



A FEAST FOR THE MIND

The Sublime's Still Life

We here at *Cazuela* have been exploring our senses through food as an underlying theme to our publication. For this issue let's think about our sense of smell and what type of response we have as we experience a scent. Our sense of smell can be one of the most powerful senses we have. Not only does it conjure up incredible memories that are related to that scent, but they can also have just as strong of a negative effect because of a unpleasant experience.

One of the main reasons why we wanted our publication to be in print is because all of the textural experiences that go with it. How many times have you said yourself, "the reason why I read a book instead of reading it on my device is because of the feeling and texture, but more importantly also because the smell of a book." The sense of smell is so powerful in furnishing our sense of judgement and the processes of thought it guides. Something so minute as the smell of musty pages can provide a comforting nostalgia to mediate our presence and allow us to proceed comfortable to entertain new thoughts or ideas (or words and sentences by an unfamiliar author). But this kind of nostalgia isn't limited to the smell of a page -- nostalgia can revolve around a variety of scents.

Take the cover of this issue of *Cazuela*. It has a Silvio Silvestri painting of a fish being hauled up on to a pier. We collectively, as a community, know exactly what images are brought to mind when we see the fish that is being hauled onto the pier, and we also know how it smells! Our island is blessed with a bevy of scents that we all relate to and hold dear. Whether it be the Green Pier, or the ocean, eucalyptus, night-blooming Jasmine, sun-tan lotion or the crispness of the air after the first rain. We all relate and we all understand that those scents belong to our Island home.

In addition we all know and love the smells of cooking, and the memories that that invokes. That same fish that has been hauled up onto the pier is now being created into a stock and the aroma of the ocean and the clean fresh caught fish is indeed a delight to our senses as we prepare for the feast.

We will continue with the pages of this publication to create a feast for your senses. In doing so, we wish to stimulate your mind, acquainting it with things new and familiar through a different sensibility. We hope that as you read the contributions within these pages that you will have moments of nostalgia. We wish to spark interest within you to use and realize your senses in such a way that you are moved to share and create stories of your own.

We ask that you take a deep breath. As the air fills your lungs, notice the scents that are around you. Take a moment to just be right there and as you exhale, allow your mind to take in all the senses that are being created. Why not share in the joy of those creations?

We have an amazing obligation to connect with one another, and are proud to be connecting with so many people through our publication of *Cazuela*. At its very core and its foundation we believe we're creating a sense of community and today we are connecting our community to the sense of scent.

Creatively Yours,
Colin Eubank & Mr. Sean
All submissions can be sent to catalina.cazuela@gmail.com

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



FROM THE AVALON LIBRARY ARCHIVES: *The History of Catalina Cookbooks!*

by Paul Birchall
Avalon Library Manager

As Library Manager at Avalon Library, I was quite complimented when the editors of *Cazuela* approached me to ask if I'd like to write a little about some of the Catalina-related items in our (and your, really) local collection. At this time, many of our more fascinating holdings are in storage while we renovate the library. However, we've brought some wonderful, historical items with us to the Express Library at 210 A Metropole, across the street from Catalina Museum.

An element in our historical collection that I find particularly interesting (and entertaining) is our quite large collection of locally created cookbooks. You should come on in and see them! Avalon Library has a particularly engaging series of non-professional (meaning self-published), community-created cookbooks. These are generally spiral bound volumes, created as fundraisers to support various local institutions.

The way to Avalon's heart is, of course, through its stomach – and home grown cookbooks of the past provide an incredibly fascinating snapshot of Avalon's history: What people found delicious in the past often changes with time. And, in Avalon, thanks to the new gourmet-strength offerings at the grandly reopened Vons, foods are now available on the island that (in years past) folks would have had to cart over on the boat. But there's also something to be said about the simplicity and delight of casseroles and icebox cakes.

Not only do the contents of the library's local cookbook collection showcase lots of food that folks found delicious in the past, they also provide a haunting portrait of Avalon's even more oceanic past.

For instance, the wonderful *Catalina Island Fresh Fish Cook Book*, published 1976 by the

Catalina Island Yacht Club Women's Auxiliary, offers a number of extraordinary dishes. One particularly intriguing, and very simple, recipe is for "Quick Sautéed Sand Dabs," a regional specialty:

"Dress the sand dabs. Into a paper or plastic bag, put corn meal, salt, pepper and paprika, and shake to mix." After sautéing until slightly brown, "drain on paper towels." Fish accompaniment: "Mix equal parts of mayonnaise and regular mustard, beat for 1 minute." The recipe concludes, "All ingredients can be kept in ship's stores – you need only catch the fish!"

Catalina Kitchen, a Collection of Recipes, a 1952 book published by Avalon School's Parents and Teacher Association, crackles with enchanting cuisine to delight the Eisenhower Era Palate. I'm not sure I'd go for the "Frankfurter Noodle Casserole," with its recommendation to "drain boiling water from franks, add to noodle mixture, add can of mushroom soup." However, I'd gobble up the "Apple Nut Pudding" right now. *Catalina Kitchen, a Collection of Recipes*, also offers an amazing recipe for Catalina Wild Boar, which certainly was a possible delicacy for carnivorous hunters back in the day:

"Marinate boar in Milani 1890 French Dressing and fresh garlic. Soak overnight in refrigerator. Roast as you would any other roast, basting often!" I'd also quite enjoy some of the astonishing dishes made with abalone, which pop up throughout *Catalina Kitchen*. "Abalone Pot Roast," is one truly intriguing-sounding meal. "To prepare abalone for pot-roasting, first clean and trim in the usual way. Pound piece gently on both sides until edges are pliable but not soft and limp," the recipe describes. "In a Dutch oven, lightly brown the abalone on both sides. Add tomato sauce and wine. Bake for 1 hour or until abalone is tender." Delish!

Abalone also features prominently in the truly luscious *Catalina Island Fresh Fish Cookbook*, a 1991 locally published text that features a number of mouthwatering fish dishes. The recipe for "Saute'ed Abalone Southwest" describes how to make delicious, lightly breaded, pounded abalone steaks. "Be careful pounding," author Charles Walters notes, "This takes time and a lot of care not to pound holes through the steaks!"

Catalina Island Fresh Fish Cookbook also offers a recipe for Abalone Burgers, which suggests cubing an abalone steak and then putting it through a meat grinder. "Do not try to use a blender or a food processor to grind the abs. It won't work!" Walters

A sampling of the cookbook archive available at the Avalon Library. Image courtesy of the Avalon Library.

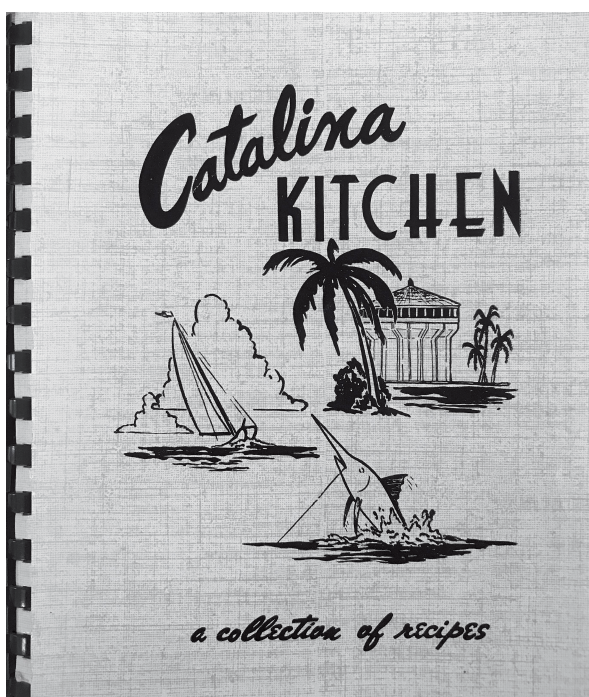


describes how a friend of his tried to make abalone burgers using a food processor. "Looking at that abalone milkshake a-swirling, and a-foaming around in there with little black specks shooting by, I knew I didn't want to eat one of those things."

