

NUMBER SIX

MAY-JUNE 2012

THE NUMBER ONE MAGAZINE IN CABO

FREE

Land's End

CABO SAN JUAN-SAN JOSE DEL CABO-TODOS SANTOS-CABO PULMO

RESTAURANT
REY SOL
BREAK FAST AND SEA F
"ESPECIAL"
"MATION FOR THE



Celebrating our first

ANNIVERSARY!

IN THIS ISSUE
EL MAGO

Bruno Lopez

WINDY SISTERS

Debra Kelly

RICK & ROD

Rolando



OAXACA

The Colorful Antequera

Rodrigo Remolina

Los Azulejos

and a recipe to make
tinga poblana

Pit Poy



AROUND THE CAPE

Serge Dodina



Alan Hermosillo

facebook

Land's End Magazine



@LEM_Cabo

ICS Vantage REALTY

Presents:

POSTCARDS FROM PARADISE



**Vantage
REALTY**
The #1 East Cape Specialist Since 1986

619-944-3556
949-226-7013
624-14-70352

www.vantage-realty.com
jimhartec@yahoo.com
East Trend Developments

From The Editor



It is only by walking how we get to know each other.

When starting a new journey, we set our lives in motion, which brings to meeting new people and this always leads to learning something new. It feels like just started, and even though we haven't fully finished forming the idea of ourselves, we already have had many encounters in this journey and we have surely learned.



It is by walking this journey how we find the adversities that will help us define ourselves. Besides, how else could it be? How could we know who we are if it's not by finding in everything else what is different from us, everything that is similar and everything we long to be?



Our journey has been pleasant; we have been accompanied by dear fellow travelers since the very beginning. We have been very fortunate of being with other people who without knowing, neither them nor us, we all shared the same dream.



No one can ever know how long will this journey be at the end, right?



Here we are today, grateful and enthusiastic; with lots of new ideas and of course, plenty of room for the ideas of those new travelers who want to join us.



Today marks one year since we start walking.

Roger L.

WELCOME TO

THE NUMBER ONE MAGAZINE IN CABO
Land's End



CABO SAN LUCAS-SAN JOSE DEL CABO-TODOS SANTOS-CABO PULMO

Land's End is a free magazine dedicated to all the people who loves to read timeless stories about Baja and Mexico.

This is not a real estate or classified publishing and will never be.

*Consider yourself part of this adventure...
Enjoy!*

STAFF

ROGER L.
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BRUNO LOJERO
CONTENT EDITOR

ALAN HERMOSILLO
ILLUSTRATOR

LILIANA TREVIZO
SALES MANAGER

JANE LILICO
IVAN PRODOUNOV
PROOFREADING MANAGERS

ALDO LOJERO
WEBMASTER

SERGE DEDINA
PIT PEY
DEBRA KELLY
SENIOR WRITERS

LAND'S END MAGAZINE IS AN ENGLISH LANGUAGE BIMONTHLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY LAND'S END PUBLICATIONS, P.O. BOX 99, SAN JOSE DEL CABO, BAJA CALIFORNIA SUR, MEXICO.

SALES AND CONTACT: 130 7277

contact@landsendmagazine.com sales@landsendmagazine.com

DISCLAIMER: LAND'S END MAGAZINE AND THE EDITION STAFF IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ARTICLES AND ITS CONTENTS INSIDE BUT THEIR AUTHORS SOLELY.

Copyright © 2011 Land's End Magazine, all rights reserved

The Cover

Anniversary Cover.

In my opinion, our anniversary cover could not be any better. We would like to thank EVERYONE who answered our call for sending photos related to Cabo and the Baja hoping to find that one that would make the cover of this issue.

The winner was one of our most loyal readers since the very beginning, always willing to collaborate with excellent graphic material he has collected over the years and the course of many adventures full with salt, sand, waves and surf.

Many of you will remember with this image, that tiny restaurant which was located just at the entrance of the Medano beach and which served an excellent breakfast for a price we will never see again in this town.

Congratulations and THANK YOU VERY MUCH Jim Hart!

Roger L.

Land's End

INDEX

NUMBER SIX
MAY-JUNE 2012



**COVER ART
AND
ILLUSTRATIONS**
ALAN HERMOSILLO



AZULEJOS 6
PIT PEY



**WINDY
SISTERS 12**
DEBRA KELLY



**AROUND
THE CAPE 16**
SERGE DEDINA



EL MAGO 20
BRUNO LOJERO



OAXACA 24
RODRIGO REMOLINA



**RICK
AND
ROD 30**
ROLOJERO

The Land's End Tribune

COMMUNITY - NEWS - UPCOMING EVENTS

MAY - JUNE 2012

From Our Readers

RESTAURANT B
REY S
BREAKFAST AND SEA F



THANKS FOR PARTICIPATING!

