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FORM THE CLAY OF THE SOUL (POEMS)

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AN OFFERING

To everything that I love
While I am still living;
My humanity, my people
My parents and brothers
My partner and my friends.
I hug them all together
In these infinite and universal arms.

I have thought:
Among so many books,
For what purpose serves one more
Which has been born burned,
Like a sacred offering
To the inexistent gods
Of my native place?

Consciously, I have burned them
Like the tax of passion and agony
Of a humanity,
Which was irremediably extinguished,
Before my eyes
Like an old religion
That no one believed any more.

Among the ruins of the universal temple
And the broken pieces of the fallen idols
I have given my surrender, reverent
After, I have buried

Their ashes along with mine
On the top of the mountain
Inside a ceramic vase.

So, give me, the useless immortality
In order to stamp it on the bottom of my ceramics,
To engrave it on the stone of my verses,
With my name;
And cook it inside the oven of my confidences
In order to reach you as an offering,
Like the beloved tears of the marrow
Of your ambiguous feelings.

COME TO BE BORN IN MY PARADISE

Come.....take me,
Caress my pages,
Feed yourself from me,
Eat from my fruit and from my bread
Drink from my wine. Intoxicate yourself!
With my feelings, I invade your soul
Your heart swells with my hope
Your human mud melts
With my universal clay.

This is my earthly paradise
Conquered with blood and fire,
That which I disputed, fighting against
Angels and demons.
If you wish to enter here,
And count yourself among the elected,
Take a piece of mud
That I am kneading
And bless it saying:
Here is the mud
From which were made
My grandfathers and my fathers,
The same from which I have been made,
And which has to be given back after having surrendered
The best of my efforts.

Now I feel the undefinable sensation
Of being newly born

From the bottom of Mother Earth.

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY

From the cosmic mud, the spiral of my uncertainty is untied,

Perhaps they are: hands, mouth, disperse thoughts in chaos?

Pain of hungry intestines,

Ragged richness of sensible neurones

To aesthetics, mathematics

And the relative logic of terror,

(Like the series of Fourier or Fibonacci that consumes me with a curious fever
thoughts, numbers, beings and things)

placed in the secular form of the untouchable

snatched from the power of wind and from water,

which separates in order to see born

the phosphorous light of my branching neurons

the materialized, thorned, flowered, and sounding light

The atrocious eardrum of transformed time,

From the endless wrapper

Of the spaces tangled in themselves,

From where we have been made.

Burn the impure skin

Of the hopelessness,

Beat the longitude and it compresses itself, spontaneous,

With the scarce density of the impossible.

Is it, poetry, burning with my sea log

At the bottom of the flames?

Flames of the fireplace made of dry manure

Where broken pottery dies

Among the extremes of birth

And the death of this virtual life

Of the finite species in me,

Exhausted in my shadow and my arrogance,
Limited in my solitude, my thirst
And my heretical obstinacy, pagan, insolence:
Raised.

It was, thus, the elementary chemistry of the potterer,
Science and art that I profess,
A contagious passion that requires
Infinite patience, contained and educated
After lessons in humility,
Gained with unbroken will
Unsatisfied desire, incessant searches,
To live after life,
Without death or sufferings

Perhaps, finally, I shall find
The philosophical stone and the elixir
That crowns my sleeplessness?

THE ORIGIN OF CLAY

Come to me, then,
The reign of the singular darkness of matter
And make the light born from another cosmos,
Exploded from mass and energy,
Disintegrated chemistry
In whose spiral of development
We meet
Owners of ourselves, lost
In the space of immeasurable time
That now joins together between the definitive
Limits of the imaginary reality.

And how was it that I was born from the first atom?
Perhaps everything was organized
Or came from the other antagonist world
Anti atom from Hydrogen?
It followed the diachronic growth and
Perfect periodicity.
Then watches its projection
And synchrony, its likeness and its properties
At the borders that defines it,
Gases, metals and metalloids
Pure or mixed,
In exact proportions.
Strange names and formulas
That one has to learn,
Tortured in my purgatory,
In order to redeem myself from the prison

Of the flesh that I suffer.

The earth, complex distribution of
Mixed atoms, manifests itself
In pure or oxidized mixtures
Crystalline salts,
Amorphous or melted bodies that emerge
With the lava expelled from volcanoes.
They are salty strata
From ancient marine beds
Broken by the impacts that raised the coastline
to an inaccessible height
In which I find myself
Held up by the ambiguous staff
Of life.
The inclement weather made the rocks crackle
And the rain consumed the alluvial mud
That separates in beds of ancient lakes
And, without water, left the mud
With fish and twisted snails
That transformed themselves in birds and reptiles,
Fossils found by digging
Between the creamy cream of the clay
That awakens itself
To the heat of
The hands of the potterer.

I hear the song that said:
I am clay, cream of the earth
In millions of years, separated
It gives me the plasticity of water,

Gift that I most treasure,
It transformed me in a talented eager claymaker,
I dress myself with agile brushes with oxides
And multicoloured glues
The sun and wind harden me
Giving me bodily solidness,
Mixed with molten and refractories
I enter the heart of the oven
Where the heat
Lazy sacredness of my dreams
Will fix my crystallized atoms
Forever.

THE ANCESTRAL CULTURES

I was born in the deepest furrow
Of my American country
Chavin gave me its eyes engraved in rock.
And I tied the sun to the bottom of my universe.
In the relativity of differential time
Of history mixed up in the forgotten
And the fleeting memories of begotten times
In the matrix of the imagined reality
I lived scrutinizing with open eyes
Attentive to the traveling stars
And erratic trajectories of the planets
To understand, a little,
The why of cold, clouds, and hunger
The extreme cut of the obsidian
Jaws of lion, wolf or hyena
And to reveal myself against the gods of death
In order to live, fighting, until I was snatched from the fire
And came out victorious from the bottom of my cave.

