

"¿Quién hizo  
ceremonia de  
cenizas?"

Quién amó lo perdido,  
quién protegió lo último?

El hueso del padre, la madera  
del buque muerto,  
y su propio final,  
su misma huida,  
su fuerza triste,  
su dios miserable?

Acecho, pues, lo inanimado  
y lo doliente,

y el testimonio extraño que  
sostengo

con eficiencia cruel y escrito en  
cenizas,

es la forma de olvido que prefiero,

el nombre que doy a la tierra,  
el valor de mis sueños,

la cantidad interminable que divido

con mis ojos de invierno, durante cada día de este  
mundo."

-- Pablo Neruda  
from  
"Sonata y  
Destrucciones"

© makennarosie23



© rickyfabii



"Being  
female  
doesn't stop  
— us from  
being sexist...  
we've had to  
choose early or late  
at 7 14 27 56  
to think different  
dress different act different to struggle  
to organize to picket to argue  
to change other women's minds  
to change our own minds  
to change our feelings  
ours yours and mine constantly  
to change and change and change  
to fight the onslaught  
on our minds and bodies and feelings  
I'm saying that the basis of our unity is  
that in the most important way we are  
all in the same boat  
all subjected to the violent pernicious ideas  
we have learned to hate  
that we must all struggle against them  
and exchange ways and means  
hints and how tos..." -- Rosario Morales from  
"We're All in the Same Boat"

"This  
is why we stay with  
poetry. And despite our  
consenting to all the  
indisputable  
technologies...there is  
still something we  
now share: this  
murmur, cloud or rain or  
peaceful smoke. We know ourselves  
as part and as crowd, in an unknown  
that does not terrify.  
We cry our cry of poetry.  
Our boats are open, and we sail  
them for everyone." -- Edouard Glissant  
from Poetics of Relation



## A FEAST FOR THE MIND

### Lessons In/Tact

**Intact (adjective):** remaining uninjured, sound, or whole; untouched... not changed or diminished; not influenced or swayed...

**Tact (noun):** adroitness and sensitivity in dealings with others or with difficult issues...denoting a sense of touch...from the Latin *tactus* "touch, sense of touch"...

The name *Cazuela* comes from a ubiquitous utensil for communal cooking, a vessel which mirrors the humble underpinnings of our project: to share a feast for the mind made of diverse ingredients and local talents.

We chose the collage on page (1) in celebration and awe of the incredibly rich work of Fabiola Sillas and Makenna Lee. Working on acrylic and canvas, Fabiola's abstract paintings find inspiration from the struggles of our disabled comrades, habitually maligned and left with needs unmet, deprived of the care and dignity they deserve in our society. Makenna's black & white portraiture ventures in a different direction, capturing island ink on aging skin for a school project. We share immense joy in seeing the accomplishments of our island-kin. But we also believe the creative labors of both these women nourish something much more essential to our community than pride. Fabiola and Makenna think with their hands. And each of their endeavors resemble experimental gestures to reconsider our most basic senses to explore the unfamiliar in a world usually taken for granted or abandoned by thought.

Fabiola and Makenna map the fault lines of fragmented bodies -- an arm, leg, torso, chest, breast, ankle, neck, foot, rib. What happens when our thoughts are led by a heightened sensitivity of touch? We might attend with greater care to the flux and flow of material in the world, the residual interactions that facilitate meaningful interactions between persons, people, and places. This attentiveness might bear new responses to the same tired, old questions (like, *Why did you get a tattoo of Catalina? What does it mean?*) or generate new ones (like, *How do we reckon with home and belonging on Catalina and far from it? How do these unsettled questions exercise themselves on our bodies?*).

\* \* \*

Let us learn from their maneuvers, their lessons in tact. At once exploratory and expository, Fabiola and Makenna push and pull us around the page. The words of Pablo Neruda, Rosario Morales, and Edouard Glissant work alongside and in conversation with the images they provide:

Neruda talks of existing in a world where each of us, born of scrapes and scars, are loved and found in an embrace of broken things. It's a place of aftermath, where nothing remains (or ever began) intact. But while these conditions may seem bleak, Neruda testified to this world as "the form of oblivion I prefer" ["la forma de olvido que prefiero"]. Why? Because here, at least, suffering contributes to something meaningful: the continued existence of a shared world surviving another day. The surrounding images push up against Neruda's entiments, challenging them while also pushing these words to pierce with an impossible acuteness (like the tip of a needle). Is the repetition of the island inscribed on skin a stinging contradiction to Neruda or his most striking affirmation?

Looking at the places where ink and skin, skin and canvas, canvas and text, each overlap, Morales interjects with a sense of relativity and patience. Too "early or late" we "change and change and change" to find unity with each other. We're unsettled and on the move. Tentative in our growing, groping, grasping journeys. Our metamorphoses make us whole by being *together* -- no longer brandishing claims to perfection or impenetrability, let alone the untouched purity of an "individual. With a sense of partiality, under many influences, pushed by the sway of many currents, we are made in/tact: connected and completing each other by remaining in touch with one another.

The final lines come from Glissant, who promises that we've come to learn something about ourselves in this turn tact, better than before this whole ordeal. Glance back across the page we've traversed. He insists: "There is something we still now share: this murmur, cloud, or rain or peaceful smoke. We now know ourselves as part and as crowd, in an unknown that does not terrify."

\* \* \*

These words are more sure than we'll ever be. But after reading this edition of *Cazuela*, glance down at your hands: have they picked up some residues of these ink from these pages? And flip back through these pages: have they smudged under the abrasive touch of your fingertips? A feast for the mind is a feast for the senses. As you read the contributions of this *Cazuela*, we hope you will share in the collective experience alive in its pages. We hope you will allow the textures of each contribution to mix and clash and sway your thinking to unforeseen places. And, at the end of it all, we hope you enjoy this momentary and imperfect whole we've created.

Sincerely In/Tact,  
Colin Eubank & Mr. Sean  
All submissions can be sent to [catalina.cazuela@gmail.com](mailto:catalina.cazuela@gmail.com)

## Recipe for the Issue:

### Start with a helping of Articles and Observations:

- |                          |    |  |
|--------------------------|----|--|
| <b>Dudley Morand</b>     | 4  | CATALINA SUMMER: A COIN DIVER'S DAY IN THE 60s |
| <b>Chuck Liddell</b>     | 6  | SEALED BOTTLES"                                |
| <b>Sky O'Connor</b>      | 8  | SOUL ALIGNMENT"                                |
| <b>Ali Neville</b>       | 9  | YOU & I HAVE THE SAME SIGNATURE"               |
| <b>Rich Zanelli</b>      | 9  | CANNOT PROVE NONEXISTENCE                      |
| <b>Gene Eubank</b>       | 12 | CONFESSIONS OF A D.I.Y. GUY                    |
| <b>Sean Brannock</b>     | 13 | OVERCOMING FEAR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD     |
| <b>Carlos de la Rosa</b> | 14 | MY LIFE IN MY BOOKSHELVES                      |

### Mix in a handful of Creative Writing:

- |                         |    |                            |
|-------------------------|----|----------------------------|
| <b>Michaela Edwards</b> | 4  | VENTURE ACROSS THE CHANNEL |
| <b>Tom Quinn</b>        | 5  | LETTERS TO THE EDITOR      |
| <b>Jake Brannock</b>    | 10 | A GIFT FROM ABOVE...       |
| <b>An Aesop Fable</b>   | 15 | THE PEACOCK & THE CRANE    |
| <b>Leonardo Foley</b>   | 15 | ALL MY BOOKS               |
| <b>Tom Quinn</b>        | 16 | JULIA'S WAR                |

### Season with a dash of Essay:

- |                      |    |                                 |
|----------------------|----|---------------------------------|
| <b>Constance Rux</b> | 16 | WOMEN OF HERSTORY: PUNK PART I  |
| <b>Colin Eubank</b>  | 17 | CADENAS DE ISLAS//ISLAND CHAINS |

### Add a pinch of Community Shares:

- |                                 |    |  |
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| <b>Cazuela Team</b>             | 7  | IN CELEBRATION & SOLIDARITY<br>Zapatista communities turn 25 |
| <b>Community Garden</b>         | 7  | HELP PLANT THE SEEDS...                                      |
| <b>Catalina Art Association</b> | 10 | LOCAL ARTIST OF THE MONTH:<br>KELLY CALLAGHAN-SKOFF          |
| <b>Anni</b>                     | 13 | LEARNING TENANTS' RIGHTS IN AVALON                           |
| <b>Viri Vega</b>                | 18 | HABLEMOS DE LA SALUD   |
| <b>AC4P Movement</b>            | 19 | ROAD TO COMMUNITY WELLNESS                                   |

### Steep in Visual Art:

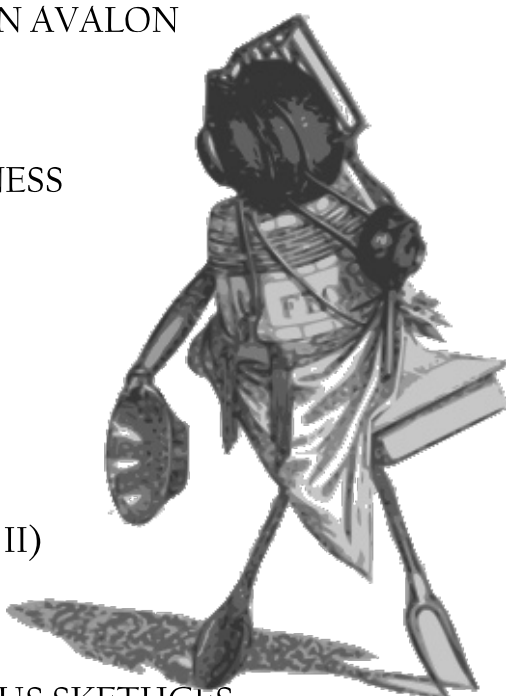
- |                        |    |  |
|------------------------|----|--|
| <b>Leonardo Foley</b>  | 5  | ROAR                                   |
| <b>Ron Pike</b>        | 7  | THE LAST LEAVES OF GRASS               |
| <b>Blanca Alvarez</b>  | 11 | 26 FEET UNDER THE SEA (PART II)        |
| <b>Gabriel Saldana</b> | 11 | AN AVALON MEME                         |
| <b>Caprice Rothe</b>   | 11 | FONEFAUNA: A SERIES OF STYLUS SKETCHES |
| <b>RomaFuturismo</b>   | 14 | ROMAFUTURISMO SKETCHES                 |



COVER ART:  
"A SUCCULENT STEW"  
Concept: Colin Eubank  
Photo: Mason Eubank  
Pot Holder: Frank Jones



PAGE 1 COLLAGE:  
Painting: Fabiola Sillas  
Photo: Makenna Lee  
Words: Pablo Neruda,  
Rosario Morales,  
Edouard Glissant



# "Venture Across the Channel"

a poem by

**Michaela Edwards**

The dark blue waters cry a white wash as I venture across the channel.  
The birds fly, the families cry, and the mountains stay strong and dry.

As a child I would mourn the day to leave my island home and yet,  
with each passing year, I grow weary and anxious with island fever.

The rolling glass of the sea, oh how it speaks to me, begging me not to go,  
the clouds heavy and gray with thoughts of dismay.

The winds have softened, the ships have sailed,  
my bags are packed, my words float through the air.

Sunny skies and cacti will live in my dreams tonight  
as I sleep to the sounds of sirens and concrete sights.

A single white sail travels east,  
and then a flight north to my city of peace.

Birds glide and they stride across the ocean surface,  
my heart marches steady yet my mind types nervous.

Dolphins play and bask in my wake,  
asking me when will I return to keep them safe.

