

The Eye

Beach, Village + Urban Living in Oaxaca

April 2018

Issue 77

FREE



#38

ARQUITECTURA



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Editor's Letter

"The world is a dangerous place to live; not because of the people who are evil, but because of the people who don't do anything about it."

Albert Einstein

My restaurant, Café Juanita, in Marina Chahue, Huatulco, has a wonderful view of where the canal, which runs from the main highway through residential areas U2, Sectors J and M and Chahue, and the ocean meet. Every rainy season the first heavy rains bring currents of trash down the canal into the ocean. Plastic bags, plastic bottles, chip bags, Super Che bags, and other colorful debris float past the million dollar boats and out to the open water of the Pacific Ocean.

This month's theme 'things that float' opened up a wide spectrum of discussion from water sports equipment to environmental issues. While I am an optimistic person in most aspects of my life, when it comes to faith in humanity's willingness to make big changes, I admit to being a bit of a pessimist. Probably because I recognize my own shortcomings in environmental matters. I drive quite a bit, I fly whenever and to wherever possible. I do my best to eat and shop local but I am pretty lazy about avoiding plastic bags and although my restaurant stopped selling plastic bottled water- I still indulge in a cold plastic bottle on hot days. Most of us are just too comfortable and entitled to make real changes. As I read the fabulous articles submitted by our writers, on oil spills, the island of garbage and the impact of tourism, I felt overwhelmed with the urge to do better! Now I just have to figure out how!

In positive news, on March 23rd the beach cleanup in Huatulco had a wonderful turnout of volunteers from schools and organizations to pick up garbage on the 36 beaches that make up this paradise. (They probably could have done without the myriad of vinyl signs and flags to promote the event.)



I would love to hear from you about the habits or changes you have made in your everyday life due to your desire to protect the environment. Beyond adhering to your city's recycling program, what action might you have taken that could help inspire other readers?

Looking forward to hearing from you,

Jane



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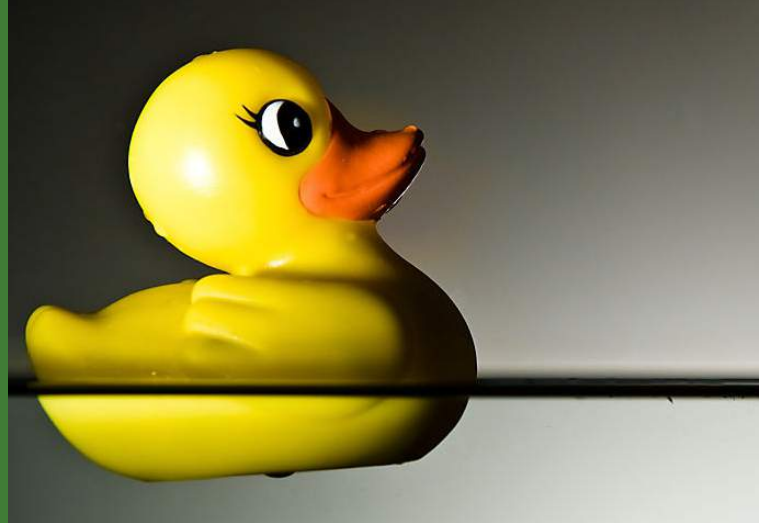
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My Pool Noodle

By Marcia Chaiken

My long blue and green high-density noodle is my daily companion in Mexico, the U.S. or wherever in the world I happen to be. Right now, I am living in Southern Israel and the noodle traveled in my checked luggage from Huatulco to Tel Aviv and then by car to Mashabei Sade, our kibbutz in the Negev desert. Almost every day my noodle and I trek up to the large pool at the highest point in the kibbutz for an hour of exercise.



The noodle can also be used to replace a stationary bike. Simply straddle the noodle with one end in front and one in back and, holding on to the front part, pedal forward to the end of the pool. Then, unlike some stationary bikes, you can pedal backward involving another set of muscles.

The noodle can also be used for almost limitless exercises using its flotation properties rather than resistance. (Less dense noodles from Chedraui or Soriana can often be used the same way.) Virtually reclining in the water with the middle of a noodle placed behind

the lower back and the ends held in both hands, one can perform "crunches", which are much the same as sit-ups done on floors. Unlike sit-ups in the air, however, the water cushions the body and prevents the muscles from being injured. Personally, this and jumping up and down on the noodle are the exercises I most need to perform, since they can result in abs of steel. Lacking two discs in my lower back (from previous surgery), as long as I keep my abs in shape I function fairly normally. Skip a few days, and I'm in pain.

Let me explain this obsession with a noodle. Unlike the low density pool noodles that are virtually ubiquitous in areas with pools, and in Mexico can easily be purchased in Chedraui or other supermarkets, my noodle is available only through suppliers of serious equipment for water aerobics. Although lightweight in the air, it offers great resistance when one tries to push it under the water. The dynamic viscosity of water is about 50 times greater than air, which simply means that it takes a lot more strength to push a naturally floating object down through water. This resistance makes the noodle just as effective as the most expensive gym equipment in strengthening arms and legs, or glutes, deltoids, pectoral and other muscles.

So when you see a grey-haired women with a long blue and green noodle, you can bet it's me and know where I'm going and why. Feel free to grab a noodle and join me. I'd be glad to have your company and, since I'm a certified water aerobics instructor, I can show you what to do.

Standing in a pool, the most effective depth for many water exercises is between the midbreast and navel. And good posture is key. The simplest exercise using a high-density noodle involves pushing the noodle under the water close to one's body first with both hands in the middle of the noodle in front, then in back, and then, on each side, using one arm. Slow repetition of each of these motions – 30 to 50 times -- definitely results in strong biceps and triceps, which provides the same benefits as the most expensive rowing equipment.

To use the noodle for strengthening the legs, place one foot in the middle of the noodle, forcing it to the bottom of the pool again close to the body. Then, controlling the noodle and resisting its natural inclination to pop up to the surface, bend the knee until the noodle slowly rises and then press down again, pressing it to the bottom of the pool. This exercise, using first one leg and then the other, is very effective with at least 30 repetitions in each session.

A more challenging exercise is to stand on the noodle with both feet in the middle of the noodle and the noodle at the bottom of the pool. Keeping both feet on the noodle, jump up and down about ten times, jump left and right about ten times, jump back and forth about ten times and then repeat. These motions not only strengthen the legs but affect all the core muscles in the body, including the abs. An additional benefit is general improvement of balance.

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Wabi Women

By Leigh Morrow

A new wave of midlife women is cresting globally, and soon will comprise half of Canada's female population. In the next ten years, 11 million Canadian women will be in midlife and beyond. The same shift is happening in the rest of North America, Asia, and Europe. Never before in history has the planet seen so many midlife women. Women have a new opportunity to be radical game-changers in the second half of their lives.

