

LANDING

Delta 3600 was mildly packed to Ciudad Obergon International Airport in beautiful Ciudad Mexico. From there was a much smaller private flight to Yocora Sonora a small Mexican town with about 3,000 inhabitants.

The town is bordered on the east by the state of Chihuahua, the home state of Barranca Del Cobre noted as the largest hole on earth. Much deeper than the Grand Canyon in Arizona. The magical land of Creel completes that particular journey if one does take the train. Much recommended.

But that aside Yocora in the forest mountains of the Sonoran desert was said by the towns inhabitants to be the home of Dabrika Tre Cornelius Hanson AKA The Craftswoman. Yocora was known to get more rain than most of the desert towns in Sonora. It's high elevation most startling in winter when sometimes a snowstorm or two could erupt suddenly. Odd that a desert could be so cold. Yet in the summer, temperatures were very mild, even more mild than Los Angeles summers, where the heat could be extremely hot.

Yocoran's were a strong and sturdy people, living in the town there were about 500 homes and apartments in the surrounding town. With the usual smatterings of mom and pop stores. There was recently talk of a casino being built in the nearby mountains. But Dabrika's famed home in the Yocora forest and her ownership of many acres of land there along with her mansion thereabouts was the main claim to fame for Yocoran's. Many had said that Carlos Castaneda had often been in Yocora to visit Dabrika and that one of her living names was actually Dona Salvaje. She would be about 150 years old if she were alive.

However her, daughter, Jasmine an attractive woman of about 79, was said to have a few years ago taken ownership of Dabrika's mansion and land which was walled from prying eyes.

This fact Horace did let the others in on as the small plane took off earlier from Obergon airport in Ciudad. Mexico was so very unlike America. Most Americans never realized how unique the land in Mexico was. Having only vacationed at Acapulco a time or two or at one of its famous resorts. A homogenized Mexico was that. It was best to travel Mexico alone. To walk the walk of the inhabitants and see for oneself the goings on in an amazingly unknown nation as Mexico.

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After the long and weary trip, which took altogether about 10 hours after the layaway at Ciudad Obergon, the four visitors were glad to land on the strip outside of Yocora and the brief ride into town was quickly dispensed with. The Yocoran hotel known euphemistically as The Yocoran Craftswoman, was fairly large with a pool and a hot tub and Horace had made sure that Thad and Evenly had their own rooms. He and Sassy had their own rooms as well but of course the two would have to rendezvous to continue into their physical relationship that was seemingly on the up and up. Sassy was a bit of a chatterbox at times. On the flight to Yocora Sassy had begun to question the men as to their recent relations. Coming close to those events they had shared at Cleve's concerning The Gideon Acropolis.

Horace had a mighty time of silencing her and finally asked Sassy to curb her interest with a finger to his lips. Sassy screwed her face up like she was sucking on a sour lemon lollipop. She was a bit pissed off, but Thad found Horace's action very funny and chuckled. Evenly smiled wanly at the antics of the two sexually actives. The so-called gender efficient (Straight sexually active men and women) were never compared to the relations of so-called gender traitors as Margaret Atwood would write of in her *Handmaids Tales*. The sweltered writer with frizzy Pippi Longstocking hair, was surely on the side of a Democrat and not Aunt Lydia, a great hero of Gilead. Or so the TV show proclaimed.

It was uniquely strange that everything that went wrong from the perspective of the American media was quickly solved or else forgotten. One or another. That went for the news and science sections as well. There was so many things wrong hidden in Democracy. Very much like sweeping dirt under a carpet. There but always unseen. So many failures while the citizenry waited for time to go by and memory to fade if not populations to die. History they said was written by the winners, however, the winners were from such past losers. The wrapping was ancient compared to the recent era which was ultra-sleek and modern. Matters had suddenly come to the fore and the carpet underneath was so full of that dirt that mountains of it were beneath. The usual forgetting would not always be so blurry and certainly not a harbinger for good.

The four travelers took to the small town's shops and main street after some long showers and a bit of sleep. Horace decided they would all sup at "Dabrika's" a fairly unassuming Yocoran bar and grill just a few blocks from their hotel. The name of the eatery appropriate to their interests. Horace and Thad spoke the fluent Mehecan Language and as they entered Dabrika's the travelers were immediately greeted by a large Mexican woman, Catina, who laughed easily when Horace spoke to her and she seemed most friendly to the experienced travelers.

