



A FEAST FOR THE MIND

Do You Hear What I Hear?

Stop, children what's that sound? Everyone look what's going down? Over the past several cazuelas, we have taken time to attend to each one of our senses. The last of to explore is hearing. Hearing may be one of the more complicated senses. Why? Because you can easily hear a sound, but that can often be worlds apart from actually listening to it. At other times, the distinction crosses over into the metaphysical -- hearing the Call of the Wild, the Sounds of Silence, or listening to the silent wisdom of others. Without resolving these complications, the gift of sound can also be the most rewarding sensory perceptions. Think of a child's spontaneous laughter, the crash of waves against the shore, a sombre chime memorializing a passing time, or a bird's chirp.

But these sounds come and go. At their most magnificent, they seem always a fleeting gift. Disembodied recordings of our favorite sounds testify to those sonic qualities that still manage to escape capture on our advanced devices. Play it back...There's still something missing, you can feel it in your deep inside of you. Will it ever return? Our cover is a visual representation of sound. Part of the new Tipping Point exhibition at the Catalina Island Museum, Elizabeth Turk's "Sound Column" is an interactive sculpture designed after the recorded sound waves of now extinct birds species. Might we be offered an alternative attempt at recovering and experiencing sound? In the simplicity of the white plateletes that makes up this awesome sonic swell, might we -- like Nietzsche -- learn to hear with our eyes? On the precipice of our own extinction, atop on-going extermination of many other species, what do we hope might be heard from the otherside? A siren's call of beautiful devastation? A tragic cry of warning?

Whatever we make of those sounds, it calls into question any of our own misconceptions about our capacity for opting to be simple observers to the plight of others. Throughout this month's issue, contributors share their own melodies, cries, calls, refrains, lullabies, chants, whispers, giggles, stutters, and speeches. In so doing they each contribute to a lively chorus of living sound. As readers, those versed in the skill of hearing/listening with one's eyes, you will continually make an important decision in how you receive and remember the sounds given to you. Because there is no such thing as mere spectators or observers in the dramas of this world. We, living beings, are both victims and perpetrators.

Again, we ask that as you are enjoying the pages of Cazuela that you hear our message, you listen to our words and take in all the sounds that are surrounding you. We have enjoyed sharing our thoughts on the senses through these first issues and feel blessed by all the amazing comments. We are hearing and listening to all your feedback. This publication is a true labor of love and we appreciate all your support and encouragement. .

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

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Life in Another Land by Jose Barragan

Moving to the United States and having to learn a new culture and language were definitely not the easiest things for a thirteen-year-old to accomplish. It was a challenge. Throughout the process of learning the new culture and language, I first had to overcome the many insults people would spit at me. Dislike would come my way almost daily, for example when I would mispronounce or misuse words in English.

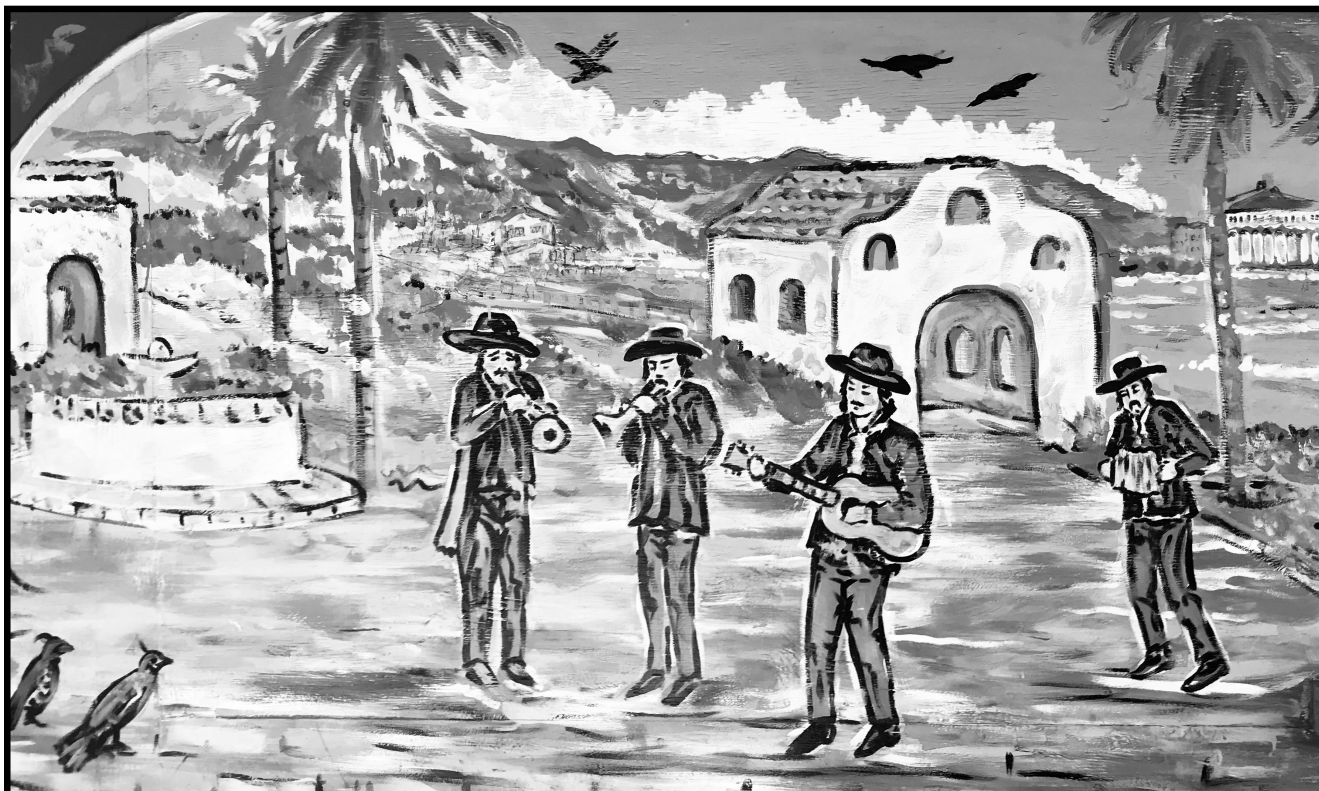
But after being made fun of multiple times, I came to the conclusion that people were not just hurting me; they were unwittingly doing me a favor at the same time. Comments like "dumb Mexican" made me a stronger person by making me want to learn English even faster. Pointing to each of my mistakes, these people *lent me* their native speaker ears and helped me focus in on the areas I could improve. Those comments made me a bilingual adult who, today, is one of the top students in his class.

In order to accomplish my goal to learn English and not submit to the hatred of others, I always kept something that my parents had said to me when moving to this country: "The more you know, the more you are worth." This

helped me realize that learning a new language would open up more doors for me and would allow me to fill my soul with worthwhile experiences. I forgot the mistakes but learned the lessons.



Catalina Tile in the Wrigley Plaza



Catalina Mariachi Mural at the Sandtrap by Will Richards

Christina watches out her window to the city
Wonders where her boys have flown

Samuel stepped on a mine in Iraq, a piece of her heart gone

Under unfinished beams and eaves we gather
In winter's dark Atwater, morning
Missing mother's warmth and table
Love songs come from corridor corners
Bird calls; whistles from yesterday's jungle
Intermittent long sigh ay-ay-ay's

There's a new bird park in Avalon
Don't stop the bus
Walk quietly by
And you'll hear the songs of the Amazon
And all along the pacific flyway they wait for the end of the week
The builders of the pyramids will go home to momma
And consuerte, a little chaka chaka

"Latina"
by
Tom Quinn

"Cielito Lindo" composed by Quirino Mendoza y Cortés (1882)

*De la Sierra Morena,
cielito lindo, vienen bajando,
Un par de ojitos negros,
cielito lindo, de contrabando.*

Estrillo:

*Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Canta y no llores,
Porque cantando se alegran,
cielito lindo, los corazones.*

*Pájaro que abandona,
cielito lindo, su primer nido,
Si lo encuentra ocupado,
cielito lindo, bien merecido.*

(Estrillo)

*Ese lunar que tienes,
cielito lindo, junto a la boca,
No se lo des a nadie,
cielito lindo, que a mí me toca.*

