



October 2018

Issue #1

A FEAST FOR THE MIND

Stone Soup: A Letter of Invitation & Welcome!

Cazuela (*ka'θwela*) is the common name given to a variety of dishes across the Americas. It receives its name from the cazuela (Spanish for cooking pot) in which it is cooked. The ingredients and preparation vary from region to region, but it usually contains a thick flavored stock produced from cooking several kinds of meats and vegetables mixed together. While known by different names, cazuelas exist in every culture. When prepared and eaten communally, it reminds us of the folktale *Stone Soup*:

Some travelers come to a village carrying nothing more than an empty cooking pot. Upon their arrival, the villagers are unwilling to share any of their food stores with the hungry travelers. Then the travelers go to a stream and fill the pot with water, drop a large stone in it, and place it over a fire. One of the villagers becomes curious and asks what they are doing. The travelers answer that they are making "stone soup", which tastes wonderful and which they would be delighted to share with the villager, although it still needs a little bit of garnish, which they are missing, to improve the flavor.

The villager, who anticipates enjoying a share of the soup, does not mind parting with a few carrots, so these are added to the soup. Another villager walks by, inquiring about the pot, and the travelers again mention their stone soup which has not yet reached its full potential. The villager hands them a little bit of seasoning. More and more villagers walk by, each adding another ingredient. Finally, the stone (being inedible) is removed from the pot, and a delicious and nourishing pot of soup is enjoyed by travelers and villagers alike. Although the travelers have thus tricked the villagers into sharing their food with them, they have successfully transformed it into a tasty and nutritious meal which they share with the donors.

This story is the essence of what we wish to accomplish with our monthly publication, *Cazuela*. Having a variety of contributions, ideas and thoughts combined to create a feast for the mind. We are committed to providing the cazuela for anyone who wishes to share their contributions to this artistic expression of community.

We look forward to collaborating with all you who wish to share with us.

Your Hungry Travelers,

Colin Eubank and Sean "Mr. Sean" Brannock

All submission can be sent to catalina.cazuela@gmail.com

check out Cazuela online!
cazuelapublication.wordpress.com

Recipe for the Issue:

Start with a helping of Articles and Observations:

- "Spiral of Silence Theory" (by Ayoub Sahri)
- "Soul Alignment" (by Sky O'Connor)
- "To Listen: podcasts and audio stories on the go" (by Jordan Monroe)
- "Raindrops on Roses" (by Ann Marie Boyle)
- "Cadenas de Islas // Island Chains" (by Colin Eubank)
- "A Supercolony of Ants" (by Rich Zanelli)
- "Sawhorse by the Seashore" (by Jennifer Monroe)

Mix in a handful of Creative Writing:

- "Cool Blue Water" (by David Pascoe)
- "To Those Who Perform" (by Leonardo Foley)
- "Blink" (by David Pascoe)
- "The Oak" (by Sky O'Connor)

Season with a dash of Essay:

- "On the Political Person" (by Liam Bogart)
- "The Fox and the Quail" (by Carlos de la Rosa)

Add a pinch of Conversation:

- "Ritual & Comfort: an interview on photography" (by Philip Zorba & Mason Eubank)
- "College-Bound SCIF Q&A" (L. Garcia, M. Perez, A. Campos, C. Eubank, S. Parsons, N. Morones, E. Huart, & G. Saldana)

Sprinkle on top a small bunch of Community Shares:

- "Does Arts Education Matter?" (by Sean Brannock)
- "Art Fills the Streets" (by Laura "Lola" Di Miele)
- "Ban Plastics?" (by Rich Zanelli)

Steep all the above with Visual Art:

- "Dinghy Dock" (by Erin Eubank)
- "Catalina Icon: Garibaldi" (by Caprice Rothe)
- "Scavenger" (by Leonardo Foley)
- "photos from "water to dilute the sugar" (by Philip Zorba)
- "Saint Rita" (by Valerie Fanarjian)

And before you know it, you've got a Cazuela to share! Enough to satisfy our palletes until next month.

Cool Blue Water

by David Pascoe

My cool blue water
you have come

I

She took the cracks from my dirt,
all scorched, dry, and lusting.

Up and over my feet
in their shoddy blues shoes,
she trickled me,

tickled me,
washed me brand new.

And I soaked in her splendor
till my pruned lips hurt.
But never trickle enough
for my bottomless earth.

II

I know of no man
who knows where the water
of a woman will run.

So we the sun-parched,
we the stooping,
kiss the mud when it comes.



Dinghy Dock by Erin Eubank

Ban Plastics?

not enough unless we change our behaviors

My name is Rich Zanelli. Most people in town know me as “Mr.Z”. I want to begin by reiterating something, relative to the citywide ban on plastics, that all of us probably already know; that is, that there are reusable or compostable alternatives to items such as drinking straws, single-use shopping bags, polystyrene take-out containers and such. They are made from paper, corn plastic, etc. So, those options are out there.

The City of Avalon has recognized the issues surrounding the use of plastics and polystyrene and has, thus, instituted a ban on such products. Voluntary compliance with the ban has already begun (officially as of October 04) with mandatory

compliance taking effect on the first day of 2019. A lot of energy, effort and research were certainly invested in making the relevant decisions, and some see the ban as a solution to the problem, or at least a step in the right direction. However, I want people to see all of this from another angle.

As I see it, the problem is not simply that plastic and polystyrene products exist. It is that they end up in the ocean. As such, the issue is not so much related to the products that are available to us; it is one of **what we do with them**. We can all look down into the water in Long Beach as we are waiting in line to board a boat and head back home. And, what do we see? Clothing, packaging from different kinds of food, drink bottles, etc. So, what

shall we do? Will we ban all of the items that might end up in the ocean and then walk around naked, hungry and thirsty? Surely not, and nobody would even suggest such a thing. Still, those of us who live on Catalina Island know that anything that is not properly disposed of ends up in the ocean during the next significant rainstorm. This includes all trash, automotive by-products, animal waste, etc. This is also true of any coastal areas whose watershed drains into the ocean, so the problem is not just local—it is global.

We have all seen photographs and heard study results that tell us about the Great Pacific Garbage Patch, and ocean animals being maimed or killed because of our “stuff” that ends up in our oceans. And, one way or another, we are all responsible. The images and stories are heartbreaking, but they have not stopped us, or even slowed us, from allowing our “stuff” to end up in the oceans. So, once again, I see this as a problem concerning human behavior.

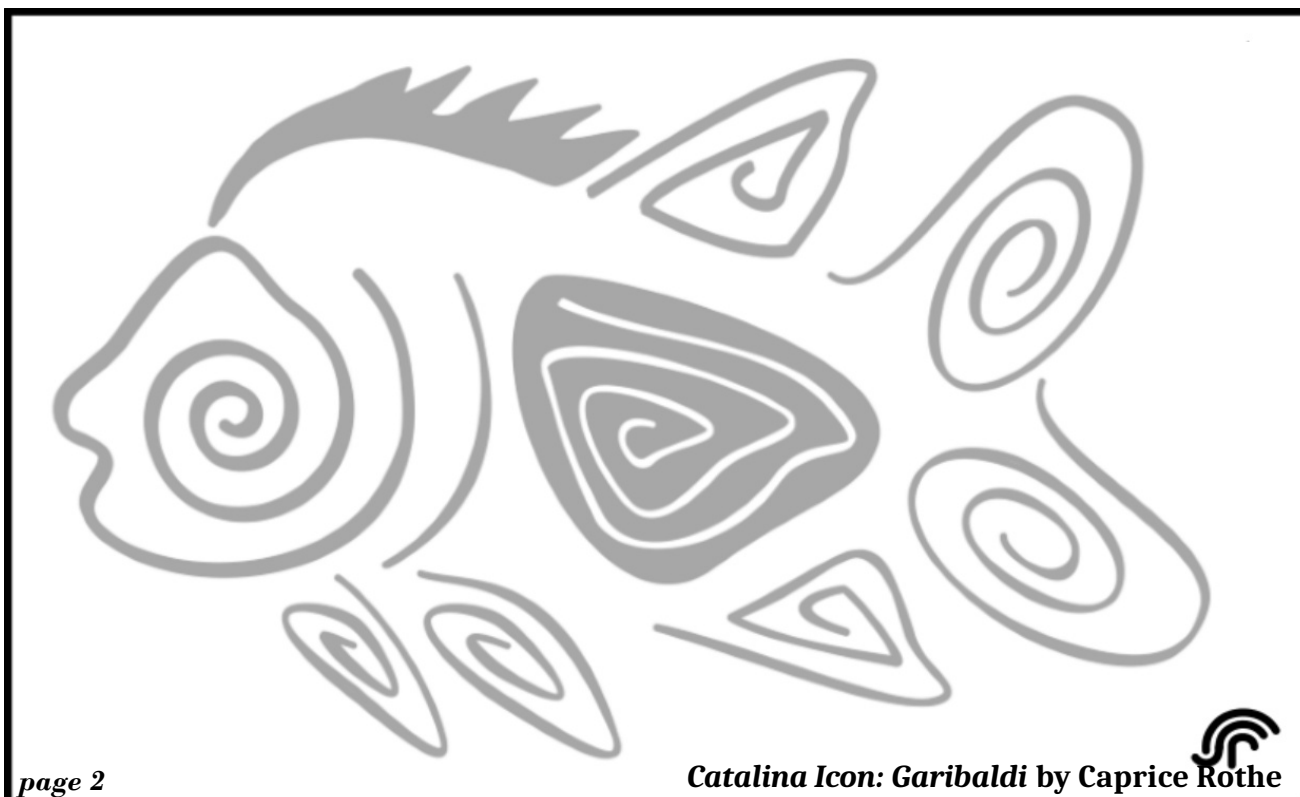
So, education is key. It starts at home, continues to school and extends to community. Here in Avalon, we can say all we want about banning plastics leading us to being considered a “model community” but real change can only occur if our behaviors change...all of us. I wish I could truthfully say that it is going to be easy, but it is not. We all

need to commit to changing our ways and our habits. And, it can be done. But, it is not just about eliminating drinking straws or mylar balloons. That is just the tip of the proverbial iceberg.

Maybe banning certain plastic products will help us remember to change how we dispose of our stuff, but there is another angle to consider. Even compostable items will not break down (most of them, anyway) if they end up in the oceans. Conditions just are not conducive to that occurring.