We warmly congratulate Jim Hart for being the winner of the call we made to the anniversary cover!! Thank you very much Jim and please keep in touch, we can always use the great graphic material that you have which shows the Baja and the best days of Cabo!!

COFFEE CHAT



Nothing like finding your new issue on the stands in San Lucas at the early morning.. "La Gatita" is definitely my fav! so great to read with a cup of coffee.

Kendra Polson
Cabo San Lucas

NEWS

DO YOU WANT TO BECOME A

THE NUMBER ONE MAGAZINE IN
Land's End
CONTRIBUTOR?



If you have an interesting story, pictures and rarities to share about Baja and Los Cabos area this place it's yours! There's thousand of people in this community and overseas awaiting for your article to read. Please contact us and we'll provide you information about how to deliver your writing and photos. Besides you'll have the incentive to appear in the credits (and a funny caricature of you of course) on the main index. Good luck and start writing!

LETTERS

Hi, Just picked up your magazine for the 1st time today. Must say I am extremely impressed with the quality of, well, everything. We have lived here seasonally, for a couple of years now and had never seen it. Thanks for not making us a slave of other publications!

I am an amateur but I do have a photo I'd like to submit for your consideration. Please find it (actually I threw another one in!) attached. Saludos,
Dan Byrne
Demasias de San Luis
p.s. Picked up the issue at Molly's

Thank you very much for your comments and for your pictures, keep on sending us material, we know that we will be able to use it at some point in!!

facebook

Finally a publication in Cabo that may be worth more than just using them for fire starter. Do you do US subscriptions?
Doug Green

Hi Doug, Thanks for the comments, right now we are planning on subscriptions, but only inside Mexico. We'll let you know if we think of a good way to send them to the States.

Hmm, wasn't Paul's right foot in Land's End 3 cover supposed to be in front?
Lisa Bass

You are the first to notice that Lisa :)

Congratulations on the first anniversary of your awesome magazine! The articles are interesting and informative. Keep up the good work!

Kay Siders

LEM: Thank you Kay, we are trying very hard to do it, but it's easy, because is fun!!

MAGAZINE CONCEPT



Thank you Roger,

Your magazine is fresh with upbeat articles and information. I enjoy the level of quality and high standard in which you directed the look, feel and content of the magazine. Looking forward to your next issue !!

James E. Hart

Thank you very much Jim!! You have been one of our first and more enthusiasts collaborators, well, I think by now you had realize that one of your great pictures was the base to do our anniversary cover!! Congratulations and thanks again!!

KAFKA

LOVE your magazine style and drawings. Just wondering if Alan can make a Kafka caricature.
Jacob Ambrus.



Actually Alan did this caricature a couple of years ago, hope you like it Jacob!

HARD COPIES STANDS

Check Puerto Paraiso, Plaza San Lucas, Shrimp Factory, Tiendas de Palmilla, San Jose Downtown, Molly's at San Jose, Barefoot Cantina, Dante's Bar, and many other places!!

WHO TO FOLLOW ON
twitter



MexicoEnFotos.com

MexicoEnFotos.com difunde la riqueza cultural, histórica, folclórica, y natural de México a través de la fotografía.
<http://www.facebook.com/MexicoEnFotos>
Mexico: <http://www.MexicoEnFotos.com>

WRITE US

Be part of our community

Land's End magazine would love you to share all your stories, tellings, jokes and experiences about your life in Cabo, the Baja or wherever you are.

Also, we welcome all your feedback, critics and comments about our magazine and articles inside.

Yes!, be part of the best 5 comments by email and they will appear on this section with you caricaturized or we'll make a funny sketch about your writing. GOOD LUCK!

editor@landsendmagazine.com



facebook



We invite all community to join our Facebook page, we're ready to receive your comments, questions and suggestions to make this magazine your home. Any news and upcoming events in Cabo are welcome.

LAND'S END TRIBUNE reserves the right to publish, cut or not publish any letter or pictures sent from readers regarding to politic views, real estate propaganda, advertising and public or private disputes.



