

GULCH MULCH

All The Pulp Thats Fit To Gulp

DRIVING

Winter's over so there's no more rain to hold the dust down which means I can't stop and look at Spain (the ocean-view vista named by Rondal) without worrying that someone will drive by and I'd have to eat his dust all the way to town. That's the most important commandment out here: Eat not thy neighbors dust.

If you catch up with someone driving slower the custom is to stop and wait for the dust to settle. Please do not try to pass me on the dirt road. I mean it. No one ever does except Boola did a few years back but who wants to hassle a Vietnam vet with a thing for Tibet?

And then you have the motorcyclists, basically insensitive jerks who figure that since they can slither quickly by they have a god-given right to make you eat their dust, and they're probably right. As Seth would say "Yer the king, biker dude."

The next important thing to remember is always ride in the front passenger seat called "shotgun". I've seen grown men jockey for that loose front seat, supposedly mature adults slobbering over that seat. Rediculous? Perhaps. Post-Dramamine frenzy? Possibly. (Just ask Talk Show - he hasn't sat in the back for three years now!)

Then we get to the paved road where its one Gran Prix for me, blazing down the twisting valley road like the time driving New York taxi when I tried to make fourteen greens on Park Avenue, the only time a fare told me to slow down. People often pull over to let others pass. I say hey if you want it that bad buddy o'mon and take it.

Pass me on a curve turkey, like in Mexico where life is cheap and the drivers follow the system of threes. Returning gringos gush about this Mexican custom and I swear to goddess its true: You're driving down the Tortilla Expressway, that two-laned Highway 57 through Matehuala all the way to Mexico City, then on to Panama, Brazil, and Tierro del Fuego. Well lets pass that 16-wheeler laden with the goods of the land, the rolling distributor of supplies. There's a car coming in the distance the other way but who gives a fuck the car's rented anyway. So

we're steaming past this taco truck and here comes the other car bearing down on us at 70 mph. Lights blink, horns honk and we're blowing by this mama hog trucker, a package of precious tourista meat up in the face of the oncoming car, so what does everyone do? You jam baby, the trucker moves over to the right, the guy coming the other way cuts over slightly and there you have it: three vehicles abreast on the tortured tacky rumpling road to Nicaragua and El Salvador.

Once in a while you get a motorcyclist into the act on one berm and a bicyclist on the other side with his woman holding the baby on the handlebars, another growing in her belly, and another in the gleam of that Mexican's eyes. Can you dig it? A pure Mexican five-way!!



JR. HIGH HUMOR DEPT.

Tea With The Queen.....by Erica Hazelhoff

As we went through the gate of Her High Ass - I mean her Highness - Queen Beatrix and her husband His Highness Prince Bernard's country palace named Palace Sure Shit - I mean Palace Sysedyke - I looked across the lawns.

We arrived successfully and my grandmonster - I mean grandmother - and I decided to freshen up. As we entered the

bathroom, I saw just about every beauty accessory ever made, and as I entered the stall, I saw a crossword puzzle about 4 feet long. I asked my grandmother about this and she told me that the Queen like to figure words out when she was taking a crap. She also told me that it usually took her about 5 years to figure every word out. She had only figured 2 words out. Very interesting, I thought.

We went to the veranda to have cocktails. As the grown-ups sipped their alcoholic beverages I watched His Highness Prince Bernard get peed on by the Royal Dog. Very interesting, I thought.

The lunch was great, with me only spilling my food on myself 5 times instead of my usual 10. Then we went swimming in the Royal Pool and played water polo. It was great. I even hit Her Highness Queen Beatrix in the head a few times. She didn't mind, although she did look a little cross eyed.

And as we were leaving I stepped in some Royal dog shit. Very interesting, I thought.

I had a great time.

THE END

LOCAL DIRECTORY

When Ever - Garbage pick-up; Puao and Tim

Wood Ever - Tree trimming, firewood; CB #20

Keith Rashall Metal Fabrication; POB 282 Thorn

Beadz-Semiprecious stone; Star and Yerba POB 55 Thorn

Carrie Pierce-Massage Practitioner \$25; CB#20

Sharon-Massage & Deep Tissue; Hot tub optional

Yerba Santa- Futons&Slipcovers- Kiehl's Essential Oils

Talismans. POB 112, Thorn CA 95489

Rondal Snodgrass-Mediation and Counselling

Lost Coast Llamas & Shady Bay Stables. 77321 Usal Road

Whitethorn, Ca 95489

Janis Gray- Therapeutic massage. POB 244, Thorn

Bryce Gray- Redwood lumber, milled to specifications

CB#20

Syreeta- Open Channeling Session. 1st & 3rd Wednesday- healing, trance-reading, energy work. 7:30 pm at the school.