One more thing that is tangentially related to the topic: I worry that replacing banned items with more eco-friendly products will lead to further enabling negative behaviors. Consider this: if someone finishes using a compostable item and believes that it would be okay to throw it on the ground, believing that it is eco-friendly and will compost wherever it is. Similarly, products that are plant based and would be safe to be eaten by ocean animals may be considered safe to dispose of in the ocean. What we need to remember is this: just because something is safe to eat **does not** mean that it should be eaten.

We all need to commit to proper care and disposal of all of our obsolete items. The future of our planet may depend on it. And the ability for our future generations to enjoy natural spaces absolutely does.



Catalina Icon: Garibaldi by Caprice Rothe

On the Political Person an essay by Liam Bogart

Hegel, in the preface to *Phenomenology of Spirit*, says that method is everything. Method must change with the subject, it must change with time, situation, subject, and object, and it must, above all, be rigorously applied. Others mirror this view (Kant and Marx both come to mind). Yet it is difficult to understand, or to talk of, the methods that are most commonly employed, and to try to understand it immediately brings about a classic question: *τι ἐστὶν λόγος?* Translated from Greek to mean “What is logic?”, “What is reason?”, or “What is method?”¹, One might initially believe that an answer to these questions can be sought by understanding their normal use in everyday language; doing so doesn’t bring us any closer to understanding the ways in which logic, reason, and method are employed by the average person.

What is the necessity of understanding how an average person uses logic in their everyday life? There are many answers to this question, but the most relevant one seems to boil down to this fact: Most people assume that logic is a constant, and that if it is applied by multiple parties to one problem, that the result will be the same for all parties. Obviously, logic does not function this way, and is why there is such a great importance placed on methodology by Hegel and Marx. Logos is not a particular method through which problems are to be solved. Logic and reason do not exist within a vacuum, but simply as ways of making sense of causality, and as such, only have meaning given in the ways they are employed, and not as a means of employment as such.

A friend of mine, Jeremy McLellan, once said that the key to understanding the politics of people in general, is knowing that most people do not have a political method, that most people understand politics based on how particular aspects of an ideology make them feel, and that when people interact with the world, they do not do it politically, and the aspects of their reality which are necessarily political, are reduced to being apolitical. Simply put, according to McLellan, most people do not care. Understanding that most people do not care is a seemingly freeing idea, it gives you the ability to move on from trying to understand most people’s actions as being politically motivated, and it allows for another point of penetration into the methodology of a person.

¹ *λόγος* (transliterated as *logos*) is a very difficult word to translate, and countless ways to translate it are available, even so far as to say *logos* could mean “computer.” But according to the *Liddel-Scott ancient Greek lexicon*, *logic*, *reason*, and *method* are the most common translations, and they are the ones I will be using.



Scavenger by Leonardo Foley

It is easy to think of people as being apolitical because it gives a plausible explanation for so much of what people do; people are willing to commit crimes against humanity when told to by their superior. People are hypocritical, allowing for contradictions within their views; people are openly hateful, violent, and predatory, all the while preaching peace. The explanation provided by claiming that people are apolitical is tempting because of its natural cohesion, but it necessarily misses that all choices within a society are political, and as such, the people making those choices are political. People may not care, but it does not mean that they are any less political. To live within a society means that you must be constantly be making choices about how that society will function. Whether or not you vote, spend money, are on the electrical grid, (continues on pg 4)

how does "public opinion" exist in a repressive society?

The Spiral of Silence by Ayoub Sahri

Fear of a security grip may be the main cause of dictatorial societies. This is to say that the force of a gun or fist may prompt people to remain silent and not express their opinions freely, resulting in the manufacturing of so-called positive “public opinion” of these societies.

But how does the media - with the help of a society’s ruling regimes - have the ability to influence the individual and push him to silence what he wants to say?

We will explore one way this question has

been answered, by way of a media theory called the spiral of silence. We will talk about the main ideas, before exploring the three basic mechanisms used by media to influence the public and enforce dictatorial silences without the usual spectacles of force.

The Spiral of Silence Theory: Basic Idea & Hypotheses

This theory is one of the theories that confirm the power of the media in shaping public opinion, and is interested in monitoring the effects of the media on society.

The spiral of silence theory was founded by a German researcher named Elizabeth Noel-Newman in 1974. Newman believed

that the process of forming public opinion is dynamic, involving psychological, social, cultural and political factors, with the role

of the media as pivotal in shaping the trend of the issues raised in society (and deliberated upon by public opinion).

The basic idea of the theory is that the individual lives in a society and interacts with the environment of public opinion with its constituents and factors of composition, so the individual tends to form his/her opinion according to the prevailing public opinion in the society in which he/she lives. (continues on pg 4)

On the Political Person (*continued from pg 3*)

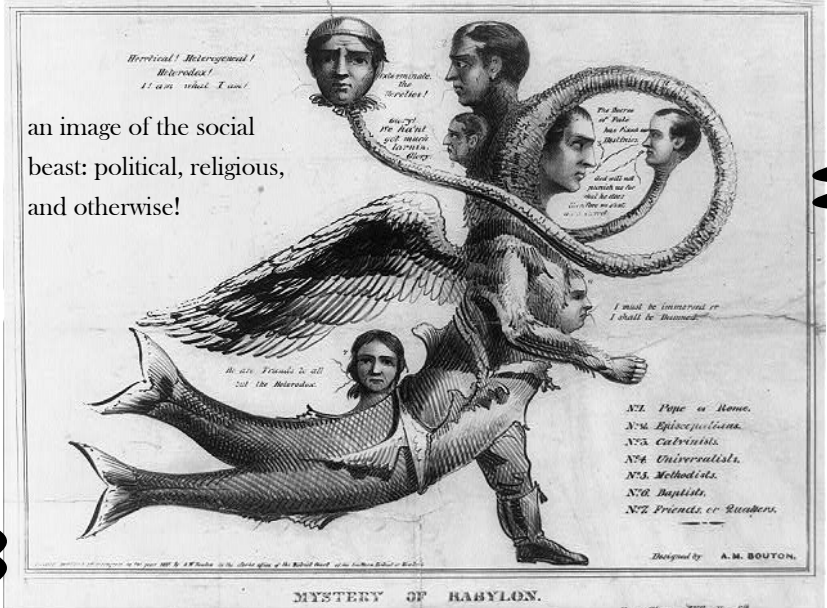
are vegetarian, or are NEET, you are still providing input as to how your society ought to function.

Marx says that individuals belief systems are brought about by a combination of the dialectic process, and the ideology of the ruling class at the time. This is to say that people are democrats or republicans because there are governmental parties which are democrats and republicans, and beyond that, the concepts of democrats and republicans exist due to the ruling class creating those parties and definitions along with them. You could not be a democrat if there was no word for it, and even the being of being a democrat has drastically changed as the ruling class has changed. Under this assumption, for someone to exist within a society, they must necessarily be influenced by the ideology of the ruling class. Even if they “do not care” about politics, the way they interact with the world is political, and will be shaped by the ruling class. Given the scope of politics and of our society, it is obvious that within the United States, if you are apathetic about politics, this is to the favor of the ruling class, an apathetic subordinate class poses no threat, and directly serves the interests of the ruling class.

When people follow the orders of their superiors and commit atrocious acts, it is not because they do not care. It is because, whether they acknowledge it or not, they have bought into the ideology of the ruling class. And this understanding of people allows for a deeper understanding of their politics. It is not that they do not care, or that they do not have a λόγος, but that their logic, their method, their rationality, all come from the ruling class, and when they are presented with something — anything — they interpret it through the lens which has been provided to them by the ruling class. People have political lives, and they interact with the world politically. People are not afraid of being hypocrites over particular issues because the ruling class is not worried about being hypocritical over particular issues. There is nothing apathetic about the way the governments and ruling classes of the world approach or promote political issues, and so there is nothing apathetic about the way people interact with political issues. When someone “does not care” and so they ignore police brutality, that is not because they, as an individual, lack empathy. It is because they, as a result of their society, have been told that police brutality is okay.

The method of the individual exists as such because it

has been brought into existence by the ruling class. People employ logic, method, and reason, in order to understand every aspect of their life, and in order to understand their life politically. However, their λόγος is shaped by the society in which they live, meaning their λόγος will bear results in line with the λόγος of the ruling class. There is always a reason for what is happening, there is always a motivation, a backdrop, a clear-cut benefactor of all λόγος-based things in our society, and it is the ruling class. It is necessary to understand this so that a new λόγος may be brought out, so that a new ruling class can be provided that will have a focus on the benefit of the oppressed.



Ritual & Comfort: an interview on photography with Philip Zorba

questions by Mason Eubank

The following is a phone interview that took place in September, 2018. Its discussion revolves around the artist's series "water to dilute the sugar" to explore different approaches to photo, as well as the personal and stylistic importance its production holds for the artist. The interview has been edited for clarity.

Mason Eubank (ME): Do you have any photos or images that are particularly meaningful to you in this series?

Philip Zorba (PZ): Ummmm. I guess, if anything, the first one in the series...with the flowers pressed....was meaningful because after school it was kind of hard (without someone imposing a deadline on you) to make work like that. Because you worry a bit too much about everything you make being perfect and so then you end up

The Spiral of Silence (*continued from pg 3*)

The spiral of silence is based on a central assumption: that when the media adopts certain views or trends over a period of time, most individuals will move in the direction supported by the media, and thus public opinion is consistent with the ideas supported by the media. Some researchers have noted that mass media sometimes take a supporting side of a case or personalities, and this leads to the support of most individuals for the media's direction in search of social consensus.

Those individuals opposed to the media's trend, take the position of silence to avoid the persecution of the group. The power of conformity comes from the fear of social isolation and its extended consequences (dismissal from a job ... etc.). herefore, if they believe in views contrary to the exposure of the media, they obscure their personal views, and they are less willing to talk about these views with others. (In this case silence is a sign of rejection and not satisfaction)

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Key Mechanisms Contributing to Media Impact:

Now that we have understood the basics of the theory, there are three important mechanisms of the media that make it so effective in producing trends in “public opinion” and its respective silences. Studying these mechanisms helps us to understand how an individual's chances of having an independent opinion view on the issues raised.

1. Cumulative

It's the cumulative effect of repetition, where the media tends to provide similar and repetitive messages on topics, personalities or issues, and this cumulative view has long-term effects on recipients.

2. Inclusiveness

The media dominates and besieges people everywhere by controlling the available information environment. This results in comprehensive effects on the individual that are difficult to escape from projected messages.