Leigh Morrow and Crystal Buchan, Vancouver-based co-authors of *Just Push Play- On Midlife*, an interactive life-mapping program for midlife women, have created *Wabi Women Radio*. The title comes from the Japanese concept of Wabi-sabi, an aesthetic of imperfection and transience (see Leigh's article "Wabi-sabi: The Art in Everyday Life" in the October 2016 issue of *The Eye*.)

Wabi Women Radio can be live-streamed on Mondays at 2:00 PM CST (it's on at noon PST in Vancouver) by going to CFRO (100.5 FM); you'll need to choose 128Kbps stream—if you have any trouble, look at www.coopradio.org/content/listen. You can also listen to the podcast at the *Just Push Play* website (www.jppMidlife.com).

We did not follow our mothers' rules for dating, marriage or motherhood, and we are not content to follow the outdated prescribed path of declining contribution, respect, health and value. Together with our female listeners, Wabi Women Radio is mapping a new midlife and beyond, as we seek a longer, healthier, happier, playful and purposeful third chapter of life. I hope you can listen from your hammock!

Hidden Gems

On my father's desk, taped to the back of one of those large flat old-fashioned calendar holders, with faux leather on the sides and the monthly calendar pages long gone, was a square piece of paper. I only found it when decommissioning the family home last month. I was tossing out the hundreds of boxes, envelopes and files, and when I finally got down to the desk top, the calendar holder was of no future use and I tossed it into the recycling box but it landed upside down.

That's when I saw the hidden gem. The tape holding it in place was yellowed and cracked and I had to gingerly remove it for fear of ripping it. Typed and highlighted it says:

Be Impeccable with your word

Don't take anything personally

Don't make assumptions

Always do my best

These words were the sentiments my departed Dad tried to live by. Typed years ago, and purposely saved, but out of sight, it was miraculous I even spied it. I love its physical imperfections juxtaposed on the message of attaining perfection. As a Wabi woman, this piece of paper is more special than any other item, left from an entire four bedroom home that housed our family history. I found it after days of emotionally draining work, and it left me filled again with the same gratitude and determination that my Dad gave life. It helped me persevere and finish the difficult job. It was a hidden gem.

Hidden gems arrive, sometimes with perfect timing and often quite unexpectedly. Sometimes, they appear when you are looking for or expecting one thing, and something entirely different arrives. Some are big, bright, and can't be missed, while others are shrouded, concealed, and the true meaning or significance, will not be recognized or understood for many years. Hidden gems are more often seen by Wabi Women.

Wabi washing, a phrase we coined and something we have talked about in many of our radio episodes, helps the shift occur, so those gems can be discovered. Wabi washing helps us navigate through midlife and beyond, and if you are curious, head over to the *Just Push Play* website to find out the three simple questions wabi washing asks. Hidden gems are often camouflaged and I see that now, reflecting on past losses, like the death of our premature twin girls some twenty years ago. The hidden gem from that painful experience is to see the fragility of life and the immense privilege of parenthood. It is a perspective from the other side.

If you have found some hidden gems along your road thus far, you are already synchronized to find more. Wabi Women find more hidden gems than others, simply because they know the secret to attract them. As Wabi Women we do not fall victim to society's antiquated model of older women as frail, isolated and declining. We see ourselves as strong, purposeful and evolving wisdom keepers. We are open and receptive, so hidden gems arrive. In fact, we expect them. We watch for them, intuitively sensing they are near. We also take care to interpret the messages these gems deliver. Hidden gems, well, keep life interesting. They keep us young, and rejuvenated.

They give us hope. They often give us wonder. Hidden gems can heal. I think, as I write this, they are tiny pure nodes of light. They are both beautiful and imperfect, exposing new insight in unfamiliar and unexpected ways. Crystal and I are secretly planting hidden gems, seeded by us for others to find in due course. Our first book may just be that. We scatter hidden gems, so our daughters, and their daughters, will one day discover them. Now in this chapter of life, I tend to look hard for the hidden gems left for me, as I believe they truly hold significance.

Perhaps, someone else seeded them, years ago, for us to discover now, like the note my Dad left for me to find. At this juncture in our life, hidden gems often help connect the dots, like a missing piece of the puzzle, as we attempt to weather the storms, or take the fork in the road. Sometimes they are playful, meant to be discovered and garner a smile or an "aha". Like pulling the drapes, and suddenly seeing a double rainbow, over the lake after a summer thunderstorm. When you look back, a second later, it's gone. It was there just for you to see for that moment, and then it's over. Impermanence.

Or in between the bills and junk mail, a lovely handwritten, unexpected post card arrives from my best friend. I take the moment to appreciate how our friendship has changed and matured, taken on autumn colours and contrasts, as we have grown older, together. Our friendship will never be finished, or ever perfect, and it is in that wabi sabi-ness I find comfort. Another hidden gem.

Hidden gems, we think, are sprinkled like clues on a giant life sized treasure map. Big or small, they provide excitement in our new midlife path of possibilities. What hidden gems today will be unearthed for you to treasure, hold dear, find significance in, prize, cherish or just smile at their arrival? Let us know!

Leigh Morrow is a Vancouver writer who also works and plays at Casa Mihale in San Agustinillo, Mexico

www.gosanagustinillo.com

Creatures

By Margarita Meyendorff

Every year, in January, my husband Miky and I look forward to the abundant events and adventures that inevitably happen during our five-week stay in southern Mexico. We love Mexico. The plants and the environment are exquisite and pleasing to the eye. The animal and the insect world, also beautiful, is more challenging to get used to, particularly for wimps like me.

Usually, it's the middle of the night, when the cat howling begins behind the stone wall, in the steep street adjacent to our little casita in San Agustinillo. The strays are looking for Cleo, the red-striped cat who often sleeps at my feet. In an instant, Cleo jumps off the bed and joins the cat crew on the balcony. The rendez-vous escalates into an unbearable cat screech session. The howling gets me out of bed and I chase the various felines off the balcony back into the dark street. We are also visited by the odd raccoon or skunk that we mistake for a stray cat. Raccoons and skunks need to be chased away quickly before they eat all our growing vegetables. As soon as I put my head on my pillow, the morning rooster squawking begins. These are some of the nightly adventures that take about a week to get used to.

