterated any memory of the world they came from. The natural consequence of such an immobility, is that the *dreamer's* assemblage point cannot return to its habitual position.

Think about this. Perhaps this is exactly what is happening to all of us in the world of daily life. We are here, and the fixation of our assemblage point is so overpowering that it has made us forget where we came from, and what our purpose was for coming here. The task is to sneak by the inorganic beings, not be run by them.

Perhaps you will *stalk* the *stalkers* when you have the strength. Or perhaps you'll

never accomplish it. It doesn't really matter; if one thing doesn't work, another will. Sorcery is an endless challenge.

In order to use awareness as an element of the environment, *dreamers* first have to make a journey to the inorganic beings' realm. Then they have to use that journey as a springboard, and, while they are in possession of the necessary dark energy, they have to *intend* to be hurled through the medium of awareness into another world.

In your *dreaming* practices, *see* energy in energy-generating dreamlike states. When you are able to *see* everything that presents itself to you, you may become incapable of rendering intelligently what you *see*. It may be then, as though you have reached states of perception for which you have no lexicon.

Such incomprehensible and indescribable visions would be your energy body using awareness as an element not for journeying, because you wouldn't yet have enough energy, but for entering into the energy fields of inanimate matter or of living beings.

At the fourth gate of *dreaming*, the energy body travels to specific, concrete places. There are three ways of using the fourth gate: one, to travel to concrete places in this world; two, to travel to concrete places out of this world; and, three, to travel to places that exist only in the *intent* of others. Whether or not you can cross the fourth gate by yourself is up to the spirit.

Modern-day sorcerers have realized that only if they remain totally detached can they have the energy to be free. Theirs is a peculiar type of detachment, which is born not out of fear or indolence but out of conviction.

Stretch your arms in front of you, to the sides, and then behind you. It relaxes the body.

For modern-day sorcerers to perceive energy directly is a matter of personal attainment. We maneuver the assemblage point through self-discipline.

Your energy body has endless resources. Modern-day sorcerers do not know the details of the thousands of possible positions of the assemblage point. By details I mean particular ways of treating the energy body in order to maintain the assemblage point fixed on specific positions.

Most of the shifts modern-day sorcerers experience are mild shifts within a thin bundle of energetic luminous filaments inside the luminous egg, a bundle called the band of man, or the purely human aspect of the universe's energy. Beyond that band, but still within the luminous egg, lies the realm of the grand shifts. When the assemblage point shifts to any spot on that area, perception is still comprehensible to us, but extremely detailed procedures are required for perception to be total.

Every grand shift has different inner workings which modern sorcerers could learn if they knew how to fixate the assemblage point long enough at any grand shift.

By inducing a systematic displacement of the assemblage point, *dreaming* liberates perception, enlarging the scope of what can be perceived.

For the sorcerers of my party, *dreaming* has not only opened the doors of other perceivable worlds but prepared us for entering into those realms in full awareness.

The second attention has endless treasures to be discovered. The initial position in

which the *dreamer* places his body is of key importance. The old sorcerers used to call this the twin positions. The initial position in which a *dreamer* holds his physical body to begin *dreaming* is mirrored by the position in which he holds his energy body, in dreams, to fixate his assemblage point on any spot of his choosing. The two positions make a unit.

The position in which one places the body is of utmost importance. Start your *dreaming* by lying on your right side, with your knees a bit bent. The discipline is to maintain that position and fall asleep in it. In *dreaming*, then, the exercise is to dream that you lie down in exactly the same position and fall asleep again.

It makes the assemblage point stay put, and I mean really stay put, in whatever position it is at the instant of that second falling asleep. The result of this exercise is total perception.

The four variations of the exercise are to fall asleep lying on the right side, the left, the back, and the stomach. Then in *dreaming* the exercise is to dream of falling asleep a second time in the same position as the *dreaming* had been started.

I came from a line of sorcerers who knew how to move about in the second attention by projecting their *intent*. They practiced the art of projecting their thoughts in *dreaming* in order to accomplish the truthful reproduction of any object or structure or landmark or scenery of their choice.

The sorcerers of my line used to start by gazing at a simple object and memorizing every detail of it. They would then close their eyes and visualize the object and correct their visualization against the true object until they could see it, in its completeness, with their eyes shut.

The next thing in their developing scheme was to dream with the object and create in the dream, from the point of view of their own perception, a total materialization of the object. This act is called the first step to total perception.

From a simple object, those sorcerers went on to take more and more complex items. Their final aim was for all of them together to visualize a total world, then dream that world and thus re-create a totally veritable realm where they could exist.

When any of the sorcerers of my line were able to do that they could easily pull anyone into their *intent*, into their dream.

Whole populations disappeared *dreaming* like that. It's possible because they visualized and then re-created in *dreaming* the same scenery.

To cross the fourth gate and travel to places that exist only in someone else's *intent* is perilous, since every item in such a dream has to be an ultimately personal item.

The essence of my explanation is that if you were, for instance, *dreaming* of your hometown and your dream had started when you lay down on your right side, you could very easily stay in the town of your dream if you would lie on your right side, in the dream, and dream that you had fallen asleep. The second dream not only would necessarily be a dream of your hometown, but would be the most concrete dream one can imagine.

The only way to have absolute control of dreams is to use the technique of the twin positions. And don't ask me why. It just happens. Like everything else.

The thought of evil cannot withstand examination. In the universe only energy exists; evil is merely a concatenation of the human mind, overwhelmed by the fixation

of the assemblage point on its habitual position. Logically, there is really nothing to be afraid of.

There is no past or future in the universe. There is only the moment. Think for a moment, in the universe there is only energy, and energy has only a here and now, an endless and ever-present here and now.

The secret of the twin positions is that the second dream is *intending* in the second attention: the only way to cross the fourth gate of *dreaming*.

To make a dream an all-inclusive reality is the art of the old sorcerers. This is *dreaming*. You should know by now that its transactions are final.

You have been given an abstract gift: the possibility of flying on the wings of *intent*.

The Active Side of Infinity

I suggest that you gather a collection of the memorable events of your life. The shamans of ancient Mexico conceived of the collection of memorable events as a bona-fide device to stir caches of energy that exist within the self. They explained these caches as being composed of energy that originates in the body itself and becomes displaced, pushed out of reach by the circumstances of our daily lives. In this sense, the collection of memorable events is the means for *redeploying* our unused energy.

The prerequisite for this collection is the genuine and all-consuming act of putting together the sum total of one's emotions and realizations, without sparing anything. The shamans of our lineage were convinced that the collection of memorable events was the vehicle for the emotional and energetic adjustment necessary for venturing, in terms of perception, into the unknown.

The total goal of the shamanistic knowledge that we are handling is the preparation for facing the *definitive journey*: the journey that every human being has to take at the end of his life. Through their discipline and resolve, shamans are capable of retaining their individual awareness and purpose after death. For them, the vague, idealistic state that modern man calls "life after death" is a concrete region filled to capacity with practical affairs of a different order than the practical affairs of daily life, yet bearing a similar functional practicality. To collect the memorable events in their lives is, for shamans, the preparation for their entrance into that concrete region which they call the *active side of infinity*.

Every warrior, as a matter of duty, collects an album that reveals the warrior's personality, an album that attests to the circumstances of his life. Above all, it is like an album of pictures made out of memories, the recollection of memorable events &

end ash; memorable because they have a special significance in one's life. Put in it the complete account of various events that have had profound significance for you.

Not every event has a profound significance for you. There are a few, however, that I would consider likely to have changed things for you, to have illuminated your path. Ordinarily, events that change our path are impersonal affairs, and yet are extremely personal.

Don't think about this album in terms of banalities, or in terms of a trivial rehashing of your life experiences.

Every one of us human beings has two minds. One is totally ours, and it is like a faint voice that always brings us order, directness, purpose. The other mind is a *foreign installation*. It brings us conflict, self-assertion, doubts, hopelessness: it's ourselves as *theme-me* center of the world.

Let's put the topic of our two minds aside and go back to the idea of preparing your album of memorable events. Such an album is an exercise in discipline and impartiality. Consider this album to be an act of war. As such, it has all the meaning in the world.

We are not naturally petty and contradictory. Our pettiness and contradictions are, rather, the result of a transcendental conflict that afflicts every one of us, but of which only sorcerers are painfully and hopelessly aware: the conflict of our two minds! One is our true mind, the product of all our life experiences, the one that rarely speaks because it has been defeated and relegated to obscurity. The other, the mind we use daily for everything we do, is a *foreign installation*.

To resolve the conflict of the two minds is a matter of *intending* it. Sorcerers beckon *intent* by voicing the word *intent* loud and clear. *Intent* is a force that exists in the universe. When sorcerers beckon *intent*, it comes to them and sets up the path for attainment, which means that sorcerers always accomplish what they set out to do.

Intent can be called, of course, for anything, but sorcerers have found out, the hard way, that *intent* comes to them only for something that is abstract. That's the safety valve for sorcerers; otherwise they would be unbearable. Beckoning *intent* to resolve the conflict of your two minds, or to hear the voice of your true mind, is not a petty or arbitrary matter. Quite the contrary; it is ethereal and abstract, and yet as vital to you as anything can be.

Your album, being an act of war, demands a super-careful selection. It is a precise collection of the unforgettable moments of your life, and everything that led you to them. Concentrate in it what has been and will be meaningful to you. A warrior's album is something most concrete, something so to the point that it is shattering.

Sit down, alone, and let your thoughts, memories, and ideas come to you freely. Make an effort to let the voice from the depths of you speak out and tell you what to select.

The selection is not an easy matter. This is the reason I say that making this album

is an act of war. You have to remake yourself ten times over in order to know what to select.

Don't include stories that relate exclusively to you as a person who thinks, feels, cries, or doesn't feel anything at all. The memorable events of a shaman's album are affairs that will stand the test of time because they have nothing to do with him, and yet he is in the thick of them. He'll always be in the thick of them, for the duration of his life, and perhaps beyond, but not quite personally.

In my time, not only did I not know what to choose, I thought I had no experiences to choose from. It seemed that nothing had ever happened to me. Of course, everything had happened to me, but in my effort to defend the idea of myself, I had no time or inclination to notice anything.

The stories of a warrior's album are not personal, not assertions about you as the center of everything. You feel, you don't feel; you realize, you don't realize. All of that type of story is just *you*.

The memorable events we are after have the dark touch of the impersonal. That touch permeates them. I don't know how else to explain this.

Don't explain yourself too much. Sorcerers say that in every explanation there is a hidden apology. So, when you are explaining why you cannot do this or that, you're really apologizing for your shortcomings, hoping that whoever is listening to you will have the kindness to understand them.

Every one of us, young and old alike, is making figures in front of a mirror in one way or another. Tally what you know about people. Think of any human being on this earth, and you will know, without a shadow of a doubt, that no matter who they are, or what they think of themselves, or what they do, the result of their actions is always the same: senseless figures in front of a mirror.

Listen to your inner voice. Don't listen to the superficial voice that makes you angry. Listen to that deeper voice that is going to guide you from now on, the voice that is laughing. Listen to it! And laugh with it. Laugh! Laugh!

It is the nature of *infinity*, once we cross a certain threshold, to put a blueprint in front of us.

Don't waste your energy worrying about things. Everyone is locked in a vicious cycle. We all have our *magic cure* which we trust will cure everything, and resolve every one of our problems. At the moment, perhaps we can't afford it, but we have great hopes that we eventually will be able to.

Sorcerers' aspirations are to reach *infinity*, and to be conscious of it. The task of sorcerers is to face *infinity*. They plunge into it daily, as a fisherman plunges into the sea. It is such an overwhelming task that sorcerers have to state their names before venturing into it. In this manner, they assert their individuality in front of the infinite.

What makes human beings into sorcerers is their capacity to perceive energy directly as it flows in the universe. Human beings are not only capable of *seeing* energy directly as it flows in the universe, but they actually do *see* it, although they are

not deliberately conscious of *seeing* it.

"Awareness" is energy and "energy" is constant flux, a luminous vibration that is never stationary, but always moving of its own accord.

The nagual Elias and The nagual Julian were astoundingly alike in that there was nothing inside them. They were empty. The nagual Elias was a collection of astounding, haunting stories of regions unknown. The nagual Julian was a collection of stories that would have anybody in stitches, sprawled on the ground laughing. Whenever I tried to pin down the man in them, the real man, the way I could pinpoint the man in my father, the man in everybody I know, I found nothing. Instead of a real person inside them, there was a bunch of stories about persons unknown. Each of the two men had his own flair, but the end result was just the same: emptiness, an emptiness that reflected not the world, but *infinity*.

The moment one crossed a peculiar threshold in *infinity*, either deliberately or, unwittingly, everything that happens to one from then on is no longer exclusively in one's own domain, but enters into the realm of *infinity*.

Infinity is everything that surrounds us: the *spirit*, the *dark sea of awareness*. It is something that exists out there and rules our lives.

My steps and yours are guided by *infinity*. The circumstances that seem to be ruled by chance are in essence ruled by the *active side of infinity*: *intent*. What put you and me together was the *intent of infinity*. It is impossible to determine what this *intent of infinity* is, yet it is there, as palpable as you and I are. Sorcerers say that it is a *tremor in the air*. The advantage of sorcerers is to know that the *tremor in the air* exists, and to acquiesce to it without any further ado. For sorcerers, there's no pondering, wondering, or speculating. They know that all they have is the possibility of merging with the *intent of infinity*, and they just do it.

A nagual is empty. That emptiness doesn't reflect the world, it reflects *infinity*.

A nagual has no boisterousness on his part, or assertions about the self. There is not a speck of a need to have either grievances or remorse. His is the emptiness of a *warrior-traveler*, seasoned to the point where he doesn't take anything for granted. A *warrior-traveler* who doesn't underestimate or overestimate anything. A quite, disciplined fighter whose elegance is so extreme that no one, no matter how hard they try to look, will ever find the seam where all that complexity has come together.