3. Harmonization

Consensus of the ideas that the media broadcast and presented to the audience of recipients, and means the existence of an agreement and harmony between the contacts with the institutions they belong to, leading to similarities and values of information governing them, and therefore be the messages that the various media broadcast appear to be similar and consistent with each other, increasing their impact on the audience.

making nothing. So I struggled for a while to even make anything...and it's hard to do without that tool (of photo, of art-making) because making work about something that's bothering you gives you a power over it like nothing else...or at least that's what I've found. It doesn't change anything about what's happened -- you know -- it doesn't make anything that you're going through not real or make it better, but for some reason just putting it out there...being able to print it out and stand on my head and look at it if I want, there's just power in that. And so being without that for a little while was rough. So when I finally came back to it, that was the first picture I made and it was good to represent what I was going through, and getting over, you know, being paralyzed, or too paralyzed to make anything.

ME: So in a lot of the photos there's repeated images (like basketballs and coffee). What's your relationship to basketball? Do you play?

PZ: Yeah! So, aw man...I...it's tough. I don't know how deep you want me to get, but um, probably I'd say that for the middle of my life I didn't really care about sports, you know? But it kind of came back, for me, in a weird way. And I guess, you know, just to be honest with you I mean there was a period in my life that was pretty low. Pretty, um, sad. And one of the most helpful things to me at that point was just going out and first thing in the morning shooting hoops -- just to kind of clear my mind and get rid of the unhelpful thoughts that I was having. And from there, that kind of gave me a sort of "part II" with sports in my life, where basketball (now) became a very important tool in my life.

ME: Yeah, I understand that. I have a few friends that have done that: playing basketball more as a form of therapy for them, in a way...

PZ: Absolutely, that's cool.

ME: So this brings me back to the recurring symbols in your work for this series. I mean obviously we see basketball but also roses (and other

kinds of flowers) and coffee. Would you characterize your relationship to these others things (like coffee) as similar to basketball, or do they mean something different for you?

PZ: I guess, so for the imagery of the coffee and the flowers, where the point I'm at in my life -- like post-college / real adulthood, you know, or the beginning of that -- I noticed that I was kind of clinging to certain things, I was starting to hold on to certain things. Like a cup of coffee in the morning started to mean a little bit more, you know? But whenever it comes to stuff like that I kind of have this like, I guess, guilt about it because I'm just like "am I just trying to recreate an experience I had once?" Like a time when a cup of coffee was good: and maybe I'm just doing it and I don't even want it, I just wanted the feeling that I had before...and, um, I guess the flowers are also kind of in that same sense, where people (I dunno, I guess maybe people don't really do that anymore



An Icon to a Feeling of Holding Back From Gorging

place to return to -- like I'm going there, I'm going back there. I'm doing the same motions, I'm sweating, you know, and giving up some negativity in exchange for something more positive and productive. You know? And that's like a way that repetition is helpful. But it can also be hurtful if I'm just, you know, if I'm getting too comfortable. Like if I'm staying within my comfort zone and just doing only what I know.

ME: Yeah, of course. And even if you're like out of the loop for a while, then you get an urge to go back to it and get back there.

PZ: Exactly. A lot of the series is about understanding that repetition is both helpful and harmful.

ME: Another question I have is about place in your art. So do you feel like where you grew up, where you came from, influenced how you maneuver your photos? Or was it more so your experiences and training at college? ...Or neither? I'm wondering if these factors affected it at all.

PZ: I don't know. That's an interesting question...

ME: Because I'm from California and live on Catalina. So, like, it feels like typically around here or in LA, or these beach towns, people tend to

take the same photos -- or like tread in the same region of photography. But yours are obviously different from those kinds, different in the sense that it stands out from other (photographic) arts. And I'm just wondering how you came to it.

PZ: I mean. I guess what I see as the power of conceptual photography, as in like I'm not just taking photos of things that I've found (which there's nothing wrong with), or like documentary photography where I'm like meeting people and taking pictures of them or something, what I like is that I have control over the set-up itself and (to me) this makes the photograph like a dream that comes to you. It doesn't really make sense until maybe you have to take a step back and interpret it a bit. I like that somebody can come up to something I've made and be struck by it -- either for the reasons that I wanted them to, or for some completely other reason that I didn't intend -- and that's part of viewership, you know, that's part of the things that I feel



test pressing

but...) press flowers as a way of kind of holding onto a memory. And I guess the thing I was thinking about was really, like, the way that I was holding onto things and whether that was healthy or not because, I...I...I... see that it can be healthy and it can be, um, hurtful. We have things, like traditions -- like church: where we go, you know, and repeat the

earliest actions and speeches that the people in the Bible did because they're the ones that actually (like Moses) saw the face of God, and we're like so far removed that we're gonna do the same things that our ancestors did and that becomes culture and tradition and it can be deep like that. But even to relate it to basketball, like, the basketball court is also a

As A Child Often Dreamed Of Waking Up On A Playground



as a viewer. And that's a big part of art: you're struck by something and it takes you in that moment, but then you can also take a step back and ask yourself why it had that kind of power....you know, I do really wanna answer your question, but I don't know if I've really thought about where I'm from in that way. You know, I will say that when I left Florida I hated Florida, to be honest. Like the palm trees everywhere were really tacky to me and then I moved to this beautiful place in Great Barrington and it was nice -- but there was a time that came where I had come around to appreciate where I'd come from. It kind of made me proud of it. As a unique place to come from...even tackiness has a place.

ME: I hear it. That's interesting. What you're talking about starts to make me think more about process. Can you tell me what you do when you're coming to make a photo (or anything, really). Does the image just randomly pop into your head? Or do things just slowly, like, flow in and then you think back to them, like: "oh maybe I'll do that or try this or see how this idea changes over the next couple days" ...

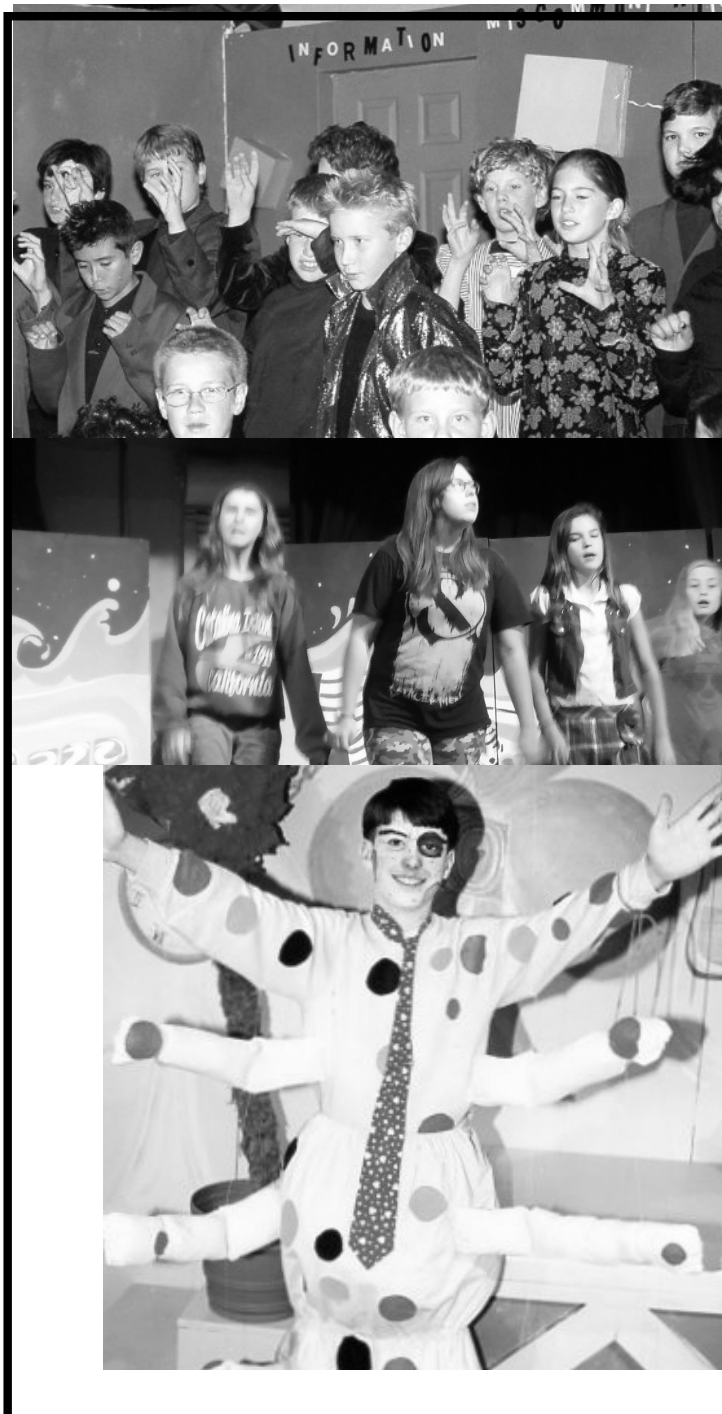
PZ: I think that half of it really is just trying to be honest with myself, um, about whatever I'm going through or whatever I'm thinking about...Just to be real with myself about things I'm trying to understand and like take from inside of me and make a representation of it. But, yeah, sometimes images will just kind of come and that happens, too. It can be frustrating because you'll go a long while without that inspiration really like hitting. But things like iconography can inspire me -- like that kind of comes from my culture, like my grandpa was a priest -- or stuff like that. All these things I do kind of feed into it, like whatever I'm doing. Writing or any kind of art that you do just kind of just feeds into the other things that you do. Maybe you write out your things like "regrets" or something and, you know, maybe that will feed into something. Like you make it into a black dog that's following you, like visualize it, and it factors into your photograph or something.

ME: Well, thank you so much for letting me talk to you, and thanks for spending your time with me.

PZ: And thanks for taking the time to think of these questions for me. It was great talking to you,

Check out more photos from Philip Zorba's "water to dilute the sugar" series at philipzorba.com

To see this interview digitally, stop by cazuelapublication.wordpress.com



Does Arts Education Matter?

by Sean Brannock, Arts Educator

Every young person deserves a complete and diverse education. Unfortunately, the Arts have fallen out of many curriculums and have been replaced with standardized testing. We are raising a generation of test takers. Not to mention the slaves our youth have become to their multi-media devices, with technology stripping our kids of basic skills such as imagination, creativity and social interactions. Along with the rise of anxiety and labels such as A.D.D. or A.D.H.D., sufficient data exists to overwhelmingly support the belief that study and participation in the fine or performing arts is a key component in improving learning throughout all academic areas.