(Estrillo)

*Una flecha en el aire,
cielito lindo, lanzó Cupido,
si la tiró jugando,
cielito lindo, a mí me ha herido.*

(Estrillo)

*From Sierra Morena,
a pair of deep brown eyes,
lower as they approach,
a stolen glance.*

Refrain:

*Ay, ay, ay, ay,
sing and don't cry,
heavenly one, for singing
gladdens hearts.*

*A bird that abandons
his first nest, heavenly one,
then finds it occupied by another,
deserves to lose it.*

(Refrain)

*That beauty mark you have
next to your mouth, heavenly one,
don't share with anyone but me
who appreciates it.*

(Refrain)

*Cupid shot off an arrow,
heavenly one,
And though he was playing,
I was wounded.*

(Refrain)

Women of HERstory: Rosie the Riveter(s)

by Constance Rux

When you think symbols for the “feminist movement” I am sure, depending on the decade you hail from, several images come to mind. Maybe various versions of the Greek symbol for Venus, the gurl power fist, most recently the pussy hat, or more unconventionally - the #’s (#timesup #metoo). Somewhere along the way (and, surprisingly, probably not *when* you think) a poster of a young woman dubbed “Rosie the Riveter” was added as a symbol of feminism. So I wanted to know - who was this woman? How did this WWII poster come to be? What was it trying to accomplish? It is now widely accepted as a symbol for women to look to, and a rally cry of sorts: “We can do it!” Yay...Do what though?

In the 1940s women still had very limited control over their financial lives and what jobs they could have. Title VII wasn’t until the 60s, and it wasn’t until the mid-70s that women could even take out a loan at a bank without bringing a husband or other male relative with them. So what is this poster talking about? Was it really what it seemed to be?

During WWII the workforce in the US was suddenly and drastically changed forever: Women and minorities were suddenly allowed to go and join the workforce. This was viewed as a necessary, but temporary, decision by business and national interests alike. You see, supplies and munitions were required to continue the Allied war effort. As France was under foreign occupation and the factories of the United Kingdom were often targets for Luftwaffe bombs, America was primarily responsible for Allied production. As businesses secured hefty government contracts to supply the military, they encountered a personnel problem: most of the young men were drafted and deployed. Women and people of color, previously shunned from the workplace and intentional kept from



Rosie the Riveter iconography.

certain industries, were now *needed* and *relied upon* to fill the factory floor. But this does not mean that they were accepted into the workplace with open arms. In many cases, in fact, they were given the most basic jobs, with sub-standard pay, while the men who were still employed at these factories were swiftly promoted to open up these lower positions. Needing to hire a woman during a time of war was different than accepting women into the workplace: soon, soon enough, the men would come home and they (the women) too would go home.

The original Norman Rockwell painting of “Rosie” in 1943 was of a woman in factory clothing, on her lunch break, with her feet propped up on a copy of Hitler’s “Mein Kampf.” It was a wide spread image at the time, as Rockwell was a well known artist. It served as a reminder to women that it was patriotic and desirable for them to find jobs outside the home (for now). Women were “doing their part” for their country. Norman Rockwell had a young girl in his hometown pose as the model for this painting. Her name is Mary Doyle Keefe. She was very proud to be the model for this endeavour and there are multiple interviews with her as an elderly woman, recounting this experience, on youtube. (I encourage you to watch one of her interviews, she is a very sweet lady.) The painting itself is full of symbolism. By working, a woman could help trample Hitler. He chose a very specific pose for Rosie. It was to reflect the pose of Isaiah from the Sistine Chapel. By doing so he was not only referencing that women in the workplace were doing God’s work, but showing the figure of a woman literally in a man’s position.

The popular version we think of today as the “Rosie the Riveter” image is actually just know as the “We Can Do It” poster. It was not, in fact, a battle cry for women in the 1940s. It was akin to the cute kitten poster we have today where the kitten is hanging with all her might onto a branch under the words, “hang in there.” It was created for the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company in 1943 and wasn’t used nationally. Most people outside of the factory never even knew the poster existed. However, because of the popularity of the Norman Rockwell painting, any and all women who were being portrayed as a working female as propaganda were being blanketed as a “Rosie.”

By the 1980s, when this poster came back into the public eye, it had been adopted into a new meaning. That women could do everything a man could do. That “we can do it” too. What many women who dress



Painter Norman Rockwell with Mary Doyle Keefe, his neighbor and model for the “Rosie The Riveter” Saturday Evening Post Cover (1943). Image accessed with at nrm.org

up as Rosie for Halloween, or carry the image so proudly may not know is that the image was not a campaign in the 40s to fight for the equality of women. It was an inspirational campaign created by a company that needed to keep women in the workplace happy, and working hard. Without actually giving them equal pay, positions, or a job they could keep once their male counterpart returned from war.

I, for one, am glad to see it adopted, and adapted as the times change. It is a powerful image. Reclaiming it as a feminist image rather than what it was intended to be does have power. However, if you do not know the HERstory of the image, that the image has been claimed over to the side of feminism rather than created as such, then you have missed some of the key battles for the fight of equality along the way.



A few photographs of the real “Rosies” working on factory floors. Images accessed from military & personal archives.



What Are You Working For?

by Jess Herzog

What are you working for? That is the question you will hear a behavior technician, or likely many other therapy service providers, repeat to a child to better understand how to promote and reward appropriate or desirable behavior. Developmental benchmarks, parent preference, cultural and social norms combine to define a target behavior that once modified will benefit the child by increasing their ability to lead a safe and independent lifestyle. The flip side of this - most adults are working for their paycheck. But what can employers do when that's not enough to motivate appropriate work performance? Behavioral science has developed a process to find the answers, which can be as unique as the individuals it helps. Applied in the business world, the theory of behavioral science is called Organizational Behavior Management, OBM, and it is a sound investment for owners or management looking to improve many aspects of performance, project management and increase return on investment.

What does this have to do with Avalon? Our town is unique, as the majority of its economic base is centered on tourism. Without our visitors, there would be no jobs for most of the population who live in Avalon, no need for the services provided to exist as they do. Every visitor experience is truly a community experience. Their overall impression of our town will determine if they become a repeat guest or a one star review warning other travelers to avoid our shores. Most business owners I know are looking to secure positive reviews, happy guests and steady flow of return business.

Turning these desires in to well defined goals is part of the process behavioral science uses to achieve measurable change. If you want to see results, you must first clearly define what success looks like to you, and then get focused on how to achieve it. There are volumes of research detailing countless methods by which you can achieve behavioral change, but in Avalon what we really need to

work for is a wide-spread culture shift. We need every resident to value and promote positive interactions with our visitors, we need to be Disneyland on the ocean! To speed up this process you can hire a behavioral expert to sort through the many proven methods to encourage such a shift in thoughts and actions and offer the best match for your needs. That is what Avalon-AC4P is offering to the Avalon community!

Where do we start? The power of connection, communication, and collaboration is not to be underestimated. For better or for worse when people gather together and unite under shared principles things start to happen. News and social media have a way of manipulating the truth, and even more dangerous is the lack of facts in media posts that go viral. But these same tools also hold the awesome power to connect folks who are worlds apart physically and philosophically. Critical thinking is needed in these highly controversial times that are promoting the polarization of families, communities and even nations. Be it war or world peace, we are in control of our focus and what we promote in our daily lives. Finding common ground within our greater community is the best way to promote positive growth and a sustainable future for the generations who will inherit what we leave in our wake. Will you chose to focus on and promote principles that encourage us to reach Avalon's greatest potential? Take our community goal setting survey and share your voice at www.AvalonAC4P.com no internet? Call or text YES.612.AC4P to be included.

How Are You? by Sean Brannock

How are you? Fine, thank you. And you? It's almost like a single sentence. A pleasantry we all use. When we ask the question - How are you? Do we really expect a real response? No, we hope for the simple answer of fine/good/alright. Nor do we want to share how we really are doing. It's just a call and response that we all know the rules to. Because in reality we may not be ready to hear how someone is doing and we're certain no one wants to actually hear our own woes. So, we greet each other and hold up our end of the bargain, smile and carry on.