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What's happening to you is the workings of *infinity*. Your sensation of nervousness is due to the subliminal realization that your time is up. You are aware of it, but not deliberately conscious of it. You feel the absence of time, and that makes you impatient. I know this, for it happened to me and to all the sorcerers of my lineage. At a given time, a whole era in my life, or their lives, ended. Now it's your turn. You have simply run out of time.

Your malady is a very simple one: your world is coming to an end. It is the end of an era for you. Do you think that the world you have known all your life is going to leave you peacefully, without any fuss or muss? No! It will wriggle underneath you, and hit you with its tail.

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But an era doesn't really come to an end until the king dies. You're the king.

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Every one of us has an energetic fissure, an energetic crack below the navel. That crack, which sorcerers call the *gap*, is closed when a man is in his prime.

Normally, all that is discernible to the sorcerer's eye is a tenuous discoloration in the otherwise whitish glow of the luminous sphere. But when a man is close to dying, that *gap* becomes quite apparent.

I once say a man's *gap* that was wide open. The significance was a deadly one. The spirit was signaling to me that something was coming to an end. I thought it was my life that was coming to an end, and I accepted it as gracefully as I could. It dawned on me much, much later that it wasn't my life that was coming to an end, but my entire lineage.

You bypass things like this. It's youth. So many things to do, so many people around you. You are not alert. You never learned to be alert, anyway.

To be alert doesn't mean to be watchful. For sorcerers, to be alert means to be aware of the fabric of the everyday world that seems extraneous to the interaction of the moment.

Don't hide yourself behind banalities. Stand up, assume responsibility for what you know. Don't get lost in the extraneous fabric of the world around you, extraneous to what's going on. Don't be so concerned with yourself and your problems. Watch the scenery around us: the mountains in the distance, or the riverbed, or the desert. Sorcerers do that and then nothing counts except what their eyes can absorb. In this way they unburden themselves of everything superfluous.

Sorcerers never say things idly. I am most careful about what I say to you or to anybody else. The difference between you and me is that I don't have any time at all, and I act accordingly. You, on the other hand, believe that you have all the time in the world, and you act accordingly. The end result of our individual behaviors is that I measure everything I do and say, and you don't.

You're looking for a sorcerer's medication to remove everything annoying from you, with no effort at all on your part. You want results & end ash; one potion and you're cured.

Sorcerers face things in a different way. Since they don't have any time to spare, they give themselves fully to what's in front of them. Your turmoil is the result of your lack of sobriety.

As for your friend, you didn't have the sobriety to thank him properly. That happens to every one of us. We never express what we feel, and when we want to, it's too late, because we have run out of time. It's not only your friend who ran out of time, you, too, ran out of it. You should have thanked him profusely. But the moment when you should have thanked him, you were angry with him & end ash; you were judging him, he was nasty to you, whatever. And then you postponed seeing him. In reality, what you did was to postpone thanking him. Now you're stuck with a ghost on your tail. You'll never be able to pay what you owe him.

Your friend knew that he was dying. Now you say that the weight of my words is too much for your shoulders, that you want to leave, to be in the city and get lost in its noise. You are having a taste of *infinity*. I know it, because I have been in your shoes. You want to run away, to plunge into something human, warm, contradictory, stupid,

who cares? You want to forget the death of your friend. But *infinity* won't let you. It has gripped you in its merciless clutches. The only thing you can do is to keep the memory of your friend fresh, to keep it alive for the rest of your life and perhaps even beyond. Sorcerers express, in this fashion, the thanks that they can no longer voice. You may think it is a silly way, but that's the best sorcerers can do.

Sadness, for sorcerers, is not personal. It is not quite sadness. It's a wave of energy that comes from the depths of the cosmos, and hits sorcerers when they are receptive, when they are like radios, capable of catching radio waves. The sorcerers of olden times, who gave us the entire format of sorcery, believed that there is sadness in the universe, as a force, a condition, like light, like *intent*, and that this perennial force acts especially on sorcerers because they no longer have any defensive shields. They cannot hide behind their friends or their studies. They cannot hide behind love, or hatred, or happiness, or misery. They can't hide behind anything.

The condition of sorcerers is that sadness, for them, is abstract. It doesn't come from coveting or lacking something, or from self-importance. It doesn't come from *me*. It comes from *infinity*. The sadness you feel for not thanking your friend is already leaning in that direction.

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Inner silence is a peculiar state of being in which thoughts are canceled out and one can function from a level other than that of daily awareness. *Inner silence* means the suspension of the *internal dialogue* & end ash; the perennial companion of thought & end ash; and is therefore a state of profound quietude.

The old sorcerers called it *inner silence* because it is a state in which perception doesn't depend on the senses. What is at work during *inner silence* is another faculty that man has, the faculty that makes him a magical being, the very faculty that has been curtailed, not by man himself but by some extraneous influence.

Inner silence is the stand from which everything stems in sorcerer. In other words, everything we do leads to that stand, which, like everything else in the world of sorcerers, doesn't reveal itself unless something gigantic shakes us.

The sorcerers of ancient Mexico devised endless ways to shake themselves or other sorcery practitioners at their foundations in order to reach that coveted state of *inner silence*. They considered the most far-fetched acts, which may seem totally unrelated to the pursuit of *inner silence*, such as, for instance, jumping into waterfalls or spending nights hanging upside down from the top branch of a tree, to be the key points that brought it into being.

Inner silence is accrued, accumulated. I've guided you to construct a core of *inner silence* in yourself, and then add to it, second by second, on every occasion you practice it. The sorcerers of ancient Mexico discovered that each individual has a different threshold of *inner silence* in terms of time, meaning that *inner silence* must be kept by each one of us for the length of time of our specific threshold before it can work.

Inner silence works from the moment you begin to accrue it. What the old sorcerers were after was the final, dramatic, end result of reaching that individual threshold of silence. Some very talented practitioners need only a few minutes of silence to reach that coveted goal. Others, less talented, need long periods of silence, perhaps more

than one hour of complete quietude, before they reach the desired result. The desired result is what the old sorcerers called *stopping the world*, the moment when everything around us ceases to be what it's always been.

This is the moment when sorcerers return to the true nature of man. The old sorcerers also called it *total freedom*. It is the moment when man the slave becomes man the free being, capable of feats of perception that defy our linear imagination.

Inner silence is the avenue that leads to a true suspension of judgment & end ash; to a moment when sensory data emanation from the universe at large ceases to be interpreted by the senses; a moment when cognition ceases to be the force which, through usage and repetition, decides the nature of the world.

Sorcerers need a *breaking point* for the workings of *inner silence* to set in. The *breaking point* is like the mortar that a mason puts between bricks. It's only when the mortar hardens that the loose bricks become a structure.

From the beginning of our association I have drilled into you the value, the necessity, of *inner silence*. You must do your best to follow my suggestions by accumulating *inner silence* second by second. You have no means to measure the effect of this accumulation, nor do you have any means to judge whether or not you have reached any threshold. Simply aim doggedly at accruing it. The act of accumulating it is a challenge in itself.

Every sorcerer I know, male or female, sooner or later arrives at a *breaking point* in their lives. Not a mental breakdown or anything like that. Mental breakdowns are for persons who indulge in themselves. What I mean is that at a given moment the continuity of their lives has to break in order for *inner silence* to set in and become an active part of their structures.

It's very, very important that you yourself deliberately arrive at that *breaking point*, or that you create it artificially, and intelligently.

Your *breaking point* is to discontinue your live as you know it. You have done everything I've told you, dutifully and accurately. If you are talented, you never show it. That seems to be your style. You're not slow, but you act as if you were. You're very sure of yourself, but you act as if you were insecure. You're not timid, and yet you act as if you were afraid of people. Everything you do points at one single spot: you need to break all that, ruthlessly.

I think everything boils down to one act: you must leave your friends. You must say good-bye to them, for good. It's not possible for you to continue on the warrior's path carrying your personal history with you, and unless you discontinue your way of life, I won't be able to go ahead with my instruction.

Your friends are your family, they are your points of reference. Therefore, they have to go. Sorcerers have only one point of reference: *infinity*.

You must simply leave, leave any way you can.

You have never been alone in your life. This is the time to do it. I don't want your body to die physically. I want your person to die. The two are very different affairs. In essence, your person has very little to do with your body. Your person is your mind, and believe you me, your mind is not yours.

I'll tell you about that subject someday, but not while you're cushioned by your friends.

The criteria that indicates that a sorcerer is dead is when it makes no difference to

him whether he has company or whether he is alone. The day you don't covet the company of your friends, whom you use as shields, that's the day that your person has died.

I ran away from the sorcerers' world once, and I had to nearly die to realize my stupidity. The important issue is to arrive at a *breaking point*, in whatever way, so that *inner silence* will become real for you.

You have no time to lose. For *infinity*, the only worthwhile enterprise of a warrior is freedom. Any other enterprise is fraudulent.

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The end of an era is an accurate description of a process that shamans go through in dismantling the structure of the world they know in order to replace it with another way of understanding the world around them. I've endeavored, from the very instant we met, to introduce you to the *cognitive world* of the shamans of ancient Mexico.

The world of the sorcerers of ancient Mexico is different from ours, not in a shallow way, but different in the way in which the process of cognition is arranged. In our world our cognition requires the interpretation of sensory data. The universe is composed of an infinite number of energy fields that exist in the universe at large as luminous filaments. Those luminous filaments act on man as an organism. The response of the organism is to turn those energy fields into sensory data. Sensory data is then interpreted, and that interpretation becomes our *cognitive system*.

The end of an era means that the units of a foreign cognition are beginning to take hold. The units of your normal cognition, no matter how pleasant and rewarding they are for you, are beginning to fade. A grave moment in the life of a man!

Don't admire people from afar. That is the surest way to create mythological beings. Get close to them, talk to them, see what they are like as people. Test them. If their behavior is the result of their conviction that they are a being who is going to die, then everything they do, no matter how strange, must be premeditated and final. If what they say turns out to be just words, they're not worth a hoot.

Human beings are beings that are going to die. Sorcerers firmly maintain that the only way to have a grip on our world, and on what we do in it, is by fully accepting that we are beings on the way to dying. Without this basic acceptance, our lives, our doings, and the world in which we live are unmanageable affairs.

The acceptance of this is far-reaching. However, it's not the mere acceptance that does the trick. We have to embody that acceptance and live it all the way through. Sorcerers throughout the ages have said that the view of our death is the most sobering view that exists. What is wrong with us human beings, and has been wrong since time immemorial, is that without ever stating it in so many words, we believe that we have entered the realm of immortality. We behave as if we were never going to die & end ash; an infantile arrogance. But even more injurious than this sense of immortality is what comes with it: the sense that we can engulf this inconceivable universe with our minds.

Sorcerers don't admire people in a vacuum. They talk to them; they get to know them. They establish points of reference. They compare.

Sorcerers view any kind of activity with people, no matter how minute or

unimportant, as a battlefield. In that battlefield, sorcerers performed their best magic, their best effort. The trick to being at ease in such situations is to face our opponents openly. Abhorrent are the timid souls who shy away from interaction to the point where even though they interact, they merely infer or deduce, in terms of their own psychological states, what is going on without actually perceiving what is really going on. They interact without ever being part of the interaction.

Always look at the man who is involved in a tug of war with you. Don't just pull the rope; look up and see his eyes. You'll know then that he is a man, just like you. No matter what he's saying, no matter what he's doing, he's shaking in his boots, just like you. A look like that renders the opponent helpless, if only for an instant; deliver your blow then.

When the sorcerers talk about the *cognitive world* of ancient Mexico they are talking about things for which we have no equivalent in the world of everyday life.

For instance, perceiving energy directly as it flows in the universe is a unit of cognition that shamans live by. They *see* how energy flows, and they follow its flow. If its flow is obstructed, they move away to do something entirely different. Shamans *see* lines in the universe. Their art, or their job, is to choose the line that will take them, perception-wise, to regions that have no name. You can say that shamans react immediately to the lines of the universe. They *see* human beings as luminous balls, and they search in them for their flow of energy. Naturally, they react instantly to this sight. It's part of their cognition.

The practicalities that scientists are interested in are conducive to building more and more complex machines. They are not the practicalities that changed an individual's life course from within. They are not geared to reaching the vastness of the universe as a personal, experiential affair. The stupendous machines in existence, or those in the making are cultural affairs, the attainment of which has to be enjoyed vicariously, even by the creators of those machines themselves. The only reward for them is monetary.

Perhaps you can recall what I said to you about one of our biggest flaws as average human beings. The big flaw I am talking about is something you ought to bear in mind every second of your existence. For me, it's the issue of issues, which I will repeat to you over and over until it comes out of your ears.

We are beings on our way to dying. We are not immortal, but we behave as if we were. This is the flaw that brings us down as individuals and will bring us down as a species someday.

The sorcerers' advantage over their average fellow men is that sorcerers know that they are beings on their way to dying and they don't let themselves deviate from that knowledge. An enormous effort must be employed in order to elicit and maintain this knowledge as a total certainty.

Why is it so hard for us to admit something that is so truthful? It's really not man's fault. Someday, I'll tell you more about the forces that drive a man to act like an ass.

Many of us make sense when we talk because we are prepared to use words accurately. But most of us are not prepared to take ourselves seriously as men who are going to die. Being immortal, we wouldn't know how to do that. It makes no difference what complex machines scientists can build. The machines can in no way help anyone face the unavoidable appointment: the appointment with *infinity*.

The nagual Julian used to tell me about the conquering generals of ancient Rome. When they would return home victorious, gigantic parades were staged to honor them. Riding with them was always a slave whose job was to whisper in their ear that all fame and glory is but transitory.

If we are victorious in any way, we don't have anyone to whisper in our ear that our victories are fleeting. Sorcerers, however, do have the upper hand; as beings on their way to dying, they have someone whispering in their ear that everything is ephemeral. The whisperer is death, the infallible advisor, the only one who won't ever tell you a lie.