DANCES FROM DIFFERENT CULTURES

They dance from the cultures of time
with flown banners
And drums with the skins of otorongos,
In this feast of colors,
Shrunken heads and jingles
From the past, happiness came to us
Hedonists and drunks,
Celebrating life.
Yes, that is what we are,
Eyes that see you,
Grey matter that feels you,
Brain matter, sound, organs,
Eye, outline, Nasca line,
The hallucogenic drink from the cactus,
The sacred, aromatic smoke,
Stone, laberynith, ceramic,
Onyx, jars neck, handle
Smiling head, plate,
Sex photographed in an instant of pleasure,
Attached to the infinite, timeless,
From the gods.
Due to this, the puma, condor and snake dance
They dance: Wirakocha and Ayar Manco,
The Senor of Moche, and the Machigenga chief.
Time from my ethnic tribe in renaissance.
They sprout from wherever, from my hands,
Seeds from quinoa and from kiwicha.

CEREMONIAL OBJECTS

I have a polisher of polished agate
And it makes this clay's skin shine
Decorated of glue
I scratched the surface
With skilful bloody furrows
That define isolated areas and sectors
Limited by colors and textures
That are layered one on top of the other
That are only simple tools
That I insert in the work:
Stakes of chonta wood, hallucinations,
Rag, sponge, profile of wood
Unconfessed ambitions
Spatula and sieve
Where my soul is sieved
And separates all of the straw
From so many eyes and so much wheat.

THE PREPARATION OF CLAY

“You are from dust and you shall be made into dust”

It has been written and it has been said

Do you doubt it?

I was born from mud

It made me a man

Modelled with my own hands

Lightening and fire gave me life

Eyes, borrowed light

Exaggerated, egocentric pride

That turned everything back into mud

That we are mixing so hurriedly

Against prehistoric time

From this immaterial, metaphysical, trough

And transitory flesh

Like the emptiness of all hope

From all eternity and human optimism

ROADS OF CREATION

And thus, at the bottom of the seas
From molecular mud,
Modelled with an electric spark
And breaths of life
They were born, without my permission
Virus, bacterias,
Tribolites and shells
That make love
Without more passion
That their free instinct
Scraping their nakedness
In springtime,
Among alga and flowering ferns
Leaving the of their prints
Butterflies fly and run
Ants in their obstinancy
They were born from mud
Lizzards and pigeons
Ostriches and turkeys
Walruses and wales
Ornithorrincos and chameleons
Mammals, primates and man
Owner in the creation of how many men
In the creation of how many semirational beast
Profiteer and
In that I, temporarily, live
Trying to stop, without hope

The last day of collective suicide.

HANDMADE GODS

Because of this I believed in you and I made

Your image like mine,

From mud, stone, wood or metal

Amulet or idol from the multitudes

That stroll, reverent, on my shoulders

Asking to supplicate anger, hates

Plagues, malice, or natural catastrophes

And bad luck.

The evil eye,

From eyes that see you and wink,

Dead eyes

That want with all their hearts,

To come back to life.

Its too much hope for

My spoiled blasphemy.

All the gods are the same,

Sad, immobile and empty,

Poorer than my poverty.

I have forgiven them all

Because they were made

With these same hands.

Hands that do not make, never,

Some miracle.

And, I, do not tolerate cheaters.

THE EXTIRPATION OF THE IDOLS

And, it happened during the golden time of the extirpations.
Clay idols, gods of clay and porcelain;
One after the other, because they did not create miracles,
They were erased from this world.
The iconoclastic destroyers ran
Armed with ropes and hammers,
And they pulverized saints of polychrome plaster,
Airey and tanned images
That were melted in the crucibles
Because they did not sustain themselves in the blind and cheating
Faith.
Pagan temples were falling from
Haughty architecture
They were times of intolerance
That I, deluded, wanted to stop.
Protecting my idolatry
And holy subterrean hereseies;
Keeping my fetiches
Amulets and little virgins,
Painful Christs, with thorns
Buddas and piggybanks,
Bibles, Korans, and Communist Manifests
Rosaries, stamps and medals
Crosses made from the sticks of chonta wood
Shells of mullu mullu
Leaves of coca and this book
Wrapped in an Indian poncho
That was hidden at the summit of a mountain.

They will see what will happen
They were warned, a long time ago, to model
The first image from mine
Like that of a ferocious animal
Made to worship god, that I believed
Lived in my entrails.
God of fire, of wind, of lightening and thunder or the rainbow
Winged and tailed animal
Snake or carnivorous buzzard
Horned devil with lion fangs
Sun, Moon, two faced coins,
Frozen value in gold, exchange rate
Paper money, usurious and external debt

God, whose inquisition follows me
In order to burn me as a subversive.

God who escaped from my hands
For punishable carelessness, unforgiveable.

MULTICOLORED CREAMS

Tunupa, winged God, son of the condor
And of thunder,
Who discovered the intimate colourful secret
Of clay.
Here, the burned creams of color
Shine on the wet ceramics,
Slowly drying,
From the sun and the wind,
Before being offered to the fire.
And, I, lucid and conscious animal, find myself
In this extreme place in the universe,
Mixing clay,
Tearing off light from the star
With its spectral colors
In the thick beard
Of oxides and pigments
Decorating the whistle with a brush
The clay whistle, the flute
The trompet and the sonorous shell
Made with my clay,
With the shine of mounted, mother of pearl.
And I saw my face in jars, portraits
As if they were the remains of previous lives
That were no longer remembered.

THE BIRTH OF JARS

“One gathers up mud and molds it
from emptiness depends the usefulness of the jar.”
(From Tao Te Ching Lao Tzu)

From the gathered mud, I made the hollow
stone and wooden palette, with inspired eagerness
I advance until I form you, jar of my dreams
I have my hopes placed in your graceful vicuña form.
You were made from clay, I do not forget your origen,
you are born beautiful and delicate
the aromatic flower from my ribs
and I form your body, your soft breasts,
your undulating hips.
You are empty inside
And in your hollowness I hear a sea of songs
From shells and continents.
Chicha, and the fermented wine
From your womb,
Jar from Huari, Pachamama
And stars were born, begotten creatures
From rainey springs and songs
From birds, frogs, and cigarettes.
I shall return to be born from you
For another life

While I whistle and sing, without almost not knowing
Another creature, has been born from my hands

Looks at me smiling with open arms
I blow and blow to give it life
But now I feel
That I lack breathe.
My borrowed time is finished
For imitating god in this trade

THE CLAY MAKERS WHEEL

Everything moves around me, less the axis
Still, like your resting soul
Listening to itself
Solitary, truthful
Beardless and uncontaminated poetry
The wheel runs, mad,
To the rhythm of impulses
The head expands in concentric
And perfect circles
Then I throw the ball of clay
(Kneaded with doubts and superstitions)
hopes that resist their luck
like a women who has refused to be loved
when she needs it the most)
And I tighten my hands with certainty, making a center
A game of tightened thumbs and palms
Water and will by the mililiters
And caloric or Newtonian energy by the second
And hollowing it out, and, raising the clay, I say:
Do my will!
And the plastic wall grows
Willing, fickle, the clay makers magic
Converting itself in an earthenware bowl, vase and bottle
Plastic reincarnated poetry
The helicodial soul of a woman
Attached to my destiny
And who had gave herself and had been mine
Completely.

