

Vol. 18, #11

Mukai 2nd Annual Haiku Festival Winners

Farm & Garden Haiku Festival on Vashon Island drew nearly 400 entries, mostly from Vashon Island but also from as far away as Poland and Croatia. "We are very awed and grateful for the number and quality of haiku poems that came to us from throughout the world," said Rita Brogan, President of Friends of Mukai.

Haiku were submitted in four major categories: Heritage, Nature, Social Justice and Young Poet, and reviewed by a panel of four judges: Mayumi Tsutakawa; Dr. Lawrence Matsuda, Michael Feinstein and Thomas Hitoshi Pruiksma. "The joy of judging this competition is seeing hundreds of people from age five to 100, try, and often succeed, in distilling a thought or life lesson into such a tiny and strict form," said judge Michael Feinstein.

Mukai's 2021 Haiku Festival Jury selected the following winning haiku:

Heritage - Cynthia Hernandez,

This year's second annual Mukai Shoreline, First Place; Bruce Haulman Vashon, Honorable Mention.

> Nature - Anne Spiers, Vashon, First Place, Robert Fuerstenberg Vashon, Honorable Mention.

> Social Justice - Adi Shepard, First Place, Seattle; Sebastian Chrobak, Honorable Mention, Poland.

> Young Poet - Ella Odegaard Vashon, First Place, Juno Leonard Vashon, Honorable Mention.

> People's Choice - Tomosumi, Bellevue, WA.

> All haiku entries can be seen at www.mukaifarmandgarden.org and on outdoor display throughout the Mukai Farm & Garden complex through the month of June.

First Place Haiku include: Heritage

my ancestors' dreams bloom in me, a blossom tree

with deep roots and reach Cynthia Hernandez Continued on Page 1

The Road to Resilience

Throw-away Culture

While working at the most recent Fixit Café at the Eagles on Saturday, I was presented with a newer vacuum cleaner with a faulty filter casing. The casing would come loose during operation and the unfiltered material would get ejected back into the room. As I explored the innards, I came upon an outer filter casing that was silver plated plastic, and it remined me of many Mattel toys that I had as a kid. The inner filter showed signs of not being properly installed, but the owner and I were completely stumped as to how exactly the casing was supposed to be installed. This was a machine that probably worked well when everything was in place. I was told by the owner that the offending part was not available. Be that as it may, this highlighted one of my long-standing beefs about manufacturing products with no regard for resource use when one could

By Terry Sullivan,

realize that this is a conclusion based on false premises. The premises are that the non-working appliance is useless, that the materials to make these appliances are not limited, and that the disposal of the appliance is without any particular cost. All of these premises are false. We think this because manufacturers externalize all of these costs. You pay them by devoting valuable land to landfills and valuable materials to short-lived cheap appliances. You are also paying with your health as our environment becomes more and more polluted with these failed products and the byproducts of their manufacture.

Our philosophy at the Fixit Café is that all of these items are valuable regardless of the cost of fixing. We also defend with pride a fix that goes outside the box, i.e., generic common hardware parts, duct tape, or maybe having to do a little extra something before or after every time you use it. The Japanese have an art called kintsugi, in which broken ceramic items are repaired with lacquer and gold dust. The idea is that the repair is highlighted as an honorable part of the life history of the object. I would extend that philosophy to using any unconventional but suitable and readily available material to repair a broken item or part of an item. I broke the plastic handle on my refrigerator about twenty years ago. I fashioned a new handle out of Yew wood that is not only still in use, but, because of its use, is now a lovely, polished addition to the kitchen. Duct tape may lack the aesthetic appeal of gold or wood, but it compensates for it in ease of application and comedic value. There is a strategy in the field of waste management that is taking hold in Europe called extended producer responsibility (EPR) in which all the environmental costs Continued on Page 6

Night Light Drive-In Returns



The Night Light Drive-In premiered on 2020 4th of July weekend with Jurassic Park and Field of Dreams.

The drive-in movies return to Vashon! Open Space for Arts and Community and Vashon Theatre have teamed up for the return of the Night Light Drive-In. Movies for all ages begin on Memorial Day weekend on the Great Lawn at Open Space.

Showings are weekly and run through the first weekend in October, most weekends Thursday through Sunday. The first weekend spotlights Hook (PG, 1991), Steven Spielberg's reimagining of the Peter Pan story starring Dustin Hoffman, Robin Williams, and Julia Roberts. The full June movie schedule will be released later this month.

According to David Godsey, Open Space for Arts and Community cofounder, "Designing this experience with our partners at Vashon Theatre has allowed us to dream up a communal experience that follows health guidelines. Especially now, when it's so challenging to find ways to socialize safely, we are all thrilled to be able to offer this to our Vashon community."

Night Light Drive-In also serves Vashon Theatre favorites. Food Pre-Orders are accepted until 7:00pm for Same-Day Pick-up. Your order will be sent to the concessions counter and will be ready by the time gates open on the date you specify.



The drive-in projector shows movies for all ages at Open Space all summer.

The Night Light Drive-In recommends that the audience brings a portable FM Radio or boombox because the movie soundtrack will be broadcast on FM radio. Vehicles are arranged by height, so that taller vehicles are in the back. Movies will run in the rain, so please plan accordingly if the weather will affect your ability to enjoy the show. Tickets and concessions are available at VashonTheatre.com. Tickets are \$20 per car for classic movies, and begin at \$10 per car for new movies.

make a durable product that might serve for twenty years instead of having an early demise and a trip to the landfill.