The kelp rushes to the sun, soaking up rays,  
and having a little fun.

The sage, both people and plant, remind me of home  
and keeps my mind in tact.

I won't forget you, my little rock in the sea.  
I keep you in my heart wherever I might be.

## CATALINA SUMMER: A Coin Diver's Day in the 60's

by Dudley Morand

Summer in the Sixties was a magical time to be a kid in Avalon. From sunrise to bedtime, each minute was filled with a parade of possibilities. Many of the day's pursuits revolved around money, which could be attained many different ways -- none of which were ever viewed as work! What follows is a typical daily routine during vacation.

Early morning brought you to the beach for a number of lucrative ventures. Since the beach wasn't yet crowded, you could drag a "sifter" through the sands to uncover money, jewelry and other sorts of treasures. These homemade devices consisted of a wooden box shape with chicken wire and a long handle to pull through the beach.

Another activity was called "scraping." This was simply swimming through the coin diving areas to find money missed during the previous day's dive. If you recruited a partner, he could walk the pier above and direct you to the coins shining on the bottom.

Many of the missed coins would wash under the pier and



congregate around or below the pilings. This offered another type of sifting, requiring one to shovel loose rock and sand from around the pilings into a shaker box to retrieve more loot.

By now you would have worked up an appetite, which meant it was time to hit one of the doughnut shops to spend a few coins and prepare for the rest of the day. Many youth activities were planned around the morning beach routine. Mid-morning, for instance, was always a good time for Little League practice.

Around 11:00 a.m. everyone would begin gathering at the base of the steamer pier to await the "incoming" of the S.S. *Catalina*. Swimming ability helped dictate how each kid would greet the visitors. Either you chose the "little side," where you could stand in a few feet of water and beg for coins as passengers walked down the pier. Or you could brave the "big side," where you swam next to the ship as money was thrown from the rails. The "big side" divers observed a certain caste system. Lesser divers started at the bow, better divers at mid-ships and the pros at the stern -- which was deeper and closer to the huge propellers. Diving at the stern was coveted because it was where the ship's bar and "happiest" visitors could be found. Good diving required the ability to hold your breath for long periods of time while fighting for coins, as they moved erratically toward the bottom (often up to 60 and 70 feet deep). It could be disheartening to win the battle for a dime, only to look up and see the surface so far away with almost no air left.

Once the money was in hand, where to put it for safekeeping but in your mouth? On a good day, the better divers would emerge from the water with cheeks carrying as much as \$10 worth of assorted change. (continues on pg5)

## CATALINA SUMMER *continued from pg4*

Others had special pockets sewn into their suits which didn't allow the coins to fall out during tricky maneuvers. At the bottom of the food chain were the unfortunate tourists who stuck their small amounts of change in their masks, which would eventually get knocked off during battle and spill coins for more agile swimmers to scoop up.

After all the passengers had made their way off the boat, the swimmers from the big side would make their way under the pier to the little side and try to blend in with the smaller kids for a few more coins. Then it was time to gather on the beach and count up the haul. All played fast and loose with the truth as they elaborated on heroics of the underwater scramble. A game of "lag" might take place, pitching coins against a wall with the closest coin winning.

Hungry from the morning adventures, the troop would split to dine at their favorite haunts. Among the most popular was the Busy Bee Cafe -- located at the base of the pier. Food was good and cheap, but the Bee also offered a very unique service: banking. Cups with the divers' names graced a special shelf where the days earnings could be safely kept and drawn from when needed. Not wanting to carry all that loot around made the Bee the ideal dining spot and guaranteed loyal customers for the restaurant.

Now if fries were on your mind, then the only place to go was Mother Gray's Waffle Shop. You placed your order with owner and cook Joe Gray, and then sat on the wall across front street and dried in the warm sun while waiting. Joe would bang on the front window with his salt shaker, signaling that your insanely super-sized bag of fries was ready. All for two bits, 25 cents.

Money could be made all day long. Glass bottom boats and other tours departed from the steamer pier in the afternoon, bringing a steady stream of tourists past the little side of the pier where a chorus of kids would cry "throw a coin" and "c'mon now folks let's see that coin." One kid, nicknamed "Beaver" for his physical characteristics and affinity for water, would stay submerged on the little side from the steamer's arrival 'til its departure some four hours later. We never knew how large a fortune he amassed.

The one big vice practiced by all divers was the daily trip to Mardi Gras: Avalon's pinball emporium. One of the largest, and surely most profitable, establishments on the front street, it beckoned kids to gamble on free games as thousands of nickels found their way into games like *Peter Pan*, *Harbor Lights*, *Paul Revere*, *Rocket Ship* or the always crowded pool tables. Fortunes were squandered but the social interactions were priceless.

Another afternoon pursuit involved the Casino Theater. If a new

hot movie was in town, the local kids would line up outside the theater office to wait for a word with manager Tommy Clements, a professional clown and entertainer. The kids would vie for a chance to clean the movie house in exchange for a free ticket to that night's screening of the film.

The "outgoing" steamers presented a reverse pattern for diving. Swimmers went from the little side, and under the pier to the big side, following the crowds as they embarked on the ship. Some energetic souls swam furiously as the steamer backed out, a last effort to entice a coin from the now broke masses.

Several times a summer the steamship would make Friday or Saturday night trips to the Island. These occasions brought out a brave few to the inky black waters where many real and imaginary dangers lurked. The first problem was seeing the coins. If a deckhand was nice enough to illuminate the dive area with a spotlight, it was possible to see the coins thrown. But the tired captain often missed the landing, sending the stern of the ship into the swimmers' path and triggering a mad dash for safety.

But, day or night, one of the most dramatic parts of coin diving was the ritual of entering the water. The youngsters on the little side were limited to wading in the shallows. The kids on the steamer side of the pier had more options. The seawall offered several different ledges to dive from, depending on the tide level. Each level added a huge addition of skill. In order of bravery was the lower ledge, top ledge, railer, running railer and the ultimate: housey.

Lower ledge was was easy for most under any tide conditions. The top ledge required skill to time for the waves and properly judge the depth. A railer required the diver to balance on a fence-top prior to diving, which made entry much more difficult. A running railer necessitated the cooperation of a partner, who decided when it was safe and signaled for the diver to rush across the street, leap to the fence rail and dive into the highest part of the wave.

The housey was another story, literally. The roof of the bathhouse at the base of the pier added 15 feet to the railer and 25 feet to the lower ledge. This dive was only attempted by the handful of wisplike local divers, who seemed to be weightless in the air, or complete fools. Even for the best, a high tide was needed. Tragedy sometimes struck when uninitiated tourist divers tried to recreate the pancake landing required to avoid the rocky bottom below.

Though diving for coins took up most days, sometimes you just couldn't go swimming. Colds, injuries, and other assorted maladies forced other activities such as carrying luggage to hotels or even shining shoes.

Summer in the Sixties was a grand time.

## **"Letters to the Editor"**

**a poem by**

**Tom Quinn**

Hey Eu,  
December 30  
A raven's flying high  
Still; in the clean swept sky  
Gale warning fifty knots  
Two red pennants on the Pleasure Pier  
at stiff attention  
Do you recall when we were younger...  
On this same day five years ago?  
Harbor Rescue saves all but two  
Yachts are grounded on the Middle Beach  
Language, luggage roll hopeful to the Mole  
Let auld acquaintance ne'er be  
forgot



*Roar by Leonardo Foley*

# SEALED BOTTLES

by Chuck Liddell

continue!

A few years before our "Bi-Centennial", she and her granddaughter were walking along a Southern California beach when they

noticed a large crowd of people standing around and staring at something. They went over to investigate and saw a very sick seal pup being teased by some young boys. She immediately told the boys to stop their harassment and instructed her young granddaughter to stay with the injured animal while she went to call "Fish And Game". Once the authorities arrived, the two "Good Samaritans" left, never to learn the plight of their new little friend. Dorothee sat back and, with a BIG smile, said "I somehow believe that the dead sea lion in the Phillipines was the same one that my granddaughter and I saved. It

Of the 201 bottles thrown off the "Catalina King" between Catalina and San Clemente Islands, the first Sunday in April, 1976, only half have been accounted for. MY BOTTLE WAS NEVER FOUND AND I STILL HAVE HOPES! Of those found, none were any closer than Mexico. One such bottle took months to be found in Mexico and it belonged to the mother of Ray Rydell, one of our past mayors. She had been gravely ill and Ray was so excited to be able to share the find with her. "Mom, they found your bottle!" He detected a slight smile and then she went into a coma, never to come out. Ray was "sure" that she had been waiting for this news before she died! I WAS SO HAPPY FOR THE BOTH OF THEM.

Around 2000, a gentleman came up to me while I was sitting on a bench on Crescent Ave. and asked me if I was "Chuck Liddell". He said that he had been to the Museum and they had tried to direct him to me. He worked for the "U. S. Geodesic Society", and was in charge of plotting ocean currents. There had been a disastrous fire in their office, containing the records of their own bottle throws, and most of the data had been destroyed. He said that my records from the 1961 and 1976 bottle throws would be "invaluable" to his research and hopefully fill in many of their gaps. I took him back to the Museum and showed him our records. He was ELATED! Anything to help our government do their job!

Definitely the MOST unusual story occurred regarding Dorothee Hochberg, former wife of Mayor Fred Hochberg, and the daughter of the owners of most of the buildings on Crescent Ave., between Catalina and Sumner. You might remember her as the "lady in white" who always carried herself like a member of royalty and reminded me SO MUCH of Ingrid Bergman. A REAL CLASS ACT!!! In 1980, after four years of possibly floating, her bottle was found by a fisherman on a desolate island near the Phillipines. The remarkable part of this find was the bottle was under the flipper of a dead sea lion! When I shared the strange circumstances surrounding the discovery of her bottle, I noticed that she had the strangest look on her face (proper place to have it! lol!) I asked her if there was anything the matter. She told me that she wanted to share a story, that I would probably NOT believe. Being a LOVER of great and unbelievable stories, I begged her to



*Drift objects (like bottles) provide a simple way to study non-tidal ocean movement. Scientists have often used "drifters" to learn more about suggested travel paths for things like fish eggs, pollutants (like oil spills), and invasive species.*

*Some historians assert that the use of bottled messages dates back to at least 310 B.C., when the Greek philosopher Theophrastus took an interest in ocean currents. Identifying persistent currents helps ships utilize waterways by charting courses that use favorable currents while avoiding opposing ones.*

'somehow' knew that the bottle in the ocean was ours and accompanied it on its journey to the deserted island. It had intentionally laid its flipper on it to protect it and to make sure that someone would notice the creature and the bottle, making the find that much easier!"

Even I, with my VAST imagination, found this story to be well BEYOND probability, but I told Dorothee that I thought it would make a GREAT children's story; hopefully that she would write with the aid of her granddaughter. JIM, LIKE THE STORY?!!

Well, time passed and I never heard from Dorothee again. She had moved up to Santa Barbara to live with her son, as she was suffering from major medical issues. One evening in 2002, I was working at another of my part-time jobs (almost EVERYONE who works on Catalina has at least two, three, or more jobs!). I was now "host" at the Country Club Restaurant.

BOY, DO I MISS THAT WONDERFUL LOCATION AND FOOD (some of you might remember my story about Barbra Streisand, "Smith, Party Of Four", January 1, 2016). One of our serving staff came over to me at my station to inform me that the party at one of her tables was disturbing some of the other guests. I was of course concerned and asked her what the problem was. She told me that the ladies at the table were crying uncontrollably and she didn't know why. I knew that I had to find out what was causing their grief, but didn't know how to tactfully address it.