From the 1973 *Campus by the Sea's Tried and True Cookbook*, we find a wonderful recipe for preparing Peace Burgers from local abalone. But this cookbook provides much in the way of folksy comfort fare, with mouth watering recipes for Cowboy Coffee Cake, Pumpkin Bread, Sourdough French Bread, and Daddy's Favorite Date Bread. While I was working on this article at the library, several young patrons were so amazed by the bread dishes, they all Xeroxed the pages from the cookbook, including the recipe for Refrigerator Cake, an idyllic concoction filled with whipped cream, semi-sweet chocolate, and lady fingers. I warned the young patrons that the librarian expects to sample any treats made from these books!

Occasionally, an offbeat humorous sensibility shows through this collection of local texts. *Recipes: Ship 'n' Shore*, 1976, written to support the Catalina Island Yacht Club Women's Auxiliary, boasts a fascinating recipe for Elephant Stew. "Catch 1 elephant and stew 4-5 weeks, seasoning well with salt and pepper. If more servings are needed, put a rabbit in the stew, but don't let the guests know, since they may not like a hare in their food."

Come visit us at the library and we'll take you on a delicious walk down memory lane as we show you our cookbook collection!



The cover of *Catalina Kitchen, a Collection of Recipes*, referenced in the article. Courtesy of the Avalon Library.

What's Up With Those Giant Mosquitoes?!

They are all over Avalon. Actually, they are all over the Island! Giant mosquito-like creatures, flying clumsily into our houses, bouncing against the ceiling, gathering around the lights, landing on our carts. They look like the great-white-sharks of mosquitoes, gigantic, scary-looking. People call them "mosquito-eaters" so they can't be all bad, can they?

As a matter of fact, pretty much everything you hear about these harmless creatures is wrong. They are NOT mosquitoes. They don't eat mosquitoes either. They don't bite. As a matter of fact, they don't eat a lot, if anything. Maybe A bit of nectar from a flower.

These scary-looking Hulk-like insects are called crane flies (because of their crane-like, long legs). They are a relative of mosquitoes (belonging to the *Order diptera*, or two-winged flies), but belong to a different family, the *Tipulidae*.

Crane flies are completely harmless. They live only for a few days as adults. As larvae, they live in wet areas, streams, ponds, and

even in the moist soil, feeding of decaying organic matter. As adults, their sole responsibility is to find a mate and procreate. Some species visit flowers, sipping a bit of nectar and helping pollinate them.

The nature of Catalina Island is fascinating and full of mysteries and stories. We will be sharing more of these stories in upcoming essays and a book.

by
**Carlos
de la Rosa**



check out *Cazuela online!*

cazuelapublication.wordpress.com

We have all seen it and heard its effects, but how many of us have smelled lightning? If you have ever been close to a lightning strike, you have probably noticed a smell, sometimes fairly faint and sometimes overpowering, immediately after, probably even before the hairs on your arm have stopped standing on end. Some describe the odor as similar to chlorine. To me, it smells like melting plastic or burning inorganic matter. It is on the unpleasant side, but the reason behind the smell is really pretty cool.

The two most abundant elements in our atmosphere are oxygen and nitrogen. However, atoms of these elements rarely occur without a partner. Thus, instead of a bunch of Os and Ns in our atmosphere, what we more accurately have is a bunch of O₂s and N₂s. When lightning strikes, it superheats the air around it to ridiculous temperatures (over 50,000 degrees Fahrenheit), causing the sonic boom we hear as thunder and forcing molecules of air to be violently split apart. All of this activity results, for a short period of time, in stray Os and Ns. Most of these pair back up fairly quickly, but every so often a stray O will join up with an O₂ to make a molecule of **ozone** (O₃). The human olfactory system is sensitive enough to smell ozone in small concentrations (about 10 parts per billion – that is roughly equivalent to traveling five feet of your journey all the way to the sun), so even a small amount of ozone in the air is noticeable to us.

Do You Smell That?

by Rich Zanelli



Painting by Buck Lopez. On display at Catalina Art Association Gallery.
For purchasing details, contact Laura DiMiele at (310) 510-2788.

Another interesting factoid is that you can sometimes smell ozone before a thunderstorm hits. This results from previous lightning-created ozone molecules being pushed forward at the leading edge of a storm. It does not necessarily indicate that the upcoming storm will be severe, only that it had been severe.

Fun Facts About Lightning

1. A single bolt of lightning is around 5 times hotter than the surface of the sun.
2. The irrational fear of lightning is known as keraunophobia.
3. The odds of being struck by lightning in your lifetime is 1 in 3,000.
4. Each second there are 50 to 100 Cloud-to-ground lightning strikes to the earth worldwide.
5. On average, the Empire State Building in New York is struck 24 times a year and was once struck eight times in 24 minutes.
6. The energy contained from a single lightning strike can power a 100-watt light bulb for 90 days.
7. "Lightning never strikes twice" is just a myth, lightning can strike the same location many times.
8. Lightning follows the path of least resistance as it streaks through the sky. It would prefer to travel in a straight line, but will shift its path to avoid obstacles, even as small as a speck of dust. This is why it has such an erratic-looking visual signature.
9. "Lightning" and "lightening" do not mean the same thing.

Borrowed from: <https://churchillsc.co.uk/news/10-interesting-facts-lightning/> and then modified.

A Dispatch From the Community Garden

Through rain and shine, the Avalon Community Garden has continued to meet on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 10:00AM. Many of the seedlings planted in February now peek about an inch above the soil. The spinach, dwarf bok choy, kale, sugar snap peas, and lettuce varieties (romaine, butter crunch, black seeded simpson, and mixed) have grown with particular enthusiasm. The radish leaves have sprouted with a yellowish-tint, which may suggest a nutrient deficiency. Other plants, such as the carrots and chioggia beets, have yet to surface.

Gardeners have begun working on ways to assist the plants growing in light-poor parts of the plot. Some of these efforts have taken the form of basic environmental maintenance, such as removing unwated growth around the sproutlings and pruning the foliage of a tree which casts shade on the plot. But other solutions have taken a more experimental stance. One such effort has been to install mirrors to redirect sunlight to the light-poor areas. As the sun moves through the sky, the mirror redirects the light to different parts of the shaded bed.

In addition to providing regular updates on the Avalon Community Garden, our dispatches include a brief interview with members involved in the Garden. This month, we sit down with **Kelly McCain** to discuss gardening and what this initiative means to her. Hope you enjoy!

When did you first begin gardening, and what is one of your favorite memories that you associate with this practice?

"I started gardening when I bought my first home in 1983, and I think one of my favorite memories comes from some of my early experiences with gardening. I took a cutting of my favorite plant, which is Calla Lily, from my friend's house and brought it back to my house. Within a few years, calla lilies lined the entire side of my house. Planting [that single calla lily] and watching it grow and multiply, was a wonderful experience for me."



*Avalon Community Garden sproutlings peek above the soil.
photo by Micah Phillips.*

What is the feeling you get while gardening that makes it a special activity for you?

"Gardening is really meditative for me. I really like the feeling of earth, and while gardening I get to see the life-force of plants up close."

Can you talk about one thing you've learned so far with the Avalon Community Garden?

"So, in my opinion, the Avalon Community Garden is very much like a lab. We're starting here and learning and adapting to our space -- which has a lot of challenges. I don't know how some of the things we're trying will turn out. It's trial and error, which is why I think of it as a lab (laughter). But it's a process, and that's what makes it exciting, you know?...One thing I'm curious about is the straw bales [which are used as a raised base upon which about half the garden has been planted] because I've never really tried that before. I'm really excited to see the results of this method."

(You can read more about straw bale gardens at: www.gardeners.com/how-to/straw-bale-gardens/8882.html)

What is a dream or vision you have for the Avalon Community Garden?

"Well, I would love to introduce hydroponics to the garden. I'm still learning about it and researching it myself, but hydroponics is a space-saving, water-saving system where you grow using no soil (all the nutrients are in the water). But it's fascinating because this is a system you can build vertically...I would love to see the whole community garden space overflowing with life and an abundance of greens, hanging flowers, veggies...all while saving water."

What can this initiative bring to the Avalon Community as a whole?