How do we connect with each other? How do we learn, grow and help? Do we need to? Each of us have our own struggles, so why carry burdens of others? Because maybe we all have similar fears, hopes, worries and desires. If we share them, we can lift each other up. It's easy to listen (not always pleasant) but easy. Through basic skills of communication we break barriers of fear, loneliness and depression. Human kindness and connection is what we all yearn for, whether we realize it or not.

With friends, I'm using the phrase - "I'm checking in on you" in hopes of further opening the door of sharing. I want to be connected and invested in people, especially those who are closest to me. I, in turn, want to feel safe in sharing my feelings that lay beyond the word fine. We are in this life together. Why not conquer it together as a connected and unified front?

As I was writing this piece, the song *Say Something* by *A Great Big World* came on my Pandora channel. Some of the lyrics are:

Say something, I'm giving up on you
I'll be the one, if you want me to
Anywhere, I would've followed you
Say something, I'm giving up on you

And I... am feeling so small
It was over my head
I know nothing at all

And I will stumble and fall
I'm still learning to love
Just starting to crawl

Let's continue to check in on each other. So, we will never have to give up on one another. Let's learn to say something besides - Howareyoufinethankyouandyou?

"Why" by Ron Long

Why do you ask for love

When what you really want is pleasure

Why do you call for pleasure

When what you really want is acceptance

Why do you plead for acceptance

When what you really want is comfort

Why do you arrange for comfort

When what you really want is safety

Why do you strive for safety

When what you really want is escape from the heat

Why do you run from the heat

When what you really want is rain

Why do you pray for rain

When what you really want is water

Why do you thirst for water

When what you really want is life

Why do you struggle through life

When all you really need is love

Why do we ask for more

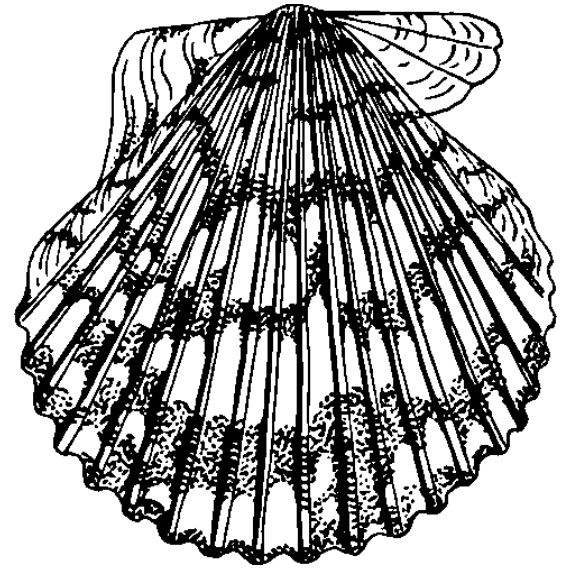
When what we really need is right outside our door

"Emilie"
a tribute poem
by Wendy Hernandez

Please Emilie don't let them take our innocence away.
And Please Emilie, add some light to the darkness of our day.
Cause I don't understand why he took you away so soon.
I imagine there is a lesson that he wanted us to learn?
Though it angers me that he would use a child just to be heard.
And it breaks my heart to pieces for which I feel there is no return.
But then I hear you laugh, I see you smile, and I hear you say,
"Don't cry, everything will be ok.
Cause I am with you, for I am in your heart today.
Take more time to hug your kids and remember me in this way.
Don't let the pain take away your faith or your longing to pray.
Believe in love, for that is all that will keep the evil away."



Emilie Parker, who inspired the poem and to whom it is dedicated. Emilie is one of the many young victims of the 2012 Sandy Hook School Shooting. Image provided by Wendy Hernandez



"The Shelter"
by Tom Cushing

I've grown a shell at this time in my life.
While tumbling in waves and on rocks,
I've grown a shell. There are things
that can't pass through, from outside
and from within, and which may be
just as well, until I learn, until these
winter storms subside, and tides turn.
Then I may shed this shell, cast it up
on the shore, and welcome in the seas!
No longer only listening to their roar,
or hardened by this husk anymore.

Jussie Smollett:
The Boy Who Cried Wolf

by Rich Zanelli

So, a guy files criminal charges, including hate crime, racism, homophobia and other allegations. And we were outraged that such a despicable crime could occur. Then, we discover that he made everything up just to get attention and the guy is the one who is in trouble...as he should be. THEN, all of the charges against the guy who lied are dropped and he gets away basically scot free.

Here is where I see the danger in that: First of all, having been faked out by false accusations, we might doubt the validity of the story when someone is actually a victim of a crime. (Can you remember the story of "The Boy Who Cried Wolf"?) Also, now anyone can accuse anyone else of some offense or crime, and it does not have to have any basis in fact. So, the word or opinion of one person can effectively change another person's entire life in an instant. And, there is no consequence for making up false allegations or exaggerating their severity, even if the falsehoods ruin the other person's life.

Does anyone recall hearing stories of the Salem Witch Trials? Here is a brief summary. In 1692, a couple of young girls in Salem (present day, Danvers), Massachusetts began exhibiting strange and unruly behavior. So that they would not have to face consequences for their bad behavior, they made up stories about three local women being witches and causing their conduct. The

hysteria escalated from there. Before it was over, 19 women and one man were convicted of being witches and executed. Five others, including a baby, perished in captivity.

It is my opinion that this is where we are heading if false or exaggerated accusations are met with impunity.

Disturbing Facts About the Salem Witch Trials

*The court system back then was not what it is now. Often, being put on trial meant that you were already believed to be guilty. As a result, many accused witches simply confessed to being witches. Incidentally, those who confessed were not put to death. Those who did not confess were put to death.

*One of the tests to determine if someone was a witch was to tie the person's finger to a toe on the opposite side of their body and then put them in a body of water. If the person was able to stay above the water, they were deemed to be a witch. Those who sank below the water's surface were exonerated of being a witch...and frequently drowned.

*None of the Salem witches were burned to death. One of them, Giles Corey (the only man to be executed for being a witch) was crushed to death with heavy stones. His last words were reportedly, "More weight!"

*A dog was accused of being a witch and was shot to death. It was then determined that the dog could not have been a witch... because it would not have died if it had been.

*Arthur Miller wrote his play *The Crucible* about the Salem Witch Trials to draw comparisons to what was happening with McCarthyism and the red scare of the 1950s.

Sculptures by MacArthur "Genius" Fellow Awardee Elizabeth Turk Installed at the Catalina Island Museum - April 2019



The Catalina Island Museum has announced a partnership with acclaimed sculpture artist Elizabeth Turk. Inspired by nature and the environment, Turk will explore the extinction of birds in North America in an upcoming outdoor installation at the museum. Many of the birds have ties to California's Channel Islands. The interactive installation entitled *Tipping Point* scheduled to open April 2019.

A native Californian, greatly influenced by the natural wonders of the state, Turk is primarily known for her elegant marble sculptures that reflect this natural world. In 2010, her innovative work earned her a prestigious MacArthur "Genius" Fellowship, as well as the Annalee & Barnett Newman Foundation award. In 2011, she received a Smithsonian Artist Research Fellowship, where she began her ongoing study of seashells recently referenced in the Shoreline Project, an interactive community art project hosted by the Laguna Art Museum. The project, successfully collaborating with the whole community, included 1,000 volunteers lifting illuminated umbrellas and moving together along Laguna Beach.

Turk's work on the exhibition *Tipping Point* began earlier this fall during a month-long open studio/live exhibition with Tyler Stallings at Orange Coast College. Highlighting various attributes of this continent's birds, Turk developed an alphabet of symbols. Using these unique symbols, she explores the greater concept – Extinction. The "Sound Columns" juxtapose the ephemeral with the eternal. Inspired by recordings of extinct birds (cataloged by the Ornithology Lab at Cornell University) Turk created evocative

sculptural forms. The metal maze laced with imagery, will be cut to create beautiful interactive moments. Where the audience becomes both victim and aggressor in the fate of our planet.

The sculptures will have an interactive component which will be especially dramatic after dark. According to the museum, it plans to offer evening hours during the summer months much like it did during last year's *Chihuly at the Catalina Island Museum* exhibition.

