Casual Visitor,
Tourist over-towner returned,
Bend an ear -- or perhaps you've heard it once and must again confirm. Treasured new friends, a tale of interest to you! Sweeter than her lobster, or her urchin, I urge you to listen. Listen closely: to the wind and the waves, to the eagles, gulls, and ravens, to the insects only children hear, to the ancient voices emanating from below the streets, to the shell berms and sea in concert with the children on the beach. Close your eyes and have it read to you by someone close and dear, and you will hear a story of when Pimu spoke to only me.

My tenure is a ten-year vacation. Everything's gone. I sit on the beach on something that cannot sink. The chair is a Tommy Bahama with all the bells and whistles: neck-brace, adjustable back, cupholder, and an armrest for writing. A very sweet piece -- and the very last vestige of my princely self. Dante's Inferno got nothing on me. I'm the new cut, the one below the sidewalk and just above the street. I'm writing, but still I ask myself: "another summer broke on the beach?" There was nothing ahead or behind me. A walk would ease the stagnation. On the Pleasure Pier, through the crowd, Robbie Clark and I meet eyes. He said he was taking Pete Edwards' sailing catch over town for some work and put her up for sale. He and me are close, "If you need a guy, I need to go." He knows my work and thought for half a second: "You got 20 minutes." Through my life I've packed a light sea bag. In 45 minutes we broke Casino Point on the port-side. With its namesake bouncing away on the stern, mixed emotions raise the jib and main. A man with friends and a good boat to leave paradise for a poo-poo lagoon...clean and broke.

The work went well, as those on the dock passed by and approved of everything. In that marina I improved, with friends and more and more work. A couple of boat deals led to an Albin Vega 27-foot sloop. Built in Sweden. Her sister-ship sailed to Antarctica from Chile (and made it back). The story's told in a novel by an aspiring from hollywood. I made her my choice: couldn't do better! I trimmed her out as fine as could be and within that year we, the sloop and I, are loaded to the gills and ready to come back to where my fondest parts await.

It's been years since last sailing out of LA to the island. I use her native name Pimu now, and personalize this inanimate, semi-arid rock, as her. On the NOAA chart, she's Santa Catalina Island with lats and longs, numbers, and bathymetrics. Put a blindfold on me at Angel's Gate, LA harbour's entrance, I'll still find her, light or dark. And I did. The following day is glorious. I'm on a heavy anchor on my old spot off Pebbly Beach. Morning welcomes me, birds are crying and sea-lions come for a visit to the new boat. It's a short kayak ride to the beach and the walk into town, down Pebbly Beach Road, passes waving to old friends. In town, it's the same welcome back. The afternoon paddle back is all smiles and cabernet.

If accepted by her and her people there's a feeling one gets....and on my return this beguiling surprise enveloped me. I was missed by this community, and there's been a space made. I no longer had to scrap and fight, and I popped a cork on a second bottle and am soon asleep.

Flashed on instances over the years of my life here on the water, of me falling prey to Pimu's clown, a puckish piece of mischief. The rising wind through the sloop's rig I mistake for Kokopelli's flute. The clown laughs as he plays. I'm entertained in the forever instances of a dreaming REM.

In the oncoming storm, the open hatch lets in the rain. The seas come way up and all around it's white-capping. The sloop's in a sideways attitude and drifting. I awake from the flute to the wind and run forward to safety-check the anchor line. I can't pull a foot of it -- the anchor's still there. Two-hundred feet of 3/8ths chain, and a hundred of hard nylon rope. I tell myself, "It's gotta be off the edge and keeping me drifting along that fathom line. Anytime soon to bite on anything." In disbelief, "Not this again" just makes it from thought to speech.

Points of reference are approached and passed. Casino Point. Hamilton Cove. Not once does my vessel feign to bow into the weather for a hard-bit hook. The light at White's Landing is closer in its circled beam. I'm tired, shaking from the cold and the rain. We pass the point and light at White's and enter the dark on the stretch to Long Point and the Isthmus.

Under a clouded full-moon, home-movie shudder clicking, her face comes from a canyon. The mists from clouds -- her hair -- medusa wild then tight-spinning in immediate karma. Her face is high-cheekbone cliffs. Deep ravine eyes, rain cry lines to a beach of thunder rolling boulder teeth. The sea would rather the lathered vortex. In the maelstrom Pimu speaks to me.

Wha.....a-.....aat? Whaaaaat do you waaaannt frommmmm meeeeeeeee?
(and still again) Whaaaaaat....Dooooo..... youuuuu....Waaaaant?

I paused my panicked thoughts -- Am I still in the dream? Her Kokopelli never spoke. Only played the flute or laughed. A glance in the cabin for a stowaway. A ridiculous flashlight beam up the mast (I hid there from a girlfriend in a storm once, bad joke). Around the sloop's waterline where, in this storm, no other else could be. I knew it was her, yet I looked...nothing. A large gust near knocks the sloop's rail down to the waterline. Again her voice:

I'll give you anyyyyythingggggggg....
Wha...a-....aat.....Do youuuuuu....Waaaaaant?

I answer unconsciously, "I want to sing and story-tell. That's all. Sing and story-tell."
I wait in silence.

Then singggggggg.....and tell the storyyyyyy.....(silence).

In frustration and disbelief there comes a peace. My shoulders drop in sudden comfort. I'm unafraid. At Bird Rock, in the front of the Isthmus, the sloop's nose comes face to face with Pimu's breath. First light in the East dims the morning star. Down companionway steps into the salon...I take a rest

February 2019

Issue #5

A FEAST FOR THE MIND

The Sublime's Still Life

Life can be a crazy whirlwind at times. It can cause moments of pure chaos and we feel like we are adrift on stormy seas, being tossed about. Other times, though, the rain cloud seems to be following only us around, causing personal crises to fall solely on our head and shoulders. Sometimes, in contrast, our passions put a fire in our bellies that keep us driving ourselves (and the world) forward. But as the world spins around on its axis and the news scrolls at the bottom of our screens, we also catch essential moments of stillness. Having a meal with a friend, reading a good book, enjoying the sun or the rain and special occasions with family. This is still life. Maybe, at times, it is even more life than the chaos. Capturing it may be fleeting, but such a welcome relief when achieved.

At this very moment, as you read the pages of Cazuela, you are experiencing a moment of stillness. Even if there is noise, movement or distraction around you. We encourage these moments as you savor the words displayed across our pages. We ask you to drink it in and let it marinate. Digest its contents and allow your mind to devour this feast that has been carefully prepared for you. And we hope, in turn, that you are able to manifest this stillness at the untimely moments when it is needed most.

Our cover art is a still life beautifully photographed by Shana Cassidy and features the incredible pottery work of her talented sister, Robin Cassidy. Everything captured within that still life image is from our precious Island home. It serves as a reminder: we are surrounded by some of the most poerful and abundant creations of still life.

These inanimate objects, in their apparent stillness, surge with life! The shells, branches, lace, clay, and rock, each one offers a different perspective (a different frame of mind, an alternative timescale) for those events with which we obsess and agonize. And vice versa, for our daily concern for the yearning desires of a wayward toyon branch, the movements of a starfish, etc. But, sometimes, we take up the invitation to dote on these matters. And when the momentum of chaos pushes and pulls on the scales of creation and destruction, standing still and getting lost in thought, resisting the momentum of the moment, could be a more sublime feat than we often presume it to be.

Life is about the balance between chaos and stillness . We here at Cazuela would like to remind all of us that, regardless, it's still life after all.

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

COVER ART:
"Catalina Still Life"
Photo: Shana Cassidy
Pottery: Robin Cassidy

Recipe for the Issue:

Start with a helping of Articles and Observations:

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Chuck Martin 7 PELLET FIREPLACES IN OUR ENVIRONMENT

Rich Zanelli 12 FREQUENTLY MISUSED WORDS

Sean Brannock 14 SHAKING MY FIST AT GOD

Chuck Liddell 16 HI OCEAN, THIS IS CHUCKIE/CHARLES/CHUCK

Mix in a handful of Creative Writing:

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An Aesop Fable 4 THE TWO FROGS

Tom Quinn 5 VALENTINE'S 90704

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PAGE 1 COLLAGE:
Photo: Frank Rojo, Kamlyn Sessions, D. Knapp, Laurel Sanchez, Reed Saxon
Words: Tom Quinn

Add a pinch of Community Shares:

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

"Ode to a Lizard"
a poem by
Cliff Hague

Years ago I was living on Taiwan, another very beautiful island, doing field behavioral research on lizards. This entailed hours and hours of sitting quietly and recording lizard behavior in a notebook (an activity that can easily 'drive one to think'). Late on one hot and muggy day, after having watched a particularly active male catching food and mating with a female he had been courting for several hours, I was inspired to write the following short poem. It applies equally well to our three native species of Catalina lizards.

-- Cliff Hague
Full time Avalon resident for 21 years.

*The western skink (*Eumeces skiltonianus*) sports a bright blue tail when young, which dulls as they become adults. During breeding season, the western skink's tail and sides become more orange-colored.*

*The side-blotched lizard (*Uta stanburiana*) has a dark spot behind its front legs, which gives it the name.*

*The alligator lizard (*Elgaria multicarinata*) is a beautiful and common lizard on the Island.*

photos by
Carlos de la Rosa

Upon his rock he sits,
So passive in his stare,
Waiting for the fly to land,
Come close enough to snare.

And when his hunger's satisfied,
Another rises in his mind,
With visions of the scaly beauty
He hopes he soon will find.

For with pleasure she provides
Though he know not what it means,
The best, in fact, the only way
To pass along his genes.

When night has come and love is spent,
Perhaps he dreams beneath the stars
Of the time his kin did rule the earth,
Those mighty dinosaurs.

Long before the Kings of England
Reigned upon their thrones,
These dragons of his noble past
Had only left their bones.

A silly poem is this short ode,
Written but to mock,
Yet…how different are we, really,
From the lizard on his rock?

check out Cazuela online!
cazuelapublication.wordpress.com

The Two Frogs
(An Aesop Fable)

TWO FROGS dwelt in the same pool. When the pool dried up under the summer's heat, they left it and set out together for another home. As they went along, the frogs chanced to pass a deep well amply supplied with water . When the frogs spied the well, the younger of the two said to the other, "Let us descend and make our abode in this well. It will furnish us with shelter and food." The other frog replied with greater caution, "But suppose the water should fail us. How can we get out again from so great a depth?"

Do nothing without a regard for the consequences.

SOUL ALIGNMENT

I was experiencing a moment of *comparisonitis* today at Dance Tribe as I looked around the room full of other beautiful dancing goddesses, and I caught myself noticing the bodies that were thinner, fitter, and smaller than mine. I was looking at their abdomens, almost getting carried away with a wish that I was more like that....and I stopped myself. And I was like, "wait! I don't even want to look like that!" I'm not saying anything negative about people with smaller physiques, but this was a big aha moment. It was almost a remembrance, an intention coming to fruition. The full culmination of the body love and acceptance I have been working on for a while. I realized that I don't want to be anyone but me. I even exclaimed it out loud,

"I only want to be me! I love being me!"

I love my body. I love my feminine softness and my curves. I love my thick thighs and my booty. And more recently I have really grown to love my belly. I think it's adorable. It's sweet and soft.

It's so weird, it's almost like this voice takes over, a voice so removed from what I actually value and desire, it's a voice that has been programmed for years and years to believe that thin = beautiful, that the only women who are worthy and attractive are the ones with the small, fit bodies. The flat stomachs. The low body fat. Don't get me wrong, women of all shapes and sizes are beautiful, but one body type is not better than another. Really.