"Expansion. If this is the lab, then we can use it to attract people who are interested, find out what works, see what systems work best for our climate. But I can see us expanding our efforts to the rest of town. There's plenty of space throughout town that could be beautified and, in the future, used to grow food."



For more information about how to join or donate to the Avalon Community Garden, contact: Micah at 310.245.2829 or Dan at 310.510.0220

"Enchanted Isle"

a poem by

Rosie "Pinky" Taylor

Like a veil, a thin
Gauze of clouds hides her.
A vague silhouette,
Dances behind a screen.
Seductive and inviting - calling
Me to push past the curtain.
I do, and catch that first glimpse
Majestic and beautiful,
She lays among the waves
Bright with morning sun,
Shining softly on her peaks,
Eucalyptus scarf thrown
Casually across her shoulder.
And in her palm,
Lay like a jewel in a shell
Avalon

Women of HERstory: Mothers of Punk, The Third Part

by Constance Rux

When I started this three-part series, I didn't know where it was going to end. To be honest, as I started this article - The Mothers of Punk, The Third Part - I rewrote it several times before I decided on how I wanted it to go. A lot has happened over the course of the past few days in the media regarding performers. I decided I needed to address this. The Gayle King interview of R. Kelly hit prime time, the "Leaving Neverland" documentary hit Netflix. The internet has exploded with images, interviews, news articles, and the one thing I can't get out of my mind: that these two male artists got away with what they were doing for years. YEARS. They were allowed, yes allowed, to continue what they did because of their celebrity. Because of their sellability, their stage presence, their ability to speak to a mass audience. A mainstream audience. The people who came forward to speak against them were shut down because... because... I am at a loss. Because they were female? Or children? Because they were unknown? Because they are a minority? Or more to the point - because the men they accused made a lot of people, a lot of money? (I vote that one)

But this is 2019 and the #timesup #metoo #muterkelly #yesallwomen #fem2 #allmencan #rapeculture #speakout #standup #weareallrealsickofthisandarereallysureitneedstobeovernow

But isn't this a his(HER)story piece? Yes. So why am I bringing up the present? Well, we are living in a moment. Making his(HER)story now. The future is watching us. As it watched the generations before us. Waiting to pick us apart minutely piece by piece. We are under the microscope. The microscope of

the generation of my daughter, who is crawling around my feet right now, and her children too. The generation that doesn't understand yet what is happening around them, but will soon.

They won't listen to Elmo forever. So do we want the people they look up to once they stop looking up to talking puppets be just another version of a talking puppet? That presents one thing to the public, but behind the curtain can do anything they want because they are willing to be a puppet? In today's internet culture this is increasingly harder to do. Everything everyone does is everywhere. The curtain is opening.

That point brings me back to the beginning of this three piece series. My original question - Why were the Mothers of Punk brushed aside? I finally had an answer. Because they were not controllable. They had their own ideas, their own voice, their own thing to say. They just were who they were. Think of the 90s and 00s girl groups (I say groups because none of them played anything). The Spice Girls, TLC, Destiny's Child, The Pussycat Dolls - the female versions of their boy band counterparts. I listened to them as much as any other 90s girl. But what did they have to say? Nothing. They had nothing to say. Yes, they showed a female in a male profession. But they were not taken seriously. They were "harmless." Dad's took their daughters to the concerts, or let them buy the posters because the Dad's thought they were sexy. Not because they were great female role models. They didn't necessarily cause waves or controversy. They were marketable, they were predictable. They didn't cause waves. A 90s girl could say, "I wanna be Posh Spice!" Her parents could laugh, "He, He, okay kitten, let's get you a pop star costume for Halloween and singing lessons. Oh, isn't that cute. She wants to sing." It was accepted. Who doesn't still sing *all I really-want-is-a-zing-a-zing-ahhh?*

Now, tell your Dad you want to wear spikes, torn up jeans, combat boots, and yell about the patriarchy in a ski mask like Pussy Riot... crickets. (Now that is a generalization, if you are reading this and you think, not me! Then no, not you.) They were as much sex symbols as singers. Being sexy is marketable, reliable, a desirable trait in our society (now please don't confuse the marketable sexy with the hard fought for freedom for women to wear whatever they want - like pants - and not get burned at the stake for it - sorry Joan) - see my first piece in this series for more on this concerning Rolling Stones and the Rock N' Roll Hall of Fame.

But recently there is a shift. A shift in the mainstream. Female artists speaking out, saying something again, and being listened to. Lady Gaga, Pink, Queen Latifah, Beyonce, Cardi B, Pussy Riot - they are using their platform on the stage to say something, using their music to change something. Do I need to agree with everything they say to appreciate that? No. It makes me look back to the women who spoke, screamed, and sang ideas into their microphones in the 70s. This new generation of female artists are using their talents as a way to reach out and spread awareness again. To speak ideas again. They are coming up against the same old industry issues, sure. But now they have a whole twitterverse behind them.

The Mothers of Punk should be proud. Their fight was not in vain. Maybe they never reached the level of success these "daughters" have. But it wasn't in vain. They opened doors, they opened stages. They paved a path. I feel this piece may never really come to a close. But it has to end somewhere. So it will end here for now. With open ears I await the next generations of women to pick up an instrument and express themselves, express a movement, and lead us on into a time when the music industry isn't only the industry of Drugs, Sex, and Rock n' Roll, but of Ideas, Equality, and Innovation.

The Donkey & The Wolf (An Aesop Fable)

A DONKEY feeding in a meadow saw a Wolf approaching to seize him, and immediately pretended to be lame. The Wolf, coming up, inquired the cause of his lameness. The Donkey replied that passing through a hedge he had trod with his foot upon a sharp thorn. He requested that the Wolf pull it out, lest when he ate him it should injure his throat. The Wolf consented and lifted up the foot, and was giving his whole mind to the discovery of the thorn, when the Donkey, with his heels, kicked his teeth into his mouth and galloped away. The Wolf, being thus fearfully mauled, said, "I am rightly served, for why did I attempt the art of healing, when my father only taught me the trade of a butcher?"



Illustration by Milo Winter from
Aesop for Children (1919)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant...

Petra von Kant is a famous fashion designer who sits at the center of a love triangle between her assistant, Marlene, and an acquaintance (the friend of Petra's cousin) Karin. The plot of *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant* (1973) takes place entirely in Petra's apartment, tracing the shifting dynamics between these women. But there is something more impressive than Fassbinder's inventive film techniques, the portrayal of transgressive sexual relationships or this all-female cast. What makes the drama of *Petra* so powerful is its relentless account of women struggling -- with(in), together and against one another -- in the shadows of patriarchy (and the emotional economies it traffics). The agony of each act peels back another layer of this struggle, with the apparent "absence" of men making its brutality all the more palpable. So much so is this the case that even as the final act of Fassbinder's film ends as a "failure" we as viewers cannot be anything other than grateful for the sensibility it lends to our accounts of gendered violence and its repercussions.



Films like *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant*, or even the comical love-triangle of Yorgos Lanthimos's recent Oscar-contender *The Favourite* (2018), remind us that the moment of #metoo cannot ever be understood as a merely the contention for (long-belated) recognition of gendered violence. Rather, it is an entry point for the analysis of the ways patriarchy works as an integral foundation for the operations of modern exploitation and the institutions which manage them.

...W. Fassbinder's all female cast explores sex and power in 1972 with no #metoo.

"The Woman Who Loves Herself"

The woman who loves herself does not wait for someone to validate her. She validates herself.

She knows how special and amazing she is. She doesn't need anyone else in order to feel whole.

The woman who loves herself is complete and content on her own. She does not wonder if the guy will call her. She does not sit there hoping he likes her. She knows her worth and she knows that the right guy will find her.

The woman who loves herself recognizes her talents and isn't afraid to share them. She sees her own beauty and praises the beauty of others. She presents herself in a way that makes her feel good and adorns herself in a way that expresses her uniqueness. She is confident.

The woman who loves herself is not afraid to speak her truth. She stands up for herself and even for others when necessary. She is firm yet feminine in her boundaries, knowing that she does not need to use force or aggression in order to make them known. She communicates clearly and asks for what she needs.