One night, I woke up to crunching noises in our little casita. I woke my husband, who sleeps through everything—even a small 4.1 earthquake that shook the casita a few nights ago—and I told him about the sounds. He turned on the light and there was Cleo, our docile, innocent, little cat, sitting at the end of our bed munching on a small iguana she had dragged in. “The crunching tiger,” Miky called her as he got up to get the broom. I was horrified as Miky swept Cleo and the dead iguana out of our room, onto the balcony and down the steps. All traces gone. Or so we thought. The next morning, en route to the beach, we passed our little swimming pool, and there lay the poor iguana, half-eaten, floating in the water.

And of course, there is the assortment of insects that push my nervous system to the edge, like Mexican cockroaches, which are large and unspeakably ugly. My 81-year old landlady steps on them with her shoes. The roaches are bigger than her shoes. If I happen to be near one I shout for Miky, my hero, to get the broom.

There are many mosquitos, yes, but I can live with them, especially with a dose of citronella before bed. Miky wraps himself up in his sheets and looks like an Egyptian mummy every night. Inevitably, there is blood dotted here and there on the sheets the next morning - we never feel the sting.

Reading at night with one lamp on and all the windows open creates a large influx of a variety of insects. I was so engrossed in my book one evening that I did not notice the grasshopper invasion that had occurred all around me. There were about a dozen grasshoppers on the walls ranging in size from one inch to two inches. Each one was caught and gently put back into the bushes in front of our balcony. Lights out - reading over.



One evening, Miky and I went to our neighbor's B&B to watch the Australian Tennis Open on television. Paulina has the only television in town with the Canadian sports channel and a small crowd of tennis fans gathered to watch. The matches were well on their way when there came a blood curdling scream from the couch area and I watched as three grown people stood up on the couch. I followed suit and stood up on my chair, knowing that whatever it had been must be on the floor. And there it was in full glory—a scorpion.

It was crawling happily on the floor while six grown-ups stood on the furniture in a panic. Even though I am a wimp when it comes to creepy-crawly things, I never kill them. Unfortunately, this poor scorpion saw its end under the sole of a shoe and was then flushed down the toilet. Not a very dignified ending to an imposing, albeit scary-looking, creature.

There are all sorts of creatures on the beach. There are fish and some turtles—usually dead after being trapped in a fisherman's net. There are crabs running in and out of their sand holes and lizards lazily sunning themselves on rocks. There are many birds such as pelicans, egrets, seagulls and vultures. The vultures voluntarily clean the beaches of all dead creatures. If we are lucky and the time is right, we see baby turtles rushing for safety to the ocean.

An advertisement for Dream Homes Building Dreams. At the top is a logo with a stylized 'A' and the text 'DREAM HOMES BUILDING - DREAMS'. Below the logo are four photographs of modern buildings: a large multi-story building at night, a swimming pool with a view of the ocean, a modern building with a curved facade, and a modern building with a balcony. At the bottom of the advertisement is the website 'www.dreamhomes.mx', the phone number 'Marina Park Plaza, Tel. 011 (52) (958) 105 1814', and the email address 'info@DreamHomes.mx'.

Fishermen return from their hunt with sharp knives in their hands and cut up their catch right on the beach. They work rapidly to keep the fish fresh for restaurants or for the freezer. If the fishermen have enough, we buy a kilo of fish and bring it home for supper.

Dogs. I love dogs. There are many of them in Mexico. There are all sorts of varieties, sizes and colors. Most of them belong to someone because they have collars. Some of them are tied up, and some are not and walk freely. Most dogs are friendly and tag along with us when we walk on the beach. I have never been afraid of dogs until this past January when I was bitten.

This one particular morning, Miky and I saw two nondescript, short-haired tan-looking dogs on our path to the beach. They were chasing the chickens, the roosters and anything else that moved. They had no collars and it seemed as if these two had escaped from somewhere and were enjoying being mischievous, unruly and naughty.

Happy dogs. We didn't pay much attention to them.

An hour later I found myself walking home alone on the same path. I was almost home when the same two dogs jumped out of a neighbor's yard and attacked me. I screamed and yelled and waved my arms, but to no avail. The two of them were egging each other on and they were determined to torment me. I was just another moving target for them—a tall chicken with skinny legs and flip flops for chicken feet. A neighbor heard the screaming and came running out but not before one of the dogs managed to stick a tooth into my knee and leave a gash with his claws. I was shaken. Never had anything like this happened to me before.

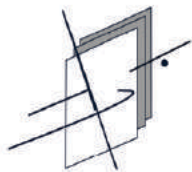
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Our landlady took a photo of my knee and the image went viral in the San Agustinillo community Facebook page to warn others about these dogs. Had it been a smaller person, or a child perhaps, this incident could have been worse. I put a little hydrogen peroxide on the surface of my wound— it was not deep, and not much more was said about the dog bite, until I got back home to New York.

I was encouraged by my friends to get a rabies shot. So I did. Living side by side with the various creatures is a way of life in Mexico - a way of life that teaches me to overcome and accept my fears so that I can ultimately enjoy this unique and magnificent environment. Next year, I will return to San Agustinillo and I look forward to new and exciting adventures.



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What We Think of When We Hear the Word *Ice* in Mexico

By Carole Reedy

“Is it safe?” is the first thought that pops to mind when I hear the word *ice*, because every person who has visited me in Mexico over the past 21 years has asked that question. In 1997 I would have advised them to avoid it at all costs. Today I say that in most restaurants and bars ice is perfectly safe. Just look to be sure it's in the form of the quadrangular cubes that come from large commercial bags. Ice from street vendors is probably not safe. Stick to bottled water for drinking.

Ices, or slurpies, have joined ice cream as a favorite refreshing treat on a hot day. Ices come in all flavors and, especially in Mexico, you can try unusual ones like *chile* and tamarind. The same precaution for ice cubes applies to ices. Avoid buying them from street vendors even when the relentless Mexican sun tempts you. Best to look for a specialty store or *tienda* and avoid Montezuma's revenge.



Ice skating evokes a memory from my childhood growing up on the South Side of Chicago, ice skating at the public park in my neighborhood. No fancy ice rink. Just water scattered over a grassy area and left to freeze in sub-zero temperatures. The day always ended with hot chocolate and cookies.



These days ice skating conjures up anticipation for the Christmas holidays in Mexico City's *zocalo*, with a classy ice rink in its center, hugged by the grand buildings surrounding it: the cathedral built by the Spaniards, the National Palace and the nearby Templo Mayor, home of the Aztecs before being destroyed by the conquistadors, but rediscovered in 1978 when electrical workers found relics while digging.