Art Fills the Streets

by Laura "Lola" Di Miele

For the past 60 years the streets of Avalon have been filled with artists and their incredible creations. This annual tradition happens the third weekend of every September. The Festival of Arts has become a community tradition and brings visitors flocking back to the Island to enjoy this unique event. The event is sponsored and produced by the Catalina Art Association.

The Catalina Art Association is single handedly keeping the fine arts alive and well on Catalina Island. C.A.A. is spreading its wings: in addition to the fall show they also sponsor a spring craft fair, which has been getting bigger and better received each year. The hope for the spring craft fair is for it to become a weekend-long family friendly tradition like the Festival of Art. Year-round paint night workshops have also become very popular. A great opportunity for friends, family and neighbors to try their own hand at becoming an artist through guided instruction (and the wine helps too). These classes are also available for private or fundraising events. The Art Association is also proud of their commitment to fostering young student artist. As part of the fall show there is a Student Art Show as well. Each year at graduation scholarships are given to students who will be

continuing to pursue the arts in college.

One of the organizations jewels is the Art Gallery, which is located in the lobby of US Bank. The walls are adorned with the art and photography of a wide variety of artist. All the art on display is available for purchase. The display is continually changing so make sure you stop by often to check out all the talent. The gallery also helps standing in line at the bank more enjoyable.

I am so proud of the direction the Art Association is headed under my creative leadership. I'm surrounded by an amazing team of individuals and I'm so thankful for their tireless hours of volunteerism as we work to achieve our goals. The Art Association is dedicated to continuing to make sure that the streets will always be filled with art.



The registration form for Kids at Play, Children's Theater Company has the following guidelines for the players and their parents alike. I will expand on the importance of each:

Enjoy theater as a fun form of art

The importance of the arts is they are hands-on. We believe from hand to heart to soul, and with this approach you will have immediate rewards. This art focuses on positive achievements, develops concrete products and fosters collaboration. We encourage the children to just act natural and relax and take a chance. This, in turn, allows children to grow self-confident and better evaluate and determine their own self-worth. Arts education helps make learning matter. They are able to share their talents with others and create a collaborative process.

Finding their own inner talents

When creativity is encouraged and fostered within a student they become more confident. This creates better listeners, willing participants and natural leaders. Participating in creative outlets also teach students the importance of persistence and patience. A confident student is willing to try more difficult task which builds character. To learn new skills associated with the arts also take a great amount of self-discipline, which resonates in all areas of their lives.

Enhancing their Imagination

Students who participate in performing or fine arts programs learn to become out-of-the-box thinkers. They will apply those skills to all their projects. School projects become more imaginative, they will include art, video, music or performance. Making the process of learning new materials, ideas and concepts more enjoyable and preparing them for college and the workforce. Employers are always in search of people who approach problems with creative, out-of-the-box kinds of thinking.

Better Interaction Skills

Performing arts teach a student about communication and conveying a complete thought. They need to speak with clarity and intention, to make sure they are understood. Students need to rely on each other and work towards a collective common goal. Interacting with clear, precise and honest communication is key to their success. This life skill will be used in a variety of situations and is a necessary development that isn't always taught in a traditional classroom setting.

Listening to the Silent Wisdom of Others

Through the arts a child learns to be observant of the world around them. They are asked to tap into their emotions and to

share those emotional responses with others. A student of the arts learns about love, tragedy, laughter, strength and weakness. They develop empathy, courage and understanding for each other and the world around them.

Acknowledging the Greatness of Youth

We often assume that a student is only capable of a certain level of achievement. And yet, when encouraged to shoot for the moon, even a miss will land them amongst the stars. You can set a higher bar of standards and with realistic expectations they will not only reach it, but actually surpass that goal. With the correct guidance, performing arts students want to thrive and are willing to work hard to accomplish their goals. We need to let them. Then through this process they will end with an amazing and creative product. Time for their accolades.

It is our responsibility as teachers, parents and community members to ensure we never allow arts education to go by the wayside. Our students deserve to have these experiences that enrich their lives, well-being and development. The world could never have too much music, art or performance but more importantly we need more well-rounded, creative, thinking individuals. Arts education DOES matter.

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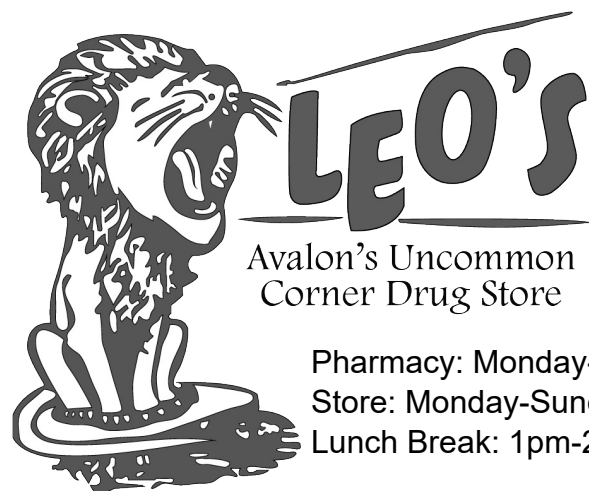
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Catalina Island

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It's you me and us
Together on the road

All eyes on us
and
No one's watching

We push forward in hope
To see ourselves grow
To gain more attention
And that much needed validation

We get caught in the web of the social sphere
Where everyone has voices but there's not one ear to hear.

Listening's an art that's lost but not forgot
We get caught up in acting and forget to stop

Stand in the spotlight
Feel the excitement
Lights camera action
While they all watch in silence

At the end of the day we're all performers
But for whom do we perform?

All people, anyone who's anyone
So long they have with eyes and ears
The mind goes clear and the act appears

When all's said and done the mask comes off
You sit with yourself in your mind with your thoughts

The road continues and the journey gets harder
Lose yourself in the process and you won't get far.

**To Those Who Perform
by Leonardo Foley**

~Blink~

a short story by David Pascoe



Hello, my name is Jenny Zografas. Jenny for short, but nearly everybody here calls me Mrs. Rafton.

~Blink~

The tall young man with the pin-striped shoes is grabbing Mrs. Clemens' wrist too hard. Behind his booming laugh and his quick smile, the tall young man is a mean man. I know this. Mrs. Clemens played piano once at Carnegie Hall, back before all the wars, but the tall young man, he is mean. He yelled at Mr. Rofeur for losing control of his below-parts. Mr. Rofeur's room is right next to mine and I heard the mean man yelling through the walls. It shook my beautiful Michael where his picture hung against the white speckled paint. Yes, I too still remember.

I think I can hear music. There is harp playing in the other room. Harp, or baglamas, or... I believe it is harp. He would come home with all of my vegetables, Michael would. Dark-red heirloom tomatoes and Meyers lemons for the avgolemono soup, his leathery fingers gripping the paper handles of the overstuffed bag. I always thought that the warm browns of the koa wood in the front staircase of the Big House matched his eyes. He would not smile at me when he came through the door. Mrs. Rafton, your lunch is ready. But his eyes would. Michael always smiled with his eyes. Mrs. Rafton, why don't you join us for lunch? Smiling eyes just for me. He would come home with all of my vegetables, Michael would. Dark-red heirloom tomatoes and...

~Blink~

"There you go. Yes. Now lift the arm, good. Just like that, Mrs. Rafton. We're all having turkey today, for Thanksgiving. Yes, it's Thanksgiving today, Mrs. Rafton! If you're lucky, I think you may even have some special visitors after lunch. Would you look at that?"

"But what am I looking at? I cannot see where you are looking. Where is my Michael? He was just here."

"Now now, Mrs. Rafton. Would you like some soup before your turkey? Mrs. Clemens seems to be enjoying her soup. Isn't that right, Mrs. Clemens?"

The man with the harp is still playing, but louder now. Or maybe he has been in the dining room all along, but it is louder and the loudness helps when the bossy lady with her turkey soup speaks too close to my ear. I think she is still speaking, but she does not understand that I am listening to the harp. There is so much that these people do not understand. About Mrs. Clemens, about the war, about Michael, and most of all about me. And clearly about napkins. My napkin was not folded right, but that is ok. The bossy lady is still trying for my ear, but now I can fix my napkin and listen to the nice man with the harp at the same time. Michael always said that two is better than one. I only wanted one, but somehow we ended up with four.

Jenny.



The third arrived right before we moved to the Big House. We named her Karena. Karena Aspacia Zografas. When she got older she shortened her name to Karen and we changed ours to Rafton. That was before she got married but after the wars. She was born long after the wars, seven years after I met Michael. My Michael a captain in the air force, he was. I can still remember when he kissed my hand for the first time, all dressed up in his shiny uniform. It was in Germany, two months after I became free.

"Jenny."
"Yes Martha?"



To everyone else, she is Mrs. Clemens, but I call her Martha. It is because we are such good friends. She wakes up early and I wander around late, or so they tell me, but still we always seem to eat at the same time.

"Will you be staying after lunch?"

page 8 "Well Martha... I would leave but I don't know where

they've put me. So it looks like I'll be staying."

"Even if we found ourselves, where would we go?"

Mrs. Clemens lets a wheezy laugh leak out of her lungs, but I do not think her joke is funny and I tell her so.

"What else can you do? This is our life. Either laugh or be done with it."

"Martha!" She has crossed the line. I listen for the distraction of the harp but it is not loud enough this time. Instead I glare at Mrs. Clemens.

"I'm sorry Jenny. I think I'll try playing No. 21 when I finish up."

Mrs. Clemens hands are spiderwebs, each fold of her wrinkled skin a thin thread and her fingers the thickest threads of them all. They always hurt in the mornings, but after noon she sometimes practices on the old wooden upright that sits by the window in the corner of the crafts room. She has the opposite hands of Michael. His were slow and strong where hers are fast and thin. Yes, they still dance across the whites and blacks. No. 21 is not my favorite of the Mozart piano concertos, but it still is much better than the harp and the harp is not so bad. Michael preferred Schubert, but only on Sundays when he took his morning tea. He was a hard worker, Michael was.

"Alright Mrs. Rafton, why don't we move you back to the crafts room?"

The bossy lady is back. "Just give me your arm and we'll go nice and slow. Yes, very good Mrs. Rafton."

I cannot keep her voice out and it is taking my Michael away. She never knew my Michael. She does not know how I would rub his back and how he would massage my feet. She does not know this.