Frank Letton-Electrical work, CB & FM Antennas

POB 294 Whitethorn or CB# 20

BACK TO MATEHUALA

The low-rider creeps out of Catorce, carefully around a couple killer curbs, rolling past the church on our way to the tunnel, stopping every few minutes to give away spanish-english coloring books to the kids. I tell adults "No, is only for kids" and they scream back that they have kids. It becomes a mob scene as they crowd around the car grabbing all the books. By the time we get to the tunnel they are all gone.

With Bruce belting them out on the stereo we race through the tunnel and begin to roll down the hand-paved roadway to the valley below. We drove up a cautious fifteen mph yesterday but to hell with the shocks I'm cruising down at 30 mph, then flying at 40 through the cactus desert to the town of supplies and La Huerta, home of 100 fighting chickens and the fading dreams of Muhammad Ali.

We get into Matehuala and go to score some stuff at Chalita, the big store downtown where they have everything. It is there by the avocados and oranges where we run into Irma Louisa and Maricela, an old flame, who invite us to a party that night at La Forestal. We take the railroad tracks over but we're way too early so we're sitting in Mama Guerrero's kitchen eating beans and eggs, greasy and good.

Carl gets to practice his Spanish while I'm trying to play footsies under the table with striking Francesca, a flashback to that same table twelve years before and Maricela's feet. Then she would see me to the door where I would try to steal kisses in the cactus moonlight but she would say "Mi padre, mi padre!" Yes I was legendary in that house for eating many tamales then having to lie down in the next room and drink herb tea while Maricela's sisters would attend me with giggles and I would try to hold their hands.

We move outside to the party around a fire with stone tables holding the refreshments. It's the Tex-Mex crowd down from Chicago, Houston, or wherever for the holidays; indeed Matehuala is jammed with those huge maxi-vans like never before. The old man is back from Saltillo and eyes me skeptically. Every time I make a move I imagine him thinking "You'll never be a son-in-law to me". Like the time I visited last year reeking of toke-smoke

only to tell him "No, I don't want a cigarro, I don't smoke."

Now I'm playing with the little party favor that you blow and it whistles and goes out about a foot with a feather on the end. I'm blowing it up against some girl and I'll never be a son-in-law to him with each whistle I swear. Later I start to dance a little in place and the old man finally cracks a smile to beat hell - shit, the guy's laughing at me.

We meet Juan, from Chicago, who introduced us to all these beautiful women around the fire. (For Juan the only question left is "who do you go home with?") But we don't speak much Spanish so communication is difficult until we meet some school-girls from San Luis Positi who speak good English.

We laugh and talk, dance and walk around the party scene at La Forestal, a walled compound topped with broken glass next to the Pemex storage facility and the country club at the edge of town. Mariocela returns from her job at the rancho and tries to hook me up with Matehuala's numero uno party animal but I'm not biting for this crazy fat bitch Rosa.

WHAT IS THE PATH? (Channeled by Eva Pierokos)

Greetings and welcome, my friends here. Blessings for every one of you. In this lecture I would like to discuss what this path is, especially for the sake of a number of new friends who have found their way here for the first time. But this will also be helpful for my friends who are already in this work. My words may shed a new light on it, and will give an overall view which is, at certain intervals, a help and a new inspiration.

First, I should like to say that this path is not new. It has existed in many different forms, as long as mankind. The forms and the ways must change as mankind evolves. But the fundamental path remains the same.

Do not be concerned, my friends with the phenomenon of this communication as such. For if you pay too much attention to the way in which these teachings are communicated, you will get lost in confusion. The only thing important to understand at the beginning of such a venture is that there are levels of reality which you have not yet explored and experienced and about which you, at best, can only theorize. But theory is not the same as experience. Letting it go at that for the moment will be so much

better than trying to force a definitive conclusion. One thing is obvious: This voice does not express the conscious mind of the instrument through whom I speak. Furthermore, take into consideration that every human personality has a depth of which he or she may as yet be unaware. In this depth, everybody possesses means to transcend the narrow confines of his or her own personality, thus receiving access to other realms, and to entities endowed with a wider and deeper knowing.

This brings us to the whole question of what this path is. It is dealing with confusions, inner misconceptions, destructive attitudes, misunderstandings, alienating defenses, negative emotions and paralyzed feelings. Since man shies away from dealing with and accepting certain parts of himself, he often seeks refuge in pathways which promise that he can avoid the problematic areas of himself.

The temptation to use spiritual practices in order to grab happiness and fulfillment, and to avoid already existing negativities, confusions and pain, is great. But this attitude defeats the purpose; it comes from and leads to further illusions. **The illusion is that anything that exists in you can be avoided.** The illusion is also that what is in you needs to be feared and should be denied. No matter how destructive it is, that which is in you can be transformed. Only when you avoid what is in you does your illusion truly become detrimental to you and others.