I imagine that almost all of us have been in this situation and have concluded that the item was "not worth fixing" because the replacement part was expensive enough to make buying a new machine seem to be the cheapest solution. I've come to



The Night Light Drive-In follows all local, state, and federal COVID -19 requirements and recommendations.



The Night Light Drive-In shows drive-in movies 4 days a week throughout the summer. Photo by Michelle Bates.



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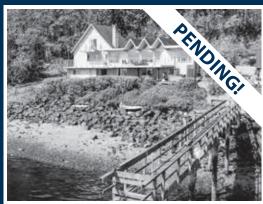


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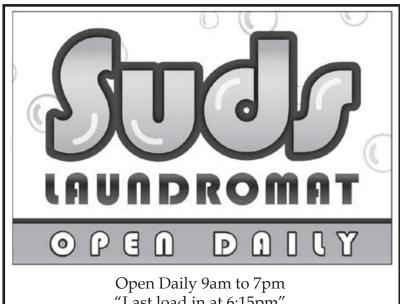
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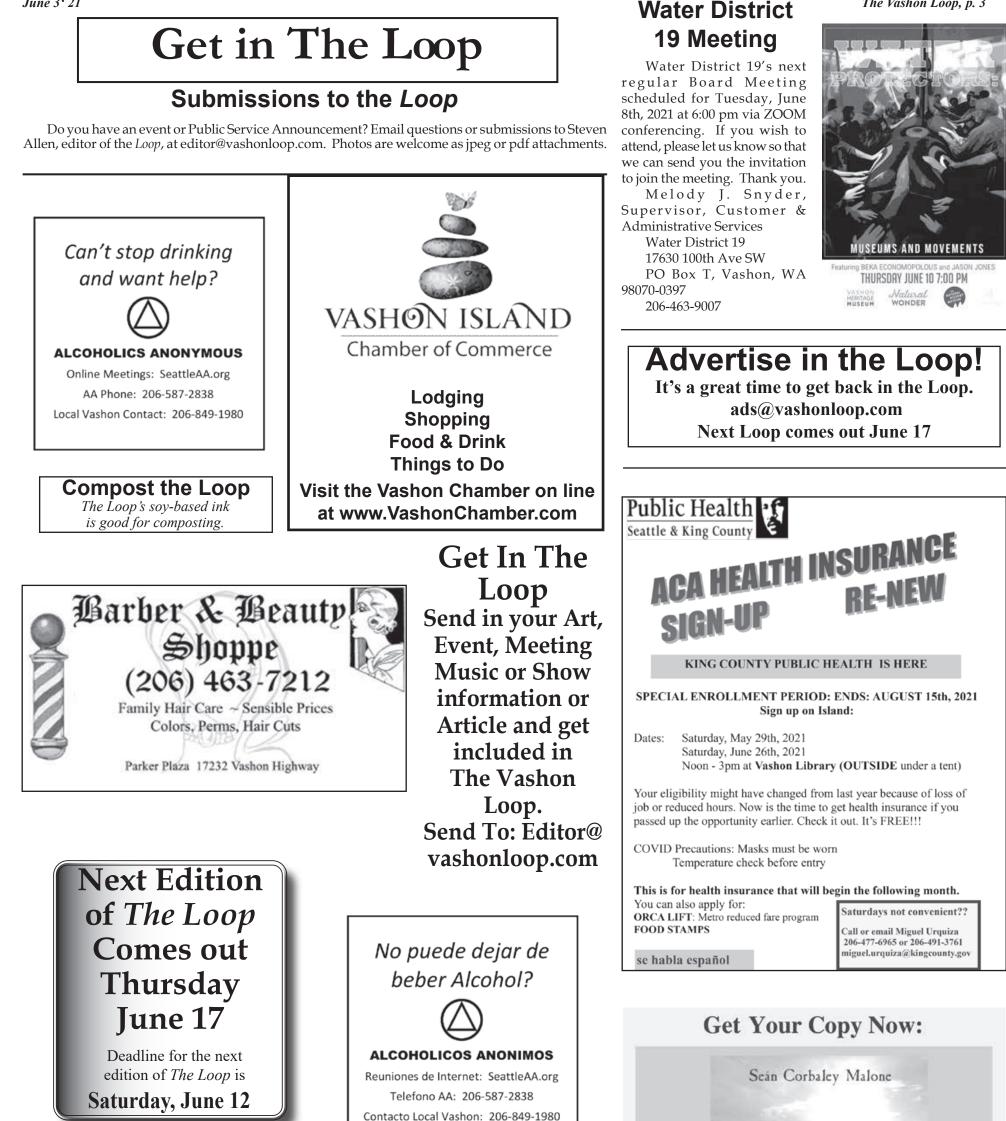


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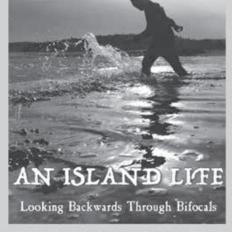
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Naked! Wild! And in Trouble Again.



Painting by Sharon Shaver.

By Seán Malone and John Sweetman

The root of the bracken fern is black and hard, ideal for a spear in our war in the field across Cove Road. I'm not sure if it was our property or not, as our spring was further up the hill. Every year after winter, my job was to clean out the dead rats, even though the overflow pipe was screened to keep them out of the well.

Brother Mike and I built a little wiki-up, pulling up the ferns in the middle and bringing the tops of the taller ones to the center, then weaving them into a topknot. Pals, Kit and Dale had their fort higher up the hill, where we couldn't see them pulling up the tall ferns to make spears and using the short ones for knives. We ran naked because nobody could see us and no girls were allowed.