From the beginning of December until January 7, *chilangos* and visitors alike enjoy the grand ice rink at no cost. Most skaters are beginners, clinging to the bannisters that surround the rink, while the few experienced skaters dance gracefully in the center. Other snow and ice activities pepper the *zocalo* throughout the December holiday, although the temperature never dips below or even close to freezing. It's a wonderful way to enjoy winter activities without the wind and cold of the northern regions. *A bit of advice: it is practically impossible to do business in Mexico at this time until after January 6. Just enjoy the activities, concerts, exhibitions, and music.*

The Eye is a monthly all-English magazine that is distributed throughout the state of Oaxaca. It can be found for FREE at hotels, restaurants and community hot spots.

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Icebergs are a natural progression when thinking about ice. Certainly for most of us, icebergs aren't something we see regularly, but the iceberg is a daunting phenomenon. One of my vivid childhood memories is the 1958 movie “A Night to Remember,” a tale of the Titanic, the ship that would never sink, that ends with the men on board singing “Nearer My God to Thee” as the ship glides and sinks head-first into the sea. The ship had provided only half the number of lifeboats needed for the passengers aboard. This was my first exposure to icebergs. Younger moviegoers will remember the 1997 version of the story starring Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet. Icebergs are back in the news due to climate change and the melting of Earth's icecaps.



Ice as a threat. For many world citizens, ice is the bane of their existence during winter months. Ice covers streets, sidewalks, gardens, and parks, making walking and driving a nightmare. Here in Mexico City we are spared that. Foreign news stations often report snow and ice in Mexico, but that occurs only in the north, especially in Chihuahua, and on the mountains. The side-by-side volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl in Puebla form a picture postcard when seen from Mexico City, snow often capping their peaks.

A thousand-word article can cover just the tip of the iceberg on the topic of ice. Better to read the scientific experts and especially the novelists and historians who so majestically relate the human side of any subject. Two novels by Beryl Bainbridge tell stories about Robert Falcon Scott's expedition to the South Pole and of the sinking of the Titanic.

The Birthday Boys. Five participants, each with his own chapter, tell the story of the ill-fated polar expedition as they experienced it. If you're looking for the technical aspects of the voyage and sea, this is not the book to read. Bainbridge, as always, homes in on the complex feelings and emotions of the men and the issues of class on that final polar trek. One reader tells us, “It is some of the most powerful prose I've read anywhere. Short, but intense, rather like the lives of some of the men depicted.”

Every Man for Himself. This is Bainbridge's version of the Titanic's voyage, which was shortlisted for the Booker Prize and won a Whitbread Book Award (now the Costa Book Awards) in 1996. “Bainbridge's ability to distill, and almost disguise, major ideas in brisk and seamless prose allows her to tell the story of the Titanic in fewer than two hundred pages.” Once again, class comes to the forefront as Bainbridge takes us into the world of the first-class passengers. The New York Times wrote, “It is difficult to imagine a more engrossing account of the famous shipwreck than this one.”

A final note on ice. Say the word “ice” to most Mexicans today and most will recognize it as the acronym for US Immigration and Customs Enforcement, the agency removing Mexicans from the US.



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15 Animal Sounds in Spanish

By Julie Etra

adapted from www.fluentu.com/blog/spanish/animal-sounds-in-spanish/.

1. Bees — *bzzzz*

The verb *zumar* describes bees buzzing; *zumar* also means to hit, slap. Julie *zumpa a la abeja zumbante*. Julie swats the buzzing bee.

2. Dogs — *guau*

ladrar — to bark; when talking about humans, to make noises without follow-through, to bluster

3. Ducks — *cuac cuac*

The verb used to describe a quacking is *graznar*.

4. Birds — *pío*

A *pío* (“PEE-oh”) is a tweet or chirp.

5. Roosters — *quiquiriquí, kikiriki*

The verb in Spanish is *cacarear*, and when you hear it used with a human as the subject it means to boast about something.

6. Owls — *uu uu*

Owls hoot using the verb *ulular*. The wind, in Spanish, doesn't howl—it also hoots: *El viento ulula*.

7. Cats — *miau*

Cats can *maullar* (to meow), *bufar* (to hiss), *ronronear* (to purr) and *marramizar* (to howl, caterwaul).

8. Cows — *mu*

In Spanish cows can *mugir* (to moo), *remudiar* (to moo back and forth between calf and cow) and *bramar* (to moo loudly/angrily). In English, they just moo. Apparently Spanish speaking cows are more intelligent and have better language skills.

9. Wolves — *aúúú*

The verb in Spanish is *aullar* (to howl) and also, as in English, *una persona aulla de dolor* (a person howls in pain). *Otilar* and *guarrear* are additional verb options for wolf howls.

10. Donkeys — *iii-ahh*

In Spanish, donkeys bray using the verb and *rebuznar*. It also means to loudly insult or complain, usually for no good reason.

11. Doves — *cu-curru-cu-cú, cucurrucucú*

Check out Caetano Veloso's version of the song “*Cucurrucucú Paloma*” at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eFh5wHUATFc>.

12. Monkeys — *i-i-i*

Monkeys screech in Spanish. The verb is *chillar*. It is also very common in describing human shouting, shrieking and yelling.

13. Turkeys — *gluglú*

As with English, Spanish has a ridiculous-sounding verb for this ridiculous animal's ridiculous noises: *gluglutear* (to gobble).

14. Sheep, goats — *bee, mee*

The verb *balar* describes the bleating of sheep and goats.

15. Pigs — *oinc-oinc*

Pigs grunt or oink in Spanish, as described by the verb *gruñir*, which also means to complain, mutter and whine.

The Great Pacific Garbage Patch

By Kary Vannice

No doubt you've heard of the massive island of trash that 'floats' as a testament to modern man's incredible propensity for unnecessary waste - The Great Pacific Garbage Patch.

Basically, it's a floating mass of mostly plastic debris that is suspended in an area of the Pacific Ocean where currents, both oceanic and wind, converge into a whirling washing machine of waste. Some reports say it's the size of Texas, but any honest scientist will tell you that, frankly, they have no idea how big it is.

Located roughly between 135°W to 155°W and 35°N and 42°N in the North Pacific Ocean, it's hard to quantify just how much garbage is currently floating in the "patch."

While it's not hard to find impressive video footage of boats floating through literal islands of garbage, for the most part, the plastics that make up the majority of the mass are quite small. Scientists know that the bulk of waste in suspension is below the surface and not easily seen by the naked eye. What's floating on the surface is only about 5% of what's really out there, according to Ocean Conservancy. The other 95% is beneath the surface. Sadly, this only reinforces our "out of sight, out of mind" attitude toward all things rubbish.

We have become a species obsessed with quick and convenient. Thirsty? No problem. There's probably a plastic bottle of water within a few meters of where you're standing at any given time! Lucky you, right? Perhaps, but once you're done with that bottle there's an 80% chance it will end up in a landfill or somewhere else in nature, like the ocean.