The woman who loves herself has FUN. She regularly does things that bring her joy. She loves to move her body and find pleasure in her daily life. She loves to dress up and go out dancing and she loves to stay in and pamper herself.

The woman who loves herself surrounds herself with the right people. She spends quality time with people who love her and appreciate her and understand her and lift her up. She is able to let go of people who are not in alignment.

She is a wonderful friend to herself and to others.

The woman who loves herself is connected with her soul. She listens to her intuition and knows that the universe is always guiding her. She trusts. She surrenders to the divine plan. She knows she is always taken care of.

The woman who loves herself accepts herself fully. She honors her feelings and has compassion for herself and others. She is comfortable being vulnerable and welcomes her emotions. She is courageous, and takes action towards her dreams despite her fears. She enjoys the journey.

The woman who loves herself is grateful for her life. She is living in alignment with her soul and her purpose. She is authentic and is always being herself. She does not compare herself to others. She is proud of herself and celebrates herself. She is her own best friend and greatest love.

If you're not there yet, that is ok! Have compassion for yourself. You are totally capable of becoming this woman.

And I can help you! My name is Sky O'Connor, I'm a Women's Coach and I empower women to step into the most worthy version of themselves so they can attract aligned relationships through spirituality, sensuality, and self love. If you would like to connect with me and find out about my coaching program or see more of my content you can find me on social media:

[facebook.com/skyoco](https://www.facebook.com/skyoco)

Catalina Art Association Local Artist of the Month: Buck Lopez

This month's artist is one hardworking and talented artist, musician and CAA volunteer: Buck Lopez. Buck has had an artistic flair ever since he could hold a pencil. He loved to draw and paint in elementary school. He even won a blue ribbon in our Youth Art Show.

"I've always loved art," says Lopez. "Mrs. Rockwell was, and still is, my favorite teacher. I learned so much in her class. I grew up watching some of the local artists like Sampson, Upton, Dawes and Warner. I loved their work. After High School I didn't paint as much. It wasn't until I got my first tattoo that I fell in love with it as an art form. I learned everything I could about tattooing and committed to being a tattoo artist. It got my creative side going again...Unfortunately a hand injury caused me to stop tattooing, and I was sad to put my creativity aside. [But] all I needed was the gift of canvas and art supplies to express myself artistically again. I haven't stopped since."

"My first art show I was in a booth next to Danny Patterson. I've always loved his work, and he's always given me so much advice and encouragement. When I was placed next to him in the Catalina Festival of Art, I thought: 'I made it. I'm in the big show next to one of my favorite artists!' I've been in every Catalina Festival show since -- and I'm in the Art Association Gallery too. "

"At the end of the day, with every painting, carving, performance with the band, you know what I'm about, where I came from, my family and its history. I'm an Islander, and very proud of that. I'm proud of our beautiful little town of Avalon. She is the best inspiration, and that's how I got Isle Valley Art.

As a side note, we at the Catalina Art Association appreciate all the hard work Buck puts in helping set up and tear down the festivals for the past 3 years. His dedication is a true blessing.



Facebook: [Buck Lopez](#)
Artworks On View At: [Catalina Art Gallery \(303 Crescent Ave\)](#)
Contact: [310-510-2788](#)



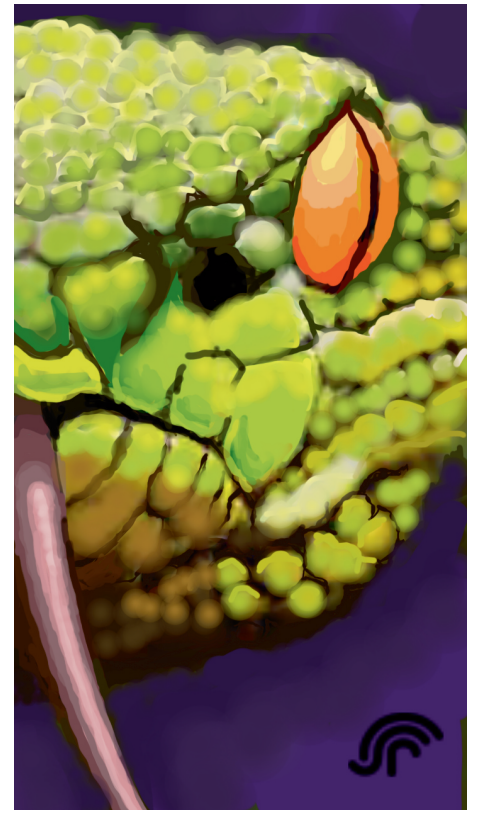
Pisces



Aquarius



Sagittarius



Scorpio



FoneFauna: a series of stylus sketches
by Caprice Rothe



Drama on the Flowers

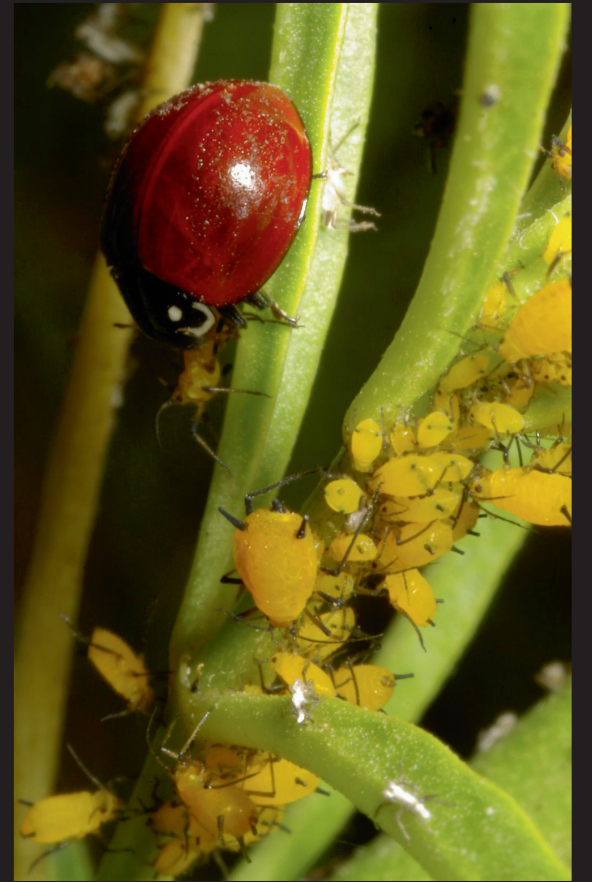
by Carlos de la Rosa

The bright yellow flowers of the goldenbush (*Isocoma menziesii*) nod in a gentle afternoon breeze. It is late fall on Catalina Island and the splash of color catches your eye. Up close, a whole production is unfolding. Numerous bees hover over the expanse of flowers, a butterfly awkwardly scuttles off to visit the delicate flowers of the narrow-leaf milkweed (*Aesclepias fascicularis*), a fly struggles to extract itself from a spider's web, and ants are swarming on the flowers and running up and down the stems of the plants. What else is going on? Several dramas unfold every day in and among the flowers of Catalina's plants. These interactions between plants, insects, and animals illustrate a number of ecological concepts in quite dramatic and interesting ways. It's the true theater of life, filled with danger, heroes and villains, sex and death, a struggle to survive, natural selection at work, a battle of tiny jaws and claws repeated endlessly day and night. (*continues on pg 10*)

Milkweed bug on milkweed. A milkweed bug, bright in its warning colors that say "Don't eat me! I taste really, really bad!" doesn't drink the nectar of the narrow-leaved milkweed flowers but pierces the stems of the plant with its sucking mouthparts and drinks the sap, probably the main reason why it tastes so bad!



Argentine ants attack bee. A swarm of Argentine ants on a woolly sunflower will prevent insects from landing and drinking the flower's nectar. Some may even lose their lives to the ants. Here, a sweat bee lands on the woolly sunflower to collect nectar. The ants make their move and start swarming towards the bee. The attack is swift and efficient. The bee has precious few seconds before an ant gets a hold of it, which could lead to harm or even death.