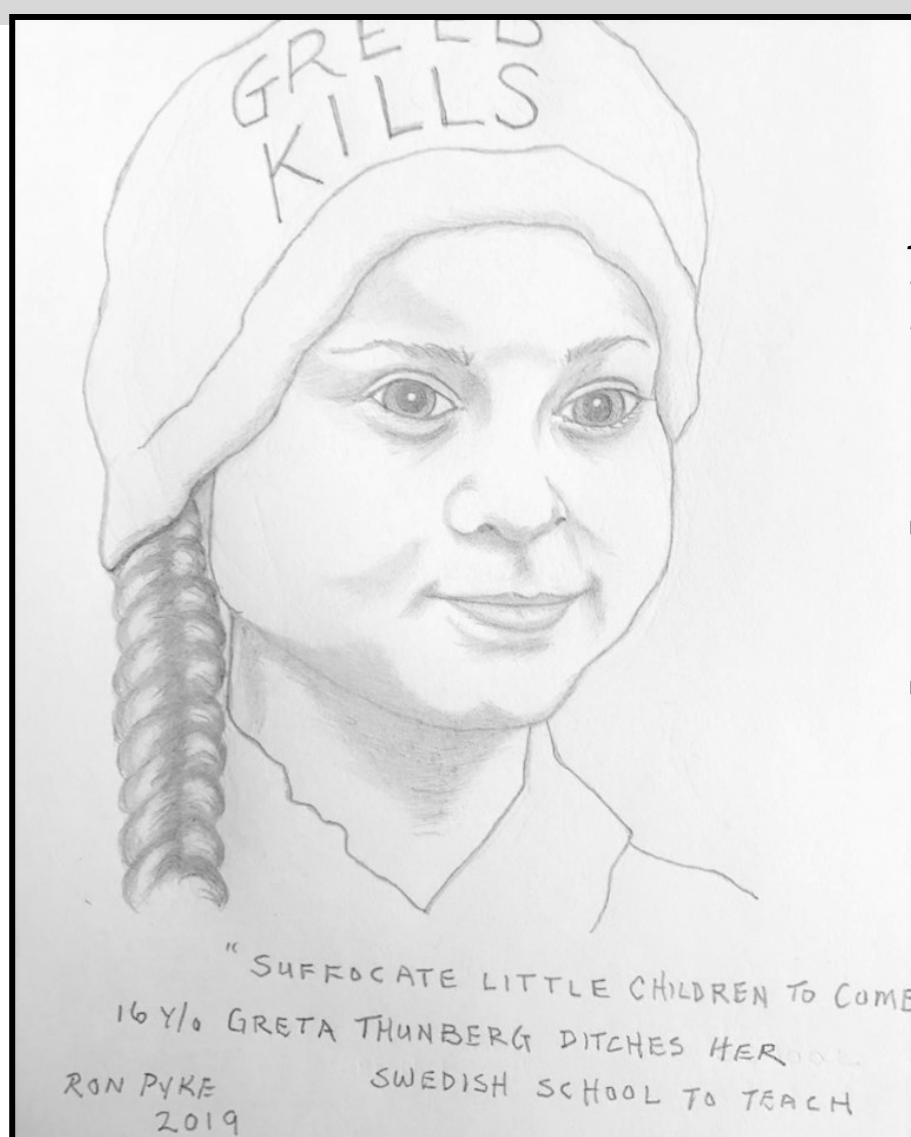
"I have been watching Elizabeth's work evolve over the last decade and am so excited to present it in Avalon," said Julie Perlin Lee, Executive Director of the Catalina Island Museum. "The island's success of conserving bald eagles and other birds make Turk's vision for this project a natural fit for the museum. To make it even more exciting, this installation will act as the test pilot of a larger proposal for Park Avenue in New York. This is another example of the level of involvement that our island museum has in the art world – and the community at large."

Elizabeth Turk: Tipping Point will be installed at the Catalina Island Museum in April 2019. The specific date for a reception and talk with Turk will be announced shortly.

Admission to the museum is \$17 for adults and \$15 for seniors, military and students with a valid I.D. Members of the museum enjoy free admission every day. Children, age 15 and under, receive free admission with the purchase of an adult ticket.

The Catalina Island Museum offers the best in art and history exhibitions, music and dance performances, lectures by guest speakers from all over the world, and the finest in silent, documentary and international film. Open seven days a week from 10:00 am to 5:00 pm, except Independence Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day. The new Ada Blanche Wrigley Schreiner Building is located in the heart of Avalon at 217 Metropole Avenue. For more information, the museum may be reached by phone at 310-510-2414 or at its website: CatalinaMuseum.org.

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**"SUFFOCATE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME"
A Tough Twist On Luke 18:15
For These Dire Times.
16 Y/O Greta Thunberg
Ditches Her Swedish School
To Teach Her Elders How To
Survive
The Future...Their's and Her
Children's.**

Portrait & words by Ron Pyke, 2019

Follow him on Facebook & Instagram:
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Watercolor Processes: A Conversation on Painting with Joan Moses

Cazuela had the chance to catch up with Joan Moses after her recently completed season of community watercolor painting classes. The following conversation revolves around her inspiration and methods for sharing the practice of painting with others. This interview has been edited for clarity.

How did you find your way to painting? What is it that you appreciate about it?

"I recognized when I was in high school that I had a natural ability to draw, but I never really painted. Then I got married, had kids, got grandkids, and it wasn't until I retired that I had time to learn how to paint -- so that's what I did. I felt a deep satisfaction in learning to paint, even as I started later in life, because it was something I'd always wanted to learn.

"One of the things I like most about painting is that it is so very relaxing. It has a way of taking your mind off of all the other things that are going on in life by becoming involved in, and enjoying, the process of painting. All of my favorite instructors were emphatic that we, as students, enjoyed the process of painting."

How have these experiences shaped your approach to painting and teaching?

"Well, because I didn't start painting until I was retired, my fixed income made it difficult for me to afford a lot of painting classes. Although my own teachers were keen to share the joys of painting with all who wanted to learn, it was ultimately the schools that set the high prices for each course.

"I started conducting watercolor painting classes about two or three years ago, and I just opened the classes to everybody. All ages and all people. And my intent was to get more people involved in painting and share its joyful qualities with them. But it was so very important to me to offer it at a rate that everybody could afford. This is why I provide all the supplies and run the class for free.

"I feel like God has given me the ability and the patience to do this with others, so I feel strongly about sharing it with others. It feels like it's almost become a kind of mission to share painting with everybody, and it brings me great pleasure to see others learn the joys that come from the process of painting.

"...And that's why I think the watercolor class is so good, because you can either bring your kids with you to enjoy the class, or you can find a sitter for an hour and a half and enjoy the class as your own personal time (something I could never do when I was a young mom).

"If folks want to offer some sort of donation, I usually request that they give those funds to orphanages in Haiti. So any donations I receive go towards the funding and shipping of food boxes for kids in those orphanages."

Can you speak a little more about the process of painting that you enjoy? How does that manifest itself in watercolor painting, specifically?

"Some people come in and they say, 'I can't draw a stick figure', and 'I have no artistic ability to draw or paint.' I like to explain to them that the purpose of the class is not to show an artistic ability, but to realize how art can be relaxing and enjoyable. Then people then surprise themselves when they come away from the class with some of the things they've created. In the watercolor class, I'll give instructions on how to hold the brush, what colors to use, how to mix the colors, what strokes to make, or how to approach the paper, so that when they can take off on their own (like Don) they can make decisions with confidence.

"When teaching the classes I've found that making greeting cards are a good place to start because it is something that can be made, but it also has a small and immediate use for the work they are doing. They ultimately create something which is also shared with others when it is sent as a birthday card or a get well wish, or what have you. So people really take to the dual purpose of the greeting card as a learning exercise --"



--Yeah, it also seems like an ingenious way to lead students away from that perfectionism that can frustrate beginners trying to pick up a new skill or craft.

"Oh gosh, yes, which is a big part of why watercolor is the medium we work in. You see, watercolor is unpredictable in how it seeps into or spreads across the paper. So the results are not always predictable. Not predictable, but usually pleasing, to the eye. And so watercolor allows people to delight and surprise themselves in what they've come away creating.