Roughly 50% of all plastic produced in the world today is "single use" plastic. Meaning that you're only going to use whatever it is once and then throw it away. How long does it take you to drink a bottle of water? 10 minutes? 30 minutes, maybe? After you're done, that plastic bottle is going to "exist" in some form for another 450 years! If your bottle finds its way into a body of water, it *will* breakdown, slowly...very, very slowly...all the while leaching toxic chemicals into the water that affect all strata of marine life.



Oh, and in case you hadn't heard, less than a year ago an even larger "garbage island" was found in the South Pacific. That one is said to be the size of Mexico, and we all know how big Mexico is! There are five major trash "gyres" in all; the other three are located in the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic, and the Indian Ocean. And there are many other smaller areas where human litter conglomerates in bodies of water around the globe.

If you're reading this and self-righteously thinking you've taken no part in the creation of "Garbage Island," think again! According to one study conducted in 2015, nearly 8 million metric tons of plastic enter our oceans yearly, most of it coming from people who live within 50 kilometers (30 miles) of a coastline. Really, who among us hasn't had an errant grocery bag float away in a gust of wind? Or tossed a water bottle into a trash bin, not knowing where it was going to end up?

Why is plastic such a big problem? Because "every bit of plastic ever made still exists," according to the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. It just never goes away. But, once you're done with it, it has to "go" somewhere.

If it happens to make its way into the sea, much of it ends up in the bellies of sea birds and turtles, fish, marine mammals, and even creatures lower on the food chain. If you're a lover of clams, oysters, and mussels, I've got bad news for you. Studies show that it's unlikely you can find a wild harvested mollusk that does not contain plastic microfibers. Plastics are contributing to the decline of our coral reefs, too.

According to <https://cleanwater.org/>, "Marine plastic pollution has impacted at least 267 species worldwide, including 86% of all sea turtle species, 44% of all seabird species and 43% of all marine mammal species. The impacts include fatalities as a result of ingestion, starvation, suffocation, infection, drowning, and entanglement." In one United Nations report, scientists state that by 2050 there will be more plastics in our oceans than fish! So, what can be done to save our sea life?

At this point, large-scale ocean cleanup is a necessity, since many of the existing plastics could remain in our oceans for nearly half a millennium.

Several projects are currently underway. The best known is The Ocean Cleanup project. Started in 2013 by then 18-year-old Dutch inventor and entrepreneur, Boyan Slat, the system uses a large floating screen that moves with the ocean currents “catching” debris as it moves. While it is an incredibly ambitious project and, in theory, promises to rid our oceans of 50% of all plastics in just 5 years, it is still in the testing phase and could be a long way from delivering on its promise.

Other concerned scientists and activists are focusing their efforts on diminishing the source of all that plastic. One project, active in Asia, has catchment systems set up on tributaries that flow into the ocean. Trash filtered out of rivers and streams is sorted and then, if possible, recycled.

Still others are taking a more home-grown approach, like 4Ocean (<https://4ocean.com/>), an organization that employs sea captains to “fish” for trash and organizes beach cleanup crews. And they do it all by selling recycled bracelets online! One bracelet funds the removal of one pound of rubbish.

4Ocean and similar projects prove that you needn't look any further than your own two hands to get involved and prevent more plastics from entering our oceans. If you live or vacation in a coastal area, volunteer for or organize cleanup days at local beaches.

However, without a doubt, the most important thing you can do to make a difference is to make the decision to become more personally responsible when it comes to your consumption and disposal of plastics, and single-use plastics in particular.

Here are 10 ways to easily reduce your “single use” plastic consumption:

- 1) Invest in a reusable non-plastic water bottle.
- 2) Get cloth shopping bags and use them!
- 3) Say “no” to plastic drinking straws.
- 4) Buy reusable mesh produce bags.
- 5) Get a reusable coffee tumbler.
- 6) Store and carry food in glass containers.
- 7) Avoid products with excess plastic packaging.
- 8) Stop using plastic cutlery.
- 9) Shop local instead of online (packaging!).
- 10) Don't buy products containing “micro beads.”

Do these things and the next time you're out enjoying a day at the beach, you can take credit for being a conscientious and responsible steward of the sea.

Custom Work in Oaxaca's Craft Villages

By Alvin Starkman, M.A., J.D.

The statue of Mayahuel, the Mexican indigenous goddess of agave—the succulent used to make mezcal and pulque—sits regally. It is fashioned by hand out of clay, it is fully coloured and it is two-feet tall. There is a four-yard long blue and white cotton table runner which is handcrafted on a backstrap loom with the Stars of David sewn into the fabric. It is a custom design, and it is a very suitable gift when attending a Passover Seder or Hanukkah party. In Oaxaca talented craftspeople make to order virtually anything you want, made out of anything you want—cotton, clay, glass, hammered metal, wood, wool, iron or stone. We've had a myriad of custom work done while living in Oaxaca—and yes all affordable; here the stories of two of them, along with some tips for arranging your own.



If you've visiting the state of Oaxaca for a week or less, it may not be possible to commission someone to make you that something special and have it ready for you to take home; but you never know. A few years ago while travelling through Michoacán on a whim, my wife and I asked a stone worker if he could make a large heavy plaque for us. He took out a pencil and sheet of paper, drew what I had described to him. His sketch was exactly what I had in mind. Eighteen hours later we had our 17” X 26” X 2” piece of custom-made artwork. It was a scene of a campesino cutting a majestic agave out of the field, hewn out of *cantera* (limestone.)

But certainly if you're vacationing in Oaxaca for at least a couple of weeks, or if you are a resident or a snowbird, then anything is doable—even designs you might think too sexually explicit for conservative southern Mexico. And what about the cost? We rarely ask when placing an order. For the limestone piece we bought, we thought we'd better ask, and then when he told us it would cost 600 pesos, we said YES without blinking.

But you have to think outside the box, you have to have an inventive mind to fathom something different, that doesn't yet exist, anywhere. Something that is unique. Once your mindset has been altered, there is a myriad of possibilities.

Finally, give artisans their artistic license—allow them to do their thing the way they do it. It usually makes the end result that much better. Don't haggle about the price, but my advice is to give a modest deposit, say 50%. I recommend not counting on it getting done when promised. The worst case scenario would be you pick it up next visit, or next year. You are probably wondering about the sexually explicit designs. For our 25th wedding anniversary we asked someone to make 20 yard lengths of tissue paper banners with two doves on each piece. You probably think the doves must have been beside one another with a heart in the middle as is customary for anniversaries. But no, we had them design our tissue banners with one dove mounting the other, with the words “frequently for 25 years” translated into Spanish next to them.