Luckily, a few minutes later, a group of these ladies came by me on their way to the restroom. I could tell that they were still VERY UPSET and obviously had been sobbing. As diplomatically as I could, I went up to them to inquire if I could possibly help them with their matter. They told me that their mother, grandmother, and great grandmother, who had been a long time resident, had recently died and they had planned to throw her ashes in the ocean the next day. For whatever reason, they had been out of touch with her for a number of years and had hoped to have some "uplifting stories" to share about her life, so that the service would be a more happy ceremony. She had been quite ill and her life, especially toward the end, was NOT something they wanted to dwell on, but that was all they could think about. I asked them the deceased woman's name and they said, "Dorothee Hochberg. Did you know her?" DID I KNOW HER AND DID I EVER HAVE A STORY TO SHARE WITH THEM!!!

After extending my condolences, as I hadn't heard about Dorothee's death, I then proceeded to tell them the sea lion and bottle story. From the looks on their faces, you would have thought that they had just won the lottery! They now had their UPBEAT story to share the next morning at tomorrow's "Neptune" burial. How fitting for a story about the ocean as they placed her remains there! To be more accurate, they ALL smiled, except one, whose "flood gates" really brought forth the tears! When she finally calmed down, I apologized for having upset her and asked what I had said that caused her reaction. I thought I had shared with them a pretty remarkable and heartwarming story!

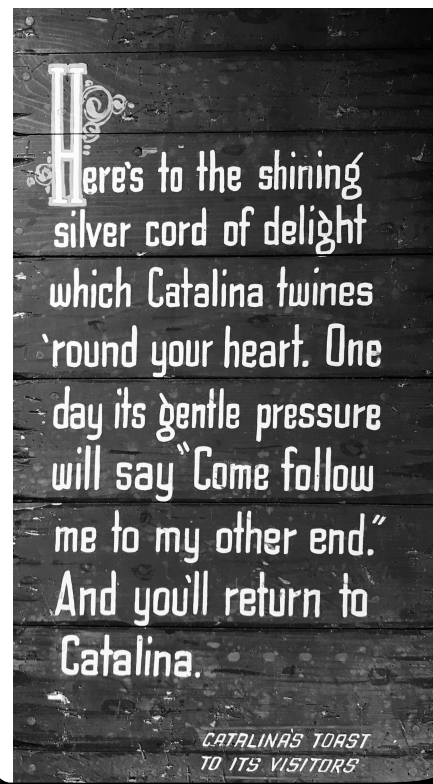
She quickly regained her composure and in an almost apologetic tone assured me that she wasn't upset, but OVERJOYED! (AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS TROUBLE WITH THIS?!!) As a male, I have NEVER been able to tell the difference between whether a woman is crying out of happiness or sadness. This difficult distinction will be one of my FIRST questions I will ask God when I get to Heaven. Of course, in Heaven, since there

is NOTHING BUT happiness, my questions will most likely be "moot".) "You see", she explained, "I am THAT granddaughter, with whom she found the sea lion on the beach years ago. I NEVER heard about the bottle episode from my Grandmother! I now feel closer to her than ever before, and can now face her funeral tomorrow with a big smile, because of that beautiful story you shared with me! THANK YOU!"

You know, I guess there are "some" benefits of getting older, as long as you still have your "gray matter" upstairs (I DON'T mean hair!). I was able to "reunite" a family with their passed loved one, because of a bottle launching celebration of America's 200th Birthday so many years ago. I am STILL waiting to hear about MY bottle, but, in case it is NEVER found, I can rejoice and share in the bottles found by others, especially Mrs. Rydell and Dorothee Hochberg!

Chuck Liddell writes about all things Catalina. Find more of his writing at [www.catalinaislandman.com](http://www.catalinaislandman.com)

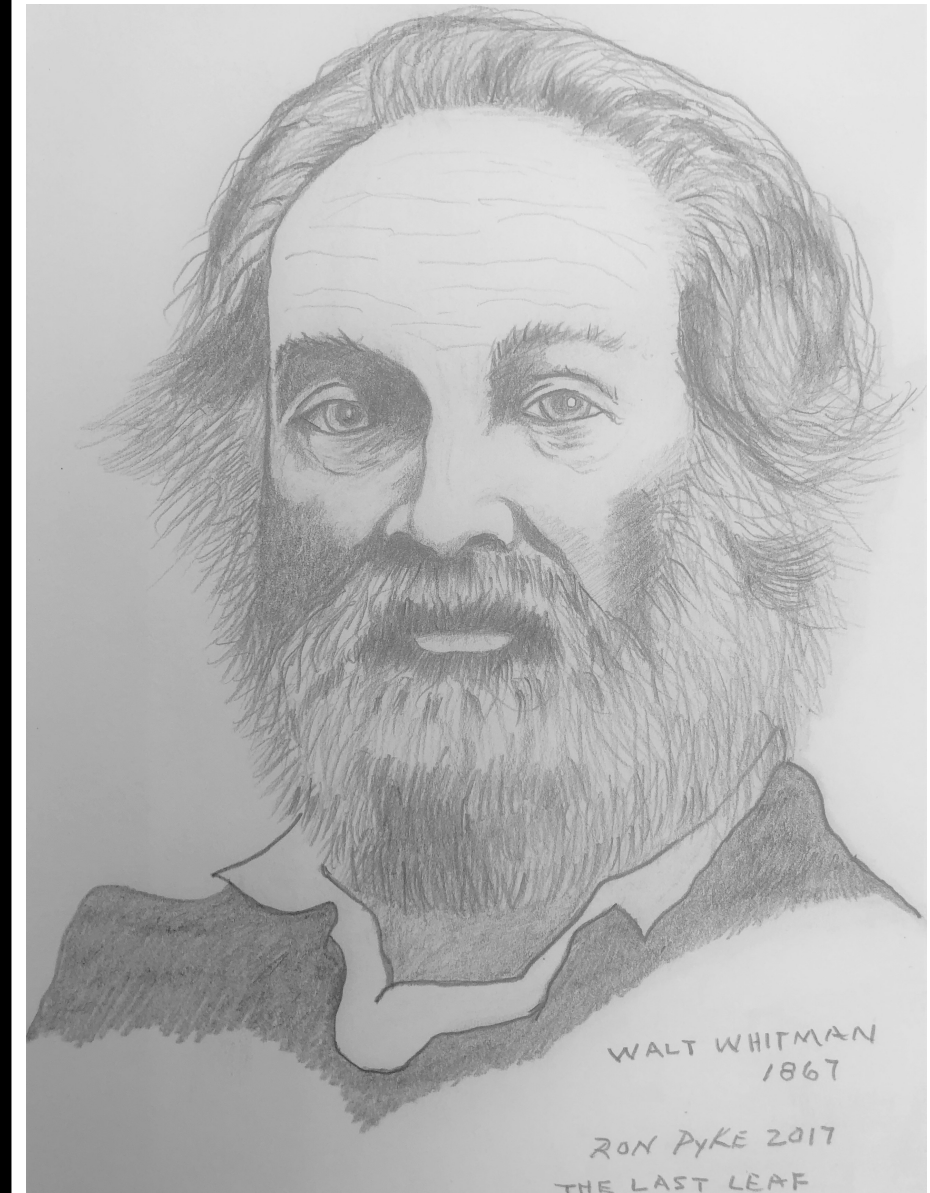
Questions? Send Chuck an email at [chuck@catalinaislandman.com](mailto:chuck@catalinaislandman.com)



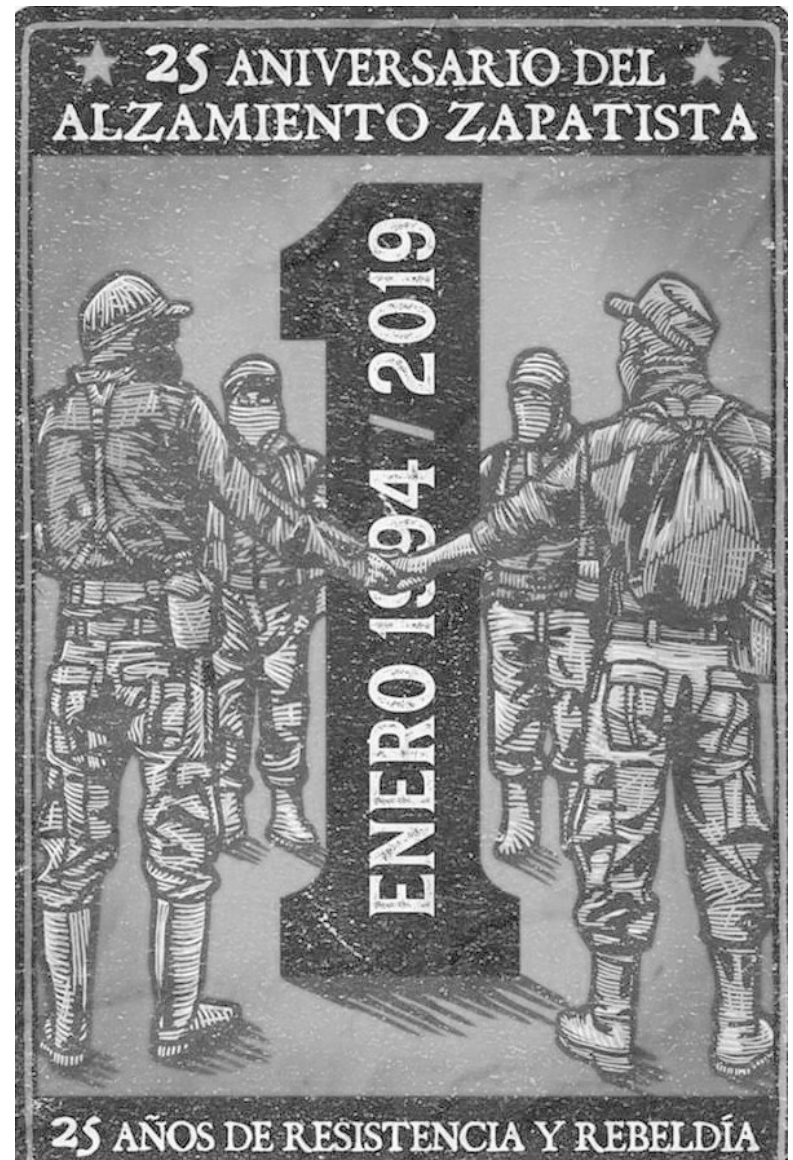
**Help plant the seeds for the new Avalon Community Garden.**

**For more information contact  
Micah Phillips: (310) 245.2869  
Dan Huncke: (310) 510.0220 ext.230**

**THE LAST LEAVES OF GRASS...natural poet, Walt Whitman nurses the 'body politic' wounded in the unCivil Wars over America's resources.**



"Walt Whitman 1867 - The Last Leaf" by Ron Pyke 2017



**In Celebration & Solidarity:  
Zapatista Communities Turn 25**

The Zapatistas were born in the jungles of Chiapas. Formed by indigenous and mestizo activists, the Zapatista movement rejected the Mexican State and the long-standing terror and exploitation its forces unleashed on the region. On January 1, 1994 (the day the formal operation of the North America Free Trade Agreement was to take effect), the peoples of Chiapas banded together to take their communities into their own hands.

Experimenting with autonomous forms of collective governance, the Zapatistas developed their own systems of education, health, justice, and security. Disillusioned by the interests and infrastructures of global capital, the Zapatistas have always seen their fight in Chiapas as part of the larger struggle to build a new world. The discussions and lessons from Zapatista struggles are shared with other movements, peoples, and communities facing similar challenges across the world.

The sacrifices and triumphs of Chiapas testify that another form of life is possible. Read a more in-depth account of Zapatista history at: [www.solidarity-us.org/p4082/](http://www.solidarity-us.org/p4082/) OR receive current updates of the struggle here: [www.chiapas-support.org](http://www.chiapas-support.org)

# SOUL ALIGNMENT

You are perfect just the way you are.  
You don't need to change a thing.  
Just let go of wishing things were different,  
and you can have it all.