Being thin is no longer on a pedestal in my book. Being thin is no longer my end goal. When I actually think about having a different body, a body like the ones I have envied for so long, I realize that's not even what I want. That's not even me. I couldn't even imagine being a small, thin person. Now, being ME is my goal. Feeling confident and sexy and worthy for just BEING ME is my goal. I no longer view women who have society's definition of a "perfect body" as better than me or better than anyone else who has a different shape or size. What makes me desirable and beautiful is my uniqueness and my authenticity. What makes me worthy is just me believing that I am worthy. What makes me attractive is when I'm in love with myself and I'm doing things that make me feel good. When I am feeling most like my authentic self, people notice. People can see the light shining out of me.

When you're aligned with your soul and you are lit up by your life and who you are, people are drawn to you. When you love and accept yourself for exactly who you are people will love being around your energy, because they can sense the genuineness. In this crazy world filled with so much illusion and artificiality, people just want to see REAL. People just want to see your vulnerability and honesty. People are longing to connect, longing to feel seen, and you being YOU gives them permission to be themselves, too.

My clarity today reminded me that each and every one of us has a unique purpose and we were given a unique body unlike anyone else's to be the vehicle for our own divine expression. When we reject the body we will continue to block ourselves from full living, from fully embodying the most authentic versions of ourselves. I have made it a practice of mine to redirect my attention from criticism to love, from obsessing over food to eating intuitively, and from moving my body in a way that feels good rather than forcing it to lose weight.

When you let go of comparison, the diet mentality, and restricting and demonizing food, you make space to appreciate your body and you get to enjoy life so much more. You get to have fun, relax, and be present. You get to feel FREE.

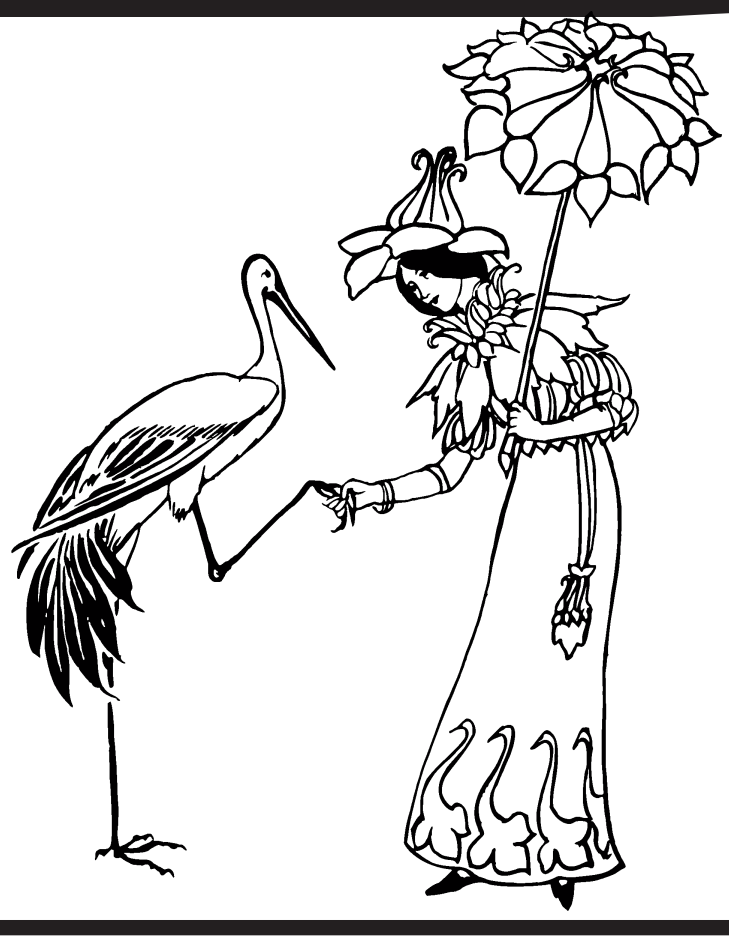
My name is Sky O'Connor and I am a Soul Coach and Reiki Master. I help women align with their soul's true purpose and passions, let go of limiting beliefs, reclaim their power, and create the life of their dreams. I help my clients awaken to their true worth and learn to deeply love themselves. If you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

"Valentine 90704"

a poem by

Tom Quinn

Dearest,
We've been cooped up for days
Let's get out of bed, scuttle the trash
And take the trans-Cat trail if it ain't rainin'
What else could we two do today
But make a scorpio babe?
Between the bed posts in the middle of a rural sea
After you I want to…
raise my hands to the changing light and color
Complete between the sheets...
Without a word to speak.
Or; climb the crotch of the canyon
And at the trail's top stand
In vista millenia facing West
Joyant in rock rain, sweet interlocutor
Stay with me 'til Spring when
In flowered meadow'd beds with fennel border posts
We lay in the sun with our scorpio bun
Half-baked
And take our pick of names
Destiny
Tina
Or Val
Orville
Or Larry



From Seed to Shining Seed

by Carlos de la Rosa

*A toyon (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*) in flower is an amazing sight, with its bright red fruits visible from a huge distance.Toyon seeds are encased in capsules, packed in fours or fives inside the fruits. Each capsule has usually two small brown seeds.*

The whole process of sexual reproduction in flowering plants is fascinating and deserving of its own article. However, I want to focus here on that part of the plant's life cycle that develops in what we know as "seeds." I have always been fascinated by the extraordinary variation shown in seeds, from the gigantic sea coconut or coco de mer seed (*Lodoicea maldivica*), an endemic palm found on the islands of Praslin and Curieuse in the Seychelles, which can weigh close to 40 lbs., to the minute and dust-like seeds of many orchids in the tropical rainforests of South America, weighing 1/35 millionth of an ounce.

Flowering plants reproduce by producing blooms that eventually turn into fruits that contain seeds. All seeds contain a tiny embryo. These baby plants are usually surrounded by nutritive tissues that help them grow once they sprout. From each seed, a small root emerges, ready to tap into the soil and begin to absorb nutrients for the growing plant. The seeds found on Catalina are beautiful, strange, diverse and wonderfully adapted to the various conditions and opportunities for plants on the Island. Some are dispersed by wind, others by water, and yet others by animals; a few are dispersed by their own devices. Some seeds are quite large, like oak acorns, and some so tiny they look like coarse sand. But all of them are part of the balance of nature on our incredible Island.

Each plant species has its own set of adaptations for making their seeds germinate successfully. Some enter a dormant period that can last for years, waiting for the right set of conditions, like temperature, humidity or light, to tell it when to germinate. Others, like some of our fire-following plants, need a trigger, like the heat from a fire or the smoke generated with it, to start the germination process. Through experimentation, native plant experts in California discovered that the seeds of certain chaparral habitat plants like chamise (*Adenostoma fasciculatum*), felt-leafed ceanothus (*Ceanothus arboreus*) and white sage (*Salvia apiana*) among others can break seed dormancy and be incited to germinate upon exposure to liquid smoke. Yes, that same stuff you put on BBQ meats to make them taste as if you cooked them outdoors on a wood fire! This has been published in the scientific literature, and it is widely used in the horticultural industry and in native plant nurseries, including our own on the Island. And the reason for this phenomenon is that liquid smoke (there are several brands out there) is actually produced by distilling and liquefying smoke produced in burn chambers with selected wood chips and sawdust. Many of the chemicals that the seeds encounter in the wild after a fire are concentrated and present in this food additive. This fire in a bottle was a significant breakthrough for horticulturists and ecologists focused on native plant restoration of degraded habitats.

Native plant seeds on the Island range in size from large, like oak acorns, wild cucumber, and Catalina cherry, to tiny, like those of the bush mallow, shooting stars, silver lotus, and the minute ocean spray. Some of our seeds are also uniquely shaped, like the long and hairy Catalina Island mahogany, with its curly fox tails that help it be dispersed by the wind, and the odd-looking and sticky seeds of the beautiful Crossosoma. Looking at the native seeds under magnification tells stories of dispersal, hardiness, adaptations to survive cold and fire, drought, and floods. The seeds carry the essence of the next generation, and their survival is the most important thing for the plant.

As varied as they are in shape and size, they are also diverse in other characteristics, such as viability. A seed is not viable forever under natural conditions. It will come to a point where if it doesn't germinate, the germ or embryo it contains will die. For some species, like the oaks, this can happen very quickly. Acorns are usually viable only for a few months. If they don't germinate right away, they will dry, rot, or most likely get eaten by the plentiful wildlife that depends on acorns for its sustenance. This is one of the reasons oaks produce such a tremendous number of seeds. Odds are that some of them will make it to germination and survive the seedling and small plant years. But there are other species, like the fire-followers or fire-adapted ones mentioned above, that will enter a period of dormancy and wait for the conditions to become ideal. For the fire species, this can be years. And then, there are other species that under the right conditions (low humidity, cold temperatures and lack of predators or diseases) can live for decades and even centuries. Seeds from the narrow-leafed campion, Syllene stenophylla, a species of flowering plant found in Siberia, were recovered from frozen rodent burrows and carbon-dated to 30,000 years of age. Scientists were able to germinate these seeds and grow full plants from them! There are several species of this genus in southern California. Same stories have been reported using seeds from archaeological excavations dating back to two thousand years. These conditions of low humidity and temperature can be replicated and provide an environment for the storage of many seeds from our native plants. The Ackerman Native Plant Nursery in Middle Ranch does just this, and it has millions of seeds stored in a

The flowers of several species of Eriogonum *(like our St. Catherine's lace) change colors when maturing, from white or light pink to russet. The seeds of* Eriogunum *are very small and pointed.*

*The Catalina Island mahogany (*Cercocarpus traskiae*) is an endemic species of special importance to the Island. These spiky structures are the seed "tails" starting to grow. The seeds of the Catalina Island mahogany have a unique structure that looks like a little hairy tail and it helps the seed to disperse.*

From Seed to Shining Seed (continued)

walk-in refrigerator, cataloged and tested regularly, ready to be put to use in the Conservancy's restoration projects.

Seeds and the fruit capsules that contain them use a variety of strategies to move around. Some plants have fruits that literally explode when ripe, sending the seeds flying through the air some distance away. Others are transported by water, using floods and streams as means for dispersal or have extensions and adaptations to be dispersed by the wind. Some fruit capsules have hooks or barbs that get attached to passing animals (or unwary hikers) and get transported long distances by these means. Many fruits are edible and attractive to wildlife and are swallowed whole by birds and mammals. These seeds have to have tough coatings to survive the trip through the acidic guts of animals and come out the other end viable. In fact, some seeds actually need to go through an animal's gut to germinate. One good thing is that these seeds, scarified by the acids from the digestive tract of its transporter, get deposited in a convenient "pool of nutrients" (yes, I mean poop) once they leave the gut of the disperser. In fact, every species on the island has its own unique form of dispersal, germination, and characteristics, making the study and exploration of seeds an intellectually rewarding endeavor.

*This flowering specimen of giant coreopsis (*Coreopsis gigantea*) shows its spring leaves and yellow daisy-like flowers. The seeds of the Giant coreopsis are hardy and germinate readily.*

Pellet Fireplaces in our Environment

by Chuck Martin

Having friends in one of the valley communities of Northern California, it was brought to our attention that the many wood burning fireplaces in town, that burned daily in the colder times of the year, were causing pollution that was having an adverse effect on public health. As a result, community members were looking for ways to combat this problem. Using natural gas with lava-type logs put off less heat and was expensive. And fireboxes, although more efficient, were similarly polluting.

The solution to the problem was pellet-burning fireplaces. These devices self-feed pellets via an auger to a tray in an enclosed fire box. An electric starter ignites the pellets and a blower enhances the continued growth of the flame, once pellets are ignited the flame continues propagating, the blower then sends heat into the room and can be adjusted higher or lower. The auger can also be adjusted to feed pellets more frequently for a greater flame.

We decided to invest into a pellet stove here on Catalina and have now used it for 5 years. It's great: no pollution, no gas, and no soot or dirt from burning wood. To my knowledge there are four or five islanders with pellet stoves. Although getting pellets to the island is the hardest part of having a stove, if we get more islanders using them, this problem would get better.