"Mike, you guard the door while I sneak around and try to get them from behind," I ordered, just because I was bigger and Mike's elder brother. I got behind them alright: when Dale spotted me. He chased me clear down the hill to the creek, where I soaked my US Keds in the cold water, and hid from Dale in the thick brush. It wasn't practical to play naked and in bare feet. About that time, I smelled smoke: while Dale was chasing me, Kit sneaked up on Mike with a flaming stick in his hand, which he threw into our fort to smoke Mike out. Mike choked on the smoke and ran from the fort, yelling "bloody murder." Kit had started a fire and we weren't about to help put it out.

Mike and I grabbed our clothes and ran for the house, cutting through Bradley's, so Mom couldn't see us, pried open the basement window and dived through it. We hid in my room and started playing with our Erector set. We heard Mom upstairs yelling at someone to get off the line so she could call the fire department and whoever it was, was arguing with her. There were 15 families on our party line and our phone number was 'red-56'.

Chuck Kimmel was in the Navy in WWII and wouldn't eat rice because of the maggots he found in his bowl aboard ship. Chuck was fire chief and both McCormick brothers, Earl and George were volunteers. The fire siren was an old air raid siren, mounted above the front door of the Hardware Store uptown. When the siren wailed, the barber Don Kellogg dropped his white apron on the sidewalk, running for the fire station. The volunteers got the fire out and caught Kit, hiding naked in the deep brush along the creek. Of course, Kit blamed Mike and me while Dale got off "scot free." We were grounded for a month.

Spiritual Smart Aleck

By Mary Tuel

The Nuclear Family

December, 1943: Mom and Dad were on their way to Dad's first duty station in Galveston, Texas, when they took a little detour to Dalhart to have the ceremony performed. After all, there was a war on and if the Army had felt that the happy couple needed a honeymoon one would have been issued to them in boot camp.

The ink was barely dry on Mom and Dad's marriage certificate when they arrived in Galveston. Dad was promoted to First Lieutenant, issued a parachute, and introduced to the latest hotrod pursuit aircraft in the Army Air Corps inventory: the super-charged, twin-engine, Lockheed P-38 Lightning.

His success rate with the P-38 was in keeping with the skills and abilities he had developed in all of the aircraft he had flown at this point. But now things were different. Now the cocky, self-assured flyboy had a wife to come home to at the end of the day, a woman with whom he wanted to spend more time.

Mom also had a problem brewing. The Ohio farm girl who grew up surrounded by family suddenly found herself in unfamiliar places with her family focus reduced to one person who was absent much of the time.

The Army's attitude regarding wives was virtually identical to its attitude regarding honeymoons, but over the years it had developed a workable policy that it deemed sufficient. It provided clubs and activities for the wives to participate in as well as social circles and support groups with whom they could interact.

There was a dissatisfaction beginning to form for Mom. She had struck out for independence in July of 1943, embarking on an unknown future that beckoned irresistibly. Now, six months later, she was in Galveston, Texas, newly married, and the U.S. Army was deciding what her future would be. As an Army wife she was learning to soldier on in the midst of a whirlwind which swept away everything before it. The seeds of dissatisfaction were blown into the future, where they would take root and grow.

By May of 1944 Dad was transferred to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Having mastered the skills of flying twin-engine pursuit aircraft he entered into training for the Army Air Corps' latest hotrod, the Martin B-26 Marauder, a medium bomber with an 8,000 pound payload capacity, enormous twin engines and a quirky personality. It was rushed into service without testing or a break-in period, going straight from the drawing board into the air. Even the construction of the airframe was experimental, the fuselage being formed of cylindrical structures that were bolted together to save weight for the bomb load. The early models had undersized wings which gave it less lift but that was offset by enlarging the engines. The pilots called it the "flying cigar," among other things, and proved that given enough power one could fly almost anything. The learning curve was steep and pilot and aircraft casualties climbed. At a training field in Tampa, Florida, the grim phrase became, "A B-26 a day in Tampa Bay."



Jume 3' 21



later models and pilot skills became a source of pride. Once the pilots grew accustomed to its quirky traits some actually came to love the aircraft.

In September of 1944 Dad and Mom finally got some time together that could have been used for a honeymoon but as far as the Army was concerned it was just annual leave. Nothing special. Just regulations.

Years later, Dad revealed that they used the time creatively. Personally I think they may have started playing around creatively a little earlier, but Dad has been known to be creative when telling stories, too.

At any rate, by January 28th, 1945, the writing must have been on the wall. Dad was transferred to Brownsville, Texas, and on April 1st he brought Mom back to her home town of Dover, Ohio, which was soon to become my home town as well. Relatives on both sides of



Mark Tuel in B-26 Baton Rouge LA 1944

the family must have breathed a huge sigh of relief that their prodigal children had finally returned and life could become normal again.

In Europe the Third Reich collapsed in flames. Germany surrendered unconditionally on May 4th, 1945.

On May 28th I was born. It was a difficult birth. Mom was badly injured inside. For the next two years Mom would be having reconstructive surgeries, while her older sister Doris, my Aunt Dodie, took care of me.

On August 6th, 1945, the nuclear age was unleashed on Hiroshima on the Japanese island of Honshu, and on August 9th, it was unleashed again on Nagasaki on the island of Kyushu. Japan surrendered unconditionally on September 2nd, 1945. That same month Dad was discharged from the Army. He spent the next six weeks adapting to being a peacetime civilian and father while Mom was recuperating from the first of many surgeries in Dover. In November Dad left for Fort Dodge, Iowa, to begin working in his dad's tailor shop, and to find a house for us. He was successful, and for the next year we were setting up for a normal life as a standard, salt-of-the-earth Midwest nuclear family, but the seeds of dissatisfaction were beginning to sprout for Dad, and we would not be in Fort Dodge for long.