Warrior-travelers don't leave any debts unpaid. It is time that you square certain indebtedness you have incurred in the course of your life. Not that you will ever pay in full, mind you, but you must make a gesture. You must make a token payment in order to atone, in order to appease *infinity*.

What you intend to do is something very simple, and yet nearly impossible. You want to cross over the threshold of personal indebtedness and in one sweep be free, in order to proceed. If you cannot cross that threshold, there won't be any point in trying to continue with me.

I have told you over and over that *warrior-travelers* are pragmatists. They are not involved in sentimentalism, or nostalgia, or melancholy. For *warrior-travelers*, there is only struggle, and it is a struggle with no end. If you think that you have come here to find peace, or that this is a lull in your life, you're wrong. This task of paying your debts is not guided by any feelings that you know about. It is guided by the purest sentiment, the sentiment of a *warrior-traveler* who is about to dive into *infinity*, and just before he does, he turns around to say thank you to those who favored him.

You must face this task with all the gravity it deserves. It is your last stop before *infinity* swallows you. In fact, unless a *warrior-traveler* is in a sublime state of being, *infinity* will not touch him with a ten-foot pole. So, don't spare yourself; don't spare any effort. Push it mercilessly, but elegantly, all the way through.

If you don't have self-importance, you have only feelings.

Do the following simple and direct exercise that could mean the world to you: Remove from your memory of a past interaction with someone any statements that you make to yourself such as 'He said this or that to me, and he yelled at me!' and remain at the level of your feelings. If you hadn't been so self-important, what would you have had as the irreducible residue at that level of your feelings; and is that feeling any less today than it was? Now, embrace them from your silence. Don't be meager, embrace them totally for the last time. But *intend* that this is the last time on Earth. *Intend* it from your darkness. If you are worth your salt, when you make your gift to them, you'll sum up your entire life. Acts of this nature make warriors airborne, almost vaporous.

What we usually feel is merely the result of indulging and self-pity. In order to say good-bye and thank you, and really mean it and sustain it, sorcerers have to remake themselves.

Vanquish your self-pity right now. Vanquish the idea that you are hurt; and what you have as the irreducible residue is your feelings. Not in the spirit of renewing anything, or harming anyone, including yourself, but in the spirit of a *warrior-traveler*

whose only virtue is to keep alive the memory of whatever has affected him, whose only way to say thank you and good-bye is by this act of magic: of storing in his silence whatever he has loved.

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Don't indulge in being fatigued. Your fatigue is, more than fatigue, a desire not to be bothered. Something in you resents being bothered. But it's most important that you exacerbate that part of you until it breaks down.

There is an enormous premium on time. For sorcerers in general, time is of the essence. The challenge I am faced with is that in a very compact unit of time I must cram into you everything there is to know about sorcery as an abstract proposition, but in order to do that I have to build the necessary space in you.

The premise of sorcerers is that in order to bring something in, there must be a space to put it in. If you are filled to the brim with the items of everyday life, there's no space for anything new. That space must be built. Do you see what I mean? The sorcerers of olden times believed that the *recapitulation* of your life made the space. It does, and much more, of course.

The way sorcerers perform the *recapitulation* is very formal. It consists of writing a list of all the people they have met, from the present to the very beginning of their lives. Once they have that list, they take the first person on it and recollect everything they can about that person. And I mean everything, every detail. It's better to recapitulate from the present to the past, because the memories of the present are fresh, and in this manner, the recollection ability is honed. What practitioners do is to recollect and breathe. They inhale slowly and deliberately, fanning the head from right to left, in a barely noticeable swing, and exhale in the same fashion.

The inhalations and exhalations should be natural; if they are too rapid, one enters into something called *tiring breaths*: breaths that require slower breathing afterward in order to calm down the muscles.

Begin making your list today. Divide it by years, by occupations, arrange it in any order you want to, but make it sequential, with the most recent person first, and end with Mommy and Daddy. And then, remember everything about them. No more ado than that. As you practice, you will realize what you're doing.

I am sure that you have bouts with *intent*. You *intended* something and anything that was opposed to it you had to let go. The touch of *warrior-travelers* is very light, although it is cultivated. The hand of a *warrior-traveler* begins as a heavy, gripping, iron hand but becomes like the hand of a ghost, a hand made of gossamer. *Warrior-travelers* leave no marks, no tracks. That's the challenge for *warrior-travelers*.

The power of the *recapitulation* is that it stirs up all the garbage of our lives and brings it to the surface.

I'm going to delineate the intricacies of awareness and perception, which are the basis of the *recapitulation*. I am going to present an arrangement of concepts that you should not take as sorcerers' theories under any conditions, because it is an arrangement formulated by the shamans of ancient Mexico as a result of *seeing* energy directly as it flows in the universe. I will present the units of this arrangement to you without any attempt at classifying them or ranking them by any predetermined

standard.

I'm not interested in classifications. You have been classifying everything all your life. Now you are going to be forced to stay away from classifications. Classifications have a world of their own. After you begin to classify anything, the classification becomes alive, and it rules you. But since classifications never started as energy-giving affairs, they always remain like dead logs. They are not trees; they are merely logs.

The sorcerers of ancient Mexico *saw* that the universe at large is composed of energy fields in the form of luminous filaments. They *saw* zillions of them, wherever they turned to *see*. They also *saw* that those energy fields arranged themselves into currents of luminous fibers, streams that are constant, perennial forces in the universe. The current or stream of filaments that is related to the *recapitulation* was named by those sorcerers the *dark sea of awareness*, and also the *Eagle*.

Those sorcerers also found out that every creature in the universe is attached to the *dark sea of awareness* at a round point of luminosity that was apparent when those creatures were perceived as energy. On that point of luminosity, which the sorcerers of ancient Mexico called the *assemblage point* of human beings, zillions of energy fields from the universe at large, in the form of luminous filaments, converge and go through it. These energy fields are converted into sensory data, and the sensory data is then interpreted and perceived as the world we know. What turns the luminous fibers into sensory data is the *dark sea of awareness*. Sorcerers *see* this transformation and call it the *glow of awareness*, a sheen that extends like a halo around the *assemblage point*. I'm going to make a statement which, in the understanding of sorcerers, is central to comprehending the scope of the *recapitulation*.

What we call the *senses* in organisms is nothing but degrees of awareness. If we accept that the senses are the *dark sea of awareness*, we have to admit that the interpretation that the senses make of sensory data is also the *dark sea of awareness*. To face the world around us in the terms that we do is the result of the interpretation system of mankind with which every human being is equipped. Every organism in existence has to have an interpretation system that permits it to function in its surrounding.

The old sorcerers *saw* that at the moment of death, the *dark sea of awareness* sucked in, so to speak, through the *assemblage point*, the awareness of living creatures. They also *saw* that the *dark sea of awareness* had a moment's, let's say, hesitation when it was faced with sorcerers who had done a recounting of their lives. Unbeknownst to them, some had done it so thoroughly that the *dark sea of awareness* took their awareness in the form of their life experiences, but didn't touch their life force. Sorcerers had found out a gigantic truth about the forces of the universe: the *dark sea of awareness* wants only our life experiences, not our life force.

Sorcerers believe that as we *recapitulate* our lives, all the debris, as I told you, comes to the surface. We realize our inconsistencies, our repetitions, but something in us puts up a tremendous resistance to *recapitulating*. Sorcerers say that the road is free only after a gigantic upheaval, after the appearance on our screen of the memory of an event that shakes our foundations with its terrifying clarity of detail. It's the event that drags us to the actual moment that we lived it. Sorcerers call that event the *usher*, because from then on every event we touch on is relived, not merely remembered.

Walking is always something that precipitates memories. The sorcerers of ancient

Mexico believed that everything we live we store as a sensation on the backs of the legs. They considered the backs of the legs to be the warehouse of man's personal history.

Walking will have you ready to begin this sorcerers' maneuver of finding an *usher*: an event in your life that you will remember with such clarity that it will serve as a spotlight to illuminate everything else in your *recapitulation* with the same, or comparable, clarity. Do what sorcerers call *recapitulating pieces of a puzzle*. Something will lead you to remember the event that will serve as your *usher*. Give it your best shot; do your best.

To recount events is magical for sorcerers. It isn't just telling stories. It is *seeing* the underlying fabric of events. This is the reason recounting is so important and vast.

Warrior-travelers roll with the punches. They go wherever the impulse may take them. The power of *warrior-travelers* is to be alert, to get maximum effect from minimal impulse. And above all, their power lies in not interfering. Events have a force, a gravity of their own, and travelers are just travelers. Everything around them is for their eyes alone. In this fashion, travelers construct the meaning of every situation, without ever asking how it happened this way or that way.

Today, you may remember an event that sums up your total life. We are always faced with a situation that is the same as one that we never resolved. *Infinity* always puts us in this terrible position of having to choose. We want *infinity*, but at the same time, we want to run away from it. You want to tell me to go and jump in a lake, but at the same time you are compelled to stay. It would be infinitely easier for you to just be compelled to stay.

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Something in you will begin to collapse for sure. It has been collapsing all along, but it repairs itself very quickly every time its supports fail. I've told you already, we have two minds, and only one of them is truly ours. There is a secret option to the *recapitulation*. Just like I told you that there is a secret option to dying, an option that only sorcerers take. In the case of dying, the secret option is that human beings could retain their life force and relinquish only their awareness, the product of their lives. In the case of the *recapitulation*, the secret option that only sorcerers take is to choose to enhance their true minds.

Any haunting memory of your recollections can come only from your true mind. The other mind that we all have and share is, I would say, a cheap model: economy strength, one size fits all. But this is a subject that we will discuss later. What is at stake now is the advent of a disintegrating force. But not a force that is disintegrating you & end ash; I don't mean it that way. It is disintegrating what the sorcerers call the *foreign installation*, which exists in you and in every other human being. The effect of the force that is descending on you, which is disintegrating the *foreign installation*, is that it pulls sorcerers out of their syntax.

I know how difficult it is for you to deal with this facet of your life. Every sorcerer that I know has gone through it. The males going through it suffer infinitely more damage than the females. I suppose it's the condition of women to be more durable. The sorcerers of ancient Mexico acting as a group, tried their best to buttress the impact of this disintegrating force. In our day, we have no means of acting as a group

so we must brace ourselves to face in solitude a force that will sweep us away from language, for there is no way to describe adequately what is going on.

Sorcerers face the unknown in the most common incidents one can imagine. When they are confronted with it, and cannot interpret what they are perceiving, they have to rely on an outside source for direction. I've called that source *infinity*, or the *voice of the spirit*. If sorcerers don't try to be rational about what can't be rationalized, the *spirit* unerringly tells them what's what.

Infinity is a force that has a voice and is conscious of itself. Consequently, I have prepared you to be ready to listen to that voice and act efficiently always, but without antecedents, using as little as possible the railings of the a priori.

Infinity is a conscious force that deliberately intervenes in the lives of sorcerers. You will seek explanations with linear cause and effect. Each of your recollections will become more and more vivid, more and more maddening to you, because as I told you already, you have entered an irreversible process. Your true mind is emerging, waking up from a state of lifelong lethargy.

Infinity is claiming you. Whatever means it uses to point that out to you cannot have any other reason, any other cause, any other value than that. What you should do, however, is to be prepared for the onslaughts of *infinity*. You must be in a state of continuously bracing yourself for a blow of tremendous magnitude. That is the sane, sober way in which sorcerers face *infinity*.

Everything you do has to be an act of sorcery. An act free from encroaching expectations, fears of failure, hopes of success. Free from the cult of *me*; everything you do has to be impromptu, a work of magic where you freely open yourself to the impulses of the infinite.

The sorcerers of my lineage considered that one of the most coveted results of *inner silence* is a specific interplay of energy, which is always heralded by a strong emotion. Such an interplay manifests itself in terms of hues that are projected on any horizon in the world of everyday life, be it a mountain, the sky, a wall, or simply the palms of the hands. This interplay of hues begins with the appearance of a tenuous brushstroke of lavender on the horizon. In time, this lavender brushstroke starts to expand until it covers the visible horizon, like advancing storm clouds.

A dot of a peculiar, rich, pomegranate red shows up, as if bursting from the lavender clouds. As sorcerers become more disciplined and experienced, the dot of pomegranate expands and finally explodes into thoughts or visions, or in the case of a literate man, into written words; sorcerers either see visions engendered by energy, hear thoughts being voiced as words, or read written words.

There's nothing gentle about sorcerers or sorcery. The first time that *infinity* descends on you it may be a total takeover of your faculties. Insofar as the speed of your visions is concerned, you yourself will have to learn to adjust it. For some sorcerers, that's the job of a lifetime. Energy may appear to you as if it were being projected onto a movie screen. Whether or not you understand what's projected is another matter. In order to make an accurate interpretation you need experience. My recommendation is that you shouldn't be bashful, and you should begin now. Your true mind is emerging, and it has nothing to do with the mind that is a *foreign installation*. Let your true mind adjust the speed. Be silent, and don't fret, no matter what happens.

Anyway, *infinity* chooses. The *warrior-traveler* simply acquiesces to that choice. But above all, don't be overwhelmed by the event because you cannot describe it. It is an event beyond the syntax of our language.

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We can speak a little more clearly now about *inner silence*. *Dreaming* is the act of changing the point of attachment with the *dark sea of awareness*. If you view it in this fashion, it's a very simple concept, and a very simple maneuver. It takes all you have to realize it, but it's not an impossibility, nor is it something surrounded with mystical clouds.

Dreaming is a term that weakens a very powerful act. It makes it sound arbitrary; it gives it a sense of being a fantasy, and this in the only thing it is not. I tried to change the term myself, but it's too ingrained. Maybe someday you could change it yourself, although, as with everything else in sorcery, I am afraid that by the time you could actually do it, you won't give a damn about it because it won't make any difference what it is called anymore.

Dreaming is an art, discovered by the sorcerers of ancient Mexico, by means of which ordinary dreams are transformed into bona-fide entrances to other worlds of *perception*. *Dreaming attention*, is the capacity to pay a special kind of attention, or to place a special kind of awareness on the elements of an ordinary dream.