Ladybug eating an aphid. Ladybugs are fierce predators of aphids, the yellow insects sucking sap from the stem of this plant. Both, the larva and the adult of the ladybug feed on aphids. Lunch time for ladybugs. Aphids multiply very fast and can eventually harm the plant they are feeding on. Ladybugs eat the aphids, but often not fast enough!

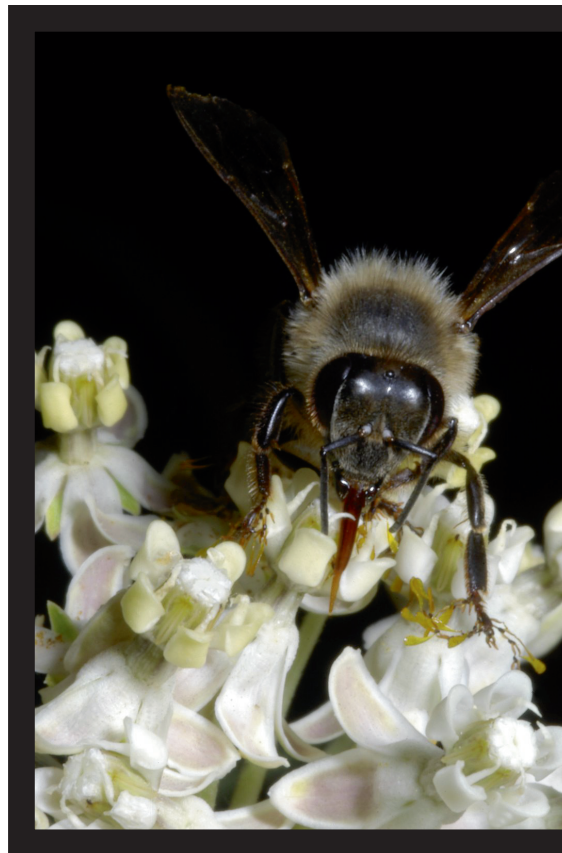
Drama on the Flowers

(continued from pg 9)

The first concept one can explore is that the more complex the flower, the more likely it is that it evolved specifically for a species or group of insects for pollination. And, the insects more than likely have developed characteristics that maximize the benefits from these specific plants. This joint evolution, a form of an “arms race for reproduction,” is known as co-evolution. Many plants reproduce sexually by producing male and female “gametes” in the form of pollen and eggs that when joined will form the seeds for the next generation. Sexually reproducing plants use flowers in the production and packaging of these gametes and many of these flowers use insects as the means to transport their gametes to other flowers. A pollen-laden insect is a great reproduction messenger, bringing the pollen from flower to flower ensuring that a plant will not self-pollinate, something that for some plants is not a good thing.

These plants have evolved in ways that attract and reward their insect visitors, particularly those that get involved in the transport of pollen to other flowers. The sweet and often not-so sweet collection of scents produced by flowers act as attractants to a variety of insects and birds, like hummingbirds. Some smells are quite disagreeable to us humans, like the smell of rotting meat produced by some flowers of certain succulent plants. Why would a plant smell like rotten meat? To attract flies, of course! And flies get fooled and walk around the flower looking for the piece of decomposing flesh and in the process pick up a lot of pollen that they take to the next flower. A cruel deception, you may think, but it must work for both the flower and the fly, because it keeps happening and evolving and it is fairly common in nature.

Color is also an important attractant, although insects and even birds see color differently than us. Many insects, for example, can see into the infrared region of the color spectrum, something we can't detect with our naked eyes. So a flower that to us looks uniformly yellow can appear very different to an insect, with contrasting patches, lines, “landing zones” and other features that we can only see when using ultraviolet light and a camera that can see UV. And then there is the reward: nectar. The word nectar encompasses a suite of sugars (mostly sucrose, fructose and glucose) produced by specialized glands called nectaries. Most of the nectaries are found in flowers, although they can also be found on leaves, pedicels of leaves and other locations on plants. Nectar is an important source of energy for insects such as bees, butterflies, wasps and ants, as well as birds like hummingbirds and many species of bats.



Bee with pollinia drinking nectar. Bees, such as honey bees and other species, visit flowers not only to drink their nectar, but also to collect pollen, which they use as food back in their nests for their growing larvae. This bee drinking nectar from a milkweed flower also has accidentally collected the flower's pollinia, or pollen sacs, which can be seen as yellow structures attached to the bee's legs. The bee will carry these sacks to the next flowers it visits.

We now have the ingredients for an all-out war. With a smorgasbord of scents and colors and the sweet loot of nectar, a broad assembly of pollinators and opportunist, predators and potential prey will gather around the colorful battlefield. Where there is nectar, there are nectar-feeders, and where these are, there is likely to be a predator around. This is the next piece in the complex web of life. Spiders, ants, praying mantises, wasps and other creatures, including lizards and frogs, hang around flowers because of the abundance of potential prey. Some, like Argentine ants, attack insects visiting the flowers either to catch and kill them or to defend other plant-associated resources, such as aphids, from which they obtain benefits (the so-called honey-dew aphids exude for the ants). And often there will be competition for the nectar, doled out in small quantities by the flowers.

And so we go back to the goldenbush flowers of the introduction. Argentine ants (*Linepithema humile*) have claimed the territory for themselves. They are nectar hogs, not the sharing kind of creature. Any bee that approaches a flower will get rushed and attacked as an intruder. Argentine ants are not native to Catalina Island. Originally, they come from northern Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia and southern Brazil and have become invasive in the US, displacing many native ants. Our native bees are not used to the Argentine ant's aggressive behavior. The bees land on the flowers and as they begin to sip the nectar, the ants confront them and injuries occur. I photographed several of these interactions, finding a number of bees with missing legs or segments of legs that had fallen prey to the bellicose ants. And if losing a limb or two

wasn't bad enough, their nectar-gathering time gets also severely reduced. A bee that would normally spend a 10 or 20 seconds exploring the flower head and sipping the nectar can only spend a second or two before getting mugged by the ants. This reduces not only its fitness and ability to forage efficiently, but also reduces the fitness of the goldenbush because the bees can't get enough pollen on them to go to the next flowers.

We can only wonder what the long-term effects of these changes in the relationships between ants, bees and flowers will bring. Invasive species, a topic for a separate essay will be explored in more detail another time. Suffice to say that Catalina is a fertile ground for active evolution and natural selection, some prompted by the effects of human activities, others by the global changes we are experiencing in climate. It is an evolving story and we could use more researchers to help us understand what beneficial role we could play in this ongoing drama.



Bee with pollinia drinking nectar. Bees, such as honey bees and other species, visit flowers not only to drink their nectar, but also to collect pollen, which they use as food back in their nests for their growing larvae. This bee drinking nectar from a milkweed flower also has accidentally collected the flower's pollinia, or pollen sacs, which can be seen as yellow structures attached to the bee's legs. The bee will carry these sacks to the next flowers it visits.

March Super Worm Moon Welcomes Spring

by Alison Neville

Get ready to moon swoon! March's super Worm Moon will be the third super moon of 2019. It will appear bigger and brighter than usual as it makes its closest approach to Earth in the lunar cycle. It is the first full moon of Spring -- gracing us in full glory on Spring Equinox, March 20th. The worm moon readies us for planting as the ground softens for earthworms to work their magic in the soil. Winter hands the baton to Spring. On March 20th, the full Worm Moon and Spring Equinox aka, Vernal Equinox share the stage.

To understand the significance of the first day of spring, it is helpful to know what the word equinox means. It comes from Latin and means *equal day and equal night*. Equinoxes occur twice a year. The spring equinox happens when the sun moves north across the celestial equator. Later in the year, in September, the autumnal equinox will occur when the sun crosses the celestial equator to the south.

In ancient cultures, the cycle of the earth around the sun symbolized darkness moving towards light from winter solstice to vernal equinox. The cycles of the seasons reminds us and those who have walked the earth before us that beginnings and endings are eternal. Spring excites us with new birth. Our ancestors were very in touch with these cycles for their survival. It was a way for them to measure if they had enough supplies, and track planting cycles. Each day forward, the day is a little longer until summer solstice. Therefore, spring equinox represents new light, new life, planting seeds, cleaning out the old and making way for the new. This is where the tradition of spring cleaning came from.