Next Edition of *The Loop* Comes out Thursday June 17

Deadline for the next edition of *The Loop* is **Saturday, June 12** Compost the Loop The Loop's soy-based ink is good for composting.

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Improvements were made in the

Island Life The Big Lie- Pt. II

By Peter Ray pgray@vashonloop.com

It has been what, almost six months now since we've had a self-serving liar in the White House? And yet, almost every time I hear mention of the term 'the president' being used in the news, it takes me a while to climb out of my bunker and unfurl from my emotional safe place and remember that we indeed do have a new, current president who is not insane, and if they show a clip of him speaking I won't have to spend the rest of the day repairing fried circuits in my brain and psyche. It was a grand relief for a while there after the inauguration, when there was a welcome respite from nonsense and vitriol coming from the office of the President of the United States. It seemed safe to don a mask and come out from hiding and enjoy the light of day- that was then, this is now.

These are curious times, if you hadn't noticed. We just went through two days of remembrance of an event 100 years ago that we were meant to have never heard of, and every reason to forget. That was the burning and destruction of buildings and homes in the Greenwood section of Tulsa, Oklahoma in 1921. It was also the Black section of town and a thriving area both economically, culturally and as a community. During the eighteen hours of the assault on that place by white residents of Tulsa, a thousand homes and hundreds of businesses were burned to the ground, in some cases by incendiary bombs dropped from private airplanes. This was erased from the local and national press at the time- nothing to see here.

When I was doing my cross country trips a few years ago I first learned of the Rock Springs Chinese massacre when I was visiting the history museum in nearby Green River Wyoming. That was in 1885 and involved a bunch of white people killing at least 28 Chinese miners who were "taking their jobs". That same year in Tacoma, as many as two hundred Chinese were marched eight miles and loaded into boxcars and sent to Portland. Of course there was the Sand Creek massacre in 1864 where the U.S. Army and Colonel Chivington slaughtered 200 or so Cheyenne in the then Colorado Territory, mostly women and children. Both events I'd never heard of before. There was also the Elaine, Arkansas massacre of 1919 where somewhere around 100 Blacks were murdered. There was also Rosewood, Florida, where blacks were killed, along with enough whites that the town of Rosewood ceased to exist because no one wanted to live there anymore. All of these events have been obscured by time, and in most cases erased from memory until very recently. They were inconvenient truths-hard and brutal evidence that the proposition that we are all created equal was bogus, in spite of all the hype. Fast forward to a year ago and the killing of George Floyd by Derek Chauvin, and we witnessed once again the grinding wheels of the propaganda machine, trying to pulverize the truth into something more palatable than the reality that a seasoned, white police officer ground the life out of a Black man while he gasped for breath and called for his mother. That didn't work- Chauvin didn't get off free. The thing was, everyone knew that Chauvin did it because, thanks to multiple cameraphone videos of the event, we could see what had gone down that day, and yet the defense tried to cast doubt on what we had seen with our eyes, and had thrown that bit of uncertainty into what

we thought was true.

It seems it is the trend of the times- the declaring of what we have seen with our eyes as being not what we have seen. Don't just ignore that man behind the curtain- he either isn't there at all or else he is actually a person of color out to ruin your life and destroy America as well. With the insurrection of January 6th, we watched as people with Q's and MAGA's attack and kill capitol policeman outside the halls of the U.S. Congress. We are now being told by their Republican representatives, most of whom were inside that building at the time, that what we saw was evidence of an average day of capitol tours and orderly tourists, except for those bad Black Lives Matters people who had obviously dressed up in white face and spoiled the party for everyone.

This version of the day is not true. I know it is not true because I saw it, the same way I saw George Floyd plead for his life and get nothing in return. I suppose that because we just went through four years of a president who told somewhere upwards of 30,000 lies whilst discussing the affairs of this socalled Union, that we should perhaps by now be used to the untruths. Sinking to those depths would be allowing the abnormal to become the norm, and we can't do that. It has been suggested that we have a 9/11 style commission convened to investigate the events of 1/6. That day should and must be investigated, but I balk at a 9/11 style commission because I'm still concerned about what that wrought .

I know what you're thinking nowhere's comes that truther crap. I always hated the term truther in the same way I dislike the label of conspiracy theory because they both shut down any reasonable discourse that could happen, so just indulge me here for a few minutes. I had to look it up, but it was back in 2010 at a Greentech meeting at Minglement when the entire building was shaken by multiple booms. These turned out to be the sonic booms from fighter jets that had been scrambled in Portland to come and intercept a float plane coming from Lake Chelan to Lake Washington and had violated the ten mile restricted zone around Boeing field, imposed because President Obama had flown into Seattle that day. The relevance to 9/11 here is twofold- one is that something as small as a float plane had triggered a defensive response, while on 9/11, four commercial airliners had gone off course at once, with no corresponding military reactions. It was claimed that all available planes were out at sea on maneuvers that day, but this single float plane had brought in jets from 200 miles away at warp speed.

On the morning of 9/11 I awoke to the voice of Carl Kassell on NPR saying that a twin engine plane had just hit the nor did they acknowledge eyewitness testimony from first responders accounts of explosions before the collapse. The 9/11 Commission accepted that report as gospel.

Two of the hijacked planes disappeared that day. The airliner that hit the Pentagon completely combusted in the hole that it blasted in the side of the building. There were no wing nor tail marks on the exterior like the eerie slashes on the sides of the twin towersthe story was that upon impact at the Pentagon, the wings folded back on the fuselage and all of it melted inside the building. As for flight 93 out in Shanksville, all that was seen there after the crash was a slash in the ground and a few bits of random debris scattered about the site. The official explanation there was that by some chance of fate the plane had crashed head on into the ground at the precise location of a landfill, and with the velocity of the impact and the relative softness of the buried garbage, the plane just vanished into the ground, never to return.