I wash your face and I beautify
This simple creature
I shine your skin with a sponge
And my inoxidized small knuckles
From the high surgery that makes
Ceramicss be born from winged hands.

THE CREATION OF MAN AND WOMAN

Without knowing it, everything of man
Was created by himself, newly.
The creation of all the creations.
Coarsely I modelled his soul
A hand made the other part
And between the two like an outline
Emerged a face that looked at you, without eyes,
A nose that still does not even know how to breath
A mouth without the gift of words or of kisses
And trunk, arms, legs, extremities,
Flexible vertebrate column
Of very fine wisdom, mammal
Primate, that repeats evolution
From the first fertile egg
By the worried sperm that hurriedly navigates
In the interiors of Mother Earth
Since then, it has multiplied itself, constant,
Life, the mud that sculpts itself from itself
In genetic proportions:
Eyes, wings, fingers, claws, brain matter,
The heart that beats crazily
With the first kiss
Sex that sleeps until spring time
To awake fighting
In the humid combats
Of the excited flesh
Everything made from the elements of scattered mud

Carbohydrates, glucides, amino acids
Albuminoids finely interwoven
By the billions; specialized cells.
And it is only mud, dust and water
Bone calcium, iron of blood
And a little potassium and soda;
Maybe it is vanity and caught winds?
So many atoms tied to you
For a short time
So that your eyes see
For mine and for ours
By yours.
So that you negate the ancient and uncertain
Word of false gods and prophets
And prefer things made
From intelligence, that work
From the first gene, chromosome
Or auto reproduced cell
Until you who are working the clay
Modelling forms taken from my
Image and likeness
You dare enter into this deep valley
Of the sphere?
A valley made from tears and pain
In order to purge guilts from other lives
And hide their backs
Appearing under the military boot
The foreman's whip
The turbid look of the boss, clumsy
The buzzard that tears out your insides

By the fire that you have stolen from me
Before becoming a vulgar ash.

Even like this, sculptured creature
And begotten from enflamed entrails
From a woman who gave herself to me without conditions
You shall triumph, enjoy and laugh
You shall create beauty and receive satisfaction
In the intricate and beautiful labernith
Symmetrical, periodical and progessive
From the sciences and the arts
Finally, you shall understand
Oh, clay that ages from day to day!
The why of the whys
Because, I, also, have suffered for you
And I have redeemed you.
God of clay, idolatry
Heretic, the maker of impossible dreams
Take my soul, my divine breath
Resist the slap that I give you
In order to wake you
Incorporate yourself and walk!

I already told you
To mold is to create out of clay
With simple tools
From chonta sticks and chachacomo
First, the mouth, general forms, improvised
Follies of the mind and touch
I must scratch, in increasing and taking away
To make a delicate profile

To trace the curves of your lips
The site of your eyebrows and eyelashes
You came from my ribs, in order to make such a beautiful
Cocoon of a woman made from clay
Annexed like a bitter sweet wine
Voluptuous, like when I yawn
From love and from work
Your image is frozen and cut up in my mind
With horror, your crude clay being is empty inside
With horrible illness
Of alienated passions, suspicions,
Stroking your vicuña neck
Your warm breasts and morbid hips
Formed in pieces
Uselessly emptying your brainy ideas
As if you feared the singular competence
Of the blue light of womanly intelligence.
Are they gender jealousies or absurd fantasies?
My little porcelan girl, celibate,
You have returned to build, to my taste
An adorable puzzle of silky hair and humid lips
Like juicy fruit at the first bite
You are my woman made just to my orders.

MATRIX AND MOLDS

In order to increase the species of my creation
I proceed from a montage
I divide the matrix with conventional lines
I put it on a bed of clay
A scaffolding of hope and delicate operation
As if it was the birth of your own child
Pandora's box, with paving
Or pieces of wood, fixed with the vise
Now, I prepare the cream of chalk
Which drips with care.
Piece by piece, I make the mold
Undoing it, then, in order to dry it
In the sun and the wind.
After that, pieces of deceitful clay flakes
And polished to a fine
Fill, for the moment
The hollowness of the molds
I empty that which is too much
And, at the correct time
The new creatures are born
Multiplied in clay and water.
Clay from myself
Water from your beloved tears
Light from my threadbare shadow
Partner in adventure
In the only and unrepeatable experience
Of life.

THE BREATH OF LIFE

Today, you are in me
Giving me the air of your breath
In order to bring me back to life.
Vital oxygen
That my neurons love
Laziness of my unextinguished fire
Metaphysical flame
Of the fire of love
Where I consume you
Deliciously, sweating, panting
Exasperatingly hopeless to come with me
To the infinite and fullness
Of our timeless bodies
Because of all of this, I love you,
Because your breath gives me life,
Dries my wounds
From the lizard that has lost its scales
It gives me forgetfulness
Renews my lost hopes
For another day.

SEA BREEZE AND MOUNTAIN WIND

The happy breeze of the sea
Brings me a salty bouquet of flowers in the afternoon
In the empty beach, from your lap
When the sun sets in the west
Like a setting ball of fire
Just ready to extinguish itself
And metal seagulls cross in the red landscape
The breeze shakes your dark hair
While I kiss your clay skin
That rubs itself hard
And you smile at me, quiet and illuminated
Without understanding the emotion that invades me

My hair roots itself like sensual tentacles
My being becomes totally erect
And a divine fluid runs through my veins
Translated into unintelligible verses
Like an orgasm.
What are you thinking? You ask me
Don't you feel anything?
I reproach you
I am just about to pollinize you.