As day and night are equal, equinox represents our own need for balance in our life. Yin/Yang. Moon/Sun. Feminine/Masculine. Dark/Light. Equilibrium invites us to keep our lives in balance.

Many cultures celebrate vernal equinox with eggs. In Christian cultures, Easter

eggs are synonymous with Easter. Also known as Paschal eggs, usually colorful decorated chicken eggs. However, the tradition of painting hard boiled eggs during springtime pre-dates Christianity. In many cultures, the egg is a symbol of fertility, new life, and rebirth. For thousands of years, the peoples of Persian culture have decorated eggs on Nowruz, which means "new day", because the Iranian New Year falls on spring equinox. Other peoples attribute pagan roots to the Easter eggs, and the word Easter itself, to the goddess Eostre, Ostara, Eastre, goddess of the spring/dawn. It is said her feast day is on the full moon following vernal equinox -- some say is the identical calculation for Christian Easter in the west. Legend would have it that Eostre found a bird wounded on the ground in late winter. To save its life, she transformed it into a hare. But the transformation was not a complete. The bird took the appearance of a hare but retained the ability to lay eggs. The hare would decorate these eggs and leave them for gifts to Eostre.

Spring celebrations across the globe are fascinating. On spring (and fall) equinox at the ruins of Chichen Itza, Mexico, crowds gather to watch as the afternoon sun creates shadows that resemble a snake moving along the stairs of the 79ft tall Pyramid of Kukulcan. On the spring equinox the snake descends the pyramid until it merges with a large, serpent head sculpture at the base of the structure.

Another ancient story is of the Roman god, Mithras, in some ways similar to the story of Jesus Christ. Mithras was born on winter solstice and resurrected in spring. Mithras helped his followers ascend to the realm of light after death. Also in Roman lore, the followers of Cybele, believed that their goddess had a consort who was born via a virgin birth. His name was Attis. Attis died and was resurrected each year during the vernal equinox.



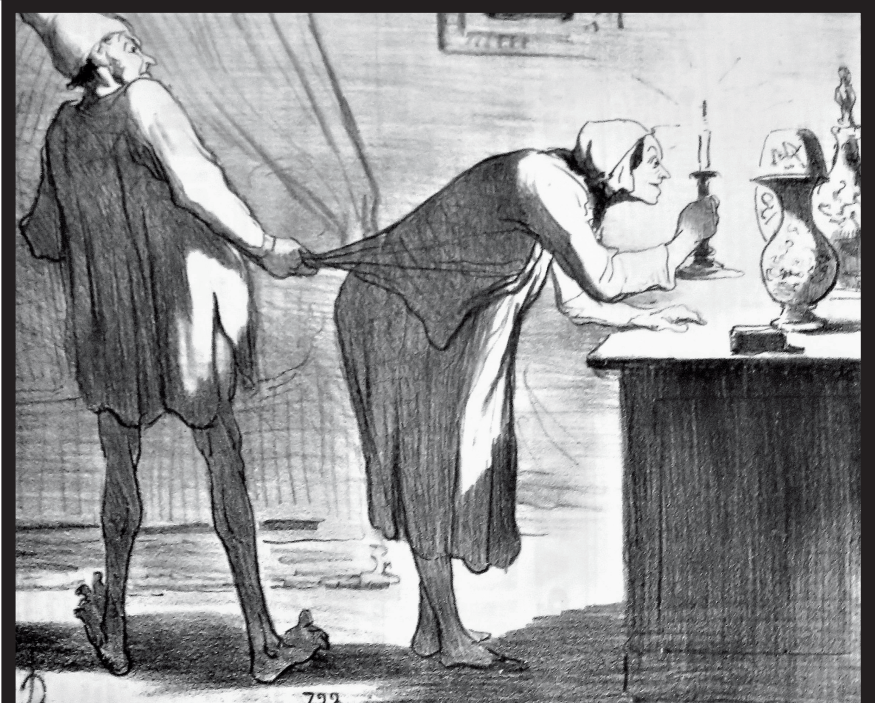
Ostara (1884) by Johannes Gehrts. The goddess flies through the heavens surrounded by Roman-inspired cherubs, beams of light, and animals. People look up at the goddess from the realm below.

There are so many similarities in how diverse cultures wove stories into their lineages to give meaning the magnificence of our seasons. Funny how we often feel we are so different from each other, yet so often, our stories and traditions repeat a common thread.

Modern vernal celebrations can be rich as our religious, spiritual, familial roots- and also as simple as our practical everyday needs. It is a good time to start your seedlings. When we plant, we also seeding the soil with the energy of new life, new beginning. Something magical happens when each seedling catalyzes the spark of life. We are all constantly changing, starting anew. Nature mirrors our cycles of life. Spring bursts with color. Take some time to celebrate the new life that surrounds you in nature. Happy Spring. Enjoy the Super Worm Moon. Three cheers for new beginnings this vernal equinox promises to bring each of us in our own unique way.

"Once" a poem by Tom Cushing

Seas sang songs and woods whispered words that once we listened to, and heard the hills that knelt in prayer before the skies, or read the poems of snakes and birds. And once, the wind was understood, and stones could talk, and lessons were learned from light that glistened through trees or danced on lakes, or taught our eyes with bounding deer and flashing wing. And once, the streams spoke sweet and clear, and beasts were omens to the wise, and clouds were thoughts, and stars were dreams, with surf, the beating of a heart, and rain, the crying of the earth for joy at Spring.



"Knick Knack, Paddy Whack..."
From February's CAPTION THIS winner,
Sean Brannock

I have said it before and I will say it again: I am a word nerd. And, I am disappointed in myself for having used the wrong form of a word in my last installment of misused words. So, I will try to make up for it with:

Frequently Misused Words, Part 2

by Rich Zanelli

Your/You're: Use your when you mean “belonging to you”. Use you’re when what you mean is “you are.”

A couple of years ago, I was reading *Sports Illustrated* and came across an article about how sports fans were getting dumber. Coincidentally, there was a photograph in an unrelated article that showed a fan at a football game holding up a sign that read: “No Wonder Your 0-8” [My emphasis]. I tried really hard, but I could not let it go. I even got my letter to the editor published in a subsequent edition of the magazine. Word nerds, arise!

Nauseous/Nauseated: Nauseous is a word that has been misused for so long that it has become acceptable to do so, except to word nerds such as myself. The actual meaning of the word *nauseous* is “causing or inducing nausea.” (So, if you say that you are *nauseous*, what you are saying is that you are making other people sick,

which may very well be so. I have certainly met my share of *nauseous* people.) The word *nauseated* is the word that means “feeling nausea.”

Interestingly enough, Doctor Sheldon Cooper points this out in an episode of *The Big Bang Theory* but the same character, in an earlier episode, used the word “nauseous” improperly. I cannot help but wonder if some word nerd pointed this out to the producers or writers of the show and they felt compelled to specifically call out the correction. (This time, it was not me.)

Could Have/Could Of: Use *could* (or *should* or *would*) have when you mean to describe a lost or unmet opportunity. Use *could* (or *should* or *would*) of when you want to butcher the English language. This modality is an incorrect usage in every instance and almost certainly results from the pronunciation of the contraction form of the proper usage, which is *could’ve*. This might be a good opportunity to discuss whether or not I feel like the use of contractions is lazy, but I will save that for another time.

Lastly for now, since it has come up, the word *mauve* is properly pronounced to rhyme with “stove” or “drove”.

// How to Write (More) // // Cómo Escribir (Más) //

The following are excerpts from a multilingual pamphlet by Antena. The exercises they've collected are reproduced in the pages of *Cazuela* as a resource for our community and an encouraging gesture to approach writing and thinking in a variety of different ways. We hope you enjoy them! Share your results with us at catalina.cazuela@gmail.com

To learn more about Antena's projects (or to access the "How to Write (More)" pamphlet in full, visit: antenaantena.org

This list contains loosely clustered generative practices intended as resources for language play, deepened exploration of ideas or sensations, processes to accompany research, and/or encouragements to exit our comfort zones as writers. Our purpose is not to create taxonomies of experimental practice, but to excite writers—ourselves included—to explore new approaches and welcome the unfamiliar or unexpected into our practice.