~Blink~

My feet are hurting again. Nowadays my ankles are always looking like somebody spilled beet juice on them. The bossy lady says that it is something called "varicose" but I have never heard that word and I suspect she is a liar. They are all splotched with purple but I cannot seem to remember bruising them. Perhaps they have always looked like beets.



"Mom. Hey, mom!"

It is my daughter Karena and three people I do not know.

"Look who has come to see you!"

Karena is looking at me expectantly, but I don't recognize them.

Two of them are young men, the third a young lady with curly golden hair that falls nearly to her waist. The younger of the two men has an unkempt beard and a dirty mustache with stray hairs that wander over his lips. I do not trust him. The older of the men has short, jet-black hair and is wearing a tan jacket that looks just like one of Michael's. He has Karena's sharp eyes and sharp nose. My daughter looks anxious, but the three of them are just smiling. Why would she think I know who they are? They will not stop looking at me. Slowly, the bearded man takes a small step forward. "Yiayia...?"



"David. You have a beard!"

Karena laughs and my two grandsons give me big hugs. My daughter is beautiful when she laughs.

"Happy Thanksgiving Yiayia!"

Michael and I used to speak Greek all the time, but now the most I hear of my first language is when my grandkids call me Yiayia. Sometimes my other children do too, but Karena just calls me mom.

"Happy Thanksgiving mom."

Karena kisses me on the cheek, then steps back to look me in the eye. She smiles with her eyes. I smile back at all of them.

"But my grandsons have gotten so big! And who is this gorgeous girl?"

"This is Melissa, you've met her once before. She is Danny's girlfriend, remember?"

"Oh yes, Melissa!"

I do not remember but she cannot tell. Karena shares with me the latest about her new home, and that David is in school at Santa Barbara, something that she seems to think I've forgotten. I can hear Martha playing from the corner as she speaks, the notes from the piano mingling with Karena's words as they drift past my ears like a slow tide. Mom. The notes are peaceful and sad all at once.

TO LISTEN: podcasts and audio stories on the go

by Jordan Monroe

One of the hardest parts about living in Avalon is the commute; generally less than 20 minutes walking or 5 minutes by cart. This greatly impacts my podcast time. In a car, and with a longer drive, I used to fit in more radio time. This American Life, Radiolab, the local NPR station's news stories, etc., were all consumed largely en route to and from work. Fortunately these days Podcasts allow me to consume all these shows, and so much more, on demand, on my own schedule.

If you are not familiar with a podcast, think of it like Netflix for radio. Shows are available for listening on your smart phone, computer and laptop. There are many different apps you can use to listen, Stitcher Mobile App, NPR One, Tune In work for both iPhone and Android devices. As an iPhone user I generally just use the Podcast app that came on the phone. You can search for shows, genres and subscribe to the series you want to follow, which downloads the latest episode for you to listen to.

For anyone who isn't sure where to start, here are a few recommendations.



Serial. Hosted by Sarah Koenig
Recommended listen: Season 1, 12 episodes.

Serial tells one story over the course of a season, and the first season took the podcasting world by storm. Reviewing the murder investigation of Hae Min Lee in 1999 and the conviction of Adnan Syed, Serial looks at the complexity of finding the truth, and how new information can make more questions and less certainty. Careful, this show is binge worthy.

It was even parodied by Saturday Night Live, but only watch after you've listened through at least half the season: Serial: The Christmas Surprise - SNL.

Rumble Strip. Hosted by Erica Heilman
Recommended listen: One of Those Teachers, August 23, 2018

Rumble Strip is an independent podcast from Vermont, and Erica Heilman explores the people of Vermont, and it is amazing all interesting stories and perspectives the people she talks to have to share. From a 118 pound barber who was drafted into the Vietnam war (episode), to multiple episodes having a conversation with the neighboring teenager to see how school is going and what his summer plans are (Leland. It's a Porcupine! June 28, 2018). What I like about Rumble Strip is that the stories are not necessarily extraordinary, but they help show that everyone has a story and an interesting perspective.



Human Race. Hosted by Rachel Swaby
Recommended listen: Episode 1: Tinman, December 6, 2016

Human Race is a Runner's World podcast, but to say it is a show about running is to say Julia Child is just about meal prep. While running is the theme of the show, the stories are about the people and experiences, of which is relatable not just for the people who race in this sport, but across the Human Race...clever show name. But seriously, listen to the first episode, and I think everyone can find inspiration for whatever they are working to overcome.

Sadly the Human Race series is over, but enjoy the 29 episodes, even if this is one finish line you don't want to end, it is worth it. Rachel Swaby was a student at the transom.org traveling radio workshop hosted on Catalina Island with KISL 88.7 FM in 2015

They remind me of the way that Michael's chest would fall after he picked the plum roses at the Big House and buried his nose in the petals, exhaling and sagging at the shoulders as if he were drooping to lament their pungent death. Mom. Would you like to look through some old... Michael adored Karena.



"...pictures?"

"The old album? Yes, that sounds nice. I can show my beautiful grandsons how handsome their Papou was when he was their age."

Karena turns the spotted brown cover as I peer over her shoulder and my past peers back at me. Yiayia Stavrula glares at me sternly while she grips a yellowtail tuna in her garden in Milos. A very young Michael smiles wide to show off his missing tooth. Mary Apostolos proudly pulls a loaf of fresh bread from the brick oven that her parents built for the mayor, her hair pulled up tight in a bun and her hands black with soot. Me, in nothing but a bikini and triangular glasses on the dock at Lake Tahoe, ten years after we crossed from Greece, posing with a fishing pole in one hand and martini in the other. We were vacationing to celebrate the bank's newest success. Michael had just become a member of the Young Presidents Organization and we felt invincible. Then one of us together, me leaning back into his neck at a fancy dinner, his arms around my waist and his eyes closed. "Look mom, there I am!"

Karena's first birthday, her chubby little arms waving too fast for the camera to capture. Then Michael dressed in only his ski underclothes and a white helmet as the White Knight for Halloween. Our trip back to Europe, me looking off in the distance among the Cyprus ruins, our return back to England on the Queen Elizabeth II, and Michael laughing in line at the airport, the first bits of grey showing in his hair.

"Hey Yiayia, is that the Piedmont house?"

Our whole family standing in front of the Big House in '77, Michael in plaid pants and a hawaiian shirt and me in my flowered print dress that matched the plum roses in the front yard. We weren't yet grandparents, but only by two years. Next was a ridiculous shot of Jimmy and Phillip Gekas glaring at each other across the marble chess set, both of their chins stuck out in contrived intimidation. Karena on her wedding day, her soft black hair falling across the white dress like raven feathers on fresh snow. Karena pregnant, belly swollen with David, the last of our grandchildren, her left cheek pressed against her father's chest.



"Are you enjoying your visitors, Mrs. Rafton?"

I nod my head and squeeze my daughter's hand as the gentle sounds of a piano float lazily through the air.

College-Bound Q&A with SCIF College Graduates

SCIF hosted a conversation this past September at Overlook Hall, which invited this year's college-bound cohort of SCIF students and their parents to ask SCIF college grads about their experiences and advice. Graduates Leo Garcia, Monica Perez, Alex Campos, Colin Eubank, Sadie Parsons, Elizabeth Huart, Nicholas Morones, and Gabriel Saldana provided answers about the college application process and the challenges students coming from Catalina must overcome for collegiate success.

The Santa Catalina Island Fund for Higher Education (SCIF) has prepared hundreds of Avalon students for the rigors of college far from home. Now more than ever are Avalon's students attending college -- and thriving! -- thanks in no small part to Linda Rivkin, Joanelle Huart, and the SCIF team.

Editorial note: some responses from the Q&A have been modified (cut/combined) for brevity and clarity.

Can you finish this sentence? I'm glad I graduated from college because _____
 "I've become a better critical thinker -- I'm able to think differently from other people, which makes me more open-minded than some of the people that decide just to stay here...because, honestly, life on Catalina can often feel like a little bubble -- kinda like a fake world, fake life. It's so easy here...but once you're out there you see the real world (like how racism is a real and serious thing). But, um, there's just such exposure to all these different cultures and you have the opportunity to learn from them and join all of these clubs and do different things. So [going to college] allowed me to open my mind with these new perspectives."

We just finished applying to the private colleges and some state colleges around the country. In two weeks we apply to the California State universities and then fill out our fafsa. By November we will be done with the process of waiting to decide where we will go. Please give us advice on how to get through this wait without getting so nervous we talk ourselves out of going to college.
 "So, basically, what you're in control of is what you should worry about. What you're in control of is: filling out that application properly, getting it on time, meeting all the deadlines...once you've put them in the mail and the applications are gone, then it's no longer up to you. It's out of your hands and up to the college to decide."
 "Just be kind to yourself. Don't overthink it because you'll scare yourself out of it. It's kind of like when you go and jump off of Frog Rock. If you look down beforehand, you'll start thinking about it too much -- like 'If I jump, then I'm gonna break my leg or fall wrong...' -- but you just gotta settle in your mind that you're going to do this. You can't be paralyzed by the fear of failure or else you will never push yourself."
 "...fear kills more dreams than failure. Just remember that..."

Were any of you worried that you wouldn't be able to make friends at college? If so what happened? Did any of you experience prejudice because you were Mexican? How did you handle this?
 "It was a little scary at first to try to meet people, but it's like Linda always says: everyone is coming from a similar place of being nervous to meet new people and adjust to a new environment. So my advice would be to just go and talk to everyone, because they'll talk back to you and get to know you."
 "[on experiencing prejudice]...yeah, I did. But one of the things that was really cool about my school was that we had a multicultural orientation, so we were able to see other people in our community on the college campus, and talk with them about what it was going to be like -- because there wasn't very many Mexican, Asian, and Black students overall. Getting to know these other students within the multicultural community made it so that we could go out into the college feeling more safe; so that we could actually interact with more students...and kind of just defend ourselves. Because I had people making offensive arguments, like about how we were getting scholarships for certain reasons [like to promote racial, cultural, and economic diversity] and would end up saying things like 'oh, Mexicans shouldn't be here...'

What pushed you to stay in college and not run back home because of the change?
 "Well I was just having such a good time...I mean I was in like culture shock because I hadn't ever been in the snow before, I dunno, it was tons of fun being involved with different organizations, being on a volleyball team, the football team, ultimate frisbee...it got to the point where I wouldn't think about home at all and my mom would call and be like: "Hey, do you remember that you have a mom?" (*laughter*)...I think if you involve yourself with the campus, then it can come to feel like home. It becomes your second home."