AND A RECIPE TO MAKE TINGA POBLANA



By Pit Pey
vettore48@hotmail.com

I'm not sure if you remember my old friend, Gabino a.k.a Cold Hand, one of the best friends I ever had. I'll tell you about that time he met Stu, a skinny American guy with long blonde hair, and a big fan of surfing, totally penniless, he always knew how to scam 10 bucks out of me though.

Stu showed up in Cabo one sunny morning the first time; he still lives around, although by these days he runs a small car lot. Skilful as he was to convince everybody to join him on his adventures or any risky business, that time he teamed up with Gabino to look for lost coins around the beach. Together they walked the places that were the most visited by the tourists to find coins, rings, bracelets or any metal made object lost or forgotten by their former owners.

It was that way how they put together a large collection of goodies: pennies, engagement rings, waterproof watches (not 'loss proof' though), soda cans, dentures, glasses and even a small boat anchor.

They used to leave early in the morning with a bottle of sunscreen, wearing shorts, sunglasses and a cap; they learned to use their metal detector picking probably all the trash that was buried on the sand. Stu walked ahead of Gabino wearing his headphones and swinging the device from left to right signaling with a golf tee wherever he found something: white for the 'maybes', red for the 'sure things', Gabino followed him a few steps behind digging up with a shovel he used for filling a bucket with drilled holes where he sifted the sand. People could see them all around the beaches near to San José del Cabo and sometimes even by the beaches close to Todos Santos.

Whenever they found something that intrigued them, they would bring it to me so I could, sometimes, enlarge their doubts. That day they brought several pieces of tile. When I saw them, I noticed it was ceramic, maybe even chinese porcelain, both sides were glazed, they were curved and their colors were white and blue, which totally reminded me the pieces of oriental pottery I had seen sometime at some museum.

I took out the magnifying glass I use for reading the white pages and noticed that in some of them, the surface had these small patterned fractures, in some of them the glazing was yellowish and you could see some red traces of an unintelligible scripture.

-Hey Gabino, where did you find these? - I asked.
-On the sand.
-Yes, I kinda figured that out myself, I meant in which place exactly?
-In one of the beaches we were exploring yesterday.
-Yeah, which beach? - I insisted.

Gabino looked at Stu, who nodded, and finally said:

-We found it on this beach just before Todos Santos, by the place you pull the car over to watch the whales- he precised.

Since I already knew that I could spend the entire afternoon asking them about the place where they had found their 'treasure' and that I wouldn't get a satisfying answer, I told them:

-Look, this is not tile, in my opinion, these are fragments of pottery, maybe chinese one, and it's very likely that wherever you found these ones there will be more; if it was near the town, it may be just the old dump, or maybe some tourists broke their 'beach china' and left the pieces there. What I find weird is that the pieces don't seem to match to each other, even the drawings look like if they were from different sets.

Stu asked me:

-Why are you so sure it's not tile?

-First of all, tiles are not glazed on both sides, if it was Talavera pottery like a big plate or something, it wouldn't have that pattern, it really looks like chinese porcelain to me, the material it is made of it's very fine, thin and almost translucent, but I'm no expert, I think we should really look for somebody who knows about this.

-Pit, could you help us? I don't know anyone here who can do that, I'll leave you the pieces and I hope you can find more information- said Stu.

-Ok, I'll let you know as soon as I find something.

I had poured them shots of a Sonora mezcal, with a snack of xoconostle (sour prickly pear) with salt and powdered chili (my favorite snack to have with Tequila or Mezcal which is actually the same thing).

I knew Gabino loved to say 'bottoms up!', so I hid my mezcal carafe they had sent me from Sonora, I liked to enjoy it sip by sip delighting with its smoked unique aroma, I knew they used mesquite wood to 'cook' it.

When they realized I would not refill their glasses, the two explorers said goodbye; Max growled at his doghouse.

I began researching what kind of material were the fragments found by Gabino and Stu, I called my friend Raphael, who lives in Mexico City and is an anthropologist, but he only knew about Teotihuacan pottery and offered to send me an article he had read on that subject. Back then I couldn't find anyone at Cabo who knew anything about pottery, the trend of using Talavera tile in the kitchens and bathrooms was just beginning on the beach houses here.

The truth was that I only knew about these materials because I worked with them, but I never imagined all the background story of this excellent material. Back then we only used two kinds, the most common and cheapest one was the factory line which we called 'Dal'. This first material, whose base is white ceramic, compact, hard and very impermeable, has as its main characteristic the décor, which is applied after the first 'baking'. The design is stamped by mechanical procedure, absorbs little water and it can be used on any kind of surface thanks to its resistance and durability.