Love, dove, fleur de lys
I am going to drink your nectar

The ceramics dry
In the incandescent sun of this day

Some of them are cracked, humble, without breaking
At the base, at the handle
At the beak, at the mouth
At the heart
The ceramics look like sea shells
Star shells, dry seashells
That the sea of illusions dragged in with foam
From faraway oriental beaches, antipodes
Like the ceramics of Carlos Runcie
Purple shells and blue crabs
And fossilized cactus, made of fire and fantasy
Whims of clay.
The colored flying gods of Pablo Seminaros
Polished and smoked vases of Polo Ramirez
In Chulucanas

More, when that love of the seagull
Is extinguished in the dead waters of the afternoon
I shall return to my mountains
In order to wait for you, Pachacamac
Attentive to your will
For some sign from fire or the rainbow
In order to take my lance, my sceptre or my machine gun
But you have not come to this meeting
only the huge wind
Disobeys my stone profile
Wishing to bend this stubbornness.

And the poetry circles the precipice
In dry and chiselled verses
That disappear like flower petals

Floating in the infinite.
Your perfume in mine Pachamama

In the homes of Racchi
Between the dry dung
That burns a bright red
Stirred by Gonzalo and Justiniano
Master potters
My ancient ceramics are cooking
My eyes rest and keep my sinful stares
Of the supernatural being
That can not calm the boiling
Of their interior demons.

SUN AND WIND

The vapor that is going towards you
Is lighter and more fragile
Than an angelical creature
Polish your smooth surface, taking away
The roughness and thorns
I protect your borders,
Cure your cracks and wounds
Look over you, indefenceless creature
Until you can confront
The sun and the wind
The sun spreads out its blonde hair
With burning rays and leaves its color
To the ripen wheat of my harvest
(hair of the foreign woman
who I lost in the laberynith of life
And the wind
Unruly and invisible knight
Who runs whistling strange melodies
Scraps away your wetness up to my clouds

The ceramics smile as they are given
To the fire of their suffering
Some of them do not resist it and break
Dying with the fine delicateness of the artist
Toritos from Pucara, churches from Quinoa
Fat laughs from Chulucanas
Jars from Tarica and broken old ceramics from P' isaq.

FLAMINES INFERNORIUM

Yesterday my heretical bones
Crackled in the bonfire
To the rejoicing of my inquisitors
Today, I am reborn from the ashes
Among the flames of the same redeemor
In which the ceramics and sculptures are fired
That I have created
Sacrificed for my guilt
For my holy guilt
I breath, tasting the smell
That the spring air brings
In order to be reborn again
Tranquilized to my beast, my own primate
My universal bug, antropical and epistemological
That which chews and gulps down
Laughs and charms
I pray for you, sin, with pleasure
Of thought, word and deed
I masturbate without regrets
Can kill myself laughing
I breath, once again, and close my eyes
And I extinguish myself in the infinite.

INEXTINGUISABLE LOVE AND FIRE

I have loved you as a crazyman loosing myself
And you? Have you loved me in the same way?
Today, I am your ashes gathered by the claymakers
Today, where my days of sun, song and wine
Have lost themselves in memories
Today, that I am sitting from the skillfulness of the father
And I am prolonging myself with my atoms
Until hell.
I ask myself: Did you love me the same?
Love was an inextinguishable fire
And was eternal and beautiful like a flower or a star
And death was nothing
If I have you next to me, filling me with your happiness.
Your love is my uncontrolled happiness.
And your sorrow makes me
The most unvalued being of this land
I loved you without asking you
Without a doubt, nothing, without doubting you
I loved you without asking you
Like that, without conditions, without doubting you
I loved you, simply,
Thus, without conditions
I it was also love for myself
Through your full smile
And today, so many centuries after
I would change the sky for a kiss from you
Embrace hell
For sinning, again, with you

But my atoms have evaporated
Like smoke
And I only exist, when I think of you
Come here, to make a miracle
Squeeze your love in me
Make my mouth crazy with your kisses
Melt your skin into mine
In order to return to be born together
From the same clay
Strange clay woman
Who I loved and love now
Until I die with the entire universe.

MEASURE THE TEMPERATURE OF MY FIRE

Come, offer your tinka of aguardiente
Be present with me to the sacrifice
Place the cones, bits of muds
Of definite composition, in your mind
Among molten and refractories
In the oven,
For them you shall know the temperature
Of my burning
Witnesses, among the flames
Or radiations of the lazy
They will answer your questions
And your doubts, calming our anxiety
While good demons guard
My creatures in the punishment
Of their constrained atoms
The molten cry their hurt
With tears of incandescent glass
Their clays collapse
In their molecular structure
Contracting their muscles
And hardened hearts
And I am with hope and without hope it is like that
Placing the dry wood
Modelling the llamas
Regulating the fuel
Opening or closing the chimney vent

Biting nails
Like in the first burning
Of the day when everything went wrong
That I had to content myself
With the experience

Being a potter is to learn and dominate
The art of infinite patience
Living a permanent lesson in humility
Failure after failure.

Being a pottery maker is to compose poems
Modelled with the hands
With simple and profound verses,
Working in the dream of a real world
Transforming clay into fantasy
With your criticism and pleas
With our suffering
Until we find perfection
In the master work
For this just and generous humanity
Inside you, the closed box
Where one finds all of the
Retained miracles.

OVENS, OR INFERNAL STOMACHS

Perhaps I was born for the flame
Full of my pyromanical fantasies
Among the smell of burned gun powder,
Blown up in rockets
And church festivals.
I remember my brother Sandro
Throwing himself on the flames,
Of the fire which he had made.
Oh, desperation:
Untied tongues rise up
Multiplying themselves
Crackling the wood
And the straw burned fast
That was the fire of my childhood,
That today burns in the bottom of my beautified soul
Chained and submissive,
Tame and domesticated,
Inside my clay horns.

THE PROCESSES OF CHEMISTRY

Step by step the curve rises
Until it remains constant
In order to fulfil the cryptic process
Of my iniciatic magic
The transformations of cuartz
Physical and metaphysical decompositions
Constricted atoms like my finckyness
And regrets for everything that I did not do
Chemistry and thermodynamics
Hidden secrets, revealed to Pirometro and Termocupla.

Muse of my fire transformed into clay
Allotropic and isotropic forms
Of crystals that you see in the microscope
With the radial symmetry of their eyes
Modifying the subtle biochemistry of your brain
Translated into luminous thoughts
Explosive or burning alergies
By polishing your skin with iridescent and metalized textures.