I stopped talking about 9/11 years ago because I got tired of the look, the blank stare of incredulity and either disgust or disbelief that I saw coming back at me from many people that I told

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these and other stories to. But I know what I saw on that morning, and it was a controlled demolition. The spin story about melted beams and pancaking floors seemed plausible and perversely brilliant at the time. But looking back with a lot more information, it just doesn't make any sense. It was reported the other day on MSNBC that many people who were watching coverage of the 1/6 insurrection on Fox and Newsmax, did not see the violence of that day, so it is understandable how they could be convinced that it all came down as they were told it did with the Antifa and the Black Lives being the rioters of choice who obviously would be much more likely to wreak havoc at the capitol in order to make the former president look bad. After all, it does seem to be that a good part of what the MAGA right does is done to "own the libs", so it would only seem logical that they would expect the same from the left. Once again we are back to a rudderless state without a baseline of truth to moderate the mess. If we can't at least agree on what we see, especially with something as straight forward as the basic events of 1/6, then any commission is doomed to failure before it begins.

Mukai 2nd Annual Haiku Festival

Continued from Page 1

Nature

More snow erases the careful calligraphy of windfall on ice. - Anne Spiers

The People's Choice Award

sand-covered barracks the tower guard witnesses racial injustice - Tomosumi

Social Justice

On the ground, Gasping for fresh air, Praying to live His skin becomes cold. Adi Shepard

Young Poet

I love beginnings a chick named Jesse Owens going places fast - Ella Ødegaard

Mukai Farm & Garden is being restored and managed by the Friends of Mukai to celebrate Vashon's Japanese American and agricultural heritage, and the greater Asian American Pacific Islander communities. Mukai shows how history lives and is relevant to our lives today.

Adopt A Cat Day!

Vashon Island Pet Protectors

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Our VIPP Shelter is open for adoptions every Saturday. Visit our website www.vipp.org for Directions and to view the Cats and Dogs available for adoption. Or give us a call 206-389-1085

Tom and Daisy Need a Home

The two of us are long-time buddies who lost our home when our person died recently. I (Tom) will speak for us because I'm more outgoing than Daisy is. I'm a very friendly 8-year-old who enjoys being with human buddies when I'm not sunbathing. Daisy has several years on me (at 15, does that mean she's a cougar?) but is young for her age. She's quiet and shy; however, same as me, she looks forward to being petted.



World Trade Center. When no further reports came on, I turned on the teevee to see a tower smoking and then collapse in cataclysmic cascade of dust and rubble, just like, as the news commentator mentioned at the time, what one would see in a controlled demolition. Then the second tower came down in the same way, and it still looked as though it had been imploded. What we did not see that day was the third building that came down in a similar fashion at 5:21pm. The thing was that Building 7 was a block or so away from the twin towers and it had not been hit by either a plane or any of the debris from the crashes or the collapses. In spite of that lack of causation, the National Institute of Standards and Technology determined that it was buckling columns inside the 47 story building- caused by a fire of unknown origin- that ultimately brought the building down in its own footprint. NIST did not look for evidence of explosives,

Although Daisy and I love to snuggle together,



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we would do fine in separate homes. Our main goal is to find someone who will take good care of each of us and help to heal our broken hearts.



By Marj Watkins

What Do You Do with an Artichoke?

In the Eiffel Tower near the bank of the River Seine, in the summer of 1957, I ate my first artichoke ever. It came to the table with a little bowl of melted butter and fresh lemon juice. Delicious and exotic! Our artichokes and their dipping sauce cost our family a dollar a serving, an extravagance then, but the view from the Eiffel tower factored largely in the price.

We had only that spring arrived in France with a squadron of US Air Force planes and their crews. My husband, then a captain, had preceded me and our three children, found a house in a French village and imported us. It was our first trip overseas. We had a lot to celebrate when as a reunited family we adventured to Paris for the first time. Fortunately, I still remembered a little of my high school French, enough to build on in communicating with neighbors, grocer, restaurant servers, and servants. Yes! We had a maid. Four-year old son Johnny soon spoke Franglish: "Coupez me a slice of pan, too, s'il vous plait, Madame."

So, the other day, when I saw large artichokes offered in the store at two

dollars each, nostalgia seized me. I grabbed one. But how to cook it? My copy of Joy of Cooking had recipes only for hors d'oeuvres of frozen artichoke hearts. My Greek cookbook, too, ignored raw, whole artichokes.

Joy's authors' opinion was that an artichoke will cook in 45 minutes. I clipped the thorns from my artichoke's petals with my kitchen scissors and sawed off the top half inch of the huge bud with a sharp serrated knife. I cut the stem off close to it's base, halved the bud vertically, and removed the fluff, then filled a 6-cup saucepan about three-fourths full of water, sliced half a lemon and added it with a teaspoon of salt to the kettle. A couple of tablespoons of olive oil add flavor but makes them greasy. I brought the water to a boil, slipped the artichoke halves in and cooked them fork tender.

With a large slotted spoon, I withdrew and drained the artichoke halves. They would have cooked in 30 minutes or less, I believe, because one of the halves shed its petals. I and son John, white-bearded now, and I ate them with vinaigrette. They were good, but with lemon juice in melted butter they would have been magnificent.