The other kind, the Talavera tile, is made of clay and the decor is applied by hand with different techniques, then it's 'baked'. The colors are very traditional, opaque white, cobalt blue, antimony yellow, manganese brown, bronze green and the rarest one, iron red. These soluble salts provide the color depending on the used metal.



Fuente Talavera De La Reina
en Porto Alegre Brasil
Foto de: Ricardo André Frantz

In Spanish, 'azulejo' doesn't come from the word 'azul' (blue), which is the most traditional color, etymologically it comes from 'azzulech', which in Arabic means 'polished stone'.

It was first used in Europe during the middle ages by the 'moros' (Spanish arabs), fathers of the Mudéjar architecture, anyone who knows the Alhambra in Granada, Spain or the Topkapi palace in Istanbul, Turkey, will know what does this influence mean in architecture.

Thanks to the information sent by my friend Rafael, I knew now about the Talavera pottery and the tiles made there. The traditional techniques used to work the tiles are:

Alicatado or Tiling: sectioning of the tiles for getting a mosaic effect.

Plantilla Calada or Template: It could be described as the using of a stencil to transfer the drawing to the tile.

Estergido: The using of a perforated template to transfer the drawing to the tile.

Watershed or edge: Means leaving an imprinted pattern on the tile with a wood or metal molding.

Dry string: Drawing with an oily substance the limits of the drawings and fill in with the color.

The original Talavera pottery comes from the city of Talavera de la Reina, in the province of Toledo, Spain.

The first documentation of crafts made in the city of Talavera de la Reina date from 200 B.C during the Roman Empire, these were made in 'Terra Sigillata', which was pottery varnished in an intense red color and with the seal of the artisan to identify the author. It was since those ancient times when the pottery became traditional of this beautiful city.

The Arabs arrived by the year 712 A.D, besides conquering the city, building a wall around it and a fortress, they influenced deeply in the architecture, the language and the arts

It is also documented and recognized the influence of the Italian Maiolica, especially from Tommaso Da Pesaro, who established in Sevilla during the last third of the XVI century. This man had two sons, Giuseppe and Francisco, who later moved to Talavera de la Reina to open their own shop. From there, Francisco emigrated to Puebla de los Ángeles in México, where he settled and actually set a trend on pottery making. Thanks to this information, it is possible to deduct that the Talavera pottery has as its biggest influences the Mudéjar and Italian pottery.

The Chinese porcelain it's made from a different material, it is compact, hard and translucent, it was discovered and first used since 6000 B.C. It was later introduced in Europe by Marco Polo, around the 1200 A.D, the most traditional colors are white and cobalt blue.

I finally had the first part of the investigation, I could now tell that the fragments found by Gabino and Stu were not Talavera pottery. I waited for their promised visit but three weeks went by since they 'gave me the monkey' (which means passing a problem on to someone else, my grandmother used to say that) and I hadn't heard anything about them yet, so I drove my truck to the town of La Playita where Stu was building his house. He lived on a trailer next to a palapa which worked as a living room and as a kitchen. It was a nice surprise seeing that the house was nearly finished, it had two bedrooms, a bathroom and he was finishing the living room and the kitchen, everything in an open space, the ocean view couldn't be any better.

The two sand miners welcomed me and invited me to join them, they were doing the 'selection' of the daily treasure, which was pretty much the usual: pennies, dimes, Mexican pesos, silver rings, copper rings, buckles, lost key holders with rusty keys, knives of all kinds, golden chains, etc. Stu poured me a glass of the same thing they were drinking.



-It's an excellent mezcal – he said, I tasted it and it really was, rustic, smoked, crystal clear and undiluted, a real gem.

-Hey, where did you get this? It's really good- I said.

They looked each other and laughed.

-We got it close to your home- said Gabino, smiling inside his glass.

I didn't know what to answer, I remembered why I had come in the first place and explained them all I had researched but they didn't seem to remember. The interest they had showed that first time had completely banished, they just looked at each other and smiled. I gave Stu the pieces of pottery he had given me and he jumped with joy, then he headed to the patio and we followed him. In a corner protected from the wind, he was building a barbecue grill, the detail that made it outstanding was that this gringo loco had set hundreds of pieces of pottery creating this way a huge abstract mosaic in the wall, it was missing only a small part and now he could finish it thanks to the pieces I had given him back. It was the first barbecue grill I had seen decorated with chinese porcelain.