Some people will have coordination problems, so the brush will get away from them. And the thing I like to stress is that if there is something that appears on the page that they don't like, then it is fixable and we can guide each other on ways to make modifications to integrate an unwanted stroke into their painting in a different way. But this comes with the watercolor approach. It is incompatible with perfectionism. I tell my perfectionists: "We are not going to shape every leaf on this tree. We are going to give the impression that there are leaves on this tree. You won't see each individual leaf, but you will be able to know the leaves that make this tree whole." And, at the end of the day, it's an hour and a half class...if you enjoyed it, then what the heck."

Do you feel like there is a difference in painting communally with others in a workshop setting as opposed to practicing painting in an isolated environment?

"It is so much fun because in a group we've all started with the same sets of tools (whether that be a shared image, brushes, colors, paper), but we all come away with a different result.

"[The ambiance of the class] starts out very light and fun, but once we get into painting, there will come a quiet...that sound of concentration and focus. Usually there is always some talking and background noise. People are asking questions or I am going around and helping people."

By the time this Cazuela has dropped, Joan will probably have left for the summer. As a seasonal resident, she splits her time painting and teaching between Catalina and Wisconsin. Joan Moses will return in the fall, and extends a warm welcome to anyone interested in joining her for painting classes during that season.

To find out more information or express interest, email catalina.cazuela@gmail.com



Year of the Pig



Hawk [ARIES power animal]



ARIES Ram



Wolf [PISCES power animal]

FoneFauna: a series of stylus sketches
by Caprice Rothe

If Flowers Could Hear... Oh, Wait! They Can?

by Carlos de la Rosa

Walking around Catalina's interior these last few weeks has been a hugely enjoyable trip into the world of flowers, insects, pollination, and life in a Mediterranean climate island. There are millions of flowers popping out of the ground. Some trees, such as the fragrant feltleaf ceanothus (*Ceanothus arboreus*), one of three species of *Ceanothus* on the Island, buzz with insects visiting the tiny flowers that bloom in large bunches that cover the entire tree. Their sweet scent is intoxicating to bees and humans. Insects also visit the spectacular big yellow flowers of the giant coreopsis (*Leptosyne gigantea*) and the stunning pink blooms of the Santa Catalina Island bush mallow (*Malacothamnus fasciculatus var. catalinensis*). It is all part of a great circle of life, where plants and insects collaborate in their endless quest to reproduce, obtain food, and build the next generation. (Continues on pg 10)



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Bottom Left: Closeup of a Santa Catalina Island bush mallow (*Malacothamnus fasciculatus var. catalinensis*).
Top: Closeup of a feltleaf ceanothus (*Ceanothus arboreus*), one of the three species of ceanothus on Catalina.
Bottom Right: Closeup of the white and purple Island shooting star (*Primula clevelandii var. insularis*).
Its pollen requires the buzzing of insects, particularly bumblebees, to be released.

"Blossoming"

by Sophia Hall

Watch as the leaves begin to change
The flowers bloom along the mountain range.
Watch as the bees begin to pollinize,
And as the sun begins to rise.
Watch as the butterflies begin to fly,
Now the world begins to beautify.

If Flowers Could Hear... (continued from pg 9)

Flowers spread their genes (encased in those minute, dust-like particles produced by the flower's male parts and called pollen) through various means. The white and purple Island shooting stars (*Primula clevelandii* var. *insularis*), for example, produce pollen that needs the buzzing of insects, particularly bumblebees, to be released. The bees literally shake up the flowers with their buzzing wings, and this releases the pollen. This pollen then gets attached to the insects or flies into the wind, eventually finding its way to the stigma or female parts of other flowers, closing the circle of fertilization. These flowers also have interesting structures and colors, which are clearly attractive to insects.

The colors of flowers are actually more vibrant than what our human eyes can see. Many insects, for example, can see into the infrared area of the light spectrum. In this range, other colors and patterns on the flowers appear, which guide the insects towards the center of the flowers where they can find their rewards (nectar and pollen). Some flowers are also shaped in such a way that they can reflect the heat from the sun towards the center of the flower, like a parabolic shape, or sonar or satellite dish shape. Some insects hide inside flowers that close at night, taking advantage of this warm shelter.

But here is where the story gets really weird. What if some flowers could actually "hear" or sense the sounds made by the beating wings of insects and increase their nectar production to attract more insects? Yeah, this sounds incredible, I know. But in recently published research this is precisely what is happening. Researchers from the University of Tel Aviv, in Israel, have



© Carlos L. de la Rosa

documented the phenomenon on one species of plant whose flowers seem to be able to detect the sound of insects and increase their nectar production within minutes. Doing experiments with the beach evening primrose (*Oenothera drummondii*), which grows wild in the southeastern United States, they documented the yellow parabolic-shaped flowers responding to the sound frequencies and recordings of bee wings vibrating to produce some 20% more nectar than when exposed to other wavelengths of sound. The parabolic shape of some flowers has also been documented in the rainforests, where some flowers use this shape to attract pollinating bats by reflecting back the ultrasounds produced by the bats as they hunt and look for nectar.

Looking around at the Island's flora, we can see many species that have shapes similar to those shown by the primrose. And many insects including bees, bumblebees, flies of all sizes and colors, wasps, butterflies and moths, beetles, and more, visit them throughout the summer. Could any of the flowers can also "hear" and reward their pollinators? Looks to me like a fertile area of new research!

In a future article, we'll talk about the importance of insects to the health of both, natural and man-made (agricultural) ecosystems. No matter how annoying people may find them, without insects—bees in particular—our agricultural systems would literally collapse, and the natural splendor of a wildflower show like the

one we are witnessing this year on the hills of our beloved Island would come to an end. Our lives are made more precious because of all these creatures, great and small. Learning about fascinating and astounding features such as the ones being discovered right now only makes us appreciate more the value that nature and wilderness have in our lives.

* * *

Want to learn more about this phenomenon?
Check out the links below!

The original article on the subject of plant responses to pollinator sound can be found and downloaded at this link: <https://www.biorxiv.org/content/10.1101/507319v1>.

And here is an article on the subject in Spanish. Y aquí un artículo sobre el tema en español: https://www.nationalgeographic.es/ciencia/2019/01/las-flores-escuchan-el-zumbido-de-las-abejas-lo-que-hace-que-su-nectar-sea-mas?fbclid=IwAR3A9lzYhEZM9NSski5TpJRWhBAr_srnP8rANrBpduLpQNf10HSARvjLexjo.