A Japanese teacup is ideal for making and serving the dipping sauce. Melt a couple of tablespoons of butter in small bowls. Squeeze half a small lemon into them. (You'll get more juice from a lemon if you microwave it for a few seconds to warm it. Remove the seeds.)

To eat an artichoke: Cook as described above Pluck and eat petals one by one. Dip the base of a petal. Eat the soft part and discard the rest of the petal. Continue until all the petals have yielded up their goodness and are now in the discard pile, thence to become compost.

Unscripted -VALISE Artists Fill the Gallery in June

VALISE Gallery presents Unscripted, an exhibit of VALISE artists working independently to fill the gallery with their latest wild creations, including rhinos, aliens, and a Kaaaat!.

Bill Jarcho explores a series of animated-esque animal sculptures like Kaaaat! As well as a 3-D box called Alien Love. "I'm excited about making sculptures again, getting back to my clay animation roots, after spending the last three or four months doing mostly twodimensional painting and digital art."

Over the past few years, Jarcho has been creating mostly abstract images.

x 48 inches), was inspired by a lifelong love affair with the Indian Rhinoceros.

Lightweaver volunteered at the Los Angeles Zoo in high school. Working with zookeepers, she had the opportunity to get close to the rhinos and touch their rough skin and soft folds. She saw their intelligence and sensitivity, and also learned about their imminent extinction. When her family moved to Germany for a year in eleventh grade, she visited the Basel Zoo in Switzerland which, at the time, had the best record for breeding rhinos in captivity. Years later at her first solo art exhibit, Lightweaver showed



Kaaaat! by Bill Jarcho

Casper and Cowboy Need a Home

We're brothers who've been together since our birth last summer, and we want to stay that way. When we were found, people thought we were feral, but haha, we fooled them! We were just on the shy side. In our foster home, we've learned to play with people and let them pet us. Once we go to a forever home (quiet and indoors, please) and get used to the new surroundings and humans, we'll relax and blossom into loving companions. VIPP's "Purrfect Pair" adoption discount is available to whoever adopts us together. You're guaranteed that your new kitties are compatible, and you save money at the same time - how can you pass up that deal?



Go To www.vipp.org

To view adoptable Cats and Dogs

For this month's show, he had a desire to pick up some clay and sculpt characters. "My background is in directing stop motion animation and designing and building characters for films. This is really my first love, creatively. I work a lot with Sculpey clay because it's easy to sculpt and then bake in an oven. It can be drilled and carved after its done and it takes acrylic paint very well."

"I usually start a project, like KAAAT!, with a doodle. I'll sit and doodle a bunch of things on some scrap paper and generally the first or second one, before the thinking process takes over, is the best. Then I'll get some tin foil and make a basic shape and build up Sculpey on top of that. Once the main form is there, I'll refine it until I get the finished sculpture. Then I bake it in a toaster oven, take it out when it's cooled, paintings of rhinos and the LA Zoo Curator of Mammals Mike Dee spoke about these amazing animals and their plight.

"By portraying rhinos and other wildlife in my art," said Lightweaver, "I hope to serve as an ambassador to invite others to see the beauty of these animals."

Visual artists participating in the June show at VALISE include:

Gregory Burnham Dot Cherch Bill Jarcho Jesse Johnson Pascale Judet Corinne Lightweaver Rachel Lordkenaga Robert Passig Jiji Saunders Sharon Shaver Hita von Mende George Wright Lenard Yen

Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 6

entailed in the lifetime of a product are added to the market price of the product. In exchange, the manufacturer is responsible for taking back the item at the end of its life and recycling/reusing it responsibly. Aside from the obvious, this strategy incentivizes the manufacturer to design their products to last longer, to be easily repairable, and to be made with material that can easily be recycled or reused, especially into new products. A well-designed item will be durable, easily disassembled and repaired, and sold at a competitive price. The only drawback in this system is that evolving technology will make some products obsolete, but that makes it all the more sensible to design with generic parts (like nuts and bolts) that can have multiple uses, and to design new products using those generic parts. I have no qualms about using some plastic parts if they are the best material for the job and if the manufacturer can melt them down and mold new parts from them.

Clearly, manufacturers will make far fewer units if these changes are made, but they may be able to make up for that by repairing, refurbishing, and improving their products already in use. Maybe keeping those businesses viable will take more creative thinking than that, but the fact of the matter is that we are running low on many resources, and we will have to get smarter about reuse.

Some of you are old enough to remember Erector Sets. They were sets for older kids that included lots of metal

and paint it. Viola! Le Kaaaat!"

Also at VALISE this month is Corinne Lightweaver's Rhinos and Lavender. This large acrylic painting (36

struts of various sizes, lots of nuts and bolts, a small electric motor, other parts, and plans for making all kinds of workable constructions. Kind of like Legos only more practical. Maybe something like that for adults, along with a 3D printer, would allow us all to activate our inner engineer and invent our own devices that may or may not serve the useful purpose intended but might still be valuable as art. If not, you could always take it apart and try again. Some of us already have assembled kits. We call them shops and unbelievers call the ingredients clutter, but we know gold when we see it.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

VALISE gallery will be open Fridays and Saturdays from 1 to 5 pm. All safety protocols including limited capacity and masks are required. The opening celebration is First Friday, June 4 from 6 to 8 pm, and the show may be previewed on Friday afternoon. The show runs through June 26. VALISE Artist Collective and Gallery is located in downtown Vashon at 17633 Vashon Highway SW, Vashon Island, Washington.