Esta lista contiene prácticas generativas agrupadas de manera no estricta que se han pensado como recursos para los juegos del lenguaje, la exploración más profunda de ideas o sensaciones, procesos para acompañar la investigación, y/o estímulos para salir de nuestras zonas de confort como escritores. Existen muchas formas superpuestas entre nuestras categorías, y muchos de los ejercicios podrían encajar con la misma facilidad en dos o diez categorías más, aparte de la categoría donde se encuentran. Nuestro propósito no es crear taxonomías de la práctica experimental, sino entusiasmar a lxs escritorxs—y nos incluimos aquí también—a explorar nuevos acercamientos y dar la bienvenida a lo desconocido o lo inesperado en nuestra práctica.

// How to Write (More) // Listening as a Generative Strategy

What if we were to think of all writing as transcription? What if we were to transcribe not the ideas in our brains or the perceptions of our immediate context or the narratives and memories we hold in our bones, but some other overheard melody, screech, or chatter? When words won't come to us, what if we come to words, letting outside language or sounds filter into our consciousness and into the text?

- * Go to a busy café, bus stop, train station, or other public space. Allow the overheard to permeate your text.
- * Immerse yourself in a piece of music you find especially compelling. Listen to it for an hour, for 8 hours, for 24 hours. Or listen to it once a day for a week or a month. Write into that immersion.
- * Listen to the news (on radio or TV) and write as you do, letting some of the language you are hearing filter into your writing.

// Cómo Escribir (Más) // El escuchar como estrategia generativa

¿Qué pasaría si pensáramos toda la escritura como transcripción? ¿Qué pasaría si tuviéramos que transcribir no las ideas en el cerebro o la percepción de nuestro contexto inmediato o los relatos y memorias que guardamos en nuestros huesos, sino alguna melodía, chillido o parloteo que habíamos escuchado? Cuando las palabras no se nos vienen, ¿qué pasaría si viniéramos a las palabras, dejando que el lenguaje o los sonidos exteriores se filtren en nuestra conciencia y en el texto?

- * Escucha las noticias (en la radio o en la televisión) y escribe mientras, permitiendo que se filtre en tu escritura algo del lenguaje que estás escuchando.
- * Sumérgete en una pieza de música que te parece especialmente cautivadora. Escúchala por una hora, por 8 horas, por 24 horas. O escúchala una vez al día por una semana o un mes. Escribe hacia esa inmersión.
- * Ve a un concurrido café, parada de autobús, estación de tren, u otro espacio público. Deja que lo que oigas impregne tu texto.

Finding My Way Home

Growing up on the mainland in Southern California we often talked about Catalina Island and all the fabled tales that come with it. The Wrigley's, the Cubs, flying fish, what really happened to Natalie Wood, and whether the Casino was an actual gambling casino or not. I had a very vivid imagination and, if it was a place to gamble, I imagined it to look like something in Monaco -- decadent, with Princess Grace sitting at a craps table enjoying a very dry martini. It wasn't until later that I learned it wasn't a gambling hall but did, in fact, have a very decadent past and (for that matter) present. Princess Grace may have never made it to the shores of Catalina but Grace Kelly, an American jazz musician, entertained a packed house in the Casino ballroom during Jazz Trax in 2015.

My fascination for the island only grew over the years. As a young child I would often pull out my mother's Thomas Guide, the pre-internet version of Google Maps, and marvel at how small Avalon was compared to the size of the island and that people ACTUALLY lived there. There were films too, of course, that helped pique my intrigue. I had never seen "Chinatown" or "The Vanishing American" but I did see "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" multiple times. This film was my first glimpse at the romantic side of Catalina. The film that featured the island that I remember the most is the Indy film, "Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss." It was the first film that I saw that featured a gay man as the protagonist. Having just come out, this film helped make me feel less alone.

Incidentally, while on Catalina the main character's best friend, Georgiana, has a fling with the legendary island local named 'Gundy'. Someone really must have done their research for this film.

It wasn't until 2009 that I would finally make it to the island. Being the romantic that I am -- and the fact that Catalina is the Island of Romance -- I thought my first visit should be with a man I had my eye on for quite sometime. I asked him out and he said 'yes'. Before we even made it to the island things began going south. I held out hope, though. I thought that once we made it to the island things would start to look up.

by
**Chuck
Jones**

Unfortunately, that was not the case. But we did have some very enjoyable moments. We had lunch at Busy Bee, went on a whale watching tour on a pontoon boat, and, just by chance, another friend of mine had sailed to the island that day and, rather than go back that day, we decided to stay overnight on his boat that was moored at Descanso. This probably wasn't the best decision given how the day had already gone but it did create some lasting memories. Needless to say, there was not a love connection. Although I didn't find romance on my first trip to the island, that was only the beginning of my long love affair with Catalina.

Chuck, a former resident of Catalina, is an LGBTQ+ activist, documentary filmmaker, and a 5th generation Southern California native.

Contact Chuck at: findingmywayhomethemovie@gmail.com



Julia's War

by Tom Quinn



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

Previously: Aboard their mounts and with their beloved Daisy in tow, the twins make off to the bush for a hunt. The dusty plains of the Australian Outback aren't much of a sight for this pair, so they talk to pass the time. Todd's histrionics stokes sibling rivalry and a race to the treeline settles the score: Todd's got the sharper tongue, but Julia's the stronger rider.

"Do you wonder, Jules, if we could've traded identities inside mum. I mean -- I could've been you, and you could've been me?" "I never thought of it that way, Toddy. Does it matter? We are who we are anyway, right?" In the silence of the Outback the twins are pensive, lost in its expanse and beauty. "Like space and the stars at night." "Yeeees, it is." "Don't you find that Aboriginal talk boring?" "Not at all sissa, I can't talk pidgin anyway." "What do ya think high school'll be like?" "Same as grade school." "Really?" "Yeeees mate." "Quit that, Todd." "We'll have the same lovely teacher and no new faces." "Wrong." "How so?" "Well, we'll have to go to Sydney for finals every year and we'll meet people and have friends. And maybe go to a dance and a rugby game and the like. I could wear a dress and makeup, and be a young lady. Maybe have a boyfriend." "Boyfriend? You've only just turned Thirteen!" Julia won't back down, "Young man, mind your tongue around your elders." "Crickey sissa' you're becomin' a full blown Sheila!" "Not yet."

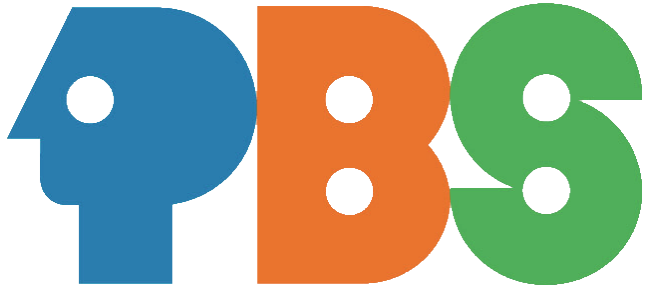
Silence again surrounds them. Julia whispers, "Look Toddy, in that willow there. Brotha can ya hear him?" "Yeah, he's huge. Male peacock, I reckon. Let's swing around to his backside for a clear shot." They do, and neatly and easily in range, the troop stops like a drop of rain for the shot. Todd pulls his Winchester .223 out of the saddle scabbard and drapes the inside of his left knee across the saddle's pommel. He draws his hand down Ranger's neck to comfort him still. The peacock is a male in full plume. Todd makes double entendre: "Easy Range." All is quiet. Todd starts to steadily squeeze the rifle's trigger. A branch falls on the bird and it drops to the ground. The horses and the dog are still; waiting for the shot. Julia says, "Do you have a silencer on your rifle?" "No." "Well Todd, what just happened?" "Well sis, let's just go take a look and see."