TEXTURES AND FEELINGS

Premonitory nightmare

In dreams, I feel the ancient ceramic in my skin

That survived man

The texture of snake scales

Thorns and fine hair

Cracked enamel

Crystallized metals

That bristle with the feel of universal beings

That archaeologicalizing my wrinkles

One asks

What God or intelligent mythological beast

Left these remains, floating

In sideral spaces?

From what disintegrated planet

Came this piece of pot

Winged wrist, face that desperately screams

Without a voice but with a vote?

Without DNA and with digital fingerprint?

The unequivocal presence of a species

That was here,

Enjoyed light,

Breast fed its new born,

Desperately fought

In order to achieve justice

Dreamed to travel to live in another star,

And time was too short for him

Like the infinite space

And death caught him by the back

Half way down the road, crossing

The arm of the galactic spiral
Nest of destructive comets.

Our ashes, joined to the cosmic dust
And plunder of millions
Of years of intelligent experience
Travelling through space
And they expand, like smoke,
Towards other times or universal ages, without return
In search of the hands of other potter makers.

GLASS AND MOLTEN SHELTERS

I invite you to take a pinch of salt to your liking
Mix it with
A little bit of feldspar and quartz
Another little bit of borax or
Grind them all together in the porcelain mortar
Together with your torments
Fears and pathologies
Take, then the product
To the crucible of hope
And turn on the blue fire of the propane gas
Until this burning lava melts
Throw the mix in water
In order to tear up the heart
And grind the pieces until they are made of untouchable dust
Suspend the mixture with water and glue
Add color. Shall it be the green of oxidized copper?
The blue of cobalt? The purple of magnesium?
The infinite colors of my periodic palette
Of chromogenetic elements
A brush, dressed in colors
The nakedness of the ceramics
I examine them, attentively
I put two or three generous layers on them
Letting them drip and imaginary bubbles.
Letting flow from you the influence of the Tao and Zen of your
immence
Let the Mother Earth control our impulses

And write the of your name
Feel the natural divinity inside you
Without conditions
Humble and reverent
Give your fruit to the fire
 Stir the pot, regulate the fuel
And the humid atmosphere
Control the samples
Drying the sweat of the forehead
Meditate in the love and transcendental pleasures
That burns there inside
In the infernal fight between angels and demons.

ENAMELS AND CRYSTALS

Your eyes are capturing the colors of the spectrum
They are colored windows
Through melted atoms in your breast
(Your eyes, marvelous secret of the gem stones)
and amorphous liquid that slowly cools
with zinc, cobalt and silicium crystals
they grow, exact and ordered
Your eyes, crystals, atoms that sharpen themselves
And invade space
Expanding themselves from the nucleus
Proportioned from such geometry
I could not believe it if I had not seen it with my own eyes
Tearing out of me expressions of amazement
By taking the neck, still hot, between my hands
The hollowness that contains
Holding back the time of all my spaces
Rough skin without more illusions
That my infinite fantasy
Capricious turquoise crystals
Aguamarine or malaquite
You were a continent, moss, corn,
Skin and footprints of the green frog
That I discovered in my childhood
Of the child who lost paradise
In a charmed pool, full of tadpoles
And the sweet voice of my mother,
Clear like noon
Calling us to her lap.

SHINEY AND IRRIDESCENT

From Arabia came the shine of mother of pearl
Iridescent made of fire
Which pidgeon breast
Or royal turkey feather
Of impossible metals
 In the iris of the spectrum
Of sublimized colors
Reduced with coal
Of a smokey flame
That changes the essential elements
The inexplicable loss
 of electrons
They call themselves chrome, iron,
Bismuth, copper, magnesium
Or gold deposited on the surface
Of the metalized ceramic
Opaline or mother of pearl,
Jewel that radiates
With the brightness of your look
I am nothing, without you, who shines
In boreal auras of found
Interior feelings.
And I ask myself How can clay imitate gold?
 The shine from the of mother of pearl
Taken from the Okinawa Sea
That adorns your deer's neck
Crystal woman and symbol
Born from my rib.

STONEWARE AND PORCELAINS

I sharpened my anxieties in order to present myself
To the challenges that the science of clay demands.
With kaolin, the gold of the ceramists
That was found in Cumbemayo
Near Cajamarca
(where my Indian blood was shed)
more quartz powder and feldspar stone
with white and refracted clays
distributed in the exact weight of
the oscillation of the scale
of samples of tri axial formulas
Cooked to predetermined isotherms
Until they are vitrified in the
Translucence of porcelain and the hardness of sandstone
more uncorruptable than the noble metals.
The fire gives its song
Its sound of the bells and its transparent shine
At one thousand three hundred centigrades
Like the white and blue porcelain of Arita
That I admired in Japan
Penetrating with my impressed eyes
The secrets of clay
In order to extract the secrets and brings them
In a box that guards the prometic and metaphysical
Fire that burns in the insides of the huge bronze
Buddah of Kamakura
Where my Indian flute cried
In the intestines of God.

Wishing to awake him from the bottom of his transcendental meditations
Asking for the upteenth time
Does God really exist?

After, in my ceramic workshop
In a oven built
With more faith and hope
Than rigorous engineering
The sandstone ceramics burn
And porcelain earthenware bowls
For the pleasure of my disciples and friends.

Hideko Iwakuni, Oriental ceramicist
Took me back to the fires of Japan
With their enamels of ashes
From trees and bones
Red from metalized iron
Made in the land of the Incas.

SUFFERING CREATION, SLAVERY AND INJUSTICE

This sad creation
Of broken pottery like skulls
That have scattered with the wind
And the plague of slavery
That have bitten the hungry entrails
In benefit of the lazy classes
From the evil clay
Already thousands of generations have suffered
And died with the hope of redeeming themselves
The sidereal human clay of transitory equilibrium
Happy accident of matter made into poetry.
Your atoms vibrate while they live
In cells that sweat of terror
And the whip opens furrows
And pours from your skin blood and howls.
And war, the cultivator of the worlds cadavers
Grows the shadow of death and putrefaction
Of believers who died without knowing
Nor understanding, tricked
Condemned to a void of worms.
Their cries arrive to me, announcing to me
The false illusion of grandeur, power, wealth
The fatigue of this borrowed life
For a moment of pleasure,
A wink, a kiss;
A sea of emotions
That remain taped
Simulating eternities that do not exist:

That will never be.