Don't set out deliberately to have a desired dream, but fix your attention on the component elements of whatever dream presents itself.

The *assemblage point* is displaced very naturally during sleep. To *see* the displacement is a bit difficult because it requires an aggressive mood. Such an aggressive mood was the predilection of the sorcerers of ancient Mexico. Those sorcerers found all the premises of their sorcery by means of this mood

It is a very predatory mood. It's not difficult at all to enter into it, because man is a predator by nature. You could *see*, aggressively, anybody around you, or perhaps someone far away, while they are asleep; anyone would do for the purpose at hand. What's important is that you arrive at a complete sense of indifference. You are in search of something, and you are out to get it. You're going to go out looking for a person, searching like a feline, like an animal of prey, for someone to descend on.

The difficulty with this technique is the mood. You can't be passive in the act of *seeing*, for the sight is not something to watch but to act upon.

Sorcerers are divided into two groups: one group is *dreamers*; the other is *stalkers*. The *dreamers* are those who have a great facility for displacing the *assemblage point*. The *stalkers* are those who have a great facility for maintaining the *assemblage point* fixed on that new position. *Dreamers* and *stalkers* complement each other, and work in pairs, affecting one another with their given proclivities.

The displacement and the fixation of the *assemblage point* can be realized at will by means of the sorcerers' iron-handed discipline. The sorcerers of our lineage believed that there were at least six hundred points within the luminous sphere that we are, that when reached at will by the *assemblage point*, can each give us a totally inclusive world; meaning that, if our *assemblage point* is displaced to any of those points and remains fixed on it, we will perceive a world as inclusive and total as the world of every day life, but a different world nevertheless.

The art of sorcery is to manipulate the *assemblage point* and make it change

positions at will on the luminous spheres that human beings are. The result of this manipulation is a shift in the point of contact with the *dark sea of awareness*, which brings as its concomitant a different bundle of zillions of energy fields in the form of luminous filaments that converge on the *assemblage point*. The consequence of new energy fields converging on the *assemblage point* is that awareness of a different sort than that which is necessary for perceiving the world of everyday life enters into action, turning the new energy fields into sensory data, sensory data that is interpreted and perceived as a different world because the energy fields that engender it are different from the habitual ones.

An accurate definition of sorcery as a practice would be to say that sorcery is the manipulation of the *assemblage point* for purposes of changing its focal point of contact with the *dark sea of awareness*, thus making it possible to perceive other worlds.

The art of the *stalkers* enters into play after the *assemblage point* has been displaced. Maintaining the *assemblage point* fixed in its new position assures sorcerers that they will perceive whatever new world they enter in its absolute completeness, exactly as we do in the world of ordinary affairs. For the sorcerers of our lineage, the world of everyday life is but one fold of a total world consisting of at least six hundred folds.

What we can do from *inner silence* is very similar to what is done in *dreaming* when one is asleep. However, when journeying through the *dark sea of awareness*, there is no interruption of any sort caused by going to sleep, nor is there any attempt whatsoever at controlling one's attention while having a dream. The journey through the *dark sea of awareness* entails an immediate response. There is an overpowering sensation of the here and now. Some idiotic sorcerers gave the name *dreaming-awake* to the act of reaching the *dark sea of awareness* directly, making the term *dreaming* even more ridiculous.

When one thinks that they have had the dream-fantasy of going to a town of their choice, they have actually placed their *assemblage point* directly on a specific position on the *dark sea of awareness* that allows the journey. Then the *dark sea of awareness* supplies them with whatever is necessary to carry on that journey. There's no way whatsoever to choose that place at will. Sorcerers say that *inner silence* selects it unerringly. Simple, isn't it?

Choice, for *warrior-travelers*, is not really the act of choosing, but rather the act of acquiescing elegantly to the solicitations of *infinity*.

Infinity chooses. The art of the *warrior-traveler* is to have the ability to move with the slightest insinuation, the art of acquiescing to every command of *infinity*. For this, a *warrior-traveler* needs prowess, strength, and above everything else, sobriety. All those three put together give, as a result, elegance!

The universe has no limits, and the possibilities at play in the universe at large are indeed incommensurable. So don't fall prey to the axiom, "I believe only what I see," because it is the dumbest stand one can possibly take.

You must deliberately journey through the *dark sea of awareness* but you'll never know how this is done. Let's say that *inner silence* does it, following inexplicable ways, ways that cannot be understood, but only practiced.

You are not unique in your pettiness, It is a condition in which human beings are trapped, a condition that is not even human, but imposed from the outside.

A break in the continuity of time. That is what *inner silence* does.

The interruption of that flow of continuity that makes the world understandable to us is sorcery. You journey through the *dark sea of awareness*, you *see* people as they are, engaged in people's business. And then you *see* the strand of energy that joins specific lines of human beings. You witness something specific and inexplicable. You understand what people are saying, without knowing their language, and you *see* the strand of energy that connects human beings to certain other beings, and you select those aspects through an act of *intending* it. This *intending* is not something conscious or volitional; this *intending* is done at a deep level, and is ruled by necessity. You need to become cognizant of some of the possibilities of journeying through the *dark sea of awareness*, and *inner silence* guides *intent* & end ash; a perennial force in the universe &end ash; to fulfill that need.

You already know that there exists in the universe a perennial force, which the sorcerers of ancient Mexico called the *dark sea of awareness*. While they were at the maximum of their perceiving power, they *saw* something that made them shake in their boots. They *saw* that the *dark sea of awareness* is responsible not only for the awareness of organisms, but also for the awareness of entities that don't have an organism.

The old shamans discovered that the entire universe is composed of twin forces, forces that are at the same time opposed and complementary to each other. It is inescapable that our world is at win world. Its opposite and complementary world is one populated by beings that have awareness, but not an organism. For this reason, the old shamans called them *inorganic beings*.

I told you that it's our twin world, so it's intimately related to us. The sorcerers of ancient Mexico didn't think like most do in terms of space and time. They thought exclusively in terms of awareness. Two types of awareness coexist without ever impinging one ach other, because each type is entirely different from the other. The old shamans faced this problem of coexistence without concerning themselves with time and space. They reasoned that the degree of awareness of *organic beings* and the degree of awareness of *inorganic beings* were so different that both could coexist with the most minimal interference.

We can perceive those *inorganic beings*, sorcerers do it at will. Average people do it, but they don't realize that they're doing it because they are not conscious of the existence of a twin world. It has never occurred to them that their fantasies have their origin in a subliminal knowledge that all of us have: that we are not alone.

The difficulty with your facing things in terms of time and space is that you only notice if something has landed in the space and time at your disposal, which is very limited. Sorcerers, on the other hand, have a vast field on which they can notice if something extraneous has landed. Lots of entities from the universe at large, entities that possess awareness but not an organism, land in the field of awareness of our world, or the field of awareness of its twin world, without an average human being ever noticing them. The entities that land on our field of awareness, or the field of awareness of our twin world, belong to other worlds that exist besides our world and

its twin. The universe at large is crammed to the brim with worlds of awareness, *organic* and *inorganic*.

Those sorcerers knew when *inorganic awareness* from other worlds besides our twin world had landed in their field of awareness. As every human being on this earth would do, those shamans made endless classifications of different types of this energy that has awareness. They know them by the general term *inorganic beings*.

If you think that life is to be aware, then they do have life. I suppose it would be accurate to say that if life can be measured by the intensity, the sharpness, the duration of that awareness, I can sincerely say that they are more alive than you and I.

If you call death the termination of awareness, yes, they die. Their awareness ends. Their death is rather like the death of a human being, and at the same time, it isn't, because the death of human being has a hidden option. It is something like a clause in a legal document, a clause that is written in tiny letters that you can barely see. You have to use a magnifying glasses If you call death the termination of awareness, yes, they die. Their awareness ends. Their death is rather like the death of a human being, and at the same time, it isn't, because the death of human being has a hidden option. It is something like a clause in a legal document, a clause that is written in tiny letters that you can barely see. You have to use a magnifying glass to read it, and yet it's the most important clause of the document.

Death's hidden option is exclusively for sorcerers. They are the only ones who have, to my knowledge, read the fine print. For them, the option is pertinent and functional. For average human beings, death means the termination of their awareness, the end of their organisms. For the *inorganic beings*, death means the same: the end of their awareness. In both cases, the impact of death is the act of being sucked into the *dark sea of awareness*. Their individual awareness, loaded with their life experiences, breaks its boundaries, and awareness as energy spills out into the *dark sea of awareness*

For a sorcerer, death is a unifying factor. Instead of disintegrating the organism, as is ordinarily the case, death unifies it.

Death for a sorcerer terminates the reign of individual moods in the body. The old sorcerers believed it was the dominion of the different parts of the body that ruled the moods and the actions of the total body; parts that become dysfunctional drag the rest of the body to chaos, such as, for instance, when you yourself get sick from eating junk. In that case, the mood of your stomach affects everything else. Death eradicates the dominion of those individual parts. It unifies their awareness into one single unit.

For sorcerers, death is an act of unification that employs every bit of their energy. You are thinking of death as a corpse in front of you, a body on which decay has settled. For sorcerers, when the act of unification takes place, there is no corpse. There is no decay. Their bodies in their entirety have been turned into energy, energy possessing awareness that is not fragmented. The boundaries that are set up by the organism, boundaries which are broken down by death, are still functioning in the case of sorcerers, although they are no longer visible to the naked eye.

I know that you are dying to ask me if whatever I'm describing is the soul that goes to hell or heaven. No, it is not the soul. What happens to sorcerers, when they pick up that hidden option of death, is that they turn into *inorganic beings*, very specialized, high-speed *inorganic beings*, beings capable of stupendous maneuvers of perception.

Sorcerers enter then into what the shamans of ancient Mexico called their *definitive journey*. *Infinity* becomes their realm of action.

My sobriety as a sorcerer tells me that their awareness will terminate, the way *inorganic beings'* awareness terminates, but I haven't ~~seen~~ this happen. I have no firsthand knowledge of it. The old sorcerers believed that the awareness of this type of *inorganic being* would last as long as the earth is alive. The earth is their matrix. As long as it prevails, their awareness continues. To me, this is a most reasonable statement.

You ask if there is a possibility that ghosts and apparitions really exist. Whatever you may call a ghost or an apparition when it is scrutinized by a sorcerer, boils down to one issue & end ash; it is possible that any of those ghostlike apparitions may be a conglomeration of energy fields that have awareness, and which we turn into things we know. If that's the case, then the apparitions have energy. Sorcerers call them *energy-generating configurations*. Or, no energy emanates from them in which case they are phantasmagorical creations, usually of a very strong person & end ash; strong in terms of awareness.

The *inorganic beings* who populate our twin world are considered, by the sorcerers of our lineage, to be our relatives. Those shamans believed that it was futile to make friends with our family members because the demands levied on us for such friendships are always exorbitant. That type of *inorganic being*, who are our *first cousins*, communicate with us incessantly, but their communication with us is not at the level of conscious awareness. In other words, we know all about them in a subliminal way, while they know all about us in a deliberate, conscious manner.

The energy from our *first cousins* is a drag! They are as messed up as we are. Let's say that the *organic* and *inorganic beings* of our twin worlds are the children of two sisters who live next door to each other. They are exactly alike although they look different. They cannot help us, and we cannot help them. Perhaps we could join together, and make a fabulous family business corporation, but that hasn't happened. Both branches of the family are extremely touchy and take offense over nothing, a typical relationship between touchy first cousins. The crux of the matter, the sorcerers of ancient Mexico believed, is that both human beings and *inorganic beings* from the twin worlds are profound egomaniacs.

Another classification that the sorcerers of ancient Mexico made of the *inorganic beings* was that of *scouts*, or *explorers*; that is, the *inorganic beings* that come from the depths of the universe, and which are possessors of awareness infinitely sharper and faster than that of human beings. The old sorcerers spent generations polishing their classification schemes, and their conclusions were that certain types of *inorganic beings* from the category of *scouts* or *explorers*, because of their vivaciousness, were akin to man. They could make liaisons and establish a symbiotic relation with men. The old sorcerers called these kinds of *inorganic beings* the *allies*.

The crucial mistake of those shamans with reference to this type of *inorganic being* was to attribute human characteristics to that impersonal energy and to believe that they could harness it. They thought of those blocks of energy as their helpers, and they relied on them without comprehending that, being pure energy, they didn't have the power to sustain any effort.

I've told you all there is to know about *inorganic beings*. The only way you can put this to the test is by means of direct experience.

Energy is the irreducible residue of everything. As far as we are concerned, to *see* energy directly is the bottom line for a human being. Perhaps there are other things beyond that, but they are not available to us.

The *inorganic beings* essence is impersonal energy aware of itself.

You must realize that it is our cognition, which is in essence an interpretation system, that curtails our resources. Our interpretation system is what tells us what the parameters of our possibilities are, and since we have been using that system of interpretation all our lives, we cannot possibly dare to go against its dictums.

The energy of those *inorganic beings* pushes us and we interpret that push as we may, depending on our mood. The most sober thing to do, for a sorcerer, is to relegate those entities to an abstract level. The fewer interpretations sorcerers make, the better off they are.

From now on, whenever you are confronted with the strange sight of an apparition, hold your ground and gaze at it with an inflexible attitude. If it is an *inorganic being*, your interpretation of it will fall off like dead leaves. If nothing happens, it is a worthless aberration of your mind, which is not your mind anyway.

In the course of this training you may find yourself in a total quandary as to how to behave in the world. The world around you will not have changed. It definitely would stem from a flaw in you. My influence and all the activities stemming from my practices, into which I have engaged you so deeply, may take their toll on you and may even cause in you a serious incapacity to deal with your fellowmen. The flaw would be your compulsion to measure everyone using me as a yardstick.