"But there were also times were I'd just be feeling real homesick. Thinking to myself: "this is miserable. I hate the cold, I hate winter" -- and what would help me was that I actually wrote a couple goals down, just to encourage me to keep going, to push through, and remember who I was doing this for...and I'd read that everyday when I was walking out of my room to keep me going. But also other friends from out of state, from Florida or Texas or whatever, you can kind of complain with them together and it helps you talk about these feelings and push through it all (the homesickness or doubts)."

But, in those situations, it helped to know that I had a kind of family on campus to go to and get advice on how to address issues like that, and help me find a place to work against these things with others experiencing similar things. [And with time our experience changed] because we became more comfortable, we were able to more openly identify who we were and what we believed. We started developing clubs: the multicultural club, the international club, offered opportunities for people who were unfamiliar with other cultures to come and get to know us, which made it easier for us to express ourselves with the rest of the campus."

Avalon has a party culture and most of my peers party. Edgar told us that his class partied a lot and never thought anything bad would happen to them but it did and members of his group needed to leave college because they developed drinking problems. ... have you experienced the bad effects of partying in high school or college? What advice would you give us to help ourselves or others?
 "Anywhere that there are 18-22 year-olds, there's always gonna be some sort of partying or similar activities available. But it all depends on how you go about it. As for my own personal experiences, my best friend in college (my roommate) started, you know, partying too much and it got to the point where he would skip

out on 9am classes and instead just start out with a Four Loko. You know that's not a very good (or sustainable) way to go about it...he ended up having to go home without a degree but still had all the debt to pay off...So it's important to surround yourself with the kind of people that are going to motivate you to do good in school, or be responsible on the weekends when you're doing your own thing"
 "I'd also say that the fiesta lifestyle is so small compared to all the other experiences that make up your college life. There's not as much peer-pressure to party (whereas here it can often feel like if you don't party, then you're not cool). Nobody cares if you party or not, they just

want to hang out and have fun. There are so many other things to do: clubs, programs, a ton of organizations that promote healthy lifestyles...like "dry" housing for people that don't drink or smoke (which is nice because it's nice and quiet and you can get your work done). But the point is that there's a ton of worthwhile things to do that don't involve drinking at all."
 "Remember why you're there. You're there to study. You're there to go to school. There will be a party every night at every college, but you don't always have to go...and when you do, just drink in moderation."

SOUL ALIGNMENT

My name is Sky O'Connor and I moved from Santa Barbara to Avalon in June. I am a Women's Coach, Reiki Healer, and a writer. I love to cook, hike, dance, and sing. Catalina has been a perfect place for me to continue my practice and improve my health and wellness because of its natural beauty and its relaxing vibe, and I find a lot of peace on the island. I love the clear blue water, the mountain views, and the wildlife. I often go exploring up in the hills and one day, as I reached the top of the Hermit Gulch Trail, I stumbled upon an amazing quote by Captain Eddie Harrison, which is mounted on a rock:

**"But when I climb up to my island peak,
Escape awhile the madding world of strife,
I envy not an earthly thing.
This life, which sometimes calls,
is swept clean of its cares by friendly winds, and once again I smile.
Ay, truly, life seems sweet - a thing worthwhile."**

I thought about how busy life can be in our fast-paced society, where productivity is highly valued and many of us have forgotten that we are human "beings", not human "doings". I love this quote and relate to it so much, as I, too, can get caught up in the stress of work and life. But when I get out into nature and unplug from my electronic devices, I feel so much better. I wrote this piece to express how much nature impacts my life and inspires me to be who I am.

Oh man,
sometimes I still forget.
I forget that nature is the cure-all.
I forget that checking off my list for the day that I went for a nature walk is not the same as BEING in nature.
Spending time just sitting. Watching. Listening. Feeling.
The wind, the water, the trees, the birds.
The red-tailed hawk that soared right in front of me today on the cliff top.
All the signs from the Universe.
All the worry and stress melts away.
I ground down into the earth until I feel complete.
THIS is how I get into flow. THIS is what inspires me to CREATE.
I invite you to find out what gets you into your creative flow and DO IT.
I've been learning more and more to listen to my first instincts, to listen to what my soul wants. If I have an intuitive nudge, I try and take action on it immediately, before my ego-mind has a chance to take over and talk me out of it..."I'm too tired, I have other things I need to be doing, I should do this instead, blah blah blah etc."
Instead of making excuses, I'm working on listening to my soul.
And every time I honor that voice within, something amazing happens. I get the signs, the answers, the clarity, the inspiration, a beautiful gift from the earth.
I'm reminded of what my purpose is, and how to connect with my higher self, to the divine guide within me.
When I am listening, everything is set up for my success, and I navigate life with ease and grace, full of gratitude.
I am in a state of flow, and manifestation is much easier.
This is SOUL ALIGNMENT.
It feels AMAZING.

I help women align with their soul's true purpose and desires, squash limiting beliefs, and create the life of their dreams. I help my clients awaken out of unworthiness and learn to deeply love themselves. If you're ready to strengthen your intuition, get into your own flow and follow your souls guidance and you could use some help and someone to hold you accountable, or if you would like to see more of my written work you can find me at:
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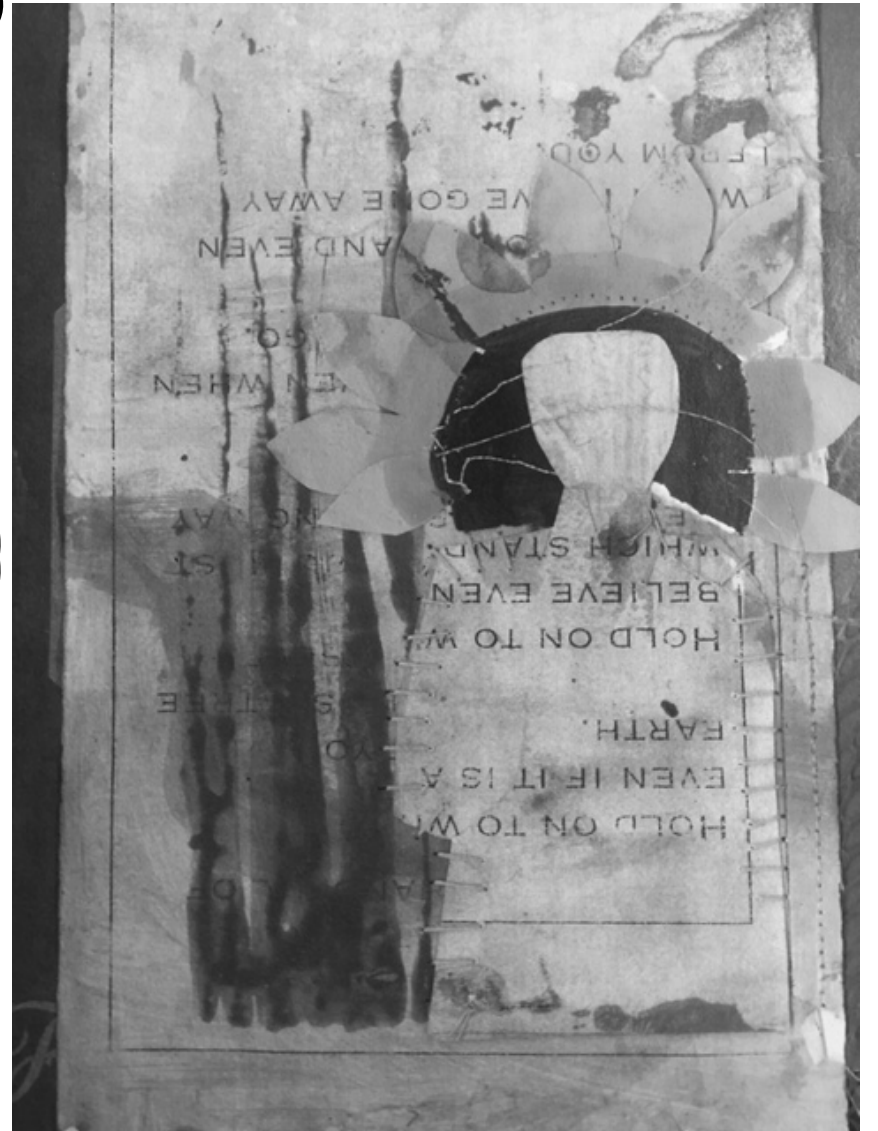
Saint Rita

Patron saint of: impossible causes, wounds, marital problems, abuse, mothers

Symbols: roses, fig, bees

Feast day: May 22.

*concept & image by Valerie Fanarjian
words by Quinn Kreminski*



When Rita was born to Italian merchants in 1381, a veil of white bees descended upon Rita's infant body, entering into her mouth and back out, leaving her totally unscathed.

When Rita was twelve, she was married against her young will to a wicked man, who fathered her children and beat her savagely, and Rita changed him for the better.

When Rita bore him sons, he was slaughtered by a rival merchant clan, and Rita forgave his killers at his funeral.

When Rita's sons did not follow her example, both passed away before their vengeance could come to fruition.

When Rita joined the convent at the age of thirty-six, she reconciled the blood feud between the two families, and Rita lived the rest of her life in pious devotion until she joined her sons and husband in 1457, at the age of seventy-six.

Today, Rita's feast day is May 22nd. Rita is revered as the patron saint of lost causes, physical maladies, troubled marriages, and mothers alike.

The Fox and the Quail: A Tale of Two Catalina Endemic Species

by Carlos de la Rosa



It is about 8 p.m. on Catalina Island. I'm driving up Stage Road and my headlights land on a small, furry creature sitting by the side of the road between two eucalyptus trees. The first thing I see is a yellow, bright, single spot of light. The reflection comes from the end of a radio collar worn by the Catalina Island fox. The little fox calmly sits as I coast to a stop on the steep grade. It closes its eyes to the glaring lights and waits. I'm driving an electric car, a rather quiet vehicle, so there are no loud engine noises or exhaust fumes. As I stop the car, silence surrounds us.