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a bee's view of a mariposa

The Singularity -- It is Coming

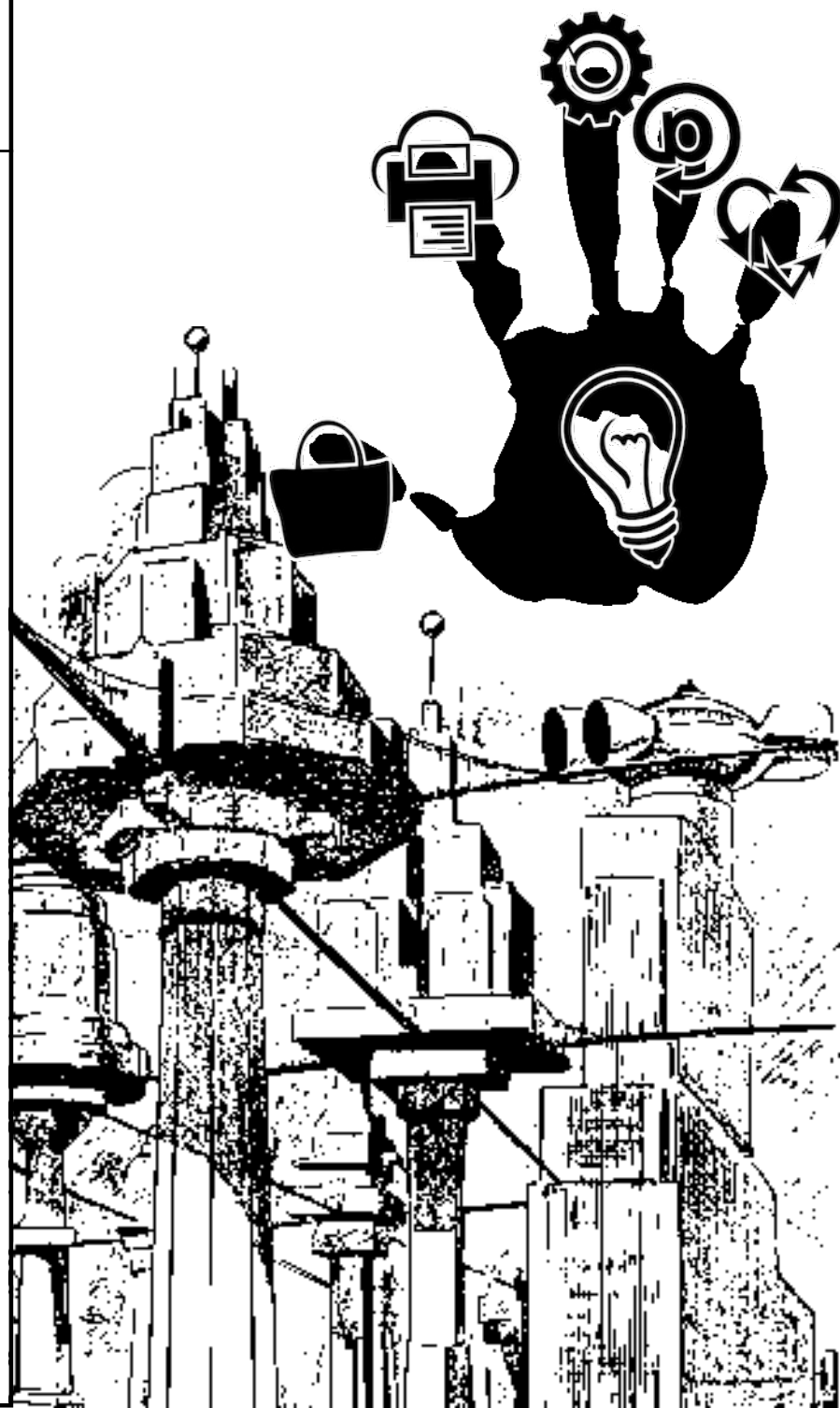
by Rich Zanelli

One day last week I was a passenger in a golf cart. This is unusual, because I typically walk wherever I go. After we reached our destination, I noticed that I had gotten a message on my cell phone that said that it had noticed that I seemed to be driving and had automatically put itself into silent mode. At first, I thought "My cell phone thought I was driving." And then I realized, "My cell phone thought." I know that the technology that most of us carry with us in our cell phones is greater than the technology that was required to land men on the moon and then get them back to Earth safely. But my cell phone THOUGHT! Am I ready for this? Are we ready for this?

It is known as the technological singularity and it is the theoretical instant that artificial intelligence exceeds human intelligence. And, make no mistake of it, it is coming. I am not envisioning a Rise of the Machines kind of situation where artificial intelligence creates an army of soldier androids to exterminate the human race. But it is not too difficult to imagine that artificial intelligence would be able to be completely self-sufficient, rendering human input obsolete. I do not have any idea what that would look like.

People stopped just short of declaring that the moment was upon us when IBM's Watson defeated two of the best Jeopardy! contestants in the game show's history. It may sound like the stuff of science fiction, but consider this: When artificial intelligence surpasses human intelligence, it will have the capacity to create greater artificial intelligence than we can create...and it will no longer have a need for us.

"I, for one, welcome our new computer overlords." -- Ken Jennings



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Friday, May 10 - 7:00 pm

Saturday, May 11 - 7:00 pm

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Changes in Life

by Salvador Macias

This new generation has been introduced to the expanding domain of technology. Hardware, like computers and phones, have become smarter, smaller, cheaper, and more accessible. Software innovations have made things like the internet and social media an integral part of the new generation's upbringing. These changes have helped the new generation in so many ways. But, at the same time, it has undeniably affected students and their learning environments.

I myself have witnessed and gone through many of these technological changes. I can say that it has certainly changed my life in numerous ways. With the ubiquity of technology and increased social connection, so many kids (and even adults) are falling into pressure to be the best in our society. With the introduction of social media, people have been increasingly susceptible to comparing themselves to what they see online and on social media accounts. This encourages people to double-think their appearances and perceptions of success, often resulting in more feelings of insecurity than ever before. With greater insecurities students are facing on a day-to-day basis, they often begin to belittle themselves in a way where their future dreams are warped and compromised by thoughts that they aren't good enough in the eyes of society.

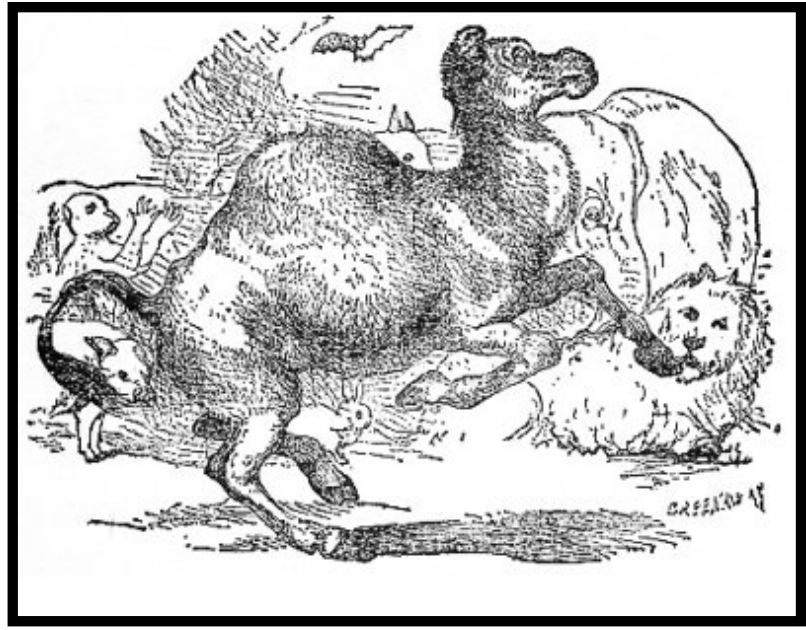
Our generation must focus to find a way to limit these new advances that are being introduced to us every day. We can start by simply taking time off our screens and focusing on what matters most to us. We can also spend more time motivating kids to chase their dreams and keep in mind that they're capable of achieving greatness.

FEAR!

by Diego Rios

It is always ok to speak up and have your voice be heard at all times. Some people are afraid to speak because they might mess up or be laughed at, but that's how we learn. Nobody is perfect, see? And if you don't try and make attempts, then you won't make any progress. Not knowing how to pronounce a word is a common fear we all share. But if you speak in public and mess up, someone can correct you. This corrected mistake increases the chances of learning the proper pronunciation and meaning of the word because you had a type of vivid experience that makes you remember it.

When we do the Vocab Sheets in Mr. Blehm's Class, for example, we all hesitate as a class to read our answers because we're scared to get it wrong. I am guilty of this myself. But in the end, this fearful experience motivates us to learn the meaning of the words in front of us on that day. It makes each word real to us so that when we leave the classroom, we take these words and experiences with us.



The Monkey & The Camel (An Aesop Fable)

THE BEASTS of the forest gave a splendid entertainment at which the Monkey stood up and danced. Having vastly delighted the assembly, he sat down amidst universal applause. The Camel, envious of the praises bestowed on the Monkey and desiring to divert to himself the favor of the guests, proposed to stand up in his turn and dance for their amusement. He moved about in so utterly ridiculous a manner that the Beasts, in a fit of indignation, set upon him with clubs and drove him out of the assembly.