The more we focus on something we don't like,  
the more we try to change it,  
the more it continues to be there.  
Because the act of being in the vibration of dissatisfaction is  
always going to create more dissatisfaction.

If you don't like your body and you keep wanting to change it,  
wishing it was different,  
the more you believe that it is "less than" or not good enough,  
not thin enough, too fat, too skinny, whatever the judgment may  
be, then it will continue to be just that.

If you wish you had more money, and you focus all the time on  
how broke you are, you will always be broke.  
Say you're starting a business and it feels so right.  
This is what you're meant to be doing.  
You are doing all the things necessary to gain exposure, to set  
yourself up for clients, etc.  
You're showing up and it feels really good.  
But you haven't gotten any clients yet. You aren't making any  
money yet.  
So you start to worry about the income. Why isn't it coming?  
Where is my money?  
When am I going to sign clients? When am I going to start  
making money?  
I need to make money! I need my business to be successful!  
But what you are really saying underneath is:  
The money isn't coming.  
I don't have any clients yet.  
I'm not making any money.  
My business isn't successful yet.  
I haven't signed a client yet.  
And so on.  
And that is what you will continue to experience.

Same thing goes for a relationship.  
Where is my soulmate?  
Why am I still single?  
When is he/she going to show up?  
I don't want to be alone.  
You're really saying:  
I'm alone, I'm single, I have nobody.  
I need someone to complete me.  
Nobody is attracted to me.  
I'm not happy on my own.

**CAPTION THIS ---->**

**Submit your caption to  
[catalina.cazuela@gmail.com](mailto:catalina.cazuela@gmail.com)**

**We'll select our favorite  
and display it in our next  
Cazuela!**

And that is what you will keep experiencing.

Same rule goes for anything.  
This is what you are affirming, and therefore manifesting.  
This is the frequency you are vibrating at, and this is what the  
Universe is mirroring back to you.  
So as long as you are constantly questioning why you don't have  
what you want,  
you will continue to not receive what you want.  
When you are in a state of lack, you will get more lack reflected  
back at you.  
Because what we believe, we manifest.

It is only when we let go of the NEED for it to be different,  
when we ACCEPT it just as it is,  
when we stop caring so much about changing it,  
when we put the need to lose weight, make more money, etc, on  
the back burner,  
when we release the pressure of trying to change,  
miraculously, things change.

And when we FEEL GRATEFUL for all that we already have,  
and ALIGN with the amazing FEELINGS of already having it  
all, and we choose to be happy in the present moment,  
we attract all that we want.  
Because the things you want - money, your dream body, a partner,  
are all just inevitable outcomes when you are in alignment with  
your soul.  
These are just bonus results when you are living in flow, when  
you are just being yourself.  
When you are embodying your high self worth and loving  
yourself unconditionally.  
This is when your external experience shifts.  
This is when your life reflects your inner world.  
Our outer circumstances are just the Universe showing us how  
much we love ourselves, how much we value ourselves.  
You have the POWER to change your own life.

My name is Sky O'Connor and I am a Soul Coach and Reiki  
Master. I help women align with their soul's true purpose and  
passions, let go of limiting beliefs, reclaim their power, and create  
the life of their dreams. I help my clients awaken to their true  
worth and learn to deeply love themselves. If you have low self  
confidence and struggle with poor boundaries and speaking your  
truth, and you want to create a life full of freedom, love, and  
abundance, then join my free Facebook group **Worthy Women:**  
[Facebook.com/groups/worthywomenrise](https://www.facebook.com/groups/worthywomenrise) or if you would like to  
see more of my written work you can find me at: [Facebook.com/skyoconnorcoach](https://www.facebook.com/skyoconnorcoach)  
or Instagram [@skyoconnorcoach](https://www.instagram.com/skyoconnorcoach)





# You & I Have the Same Signature

by Alison Neville

Some of us struggle conceptualizing the magnitude of the One who created us. Those of us who believe in a Creator can speak to the power of an indelible signature which, at some point, we feel was written across our hearts. This feeling, that we are all deeply connected on the inside and loved always and in all ways despite our frailties, can be overwhelming. To feel we are so completely loved without any tangible truth can be difficult. Yet, for those who believe, we trust the feeling we experience as true.

We can reach across many religions, belief systems, origins of faith and find the same signature in each and every expression of creation. No matter the creed, we coexist with the same non-verbal word, sound, feeling -- which is Love. Divine providence delivers what we need. Our part in this collaboration is simply to believe, open our hearts, receive the blessing, live in the grace this essence living within us brings. Some may suggest reaching a bit further so the feeling of connection might grow. Ask for understanding, hope, faith, gnosis, and trust. These days, many people call the feeling of our connection to this great Love, being "woke."

I once read an Aramaic interpretation of the Divine, from the translation of the prayer many people know as the Christian Our Father. But instead of the Greek translation being "Our Father," a famous interpreter, the Jewish Rabbi Neal Douglas Klotz, writes: "The words using the language of Jesus are more closely related in translation to saying 'to the Essence which cannot be named.'" Isn't that appropriate? Would we be warring over religions and beliefs if we reduced Omnipresence to something more likened to a description beyond language or word?

This feeling of Love, that which we describe as Divine, is limitless. It animates the many vast cultures of our planet, and lends resources for creations still otherwise. Perhaps we can imagine a mirrored disco ball, with each belief representing one reflection of the same essence. What if we all knew that this signature written across our hearts is written with the hand of

the One that made us? Then we could look for this signature in each other. This essence of Love is written in everything that exists. Everything created contains this signature, so everything is holy.

How would the world coexist if we saw Love first in all things? How would we speak to each other differently if we lived with this knowing in our hearts?

How would we live differently, more consciously within our own community if we owned this belief as true?

We can begin in this moment, in our own island family village. It begins with respect, eye-contact, breath, presence, seeing beyond the broken personalities to the Divine signature beneath the fractures. Sure, this is a bit deep. But what if we chose to not be afraid of being too deep or too open? Imagine our island home where everything mattered as if it was a special artwork. As if our actions weaved the tapestry of this exact artistic signature of Love. How would we be tolerant of each other's differences, perspectives, beliefs, if we choose to see with loving eyes?

There are many resources for "what cannot be named" ... Yahweh, God, Creator, Allah, the sound of creation Om, Father, Mother ... so many ways to express the Essence of the Divine. Can we use those descriptive words to unite in our sameness, where we see the Divine signature written across every heart and soul? All we can do is begin and make the effort to be consistent with a goal of unity and love. This would be a beautiful reSOULution to collectively unite our island family's peace vibe for 2019. Happy New Year, everyone! May we continue to be the LOVE we wish to see in the world.



## Cannot Prove Nonexistence

Have you ever thought about why people persist in believing that things like bigfoot, the Loch Ness monster, and such, exist? It is not like we have any hard evidence that they are out there. In fact, there is ample proof to suggest that most, if not all, such sightings are hoaxes. [Have you ever seen a photo of bigfoot that was not blurry or grainy?]

What it comes down to is this: We cannot say, with certainty, that cryptids do not exist because we cannot prove that they do not exist. In fact, unless we could have an infinite number of observers watching an infinite amount of space over an infinite span of time, it is logically impossible to prove nonexistence. Sure, it is possible to prove that a given container does not contain a given item. However, it is not possible to prove that something simply does not exist on the planet. And, not being able to prove that something does exist is not the same as proving that it does not exist.

Then, what is it going to take to get people to stop believing that fantastical beings walk the Earth? That answer is simple: "Never going to happen!" There are some things that will always be a part of the human experience: people saying "That's what I'm talking about" even though they were not talking about anything; social media trolls who can find a way to blame ANYTHING on a current or former political leader; and, believing in the existence of things in the absolute and acute absence of proof.

So, what is the harm? As long as people take things for what they are...there is no harm. Sometimes, it is even fun to harbor such

fantasies, even when they scare us a little bit. When things get a little dicey, however, is when people try to foist off their fantastical beliefs onto others as facts. You know, that guy on television that sees a tree that has fallen in the forest and purports it to be a "known bigfoot behavior" to knock down trees in exactly that manner. Or, the irresponsible people that tell us that the pyramids MUST have been constructed by ancient extraterrestrials. People in power who "invent" personality traits for their employees so that they can further some creepy sort of political agenda. This is where the harmless fantasies become a problem.

by  
Rich Zanelli

Facts can be dangerous if they are false. Generally attributed to Mark Twain (though provenance on that is sketchy at best) and paraphrased by Al Gore in *An Inconvenient Truth*: "It ain't what you don't know that gets you into trouble. It's what you know for sure that just ain't so." People twist information to suit their needs frequently. I once read that 9/7 of all people do not understand how fractions work. "I was just minding my own business, when all of a sudden..." They say that there are two types of people in the world. People who need closure and...well, you get the idea.

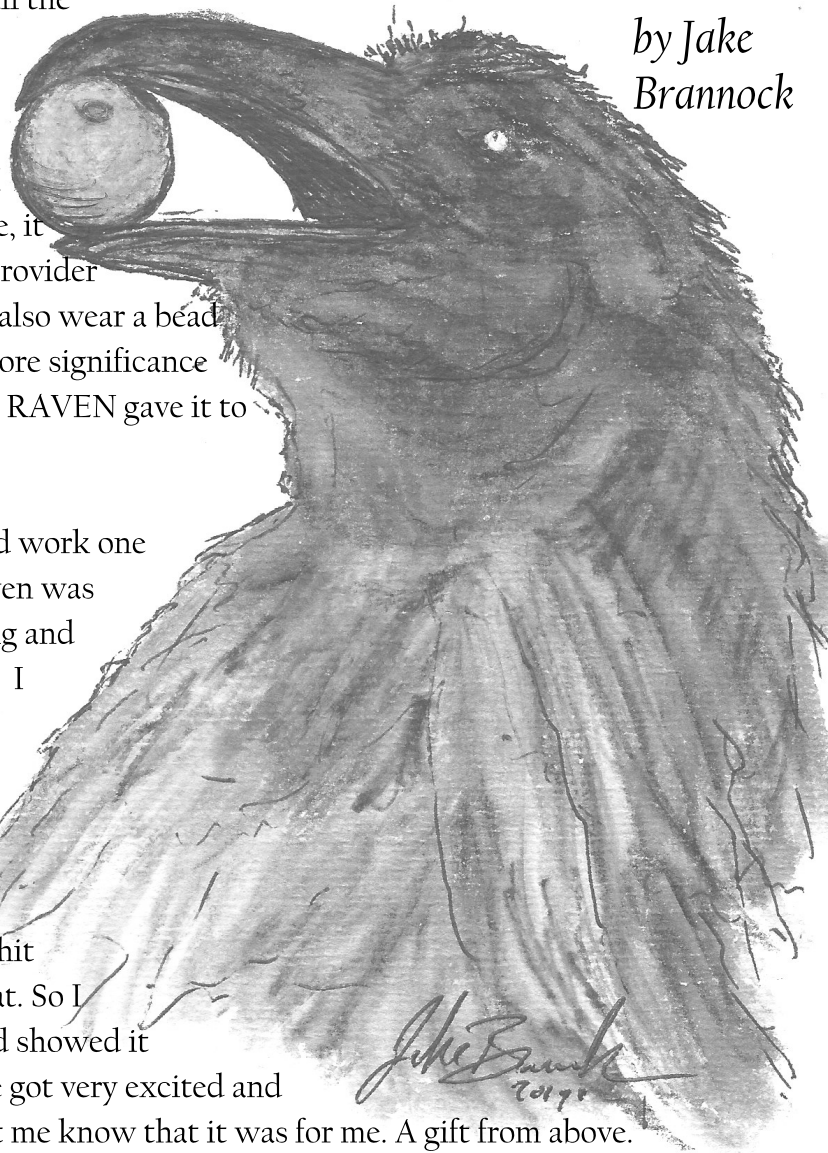
Who knows if any of these things are true? All I know is that I cannot prove that they are not true, so I must assume that they are, at the very least, possible. And, frankly, I kind of hope bigfoot is real.

