

6.22.015: who are you?

Upon landing at hostel iguana perdida on Saturday in [Santa Cruz de Atitlan](#), i was advised of a dress up party that night.

umm... i didn't bring any costumes.

The theme for the night was *Alice in Wonderland*, a story i have never fancied. How would i ever transform my meager collection of travel wear into something clever?

well, this lucky bloke found a costume shack in the back of the property. sadly it was more than lacking, a mess of dingy crap left behind by other viajeros. However, nestled underneath the piles, i found a 12 feet by 4 feet white shag rug. i tossed in here and there, but nothing took form evocative of wonderland, so i let it go.

i settled into my private room (my home until today, Monday) and took a dusktime walk up the the hill to the puebla. Friendly smiles and "buenas tardes" from every person I met. (I would later return to the pueblo on Sunday and learn how to weave a back strap from Tomasa. My weaving was horrid, but my trusty quilted bag now has a brand new strap!)

Back down the hill, getting hungry, my inner voice bubbled with fears of not "fitting in" with the other far cooler residents of the hostel. my monkey mind rationalized *not* to make a costume and simply hide amongst the collective crowd at the party who also failed to dress up. But then my wiser self from thirty years down the road whispered, "bring it, and bring it like you do." By the time I returned to the shores of the lake, I flashed on perfection and my costume was born.

And yes, by the end of this story, I was invited to sit at a "cool" table (con personas de melbourne, oslo, canada, seattle and UK), was awarded with three shots of liquor for my clever wares, and was asked to join the staff in a photo shoot... and no. I did not take the shots! I am a grateful passenger on this vehicle called earth, and sober is the key to the blessings.

So, I scurried to the iguana, cleaned myself up a bit, and headed back to the costume shack. I dismantled five wire hangers, helped myself to a bamboo stick for form and rolled up the white rug. I threw on a white house dress, found a fluffy white wig, and after a bit of jimmying, I had myself a giant white circle about three feet in diameter.

It was a quarter to seven and i could hear the murmurs of the growing party. I took a deep breath, threw the ring around my neck and entered the courtyard. And of course I was instantly greeted with askance glances and confusion.

"What's up with you, mate?" someone asked.

"Whoooo are you?" I asked, while floating the ring off my neck.

The odd stares continued, and I said again, "whoooo are youououou?" as I necklaced the person with a ring of "smoke." Still confused, his friend caught on straight away. Murmurs turned to laughter through a small collection of people, and i was swept into the evening as the [caterpillar's overwhelming plumes of smoke](#).

"Whoooo are yooooou?" Isn't that the question of the lifetime?

I'm off to the boat for Tzununa, followed by a 3km hike to my home for the next 6 weeks, the Mahadevi Ashram and Kaivalya yoga school.

no computer where i'm going and my iphone is a bit testy with wifi, so perhaps you'll get a break.