For this I converse with you,
Whoever you are,
Bothering your intelligence with my fears.
Because, like myself,
Many have already rebelled
Against injustice and lies
From a falsely, constructed history
With gods, dynasties and religions;
Dogmas and impossible ideologies.

ENOUGH ALREADY!

I have seen my mother cry
In the desperate face of my people
I have seen so much injustice and pain
That I have rebelled
A wall of the hearts of mothers
Flies against misery
Shouting liberty from their entrails
The order to fight until death:
Enough already!
Traffiquers of hunger and pain.

From clay and glass of melted colors
In the forge of my Indian volcano
I have created this hope.
Playing god
Coming out from my hands
Modelled poesy, silent,
Restrained, textures, and hollowness,
Cries of pain and of protest
Scattered passions,
Like the Christs of the tormented Indians
From our master Merida
Christs twisted in their fires
From Master Tupa
Or ancient ceramics of Ruiz Caro
Finally, constructive hope
I confess:
I have become weary of waiting

And I have exposed my snowey wings to death
My breast to the murders bullets
And I have undone the wounds
And open all veins.
An ocean of blood
I have dragged along the life of my brothers
And the putrifying smell enters
I have gathered the beloved bones, crying
To reincorporate myself.
For our dead,
For our people,
For our heroes,
I shall live and be reborn
With a new springtime.

AND GOD, WHERE WERE YOU?

I see priests celebrating daily rituals,
Reciting incomprehensible formulas,
Praying to inexistent deities,
Exorcising devils that were not there
Serving people in order to grow rich.
While I was worshipping images
Worked in stone by my ancestors,
Beautiful bejewelled images,
The entire congregation of humanity
Lived condemned to suffering.
Each day, tortured Christs paraded,
At my side
But he was not there, I was not,
Nor shall he ever be.
He has left his universe empty.

PHILOSOPHICAL STONE

I discovered, after one thousand operations,
At the bottom of this platinum crucible,
This philosophical stone
That speaks in all languages
And answers all questions
From my sphynx.
It is an ordinary and rustic stone
An unsuspected marvel
That does not see your eyes nor appreciates
Your understanding
Because its shine blinds
Its smell intoxicates for ever;
Its possession drives people crazy
Because all ordinary metals become gold.
I was the one who discovered it
And what use was it to me?
In order to finish the world?
And with all genders and species?
I wish to cure all pain with it,
Injustice and crime
And they have not fixed them
Don't they need it?

THE SQUARING OF THE CIRCLE

A square in a circle with only a compass and ruler,
Was my challenge.

In a poetic dialogue with Euclides and Appolonis
Arquemedes or Diofantos.

We defy the impossible
Examining the cone and its properties
(the longitude of all of its anxieties
the area of my failed will).

Over there was hidden the answer;
A hyperbole tied between two
Born from the same source.

And the theorem said:

Be it Y , the area of the square of side L
And be it, also, Y , that equals the areas of the circle
(π for the square of the radius).

π , the irrational and transfinite
 π , the irreducible and rebel,
Like the stubbornness of my obstinancy.

Whatever value of Y , the circle or
The square of the same area will be!

If it was like that:

One could find centers, directions, and straight lines
(Like pidgeons and swallows in flight).

Divide, then, with a compass, in four
The inverse of the number π
Draw the parable of the circles

(Paraboles from crucified Christ
Canon of Vitruvius or Leonardo)
And, with a fourth of the unit
Trace the parabole of the squares

All of Y, at both curves
Will be the X, radius or side from the circle
And square of an equal area.

And this is what we wanted to demonstrate.

TIME OF REBIRTH

In order to be reborn it is necessary to have died
Many times due to injustice and loneliness
In the concert of existence
Sounded by the beggar
That transversal flute suspends a Mi, angelical
From the melody that electrifies the soul
With its arpeggios
My Amaru skin bristles
And beings to sprout
From the bottom of the earth.
It is time for the new planting:
A time of rebirth.
For wherever aromatic flowers, poetry,
Ripe wheat, spiritual bread sprout.
It is the beginning of the end,
Thus, my humanity
Matures like my plantation,
Grows old,
Wants to flower, frutify
In order to die, with you.

ELXIR OF LIFE AND ETERNAL YOUTH

Yet, arriving to my maturity
Maybe I can return to pleasing myself,
Like before, freely and without complexes
If in this school I learned to make you mine
Without having known you;
I learned to invent you, create you and recreate you
To my taste. Until I modelled you from
The sacred mud of my rib
Woman, love:
Woman, juicy fruit,
Nectar of my hopes.
Woman, oasis from capricious passings
From my uncountable lives.
Here you are, finally!
I have searched for you so much
I have dreamed of covering you with colored crystals
From burned and melted tin,
Like the love I profess to you
Woman, plate, jar
That feeds my tortured spirit
With the blue cobalt of my infinite
Green jade or malaquite
Formed of copper, gold, the purple
Of my dripping talent
Like sperm, inside you.
I am outlining your eyes
With brushes made
From your fine hairs.

So, I shall live eternally
And become young again, in search of you.
My Indian flute and my zampona toned
My drum from the skin of an otorongo
In order to frighten away death
I have searched with you, the elemental salt
That cures all wounds and sicknesses
And is the venom for limited and clumsy souls
I have found for you, that essence,
Potion of a thousand herbs and resins
That I give to you.
One spoonful is enough so that you live again
And rise up from death
A psalm, a prayer,
An supplication from immortal hands,
But I shall not use them
Because the time of lying has ended
I have spilled the exilir in order to cure misery
To be chained to money;
I have lost the no being of greed and obstinancy
And there was no cure nor remedy.