Have a Story or Article

Send it to: Editor@vashonloop.com

Plavet Waves

by Eric Francis http://www.PlanetWaves.net

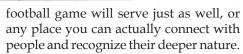
You won't know what's really irritating you until you put it into language. You won't trust your desires until you give them a voice. It's challenging sorting out myth from reality, and there's also the point within yourself where you may choose what you want to be true. The beginning point here is revealing to yourself the contents of your emotions, and being honest about both your fears and your desires. For a while, your personal truth may seem like an object in transformation, impossible to define or even to contain long enough to describe. If that is so, then let your reality transform and evolve, and notice this property. There may, however, be something difficult or disturbing that is eluding your grasp or observation. You're not going to catch that with a net and put it into a jar. You may need to talk around the point in a spiral as you gradually approach the center. There is no one point of view that is strictly true. The reality of your existence is that you are a flowing, morphing creature. So your interpretation of an injury, loss or insult will change over time. Ultimately where you're heading is for all of your experiences to be your teachers, and for none to be your enemy.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

Venus enters the water sign Cancer this week, which will feel like slipping into a warm bath. The question is one of privacy: you need some genuine seclusion, even a bit of isolation, to rest and mend your mind and emotions. Try to find that. I know it's not easy in domestic situations where family or housemates are present, though do what you can. You might organize a "have the house/ apartment to yourself for an afternoon" program where everyone takes a turn. If possible, you can take a short trip and take a couple of nights in an Airbnb or even the Motel 6. However, not all intrusions are on the physical plane. You are affected by the states of mind that others bring with them, and you are influenced by energy that you pick up from others in intimate exchanges. Speaking philosophically, here is what I see as the bottom line: you need your own concept of intimacy, and you need to have that respected. Within some basic requirements that you would probably love to have in place, there is room for closeness. Yet as a Taurus, you must know by now that your creature needs being met precedes anyone else being happy with you or vice versa.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

Ground yourself in an accurate and consistent cosmology that aligns with your deepest values. You have quite



Cancer (June 21-July 22)

Venus enters your sign this week. That may put you in contact with how challenging it is to have love be the primary law of your life. It's still true, though not unless you face those challenges fully, so you know what is really behind them. One thing blazing out of your charts at this time is not to use your past experiences in relationships as a reference for what you want now, or in the future. Love remains itself, bestowing its wisdom and freedom to those who would meet it face to face. Yet that is not what history tells us is possible. Rather, if you use the past as your point of orientation, you are likely to get lost in a maze of what cannot possibly be love. Therefore you will need to be both strong and aware, and recognize what is and is not true based on a diversity of factors. The most important among these is hearing what people say to you, and doing what you can to understand their meaning. How you feel matters. Yet what matters the most in relationships is how people relate to themselves; how they treat themselves; how they feel about themselves. That is likely to be how they treat you.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

Mars has been stirring up your anxieties and is likely to be doing so now. While this is happening, do the Buddhist thing and tap into your inner observer. Ask if your fears are real rather than assuming they are so. This takes more courage than most people can afford. Many would think it's bad luck to actually confront fear rather than to be subject to it. Yet this is the whole point of courage, which does not mean "not feeling fear" but rather engaging with it in a meaningful and honest way. Mars is about to make an opposition to Pluto (exact June 5). This is placed across an axis of your chart where it could produce the kind of uncomfortable psychic experience that people want to run from. Whatever issue is developing, whatever confrontation seems inevitable, stand back from it just a little and notice how you feel, what you think, and what your mind tells you is an appropriate way to respond. Note whether you're feeling violent impulses, or the fear of violence. Stick with this inner show and let it play out. This is the ideal fodder for self-study, particularly when you see where you land after the storm passes.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

What is real and what is not? Take your time answering this question. In the world where there are things that are both real and unreal, where we are constantly presented with both illusions and with truth, the thing you want is discernment. That takes time and the training of your sensitivity. You need to learn how to filter out emotional, psychic and mental interference, particularly as it enters from relationships with people who are not committed to the truth (but who may claim to be). Be cautious of being attached to a position or outcome. Be wary of people who assert themselves and their position vociferously. Whatever the topic, the question for yourself and for others is a calm, almost casual: how do you know that? This week, it's possible that some people will come to you with stories about their personal history and what it did to them. These may seem to be big revelations. While it's appropriate to be emotionally present, I suggest being scrupulous. Be sensitive to the power of

narrative. At the moment our society is in love with story. Everywhere you look, story, story, story. Pay attention: stories, whether "true" or "false," are just that.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

You will get much of your most valuable information from the dreamtime. Therefore, that's the place to bring your most important questions, particularly as regards your health. This is always a tricky area for you to find out anything relevant or dependable, and it has been especially true in this long phase of your life. There are times when you're the king or queen of misdiagnosis. So any real, useful information is golden to you now. The thing about dreams is that they tend to speak in a particular language, and you need to be open to understanding it. It does not help to project your interpretation of the symbols onto them. Rather, sit with them and ask what they are telling you. It's not as simple as the "up" or "down" light in an elevator. It's more like the bell ringing between floors. You are going to learn the most when you sit with your discomfort about certain events in your life rather than trying to explain them away, or to pretend they no longer have impact or influence on you. Every thought has power. Every memory. Every idea.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

The question of the week is: what happens when your desires conflict with your beliefs? What happens when your ideals conflict with lived reality? What do you do when something you want in the future is unsupported by what has happened in the past? This is genuinely a spiritual issue; it is the essence of what you might call the spiritual problem, in total, which is in essence: how do we heal the past? How do we create a future different from the past? The reason this is the central issue is the very thing that holds us back from our potential now, and in the future, is unresolved pain and residue related to what has happened previously. Your charts are suggesting that we are talking about something that far precedes your lifetime, whether it's genetic baggage, history passed down through conditioning, or material from previous stints on the planet. It all amounts to the same thing: legacy material. And that creates a kind of karma, which you may think of as adhesions to personal and collective history. It is true that there are times when this can be healed and erased without your direct knowledge or involvement. At the moment, your chart advises you to observe carefully and take note of what you learn.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