# A Gift From Above...

People ask me all the time about the significance of my fish hook that I wear. So I tell them, for me, it means I'm the provider for my family. I also wear a bead that has even more significance to me because a RAVEN gave it to me.

by Jake Brannock

I was doing yard work one day and this raven was above me talking and carrying on; so I started to talk back and make knocking noises. All of a sudden a turquoise bead hit the bill of my hat. So I picked it up and showed it to the raven. He got very excited and vocal, as if to let me know that it was for me. A gift from above. I have placed it on every fish hook necklace I have ever made since.



## Catalina Art Association Local Artist of the Month: Kelly Callaghan-Skoff



A native Californian and fourteen year island resident, artist Kelly Callaghan-Skoff specializes in digital illustration and graphic design. Always yearning for artistic opportunities and travel adventure, Kelly left the comfort of her SoCal home and lifestyle with her big box of art supplies and the dream of earning a living in a paradise. "When I first got to Catalina after a five-year travel and sailing sabbatical, I was eager to recreate my art career and try to capture the lively and colorful beauty of Avalon. There were many artists creating traditional Catalina landscapes using classic mediums and I needed to be a bit different." After many years of working on the computer, she is happy with the results of her digital images, and has taken to painting images on rocks and canvas as well. Always inspired to explore and change things up, Kelly recently added beading into her creative repertoire.

"Making a living by one's hand is not always easy," says Kelly, "but it is incredibly exciting and always rewarding. I thrive on change and the challenges of learning with the unexpected results that are created. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for allowing me and other artists to love what we do and share our work with you. Enjoy!"



Check out more of Kelly Callaghan-Skoff's work at:  
[www.onislandart.com](http://www.onislandart.com)

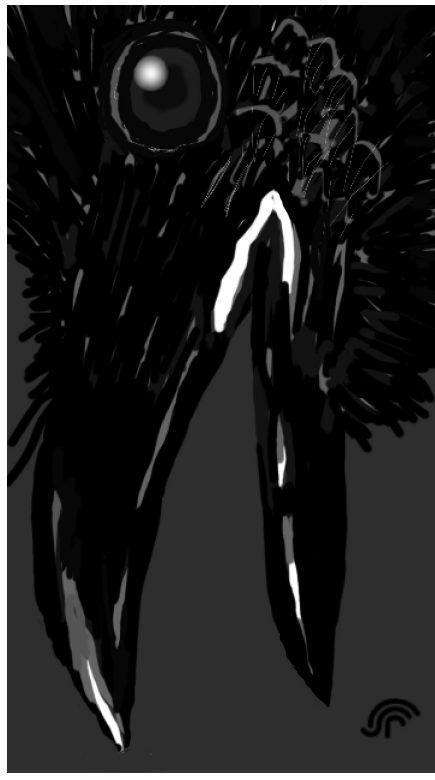




Green Parrot



Red Panda



Raven



Capricorn



*FoneFauna: a series of stylus sketches  
by Caprice Rothe*



## 26 Feet Under the Sea: A Photo Series (Part II) by Blanca Alvarez

In the last installment of her photo series, Blanca Alvarez shared images of Catalina's underwater world. Some marine creatures provoke fear, while others inspire moments of indescribable wonder. But both testify to the complexity of Catalina's marine ecology that Blanca photographs and studies.

Catalina Island is known for its giant kelp forests which house many other marine species. However, these diverse ecosystems can be susceptible to disturbances such as the introduction of invasive species. In 2009, an invasive seaweed, *Sargassum horneri*, was



*Thickets of Sargassum horneri in Lover's Cove. Some thickets have grown to measure almost a meter tall.*

*A close up of Sargassum horneri. Each individual plant has both reproductive parts, leading to its reproductive success.*



discovered in Catalina waters. *S. horneri* is an algae native to Japan and Korea and is thought to have made its way to California in ship ballast water (this is water carried inside a ship to improve its stability and balance while at sea). *S. horneri* can displace and out compete native organisms, such as Giant Kelp, for sunlight and nutrients. Today, this invasive seaweed dominates many rocky reef habitats of Catalina. The accompanying pictures are from a recent snorkel where I found that thickets of *S. horneri* had covered the sea floor of Lover's Cove and stood about a meter tall. Fortunately, the invasion of *S. horneri* has led to scientists from several universities and institutions, such as U.C. Santa Barbara, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, and NOAA, to study how this seaweed has successfully dominated Catalina waters. Hopefully this research will assess the ecological damage of invasive seaweeds and aid in removal efforts.

## An Avalon Meme



Going through the dip at



Catalina & Beacon Street like

by  
**Gabriel Saldana**

# Confessions of a D.I.Y. Guy

by Gene Eubank

I absolutely hated the card catalog as a kid, and could never find what I was looking for in huge libraries. I found it much easier to learn visually by watching my dad, grandparents, coaches, etc. as they tried to teach me new skills.

Being an adult and parent, you're expected to know the answers, fix things, and make cupcakes for school. Well, what if you don't know how to do the project, fix the clogged shower, or dole out the correct medicine to the crying baby?

I've been referred to as MacGyver, Mr. Fix-It, Betty Crocker, and a "pinterest whore." This all started on Halloween night when I was in middle school. We had just gotten new carpet installed in our home and my parents left me and my brother alone with 4 buddies, a pile of scary movies, candy, and some Hawaiian Punch to wash it all down. Sometime between Freddy Krueger and the Exorcist, we noticed the bottoms of our socks were turning red. Nope, not blood. It was a mysterious can of punch that had soaked into the living room carpet. "Oh sxxx!" My folks were going to kill me. We cleaned the spill up with towels as best we could and tried everything under the kitchen sink, except bleach. Still that red spot was there. The bright idea I finally came up with was to get out my model paint set and match the speckled pattern of the carpet the best I could. Why not camouflage the spot? 20 minutes of painting (plus a little hair dryer magic) and we were back to the candy and scary movies. Sometime after midnight, when the sugar rush was fading, my parents came home. Literally within 5 minutes my mom comes into the living room and demands to see where we had spilled the punch. Nope, not a mind reader. She'd found all the dirty towels we had left on the bathroom floor. BUSTED!!

This is how I learned there is a right way and a wrong way to fix something.

Now, in my late 40's, neighbors, friends, and family are always asking to borrow a tool or have me come over and fix something. I've let them believe for years that I am a jack of all trades, when in reality it's the opposite. I don't know how to turn on a computer and was one of the last people I know to get a "smartish" smartphone. I have learned, however, that I like the interwebs a helluva lot more than paper directions from IKEA, the card catalog, and the fold up map in the glove box of my car. My stubby fingers aren't fast on the microscopic keypad on my phone, but I have learned to push the mic button and ask it questions when my fingers are dirty or greasy. Youtube, pinterest, google, and maps are just a few of my new circle of close friends. By simply asking my phone how to do something or get somewhere I have continued to "win friends and influence people." This is a partial list of the things I've learned over the past year:

## HOME

- Make rusty tools look like new
- Build and stain a deck
- Mix and set concrete
- Transplant succulents
- How to carve a turkey
- How to remove paints and varnish

## ELECTRICAL

- Wire a light and light-switch
- Change circuit breaker in breaker box
- Connect phone to wireless speaker
- Change fuses in outboard motor
- Disable car alarms

## COMMUNICATION

- Translate spanish with friends and coworkers
- Finding out where to park or the restroom while traveling in Europe
- Google earth trails on backside of island
- Kilometers to miles
- Tablespoons to teaspoons

## AUTO

- Fix zipper on golf cart cover
- Change all fluids and oil for motorcycle
- Remove scratches from windshield
- Use heat gun to restore dull black plastic bumper
- Which fix-a-flat, patch, or slime to use on certain flat tires

## MISC

- Which side of a horse to get on
- Proper medications for certain symptoms
- Physical therapy stretches for neck and back
- How to pick a padlock
- Wrap and fix broken eye on fishing rod



Don't get the wrong idea: I'm not retired, twiddling my thumbs, or looking for things to occupy my day. I own and operate 3 businesses, have 3 sons, a wife, and a very needy dog. I realize I don't have the time and know-how to do everything. This is where the pros come in. The Yamaha guys, entire Canby family, Eagle Elec, Jim at Joe's Rent A Boat, the guys and gals at the local hardware store, and other specially trained humans can save the day. I do realize that the interweb, MyFace, and SpaceBook, can be time suckers and dumb downers. But as a modern DIY guy, I have found my little phone to be the best tool in my tool belt for saving both time and money.

Never too late to teach an old dog new tricks.

--Gene

## The Peacock & The Crane (An Aesop Fable)

A PEACOCK, spreading its gorgeous tail, mocked a Crane passing by. Ridiculing the ashen hue of its plumage, the Peacock said, "I am robed, like a king, in gold and purple and all the colors of the rainbow, while you have not a bit of color on your wings." "True," replied the Crane, "but I soar to the heights of heaven and lift up my voice to the stars, while you walk below, like a cock, among the birds of the dunghill."

Fine feathers don't make fine birds.



# Learning Tenants' Rights in Avalon

Thirty four years ago I came to Avalon, excited for my family which included my husband and our one-year-old daughter. I was starting a great career working for the City of Avalon. Like many newcomers, we had no family or friend connections to ease our transition. I literally remember walking the streets of Avalon to look for housing. There were no signs stating housing was available and I did not yet know of the Arcade sign board.

When I finally read of an apartment for rent, I contacted the mainland landlord immediately. Initially I was refused to rent because I had a small child and the unit had a flight of stairs. Only after much discussion, and relating to the landlord that I myself owned a two story home and was capable and prepared to "child proof" the house with the necessary precautions for my daughter, was I able to rent the space.

Were there tenant rights then? Perhaps. However, I was appalled at the archaic thinking of a landlord. And, unfortunately, times haven't changed much. There are still landlords refusing to rent

based on an applicant having birthed a child. There are still landlords that expect tenants to live in downright deleterious conditions. And I am incredibly saddened by the fact that rents are high and not available to the working class, however, it seems, that is a fight for another day.

Today, at the least, I would hope that landlords and tenants review their rights.

There is much information on the internet on habitable housing. Both tenants and landlords can do their homework and catch up on what is legally required to be offered with housing -- basic needs for habitability which the tenant can request without being punished. Heat, windows that are not broken or boarded up, a kitchen in which to cook and wash dishes, pipes that do not leak, no mold, just to name a few on the list. These are conditions in which no landlord would ever expect themselves or their families to tolerate; and neither should tenants.

Information on landlord/tenant rights can be found by researching the Department of Consumer Affairs.

-Anni

## Overcoming Fear at the Bottom of the World

by Sean Brannock

Exactly one year ago I was fulfilling one of my Life List items by traveling to South America and sailing around Cape Horn. This was one of my favorite adventures thus far. However, it came with its own set of challenges for me as a traveler with disabilities. We docked in the city of Ushuaia, known as "the City at the bottom of the World" and I was so excited about the prospects of this day of adventure. I had booked a catamaran boat excursion to go see wildlife. The highlight was we were to see penguins. Imagine: real live penguins in their natural environment. I was filled with glee. The tour said it was handicap accessible, so I was all set to go.