I am a being who lives my life professionally, in every aspect of the term, meaning that every one of my acts, no matter how insignificant, counts. You are surrounded by people who believe that they are immortal beings, who contradict themselves every step of the way; they are beings whose acts could never be accounted for. You are accustomed to the Nagual's unalterable behavior, to his total lack of self-importance, and to the unfathomable scope of his intellect; very few of the people you know are even aware that there exists another pattern of behavior that fosters those qualities. Most of them know only the behavioral pattern of self-reflection, which renders men weak and contorted. Consequently you may find yourself having a very difficult time.

I've recommended to you that *warrior-travelers* should have a romance with knowledge, in whatever form knowledge is presented.

Warrior-travelers are sorcerer who, by being warriors, travel in the *dark sea of awareness*. Human beings are travelers of the *dark sea of awareness*, and this Earth is but a station on their journey; for extraneous reasons, the travelers have interrupted their voyage. Human beings are caught in a sort of eddy, a current that goes in circles, giving them the impression of moving while they are, in essence, stationary. Sorcerers are the only opponents of whatever force keeps human beings prisoners, and by means of their discipline sorcerers brake loose from its grip and continue their *journey of awareness*.

What is important is the exercise of discipline. It doesn't make any difference, for example, how good a reader a student is, and how many wonderful books he can read. What's important is that he has the discipline to read what he doesn't want to read. The crux of the sorcerers' exercise of going to school is in what you refuse, not in what you accept.

Warrior-travelers don't complain, they take everything that *infinity* hands them as a challenge. A challenge is a challenge. It isn't personal. It cannot be taken as a curse or a blessing. A *warrior-traveler* either wins the challenge or the challenge demolishes him. It's more exciting to win, so win!

You say that that's easy for me to say but that to carry it out is another matter, and that your tribulations are insoluble because they originate in the incapacity of your fellow men to be consistent.

It's not the people around you who are at fault, they cannot help themselves. The fault is with you, because you can help yourself, but you are bent on judging them, at a deep level of silence. Any idiot can judge. If you judge them, you will only get the worst out of them. All of us human beings are prisoners, and it is that prison that makes us act in such a miserable way. Your challenge is to take people as they are! Leave people alone.

You may not understand what I'm talking about. If you're not conscious of your desire to judge them you are in even worse shape. This is the flaw of *warrior-travelers* when they begin to resume their journeys. They get cocky, out of hand.

You admit to me that your complaints are petty in the extreme. You say that you are confronted with daily events, events that have the nefarious quality of wearing down all your resolve, and that you are embarrassed to relate to me the incidents that weigh heavily on your mind.

Come on, Out with it! Don't have any secrets from me. I'm an empty tube. Whatever you say to me will be projected out into *infinity*.

You say that you have only complaints and that you are exactly like all the people you know. That there's no way to talk to a single one of them without hearing an overt or a covert complaint.

In the ups and downs of daily living, you win, and you lose, and you don't know when you win or when you lose. This is the price one pays for living under the rule of self-reflection. There is nothing that I can say to you, and there's nothing that you can say to yourself. I could only recommend that you not feel guilty because you fail, but that you strive to end the dominion of self-reflection.

Every human being has the potential to *see* energy directly. Every human being already *sees* energy directly but doesn't know it.

Anything is possible if one departs from *inner silence*. The *clear view*, or *losing the human form* is the time when human pettiness vanishes, as if it had been a patch of fog looming over us, a fog that slowly clears up and dissipates.

The sorcerers' world is not an immutable world like the world of everyday life, where they tell you that once you reach a goal, you remain a winner forever. In the sorcerers' world, to arrive at a certain goal means that you have simply acquired the

most efficient tools to continue your fight, which, by the way, will never end.

The *energy body* is a conglomerate of energy fields, the mirror image of the conglomerate of energy fields that makes up the physical body when it is *seen* as energy that flows in the universe. It is smaller, more compact, and of heavier appearance than the luminous sphere of the physical body. The body and the *energy body* are two conglomerates of energy fields compressed together by some strange agglutinating force. The force that binds that group of energy fields together is according to the sorcerers of ancient Mexico, the most mysterious force in the universe. My personal estimation is that it is the pure essence of the entire cosmos, the sum total of everything there is.

The physical body and the *energy body* are the only counterbalanced energy configurations in our realm as human beings.

By means of discipline it is possible for anyone to bring the *energy body* closer to the physical body. Normally, the distance between the two is enormous. Once the *energy body* is within a certain range, which varies for each of us individually, anyone, through discipline, can forge it into the exact replica of their physical body & end ash; that is to say, a three-dimensional, solid being. Hence the sorcerers' idea of the *other* or the *double*. By the same token, through the same processes of discipline, anyone can forge their three-dimensional, solid physical body to be a perfect replica of their *energy body* & end ash; that is to say, an ethereal change of energy invisible to the human eye, as all energy is.

I've not described a mythical proposition. There is nothing mythical about sorcerers. Sorcerers are practical beings, and what they describe is always something quite sober and down-to-earth. The difficulty in understanding what sorcerers do is that they proceed from a different *cognitive system*.

The *energy body* is of key importance in whatever has been taking place in your life. It is an *energetic fact* that your *energy body*, instead of moving away from you, as it normally happens, is approaching you with great speed. It means that something is going to knock the daylights out of you. A tremendous degree of control is going to come into your life, but not your control, the *energy body's* control.

There are scores of outside forces controlling you at this moment. The control that I am referring to is something outside the domain of language. It is your control and at the same time it is not. It cannot be classified, but it can certainly be experienced. And above all, it can certainly be manipulated. Remember this: It can be manipulated, to your total advantage, of course, which again, is not your advantage, but the *energy body's* advantage. However, the *energy body* is you, so we could go on forever like dogs biting their own tails, trying to describe this. Language is inadequate. All these experiences are beyond syntax.

If you pay close attention to the darkness of the foliage without focusing your eyes, but sort of look at it from the corner of your eye, you will see a fleeting shadow crossing your field of vision.

Early night is the appropriate time of day for doing what I am asking you to do. It takes a moment to engage the necessary attention in you to do it. Don't stop until you catch that fleeting black shadow, fleeting black shadows all over the place. That's the universe at large, incommensurable, nonlinear, outside the realm of syntax. The

sorcerers of ancient Mexico were the first ones to see those fleeting shadows, so they followed them around. They saw them as you will see them, and they *saw* them as energy that flows in the universe. And they did discover something transcendental. They discovered that we have a companion for life. We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predator is our lord and master. It has rendered us docile, helpless. If we want to protest, it suppresses our protest. If we want to act independently, it demands that we don't do so.

It's pitch black around us, but if you look out of the corner of your eye, you will still see fleeting shadows jumping all around you.

You have arrived, by your effort alone, to what the shamans of ancient Mexico called the topic of topics. I have been beating around the bush all this time, insinuating to you that something is holding us prisoner. Indeed we are held prisoner! This was an *energetic fact* for the sorcerers of ancient Mexico.

There is an explanation which is the simplest explanation in the world. They took over because we are food for them, and they squeeze us mercilessly because we are their sustenance. Just as we rear chickens in chicken coops, the predators rear us in human coops. Therefore, their food is always available to them.

Well, you haven't heard it all yet. Wait a bit longer and see how you feel. I'm going to subject you to a blitz. That is, I'm going to subject your mind to tremendous onslaughts, and you cannot get up and leave because you're caught. Not because I'm holding you prisoner, but because something in you will prevent you from leaving, while another part of you is going to go truthfully berserk. So brace yourself!

I want to appeal to your analytical mind. Think for a moment, and tell me how you would explain the contradiction between the intelligence of man the engineer and the stupidity of his systems of beliefs, or the stupidity of his contradictory behavior. Sorcerers believe that the predators have given us our systems of beliefs, our ideas of good and evil, our social mores. They are the ones who setup our hopes and expectations and dreams of success or failure. They have given us covetousness, greed, and cowardice. It is the predators who make us complacent, routinary, and egomaniacal.

In order to keep us obedient and meek and weak, the predators engaged themselves in a stupendous maneuver & end ash; stupendous, of course, from the point of view of a fighting strategist. A horrendous maneuver from the point of view of those who suffer it. They gave us their mind! Do you hear me? The predators give us their mind, which becomes our mind. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now.

I know that even though you have never suffered hunger you have food anxiety, which is none other than the anxiety of the predator who fears that any moment now its maneuver is going to be uncovered and food is going to be denied. Through the mind, which, after all, is their mind, the predators inject into the lives of human beings whatever is convenient for them. And they ensure, in this manner, a degree of security to act as a buffer against their fear.

Sorcerers *see* infant human beings as strange, luminous balls of energy, covered from the top to the bottom with a glowing coat, something like a plastic cover that is adjusted tightly over their cocoon of energy. That *glowing coat of awareness* is what

the predators consume, and when a human being reaches adulthood, all that is left of that *glowing coat of awareness* is a narrow fringe that goes from the ground to the top of the toes. That fringe permits mankind to continue living, but only barely.

To my knowledge, man is the only species that has the *glowing coat of awareness* outside that luminous cocoon. Therefore, he became easy prey for an awareness of a different order, such as the heavy awareness of the predator.

This narrow fringe of awareness is the epicenter of self-reflection, where man is irremediably caught. By playing on our self-reflection, which is the only point of awareness left to us, the predators create flares of awareness that they proceed to consume in a ruthless, predatory fashion. They give us inane problems that force those flares of awareness to rise, and in this manner they keep us alive in order to them to be fed with the energetic flare of our pseudo concerns.

There's nothing that you and I can do about it. All we can do is discipline ourselves to the point where they will not touch us. How can you ask your fellow men to go through those rigors of discipline? They'll laugh and make fun of you, and the more aggressive ones will beat the crap out of you. And not so much because they don't believe it. Down in the depths of every human being, there's an ancestral, visceral knowledge about the predators' existence.

Whenever doubts plague you to a dangerous point, do something pragmatic about it. Turn off the light. Pierce the darkness; find out what you can see.

You saw the fleeting shadows against the trees, that's pretty good. I'd like you to see them inside this room. You're not *seeing* anything. You're just merely catching fleeting images. You have enough energy for that.

The sorcerers of ancient Mexico *saw* the predator. They called it the *flyer* because it leaps through the air. It is not a pretty sight. It is a big shadow, impenetrably dark, a black shadow that jumps through the air. Then, it lands flat on the ground. The sorcerers of ancient Mexico were quite ill at ease with the idea of when it made its appearance on Earth. They reasoned that man must have been a complete being at one point, with stupendous insights, feats of awareness that are mythological legends nowadays. And then everything seems to disappear, and we have now a sedated man.

What I'm saying is that what we have against us is not a simple predator. It is very smart, and organized. It follows a methodical system to render us useless. Man, the magical being that he is destined to be, is no longer magical. He's an average piece of meat. There are no more dreams for man but the dreams of an animal who is being raised to become a piece of meat: trite, conventional, imbecilic.

This predator, which, of course, is an *inorganic being*, is not altogether invisible to us, as other *inorganic beings* are, I think as children we do see it and decide it's so horrific that we don't want to think about it. Children, of course, could insist on focusing on the sight, but everybody else around them dissuades them from doing so.

The only alternative left for mankind is *discipline*. Discipline is the only deterrent. But by discipline I don't mean harsh routines. I don't mean waking up every morning at five-thirty and throwing cold water on yourself until you're blue. Sorcerers understand discipline as the capacity to face with serenity odds that are not included in our expectations. For them, discipline is an art: the art of facing *infinity* without flinching, not because they are strong and tough but because they are filled with awe.

Sorcerers say that discipline makes the *glowing coat of awareness* unpalatable to

the *flyer*. The result is that the predators become bewildered. An inedible *glowing coat of awareness* is not part of their cognition, I suppose. After being bewildered, they don't have any recourse other than refraining from continuing their nefarious task.

If the predators don't eat our *glowing coat of awareness* for a while, it'll keep on glowing. Simplifying this matter to the extreme, I can say that sorcerers, by means of their discipline, push the predators away long enough to allow their *glowing coat of awareness* to grow beyond the level of the toes. Once it goes beyond the level of the toes, it grows back to its natural size. The sorcerers of ancient Mexico used to say that the *glowing coat of awareness* is like a tree. If it is not pruned, it grows to its natural size and volume. As awareness reaches levels higher than the toes, tremendous maneuvers of perception become a matter of course.

The grand trick of those sorcerers of ancient times was to burden the *flyers' mind* with discipline. They found out that if they taxed the *flyers' mind* with *inner silence*, the *foreign installation* would flee, giving to any one of the practitioners involved in this maneuver the total certainty of the mind's foreign origin. The *foreign installation* comes back, I assure you, but not as strong, and a process begins in which the fleeing of the *flyers' mind* becomes routine, until one day it flees permanently. A sad day indeed! That's the day when you have to rely on your own devices, which are nearly zero. There's no one to tell you what to do. There's no mind of foreign origin to dictate the imbecilities you're accustomed to.

My teacher, the nagual Julian, used to warn all his disciples that this was the toughest day in a sorcerer's life, for the real mind that belongs to us, the sum total of our experience, after a lifetime of domination has been rendered shy, insecure, and shifty. Personally, I would say that the real battle of sorcerers begins at that moment. The rest is merely preparation.

Discipline taxes the foreign mind no end, so, through their discipline, sorcerers vanquish the *foreign installation*.

I am going to give the *flyers' mind*, which you carry inside you, one more jolt. I am going to reveal to you one of the most extraordinary secrets of sorcery. I am going to describe to you a finding that took sorcerers thousands of years to verify and consolidate.

The *flyers' mind* flees forever when a sorcerer succeeds in grabbing on to the vibrating force that holds us together as a conglomerate of energy fields. If a sorcerer maintains that pressure long enough, the *flyers' mind* flees in defeat. And that's exactly what you are going to do: hold on to the energy that binds you together.

You are fearing the wrath of God, aren't you? Rest assured, that's not your fear. It's the *flyers' fear*, because it knows that you will do exactly as I'm telling you.