Much is happening in your opposite sign Gemini, which pertains to relationships and partnerships. You already have the sense that something is changing, and that you're reaching a point of no return. Yet the change you seek goes deeper than any one partnership situation. You would be making a mistake to assume that what you are thinking, feeling and experiencing in this moment is the whole story. You may be tempted to make it about others, though be aware that what is changing is something coming from inside yourself. If there are others involved, they're not in your immediate environment; currently the deeper emphasis of your chart is on your ancestral and family life, which lately has taken on a new level of emphasis and importance. There is a diversity of subjects that you would be well served to probe into and understand if you can. These include specific beliefs about how relationships are conducted that you have inherited unconsciously. Due to their hidden nature, one of the rare times you can tune into the material is when something changes, goes wrong, or when a lineage or pattern is disrupted. Even then it's not vivid but the meaning of

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events is at least decipherable.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

If what you call love is unfair, then I suggest checking whether the thing has the correct name and the right expectations attached to it. It is probably something else. The chances are that the scenarios to which you assign this name are unresolved remnants of the past that are calling for attention and resolution. You will not need to look far to see that mostly, we are talking about family history that has gone unresolved and for this reason, still has existence. Yet it will take many forms, none of them consistently nourishing and many of them to some extent depleting. There is a particular challenge when you feel one way about a partner and they feel differently about you, and yet both realities are given the same name. In all matters of emotional exchange, vulnerability and commitment, as well as one's relationship to the past, to immediate family and to family history, matter more than is ever given proper credit for. That would of course call for all manner of spiritual, emotional and psychological work to address the issues, and who has time for that? Ah, but you do.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

The strong presence of planets in your fellow air sign Gemini are lightening the influence of Saturn in your birth sign or rising sign. This week you have a series of easy opportunities to get difficult work done, whether personal or professional. The planets are aligned in such a way that gives you leverage and the feeling of going down a slight incline rather than pushing uphill as so often seems to be the situation. You may however find it difficult to trust people, as the feeling of past hurts and losses may be lingering around. Do your best not to let those define your reality. On the whole, most people are helpful to you. Relatively few have ever betrayed your trust or your confidence and they must not get the privilege of defining the nature of humanity. Any fear or mistrust that you feel are opportunities to heal, in particular, to heal trust. When in doubt, take your time making commitments to others. Let them show their colors, though you are safe accepting what help is offered to you over the next week or so. It could turn out to be of profound value.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

For the past five months, you may have felt like you were trapped inside of some invisible bubble. That was the sensation of your ruling planet Jupiter going through your 12th solar house, a zone where things go missing, get lost, or are caught in a parallel dimension. With Jupiter as your significator, that would be you. Late this week, the largest and most influential planet manifests into your sign, as if it emerged from behind some kind of veil. It was always there, though out of reach. This happens with Neptune also in your sign, a much longer-term visitor (2011-2026). Neptune can create a sense of deficit. It might come across as an all-consuming vortex, adding to the sense of not quite existing and this has been going on for a while. Speaking as a Pisces who identifies with the whole idea, my thought is this: allow this ingress of Jupiter into your sign to be about a positive, even bold change of your environment. Catch up on all the experience you've gained, and give yourself full credit. Make your decisions on the basis of abundance: that is a whole new sound.

enough of a hodgepodge of theories, of approaches and of meaning; this approach has been confusing and has not provided the guidance that you need. At first, the factors of accuracy and consistency will find a home in relatively simple values that don't seem to be sophisticated or especially advanced. They might register as "be kind to people" and "take every opportunity to be honest." One thing I can tell you about the spiritual path as viewed from the standpoint of Gemini is that it has more to do with humanity and less to do with God. We are talking about the same thing ultimately, though you don't need a high-minded concept of deity to connect with the essence of your faith. This is more a matter of style; more a matter of where to look for the same thing that many others are looking for: and for you it's going to start with your brothers and sisters. Spirituality is not for retreat centers, monasteries and workshops, at least as far as you are concerned. A

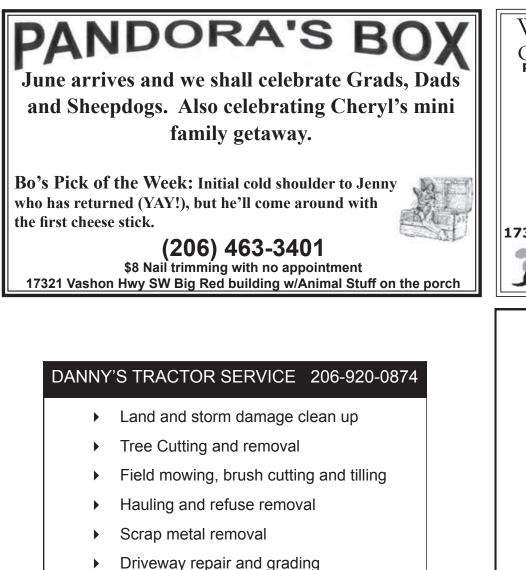
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Aries (March 20-April 19)

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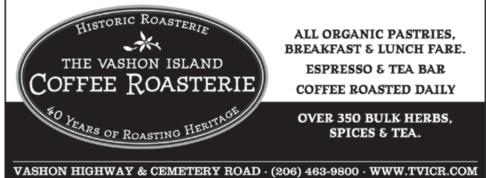
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