To find more information on these stoves, look for them online at various websites that offer low-price household items.

A Dispatch From the Community Garden

The first meeting of the Avalon Community Garden took place on January 22nd, 2019. Of the 15 attending members, the range of life experience and backgrounds was vast. Some offered professional gardening experience, others spoke of porch gardens they'd tended in Avalon for decades, while even more came with nothing but the desire to get their hands dirty and learn the basics.

While the motivations for joining a community garden were as numerous as its participants, one thing was clear: *a common desire to grow as much local food as possible, while sharing sustainable gardening techniques suited to the microclimates of Avalon.* To this end, the Community Garden theme for this planting season will be "Garden Salad" -- a mixture of beets, lettuces, kale, carrots, chives, and other easily cultivated herbs and veggies.

On February 17th & 18th, members began cleaning and seeding a small plot of raised beds in the former falcon aviary between City Hall, CKV, and Las Casitas. This space is a promising starting point for Community Garden initiatives. Why? Because it mirrors many of limitations faced by gardeners looking to start balcony and porch projects throughout town. It is a great site for demonstrating how to effectively cultivate plants in small spaces and low-light environments. At the same time, the shared space is large enough for coordinated gardening projects -- where harvests are sown through teamwork and shared responsibility. These exercises in collective action also lend to a credible track-record as the Communiy Garden searches for larger spaces to cultivate in Avalon.

Subsequent dispatches from the Avalon Community Garden will continue to provide planting updates, as well as interview with members to explain what this initiative means to them and discuss some larger visions for the betterment of our community.

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

Women of HERstory:
Punk Part II

by Constance Rux

When last we spoke I was researching how many women had been inducted into the Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame, and had made the cover of *Rolling Stone* magazine. I wasn't finding much information about what contributions women had to music, specifically the 1970's Mothers of Punk, and why these all female bands were seemingly swept aside.

Lost in a Herstory Detour

So I switched gears. I decided to look at the herstory of females in music. So I went farther back. Way, way back. To 810 AD. To the first historical memory of a female composer. According to the Oxford musical history site, a woman named Kassia composed the Byzantine chant in Constantinople sometime between 829 and 867 while an Abbess. Then came a string of Abbesses, and Countesses who were followed by Opera Singers. I found through this research that it wasn't until 1754 that a woman (Duchess Maria Antonia of Bavaria, a German Princess) both wrote and starred in her own Opera. So that is a thing you know now. Admittedly this was too far back. Interesting as it was that it took around 944 years or so for a woman to both write, and perform her piece publically (at least according to the Oxford timeline) it was not helping me with my current quest. I decided to stay in my lane.

Brief PUNKstory

In the 1970s there was an outbreak of punk music. Like most of the punk scene in the early years, the girls had little to no musical experience, but they were young had a lot to say. Punk was more about expression than quality. More about not really knowing or caring that music was supposed to have rules, which meant it was easier to break the rules. It was easier to make something new when your main message was out with the old, and you didn't know much about the old anyway. It wasn't anti- as much as it was pro- unifying the people who felt left out of the mainstream. 70s Punk was a tight knit group, a family. Like every family, whether you know them or not, there's always a few who resemble a Father, and a Mother, and a weird political Uncle (looking at you Anti-Flag). So let me introduce you to a few of the mothers of this family.

The Slits - The UK Mothers of Punk

Founding members Ari Upp (or Up), Palmolive, Katie Korus, and Suzy Gutsy decided in 1976 that punk wasn't just for the boys, and by 1977 they were opening for The Clash. In 1979 they released their first album, "Cut." It made the UK top 30. For the first UK all female punk band, that was huge. If you have never heard, "I heard it through the Grapevine" in all of its English 1979 Punk glory, then you are missing one of its most original takes of all time.

The Slits became a rotating door for young female musicians. The girls would come and go depending on where they were in life at the time. And, occasionally, they added in male musicians to mix up the cast. However from age 14, Ari was always the fearless vocalist and leader until they officially disbanded in 1981. She led various other groups as her music morphed into a new age reggae-punk, and performed live until her death in 2010 from breast cancer. She refused treatments when she was diagnosed and opted instead to let the disease take its course. It may seem strange that her music took a reggae turn. But remember: punks were a minority. Or, really, a group of minorities. The rasta movement hit the UK first because of the influx of Jamaican and other pan-Caribbean migrants. Punk and reggae went hand in hand in their infancy as minority groups that accepted and respected each other. Ari married the two. Ari's mother Nora fully supported her in her art. (Nora's second husband was the lead singer of the Sex Pistols.)

Palmolive was dating John Graham Mellor AKA Joe Strummer - who, as a side note, my son is named after - and performing with Sid Vicious in his pre Sex Pistols Era years with the band Flowers of Romance when she met Ari in 1976. (Amazing how mentioning the male musicians Ari and Palmolive are connected to seems to give them more credibility. Maybe I should turn it around - say Joe Strummer dated the drummer for The Slits before becoming famous, and the lead singer for the Sex Pistols got to have Ari as a step daughter?) Palmolive eventually married and raised children. They now live in the US and continue to perform and write music together, You may not recognize it now, though, as she has become a devout Christian. Her music is now used to send a very different message, but she still continues to influence those around her through her art.

Why did they break up? It was dangerous. The Slits were a minority (women, very young women) in a grown man's industry. They cited violence, struggling to be taken seriously, their portrayal in the media, and lack of growth for reasons for the split. They hit a wall... or a ceiling. Also the label of "feminist" by the media drove them crazy. Feminist is a label, and labels come with rules and expectations. Rules and expectations mean being held up to a standard by others that they didn't hold themselves too. The older the got, the more they realized they were tired of fighting against the priorarchy, stereotypes, and industry. They were grown, and wanted to focus on building families and building a life. Not fighting for it.

The Runaways - The US Mothers of Punk

You can still find one all female 70s punk band in the karaoke books at your local dive - the Runaways. (I know because I checked at El Galleon, I may or may not have regalled the bar with Cherry Bomb once or twice...) The original band Joan Jett, Jackie Foxx, Cherie Currie, Sandy West and Lita Ford were a force to be reckoned with. Like The Slits, they were all in their early teens, and all relatively new to music. Their breakthrough style opened the doors for the all-female bands that followed in the 80s and 90s. Although at the time in the US they were not widely accepted as more than "punkettes" (tip: do not EVER use this term. It is equivalent to calling a female CEO "honey") in Japan they were a #1 hit on the music charts with the single, "Cherry Bomb" outdoing even "Hotel California," which was released the same year! They released five albums and toured the world during their short time together. Joan Jett is more known for her breakaway band, "Joan Jett and the Blackhearts" which made it into the Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame in 2015. Interestingly enough the Blackhearts is not an all female group, and made the hall of fame, whereas The Runaways have not yet "earned" a spot. Although during the Blackhearts 2015 induction, songs by The Runaways were performed.

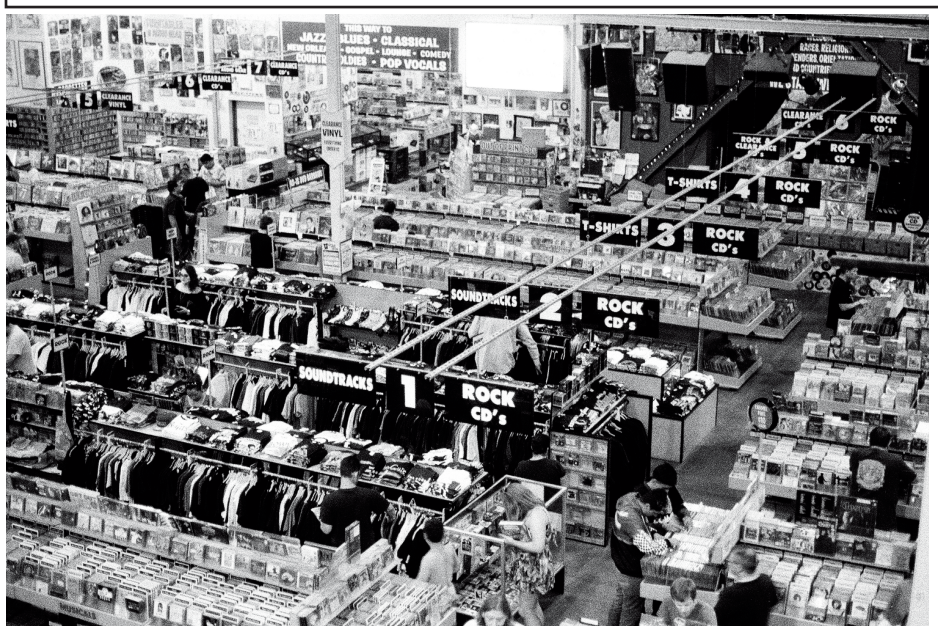
Although Joan's legacy may scream at us the loudest from the radio, there are other notable names to mention here. Jackie Foxx, for instance, was a teenage prodigy. She was accepted to early admission at UofC before she was 16 and a member of the band. After her short music career she went on to graduate summa cum laude, and had many behind the scenes jobs as an agent, promoter, and entertainment attorney. She didn't stay with the group long. She has released several statements about abuse at the hands of male roadies, and is now a vocal advocate for female performers.

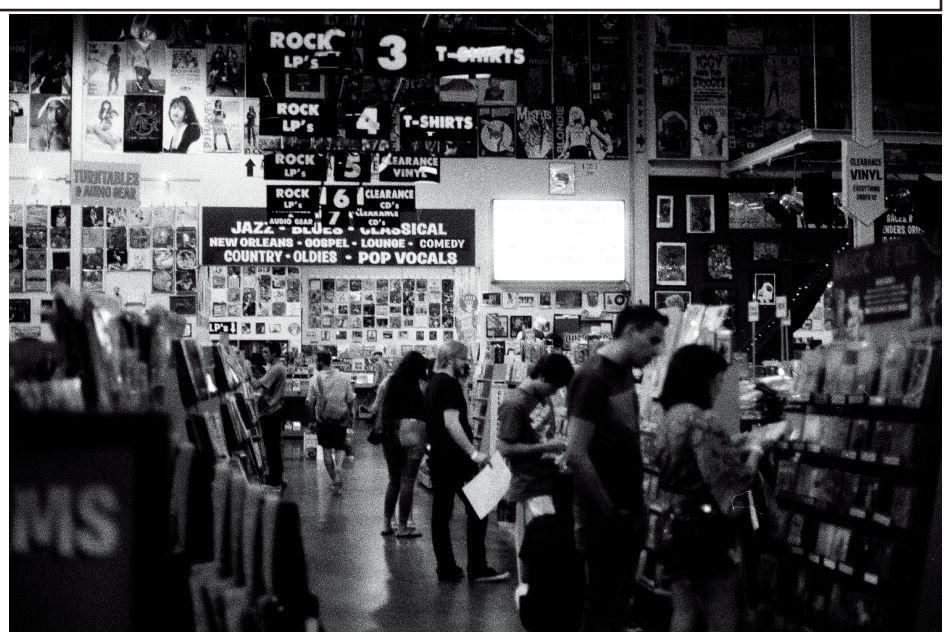
Cherie Currie was controversial because she performed mostly in her underwear. Although modern day female performers can wear (or not wear) almost anything, in the 70s this was very taboo. Many think it took away from her actual talent, and launched her into the anti-feminist, sex symbol of the band. Hurting the girls' cause rather than helping it. Others thought she was just doing it for the shock factor: reminding the audience they were watching girls on stage performing, and put their femininity at the forefront of the

performance. We are girls first, musicians second (much like The Slits, though, The Runaways did not appreciate the media's feminist label). Whatever the reason, she earned herself a solo career after leaving The Runaways. Her and her twin sister Marie toured the world together in the early 80s. She went on to have an acting career as well. Cherie struggled with addiction through most of her early life. She stepped away from being a full-time performer (although hasn't completely stepped away) to keep herself clean, and is now a chainsaw wood carving artist in NoCal. You can find her work here, http://www.chainsawchick.com.