SCHOOL OF HUMILITY

So, here I am, in the hell of my soul
Humiliating my superlative obstinancy
Redeeming myself from my committed sins
Blasphemies, heresy and intolerances
In order to finish clean and renewed.
This heart unhooks itself upon seeing
This simple
Handicapped child.
You do not hear me, but
Return to me happiness
With your smiles,
By offering me your finished work.
Deaf mute, blind or mutilated:
Let me sprout inside you,
The flower of your hidden talent
Tearing out your creative lucidity
From the humble potterer.
Let me negate my proper small value
From being blind so that I can not see your transparency
To be deaf by convenience
And mute so that I can not interpret
The song of your soul
The attitude, gesture, the hole
That leaves words without sound.
In this way I have crashed my face
Against the wall of my limitations
In order to divide myself into small pieces of porcelain
Because from ours speaking hands

They are born, are modelled, poetry from ceramic
Hopes, dreams and fantasies
That harvest, like the cultivator
Of fresh and ripe fruit;
The fisherman, his multiplied fishes
The school teacher
A new generation that fruitifies and
Grows.
Ask me, reader, if tears of emotion
Do not spring from your eyes.

I have healed the surface of the circle
And I have found the quantified proportions
Of matter
Like the elm tree,
Sometimes giving us marvellous pears
In order to share that which is alive
I am the wayward disciple of admirable teachers
The iconoclastic teacher of disciples
Who should better me with their works.

ABOUT THE CLAY FROM MY LAND

From the annexed clay of Cuzco
Were born precious jugs
Which housed in their rounded stomachs
The sacred chicha of the gods:
Juice of the land and from collective work
Juice in order to give me my halluncinating drunkenness
A certain day, after the traumatic invasion
Some Spanish potterer baked
Flintstone, tin
In order to put glass on the faces of the clay Indians
Decorating them with green copper and dark magnesium
Which porcelain from Arabia was transplanted among the Andes
From then on, the tradition flowered among us
Llanquirimacheq and Sanucamayuooc
Because the potters clay
Is consequential of man and country
And clay is the humblest trade
Only for the noblest of people.

THE IMMORTALITY OF CLAY AND THE ARTIST

I am seeing, at noon
Bipeds, insects, and pedestrians
Carving shadows
Burying false lights;
Capturing beetles of blue gold;
Transparent and hidden tarantulas
In the fragile web of life.
In order the fly they made me wings
Of metaphysical filigree.
And poetry elevates my flight
Higher than the prosaic
Until the sublime infinity
Of that which never dies.
And, nevertheless, night has entered in me
Leaving the day orphaned of light
Strange butterflies fly
And the owls look at me
With big fixed eyes
Night has entered inside me
Because you are not present
Mother, I have shut your voice
I have looked around me and found
That I am alone in this world,
Cruel scene
Made of handicapped and orphaned beings
Like myself,
I walk among the flower garden
Of a foreign cemetery

Looking to understand: What am I doing here?
In the fantasmal darkness of a certain nightmare.
But after the night comes dawn;
And then newly again, the night.
Dad, also left
I also shall leave
Perhaps clay dies?
Dust made from transmutable atoms
From a transitory being who lives
In this spirit and his hope.
A spirit modelled with the conscience
Of the artist and artisan
But, they shall not die
While humanity, a species made
With all clays and bloods
Are still living.

And I don't care, never,
Neither for heaven nor for hell.
Because to return to nothing
And everything simple, without desires nor appetites
Is to return to satisfaction
Of having conquered my obstinacy
And anxieties of wealth and power.
It is the wisdom of the artisan
That returns to eternity
Conquering life and death;
Such is the trade of a potter
To create harmony, equilibrium and melody
That sustains the apparent chaos
In order to return, after, to the quiet serenity

In the transparent waters of eternity.

NATURE IN AGONY

In a state of kneeling, the Sun

Source of life

Burns with its rays everything that remains

Under the hole of the ozone layer

I ask myself:

How have we made this nightmare

Without feeling regrets?

I walk in a burning woods

And hear painful cries

A tree twists itself in pain, thirst and sadness

And agonizing it said to me:

I am the last tree of this paradise

That extinguishes itself

And I am dying from absolute thirst

Of love, justice and liberty

Destroyed are my branches

(like the broken wings of a hummingbird)

without leaves, without sap.

Tearing out my roots, the life that remains in me has been reaped

I am dying without you being able to save me

Human heart! Why have you abandoned me?

The entire jungle has been cut down from the roots

Swallowed by your greed.

And I, all man

Was ashamed of myself

And I felt guilty for my past, our past.
I went for wood and left burning.
How much wood have I thrown into the fire, myself
Piromanical potter, to the fire of my ovens?

DELIRIUM ON THE MOUNTAIN

I climbed up my sacred mountain:
Apu Pachactusan, the point of the universe,
I looked at the infinite of creation,
The high mountains and the planets,
The blue, the lake of silver;
Far away voices murmured.
In my verses flow streams
Of sweet and clear waters
That do not stop flowering
Like an eternal whail:
Wiraqocha's eyes,
God from my ancestors
Seated, sleeping,
I close my eyes and heavy eyelids
I sleep supporting myself against the rocks
And dream with the sea and the white and dark nymphs
That I chase but can never catch.
I dreamed that all of that happened one day
In some place and in another time;
That were not my forces but yours
That made them:
That was not my mind
But yours, that thought them;
I understood that we are far away from each other,
One from the other,
Like distant stars;
Nevertheless, together, to be the human

And universal spirit that expands itself
Like my monkey yawn and awakened philosopher
Rubbing my blind eyes in so much darkness
In the plain light of noon.

THE FLOWERING AND DUSK OF MAN

During that time the gods died,
Religions and ideologies,
Money and power ended.
Lending and fratricidal wars
And a different humanity dawned
Equilibrating life
Curing everything that was infested due to our guilt.
And each being, like a divine temple,
Took off his bandage of his stubbornness
I sacrificed blind faith like a small lamb
We shall recover, then, the right to know
And understand, without dogmas, mysteries or tabues
Getting past the bad of vilified histories
Of vanity, pride, stubbornness, and rage.
And history fell like a deck of cards
Because it was man's fight for bread
Beauty and hope
(Our ration of pleasure, wine and alcaloides?)
the true history
It was only this, with the said discovery of lost time
Having lived like wild beasts
In a constant war of extermination
The vain sacrifice of so much humanity
So much unrecoverable, and consumed life
In honor of inexistent gods
And material wealth and badly lived kingdoms
But, conform yourself with your hell

You shall never return to the imagined paradise
Without constructing it with your own hands
Because now it is too late
I saw how the sun reddened
And a labernyth of destructive material
Enwrapped the earth
After, someone will discover
That between rust and the dust of bones
That had glued hope
On nothing.