The fox sits about 10 feet from the car, still a bit blinded by the lights, but seemingly unafraid. I take my camera out of the case from the back seat, slowly open the door, lean out, and take a few photos. Its ears turn to the slight noises coming from my camera, in tune with its surroundings and secure in its ability to confront any threat. It grew up surrounded by dangers, exploring and hunting among sharp cacti, learning to avoid deadly rattlesnakes, becoming surefooted in the loose rocks on the hillsides of its Island home. If all goes well, the little fox will live to the ripe old age of 9 or 10 years and produce several batches of pups. With an unconcerned swish of its tail, the fox stands up and slowly walks away over the edge of the road into the sheltering shadows.

Encounters with the Catalina Island fox are frequent in the interior, especially at dusk and during the night, but often in the middle of the day as well. I have seen them several times while hiking. In many cases, they didn't seem concerned, but kept a respectful distance that seemed quite short to me, considering how endangered and susceptible they are to harm. Foxes evolved on their Island habitat for thousands of years, unexposed to many of the dangers they face today. Today they must deal with cars and trucks barreling down the Airport Road. Some diseases can decimate their populations. Water tanks, electric fences, guns, and dogs are among other present-day menaces.

At 3 to 4 pounds, the Island fox is a small version of the mainland gray fox that can weigh up to 15 pounds. Santa Catalina, Santa Cruz, San Clemente, Santa Rosa, San Nicolas, and San Miguel islands all have their own unique subspecies of fox, all small, all showing variations in their genes. On all of these islands, the fox is the top native terrestrial predator, a fierce little bundle of energy that chases after mice, quail, lizards, and insects but that also likes regular vegetarian meals as part of its diet. They eat the fruits of toyon, manzanita, prickly pear cactus, and saltbush, as well as other plants.



A different day. It is spring and, elsewhere on the interior of the Island, a different scene unfolds. A covey of quail quietly forages in the grassy vegetation along an old, seldom-used dirt road. Twisted oak tree branches reach in all directions, providing a broken canopy that lets light hit the ground in splotchy patterns. In the sunny patches, tiny miner's lettuce plants intermix with scarlet pimpernel flowers, grass shoots, lichens, and mosses. I work my way slowly along the trail, unaware of the quail just ahead, photographing small flowers and the insects that visit them, often on my knees, face close to the ground. At one point, I start to stand up, brushing the dirt off my pants. A loud, explosive sound, like hundreds of pieces of wood running across a fence, knocks me off my feet and sets my heart to racing speed. I fall flat on my rear, startled. I see the flock take off low to the ground and alight about 100 feet ahead on the road.

After a few minutes, heart back to normal, I watch the quail continue to forage. I see a few males, sporting a beautiful black top-knot of feathers that bob when they walk. I start hearing different sounds too, like the repeated pips and calls of the males communicating with the females, the patter of tiny feet on the grass, the rustle of feet scratching the soil, beaks picking seeds, grasses, little flowers and insects and wings brushing against the vegetation. If I were a fox, I'd need to be very skilled and focused to be able to catch one. There is safety in numbers.

In April and May, quail mating season on the Island, the call of the males is eerie and melancholic, especially in the foggy silence of an interior morning. The repeated three-note call sounds something like "phee-phee-phuiii," ending with a falling note, almost like the answer to a question. "I-am-heeere." I've read that their nests are well hidden

shallow depressions on the ground, under logs or dense clumps of grass, lined with plant materials where ten to twelve eggs are laid.

The precocious chicks hatch from their tiny eggs and, within hours, are fully mobile. I've seen them cross dirt roads, two handsome parents followed by several little trails of dust crisscrossing in the dirt.



The Oak by Sky O'Connor

Today
On a secret trail
An old oak tree
Spoke to me
Welcomed me
With open branches
Ignited my heart
Tearred my eyes
"I see you" it said
"I see you" I said
I rested my cheek on it's bark
Beautifully imperfect, like me, like you
Strong and grounded in the earth
Determined to heal and grow
No matter the weather

So here they are, two endemic species on Catalina Island, two species that depend on each other – one as a predator, the other one as prey – participating in the web of life. Both depend on healthy habitats full of insects, grasses, seeds, fruits, water and lack of disturbance.

The interior of Catalina Island is a place of wonder. It has served these and other species well for thousands of years, providing everything they need in food and shelter. As residents and visitors to the Island, as stewards and managers and as conservation-minded people, we honor this historical and evolutionary relationship and strive to help it continue. By restoring Island habitats and their populations, we become integral players in their sustained future.

Raindrops On Roses

Hi! Ann Marie here, I'm excited to try writing my first newspaper article. I think I'll call it "Raindrops on Roses," so expect a bit about some of my favorite things, (sing this line please) - Health, Art, Decorating, Kitcheny stuff and Crafts with some hopefully current cultural phenoms thrown in.

On the home front, I've noticed lately that bookcases are disappearing. Hmmm, all well to look up things online but my motto is "Make space for a bookcase and fill it with beautiful things", I have every good luck charm, affirmation, gee-gaw and whatsit on mine including pottery, metal, flowers and BOOKS, with words, with pictures, speakers, records, woodwork, colored glass....It's the focal point of my L.R. room and its pretty personal - I think people would know me by my bookshelf. Better than a selfie!

Having said that about real life beauty, I would like to share some of my current Internet / Youtube finds. I bet I'm behind you all on this type of thing but please, LMK your favorite youtube channels! Here goes :

See hand-drawn sketches of Momma Gianna's banana bread recipe, links to my favorite youtube channels and more, online at >>>>>>>>>>
cazuelapublication.wordpress.com

All Things ASMR...WHAT The...?

This phenomenon kind of freaks me out but I'm intrigued. Here is a definition... Autonomous sensory meridian response (ASMR) is an experience characterized by a static-like or tingling sensation on the skin that typically begins on the scalp and moves down the back of the neck and upper spine. It has been compared with auditory-tactile synesthesia. It seems so futuristic! Tapping, whispering, close microphone scratching... hypnotizing haircuts.. for a lot of people these sounds are totally relaxing and satisfying...A tiny cyberplace to calm down and be whispered to.... I have to say I do like a super close-miked tape dispenser!! Think about it.....Anyway there are too many to mention but Goodnight Moon has spooky sets and witches and stuff, just in time for Halloween. Also if you have Netflix there is a great segment on ASMR on the show "Follow this".

All Things Heal Yourself at Home!

These next 2 channels have saved me so much money at the chiropractor - I prefer an in home "work out" or physical therapy sesh and I just LOVE these two ladies: Ask Dr. Jo, and SarahBeth yoga, ————— PET PEEVE ALERT ————— People who explain for 10 hours at the top of their video!!! These two ladies get right to the action! Dr. Jo is super knowledgeable and a bit goofy and has her dogs help out on some of the videos... also all her stretches are great! I love the ones for neck and shoulder pain...As for SarahBeth yoga, she has it DOWN -- no extra blabbing and very clear directions. If you are not so into Yoga, try the restorative and deep stretch classes cuz they are super do-able and help with random body pain.

Got tips to share?
Have questions?
RoRo requests?
I'd love to hear them all!
Please write in to:
catalina.cazuela@gmail.com

Mom's Banana Bread:

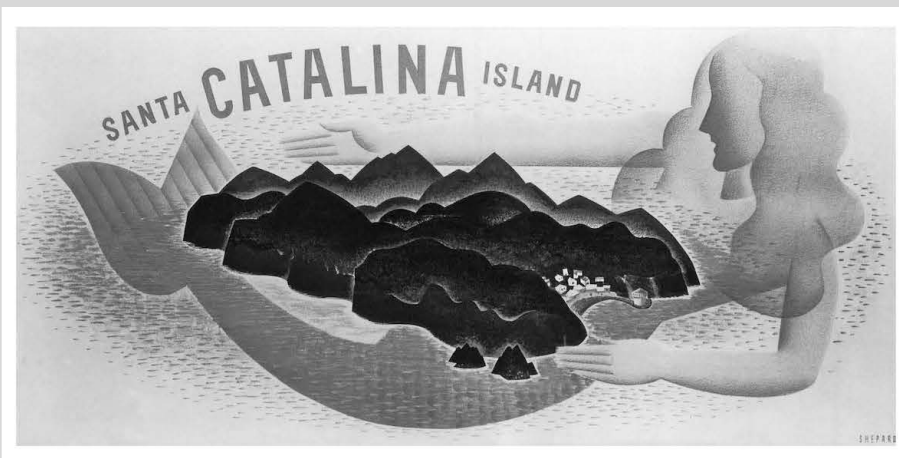
I leave you with a warm island treat for October: My mom's banana bread from her Hawaiian honeymoon at the Royal Hawaiian... She updated this yummy 1950s recipe (just took out a bit of the sugar). It's the best thing ever to do with overripe bananas -- and so easy, too!

1. Blend well:
1/2 cup sugar
3/4 cup shortening (butter or lard)
2. Add (and stir lightly):
6 very overripe bananas
4 beaten eggs
3. Sift together:
2 1/2 cups flour
2 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
4. Mix wet & dry ingredients -- but not very well (should be barely blended). Bake at 350 for 45 minutes.

Cadenas de Islas // Island Chains: An Article Series Exploring Island-to-Island Connections by Colin Eubank

It's tempting to think of Santa Catalina Island in terms of its isolation from mainland California. The island's separation from the mainland helps justify the exceptional ways Catalina operates on the daily. It validates the things we love or hate, and excuses our quirks and idiosyncrasies as endemic to island-life.

We relish, for instance, our remove from many divisive issues plaguing mainland society. We appreciate the virtues of a tight-knit island community; a place where doors stay unlocked and children roam safely after-dark. At the same time, we worry about our youth's preparedness for a life beyond Avalon Bay. When comparing Avalon schooling to others in the district, it's common to mourn the dearth of resources, courses, and extracurriculars available to our students.



And indulging the island's relative (non-)relation to the mainland plays no small part in sustaining our tourist economy. Part of the "Disneyland prices" visitors pay are in exchange for an exotic experience of Catalina -- as a playground space of alterity, escape, and timeless beauty -- just beyond the reach of LA's urban sprawl. The usual questions confirm the presence of such exotic desires: "People actually live on Catalina? I can't imagine growing up on an island!" or "Is this part of California or Mexico? Do you accept US dollars?" Our replies play up a mystique of this solitary island paradise figured by each of these questions. Because, in a way, we're all hospitality workers, providing polite, often quick, ways to entertain visitor curiosities.