As we arrived to the catamaran I noticed the gangway onto the boat was very narrow and my anxiety started to rise. Once we were there my fear spiked to a 10. The gangway was only as wide as a single person's body and I was going to have to walk aboard, which I could do as long as I felt safe. But in addition to being narrow, the gangway was also incredibly steep. About every 2 feet there was a wobbly bar and a single piece of rope between each bar, which I knew could not stabilize my descent. I also knew the ropes wouldn't keep me from going into the dark-black (and I'm sure freezing) water below. And, just to make it all a bit more interesting, about halfway down the gangway there was an overhang you had to duck under and hunch the final

distance! Let it be known that this body is not made for bending and hunching. With my body paralyzed by fear, the distance I had to cover may as well have been 20 miles instead of 20 feet.

So, the moment of truth: Do you allow fear to win and hold you in place? Do you dig deep and find just a single moment of courage to press forward?

My friend turned to me and said, "Do you think you can do that?" He knew I was hesitant and scared and he had his own concerns. He was also kind enough to allow me to say no and would have understood and supported my decision, while showing no disappointment of his own. "What other choice do I have?" I replied. I was at the bottom of the world, you see, and was gonna go see penguins out in the real world. Fear and 20 feet was about to deny me of MY Life List. I could allow myself to be defined by disability or put faith in my ABILITY. The crew had now gathered around me to show their support and offer their help.

Each journey starts with a single step. The crew helped me stand out of my chair, and my friend carried it to the bottom of the gangplank to catch me on the descent. There I was with four crew members, my body shaking and wanting to shut down from fear. These folks were so kind and patient. One crew member was in front holding my arms and hands, one behind holding my belt loop and waist, one on the outside straddled over the water, and the last was down low helping my feet move forward. Humanity and kindness at its very best, and not a word of English spoken. As we moved down the plank, I tried to keep eye-contact with the gentleman in front of me and keep my

mind away from the water below or feeling guilty that I was so much extra work.

People are good. They want to be helpful and have your safety at heart. Fear tells you that you're a burden, you are not worthy of kindness and that you are a huge inconvenience to others (the crew, your friend, and other passengers). But what I kept telling myself was, "You're doing it, keep moving and you're almost there!" Plus, I kept muttering, "You're not going to die...You're not going to die..." After what seemed to be an eternity, I was safely back in my chair. Each crew member hugged me because we had just shared a collective experience built on trust and faith.

Human kindness ruled the day and fear was left on the dock.

The catamaran excursion was everything I'd hoped for and seeing penguins while at the bottom of the world was worth every step. When we disembarked, there was a different gangplank waiting for us. We all left wiser and filled with gratitude. We enjoyed the rest of the day exploring Ushuaia, "the City at the bottom of the World" where I overcame fear.



# My Life in My Bookshelves

by Carlos de la Rosa

It started early, in Venezuela, when my mother purchased a small nature encyclopedia for the home, which she kept neatly in a large wooden cabinet on the living room of our apartment. The 14-volume set explored topics such as rainforests, rivers and lakes, the Earth, deserts, and more. Illustrated with not-so-vibrant but still fantastic color photos, these books took me many places in my imagination and increased my early knowledge about the world. I kept them in my library for many years, until I recently gave them away to a friend for her kids. My own library started early as well, in my early teens. Among my first favorites (besides a few comic books that were too expensive to buy regularly) were inexpensive issues of classic literature books that had illustrations interspersed between the text pages, something like a comic book within the actual book. I would read through the illustrated version first and then go into the text, comparing the full story with the abbreviated comic book version. This way I was introduced to *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift; *The Lost World*, *Sherlock Holmes*, and (the terrifying) *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, by Arthur Conan Doyle; *Ivanhoe* by Sir Walter Scott; the anonymous classic *Poem of Mio Cid*; and many more.

When I was 14 years old, I discovered the *Círculo de Lectores* (Circle of Readers), a literary club in Venezuela that would edit their own, less expensive editions of classic books and novels and made them available to their members. I was the youngest subscriber to the Club and spent just about every penny I got (my allowance and whatever I scrounged from small jobs) on these books. The Club introduced me to “the big ones” such as Tolstoy's *War and Peace*; Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* and *Crime and Punishment*; Hugo's *Les Misérables*; and Dumas' *The Count of Monte Cristo* among many others. I delved into the Spanish royal dynasties in a series of 12 amazing books, traveled to the center of the Earth and to space with Jules Verne, took a crack at Cervantes' *Don Quixote* (I couldn't finish that one, a very challenging book), and enjoyed Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. Among my most favorite ones were Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*; Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*; and Wyss' *The Swiss Family Robinson*, books that left an indelible mark in my desire to explore nature and the world. I also got scared out of my wits with Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Grey* and Stoker's *Dracula*. There were many more, of course, all beautifully translated to Spanish and available at a significant discount.

And there were the Venezuelan and Latin American



*Surrounded by Books. Author C. de la Rosa and some of the libraries and books mentioned in the article.*

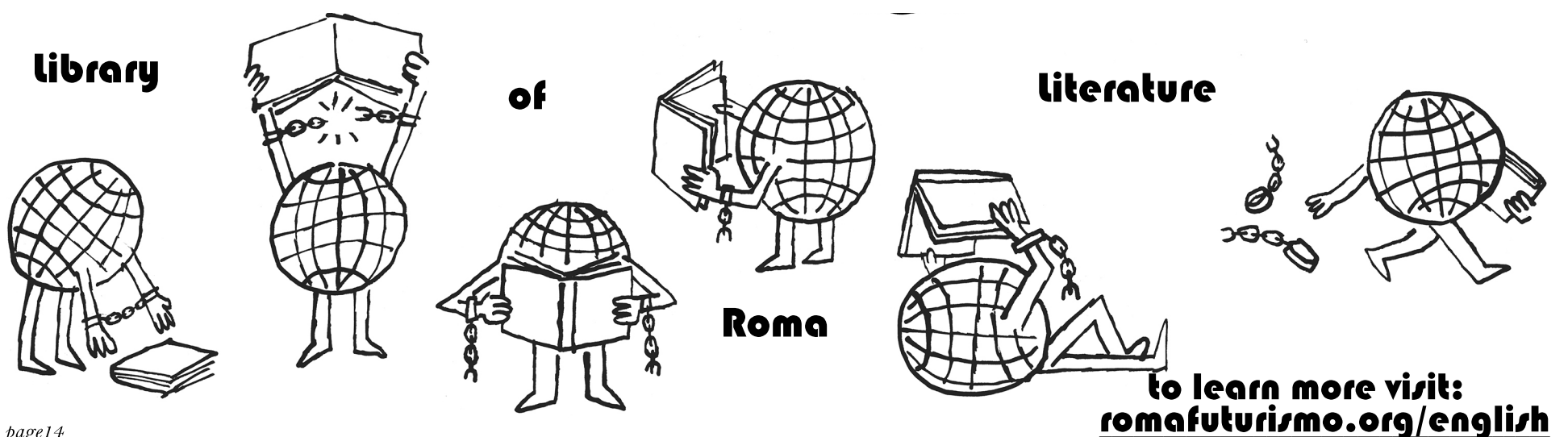
classics as well, such as Marquez's *A Hundred Years of Solitude* and *Love in the Times of Cholera*; Gallegos' *Doña Bárbara* and *Canaima*. I laugh hysterically to this day with *Amor y Humor* (Love and Humor) by the fantastic humorist Aquiles Nazoa. My bookshelves filled up in my little bedroom. Book piles accumulated in the closet, on the floor, desk, and under the bed. I was happy.

As I finished high school, my book preferences expanded to other Latin American authors, such as Jorge Luis Borges, Alejo Carpentier, Pablo Neruda, Carlos Fuentes, Gabriel García Márquez, and Mario Vargas Llosa. Later, while in college (still in Venezuela), Isabel Allende, Julio Cortázar, Laura Esquivel, and Paulo Coelho joined the list of authors I loved and read. My library overflowed my room and spilled over into the living room.

At this time of my life, in college studying mechanical engineering and later biology, my shelves swelled and struggled with the weight of textbooks and journals. One late night, while sitting in the living room with my best friend who was spending the night with me in my tiny room, we heard a frightening crash sound coming from the bedroom that shook the floor of the apartment. We ran to the bedroom to witness that the entire wall of bookshelves had ripped out of its wall moorings and collapsed down on the bed and the mattress I had set on the floor for my friend. We would have certainly been harmed—if not killed—by the hundreds of pounds of wood and paper that crashed to the floor.

I decided to go to the US to complete my university studies. I left my beautiful library behind, taking with me a duffle bag with my clothes and personal items and a heavy cardboard box with a handle made out of rope filled with books. Packing this box with a selection of books I wanted to take to the US with me was one of the most painful things I had to do to prepare for this trip.

Once in the US, I discovered bookstores like I had never seen in Venezuela, especially used bookstores, where I



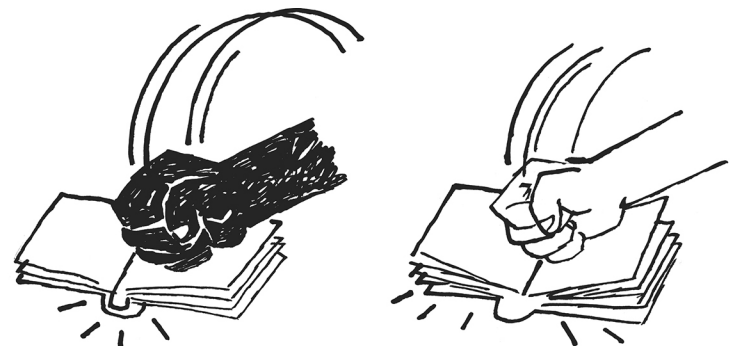
## My Life... continued from pg14

could rebuild my left-behind library at a significant discount and find treasures I had never imagined I could have. I realized you could get information on anything you wanted (this was way before the Internet) because someone already had written a book about it. My \$400/month scholarship (with which I had to pay food and rent) was stretched thin by the irresistible drive to acquire and read more books. At this time of my life, my bookshelves filled up with non-fiction: books on biology, ecology, building construction, gardening, animals, dictionaries and thesauruses (I was learning a new language and reading for the first time whole books in English that were not textbooks or translations). I amassed collections of books on arts and techniques, special topics such as insects in amber, gigantic books on artists such as Frida Kahlo and Salvador Dalí (among several others), books about photography and drawing, human anatomy and physiology, classics such as an entire collection of Charles Darwin and Russell Wallace books, and selections from authors such as Stephen Jay Gould (I read every single book and article he wrote, and he was incredibly prolific!). I immersed myself in the writings of authors that help me evolve my career as a conservationist and an ecologist, such as Thoreau's *Walden*; Carson's *Silent Spring*; Leopold's *A Sand County Almanac*; several Edward Abbey books such as *Desert Solitaire*; Goodall's *My Life with the Chimpanzees*, *In the Shadow of Men*, *Reason for Hope*, and others; Fossey's *Gorillas in the Mist*; Galdikas' *Reflections of Eden*; Matthiessen's *The Snow Leopard* and others; London's *The Call of the Wild*; Mowat's *Never Cry Wolf*; Schaller's *The Last Panda*; Stoney Douglas' *The Everglades: River of Grass*; Dawkins' *The Extended Phenotype* and others; all of E.O. Wilson's many books starting with *Sociobiology*; Dan Janzen's *Costa Rican Natural History*; and Quammen's *The Song of the Dodo* among the best known. My library grew exponentially, reaching numbers into the thousands. I also started writing at that time, so the collection expanded to include books about writing of all kinds, novels, period books, historical novels, humor, crime, science fiction, biography, natural history, and more.