RESTING ON THE SEVENTH DAY

It is Sunday and I rest
On the seventh day of my humble creation
And drink the happiness in the chalice of red wine
Fermented, with the juice of cactus
Juice of the alcaloide that expands my soul to the infinite;
I chew the dry leaves that drug me
In gentle agreeable stupors
In order to believe that I am living, like you,
In another life;
That I am the only inhabitant
From another star.
Like Adam who dawned in another cycle.
Without gods, without demons
Nor fabulous lies
With the ribs complete
And, Eve, naked, ready for love
Like a tasty apple
Offering me her mellow meats
Served on the bridal bed of sacrifice.
The snake, awoke in me.

As it is Sunday, the believers go to church
In seach of miracles.
And I have discovered the entrance
To the hearts temple
And I have felt piety
For the creatures that I have created
Condemned to the fires of hell

To be more external than myself.

I rest, I extinguish myself in time

Return to an earth made of ashes

Quiet and bones of dust

But, my verses are seeds

That wait to plant in your heart

In order to return to life:

Thus, stubbornly

I shall be reborn again, modelled

With all of the atoms of my original clay

In other hands of the claymaker.

GLOSSARY

AGUAGARDIENTE. Alcoholic beverage.

AMARU. A mythical or totemic snake of the ancient Peruvians

AYAR MANKO. A legendary hero and founder of the Inca Empire

CAJAMARCA. Peruvian city where the kidnapping and killing of Inca Atahualpa was conducted by the Spanish in 1532.

CHAVIN. Ancient Peruvian culture.

FIBONACCI, or Leonardo of Pisa. Mathematician who formulated the natural series 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13...present in biological development

FOURIER, Mathematician who developed the series

FRANCE, ANATOLE. French writer who won the Nobel prize in literature in 1921.

KAMAKURA. Ancient capital from Japan famous for its giant Buddha statues in bronze

KIWICHA. A tuber considered sacred by the Ancient Peruvians.

HUARI. PreInca culture which developed in the south and center of Peru

LEACH, BERNARD. Famous English ceramicist, and author of The Manual of the Potter.

MACHIGENGA. Native ethnic Amazon group.

MERIDA, EDILBERTO. Famous Cuzco ceramicist

MOCHE. PreInca civilization.

MULLU MULLU. Quechua name for a sea shell used as food for the gods

NASCA or NAZCA. PreInca culture situated on the Peruvian coast, in the actual department of Ica.

PACHACAMAC. God who governs the world among the Incas

RACCHI. Ancient ceramic center located in Canchis, Cusco. Huge ceramics are made here.

OTORONGO. Quechua name for the leopard or American tiger

QUINUA. Native Andean plant

RAMIREZ, POLO. Master potter from Chulucanas.

RUIZ, CARO. Cusco family of potters with one hundred years of experience

RUNCIE TANAKA, CARLOS. Contemporary Peruvian potter of Japanese descent

SEMINARIO, PABLO. Architect and potter who lives in Urubamba, Cuzco.

TAO. The path of knowledge in the Chinese religion

TINKA. Feeding the Mother Earth by spilling or flicking several drops of drink or food on the earth.

TUNUPA. God of abundance in the Tiahuanaco culture.

VERASTEGUI, ENRIQUE. Contemporary Peruvian poet, author of Ecuacion Poetica, and Angelus Novus.

VICUÑA. South American camelid of very fine wool that lives in a wild state. Parent of the alpaca, llama and guanaco.

WIRAQOCHA. Creator god or water spirit among the ancient Peruvians.

ZEN. Form of Buddhist religion that looks for perfection of man and his pleasure.

SHORT BIOGRAPHY ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Julio Antonio Guteirrez Samanez, “Kutiry” was born in Cuzco, Peru in 1955. He is trained in Chemical Engineering at the Faculty of Chemical Engineering at the Universidad Nacional San Antonio Abad del Cusco. He has specialized in ceramic technology in Japan, and by SENATI and JICA.

A plastic artist, potter, writer, essayist and commentator on Peruvian Culture. He has received many distinctions as an intellectual, artist and artisan. He won a Peruvian National Prize for a literary work in 1999. He was also selected as one of the four best traditional Peruvian potters in the Primera Trienal de Ceramica, Lima, 2000. He is the owner of a ceramic workshop called Ceramica Inca. He is also a consultant and specialist in ceramic production and design. He received a grant from Concytec in 1988 for his studies in warestones and porcelain ceramics. He was the President of the Instituto Americana de Arte de Cusco, and directed their publication. CONFIEP considers him one of fifty Cuzco leaders in 2000. He is currently an instructor with SENATI and has trained more than one thousand artisans and artists in various places in Peru in ceramic production and design.

He was professor of Ceramics and in 1998 and in the Technology of the Materials of Art in 1997 at the Escuela Autonoma Superior de Bellas Artes del Cusco.

He has travelled extensively as an artist, engineering and artisan in Europe, the United States of America, Japan and Latin America.

He has dictated the following conferences:

El Centro Cientifico del Cusco (1897-1907).

He wrote biographies about Cusco scientists:

Fortunato L. Herrera, botany

Antonio Lorena, medicine

Eusebio Corazao, geometry

Oswaldo Baca Mendoza, chemistry

Carlos Kalafatovich, geologist

Cesar Vargas, botany

And he also wrote about fifty personalities from Cusco culture in an unpublished book, *Vida y Obra de Autores e Intelectuales Cusqueños*.

His other books of poetry include:

Inkarri, *Canto de Renacimiento Andino*, *Oficio del Barro* and *Con Cadena Perpetua*.

In 1995, he won *Tercera Feria Tecnología de Ingeniera Química*.

He won first prize in *El Arte Hecho a Mano* from the *Municipalidad del Cusco* in 1999.

He also won the *Premio a la Innovación Artesanal* in 2002 for his technological work, creativity and as a teacher.

He also developed a theorem and diagram for the solution of the problem called the *Cuadratura del Circulo* in 2003, and in the work “*Sistema Periodico Armonico y Leyes Geneticas de los Elementos Quimicos*, in honor of Dr. Osealdo Baca Mendoza.

The present book is the fruit of an entire life given to the study and practice of the ceramic arts and its poetic inspiration.