Don't worry, I know for a fact that those attacks wear off very quickly. The *flyers' mind* has no concentration whatsoever. You're being torn by an internal struggle. Down in the depths of you, you know that you are incapable of refusing the agreement that an indispensable part of you, your *glowing coat of awareness*, is going to serve as an incomprehensible source of nourishment to, naturally, incomprehensible entities. And another part of you will stand against this situation with all its might.

The sorcerers' revolution is that they refuse to honor agreements in which they did not participate. Nobody ever asked me if I would consent to be eaten by beings of a different kind of awareness. My parents just brought me into this world to be food, like

themselves, and that's the end of the story.

The more you think about it, and the more you talk to and observe yourself and your fellow men, the more intense will be the conviction that something has rendered us incapable of any activity or any interaction or any thought that doesn't have the self as its focal point. Your concern, as well as the concern of everyone you know or talk to, is the self.

Focus your attention on the fleeting shadows that you actually see. The *flyers' mind* has not left you, it has been seriously injured. It's trying its best to rearrange its relationship with you. But something in you is severed forever. The *flyer* knows that. The real danger is that the *flyers' mind* may win by getting you tired and forcing you to quit by playing the contradiction between what it says and what I say.

You see, the *flyers' mind* has no competitors, when it proposed something, it agrees with its own proposition, and it makes you believe that you've done something of worth. The *flyers' mind* will say to you that whatever Juan Matus is telling you is pure nonsense, and then the same mind will agree with its own proposition, "Yes, of course, it is nonsense," you will say. That's the way they overcome us.

The *flyers* are an essential part of the universe and they must be taken as what they really are & en dash; awesome, monstrous. They are the means by which the universe tests us.

We are energetic probes created by the universe, and it's because we are possessors of energy that has awareness that we are the means by which the universe becomes aware of itself. The *flyers* are the implacable challengers. They cannot be taken as anything else. If we succeed in doing that, the universe allows us to continue.

It's time for another kind of maneuver. I want to propose a weird idea to you. I have to stress that it's a weird idea that will find endless resistance in you. I will tell you beforehand that you won't accept it easily. But the fact that it's weird should not be a deterrent. Your mind is always open to inquiry, isn't that so?

The weird idea is that every human being on this earth seems to have exactly the same reactions, the same thoughts, the same feelings. They seem to respond in more or less the same way to the same stimuli. Those reactions seem to be sort of fogged up by the language they speak, but if we scrape that off, they are exactly the same reactions that besiege every human being on Earth. I would like you to become curious about this and see if you could formally account for such homogeneity.

A task for you one day will be to *see* the predator. It is one of the most mysterious things of sorcerer, something that goes beyond language, beyond explanations. The mystery of sorcerer must be cushioned in the mundane. It must stem from nothing, and go back again to nothing. That's the art of *warrior-travelers*: to go through the eye of a needle unnoticed. Someday, when you are ready, sit and brace yourself by propping your back against something. Cross your legs and enter into *inner silence*. Enter into *inner silence*, but don't fall asleep. This won't be a journey through the *dark sea of awareness*, it will be *seeing from inner silence*.

When you can *see from inner silence*, the predator may appear as a gigantic shadow, leaping in the air and then landing with a silent thud. They are really heavy. Don't be frightened. Keep your *inner silence* and it will move away.

The predator is not something benevolent. It is enormously heavy, gross, indifferent. You can feel its disregard for us. Doubtless, it has crushed us ages ago,

making us weak, vulnerable, and docile. You have your *unbending intent*, not to let them at you.

Soon you will be entering into *infinity* by the force of your personal power. Once you have entered into *infinity*, you can't depend on anyone to bring you back. Your decision is needed then. Only you can decide whether or not to return. I must also warn you that few *warrior-travelers* survive this type of encounter with *infinity*. *Infinity* is enticing beyond belief. A *warrior-traveler* finds that to return to the world of disorder, compulsion, noise, and pain is a most unappealing affair. You must know that your decision to stay or to return is not a matter of a reasonable choice, but a matter of *intending* it.

If you choose not to return, you will disappear as if the earth has swallowed you. But if you choose to come back, you must tighten your belt and wait like a true *warrior-traveler* until your task, whatever it might be, is finished, either in success or in defeat.

Today you are going to fulfill a concrete task, the last link of a long chain; and you must do it in your utmost mood of reason.

The backbone of a *warrior-traveler* is humbleness and efficiency, acting without expecting anything and withstanding anything that lies ahead of him.

We are alone. That's our condition, but to die alone is not to die in loneliness.

The great issue with us males is our frailty. When our awareness begins to grow, it grows like a column, right on the midpoint of our luminous being, from the ground up. That column has to reach a considerable height before we can rely on it. At this time in your life, as a sorcerer, you easily lose your grip on your new awareness. When you do that, you forget everything you have done and *seen* on the *warrior-travelers' path* because your consciousness shifts back to the awareness of your everyday life. I have explained to you that the task of every male sorcerer is to reclaim everything he has done and *seen* on the *warrior-travelers' path* while he was on new levels of awareness. The problem of every male sorcerer is that he easily forgets because his awareness loses its new level and falls to the ground at the drop of a hat.

Don't worry about verbalizations. You'll verbalize all you want in due time. Today, you must act on your *inner silence*, on what you know without knowing. You know to perfection what you have to do, but this knowledge is not quite formulated in your thoughts yet.

It is obligatory that a *warrior-traveler* say good-bye to all the people he leaves behind. He must say his good-bye in a loud and clear voice so that his shout and his feelings will remain forever recorded.

Warrior-travelers can't owe anything to anyone. *Warrior-travelers* pay elegantly, generously, and with unequaled ease every favor, every service rendered to them. In this manner, they get rid of the burden of being indebted.

You have *recapitulated* your life thoroughly, but you are far from being free of indebtedness. You cannot confuse solitude with solitariness. Solitude for me is psychological, of the mind. Solitariness is physical. One is debilitating, the other comforting.

We must have something we could die for before we can think that we have something to live for. If you have nothing to die for, how can you claim that you have something to live for? The two go hand in hand, with death at the helm.

Loneliness is inadmissible in a warrior. *Warrior-travelers* can count on one being on which they can focus all their love, all their care: this marvelous Earth, the mother, the matrix, the epicenter of everything we are and everything we do; the very being to which all of us return; the very being that allows *warrior-travelers* to leave on their *definitive journey*.

Let's put it this way. In order for me to leave this world and face the unknown, I need all my strength, all my forbearance, all my luck; but above all, I need every bit of a *warrior-traveler's* guts of steel. To remain behind and fare like a *warrior-traveler*, you need everything of what I myself need. To venture out there, the way we are going to, is no joking matter, but neither is it to stay behind.

We will never be together again. You don't need my help any more; and I don't want to offer it to you, because if you are worth your salt as a *warrior-traveler*, you'll spit in my eye for offering it to you. Beyond a certain point, the only joy of a *warrior-traveler* is his aloneness. I wouldn't like you to try to help me, either. Once I leave, I am gone. Don't think about me, for I won't think about you. If you are a worthy *warrior-traveler*, be impeccable! Take care of your world. Honor it; guard it with your life!

Forget the self and you will fear nothing, in whatever level of awareness you find yourself to be.

I hope you find love!

A male sorcerer who is the nagual perforce has to be fragmented because of the bulk of his energetic mass. Each fragment lives a specific range of a total scope of activity, and the events that he experiences in each fragment have to be joined someday to give a complete, conscious picture of everything that has taken place in his total life.

That unification takes years to accomplish. I have been told of cases of naguals who never reached the total scope of their activities in a conscious manner and lived fragmented.

The world of sorcerers is not an immutable world, where the world is final, unchanging, it's a world of eternal fluctuation where nothing should be taken for granted.

How could all this be possible? Who are we really? Certainly not the people all of us have been led to believe we are.

A sorcerer weeps when he is fragmented. When he's complete, he's taken by a shiver that has the potential, because it is so intense, of ending his life.

There is nothing to mourn, nothing to feel sad about. Nothing matters. All of us are *warrior-travelers*, and all of us have been swallowed by *infinity*.

We are *warrior-travelers*. Only *energetic facts* are meaningful for us. All the rest are trimmings that have no importance at all.

Our normal cognition requires a linear explanation in order to be satisfied, and linear explanations are not possible. That is the crux of the interruption of continuity.

That interruption is sorcerer. In order for you to stay behind, you need all your strength, all your forbearance, and above all, a *warrior-traveler's* guts of steal.

Appendix A to E

Appendix A

Alternate beginning to first four paragraphs beginning in the compilation from The Teachings of don Juan

You will have to make a very deep commitment because this training is long and arduous.

Power rests on the kind of knowledge one holds. What is the sense knowing things that are useless?

Nothing in this world is a gift, whatever there is to learn has to be learned the hard way.

One can feel with the eyes, when the eyes are not looking right into things.

You have to be inflexible with yourself if you want to learn.

You must have command over your resources.

There is nothing wrong with being afraid. When you fear, you see things in a different way.

I am going to teach you the secrets that make up the lot of a man of knowledge.

You will learn in spite of yourself; that's the rule.

You are a serious person, but your seriousness is attached to what you do, not to what goes on outside you. You dwell upon yourself too much. That's the trouble. And that produces a terrible fatigue. Seek and see the marvels all around you. You will get tired of looking at yourself alone, and that fatigue will make you deaf and blind to everything else.

A man goes to knowledge as he goes to war, wide awake, with fear, with respect, and with absolute assurance. Going to knowledge or going to war in any other manner is a mistake, and whoever makes it will live to regret his steps.

When a man has fulfilled those four requisites there are no mistakes for which he

will have to account; under such conditions his acts lose the blundering quality of a fool's acts. If such a man fails, or suffers a defeat, he will have lost only a battle, and there will be no pitiful regrets over that.

I intend to teach you about an "ally" in the very same way my own benefactor taught me. An "ally" is a power a man can bring into his life to help him, advise him, and give him the strength necessary to perform acts, whether big or small, right or wrong. This ally is necessary to enhance a man's life, guide his acts, and further his knowledge. In fact, an ally is the indispensable aid to knowing.

An ally will make you see and understand things about which no human being could possibly enlighten you. It is neither a guardian nor a spirit. It is an aid. An ally is tamed and used.

The acquiring of an ally requires the most precise teaching and the following of stages or steps without a single deviation. There are many such ally powers in the world. An ally is a power capable of carrying a man beyond the boundaries of himself. This is how an ally can reveal matters no human being could. An ally takes you out of yourself to give you power.

Learning through conversation is not only a waste, but stupidity, because learning is the most difficult task a man can undertake. Remember the time you tried to find your "spot," and how you wanted to find it without doing any work because you expected me to hand out all the information. If I had done so, you would never have learned. But now, knowing how difficult it was to find your spot, and above all knowing that it exists, gives you a unique sense of confidence. While you remain rooted to your "good spot" nothing can cause you bodily harm, because you have the assurance that at that particular spot you are at your very best. You have the power to shove off anything that might be harmful to you. If, however, I had *told* you where it was, you would never have had the confidence needed to claim it as true knowledge. Thus, knowledge is indeed power.

Every time a man sets himself to learn he has to labor as hard as you did to find that spot, and the limits of his learning are determined by his own nature. Thus I see no point in talking about knowledge. Certain kinds of knowledge are too powerful for the strength you have, and to talk about them would only bring harm to you.

Fears are natural; all of us experience them and there is nothing we can do about it. But on the other hand, no matter how frightening learning is, it is more terrible to think of a man without an ally, or without knowledge.

The calling of a name is a serious matter, especially if one is learning to tame an ally power. Names are reserved to be used only when one is calling for help, in moments of great stress and need. I assure you that such moments happen sooner or later in the life of whoever seeks knowledge.

Man lives only to learn. And if he learns it is because that is the nature of his lot, for good or bad.

A man of knowledge is one who has followed truthfully the hardships of learning, a man who has, without rushing or without faltering, gone as far as he can in unraveling the secrets of power and knowledge. To become a man of knowledge he must

challenge and defeat his four natural enemies. A man can call himself a man of knowledge only if he is capable of defeating all four of them. Anybody who defeats them becomes a man of knowledge. Anyone can try to become a man of knowledge; very few men actually succeed, but that is only natural. The enemies a man encounters on the path of learning to become a man of knowledge are truly formidable; most men succumb to them.

To be a man of knowledge has no permanence. One is never a man of knowledge, not really. Rather, one becomes a man of knowledge for a very brief instant, after defeating the four natural enemies.

Appendix B

Alternate reading to follow the first two paragraphs from the beginning of A Separate Reality

In this system of knowledge there is a difference between *seeing* and *looking*. They are two distinct manners of perceiving. Looking refers to the ordinary way in which we are accustomed to perceiving the world, while *seeing* entails a process by virtue of which a man of knowledge perceives the essence of the things of the world.

Acquiring the necessary speed to catch a glimpse of that fleeting world of non ordinary reality is a goal of your training. You may call it a condition of inapplicability because what you will perceive when you acquire that necessary speed is incomprehensible and impossible to interpret by means of our everyday mode of understanding the world. In other words, the condition of inapplicability entails the cessation of the pertinence of our normal world view.

Obviously there has to be an endless number of possible sensible interpretations that are pertinent to sorcery that a sorcerer must learn to make. In our day-to-day life we are confronted with an endless number of sensible interpretations pertinent to it. A simple example could be the no longer deliberate interpretation, which we make scores of times every day, of the structure we call "room." It is obvious that we have learned to interpret the structure we call room in terms of room; thus room is a sensible interpretation because it requires that at the time we make it we are cognizant, in one way or another, of all the elements that enter into its composition. A system of sensible interpretation is, in other words, the process by virtue of which a person is cognizant of all the units of meaning necessary to make assumptions, deductions, predictions, etc., about all the situations pertinent to his activity.

I am attempting to make my system of sensible interpretation accessible to you. Such an accessibility, in this case, is equivalent to a process of resocialization in which new ways of interpreting perceptual data are learned.