Sandy West started playing drums at the age of 9, was playing drums for two different bands by 13, and joined The Runaways at 15. Joan and Sandy were the first two members of the group. Sandy was special because she was on the short list of women who played the drums. She is still hailed today as one of the best drummers in rock n' roll. Unfortunately Sandy's story is a common one in the music industry - their producer screwed them over. After the band broke up, Sandy was broke. She was never able to reach the level of fame she had in the Runaways again. She held different odd jobs to make ends meet and passed away of lung cancer in 2005 at age 48. The mainstream media never picked up on the idea of a female drummer. It wasn't seen as traditionally sexy, it wasn't easily marketable to a mass audience, and so she was pushed into obscurity. If you have never heard one of her drum solos, I highly recommend taking a minute to listen to the Runaways "Live in Japan" album and pay your respects to one of the most talented women to hold the sticks.

Well, my coffee is cold, and I need to find that Elmo song (What is the name of that song?) for my baby before she riots and crawls off to start her own baby band. Stay tuned for the third and final part of HERstory the Mothers of Punk in next month's issue.





Amoeba Music, Hollywood ~~ Photos by Leonardo Foley

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: On a dusty farm deep in the Australian Outback, identical twins Todd & Julia finish a hearty breakfast. Today is the twins' birthday, tonight a full moon...aboard their mounts and with their beloved Daisy in tow, the twins make off to the bush for a hunt...

Away from the big house and into the bush, the shenanigans start. "Do you think Mum learned from Daisy? Or Daisy from Mum," says Todd. "What's that?" Julia's on the watch. "The woe is me, self-pity shite...you girls..." "you're shaping up to be a bloody sexist, Todd. Wave back at her please." The horses are warming to their packs and riders, and the twins settle into filial conversation. "How's King feel after he threw that shoe?" Julia checks every angle of her brother's question. He's been testing her on every level lately -- and with more frequency. He looks forward to his barbless jousting with her. It brings forth his rapier wit, albeit tipped. They're on common ground, yet she's *en garde*. "Fit as a fiddle little brotha', Kanu nailed him a new one in the afternoon. Hungry though. Gave him another bag of oats." "Pity," says Todd. "What's that?" she feigns interest. Julia knows King has yet to reach his prime. She rides him at least three hours everyday, and she knows King almost as well as she knows her brother. Todd waits, pretending to think deeply, "He's getting fat." "Fat?" Todd assumes the wizened old Australian, "Yeeessss...faaaatttt. And a nervy kind of anxious." Julia can't believe her ears, "Whaaaat?" "Yeeess mate! Look a' him: nib at his bit, he kick-stands on his haunches and raises his forelock in a gimpy prance. Crippled or crazy. Dunno. Yes mate...he wants to run. He wants to run and you're holdin' him back with that short rein." "Little brotha' careful what you say--" "Or what big sissa?" "You see that big apitong grove yonder?..." Todd was hoping for something closer for his quarterhorse. "Would you put up the pink slip on King?" "Of course not!" "Yeeeeesss...I'll give ya the jump." Julia doesn't hesitate. Todd and Ranger are caught flat footed. Daisy knows what's happening next and winks at King. Julia has been subconsciously rolling the rowel on her right spur against King's rib. She kicks King into gear, giving the big Arabian Gelding full rein. Enveloped in a thunderous cloud, Daisy keeps up for the first one hundred yards then slows her pace. The apitong grove is exploding larger. She's glad that a stampede strap holds her flying hat. King is moving in full stride. Something comes out of the corner of her eye. A bird maybe? It's Todd and Ranger on King's tail. Fear, excitement, and relief, as her and King jet passed the apitong tree finish line. Todd and Ranger blow immediately by.

In the aftermath, Todd and his mount sidle up to the winner. Big nostrils beg for air. Veins in the leg and neck bulge. Julia asks Todd, offhandedly, "Is Ranger all right?" "All right?" "Dearest one and only, it looks as though he's limped and thrown a shoe." They pull their canteens and together laugh and drink. The magic of the bush is silent for only them. Todd says, "Dearest one and only, we'll cut into the bush a short way ahead. It'll take us through some lovely country and we'll be at the croc pond a little after noon." "Alright brotha' let's go into the bush. Stay near me Toddy, everything in Australia either stings or bites...."

Catalina Art Association Local Artist of the Month: Kamlyn Sessions

"Being a Catalina Local, I would say I have one of the best backdrops for photography. I have been shooting since I can remember. My mother is a well-known professional photographer on the Island, and it seems I may have just followed in her footsteps! Everytime I think of a past event or adventure, she always put a Canon in my hand and let me shoot away. With the exception of her guidance, I would say that I am an entirely self-taught photographer, just recently having taken the step of launching my own business, Shots By Sessions!

"I have been competing in the Catalina Art Association's shows since elementary school (in the junior division). I most recently participated in my second Fall show in the Fine Arts division. I am very happy to say that my shot "Memorial," an HD metal print, took second place in the 58th annual festival. All of my prints are on metal and resonate color, texture, and shine. I'm looking forward to this year's event and all the new faces. Stop by and say hi!" -- Kamlyn Sessions, age 29

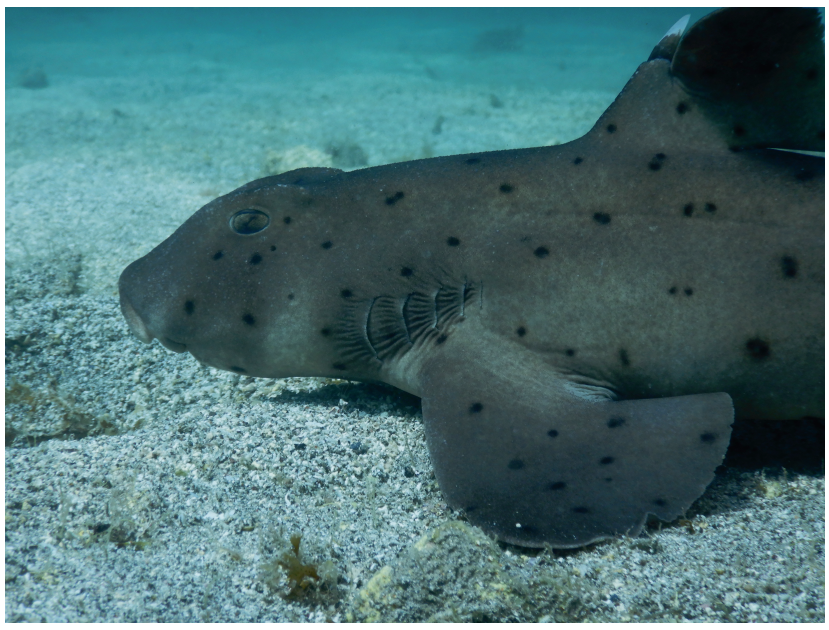
Facebook: @ShotsBySessions
Gallery: www.ShotsBySessions.com
Contact: ShotsBySessions@gmail.com

26 Feet Under the Sea: A Photo Series

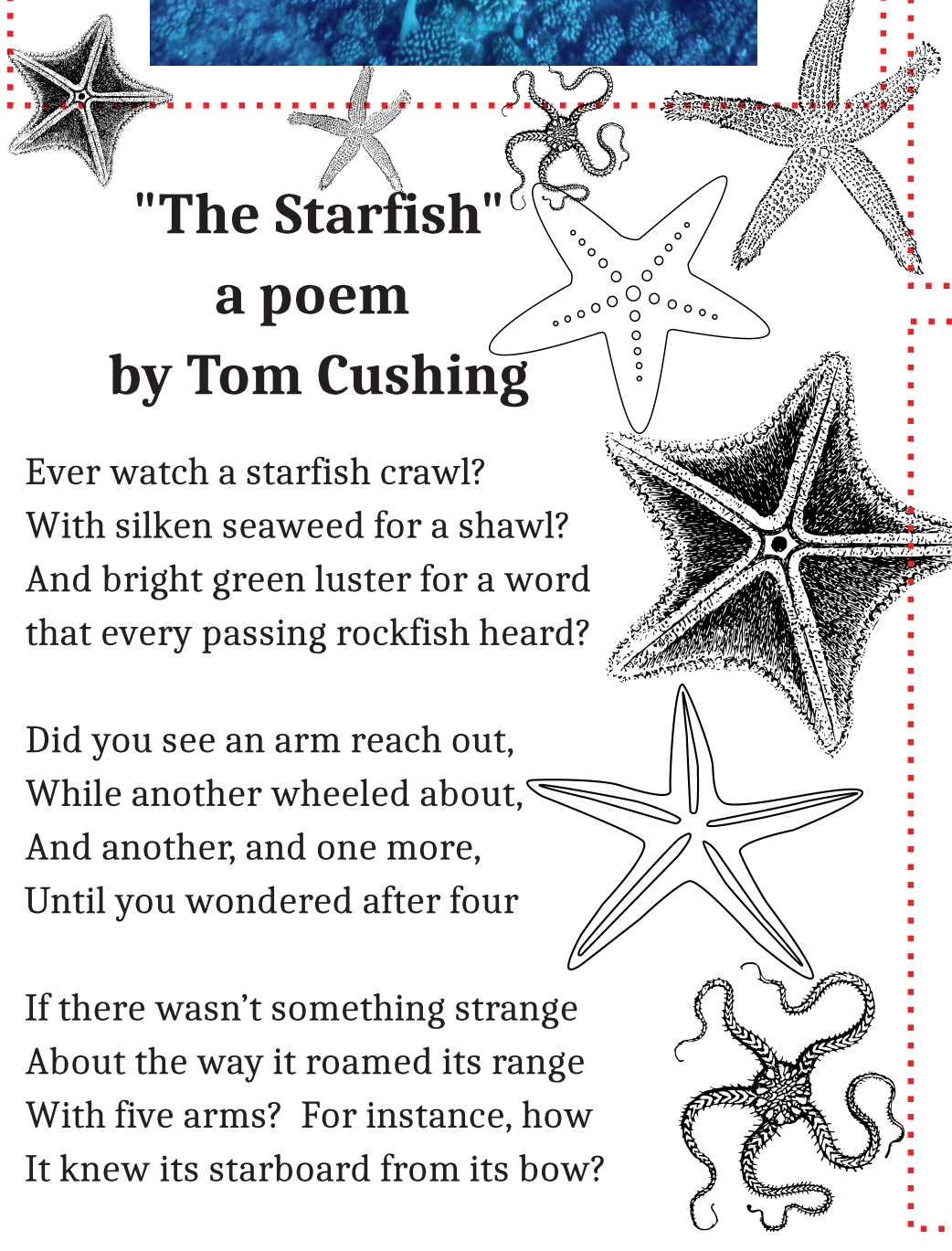
by Blanca Alvarez

Sharks have long been perceived as dangerous and bloodthirsty predators. Their infamous reputation is most notably due to their representation in the classic Steven Spielberg film "Jaws." This theatrical portrayal of sharks in Hollywood has misrepresented them around the world. Jaws was so influential in shifting people's perception of sharks that it guilted Steven Spielberg into being one of the most avid shark defenders for decades after his film was released.

When I was younger I also held these negative thoughts and fears about sharks. Every time I went into the ocean the image of a giant Great White swallowing me whole entered my mind and drove me out of the water. My fear of sharks was a large reason why I didn't spend time in the ocean. However, my perception of sharks changed once I started diving. Once you see these peaceful and amazing creatures underwater, you develop a respect and appreciation for them. The very first time I saw a shark--an 8 foot long lemon shark--I realized that they're just big, toothy fish. As long as you do not mess with them, they will not mess with you (although there are obviously some species of sharks that you should be more wary of!).