Alvin Starkman operates Mezcal Educational Excursions of Oaxaca
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Oil Spills

By Julie Etra

In the form of crude petroleum, oil floats, at least for a while, depending on a number of variables and their interaction. Microbes can biodegrade up to 90% of some light crude oil, but the largest and most complex molecules—like the ones that make up road asphalt—are not significantly biodegradable. When refined petroleum products are spilled, their fate depends on their composition. Gasoline, kerosene, and diesel fuel are so volatile and easily biodegradable that they rarely persist in marine environments, although they can remain longer if buried in sediment, soils, groundwater, or marshes where oxygen levels are very low. Heavy fuel oils contain a large proportion of heavy components that biodegrade very slowly.

PEMEX (*Petroleos Mexicanos*), which is operated by the Mexican government, has six oil refineries in Mexico, listed below.

- Tula Refinery, Hidalgo
- Salina Cruz Refinery, Oaxaca
- Cadereyta Refinery, Nuevo León
- Salamanca Refinery, Guanajuato
- Minatitlán Refinery, Veracruz
- Ciudad Madero Refinery, Tamaulipas

The refineries of Veracruz and Tamaulipas are located on the Gulf of Mexico, while Salina Cruz, is located on the Pacific, specifically the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

On September 7, 2017, the 8.2 earthquake centered on the Isthmus caused a tanker spill at *Monoboya* # 3 in Salina Cruz, where oil tankers load the crude which is eventually delivered to various refineries along the Pacific coast. Oily black crude petroleum contaminated the beaches of Salinas del Marqués, Zaachila, Garrapatero and Rincon Bamba, according to the leader of the Union of the Fishing Industry, Anselmo López Villalobos, and according to statements by the fishermen and other locals. The spill was detected at dawn after the quake. Pemex, the nationalized supplier of petroleum products, reported that the valve damaged by the earthquake had been sealed and the spill controlled. However, by noon following the quake the fishermen discovered that the leak had continued and actually increased. Pemex divers found that the damaged valves were responsible and were eventually sealed. The spill never reached Huatulco, the main concern of officials. The short- and long-term impacts of this leak on fisheries and coastal communities were not readily available.



And what is a monoboya, or monobouy? It is a floating structure that takes crude from the tankers, which is eventually delivered to the refineries. Unloading from the tankers is a complicated process.

Crude discharge begins with the mooring of the tanker for pumping to this floating device. The Port Captain directs the operation, which also involves auxiliary boats and over a dozen professionals. Once the ship has been moored to the monobouy, two unloading lines are connected through a connector or manifold. The discharge lines comprise two 20-inch floating hose lines, with a total discharge capacity of 40 inches. In addition, the mooring arm has the ability to articulate to facilitate the entire process of connection and disconnection.

This allows the ship to move with the currents and winds around the monobouy throughout the unloading process. The floating hoses include a double casing as a safety measure, as well as a leak-detection system that is checked periodically. Once the crude reaches the monobouy, it descends 60 meters through two lines of 20-inch hoses to the seabed, where through pipes, valves, and 42-inch manifolds it is drilled into a reinforced concrete pipeline that transports it directly to the refinery's tanks. Throughout the processes of connection and disconnection, a team of divers constantly monitors the operation.

Given the State of Oaxaca's frequent seismic activity, it appears that Salina Cruz will continue to be vulnerable to leaks and spills.

Another spill occurred October 11-12 in the Gulf of Mexico, resulting in 7,000 barrels being released. This, however occurred south of Louisiana, under U.S. jurisdiction. From what I have read, most of the spills and leaks in the Gulf of Mexico are the result of transnational operations in U.S. waters.

However, on January 7, 2018, a second spill occurred in Mexico in Agua Dulce (ironically meaning fresh water), Veracruz (Gulf of Mexico). This was a particularly nasty spill as the pipelines, which deliver oil to the municipality of Las Choapas, are located along streams. This spill plus the previous spill may have had a major impact on the fisheries and the 1,000 to 2,000 fisherman of the Rio Tonalá near the site of the spill. Not surprisingly, neither the city council, headed by Sergio L. Guzmán Ricardez, nor PEMEX officials offered a statement and declined to report on the regional environmental impacts of the oil spill, either short- on long-term.



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Tourism—The Costs of Keeping Huatulco Afloat

By Deborah Van Hoewyk

Back in December, at the start of high season, the cover of *The Eye* featured an aerial photo showing tons of beachgoers floating at the edge of sea—in boats, on paddleboards, hanging on pink plastic inner tubes. Over the scene was the somewhat sinister shadow of a jetliner—presumably bringing another load of tourists. Of course, whether you think the impact of tourism is salutary or sinister depends on what you want from your resort.



In the beginning

What Mexico wanted from tourism was to improve its economy. In the 1960s, Americans were predicted to be crazy for beach vacations, so Mexico's central bank went flying around in search of empty beaches (no doubt casting ambiguous shadows). They found five places that looked good for sun-sea-sand resorts: Cancún in the Yucatán, and four locations on the Pacific: Loreto, Las Cabos, Ixtapa, and nine bays on the southern coast of Oaxaca in the municipality of Santa María Huatulco—hence, Bahías de Huatulco.



By 1974, tourism development was assigned to a new agency, FONATUR (*Fondo Nacional de Fomento al Turismo*), that would be the “get-it-done” arm of SECTUR (Secretariat of Tourism). Specifically, FONATUR was to develop large resort areas called CIPs (*Centros Integralmente Planeado*, or “fully planned centers”) in the five locations. (FONATUR is also working on other projects, but not on the scale of the five original CIPs; for more information on Huatulco's origins, see Brooke Gazer's article “FONATUR: The Birth of Huatulco,” in *The Eye*, January 2013).



The CIPs would benefit all of Mexico by contributing both domestic and foreign income to the economy, by generating better-paid local employment and regional development, thus reducing poverty, marginalization, and (perhaps) emigration.

In its designs for the CIPs, FONATUR specifically wanted to avoid the pitfalls of unplanned development, followed by deterioration, as had happened in Acapulco and other “first-generation” tourist destinations—overcrowding, inadequate infrastructure and housing, pollution, and overall environmental degradation. Original plans provided for three golf courses and three marinas, big resort hotels on three bays, luxury villas strewn across the tops of cliffs, a first-class bus station, a zoo, and a national park. Eight of Huatulco's nine bays would be developed in an environmentally sustainable way.

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The outcomes for 2018? There would be 30,000 hotel rooms (there are about 4,300, with an average occupancy rate of 65%, as of 2016). There would be 2,000,000 visitors a year (hard to find the info, but based on 2017 arrivals from Canada and the U.S., it might have been about 15% of that). The 2018 population of the area would be 600,000 (the current population of the *municipio* is perhaps 50,000, with maybe 20,000 permanent residents in the resort area, about 15,000 of them in La Crucecita).