It is absurd to ape our betters

Julia's War

by Tom Quinn

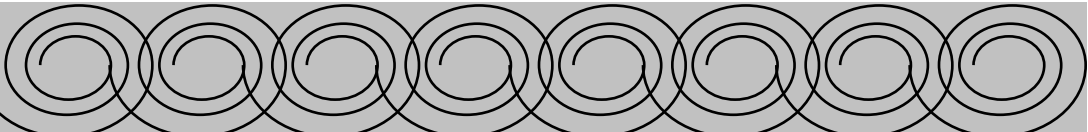
*The following is an excerpt from the novel-in-progress, Julia's War
Stay tuned each month for new installments of the story*

Previously: Celebrating their birthday, twins Todd and Julia Peelby embark on a hunt at the croc pond. 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, but a race to the tree-line quickly settles the score: Todd's got the sharper tongue, but Julia's the stronger rider. Soon after reaching the bush, Todd spies a peacock. Before he can pull the trigger a stranger takes the exotic bird first. Jemby Kanu and his boomerang make their acquaintance with the twins. Todd is downright pissed, laying on the sarcasm, as Jemby explains how the Kanu's work cattle and sheep for the Peelby's. Julia's amusement turns to intrigue as Jemby kneels beside the peacock, "Wait Toddy, what's he doing?"

From the young Aborigine comes sounds that astonish the twins. Jemby smooths the feathers of the ruffled peacock, straightens his black crown, and makes a sound particular to each of its body parts: rock sounds at the feet; wind at the wings; bird-calls and water at the beak. Jemby takes the peacock in his arms, walks to Todd and Ranger, offering him the huge bird. "Thank you Jemby, It's good to apologize. It's the Christian thing to do. I would like to hear fifteen-thousand years of stories. Please, come with us to the croc pond, won't you?" "Toddy Peelby, this bird is for your father. It's from me, the son of Kanu, and my Kanu family in honor of our families' friendships." "Oh I see, well done. Come with us to the croc pond anyway." "Yeeees I must." "Must? Why must?" "I take care of everything in dis bush. My there, the croc pond." "Oh perrrrfect. Shall we, then?" Julia is doing all she can not to wet her pants she's laughing so hard. Her straight face is a testament to her love for her brother. Two are now three and five are now six (if you count all things).

"Jemby not Christian. Jemby stinkin' heathen pagan. I am. Jemby worship all things, Jemby with all things." "Tell me, Jemby, do you also worship the devil?" "No stinkin' devil in Aborigine. In Aborigine all is good. Stinkin' Christians make stinkin' devil." "Shall we continue to the croc pond, Mr. All Good?" "Yeeees. Yees indeed." "I think I have many things to ask you, Jemby" "Missy Julia Peelby, I tell you everything." "That's what I hope to hear, Mr. Jemby."

The two new teenagers and the young defeathered forever man; King, Ranger, and Daisy, are vagabonds in the roadless bush. Underway and in a very tight gab. Two are now three, five are now six (if you count all things).

check out more online!  cazuelapublication.wordpress.com

"Writer's Block"

by Guillermo Torres

A wall to stop you

A point of no return

A time to think of where you've come

A point of self-evaluation

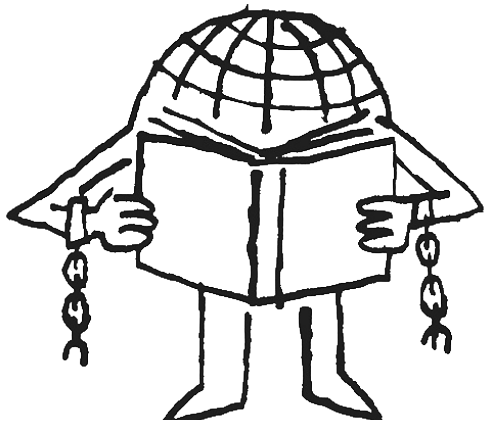
A point of insanity

A way to think positively

A point of going round and round

All until you figure it out

Your next line.



// 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) // Moving Writing Off the Page

Writing—and its corollaries, live reading and performance—belongs on the page, off the page, in the office, in the streets, in the woods, on mountains, in subways, in motion, in stillness, in bodies, in the ether. That is, writing belongs anywhere and everywhere, and there's no reason we need to see writing as sealed off from the world or as a purely intellectual activity involving only ink on paper and possibly a single person standing somberly (or not somberly) at a microphone. How might we lure writing off the page and into the world? Where are the worlds we might envision our writing moving, and how might we move with it?

- * Collaborate with someone who works in a different discipline (dance, film, music, biology, cooking, architecture, etc.). See what techniques they use to make what they make; try to use those same techniques to make writing.
- * Devise a poetry walk or a poetry bike ride or a story scavenger hunt or a poetry potluck or a novel dance party or an all-night poetry marathon. Find ways to bring your work into the world that imagine something beyond the traditional model of the poetry reading (though readings are great too!).
- * How might you enact a poem in the form of a mosaic? As graffiti? As a trek in the woods? As a climate?.

// Cómo Escribir (Más) // Llevar la escritura más allá de la página

La escritura—y sus corolarios, lecturas en vivo y performances—pertenece a la página, a espacios fuera de la página, a la oficina, a las calles, a los bosques, a las montañas, al metro, al movimiento, a la quietud, a los cuerpos, al éter. Es decir, la escritura debería de estar en cualquier lugar y en todos los lugares, y no hay razón para ver la escritura aislada del mundo o como una actividad meramente intelectual que implica solamente la tinta en el papel y, posiblemente, una sola persona de pie con expresión sombría (o no sombría) en un micrófono. ¿Cómo podemos tentar a la escritura para que salga de la página y entre al mundo? ¿Dónde están los mundos a los que podríamos llevar nuestra escritura, y como podríamos ir con ellos?

- * Colabora con alguien que trabaje en una disciplina diferente (la danza, el cine, la música, la biología, la cocina, la arquitectura, etc.). Observa cuáles son las técnicas que esa persona usa para hacer lo que hace; trata de usar esas mismas técnicas para escribir.
- * Elabora una caminata de poesía o un paseo de poesía en bicicletas o una búsqueda de tesoro con cuentos o una comida de traje de poesía, o fiesta de baile de novela o un maratón de poesía de toda la noche. Encuentra maneras de llevar tu trabajo al mundo que imagine algo más allá del modelo tradicional de la lectura de poesía (¡aunque las lecturas también son geniales!).
- * ¿Cómo se puede representar un poema en forma de un mosaico? ¿Como graffiti? ¿Como una caminata en el bosque? ¿Como un clima?



Awaken Your Worth

by Sky O'Connor

It's been almost a year since I stopped wearing makeup. It's crazy to think that up until last summer I hid my face from the world, never wanting anyone to see the real me. This big change has not been easy, but it has been a goal of mine for YEARS.

From the time I was in middle school, I started wearing makeup everyday, to hide my blonde eyelashes and my blotchy skin. I was ashamed of what I perceived as "beady rat eyes" and uneven red areas on my face, as well as my teen blemishes, all making me feel like the way I looked wasn't good enough, that I wasn't attractive.

So I hid my face. I covered it so nobody would see my imperfections and nobody would know that I was a human with pores and sensitive, fair skin, and light eyelashes. I was so uncomfortable with the way I looked without makeup that I didn't even recognize my natural face without the mask. I envied women who didn't wear any makeup and looked beautiful. I wanted to be like them, but I felt that I couldn't. For me, wearing makeup was a non-negotiable part of my routine: I had to wear my makeup to be accepted and loved -- To be considered beautiful.

5 years ago I developed severe chronic acne after going off birth control pills, and the hiding and shame got even worse. I would spend so much time putting on makeup to try and cover all my blemishes. I stopped going to social events, I didn't even want to be seen out in public, and became depressed and very anxious. Of course, the makeup and the stress were making my acne worse, and I was becoming more and more discouraged and more insecure about how I looked. I kept trying to fix myself, feeling like I was ugly and not good enough. Like people would look at me in disgust. I was so ashamed.

Then one day it clicked. I was talking to a friend who brought to my attention how hard I was on myself. He asked me, "Would you speak to a little child that way?" I was shocked. I never even realized how mean I was to myself. That moment was a big turning point for me, because my answer was definitely no, I would never speak to a kid that way. So why should I talk to myself that way? I had also been reading blogs of other women who had gone through the pain of having horrible acne, and on their healing journey, had realized it was just as important to love and accept themselves and believe they were beautiful as it was to find the solution to what was causing their acne.

I started doing the mirror work, looking myself in the eyes and saying:

"I'm beautiful no matter what."

"I am worthy and special."

"My acne does not dictate my beauty or my worth."