On arriving at the dead bird they observe no sign of blood, but a tooled and bent piece of wood next to the bird. Without a sound, a young man their age appears from the bush. An aboriginal young man. "G'day." The troops' jaws are dropped. Ruffled, Todd blurts, "G'day indeed, sir. You just killed my peacock." "Bega da pahdon sah, bega da pahdon indeed, bu da peacock I kills a mine, sah." "What's ya name, boomerang? Peacock steal?" The young man in his soft voice just a few yards from them melts so cleanly into the surround. He remains soft as a sound, and they strain forward in their saddles to hear him say... "Jemby. My name Jemby, sah." "Who's your father, boomerang?" "My fadah work for your fadah Toddy Peelby. My father, Kanu." Astonished, Julia reaches to confirm: "The foreman on my father's cattle and sheep station, Kanu?" "Yes missy Peelby. Horses and everything else. My family on dis land 'ere for fifteen-thousand years." "Well congratulations. My brother Todd and I are twins, and it's our birthdays today. We're thirteen, and I'm older by ten minutes. I'm Julia." She reaches down for her saddle and he reaches up with his extended boomerang to shake hands. Jemby gathers up his peacock. Todd and Julia look at each other, "It's his, Toddy. Let him have the bird." "I know, Julia, why you always shitting on me? Crickey, we need to go." He's pissed off. "Wait Toddy, what's he doing?"

Supporting the ARTS

Supporting local performers/artists and their crafts is essential. Whether it be your favorite local band playing at the bar, a live performance on the stage, signing up for a dance, viewing art along the boardwalk or participating in a paint night. We are fortunate enough to be blessed with many opportunities to support the ARTS within our community. Help these programs be successful by showing your support. The ARTS are a vital thread within any community, and Avalon is lucky to have dedicated programs that are providing quality ARTS education. Here are a few that are scheduled over the next several weeks:

As Seen on TV... the PBS Channel



Kids at Play presents, As Seen On TV... the PBS Channel, an original script by Sean Brannock.

Friday, March 29 & Saturday, March 30 - 7:00 pm
 Sunday Matinee, March 31 - 2:00 pm
 Avalon School Auditorium

Tickets available at the door
 \$8 adults & \$5 students/seniors

The show is quick, fast paced and hysterical. The cast is comprised of 29 talented youth performers. Bringing to life (spoofing) many of your favorite programs, such as Mr. Rogers, Bob Ross, Sesame Street and Downton Abbey, to name a few.

Hula Demonstration and Class Registration



Catalina Youth Arts Exchange is proud to present:

Hula Demonstration & Class Registration
Saturday, April 6th, 2019 @ 2:30 pm
People's Park (across from City Hall)

Hula Halau 'O Hoanui (aka Hoanui) under the direction of Tia Musial is based out of Angel's Gate Cultural Center in San Pedro. Hoanui, meaning kindred spirits, originated in 2002 in Tia's back yard and is now a full-fledged hula school, with the foundation of ancient hula and chanting. Spreading the spirit and knowledge of Aloha is the Halau's mission. Tia is very excited to have the opportunity to bring her knowledge of hula to the island of Catalina!

Kids Classes: 4 yrs. - 12 yrs. & Ladies Classes: 13 yrs. and Up
 everyone will begin together - depending on enrollment

10 week session: April 13 - June 8, 2019 *culminating with a performance. **Saturday Classes: 1:30 pm - 3:30 pm**

Tuition - \$125 *plus small costume fee

This is a family friendly event. Make sure to bring a chair, blanket or towel to sit on.

COMMUNITY
2nd Thursdays - 6:00pm - Island Spa Catalina
Wellness Circle

A free educational & solution-focused forum to build a better future for Avalon.

collaborate
SHARE INSPIRE
 connect
SUPPORT LEAD
 educate grow
build EMPOWER

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 www.AvalonAC4P.org

CATALINA ART ASSOCIATION PRESENTS THE ANNUAL
CATALINA ISLAND
ART & CRAFT FESTIVAL

APRIL 19-21, 2019
 ON THE WATERFRONT, EASTER WEEKEND

Fun Art by Ann
 Ann Montgomery is back with her popular *Let's Paint Catalina!* If you can hold a paint brush, Ann will guide you step-by-step to create a masterpiece in this easy, fun class.

Let's Paint Catalina!

What we're painting Saturday

SATURDAY
APRIL 20, 2019
1 - 3 pm
Ann's booth by the fountain

~~~~~  
**Reserve your seat Now**  
 No experience needed  
**254-721-5757**  
**\$25**  
 All credit cards accepted  
 ~~~~~  
 All supplies provided includes 11x14 canvas
 ~~~~~  
**Ann's Booth 1 - 3 pm by the fountain**  
 You can also find more of Ann's art on Facebook  
**Fun Art by Ann**

**The Book N Feeds**

Books-Art-Custom Framing  
12 - 4  
354 Eucalyptus-Avalon-CA  
310-569-5495

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**But we can't do this without your help!**

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| <p><b>Tacos \$7.50</b><br/>With onions, celantro, limes &amp; radish</p> <p><b>Asada (steak)</b><br/><b>Puerco (pork)</b><br/><b>Pollo (chicken)</b><br/><b>Machaca (shredded beef)</b><br/>Served with beans, rice &amp; hot sauce</p> <p><b>Burritos \$8.95</b><br/>Filled with beans, rice &amp; cheese</p> <p><b>Asada (steak)</b><br/><b>Pollo (chicken)</b><br/><b>Puerco (pork)</b><br/><b>Machaca (shredded beef)</b><br/><b>Spicy Chicken</b><br/>No Meat Burrito (\$7.00)<br/>Served with chips &amp; hot sauce.</p> <p><b>Footlong \$9.95</b><br/><b>Cheese Steak</b><br/>Beef, cheese, onion, lettuce &amp; tomatoes.</p> | <p><b>Tortas \$8.50</b><br/>With lettuce, tomatoes, onion, beans, avocado, sour cream &amp; jalapenos</p> <p><b>Asada (steak)</b><br/><b>Pollo (chicken)</b><br/><b>Puerco (pork)</b><br/>Served on a Telera roll with rice, tortilla chips, &amp; hot sauce.</p> <p><b>Entrees</b><br/><b>Chicken Teriyaki \$9.95</b><br/><b>Beef Teriyaki \$9.95</b><br/><b>Chicken Vegetable Stir Fry \$9.95</b><br/><b>Spicy Tofu Veggie Stir Fry \$8.50</b><br/><b>Korean Spicy Pork \$9.95</b><br/><b>Korean Beef \$9.95</b><br/>all served with steamed rice and vegetables</p> <p><b>Katie's Special \$12.95</b><br/>Shrimp, beef &amp; chicken mixed w/steamed rice &amp; vegetables.</p> <p>Extra large portions available (\$6.00 xtra)</p> |
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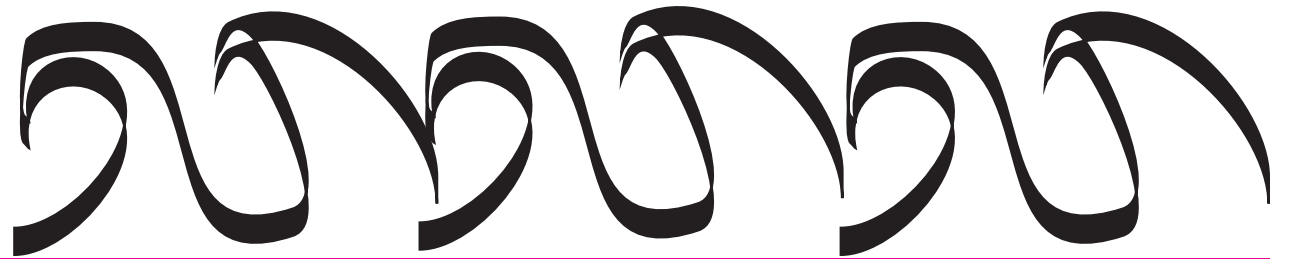
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**SPECIAL THANKS TO THOSE WHO HELPED MAKE THIS ISSUE POSSIBLE:**

Descanso Beach Ocean Sports  
Antena  
Carla Moreno  
Hic Rosa  
Mr. Blehm

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