If being attacked by a shark is thirty times less likely than getting hit by lightning, why do we fear it so much? I believe that it is because we fear what we do not know. I had never actually seen a shark for most of my life, so I allowed it to become a human-eating monster in my head because I had no evidence to the contrary. So this month I present some benevolent pictures of the sharks you can see around Catalina and others I have seen during my travels.



"The Starfish"
a poem
by Tom Cushing

Ever watch a starfish crawl?
With silken seaweed for a shawl?
And bright green luster for a word
that every passing rockfish heard?

Did you see an arm reach out,
While another wheeled about,
And another, and one more,
Until you wondered after four

If there wasn't something strange
About the way it roamed its range
With five arms? For instance, how
It knew its starboard from its bow?

/ /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

"Funny the Mind"

Walking a path
Route often tread
Often seen view
Oh, a plane-a con trail
George Morris, I think.

Funny the Mind
Finds memories in odd places
Photographs pulled from a draw
Everyday things drawing faces

You feel it, you live it
Just as real as it was
Because you felt a breeze
A brief fragrance
Picking up a pen...

Rose Vitollo-Taylor

Call me a word nerd. I will wear that badge proudly. I believe people should use words properly. When I hear or read words that are not used improperly, it makes me cringe. With that, I present to you:

Frequently Misused Words
by Rich Zanelli

Less/Fewer: Use **less** to describe a measurable amount and **fewer** to describe a countable quantity. For example, you might want less dressing on your salad, but fewer radishes. We might get less rain, but have fewer rainy days. We might spend less time performing fewer tasks.

Bring/Take: Use **bring** to describe moving an object from "there" to "here". Use **take** in the opposite direction, moving an object from "here" to "there". If you are at home and decide to go out to dinner, make sure to take your wallet or purse and then bring the doggy bag home. But if you are at the restaurant, then you brought your wallet or purse and are planning to take the doggy bag home.

There/Their/They're: Use **there** to mean "that place" or as a pronoun to begin a sentence or a clause as in "There is still time to vote." Use **their** to describe something that belongs to "them". The students got their report cards in the mail. Use **they're** in place of "they are". They're going to miss me when I am gone. [NOTE: Some of this confusion can be eliminated by not using conjunctions, but that is a topic for another time.]

/ /How to Write (More)/ /
Appropriation

Appropriation is a ticket out of "writer's block." No more blank sheet of paper. No more empty word document staring out at us with its evil blinking cursor. The text is already there: ours is the job of arranger, editor, intervener, disrupter, provocateur. More is more! Start with someone else's words and start writing as rewriting!

* Cento: Write a collage made up of lines from selected source poems

* Serial sentences: Select one sentence each from a variety of different books or other sources. Add sentences of your own composition. Combine into one paragraph, reordering to produce the most interesting results.

* Write a poem or prose piece that culls from a speech or text that uses rhetoric or content you find entirely reprehensible. Consider the different ways to encounter your source material so as to construct a response or resistance to that source. For example, write from the text of an antiimmigrant law or a homophobic rant.

/ /How to Write (More)/ /
Constraint-based Writing

Traditional forms are constraint-based practices the same way that rules we make up for ourselves are. Experiment with the constraint of form: write a sestina, a pantoum, or a terza rima. Or invent your own forms and constraints, as the Oulipo writers did. Oulipo stands for the Ouvroir de Littérature Potentielle or Workshop for Potential Literature

* Anagrams: Choose a sentence that expresses an idea you believe merits rearrangement. Write a series of lines using only the letters from that sentence. Another version of an anagram is the beau présent, in which only the letters of a person's name (or two people's names—beau présents make great gifts for people celebrating unions) are used to make a poem or poems. (Oulipo)

* Exercises in style: Write twenty-five or more different versions of one event. (BM; the Oulipian book titled Exercises in Style by Raymond Queneau depicts one event in 99 different ways)

* N+7: take any text and replace every noun with the seventh noun after it in the dictionary; experiment with using different dictionaries but the same text. (Oulipo)

/ / Cómo Escribir (Más) / / Apropiación

La apropiación es una manera de salir del "bloqueo dxl escritxr". Basta con la hoja de papel en blanco. Basta con un documento vacío de Word mirándonos fijamente con su maldito cursor intermitente. El texto ya está ahí: nos toca la tarea de re-organizar, editar, intervenir, perturbar, provocar. ¡Más es más! ¡Comienza con las palabras de alguien más y empieza la escritura que es la re-escritura!

* Cento: Escribe un collage formado por versos de poemas seleccionados como fuentes.

* Construye un texto a partir del lenguaje administrativo que se encuentra en tu vida diaria. Se puede utilizar la letra pequeña de las facturas de las tarjetas de crédito, los formularios de impuestos, un contrato de teléfono celular—cualquier lenguaje "impersonal" y "objetivo".

* Escribe un poema o un texto de prosa que tome lenguaje de un discurso o un texto que utiliceuna retórica o contenidos que te parecen totalmente censurables. Ten en cuenta las diferentes maneras de encontrar el material fuente con el fin de construir una respuesta o resistencia a esa misma fuente. Por ejemplo, escribir desde el texto de una ley anti-inmigrante o desde una diatriba homofóbica.

* Oraciones en serie: Selecciona una frase entre una variedad de diferentes libros u otras fuentes. Añade frases de tu propia composición. Combínalas en un párrafo, reordenándolas para producir resultados más interesantes.

/ / Cómo Escribir (Más) / / Escritura Basada en Restricciones

Las formas tradicionales son prácticas basadas en restricciones, igual que las reglas que inventamos para nosotrxs mismxs. Experimenta con la restricción de la forma: escribe una sestina, una pantoum o una terza rima. O inventa tus propias formas y limitaciones, tal como lo hicieron lxs escritorxs Oulipo. Oulipo es el Ouvroir de Littérature Potentielle o Taller de Literatura Potencial.

* Anagramas: Elige una frase que expresa una idea que crees que merece la reestructuración. Escribe una serie de líneas utilizando sólo las letras de esa frase. Otra versión de un anagrama es el beau présent, en el que sólo las letras del nombre de una persona (o los nombres de dos personas—beau présents son buenos regalos para las personas que celebren su enlace) se utilizan para hacer un poema o poemas. (Oulipo)

* Ejercicios de estilo: Escribe 25 (o más) versiones diferentes de un solo evento. (BM; el libro oulipiano titulado Ejercicios de estilo de Raymond Queneau retrata un evento de 99 maneras diferentes.)

N+7: Toma cualquier texto y reemplaza cada sustantivo con el séptimo sustantivo que le sigue en el diccionario; experimenta con el uso de diferentes diccionarios, pero usando el mismo texto. (Oulipo)

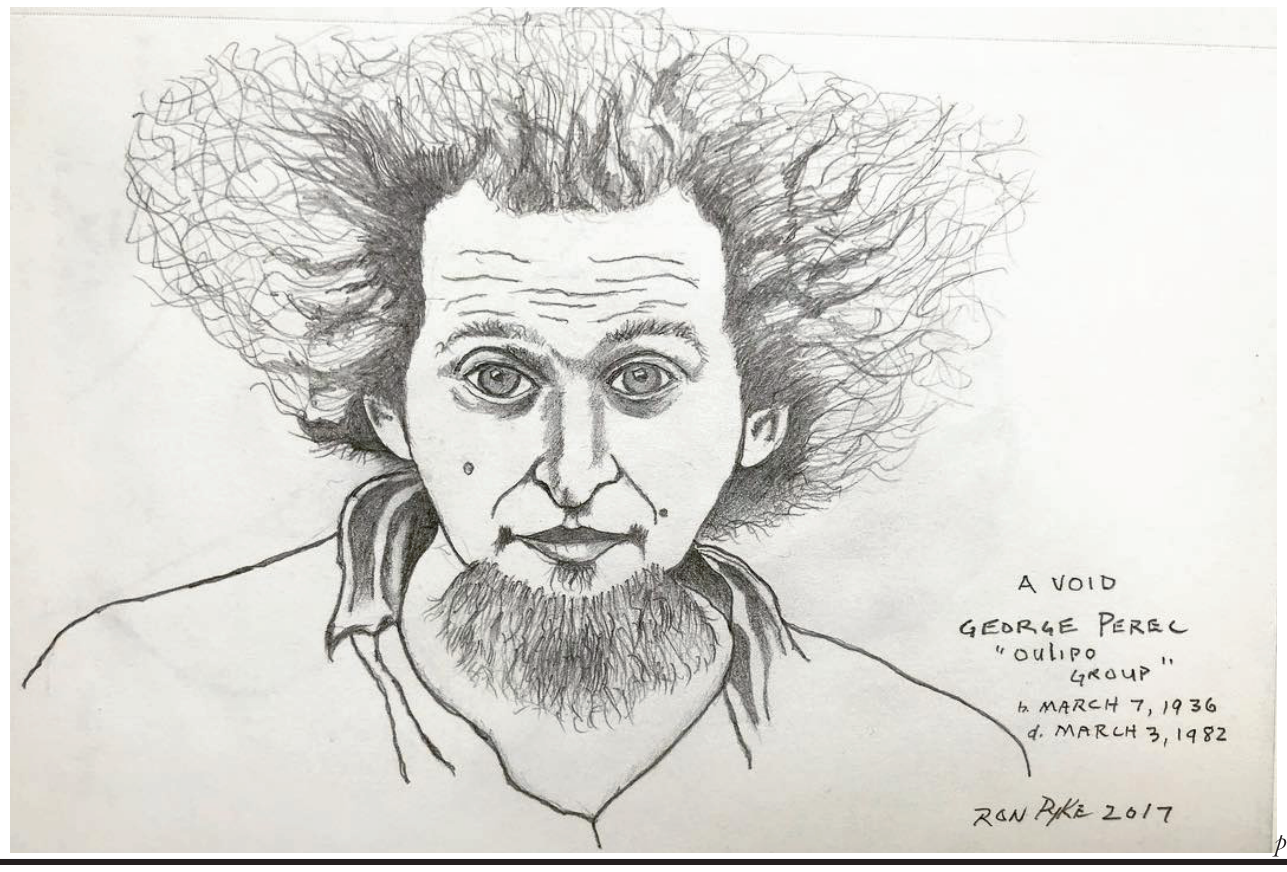
LIFE A USER'S MANUAL
French Oulipian self-helpless writer and unrealtor Georges Perec conducts a tour of 11 Rue Crubellier, conjuring a puzzling nothing out of nothing as the plan....

by Ron Pyke, 2017

Georges Perec was a novelist, filmaker, and essayist known for his use of experimental writing and word play as a method for grappling with aspects of the human condition. Many of the writing exercises expounded above were inspired by the Oulipo group which sought to develop new structures and patterns for writing. Very much impacted by the mid-century horrors of modernity (the capitalist war machine consumed his father on the battlefield and his mother in the gas chamber), many are keen to note the way Perec's technique allow for new avenues to conceptualize absence, loss, knowledge, and identity.