How well did it work in Huatulco?

Don't we love to complain about FONATUR—got water today? Potholes, potholes, potholes (*baches, baches, baches*). Why is it so hard to pay the bill for the water you aren't getting? Why do they have to rip up the streets just before Christmas and Easter, why not in July? Then again, we are all here because FONATUR built the infrastructure to host us—white-curbed roads, water treatment plants, marinas, an airport, areas for hotels.

Although Huatulco was supposed to be the second major CIP resort to be built, a variety of difficulties made it the last. The initial—some would say, still existing—problem was the impact on the thousand or so people who lived on the 21,000 hectares (51,000 acres) between the Coyula and Copalita Rivers that FONATUR planned to take (the largest expropriation of land in Mexican history).

Those pilgrims who come down from the mountains at Christmas and Easter? Their grandparents did small-scale fishing from the beaches and grew subsistence fruits, vegetables, and livestock in the off-shore scrubland. In May of 1984, those households learned, often by word of mouth for those who did not read or write, that they would be leaving the beach and moving to a new town about a kilometer inland.

FONATUR saw its job as negotiating, first, a price for each family's land and other property, and second, where to relocate the family—a long and arduous process that, to judge from periodic demonstrations seeking recovery of the land, skipped over the subtleties of communal landownership. Partly because of the literacy problem, FONATUR ended up deciding the price; in theory, families could buy land within the expropriated area, but that benefit never came to pass. From FONATUR's point of view, “shootings, machetes, blockades, demonstrations, and triple payments for the same piece of property” were challenging “the long-time dream of the tourism Fund.”

On November 4, 1989, five years after the expropriation process started, 32-year-old Alfredo Lavariega, who was a leader in the resistance to selling land, was shot dead in his hammock in front of the restaurant he ran out of his beach hut in Santa Cruz. No one was ever identified as the killer.

FONATUR moved on. They took an unusual and forward-looking direction for tourism development, an “impact mitigation” effort to address the social consequences of expropriation and relocation. The campaign presented a “social vision” for the relocation experience that addressed the needs of the affected population. Unfortunately, the “vision” wasn’t convincing to “the vast majority of the natives,” who did not want change “that would alter their ‘social order’ and economic activities.” Kemil Assad Rizk, director of Fonatur at the time, said, “Oaxaca is a complex state, where people do not visualize progress so easily.”

FONATUR sponsored training classes that were supposed to prepare local people for jobs related to resort construction and tourism, as well as programs to help women set up “beach-shack” restaurants and market stalls to sell handcrafts. Neither of these strategies did anything to get local people into the more profitable end of resort development—restaurant supplies have to be bought retail and production of local crafts is minimal, so merchants end up buying “commercial souvenirs” for resale.

By 2000, there were 923 restaurants in Huatulco. Not surprisingly, all the “high” and “medium” standard restaurants ($\pm 40\%$) were owned by “outsiders,” people who came from within Mexico and elsewhere; all the low-end beach shacks ($\pm 45\%$) were owned by local people. Similarly, the handcraft/souvenir shops that held official business registrations ($\pm 40\%$ of “tourist retail”) sold high-end goods and were 75% owned by outsiders, while the market stalls were 65% managed by local people. Of the 2,367 hotel rooms in 2000, only 70 ($\pm 3\%$) were locally owned.

As for FONATUR's impact mitigation efforts, tourism researcher Veronica H. Long concluded in 1989 that “the original residents experienced changes in every aspect of their community. These included an influx of outsiders, a shift from an ocean environment to cement houses on dusty streets, development of new social classes, new occupation groups and new organizations.” By 2001, though, anthropologist Wendy Call could note that as tourism activities emerged, *Huatulqueños* adapted: “Huatulco's original residents—either in small or very large ways—have adjusted their way of life, striking a careful balance between assimilation and resistance.”

More recent surveys indicate that residents believe the tourism economy offers a wider variety of jobs than would have been available (although in one survey, only about half the respondents thought there was any job mobility available to them). There was general recognition of the benefits of infrastructure (water and sewerage, paved roads, telecommunications, lighting and power, hospitals and schools). Opinions were divided on whether decent, affordable housing was available for people in the tourism workforce (think Sector H3). Assessing problems associated directly with tourism, residents reported that tourism mainly caused nuisance problems (traffic congestion, lack of parking, trash in the streets and on the beaches, noise, and crowding); as a positive outcome, there was little tendency to associate tourism with serious negatives (crime, gangs, drugs, prostitution—social ills strongly correlated with tourism development).

What price the white curbs?

It's helpful to remember that creating a formal, “enclave” resort—i.e., one that is self-contained within a larger environment—is an exceedingly difficult task. While each CIP is supposed to be “unique to its destination,” the basic plan is a *paquete* selected from “a limited repertoire of resort elements”; tourism analyst Arturo Dávila López concludes that success depends on the interaction between the standardized package and the “specific characteristics of the destination.”

Urban planner David L. Gladstone finds that opening enclave destinations usually attracts (im)migrants with tourism skills, pushing out local residents without those skills; along with the human disadvantages noted above, enclave development also produces a “commodification and standardization of traditional culture to suit the tourist market.” The worst impact is that “in most cases, formal sector tourism development and community and environmental sustainability are mutually exclusive goals.”

Huatulco was designed to avoid these pitfalls, but right from that rocky start on expropriation, it has struggled, and has been “reborn” in 2001 and 2006, “relaunched” in 2011, and reassessed when Enrico Peña Nieto started his presidency. Peña Nieto asked for “Agendas for Competitiveness” (*Agendas de Competitividad de los Destinos Turísticos de México*) for 44 of Mexico's tourism resources.

Universidad del MAR started Huatulco's agenda with an inventory of its natural and cultural resources. On a 1-10 scale, Playa Santa Cruz scored highest with 7.6; the highest scoring cultural attractions were the painting of the Virgin of Guadalupe in the church in La Crucecita, and the church itself.

UMAR also evaluated the quality of accommodations, infrastructure, conformance with the CIP master plan, and clarity of land tenure. What there was seemed fine, but there aren't enough hotel rooms. UMAR found that Huatulco seems “incapable of breaking the vicious circle” that links the shortage of accommodations with the lack of flights to bring people to occupy the rooms. The destination also suffers from too much sun and beach, i.e., insufficient diversity in tourist activities, and too little night life.

On the other hand, there is considerable potential in promoting the ecological certifications Huatulco has achieved, incorporating Oaxacan culture and identity into the area, and serving the important segment of the tourist market looking for tranquil and secure destinations.