Every move to another city, to a new job—including two US-Costa Rica-US moves—made me reconsider what to keep and what to give away. Many of my books carried with them faint but particular strains of mold acquired in the dry forest or rainforest of Costa Rica, in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Florida, or California. Some of these books make me sneeze when I open them. They have traveled with me for thousands of miles, faithful and dear companions. I have lost hundreds of books to mold, termites, and flooding -- all losses that were profoundly and painfully felt. I have also given away hundreds of books, to my kids, to friends, to students, and to children.

I see my books as my closest friends, important shapers of my intellect and personality, an integral part of my life and my history. Some of the books I mentioned above are still with me; sweet reminders of my early forays into reading and writing. They are hunks of paper and ink that collected the thoughts, dreams, adventures, aspirations, techniques, and brilliance of people I never met—and some I actually have met in person—but have always admired, people who took the time and the pain to write down and publish their thoughts to enrich my life so much.

I have traveled and worked around the world, and traveling is a great way to learn and to expand your mind. But books have played a significant and essential part of this education. The books I read became the foundations of my life's philosophies and the lessons I taught my children. My children are bibliophiles as well, all of whom grew up surrounded by books instead of TV. The books I have written and the ones I'll write will be my legacy to them, my way to go on living after the earthly vessel gives up. I can't think a better way to have spent my life than reading, writing, learning, and teaching and putting all that knowledge to the benefit of people and the planet.



A Book of Poems

On a shelf of tomes

Next to the book about bones

In between the book of stones...

...and ancient evil witchcraft

I love books, you see, all kinds of books

Books about cooks, looks and crooks.

I love free books and sea books

And you can always see my books

I'll post them and bury them

On my shelf they go

But I have no time to read them

Welp! Better go buy more books

**"All My Books"**  
a poem by  
**Leonardo Foley**



Author's rollcall. All of the authors mentioned in the article.  
Images from *Encyclopedia Britannica*, *Wikipedia*, and on-line archives.



# Women of HERstory: *Punk Part I*

by Constance Rux

to fight the patriarchy and break the glass ceiling with higher education, some with lawsuits (for example Reed v. Reed), some through publications. Others organized marches or women's conferences,

pushed for new legislation, or went on strike. Some did it with lipstick, mohawks, fishnets, and guitars.

In the 1970s there was a revolution, an overhaul, if you will, in music. Disco led to funk, which led to rock, which led to metal, hard-rock, glam-rock, pop-rock, the hair bands of the 80s, and of course -- punk rock, the equalizer of music where the only rules were that there were no rules. The outcasts, minorities (both great bands by the way), women, were all allowed in. Not as a groupie or a Yokko, but invited to actually have a voice on stage. I knew many of the major players of punk rock going into this piece. I knew the Runaways in 70s America faced the same problems as the Slits in 70s UK. I knew in present day Russia, Pussy Riot was still in and out of imprisonment for their views and protests. What I wanted to know was how these women had helped shape an industry (and in the case of Pussy Riot, sent to prison for it), but were just as effectively swept under the turntable. So, I decided to start looking in plain sight.

I looked up *Rolling Stone* magazine covers.

If you want to be taken seriously as a musician then this is the top, right? I found there have been spaces of a year or more (a gap in 2015-2016) where no woman was pictured on the cover. Scratch that, in 2016 there was one woman. The cover pictured Hillary Clinton standing next to Donald Trump. Out of over 1200 publications, there has been only around 260 that have had a woman as the cover feature. And only four, out of the 260 pictures of partially dressed women I scrolled through, were of an all-female band. Two were the Go-Go's, one was Destiny's Child, and one was the Spice Girls. I was understandably disappointed. The woman pictured most was Yokko, and that was only because of the Beatles.

Next I looked in the Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame. The first woman to be admitted was Aretha Franklin in 1987. That was the second year of the Hall of Fame. Not too bad! Then I looked to see how many women were in the Hall of Fame. Since Aretha, and of the 322 names on the list, only 44 are female. Some of honorees listed are even repeats of male performers! At this point, I had to stop and take a break. Instead of honoring the women of the industry, the men (though talented and also deserving) were being admitted a second time?

Because of the broad span of this piece, I am breaking it into two, maybe three, parts. Look for Part 2 next month! Thank you, Constance!

The Slits. The Runaways. Blondie. Siouxsie and the Banshees. The Bangles. The Go-Go's. The Distillers. The Muffs. Pussy Riot. Did any of those names make you uncomfortable? Vagina. Ok, now we have all that out of the way, we can move on.

I can think of many careers in our modern day society that we perceive as traditionally male or female. When you think of a nurse, do you think of a male? When you think of an engineer do you see a female? When you picture a meeting where everyone is sitting around a board room table, who is at the head of that table? When you picture a chef in a fancy restaurant who do you picture? Now picture a large meal around the family table, who do you see preparing that? Who do you see if you picture a kindergarten teacher? A college professor? What about when you picture a rock band? Do you see a woman playing the guitar? The drums? Who knew something as universal as music, could be divided along the lines of sex.

In the 1970s feminists were fighting hard for equal treatment. Some women chose

## *Julia's War* by Tom Quinn

*The following is an excerpt from the beginning of Tom Quinn's novel-in-progress, Julia's War  
Stay tuned each month for new installments of the story*

On the battlefield of play: the one with no losers; the one in the efervescent aftermath that no one claims to win lie the sibling rivalries of identical twins.

"One cake, one pie. Each the way each as you likes it." "Gads! The trouble I go through to keep you two from throwing your food." Julia, the elder of the two, first responds in a gush, "Ahhh...Mum." Todd, her twin, interjects: "They're beautiful!" Mary cuts Todd short. She knows her children are bent on leaving. She throws in a short bit of discipline, "Get your peepers off the pastry and your hands on a hay bale. Breakfast is on the table at first light. Father's left everything for you on the barn. He's off to Sydney and won't be back for a couple of days, as well. And it's me everyone's leavin'. Not even a daisy for me? Not a daisy can I pick?" Julia answers, "We need her Mum. Who in their royt moynd would go into the bush 'thout their heeler?" Her mother counters, "I'd still have a cat if... ." She shrugs, thinking of local bushmeat delicacy as house-cats gone feral. "Why can't we have the party today? It's your birthdays today!" Todd plays the man, holds his rifle in his right arm. "Tonight's the full moon, Mum. We aim to hunt by the light of it at the croc pond." Julia knows her Mum's heart. She picks up her mother's hands that hang from her ranch dress; berry-stained and flower-caked. Julia sings, "Kookaburra sits in the old gum-tree". Mary chimes in, Edith Bunker style, "Merry, merry king of the bush is he". All three, a true trio, sing their favorite porch song; "Laugh, Kookaburra laugh. That's no monkey that's me!"

A few bites of breakfast is all the twins' excitement will allow. Daisy knows better. She sits in a subtle beg. Her last litters' tits kiss the linoleum floor. "Ere Sheila-Dayz, ye 'Lil bowlicka!" Scraps in the bowl disappear, along with the twins, into the barn.

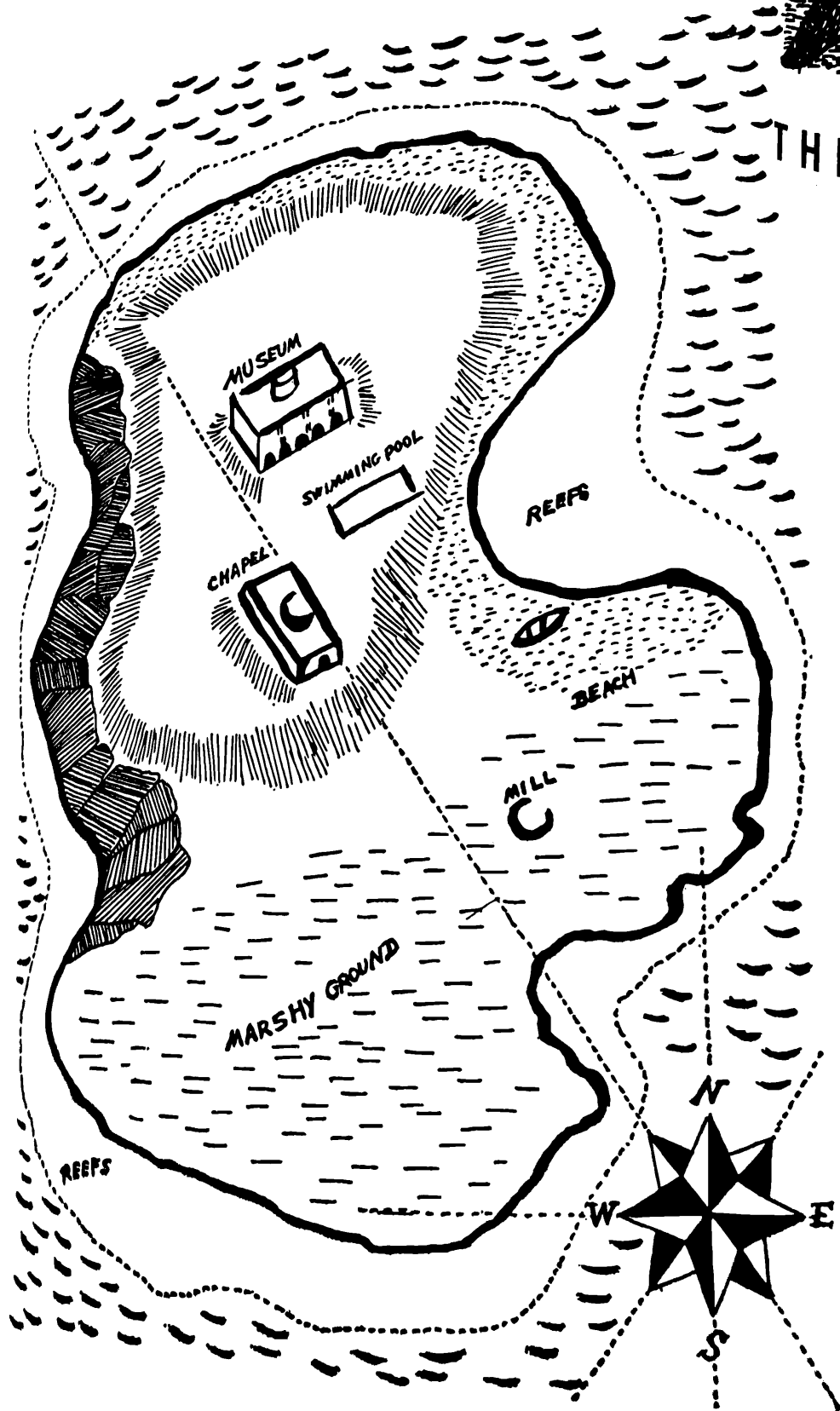
Mary stands in her living room behind the big picture window. First light dawn ignites the sun to rise. Two young riders are underway on their mounts. Hats and tails are in a cantor'd bounce. A Queensland heeler shepherds the scene. Mary rushes through the screen door to the porch. She rings the ranch bell for all hands to return. The dog stops. The two riders turn and wave. Mary's dish towel luffs back at them. She laughs, limps back into the ranch house. "You might as well been born Siamese; as bound at the hip as stern joints on a ship."