Of Perec's experiments, one of his book-length endeavors is "A Void" -- a project that develops entirely on the premise of story-telling without the letter "e" (especially striking in French because it disallows Perec to write Father, mother, parents, family, let alone his own name). Here's a taste:

Noon rings out. A wasp, making an ominous sound, a sound akin to a klaxon or a tocsin, flits about. Augustus, who has had a bad night, sits up blinking and purblind. Oh what was that word (is his thought) that ran through my brain all night, that idiotic word that, hard as I'd try to pun it down, was always just an inch or two out of my grasp - fowl or foul or Vow or Voyal? - a word which, by association, brought into play an incongruous mass and magma of nouns, idioms, slogans and sayings, a confusing, amorphous outpouring which I sought in vain to control or turn off but which wound around my mind a whirlwind of a cord, a whiplash of a cord, a cord that would split again and again, would knit again and again, of words without communication or any possibility of combination, words without pronunciation, signification or transcription but out of which, notwithstanding, was brought forth a flux, a continuous, compact and lucid flow: an intuition, a vacillating frisson of illumination as if caught in a flash of lightning or in a mist abruptly rising to unshroud an obvious sign - but a sign, alas, that would last an instant only to vanish for good"



"Big Legged Woman"
a poem & story by Sky O'Connor

Yes, my thighs are thick.
Why was I taught to think that was unattractive?
My thighs are thick and juicy and they jiggle and kiss each other when I walk.
They are also strong and powerful, and they carry me up mountains and across the dance floor.
My thighs are also feminine, curvy, and soft.
They are sexy and shapely.
Why was I conditioned to think that my thighs had to be thin to be beautiful?
They are like tree trunks, rooting me into the earth.
They are the pathway for source energy to travel up my body.
They power my bike pedals so I can watch the sunrise at the beach.
They belong to me, and I love them.
My thighs are mine, a gift from the divine.

Yesterday on my hike I was very aware of my thighs. I was aware of the way they knocked into each other and caused each other to ripple. I was aware that, no matter how many times I pulled the legs of my shorts back down, they pushed them back up. I was aware of how much surface area they took up. I was aware that they did not look like the thighs I've seen on victoria's secret models.

I felt my insecurities rising, wondering what people were thinking as they passed me on the trail. I came to a campground and sat and journaled for a while on a picnic table. A letter to myself is what came through, and it was very healing and reminded me to live in the present, to love and accept myself exactly as I am today. That as long as I kept comparing myself to others and wishing I was different I would feel dissatisfied and unworthy.

When I finished writing I began my descent from the mountain, and I had a revelation. I looked down at my thighs, and I saw them as beautiful, sexy, and womanly. I realized I had the power to change my perspective. I began owning the way they looked, exactly as they are. I said out loud, "yeah my thighs are thick and jiggly! Hell yeah! They're big and sexy!"

Yesterday I decided to love my thighs. To see them as beautiful and strong and uniquely my own. I decided not to wish they were different. I decided that wanting to change my thighs and wanting them to be thin was me saying that I'm not good enough as I am. It was me saying that I'm not beautiful, sexy, and attractive just the way I am.

So yesterday I decided to take back my power from this limiting belief that I picked up long ago, and I freed myself from comparing my thighs to any others.

I have thick thighs, and I am grateful.
[written in Avalon, summer 2018]

Shaking My Fist at God

by Sean Brannock

I hate to admit it but I have found myself shaking my fist at God. It seems to be a lot more lately. Why? I'm frustrated with the hand he has dealt me. I was born with Charcot-Marie-Tooth (CMT) disease. Symptoms of CMT usually begin in early childhood or early adulthood, but can begin later. Usually, the initial symptom is foot drop early in the course of the disease. This can also cause hammer toe, where the toes are always curled. Wasting of muscle tissue of the lower parts of the legs may give rise to a "stork leg" or "inverted champagne bottle" appearance. Weakness in the hands and forearms occurs in many people as the disease progresses.

Loss of touch sensation in the feet, ankles, and legs, as well as in the hands, wrists, and arms occurs with various types of the disease. Early- and late-onset forms occur with 'on and off' painful spasmodic muscular contractions that can be disabling when the disease activates. High-arched feet (pes cavus) or flat-arched feet (pes planus) are classically associated with the disorder. Sensory and proprioceptive nerves in the hands and feet are often damaged, while unmyelinated pain nerves are left intact. Overuse of an affected hand or limb can activate symptoms including numbness, spasm, and painful cramping.

Symptoms and progression of the disease can vary. Involuntary grinding of teeth and squinting are prevalent, and often go unnoticed by the person affected. Breathing can be affected in some, as can hearing, vision, and neck and shoulder muscles. Scoliosis is common, causing hunching and loss of height. Hip sockets can be malformed. Gastrointestinal problems can be part of CMT, as can difficulty chewing, swallowing, and speaking (due to atrophy of vocal cords). A tremor can develop as muscles waste. CMT, as well, can produce severe emotional stress. Patients with CMT must avoid periods of prolonged immobility such as when recovering from a secondary injury, as prolonged periods of limited mobility can drastically accelerate symptoms of CMT.

Pain due to postural changes, skeletal deformations, muscle fatigue, and cramping is fairly common in people with CMT. It can be mitigated or treated by physical therapies, surgeries, and corrective or assistive devices. Neuropathic pain is often a symptom of CMT, though, like other symptoms of CMT, its presence and severity vary from case to case. For some people, pain can be significant to severe and interfere with daily life activities. However, pain is not experienced by all people with CMT.

These are the symptoms and conditions I have lived and dealt with my entire life. I strived very hard to stay upright and moving. Over the past 10 years many of my symptoms have accelerated, I went from unassisted walking, to a cane, to walker in less than a 3 month period. I have been using a walker now for almost 6 years. But you see, I was told very early on I would probably be wheelchair bound by the age 16 and here I am at 51 years old and primarily still on my feet. I use my wheelchair more often now, on outings and when I travel. I recently had all 5 toes on my right foot amputated, as a result of CMT complications and yet I'm still walking. My main fist shaking at God, has really just started within the last few months because now my hand symptoms have kicked into high gear. My hands are almost completely inoperable and certain days (especially cold) they are worthless. Right now, my hands are working enough to type this article with a single thumb. I no longer have a single day without struggle or challenge. There are days I have trouble raising a fork or toothbrush to my mouth, closing my belt or pulling a sweatshirt over my head. I can longer push buttons or manipulate a zipper or do a simple chore or even carry a glass of water from the kitchen to the living room. But many days I have no problem raising my fist in the air to shake it at God because I am slowly being stripped of my independence and I now heavily rely on the kindness, compassion and help of others.

In there is the lesson, and I am so thankful I'm learning it. You know why God dealt me this hand? Because he knew I could handle it. My strength, bravery and courage is exactly what he needed from me. He knew that I was capable of encouraging strength, bravery and courage in others. I have been so blessed with amazing and kind words from others that say how my writings and stories have inspired them through difficult times and situations. That they look forward to hearing how I am overcoming my own personal struggles, so they can take example to tackle their own. The incredible individuals that help me on a daily basis are learning about patience and together we learn about respect, trust, love and faith. I learn more about humility. All of these traits are the basic fundamentals of humanity. I feel I have been given the responsibility to be a beckon of inspiration for others. I have an awesome life. I feel like I'm making a difference in my small corner of the world on many different levels plus the opportunity to travel the world, to share my story. God has given me far more blessings, than challenges and just a switch in attitude I will no longer shake my fist but open my fist, to raise my palm in praise. I am strong enough to continue with all the challenges heading my way because I know there is a greater purpose to it all. Lord Thanks for Life.

The Children of Morumbi: Dancing for Survival

by Carla Moreno

It's 8:30 p.m. in São Paulo. Sweat running down their faces, 300 kids have been rehearsing for an hour in a non-air-conditioned warehouse. My head throbs from the deafening sounds of the drums, but I'm enjoying every second of it. The dancers, synchronized in step, have such agility in their feet, it looks like they're floating in the air.

Their director, Flávio Pimenta, makes sure everyone stays focused. Breaks are taken in small groups as the rest of the ensemble continues to rehearse. Not one second is wasted. More importantly, the kids are having fun.

They're called the *Meninos do Morumbi*, The Children of Morumbi — and this is a story of survival.

I stumbled upon this group in an issue of *Songlines*, a world music magazine based in the UK. The small feature highlighted a recent performance with a brief description of the group. Intrigued, I searched the internet, found their website, and contacted their director.

Coincidentally, I was in the final planning stages for a month-long backpacking trip to Brazil. As a music teacher, I often spent my summer vacation traveling the globe visiting and studying with various music ensembles. After several months of correspondence with Flávio, we confirmed a date to visit the school. A week later I arrived in São Paulo where my adventure with Meninos do Morumbi began.

To say Brazil is a beautiful country, is an understatement. Watching the locals dance to the sultry rhythms of the bossa nova as the blue-green waves crash along the beach and the sun disappears behind the hill — makes Brazil idyllic. Yet, like the rest of the world, she has a less appealing side as well. In the favelas, or slums, gunshots fill the air and gangs, drugs, and teenage pregnancies are of epidemic proportion.

Here, the people's way of life is finding the means to survive another day.

Enter Flávio Pimenta, founder and director of the Meninos do Morumbi Association. A talented and well-versed musician, Flávio studied at various conservatories throughout the country. Prior to his work with Meninos, he founded *Drum*, the first drumming and percussion school in Brazil.

Flávio grew restless as he regularly witnessed children hanging out in the streets, swimming in polluted lakes, and begging for their next meal. He knew that was no life for a child. Believing in the power of music, he offered free music lessons to the kids in the neighborhood. The initial response was overwhelming, but the kids' interest waned soon after, and many returned to their life on the streets.

Frustrated once again, Flávio returned to the drawing board. As he reflected on his own musical experiences during his adolescent years, he remembered the preparations and rehearsals culminating in one final event — the performance.

Voilà! The youth needed a public performance. They needed to work towards something, rise to the occasion and meet the challenge.

Flávio organized a performance at an annual winter festival located in the small town of Campos de Jordão. With only 30 kids, Meninos performed their first show and it was a success. For the kids, this one moment was the memory of a lifetime.

What followed after this grand event was even more amazing. More shows were booked and other projects within the association began. By 1997, Meninos do Morumbi gained status as a non-profit organization. An organization with focused leaders and a clear-cut agenda — to foster positive relationships between the association and favela communities, encourage school attendance, provide academic and artistic activities, and strengthen the family network.

As I toured the school the sounds of feet, voices, and drums resonated throughout the halls. Behind each door was a room full of youth, ages 6-19, practicing their instruments. Each class divided by the students' level of ability — beginner, intermediate, and advanced. Escorted upstairs to the rehearsal area, I was saturated with hugs and kisses — a welcoming so warm, it felt like family.

The advanced group rehearsed a variety of musical genres from contemporary styles such as samba-rock and funk, to folkloric songs and dances such as maracatu and maculelé. Of particular interest was the group's performance of the *jongo*, an Afro-Brazilian folk dance introduced by the Bantu slaves of Angola which blended song, dance, and magic. Historically, the jongo was practiced in secrecy among the slaves during Catholic holidays in *terreiros*, or centers of worship. Performed in a circle of spectators and dancers, the musicians played consecrated drums believed to be the ancestors of the community. The *jongueiros*, or elder slaves, challenged other's wisdom with songs and ritual lyrics

containing spells that often summoned the spirits.

Another delightful performance from the group was the *maxixe*, or Brazilian tango. Influenced by the lundu, polka, and the habanera; the maxixe is a rapid dance done in 2/4 time. The dance originated in Rio de Janeiro around the 1870s, just about the same time as neighboring countries, Argentina and Uruguay developed the tango.

The school's music curriculum is deeply rooted in Brazilian culture with students learning more than just the performance aspects of the music, but the historical and social context in which it was born.

With all this in place, I still wondered how the instructors went about selecting participants. Flávio's answer was simple — "no child refused." Imagine that.

Today, Meninos do Morumbi have performed all over the world and have grown to over 4,000 participants. The student's engage in a variety of activities that support both academic and artistic endeavors. From photography to Jiu-Jitsu, to digital animation and English language class. The list of opportunities is endless.

Tucked away in a quaint São Paulo neighborhood, they've certainly made a name for themselves. Famous and well-known visitors to the group include former British Prime Minister, Tony Blair; jazz singer Neena Freelon; and the drum group, STOMP.