But what conversations do we stop ourselves from having, what sorts of questions do we fall short of asking, when we think and speak only in these terms? I think this island is indeed special and unique, but often in ways much more surprising than the generic island-tropes of isolation or idyllicism. How else might we proceed?
(continues on pg 14)

Supercolony of Ants Set to Take Over the World

Many of us in Avalon noticed a near-invasion of ants over the summer and wondered where the little nuisances were coming from. Underground ant colonies have been shown to cover areas of hundreds, and even thousands, of miles. So is it, in any way, outrageous to believe that their colonies could exist for similar (or even much greater) distances under the oceanic crust?

Let me continue by writing that I am **not** a myrmecologist (nor an "ant-ologist"... "See what I did, there?"). However, having read an article on the BBC Earth News online newsfeed, I thought it might be time to share. Ants are known to be extremely territorial. They will defend their turf from other ants, even within the same species. However, they tolerate those to whom they are genetically connected. According to the BBC, ants found in the Americas, Europe and Japan are all part of the same mega-colony, refusing to display aggressive behavior towards each other when forced into direct contact.

While the article goes on to suggest that the spread of these ants is due to human introduction to other areas, I would like to posit another scenario. What if (and this is an admittedly unproven theory) these ants [Argentine ants, *Linepithema humile*] are actually part of a supercolony that thrives deep under the oceanic crust, spanning the expanses beneath both the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans and connecting Asia with the Americas and with Europe? The implications are a little bit scary...and kind of awesome.

fun facts about ants
(and why we shouldn't underestimate them):

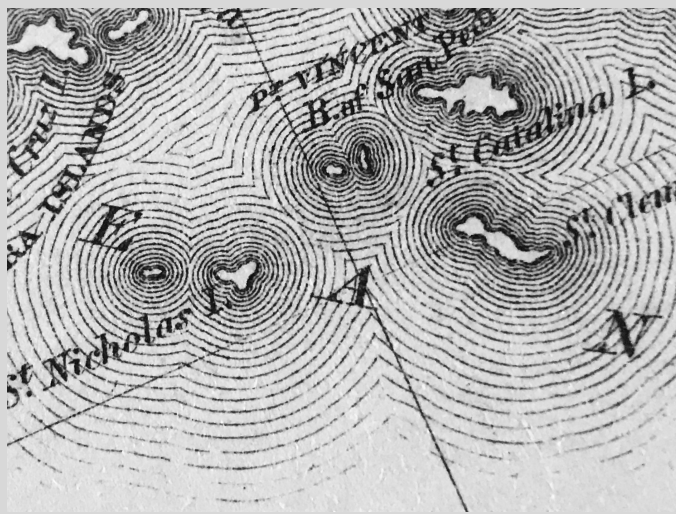
- Some scientists think that the biomass of ants on Earth is equal to the biomass of humans. This means that for every 200-pound person on the planet, there are 200 pounds of ants. It is believed that for every person on Earth there are a million ants.
- Ants hear by picking up vibrations in an organ located below their knee.
- Ants are super strong. Depending upon the species, they can carry 10 to 50 to 100 times their own body weight.
- Ants have two stomachs. One is to hold food for their own consumption and the other is to provide food for the individuals that stay behind to tend to the nest and the queen.
- Several species of ant will raid neighboring colonies to steal eggs or larvae to bring back to their own colonies. Some of these captives become food, but others are forced to become slaves to their new hive masters.

by
Rich
Zanelli

Cadenas de Islas // Island Chains (continued from pg 13)

A different starting point could be found in trying to imagine islands defined in terms beyond simplistic isolation from, or (non-)relation to, the mainland. We could define an island as a place of paradox: A space where opposites meet to live together. My title "Cadenas de Islas // Island Chains" pays homage to this alternative definition: For if at times it feels that the island is an isolated and self-contained world-unto-itself, then it must also be acknowledged that islands bear an uncommon multitude of connections to other places.

Being that our community is prone to emphasize the isolated (enchained) quality of the island, this work emphasizes the links between islands that form a chain of unique relations across the entire world.



So what, then, does Catalina stand to learn from other islands? Chasing these chains of relation is at once a journey of self-reflection and conversation. It is an opportunity to explore and rethink possibilities about what makes (or has made) Catalina unique. And the company of other island communities encourage reflections on our own circumstances in ways which would be unavailable to us otherwise. Moreover, it is a chance to clarify for ourselves some of the pressing problems faced by our community today, while benefitting from the skills and insights shared by other islands that might have faced similar challenges.

Cadenas de Islas // Island Chains is an article series documenting this journey across these places of paradox. Each entry will bring forward a specific relation (historical, ecological, cultural, economic, linguistic, political) that links Santa Catalina Island with another island in our global chain. Some are near, -- in physical or temporal proximity -- like San Clemente, while others, like Lesbos or Ometepe, are scattered far beyond our channel. Still more, like Villings or
page 14

Avalon, exist solely in fictional or mythical dimensions. But each of these islands, whether real or apparent, provide solid grounds for comparative study with the specific conditions of Catalina.

No matter how fantastic or mundane, these island chains offer unique perspectives that challenge ourselves to rethink what makes Catalina special, and how it contributes to this vast and remarkable world. There's a whole world out there -- and we're apart of it!

Stay tuned for the next article, where we'll take leave of Catalina's Pacific waters to learn more about the ecological and cultural conservation around the islands of Guna Yala.

Until then, I'll bid farewell by sharing a few stanzas celebrating the paradoxical place of islands from "Las Islas // The Islands" by the wonderful Cuban poet Reina María Rodríguez:

Mira y no las descuides
las islas son mundos aparentes
cortadas en el mar transcurren
en su soledad de las tierras sin raíces
en el silencio del agua una mancha
de haber un caído solo ancla vez
y poner los despojos de la tormenta
sobre las olas

las islas son mundos aparentes
manchas de sal
otra mujer la encima de mí que no
conozco
sólo la vida menor
la gratitud sin prisas
de las islas en mí

Las
Islas

look and don't neglect them
the islands are apparent worlds
cut off in the sea
in the solitude of rootless lands
in the water's silence a stain
having dropped anchor once
leaving the remains of the storm
on the waves

The
Islands

the islands are apparent worlds
salt stains
another woman that I don't know
thrown upon me
only the lesser life
the unhurried gratitude
of the islands in me

Our Cazuela was conceived as a way to address what we feel are pressing and perennial needs in our community. Needs such as:

- A platform to showcase and share the diversity of cultures in our community.
- More creative teaching and aspirational role-modeling for our youth.
- Reliable ways to explore new things, experiment with the unknown, get weird, and have fun!
- More vocal and responsible support for unique artistic and community practices.
- The creation of a network from our own island connections to make available opportunities in creative fields for our community.
- An archive of the contemporary moment sustained by and for locals and visitors alike.

Cazuela is our way of combining common and local experiences to make something flavorful to enhance the lives of our friends, students, and residents. **But we can't do this without your help!**

Please help keep Cazuela free. Support in the form of:

- One time gift: \$_____ OR • Monthly gift: \$_____
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- Machaca (shredded beef)
- Served with beans, rice & hot sauce

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- Korean Beef \$9.95
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Sawhorse by the Seashore

Autumn 2018. What a fun time for someone like me. What I mean by "someone like me" is someone who really enjoys making things and learning new skills, even if the things I am making could definitely be purchased for less time and money. Not everyone has the extra time or money, or I suppose prioritizes their time and sets aside the money, for these types of things, and I get it. I buy baby food in squeeze pouches, even though I am perfectly capable of making it. But in the era of being able to have everything I want or need delivered to my door by Amazon in two days or less, sometimes the satisfaction of making a gift or a meal or a piece of clothing is just what our fast moving, instant satisfaction world needs. And I think this is being celebrated now, even promoted, like through recent NBC show I binge watched "Making It". It's just the encouragement or validation an amateur maker like myself craves. The slower-paced Autumn season that is now here and encompasses a maker's dream set of holidays, Halloween and Thanksgiving, is just begging us to try something new or master something old. What are you planning to make?

Something I've recently made is a dragon mask to gift to a three year old along with a dragon book. I held the base color of felt (in this case green) up to my daughter's eyes to figure out how large the eye holes needed to be. Then I cut out the basic dragon head shape, added accent colors for the eye and snout (gold), horns (tan) and wings (grey). Then a backing of black felt was cut out. I added thin cardboard in between the backing and base felt layers to stiffen up the wings and horns, and then sewed each layer of felt together with a corresponding thread color using a basic running stitch. This could easily be hand sewed if you didn't have access to a machine, or you could use hot glue or fabric glue if you want to avoid sewing - although sewing will be more durable for young children to be able to play with unattended. Finally, I added green ribbon to the back to tie the mask on. When I make this project again I plan to use elastic cording, but I decided to just use ribbon

I had on hand for this gift.
 Happy crafting!
 Jen Monroe



Some Things I've Made
 Knitted scarves
 Clam Chowder
 Quilted blanket
 Rock climbing wall
 Kids' dresses
 Kahlua

Some Things I Want to Make
 Macrame wall hanging
 Sourdough bread
 Skirt for myself
 Music, specifically on our piano that no one plays currently
 Knitted sweater

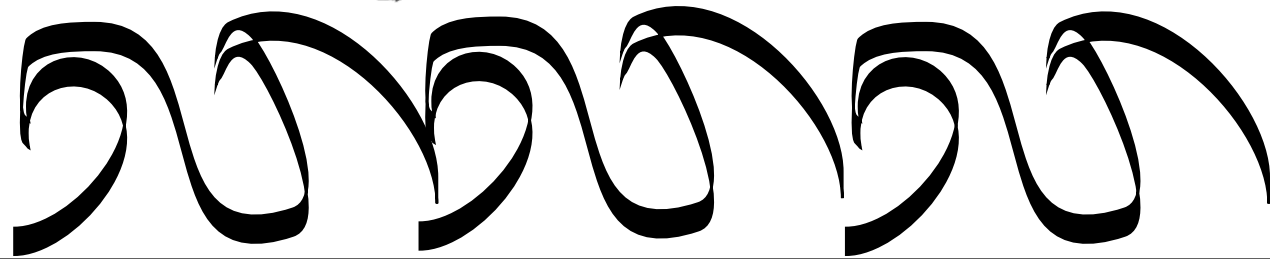
Some Things I Will Not Make
 Kimchi
 Chorizo



SPECIAL THANKS TO THOSE
WHO HELPED MAKE THIS
ISSUE POSSIBLE:

Ann Marie Boyle
Valerie Fanarjian
Michael Bergstedt
Jody Leonard
Renee Hubbard
Barbara Tree

Don't Forget to Submit!
Next Cazuela Deadline:
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