

ALFREDO FIGUEROA AYALA DIED

AGOSTO 14, 2018.

[AURELIO FERNÁNDEZ FUENTES](#)

Alfredo Figueroa Ayala died yesterday, at the age of 76. If anything defined him, it was the consistency of his daily life with his way of thinking, which he acquired in the first five years of the 1960s, as a first student of Law and after Philosophy at the Autonomous University of Puebla. But above all, in the student and then teaching struggle of this university. Starting in 1961, the institution shook off the avilacamachista domain thanks to efforts like his and all the Carolinos, and thus the entrance of the communist left in the institution was opened, giving it a very positive turn from then on - with its pluses and minuses - this is called the highest house of studies in the state. His participation in the 1968 movement was also very relevant. But he must also be highlighted as a tireless teacher of upper and upper secondary education, and a great transmitter of knowledge and convictions to young students.

He was a fundamental person in my ideological and political formation. I listened to him for the first time the concepts of Marxism and a consistent defense of the Cuban Revolution, of which he was always a devoted follower, without haggling or pettiness. He died on August 13, the date that Fidel Castro was born, for those who value these coincidences.

When I failed the class of Logic at Benito Juárez High School with Professor Alfonso Vélez, I failed the subject, he - being a specialist - prepared me with such diligence, with such clarity of concepts, that I passed the extraordinary exam with the maximum qualification, and to date I remember the syllogisms and the difference between formal logic and dialectical logic. He was an extraordinary teacher. I was fortunate to enjoy his teachings because he was first boyfriend and then husband of my sister Hortensia.

A common episode we had was when we returned from the “scientific” expedition that we made to Miahuatlán, Oaxaca, to see the total eclipse of the sun on March 7, 1970. In that bus, for which the engineer Luis Rivera Terrazas had designated the driving to a lombrosian-looking subject nicknamed La Salerosa, we turned upside down near Tehuacán due to the excessive use of brakes made by this improvised driver, rather dedicated to other tasks. We left the asphalt tape and we perched, drifted, on the left side. In that

vehicle Dina, of the flat ones, were university students who would later be relevant in institutional life, such as Pedro Hugo Hernández, Rosa María Avilés, Gerardo Martínez, Rosa María Barrientos and Agustín Valerdi, the chemist. In the confusion caused by the impact, nobody knew what to do; those responsible for the group - whose names I will omit this time - fled, panicked. I remember that Alfredo took charge of the situation, and with that powerful voice he had he began to organize us all. When the "perpetrators" returned, things were in order and we were waiting for help. Few injured, no deaths. That experience was an unforgettable teaching for me, which served me well on other occasions.

Alfredo always wanted to have children and as soon as they could, he and Hortensia gave us the first nephew. His love for them always exceeded any expectations.

The discussions with him always had a clear and fixed reference. Disagreements increased or decreased, but we always knew what he thought. He accompanied us on our adventures, those full of rebellious spirit, and joined our causes as long as they were his.

He and Hortensia were one and the same thing, always together, always optimistic, always purposeful.

Alfredo managed to see the electoral victory with which we imagined that the country would take another course and for which he fought for more than 50 years. Perhaps that pleased him. I'm sure.

We are left with Alfredo Figueroa Ayala in the heart, in the memory and in the entrails.