I still get a lump in my throat when I think of that fateful day meeting Meninos do Morumbi. I remember tears running down my face as I tried to film and photograph the group. Tears not of sadness, but of joy for the awesome circumstances that brought me together with them. Flávio Pimenta's kind and generous spirit made all the difference in the lives of these youth. Given opportunity, love, and respect, the youth of Meninos do Morumbi defeated the challenge of survival.

*For more information visit Meminos do Morumbi at:*facebook.com/meninosdomorumbiOficial

Follow Carla on Instagram @carlitarocks & Online at: carla-moreno.com

HI OCEAN, THIS IS CHUCKIE/CHARLES/CHUCK

by Chuck Liddell

Even with my idyllic life on Catalina, when I was very young, in the late 40's/ early 50's, there weren't many people in Avalon (around 1500 compared to 3900) as many families had been forced to leave during WWII when tourism came to an abrupt halt. Not a lot of kids around my age. Dad was either working for the Island Co. or on the mainland getting "dried out" from his alcoholic binges. Mom was forced to clean our two rental apartments on Descanso. And as my baby sitter, Polly Mulford wasn't always available, I was plopped down in front of the T. V.. I LOVED to watch this relatively new "toy", but I found myself getting quite lonely and sometimes depressed. I found that if I could slip away to Casino Point (before the Dive Park or Mole), I would find my very best friend, the Pacific Ocean!!!

It sounds strange, but the Ocean has always seemed ALIVE to me! I could hear it "speak", as it lapped up on the rocks and slowly pulled the pebbles back with it. I would tell it my problems and it would never interrupt, or judge, just listen. And as it was listening, it was assuring me that I wasn't the first one to come to speak to it. Someone coming to the Ocean to "vent" had occurred since the beginning of mankind. I WAS IN GOOD COMPANY! This made me feel better, as I knew that I wasn't the only one with problems. Then it would reassure me it has ALWAYS been there and ALWAYS will be, until the END! There will always be a "tomorrow" and that all things will look better then. How wonderful for the "Mother Of All Life" to take the time to communicate with me and send me away happier. I sometimes do that now, but simply to say "Hi" and thanking her for getting a young child through so many problems! I didn't know the true God then, but do now and I thank Him for helping me to find His beauty and especially LOVE in His world!

When I taught "Communication" in the Midwest, Illinois State University (1970-72), Indiana University (1972-74), I found there were no oceans there (you can tell I wasn't a "Geography" major! I REALLY MISSED MY FRIEND! Well meaning locals tried to help get me over this longing by introducing me to mountains, streams, and forests. I listened respectfully, and even explored them, but never heard the "voice" that I so missed. Besides, mountains eventually erode, streams, lakes, and rivers eventually dry up, and forests die, but the ocean will ALWAYS be there, as long as there is life, because it provides and maintains life! In fact, the ocean formed the mountains, streams, and forests and nourish them!

The Ocean is special to me for another reason. I was formed in the womb, as we all were, surrounded by water. I was very fortunate to be born on an Island, surrounded by water. Water is the essence of life, you can't live without it! The Ocean is the ultimate form of "water" and I can't live without it, physically or emotionally!

* * *

I realize that it is difficult for some to understand the unconventional reaching out of abused children for love, no matter where they can find it. My love for the ocean was manifested out of this dire need for unconditional support. I shared my "talking" to my friend the ocean and will now share additional thoughts on the subject of this magnificent "Mother Of Creation".

Two of my favorite ocean experiences occurred in 1979 and 2002. This first encounter was when I went on a South Pacific Cruise with my father, Orval, just a short time before he passed away. What totally AMAZED me was seeing waves breaking miles away from any land! I was not familiar with "reefs", as we don't have them occurring very often around our Channel Islands. They were majestic and so "out of place" that I would gaze at them longer than I want to admit.

The second amazing experience occurred when I went to Nome, Alaska, 2002, with two wonderful friends, Hal Franks, and Carolyn Bostrom (now Renton), to experience the world famous "Iditarod Dog Sled Race". While everyone else were standing around waiting for the magnificent dog teams to arrive at the finish line, I discovered that the Bering Sea had frozen over (it was March) and so I could experience literally "walking on the water"! I was warned NOT to venture out alone, as the chances of falling through the snow 40 feet to the ocean might occur and a need for backup to pull me out was necessary. I couldn't find anyone to go with me, so I took my chances. REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE, BUT DON'T DO IT ALONE! A couple of times I sank to my waist, but was able to free myself. WOULDN'T TRY IT AGAIN UNAIDED!

* * *

What I am about to share is, as far as I know, undocumented, but simply a "gut reaction". I am SURE that there are those who will question my conclusion, but I guess that is the benefit of having a weekly column. Attention, my good friend, Dr. Wendy Teeter! I will print any disagreeing thoughts on this subject.The "Tongva" natives, who inhabited the four Southern Channel Islands, first appeared around 10,000 years ago. Catalina was called "Pemu". From all indications, those approximately 2500 inhabitants of our Island were considered a bit “special" among the other nearby Islands. Their lifestyle depended on their "water existence" and was a bit idyllic, even from our standards of today. When they were "forced" off the Island around 1803, due to disputes over sea otters with the Aleutian Eskimos (YES, REALLY), and plagues caused by the European diseases introduced to these natives for the first time, without antibodies to fight off their effects, they were "relocated" to the San Gabriel Mission (why they were later referred to as the "Gabriel Indians").

They were immediately put into servitude. Christian leaders often thought that turning people into "slaves", was part of their conversion! They also didn't have access to the fish and other seafood that they were accustomed to and, MOST IMPORTANTLY, to their emotional downfall, they were NO LONGER LIVING BY THE OCEAN! Within a very short period of time, these natives seemed to refuse to intermingle with their mainland native counterparts and any children that we born rarely made it to adulthood. Intentional or not, I think they simply "gave up" wanting to exist and practiced their own self-induced genocide!

In the 1973 classic science fiction thriller, "Soylent Green", those who were on their deathbeds were able to decide what their FINAL experience was going be, by use of giant movie screens. I don't need this, as I have ALREADY experienced by final memory! When I was growing up in Avalon, my father and brother, Bill, would sleep up on our sundeck as the evenings were pretty warm during the summers and we didn't have AC. We would look up at the stars and see the constellations remarkably clearly! We had night blooming gasmen planted around the house, so the fragrance permeated our air! As this was during the remarkable "Big Band Era", we could hear this beautiful music being broadcast over the town from the Casino and, more special than all of this, was to witness the full moon, with its shaft of light hitting the ocean, causing a silver streak that merely "kissed" the Casino! THIS IS WHAT I WANT MY LAST MEMORY TO BE!

Chuck Liddell writes about all things Catalina.
Find more of his writing at
www.catalinaislandman.com

Questions? Send Chuck an email at
chuckliddell.catalina@gmail.com

"2/14/2019"
a poem by
Abbey Rose

The trees are green
The air is sweet
The ocean has a certain gleam

The mud is caked
The roads are brown
The makeshift crosses
Float around

The hills gave way
"Make haste"
"No delay"
Stuck in our homes
Can't drive the roads

The crews are working
Ridding of the dirt
Helping our city
Heal from the hurt

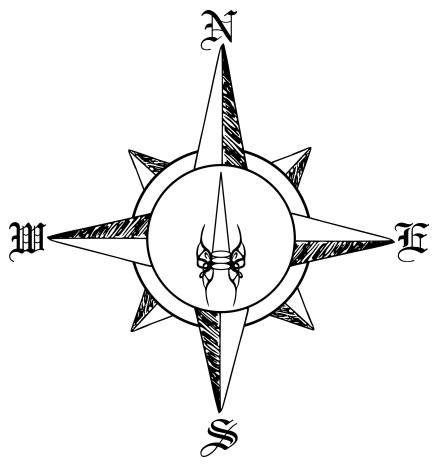
The beauty has returned.
We must go about our day
Living the life
Beside the bay

"Hey Bill, can I borrow some more brown? I wasn't planning on painting a mudslide..."
From January's CAPTION THIS winner, Gene Eubank

An Avalon Meme by Ricco Dominguez

"Ben Weston"
a poem by
Tom Cushing

As wide as sky
yet hidden from all
but believers.
As wild as wind,
as strong as a god.
Ben,
where the majesty
of shifting sand
holds court,
and in wave and rock
silence sings.



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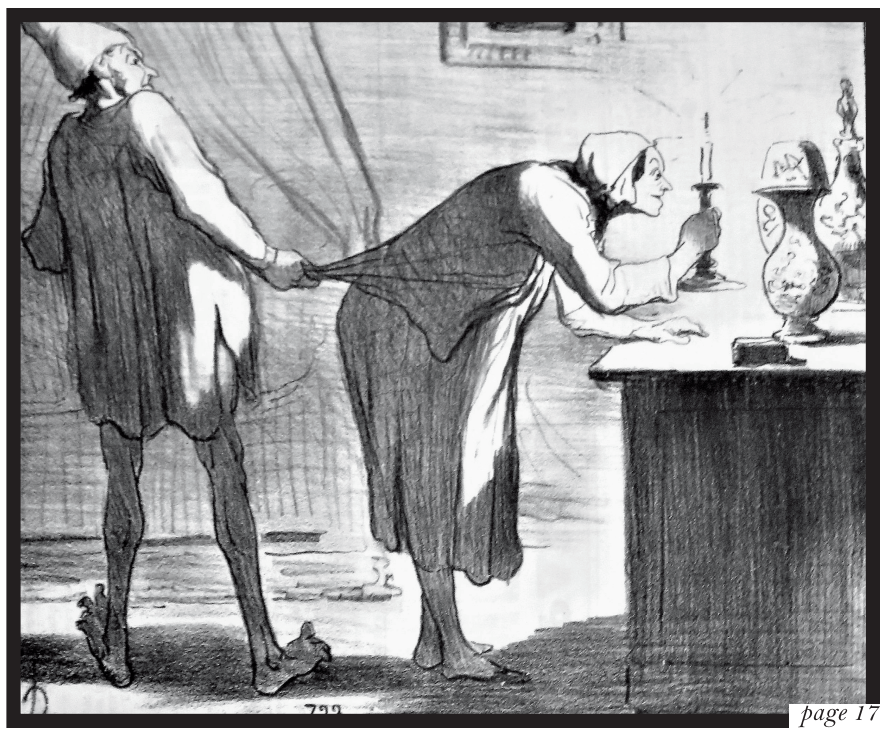
We'll select our favorite and display it in our next Cazuela!



For the Record...

by Jess Herzog

You read the post in the Avalon discussion group about school children suffering from bullying on and off campus. Well, I have also been bullied in Avalon. I have cried and been sick to my stomach because of what others have repeatedly done or said to me. In nature, animals fight or pick on each other to establish dominance or a pecking order, yes it is natural, but are we not more rational and able to control our instinctive behavior than to force others into submission? I hope so.

I've lived full-time in Avalon for 18 years, I am now a mom to a boy about to start kindergarten and last year earned a Masters in Science of Applied Behavior Analysis (understanding human behavior and using science to change it). This all combines to make me highly motivated to see improvement within our community in many areas, social and economic.

Like most of you, my past as a generally decent human is punctuated with some poor choices or impulsive behaviors that may have hurt the feelings and egos of others. When I get excited about something I know is powerful and will work, I might seem pushy - please don't punish me for being passionate! My personality operates on logic more than feelings, which keeps me goal oriented, but makes it hard for me to have patience. I may not be your favorite person, and for that I'm sorry, but it is also not a deal breaker for this to be a successful effort.

Moving Forward:

No matter our past or your personal feelings for me, they shouldn't stop our community from taking advantage of this unique opportunity to engage with Professor E. Scott Geller, and his 50 years of experience as the leader in large-scale behavior change. Plus, a team of Board Certified Behavior Analysts specializing in organizational behavior management are waiting to engage with us! They are ready to offer support and feedback on ways to bring the Actively Caring For People® - AC4P™ principles into practice across the various environments / settings of our town. I am merely one qualified volunteer bringing this to our island, so that each one of you can make it a reality by learning and applying some key principles in your daily interactions

Call to Action:

If you are ready to stop commenting on sad and frustrating posts and instead want to make a difference in our daily lives, then please join the Avalon-AC4P movement and participate as best you can.