You are the stranger, the one who lacks the capacity to make intelligent and congruous interpretations proper to sorcery. My task, as a teacher making my system accessible to you is to disarrange a particular certainty which you share with everyone

else, the certainty that our "common-sense" views of the world are final.

You will see that our ordinary view of the world cannot be final because it is only an interpretation.

Appendix C

The Rule

Alternate reading instead of the six paragraphs from "Again, human beings ..." through "... ability to forget" (50 paragraphs from the beginning) in The Eagle's Gift

I will clarify the previously unimagined world of hidden memories which you have been recollecting thru *dreaming*, memories that you have been incapable of retrieving with your everyday-life memory. As I've said, human beings are divided in two. The right side, which is called the *tonal*, encompasses everything the intellect can conceive of. The left side, called the *magical*, is a realm of indescribable features: a realm impossible to contain in words. The left side is perhaps comprehended, if comprehension is what takes place, with the total body; thus its resistance to conceptualization. All the faculties, possibilities, and accomplishments of sorcery, from the simplest to the most astounding, are in the human body itself.

Taking as a base the concepts that we are divided in two and that everything is in the body itself, our time together has been divided between states of normal awareness; on the right side, the *tonal*, where the first attention prevails; and states of heightened awareness, on the left side, the *magical*; the site of the second attention.

I have lead you to the other self by means of the self-control of the second attention through *dreaming*. However, I have put you in direct touch with the second attention through bodily manipulation in the form of a sound blow on your back. The result of that blow is entrance into an extraordinary state of clarity. It seems that everything in that state goes faster, yet nothing in the world has been changed. That is to say, the world is the same but sharper. You stay clear until I give you another blow on the same spot to make you revert back to a normal state of awareness.

In those states of heightened awareness you've had an incomparable richness of personal interaction, a richness that your body has understood as a sensation of speeding. The richness of your perception on the left side has been, however, a post-fact realization. Your interaction appeared to be rich in the light of your capacity to remember it. You became cognizant then that in those states of heightened awareness you had perceived everything in one clump, one bulky mass of inextricable detail. You've called this ability to perceive everything at once--*intensity*. For years you have found it impossible to examine the separate constituent parts of those chunks of experience; you have been unable to synthesize those parts into a sequence that would make sense to the intellect. Since you were incapable of those syntheses, you could not

remember. Your incapacity to remember was in reality an incapacity to put the memory of your perception on a linear basis. You could not lay your experiences flat, so to speak, and arrange them in a sequential order. The experiences were available to you, but at the same time they were impossible to retrieve, for they were blocked by a wall of *intensity*.

The task of remembering, then, is properly the task of joining our left and right sides, of reconciling those two distinct forms of perception into a unified whole. It is the task of consolidating the totality of oneself by rearranging *intensity* into a linear sequence.

The pragmatic step that I have taken to aid you in your task of remembering has been to make you interact with certain people while you were in a state of heightened awareness. I was very careful not to let you see those people when you were in a state of normal awareness. In this way I created the appropriate conditions for remembering.

Now that you have completed your remembering, you have detailed knowledge of social interactions which you have shared with my companions and me. These are not memories in the sense that you would remember an episode from your childhood; they are more than vivid moment-to-moment recollections of events. You have reconstructed conversations that seemed to be reverberating in your ears, as if you were listening to them. What you have remembered, from the point of view of your experiential self, was taking place now. Such has been the character of your remembering.

It is time now to tell you the "rule" as it pertains to the Nagual and his role, exactly as it was told to me. Being involved with the rule may be described as living a myth. In my case, a myth that caught me and made me the Nagual.

The power that governs the destiny of all living beings is called the Eagle, not because it is an eagle or has anything to do with an eagle, but because it appears to the seer as an immeasurable jet-black eagle, standing erect as an eagle stands, its height reaching to infinity.

As the seer gazes on the blackness that the Eagle is, four blazes of light reveal what the Eagle is like. The first blaze, which is like a bolt of lightning, helps the seer make out the contours of the Eagle's body. There are patches of whiteness that look like an eagle's feathers and talons. A second blaze of lightning reveals the flapping, wind-creating blackness that looks like an eagle's wings. With the third blaze of lightning the seer beholds a piercing, inhuman eye. And the fourth and last blaze discloses what the Eagle is doing.

The Eagle is devouring the awareness of all the creatures that, alive on earth a moment before and now dead, have floated to the Eagle's beak, like a ceaseless swarm of fireflies, to meet their owner, their reason for having had life. The Eagle disentangles these tiny flames, lays them flat, as a tanner stretches out a hide, and then consumes them; for awareness is the Eagle's food.

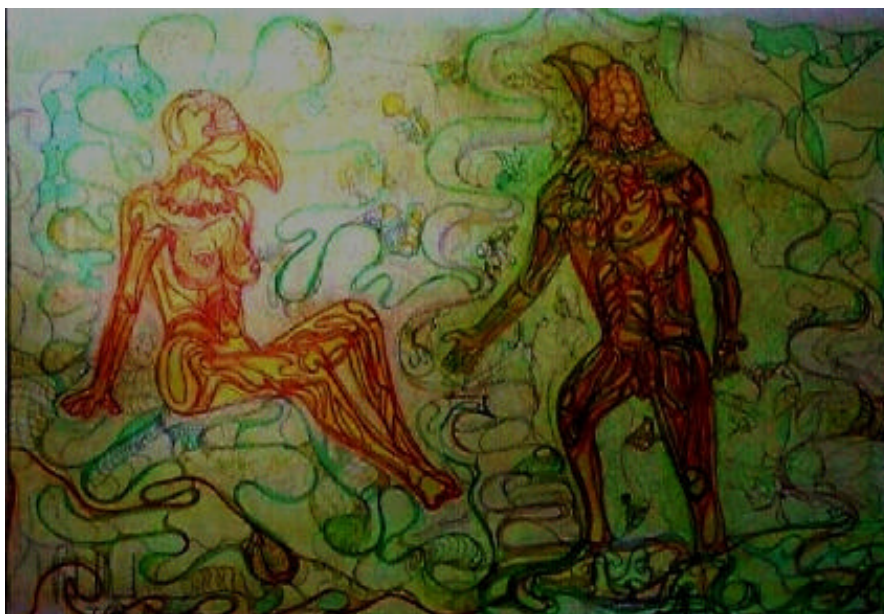
The Eagle, that power that governs the destinies of all living things, reflects equally and at once all those living things. There is no way, therefore, for man to pray to the Eagle, to ask favors, to hope for grace. The human part of the Eagle is too insignificant to move the whole.

It is only from the Eagle's actions that a seer can tell what it wants. The Eagle, although it is not moved by the circumstances of any living thing, has granted a gift to each of those beings. In its own way and right, any one of them, if it so desires, has the power to keep the flame of awareness, the power to disobey the summons to die and be consumed. Every living thing has been granted the power, if it so desires, to seek an opening to freedom and to go through it. It is evident to the seer who sees the opening, and to the creatures that go through it, that the Eagle has granted that gift in order to perpetuate awareness.

For the purpose of guiding living things to that opening, the Eagle created the Nagual. The Nagual is a double being to whom the rule has been revealed. Whether it be in the form of a human being, an animal, a plant, or anything else that lives, the Nagual by virtue of its double ness is drawn to seek that hidden passageway.

The Nagual comes in pairs, male and female, A double man and a double woman become the Nagual only after the rule has been told to each of them, and each of them has understood it and accepted it in full.

To the eye of the seer, a Nagual man or Nagual woman appears as aluminous egg with four compartments. Unlike the average human being, who has two sides only, a left and a right, the Nagual has a left side divided into two long sections, and a right side equally divided in two.



The Eagle created the first Nagual man and Nagual woman as seers and immediately put them in the world to see. It provided them with four female warriors who were stalkers, three male warriors, and one male courier, whom they were to nourish, enhance, and lead to freedom.

The female warriors are called the four directions, the four corners of a square, the four moods, the four winds, the four different female personalities that exist in the human race.

The first is the east. She is called order. She is optimistic, lighthearted, smooth, persistent like a steady breeze.

The second is the north. She is called strength. She is resourceful, blunt, direct, tenacious like a hard wind.

The third is the west. She is called feeling. She is introspective, remorseful,

cunning, sly, like a cold gust of wind.

The fourth is the south. She is called growth. She is nurturing, loud, shy, warm, like a hot wind.

The three male warriors and the courier are representative of the four types of male activity and temperament.

The first type is the knowledgeable man, the scholar; a noble, dependable, serene man, fully dedicated to accomplishing his task, whatever it may be.

The second type is the man of action, highly volatile, a great humorous fickle companion.

The third type is the organizer behind the scenes, the mysterious, unknowable man. Nothing can be said about him because he allows nothing about himself to slip out.

The courier is the fourth type. He is the assistant, a taciturn, somber man who does very well if properly directed but who cannot stand on his own.

In order to make things easier, the Eagle showed the Nagual man and Nagual woman that each of these types among men and woman of the earth has specific features in its luminous body.

The scholar has a sort of shallow dent, a bright depression at his solar plexus. In some men it appears as a pool of intense luminosity, sometimes smooth and shiny like a mirror without a reflection.

The man of action has some fibers emanating from the area of the will. The number of fibers varies from one to five, their size ranging from a mere string to a thick, whip like tentacle up to eight feet long. Some have as many as three of these fibers developed into tentacles.

The man behind the scenes is recognized not by a feature but by his ability to create, quite involuntarily, a burst of power that effectively blocks the attention of seers. When in the presence of this type of man, seers find themselves immersed in extraneous detail rather than seeing.

The assistant has no obvious configuration. To seers he appears as a clear glow in a flawless shell of luminosity.

In the female realm, the east is recognized by the almost imperceptible blotches in her luminosity, something like small areas of discoloration.

The north has an overall radiation; she exudes a reddish glow, almost like heat.

The west has a tenuous film enveloping her, a film which makes her appear darker than the others.

The south has an intermittent glow; she shines for a moment and then gets dull, only to shine again.

The Nagual man and the Nagual woman have two different movements in their luminous bodies. Their right sides wave, while their left sides whirl.

In terms of personality, the Nagual man is supportive, steady, unchangeable. The Nagual woman is a being at war and yet relaxed, ever aware but without strain. Both of them reflect the four types of their sex, as four ways of behaving.

The first command that the Eagle gave the Nagual man and Nagual woman was to find, on their own, another set of four female warriors, four directions, who were the exact replicas of the stalkers but who were dreamers.

Dreamers appear to a seer as having an apron of hair like fibers at their midsections. Stalkers have a similar apron like feature, but instead of fibers the apron

consists of countless small, round protuberances.

The eight female warriors are divided into two bands, which are called the right and left planets. The right planet is made up of four stalkers, the left of four dreamers. The warriors of each planet were taught by the Eagle the rule of their specific task: stalkers were taught stalking; dreamers were taught dreaming.

The two female warriors of each direction live together. They are so alike that they mirror each other, and only through impeccability can they find solace and challenge in each other's reflection.

The only time when the four dreamers or four stalkers get together is when they have to accomplish a strenuous task; but only under special circumstances should the four of them join hands, for their touch fuses them into one being and should be used only in cases of dire need, or at the moment of leaving this world.

The two female warriors of each direction are attached to one of the males, in any combination that is necessary. Thus they make a set of four households, which are capable of incorporating as many warriors as needed.

The male warriors and the courier can also form an independent unit of four men, or each can function as a solitary being, as dictated by necessity.

Next the Nagual and his party were commanded to find three more couriers. These could be all males or all females or a mixed set, but the male couriers had to be of the fourth type of man, the assistant, and the females had to be from the south.

In order to make sure that the first Nagual man would lead his party to freedom and not deviate from that path or become corrupted, the Eagle took the Nagual woman to the other world to serve as a beacon, guiding the party to the opening.

The Nagual and his warriors were then commanded to forget. They were plunged into darkness and were given new tasks: the task of remembering themselves, and the task of remembering the Eagle.

The command to forget was so great that everyone was separated. They did not remember who they were. The Eagle intended that if they were capable of remembering themselves again, they would find the totality of themselves. Only then would they have the strength and forbearance necessary to seek and face their definitive journey.

Their last task, after they had regained the totality of themselves, was to get a new pair of double beings and transform them into a new Nagual man and a new Nagual woman by virtue of revealing the rule to them. And just as the first Nagual man and Nagual woman had been provided with a minimal party, they had to supply the new pair of Naguals with four female warriors who were stalkers, three male warriors, and one male courier.

When the first Nagual and his party were ready to go through the passageway, the first Nagual woman was waiting to guide them. They were ordered then to take the new Nagual woman with them to the other world to serve as a beacon for her people, leaving the new Nagual man in the world to repeat the cycle.

While in the world, the minimal number under a Nagual's leadership is sixteen: eight female warriors, four male warriors, counting the Nagual, and four couriers. At the moment of leaving the world, when the new Nagual woman is with them, the Nagual's number is seventeen. If his personal power permits him to have more warriors, then more must be added in multiples of four.

The rule is endless and covers every facet of a warrior's behavior. The interpretation and the accumulation of the rule is the work of seers whose only task throughout the ages has been to *see* the *Indescribable Force* called the Eagle, to observe its ceaseless flux. From their observations, the seers have concluded that, providing the luminous shell that comprises one's humanness has been broken, it is possible to find in the *Indescribable Force* the faint reflection of man. The *Indescribable Force*'s irrevocable dictums can then be apprehended by seers, properly interpreted by them, and accumulated in the form of a governing body.

The rule is not a tale. To cross over to freedom does not mean eternal life as eternity is commonly understood--that is, as living forever. What the rule states is that one can keep the awareness which is ordinarily relinquished at the moment of dying. I cannot explain what it means to keep that awareness. My benefactor told me that at the moment of crossing, one enters into the third attention, and the body in its entirety is kindled with knowledge. Every cell at once becomes aware of itself, and also aware of the totality of the body.