I looked past the acne and saw my whole face, my beautiful face, my smile, my eyes. That is what people saw when they looked at

me, not my skin imperfections. I started to examine the ways that I spoke to myself, bringing awareness to how hard I was on myself. I started speaking to myself kindly and lovingly, like I would speak to a child. I started practicing lots of self care, taking epsom salt baths, meditating, going on nature walks, journaling every day. Cooking nourishing meals for myself, basking in sunlight, only using natural products on my skin. I was on a mission to heal myself from the inside out. I was learning to love myself, no matter what. It took a while for my acne to start clearing up, but what it taught me was radical self love. It taught me to see myself as a whole, to not identify with an imperfection, but to love that imperfection. It taught me that I am so much more than my physical appearance, and it taught me that I am beautiful, because I am a living, breathing soul with a heart and a purpose. It taught me that the way towards healing is through self-care, unconditional love, and acceptance. It taught me to have compassion for myself, and in turn, for others. It taught me to release shame and to be vulnerable with others, which showed them that they could be vulnerable with me. And it showed me that I wanted to help others love and accept themselves and care for and heal themselves.

I knew as my acne started to finally clear up that one day I would strive to be one of those women who did not wear makeup and was naturally beautiful. Moving to an island where I got to swim in the ocean and be in the sun and hike every day freed me from caring about how I look, and the more days go by without waking up and hiding my face, the more I get used to my bare skin and the natural face I see in the mirror. It seems so normal to me now, to wake up and not fuss about what my face looks like, to let my skin breathe, to step into the world confident in my natural beauty.

Now I don't even want to wear makeup, but I can choose to put some on for fun, like an accessory if I am going out or something. There is nothing wrong with wearing makeup, but for me, there was something wrong with the fact that I felt I NEEDED to hide my face from the world. But I now recognize the face that I see when I look in the mirror, and I now realize that I was one of those women with natural beauty all along. I just needed to learn for myself, which is why I am ultimately grateful for the three years I suffered with severe acne. It was my body and my higher self helping me become the woman I am meant to be, one who unconditionally loves and accepts herself no matter what, and is here to show others the way. I now realize this all happened FOR me, so I could step more fully into supporting other women on their healing journeys toward more self love and their true authentic, worthy, radiant selves.

My name is Sky O'Connor, I'm a Worthiness and Relationship 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/skyworthinesscoach](https://www.facebook.com/skyworthinesscoach) and [Instagram.com/skyworthinesscoach](https://www.instagram.com/skyworthinesscoach)

"Sleeping on a Flower"

by Lars Brown

I find myself giggling softly
When they ask me how I will sleep.
They say one thousand mile an hour winds are coming
And they wonder how one can sleep
On a flower that floats on such a sea
And so I tell them
Like a rock

I've had practice sleeping
In so many places not meant for this
On our island's rocky beaches
With a mouse eating my leftover fish
I've slept on hotel floors
& I've slept beside a creek
But on top of a rocking dahlia
Is by far my favorite spot to sleep.

GONE FISHING: CATCH 'EM NEXT MONTH

-- No report from the Avalon Community Garden for April. Our next Cazuela will provide more info and another interview with the gardeners participating in this exciting new initiative.

-- This second installment of "Finding My Way Home" has been postponed. Stay tuned for another story from Chuck Jones next month!

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Beef, cheese, onion, lettuce & tomatoes.

Entrees

Chicken Teriyaki \$9.95

Beef Teriyaki \$9.95

Chicken Vegetable Stir Fry \$9.95

Spicy Tofu Veggie Stir Fry \$8.50

Korean Spicy Pork \$9.95

Korean Beef \$9.95

all served with steamed rice and vegetables

Katie's Special \$12.95

Shrimp, beef & chicken mixed w/steamed rice & vegetables.

Extra large portions available (\$6.00 xtra)

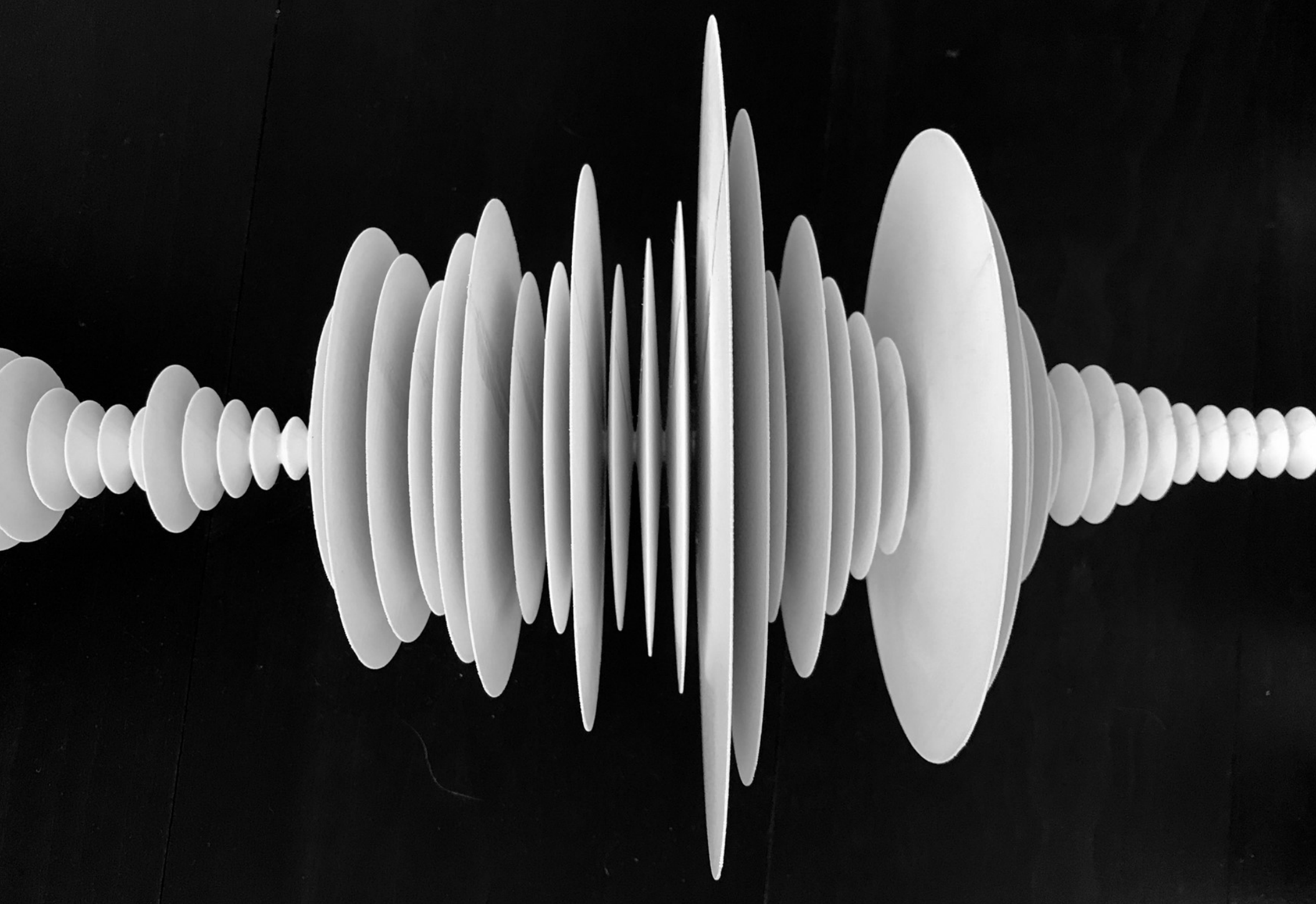
HAVE AN IDEA FOR CAZUELA COVER ART?

all covers must be in color & fit for presentation in landscape (horizontal) orientation

LET'S COLLABORATE!

**LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?
JOIN US FOR THE NEXT ISSUE!
Next Deadline: MAY 10**

**Submit to:
catalina.cazuela@gmail.com**



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

Our *Cazuela* is a monthly publication filled with creative and thought-provoking content designed to encourage community conversation for friends of Catalina Island. Distributed in print and online, we offer you *a feast for the mind*.

SPECIAL THANKS TO THOSE
WHO HELPED MAKE THIS
ISSUE POSSIBLE:

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Ilona Eubank
Becky
Joan Moses
Catalina Island Museum

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