Those who have an educational background in psychology, behavioral science, or education are encouraged to volunteer as an Avalon AC4P group leader in their sphere of influence.

A first step would be attending the monthly meetings, Community Wellness Circle -- the next one is 6pm 3/14/19 at the Island Spa Catalina (El Encanto)

Final Question:

Can we all agree to accept that we are different, that we may not personally like everyone, but that we can treat EVERYONE with respect and change the current community climate to one focused on acknowledging appropriate, pro-social, and respectful actively caring behavior?

If your answer is yes, then there is hope! Please visit our new website to learn more and then join our email list so we can work together to make Avalon a shining example of the power behind Actively Caring for People!

www.avalon.activelycaringpeople.org

You can also add your name to our community on Facebook@Avalon-AC4P

What you'll get: A monthly progress update, occasional event reminders or special news regarding the AC4P movement, and your privacy will always be protected!

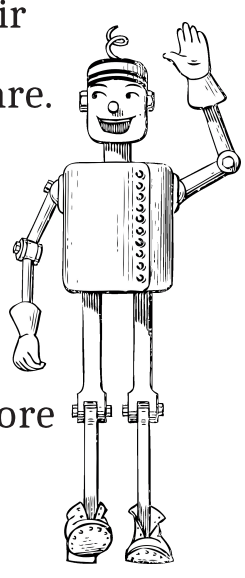
Humbly yours, Jess Herzog

"Can't Get Enough"
a poem by Leonardo Foley

I'm addicted to a drug that I drink from a mug
Sometimes I lug and chug in the grave that I dug
Occasionally I inject it and expect it to
Correct and inspect the clout I expect

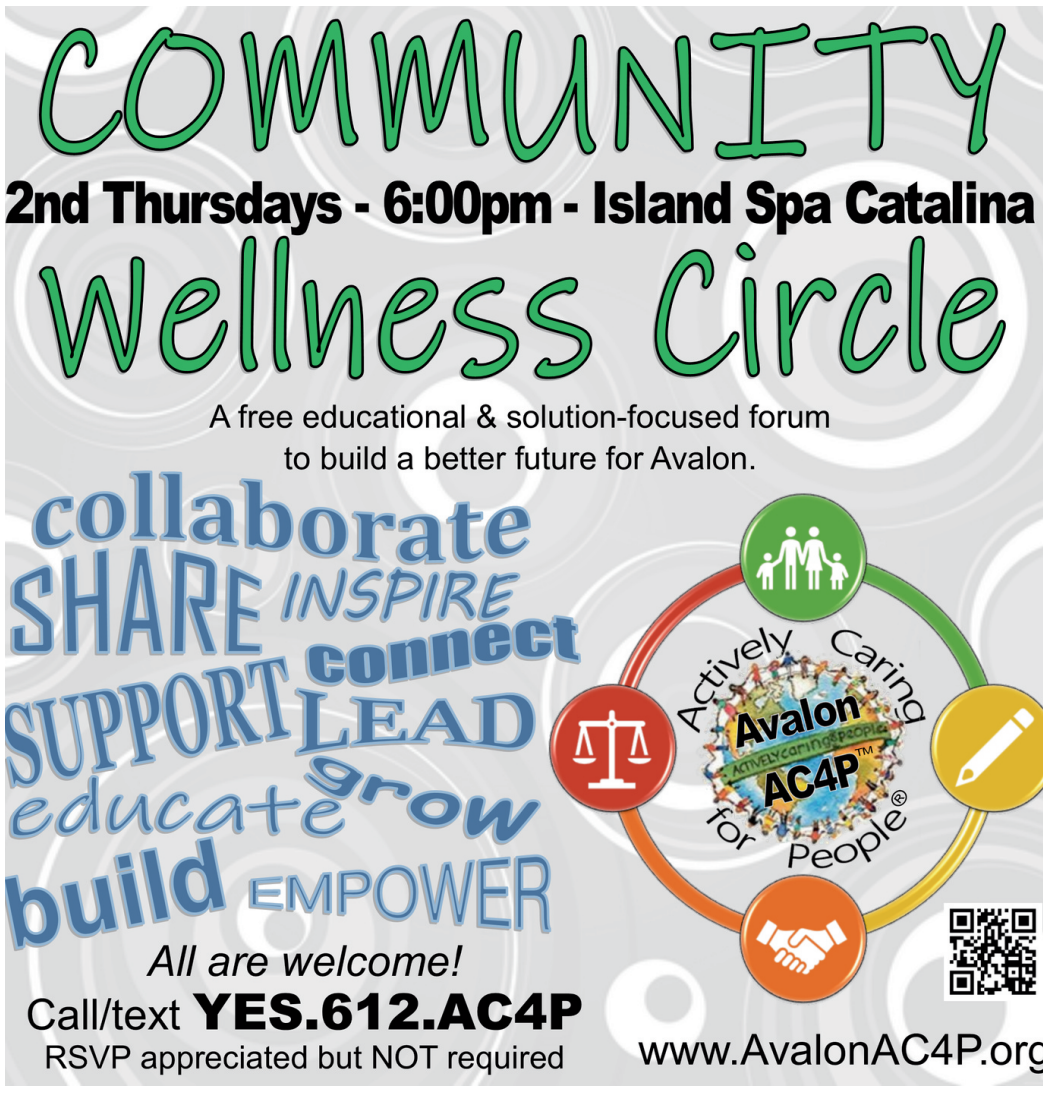
Open this and open that
Jumping from app to app
I do this I do that
I say Chris and you say Pratt
Although he has nothing to do with that

Picture here picture there
Like my status or I'll rip your hair
And to be fair you are a square
The outfit you wear is such a scare.
(Wtf are you wearing?)



Back to my crack
Scrolling
Down
And
Down
Then back up and down once more
I've seen it all, what a bore.

Self importance is my drug,
And I drink it from a mug
So don't forget when you're scrolling through
I'll always be ten times better than you



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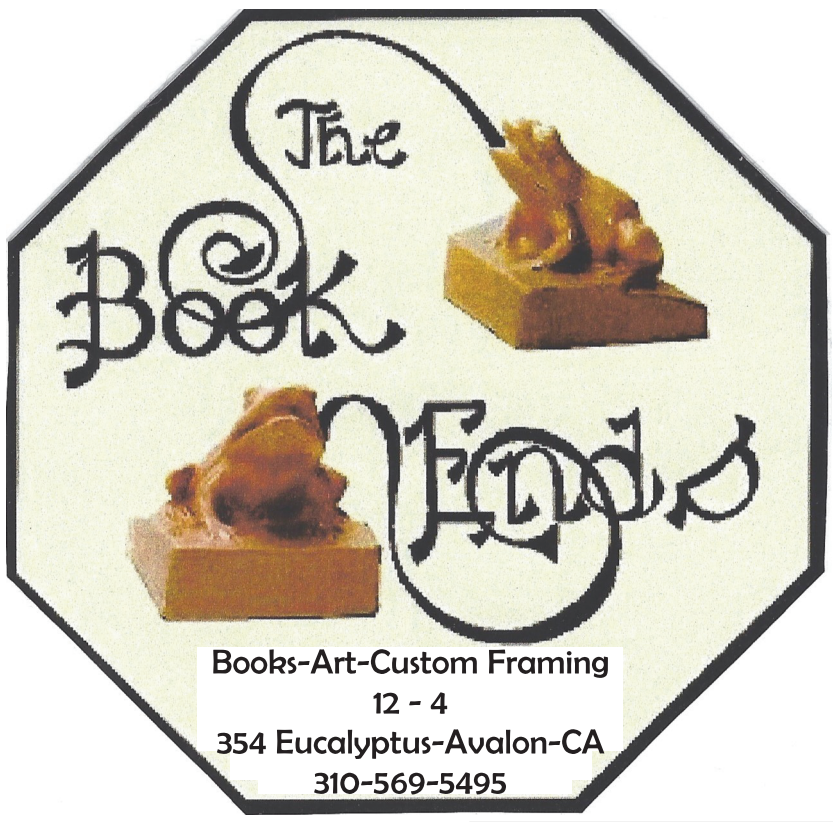

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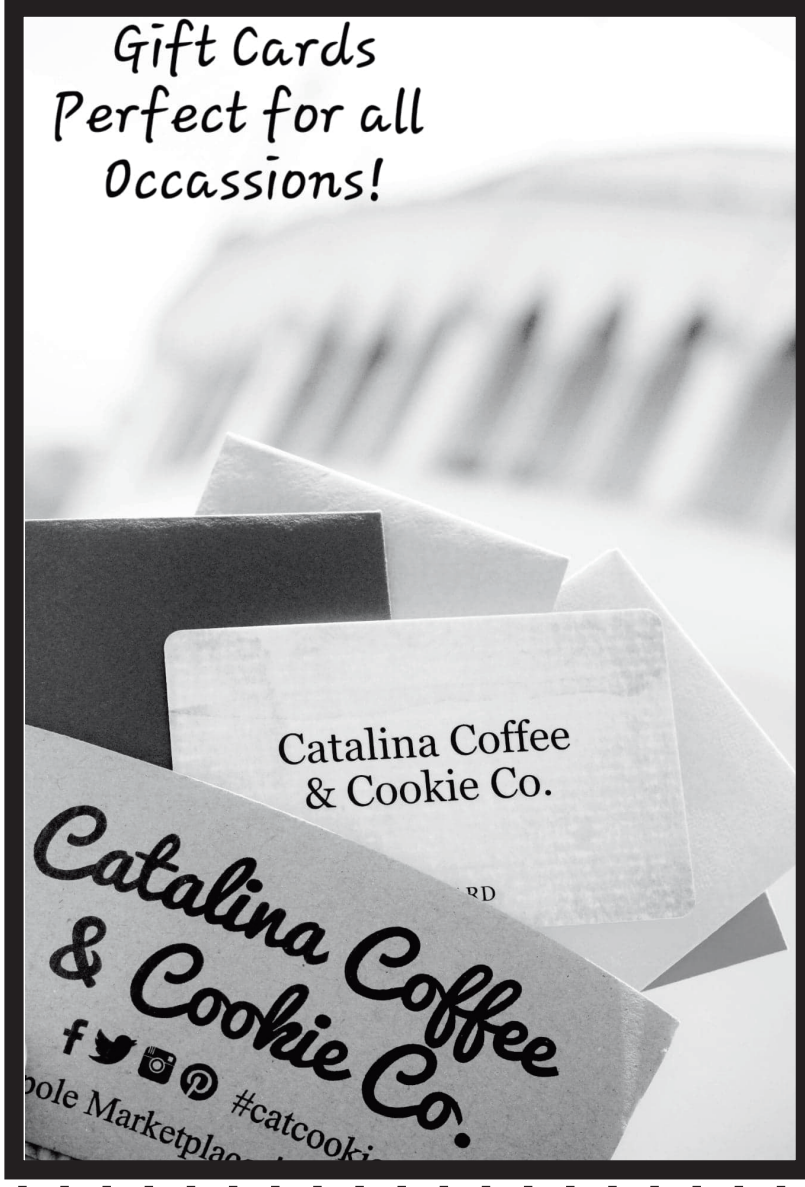

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Pollo (chicken)
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Served with beans, rice & hot sauce

Tortas $8.50
With lettuce, tomatoes, onion, beans, avocado, sour cream & jalapenos

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Pollo (chicken)
Puerco (pork)
Served on a Telera roll with rice, tortilla chips, & hot sauce.

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Asada (steak)
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Puerco (pork)
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Spicy Chicken
No Meat Burrito ($7.00)
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