Accessibility by land transportation is a major problem—the roads are poor (this report was completed before the road to the airport was improved), and effectively limit the number of visitors who make their way to Santa María Huatulco.

While visitors in hotels, most ex-pats, and snowbirds have adequate (although often intermittent) potable water, INEGI (the Mexican census) finds that nearly 14% of Huatulco's approximately 9,000 homes have no water service. (FONATUR is currently struggling to repair nearly half the area's water-supply wells due to hurricane damage and general deterioration.) As for electricity, 268 homes have no service; 880 have no sewer (unfortunately, INEGI apparently considers connecting your *drenaje* into “río o mar” equals having a sewer). Finally, as any visitor knows, access to medical care for tourists, domestic or foreign, is limited.

So, will Huatulco ever be “finished”?

There's a delicate balance in Huatulco's history as a resort. It has achieved a good portion of its sustainability goals while providing high-to-luxury standard accommodation and activities. All-inclusive clientele may tend towards the sun-sea-sand experience, accompanied by spa services, “safe” food of Mexican inspiration, and an occasional jaunt outside to visit an authentic cultural resource. The ex-pat residents, snowbirds, and short-term renters lean to more active involvement in the community and more far-flung experiences.

Huatulco, however, sees success as continued growth, particularly in the more hotels-more flights interaction. Analysts would argue that there is a tipping point, where growth will overcome the delicate balance of tourism and sustainability.

Calendar

On the Coast Recurring Events:

AA Meetings:

English AA, Huatulco, Calle Flamboyant 310, La Crucecita, Wednesday 7:15pm- 8:15pm
Info: B. Wiles 958 117 5957

English AA, Puerto Escondido, Cafecito Rinconada, Thursday 6pm

English Al-Anon, Puerto Escondido, Cafecito Rinconada, Saturday 4:30pm

Weekly Markets

Pochutla Market- Every Monday

April

Saturday, April 7th

Huatulco's Organic Market Santa Cruz 8am-2pm

Saturday, April 21st

Huatulco's Organic Market Santa Cruz 8am-2pm

Sunday, April 29th

Encuentro de Cocineros - Local cooks gather with sample dishes to raise money for local charities. Santa Cruz Park, 2pm - 150 pesos

Oaxaca City Recurring Events:

Open AA Meetings (English)

Members of all 12 Step Programs Welcome
Mondays and Thursdays 7 pm
Saturdays 9 am
303B Rayon near corner of Fiallo

Al-Anon (English)

Tuesdays 10:30 am
303B Rayon near corner of Fiallo

Religious Services

Holy Trinity Anglican Episcopal Church
Sundays 10:30 am
Crespo 211 (between Morelos and Matamoros)
Liturgy followed by coffee hour. Information 951-514-3799

Religious Society of Quaker Friends Meeting, Saturdays 10 am Free. All are welcome. For more information and location, contact: janynelyons@hotmail.com

Weekly Markets

Etla Market, Every Wednesday
Tlacolula Market, Every Sunday

Biking

Oaxaca is More Beautiful on a Bicycle, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday - 9 to 10:30 pm Free, Meet in front of Santo Domingo Church. Rental bicycles available at Mundo Ceiba, Quintana Roo 201. You must bring a passport or Oaxacan credentials. They have tandems, too!

Ethnobotanical Garden Tours in English

Weekly - Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday - 11 am \$100 pesos. Entrance Reforma and Constitución.

Bridge

Tuesday Bridge Game at Oaxaca Lending Library, Pino Suarez 519, \$20 pesos, no partner necessary, starting at 1:00PM

Garden Club

Monthly - 1st Wednesday Free
The Oaxaca Garden Club is dedicated to: learning, sharing and education about gardening, agriculture and nature, primarily in Oaxaca. To receive the monthly notices of activities, send an email to oaxaca.garden.club@gmail.com

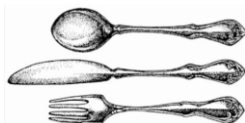
Hiking

(<http://www.hoofingitinoaxaca.com/>) is a program of weekly hikes for adventurous gringos who hanker to explore this part of Mexico on foot. Reservations required.



Marina Chahue, Huatulco
Tel. 958 105 1671
Cel. 958 100 7339
Closed Mondays

Join Us for Brunch! Sundays 9am- 3pm

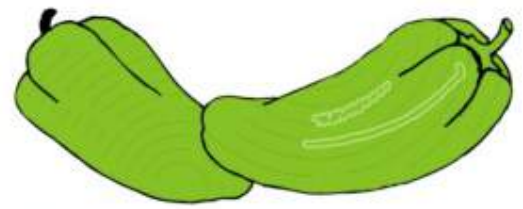


www.cafejuanitamexico.com

Chiles & Chocolate

Cooking Classes

Huatulco, Oaxaca



The best way to learn about a culture is through its food.

CLASS DESCRIPTIONS



TUESDAY- By the Sea

- Ceviche
- Oven Roasted Shrimp Seasoned
- Baja-style Fish Tacos
- Shrimp Mousse
- Michelada with Clamato

WEDNESDAY- Mama's Kitchen

- Black Mole- This is the most exquisite and complicated Mexican salsa.
- Yellow Mole
- served with Rice and Chicken
- Mezcal Margarita

THURSDAY-Fiesta- Perfect recipes for your next party!

- Poblano and Nopales Emapanadas
- Jicama Salad
- Beef Tamales in Corn Husk
- Rum Horchata

FRIDAY- Street Food- A great intro to Mexican Food.

- Salsas
- Handmade Tortillas
- 2 types of soft tacos fillings
- Sopes
- Tlayudas
- Jamaica Margaritas

Chiles&Chocolate Cooking Classes offer a delicious culinary and cultural experience that explore a variety of Southern Mexican cuisine. Our hands-on classes ensure you will leave prepared to recreate the dishes when you get home.

- Small Groups
- Hands-on
- Instruction in English
- Recipe Manual
- Free Gift Bag
- Lunch and Drinks Included
- All classes start at 9:30am
- Transportation Included



Cost: \$85 USD per person
 Cooking Classes are 3-4 hours
 Zimatán, Huatulco

Tel. 958 105 1671 Cel. 958 100 7339
chiles.chocolate@yahoo.com

VILLAGE TO TABLE DINNERS

Join us for a culinary adventure into local ingredients with an 8-course dinner held at our Chiles&Chocolate Cooking School.

Transportation, Dinner & Drinks Included.

Fridays from 5:30pm to 9:00pm

Info: chiles.chocolate@yahoo.com

Cell 958 100 7339

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can make your
dream
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