## Cadenas De Islas // Island Chains by Colin Eubank

*Atop a terrace overlooking the moonlit shore, a clique of socialites sip from martini glasses and exchange the latest happenings from the world-at-large. Gossip is punctuated by head-tilted-back laughter, which ricochets off the high ceilings of the few Art Deco structures dotting an otherwise vegetated hillside. Surrounded by white-washed walls, the eccentric leisurewear of partygoers gives off a distinctly Mediterranean vibe. The dancing tunes of “Valencia” and “Tea for Two” play on heavy rotation from dusk ‘til dawn. These classic 1920s big band bops, mixed with the conversational murmurs of Spanish, English, and French, overflow from the balcony out toward the sand, where shrieking saxophones slowly drown in the cadence of Pacific winds and waves. Palms sway alongside eucalyptus, and smooth sand gives way to rocky cliffs adorned in resilient shrubbery. The occasional aerial leap of a mackerel is offset by an aggressive cormorant’s aquatic dive.*

This description comes from the abandoned journal of an Argentine fugitive who finds refuge on a remote island far from the police pursuing him. With this strangely specific description, we might ask: Has this fugitive washed ashore Catalina? His account almost seems to match the days when big bands would reside in the Casino (an Art Deco cathedral) and play the night away for Hollywood’s starlets, while the mixture of Mediterranean and Pacific atmosphere seems to embody the natural mystique Catalina has been known to sport. Halfway between the French Riviera and the Lagoon Islands, this fugitive’s journal describes some of Catalina’s hallmark traits.



## THE INVENTION OF MOREL

In actuality, the journal is not meant to describe Catalina (But it just as well could have). The fugitive, you see, believes himself to be detailing the island of Villings, a fictional isle located somewhere in the Pacific, where the plot of Adolfo Bioy Casares’ novella “The Invention of Morel” unfolds. This Argentine fugitive is Casares’ nameless narrator and protagonist, who attempts to explain the “miracles” he encounters on an island he initially believed to be deserted. Upon his arrival, the fugitive quickly discovered Villings to be owned by a man named Morel, the scientist and inventor who plays host to a week-long vacation with his closest friends.

Full of suspicion and intrigue, the fugitive observes this group of vacationers for their week of leisure. But as the week comes to a close, Morel’s guests do not leave. Something strange happens: the events of the week (the conversations, activities, gestures etc.) repeat themselves perfectly. Casares’ novella, then, amounts to the fugitive’s fantastic (but not supernatural) attempts to explain and contextualize the geographic, temporal, ecological, and social/cultural dynamics of the island which make this strange encounter possible. Are these the fugitive’s own hallucinations? Are Morel and company ghosts, or are they some sort of automatons? Where, and when, are they existing?

*Check back next month to uncover the existential mystery at the heart of “The Invention of Morel” and learn what lessons it has in store for Santa Catalina Island!*

# Hablemos de la Salud Mental...

por Viri Vega

## ¿Qué es la depresión en los adolescentes?

La depresión y el suicidio pueden afectar a cualquier persona en cualquier momento; la depresión puede afectar a personas de cualquier edad, raza, etnia o grupo económico. De hecho, muchos de nosotros tal vez nos hemos sentido de esta manera en algún momento de nuestras vidas. Cuando se habla de los adolescentes ellos pueden correr un mayor riesgo de sufrir depresión al pasar por cambios importantes en su vida, como convertirse en un adulto, perder a un ser querido y / u otros cambios personales. Muchas veces, los adolescentes solos no pueden darse cuenta de que están luchando contra la depresión. Cuando se identifica la depresión en un adolescente, puede tomar una combinación de apoyo de amigos, seres queridos y otros profesionales para ayudar a tratar la depresión y prevenir el suicidio y problemas de salud mental más graves.

## ¿Cuáles son algunas señales de advertencia de la depresión?

Hay muchos signos de advertencia que conducen a la depresión y cuanto más rápido podemos notarlos, más oportunidades tendremos de intervenir y ayudar a alguien que lucha contra la depresión y la posible ideación suicida.

### **Señales de advertencia:**

(Nota: [\*] Puede ser de los primeros signos de advertencia perceptibles.)

- Frecuente tristeza, lágrimas, llanto \*
- Desesperación
- Interés disminuido en actividades preferidas \*
- Aburrimiento persistente o energía baja \*
- Aislamiento social, mala/falta de comunicación \*
- Baja autoestima
- Culpa
- Mayor irritabilidad, enojo u hostilidad \*
- Dificultad con las relaciones personales
- Quejas frecuentes sobre enfermedades físicas
- Ausencias frecuentes de la escuela o desempeño académico en la escuela \*

- Dificultad para concentrarse
- Cambio con el alimentación y / o sueño \*
- Hablar de huir de casa
- Pensamientos o expresiones de suicidio o comportamiento autodestructivo \*
- Hablar, leer o escribir sobre suicidio o muerte
- Hablar de sentirse inútil o desamparado \*
- Decir cosas como "...ojalá estuviera muerto...", "...no importaría si ya no estuviera aquí..."
- Visitando o llamando a la gente para decir adiós
- Regalando cosas o objetos personales
- Interés repentino en las drogas o el alcohol
- Ponerse en peligro a propósito

## ¿Cómo se puede tratar la depresión?

Una vez que se identifica la depresión, uno debe saber que hay muchas maneras de tratar la depresión. Hay muchos programas de prevención que han demostrado reducir la depresión. Estos programas de prevención se pueden encontrar dentro de los recursos familiares que se enumeran a continuación. De lo contrario, los programas de prevención pueden ser referidos por un consejero o terapeuta. Otra forma de tratar la depresión en adolescentes puede comenzar accediendo a un consejero escolar o terapeuta de salud mental. Muchas veces, tener la oportunidad de hablar y ser escuchado puede ser una manera de comenzar el tratamiento y la prevención de la depresión. Además, puede haber otros recursos o enfoques comunitarios eficaces disponibles para ayudar a prevenir la depresión. Los proveedores de atención médica pueden ofrecer tratamientos psicológicos (como activación conductual, terapia cognitiva conductual (TCC) y psicoterapia interpersonal (TPI) o medicación antidepresiva. Las diferentes formas de tratamiento psicológico incluyen tratamientos de terapia individual o grupal administrados por profesionales. Con los casos más graves de depresión, la combinación de servicios terapéuticos y antidepresivos pueden ser una forma efectiva de tratamiento. Sin embargo, esta forma

específica de tratamiento no se recomienda cuando se trata la depresión en niños y adolescentes jóvenes.

Todas estas formas de tratamiento pueden ayudar a los niños y adolescentes a mejorar pensamientos positivo y una reducción general con sentimientos de depresión o pensamientos suicidas. Si bien hay diferentes maneras de comenzar el tratamiento de depresión, el primer paso es identificar a su adolescente y el segundo es hablar con un consejero, un proveedor de atención médica u otro profesional de salud mental.

## Recursos Familiares:

A continuación verá una lista de los diferentes recursos disponibles para ayudar a las familias con adolescentes con dificultad emocional o psicológico. Estos recursos son fácilmente accesibles en línea e ofrecen una abundante cantidad de información sobre la depresión en adolescentes y otras enfermedades mentales, así como qué hacer a continuación o cómo prevenir una depresión más grave una vez identificada.

### **The Family Conservancy**

El Family Conservancy se centra en tres áreas: la calidad del cuidado infantil temprano e educación, terapia en salud mental para niños y adolescentes, y la lucha contra la pobreza y la calidad de crianza. <https://www.thefamilyconservancy.org/>

### **Paradigm Malibu: Adolescent Treatment Center**

En el Centro de Tratamiento para Adolescentes (Adolescent Treatment Center), su adolescente puede recibir tratamiento para trastornos de salud mental. <https://paradigm-malibu.com/teen-depression-treatment/>

### **Child Mind Institute**

Child Mind Institute es una organización dedicado a transformar las vidas de niños con problemas de salud mental y de aprendizaje. <https://childmind.org/topics-a-z/>

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# Road to Community Wellness

by the Avalon AC4P Movement

Are you interested in creating a positive school, work, or home culture where interpersonal compassion prevails over interpersonal conflict, abuse, and bullying? It is likely that you or someone you care for has experienced abuse or bullying firsthand, and/or observed negative ramifications from a top-down punitive approach to dealing with destructive interpersonal conflict. Some folks see an immediate reduction in undesirable behaviors after applying punitive consequences (punishment), but the lasting effects from this all-too-common intervention strategy are usually more detrimental than beneficial. Behaviors targeted for reduction are apt to occur again, behind the backs of parents, managers or police officers who try to manage behavior with negative consequences; and the attitude and self-esteem of the punished person has likely gone south. (Geller, 2018)

Avalon is a unique destination and, for those who call it home, a place of diversity across social and economic values and behaviors. Despite its small size, Avalon has a segmented population that comes from many walks of life, yet all residents circulate the same square mile day after day. While the

Avalon sense of community shines bright during collaborative efforts for gatherings such as Fall or Spring Fest, there is much room for improvement to aid alignment among the various local groups and population segments. Creating a common language by which to shape desirable behavior is the challenge, and the best tool in the box is wrapped up in the seven life lessons of Actively Caring for People.

The seven life lessons are derived from Professor E. Scott Geller's intensive and extensive study of human dynamics—five years in graduate school and 50 years as a teacher and researcher of psychology at Virginia Tech. Professor Geller coined the term “actively caring” in 1990 while working with a team of safety leaders at Exxon Chemical in Baytown, Texas. Their vision was to create and sustain a brother/sister keeper's culture in which everyone looks out for each other's safety every day. This required people to routinely go above and beyond the call of duty on behalf of the health, safety, and well-being of others. How do we promote such a positive change within an entire community? (Geller, 2018)

Collaboration, communication and commitment are a good start. Avalon's own branch of Actively Caring for People is launching a monthly opportunity for community members to benefit from Dr. Geller's legacy. This will be a discussion/ educational circle or talking group, an

opportunity for collaboration and learning! These sessions teach an “evidenced-based positive process to improve behavior and attitude concurrently, and thereby nurture an Actively Caring for People culture that enables people to cultivate the kind of interpersonal communication and positive relations that optimize both satisfaction and performance”(Geller, 2018). Each meeting is a mini-lesson that can stand alone, yet over time regular attendees will build knowledge of humanistic behaviorism to unite our community = Community Wellness Circle! Who should come? Residents of Avalon; parents, law enforcement, business leaders/ owners, teachers, students, and religious and service organization leaders/members are all invited.

COMMUNITY WELLNESS CIRCLES at the ISLAND SPA CATALINA – 2ND THURSDAY OF THE MONTH AT 6:00PM IN THE WELLNESS STUDIO. Next meeting February 14, 2019. Contact AvalonAC4P by phone/text YES.612.AC4P or care@avalonac4p.org

Donations to support the educational efforts of AvalonAC4P are tax deductible under the limits of the law www.avalonac4p.org [501c3 TAX-ID 46-4660099 - Fund control and professional supervision provided by JKP Learning Center, DBA / make checks to Factari Foundation c/o Jess Herzog PO Box 1285 Avalon, CA 90704]



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all served with steamed rice and vegetables

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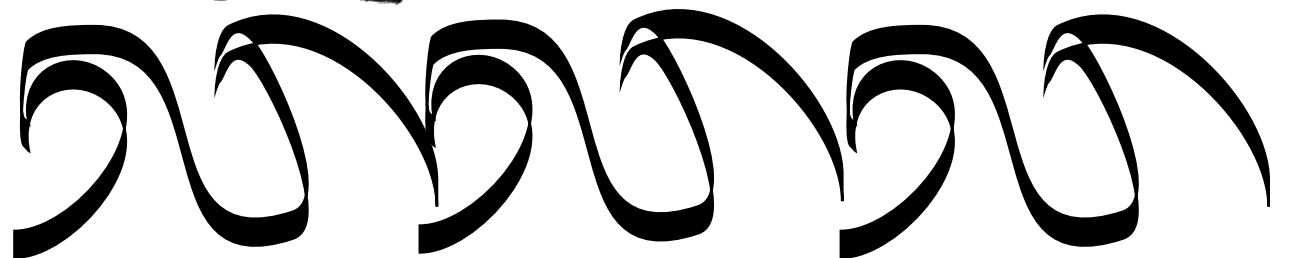
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