Over at the bar were a man who was essentially the bartender and cook as well. He may have been Catina's husband, but nobody was asking. He served drinks to two gentlemen seated at the bar. One of which was reading from his cell phone and the other picking at a meal and drinking a beer. The two men were clearly Mehecan. The four travelers stuck out like peas without the pod. Everyone in Dabrika's realized that strangers were in town as soon as the door opened. It was after sundown about eight or so and the darkness outside was clear and mild. It was fall so the temperature in Yocora was friendly.

Once seated Thad suggested they buy a large pitcher of strawberry margaritas and everyone seemed okay with that. They were all soon drinking and biting on some really hot and salty bowls of chips with their drinks. The margaritas were pleasantly strong and full of flavor and what with the oddity of Mexican logic these drinks seemed even better to the taste in a foreign land to the strangers.

Sassy studied her menu with a certain knowingness as an attractive woman she was easily spied by most Mexican men. She was white and very American o' to the denizens of such a land opposite the *Ustados Unidos* as many Mehecan's called their unruly and passionate neighbor.

A family arrived for dinner two older Yocoran's and a wife and husband. Perhaps in-laws of one or the other. They were seated a bit in back where they festively said 'Hola' to everyone and of course

acknowledging the strangers in their midst. This group's energy levels seemed to rise with the unknown entities. Evenly et al were assumed to be visiting pre festival.

Of course. The Carlos Castaneda Festival. One of the famous festivals of Yocora which was to proceed down the Yocoran main street. It was here that Yocoran's marched down the street to the end of the Yocoran Main Street which ended at the House Of The Pentacle.

Known as The Pentaculous.

A massive and former church where now were the famous nude colorful windows with fine flames upon the skins of nude natural men and women warriors. Some of the stained glassed windows had the hero of Castaneda's books upon them giving him, Carlos Castaneda (The Eagle's Gift) some important lessons. Don Juan Matus was often commanding and his eyes fierce and on fire from the fire from within upon the scenes depicted. Don Juan was a living Mexican. The Nagual. A Yaqui from The Yaqui tribes scattered in Sonoran Mexico from many nearby hamlets of the nation. The Yaqui's were essentially The Aztecs but somewhat removed after many thousands of years.

So in a few days there was to be a procession leading to the Pentaculous with a fictional depiction of Carlos Castaneda and most if not all the citizens of Yocora walking alongside as the festival continued down the Main Street and into the Pentaculous. Later the festival would become a barbecue (QUE) where many roasted pigs, lambs and other succulent meats would be eaten by all the town of Yocoran's if not visitors to Yocora. Such was merriment, with dancing, drinking and other festive events upon the grounds inner and outer of the Pentaculous. Music would be heard from traditional Yocoran to rock music such as The Doors on a stage for live and recorded songs that were fearsome and powerful and in keeping with the mood of discovery that the Castaneda Festival was famous for.

As per the two Sorcerers and Seers Juan and Carlos many powerful drugs and mixtures could be known during these festival hours as Carlos Castaneda was honored and remembered. His and The Eagle's many spirits certainly were in the air and ready to envision and coax newcomers and the experienced alike into Psychotropic knowledges and practices! Carlos Castaneda wasn't just famous he was revered in Mexico especially. Not unlike a Gandhi or Lama Tenzin Gyatso. Carlos had lived and written of The Eagle.

He was of course The Eagle's Gift.

Many during the festival would take to the open mike and the speakers. Others would keep with the program and read passages from the holy books by Carlos Castaneda. The beautiful 8 volumes of his apprenticeship with Don Juan. Such as The Separate Reality were always on display in Mexico. Many Yocoran's would tell tales to the audience at the Que about their dreams and how they saw the Dome of The Eagle and that Carlos and The Nagual were there greeting and showing them signs of what might come to pass.

Some very few said they saw the emanations a time or two and that their practices that were mostly original in nature brought them to further dimensions of seeing. They admitted that they had been

blind but had seen as Seer's. Even if just for a second or two they had become Seers and men or women of Knowledge like Juan and Carlos.

Reason had blinded them their whole lives they proclaimed.

Most Yocoran's would keep with the Pentacle now and wore the attractive star upon the neck with a fine chain of some such.

The Castaneda Yocoran Festival was in a few days.