This kind of awareness is meaningless to our compartmentalized minds. Therefore the crux of the warrior's struggle is not so much to realize that the crossing over stated in the rule means crossing to the third attention, but rather to conceive that there exists such an awareness at all.

There is a common error, that of overestimating the left-side awareness, of becoming dazzled by its clarity and power. To be in the left-side awareness does not mean that one is immediately liberated from one's folly--it only means an extended capacity for perceiving, and above all, a greater ability to forget.

Appendix D

Alternate reading to the paragraph from *The Fire From Within* "Any warrior can be successful with people provided that he moves his assemblage point to a position where it is immaterial whether people like him, dislike him, or ignore him.

The purpose of *stalking* is twofold: first, to move the assemblage point as steadily and safely as possible, and nothing can do the job as well as *stalking*; second, to imprint its principles at such a deep level that the human inventory is bypassed; for example the human inventory's natural reaction of refusing and judging something that may be offensive to reason.

The new seers *saw* that there are two main groups of human beings: those who care about others and those who do not. In between these two extremes they *saw* an endless mixture of the two. The nagual Julian belonged to the category of men who do not care; I belong to the opposite category. The nagual Julian was generous, he would give you the shirt off his back. Not only was he generous; he was also utterly charming, winning. He was always deeply and sincerely interested in everybody around him. He was kind and open and gave away everything he had to anyone who needed it, or to anyone he happened to like. He was in turn loved by everyone, because being a master *stalker*, he conveyed to them his true feelings: he didn't give a plugged nickel for any of them.

That's *stalking* . The nagual Julian didn't care about anyone. That's why he could help people. And he did; he gave them the shirt off his back, because he didn't give a fig about them.

The only ones who help their fellow men are those who don't give a damn about them. That's what *stalkers* say. The nagual Julian, for instance, was a fabulous curer. He helped thousands and thousands of people, but he never took credit for it. He let people believe that a woman seer of his party was the curer. Now, if he had been a man who cared for his fellow men, he would've demanded acknowledgment. Those who care for others care for themselves and demand recognition where recognition is due. Since I belong to the category of those who care for their fellow men, I have never helped anyone: I feel awkward with generosity; I can't even conceive being loved as the nagual Julian was, and I would certainly feel stupid giving anyone the shirt off my back. I care so much for my fellow man that I don't do anything for him. I wouldn't know what to do. And I would always have the nagging sense that I was imposing my will on him with my gifts. Naturally, I have overcome all these feelings with the warriors' way. Any warrior can be successful with people, as the nagual Julian was, provided that he moves his assemblage point to a position where it is immaterial whether people like him, dislike him, or ignore him. But that's not the same.

Appendix E

Structural Analysis

Compiled from Carlos Castaneda's first book, The Teachings Of Don Juan:
A Yaque Way Of Knowledge

MAN OF KNOWLEDGE

The goal of my teachings is to show how to become a man of knowledge. The following seven concepts are its proper components:(1) to become a man of knowledge is a matter of learning; (2) a man of knowledge has *unbending intent* ; (3) a man of knowledge has clarity of mind; (4) to become a man of knowledge is a matter of strenuous labor; (5) a man of knowledge is a warrior; (6)to become a man of knowledge is an unceasing process; and (7) a man of knowledge has an ally.

These seven concepts are themes. They run through the teachings, determining the character of my entire knowledge. Inasmuch as the operational goal of my teachings is to produce a man of knowledge, everything I teach is imbued with the specific characteristics of each of the seven themes. Together they construe the concept "man of knowledge" as a way of conducting oneself, a way of behaving that is the end result

of a long and hazardous training." Man of knowledge," however, is not a guide to behavior, but a set of principles encompassing all the unordinary circumstances pertinent to the knowledge being taught.

Each one of the seven themes is composed, in turn, of various other concepts, which cover their different facets.

To Become a Man of Knowledge Is a Matter of Learning

Learning is the only possible way of becoming a man of knowledge, and that in turn implies the act of making a resolute effort to achieve an end. To become a man of knowledge is the end result of a process, as opposed to an immediate acquisition through an act of grace or through bestowal by supernatural powers. The plausibility of learning how to become a man of knowledge warrants the existence of a system for teaching one how to accomplish it.

A Man of Knowledge Has Unbending Intent.

The idea that a man of knowledge needs *unbending intent* refers to the exercise of volition. Having *unbending intent* means having the will to execute a necessary procedure by maintaining oneself at all times rigidly within the boundaries of the knowledge being taught. A man of knowledge needs a rigid will in order to endure the obligatory quality that every act possesses when it is performed in the context of my knowledge.

The obligatory quality of all the acts performed in such a context, and their being inflexible and predetermined, are no doubt unpleasant to any man, for which reason a modicum of *unbending intent* is sought as the only covert requirement needed by a prospective apprentice.

Unbending intent is composed of (1) frugality, (2) soundness of judgment, and (3) lack of freedom to innovate.

A man of knowledge needs frugality because the majority of the obligatory acts deal with instances or with elements that are either outside the boundaries of ordinary everyday life, or are not customary in ordinary activity, and the man who has to act in accordance with them needs an extraordinary effort every time he takes action. It is implicit that one be capable of such an extraordinary effort by being frugal with any other activity that does not deal directly with such predetermined actions.

Since all acts are predetermined and obligatory, a man of knowledge needs soundness of judgment. This concept does not imply commonsense, but does imply the capacity to assess the circumstances surrounding any need to act. A guide for such an assessment is provided by bringing together, as rationales, all the parts of the teachings which are at one's command at the given moment in which any action has to be carried out. Thus, the guide is always changing as more parts are learned; yet it always implies the conviction that any obligatory act one may have to perform is, in fact, the most appropriate under the circumstances.

Because all acts are pre established and compulsory, having to carry them out means lack of freedom to innovate. My system of imparting knowledge is so well established that there is no possibility of altering it in any way.

A Man of Knowledge Has Clarity of Mind

Clarity of mind is the theme that provides a sense of direction. The fact that all acts are predetermined means that one's orientation within the knowledge being taught is equally predetermined; as a consequence, clarity of mind supplies only a sense of direction. It reaffirms continuously the validity of the course being taken through the component ideas of (1) freedom to seek a path, (2) knowledge of the specific purpose, and (3) being fluid.

It is believed that one has the freedom to seek a path. Having the freedom to choose is not incongruous with the lack of freedom to innovate; these two ideas are not in opposition nor do they interfere with each other. Freedom to seek a path refers to the liberty to choose among different possibilities of action which are equally effective and usable. The criterion for choosing is the advantage of one possibility over others, based on one's preference. As a matter of fact, the freedom to choose a path imparts a sense of direction through the expression of personal inclinations.

Another way to create a sense of direction is through the idea that there is a specific purpose for every action performed in the context of the knowledge being taught. Therefore, a man of knowledge needs clarity of mind in order to match his own specific reasons for acting with the specific purpose of every action. The knowledge of the specific purpose of every action is the guide he uses to judge the circumstances surrounding any need to act.

Another facet of clarity of mind is the idea that a man of knowledge, in order to reinforce the performance of his obligatory actions, needs to assemble all the resources that the teachings have placed at his command. This is the idea of being fluid. It creates a sense of direction by giving one the feeling of being malleable and resourceful. The compulsory quality of all acts would imbue one with a sense of stiffness or sterility were it not for the idea that a man of knowledge needs to be fluid.

To Become A Man of Knowledge is a Matter of Strenuous Labor

A man of knowledge has to possess or has to develop in the course of his training an all-round capacity for exertion. To become a man of knowledge is a matter of strenuous labor. Strenuous labor denotes a capacity (1) to put forth dramatic exertion; (2) to achieve efficacy; and (3) to meet challenge.

In the path of a man of knowledge drama is undoubtedly the outstanding single issue, and a special type of exertion is needed for responding to circumstances that require dramatic exploitation; that is to say, a man of knowledge needs dramatic exertion. Taking my behavior as an example, at first glance it may seem that my dramatic exertion is only my own idiosyncratic preference for histrionics. Yet my dramatic exertion is always much more than acting; it is rather a profound state of belief. I impart through dramatic exertion the peculiar quality of finality to all the acts I perform. As a consequence, then, my acts are set on a stage in which death is one of the main protagonists. It is implicit that death is a real possibility in the course of learning because of the inherently dangerous nature of the items with which a man of

knowledge deals; then, it is logical that the dramatic exertion created by the conviction that death is an ubiquitous player is more than histrionics.

Exertion entails not only drama, but also the need of efficacy. Exertion has to be effective; it has to possess the quality of being properly channeled, of being suitable. The idea of impending death creates not only the drama needed for overall emphasis, but also the conviction that every action involves a struggle for survival, the conviction that annihilation will result if one's exertion does not meet the requirement of being efficacious.

Exertion also entails the idea of challenge, that is, the act of testing whether, and proving that, one is capable of performing a proper act within the rigorous boundaries of the knowledge being taught.

A Man of Knowledge Is a Warrior

The existence of a man of knowledge is an unceasing struggle, and the idea that he is a warrior, leading a warrior's life, provides one with the means for achieving emotional stability. The idea of a man at war encompasses four concepts: (1) a man of knowledge has to have respect; (2) he has to have fear; (3) he has to be wide-awake; (4) he has to be self-confident. Hence, to be a warrior is a form of self-discipline which emphasizes individual accomplishment; yet it is a stand in which personal interests are reduced to a minimum, as in most instances personal interest is incompatible with the rigor needed to perform any predetermined, obligatory act.

A man of knowledge in his role of warrior is obligated to have an attitude of deferential regard for the items with which he deals; he has to imbue everything related to his knowledge with profound respect in order to place everything in a meaningful perspective. Having respect is equivalent to having assessed one's insignificant resources when facing the Unknown.

If one remains in that frame of thought, the idea of respect is logically extended to include oneself, for one is as unknown as the Unknown itself. The exercise of so sobering a feeling of respect transforms the apprenticeship of this specific knowledge, which may otherwise appear to be absurd, into a very rational alternative.

Another necessity of a warrior's life is the need to experience and carefully to evaluate the sensation of fear. The ideal is that, in spite of fear, one has to proceed with the course of one's acts. Fear must be conquered and there is a time in the life of a man of knowledge when it is vanquished, but first one has to be conscious of being afraid and duly to evaluate that sensation. One is capable of conquering fear only by facing it.

As a warrior, a man of knowledge also needs to be wide-awake. A man at war has to be on the alert in order to be cognizant of most of the factors pertinent to the two mandatory aspects of awareness: (1) awareness of intent (2) awareness of the expected flux.

Awareness of intent is the act of being cognizant of the factors involved in the relationship between the specific purpose of any obligatory act and one's own specific purpose for acting. Since all the obligatory acts have a definite purpose, a man of knowledge has to be wide-awake; that is, he needs to be capable at all times of matching the definite purpose of every obligatory act with the definite reason that he

has in mind for desiring to act.

A man of knowledge, by being aware of that relationship, is also capable of being cognizant of what is believed to be the expected flux. What I call the awareness of the expected flux refers to the certainty that one is capable of detecting at all times the important variables involved in the relationship between the specific purpose of every act and one's specific reason for acting. By being aware of the expected flux one is able to detect the most subtle changes. That deliberate awareness of changes accounts for the recognition and interpretation of omens and of other unordinary events.

The last aspect of the idea of a warrior's behavior is the need for self-confidence, that is, the assurance that the specific purpose of an act one may have chosen to perform is the only plausible alternative for one's own specific reasons for acting. Without self-confidence, one would be incapable of fulfilling one of the most important aspects of the teachings: the capacity to claim knowledge as power.

To Become a Man of Knowledge Is an Unceasing Process

Being a man of knowledge is not a condition entailing permanency. There is never the certainty that, by carrying out the predetermined steps of the knowledge being taught, that you will become a man of knowledge. It is implicit that the function of the steps is only to show how to become a man of knowledge. Thus, becoming a man of knowledge is a task that cannot be fully achieved; rather, it is an unceasing process comprising (1) the idea that one has to renew the quest of becoming a man of knowledge; (2) the idea of one's impermanency; and (3) the idea that one has to follow a path with heart.

The constant renewal of the quest of becoming a man of knowledge is expressed in the theme of the four symbolic enemies encountered on the path of learning: fear, clarity, power, and old age. Renewing the quest implies the gaining and the maintenance of control over oneself. A true man of knowledge is expected to battle each of the four enemies, in succession, until the last moment of his life, in order to keep himself actively engaged in becoming a man of knowledge. Yet, despite the truthful renewal of the quest, the odds are inevitably against man; he would succumb to his last symbolic enemy. This is the idea of impermanency.

Offsetting the negative value of one's impermanency is the notion that one has to follow the path with heart. The path with heart is a metaphorical way of asserting that in spite of being impermanent one still has to proceed and has to be capable of finding satisfaction and personal fulfillment in the act of choosing the most amenable alternative and identifying oneself completely with it.

The rationale of my whole knowledge is synthesized in the metaphor that the important thing for me is to find a path with heart and then travel its length, meaning that the identification with the amenable alternative is enough for me. The journey by itself is sufficient; any hope of arriving at a permanent position is outside the boundaries of my knowledge.

A Man of Knowledge has an Ally .

The idea that a man of knowledge has an ally is the most important of the seven

component themes, for it is the only one that is indispensable to explaining what a man of knowledge is. In my classificatory scheme a man of knowledge has an ally, whereas the average man does not, and having an ally is what makes him different from ordinary men.

An ally is a power capable of transporting a man beyond the boundaries of himself; that is to say, an ally is a power which allows one to transcend the realm of ordinary reality. Consequently, to have an ally implies having power; and the fact that a man of knowledge has an ally is by itself proof that the operational goal of the teaching is being fulfilled. Since that goal is to show how to become a man of knowledge, and since a man of knowledge is one who has an ally, another way of describing the operational goal of my teachings is to say that it also shows how to obtain an ally. The concept "man of knowledge," as a sorcerer's philosophical frame, has meaning for anyone who wants to live within that frame only insofar as he has an ally.