“I don't need to say that you can have a great time by the beach, in good company, having taquitos of guacamole, rajas of poblano chile and of course, Tinga, besides being delighted by an excellent mezcal”.

Stu poured more mezcal with the excuse of proposing a toast to his masterpiece, but this time I noticed the carafe he was pouring it from, it was identical to mine, one gallon capacity and lined with wicker, it could be a coincidence though. It was past noon and Gabino reminded Stu they had on the stove the 'Tinga' his wife had prepared, it was all a nice coincidence: The Talavera pottery is from Puebla, Gabino's wife was born in Puebla, the 'Tinga' was also from Puebla. I don't need to say that you can have a great time by the beach, in good company, having taquitos of guacamole, rajas of poblano chile and of course, Tinga, besides being delighted by an excellent mezcal.

I have to recognize that Stu and Gabino were very responsible people when it came to work. As soon as they finished lunch, they went back to their table to keep sorting their 'treasure'. Stu offered me the third glass of mescal, which I had to reject, I'm too old for drinking that much, so I asked if I could borrow a small bottle to take a little of his mezcal and compare it to the one I had. They both laughed and Gabino said:

-Hey Pit, I don't think you will be able to compare them, this mezcal is unique in the Baja.

-I'm almost sure mine is better but I still have my doubts- I said.

- Pit, I already washed this jar, you can take as much as you want, as if it was your own- said Stu smiling. We said goodbye and I left them both working, they were quite happy, I could hear them laughing even from my truck.

I began thinking on what my grandmother used to say 'Don't let anyone give you monkeys', she used to tell me this phrase whenever my friends tried to make their problems one of my own, like that time my cousin Agustin asked me to watch a white cat and he never came back for it, or that other time my friend Arnolando insisted I went to the movies with his girlfriend and he never came back for her either. In other words 'giving the monkey' means when someone has a problem on top of his/her back and doesn't know how to get rid of it, so, they look for an innocent enough friend to take care of the 'monkey'.

If they didn't care at all about the pieces of pottery they had found, - why had they asked me to search about it? - I kept asking myself.

On my way back home, I stopped at the supermarket to buy something for supper and to prepare a snack for having while tasting the two mescales, I also liked the Tinga so much that I even asked Gabino to give me the recipe. I bought everything I needed because next day I would have guests for lunch, an American couple who wanted to introduce me to a sister of hers who was visiting in Cabo, in such an occasion I had to show off my skills in the kitchen. My friends don't drink and they also avoid pork meat, so I bought some chicken breast and hibiscus flower to prepare a traditional drink.

Back at home, I prepared a delicious snack and I proceeded to begin with the taste of the two mescales. I looked for my carafe which somebody had brought for me nearly two years ago from a clandestine still located near the town of Bachomojaqui, Sonora. I used to take it out only on special occasions and enjoyed it little by little as it must be. Anyway, I went nuts trying to find it, I looked everywhere, under the bed, in the closet, the oven, etc, I was sure I had seen it not long ago, and yes, I was right, I had just seen it at my friend Stu's house. Now I knew why they had given me their 'monkey', that monkey did such monkey business that I couldn't see the real intention of those two sons of bitches. Gabino was right, the mezcal they had was unique in the Baja. Max began barking at his dog house. -PP

Recipe for chicken Tinga Poblana. (serves 4)

Ingredients:

2 pounds of chicken breast (remove the skin)
1 pound of fresh tomato.
3 sundried tomatoes.
1 cup of tomato puree.
2 white onions (big ones)
3 cloves of garlic.
3 chipotles without seeds (use canned ones).
2 tbs of white vinegar.
3 tbs of olive oil.
4 oz. of cotija cheese.
½ lettuce, washed and disinfected.
Salt and pepper
Sal y pimienta
1 laurel leaf.
1 avocado.

Procedure:

Boil the chicken breasts and season with the laurel leaf, a clove of garlic and half an onion. Once they are cooked, separate a cup of the broth and freeze the rest.

Shred the chicken breast.

Chop an onion into strips and fry it with one clove of garlic and the olive oil, add the chipotle cut into small pieces (reduce the quantity if you don't like it very hot). Roast the tomatoes in a comal (griddle), once they are soft, remove the burned skin, blend it with the sundried tomatoes and the cup of chicken broth.

Once the onion is soft (but not brown), add the blended tomato and let it boil to low fire until the tomato changes color, then add the shredded chicken breast, the tomato puree and the vinegar. Add salt and pepper to taste and let it reduce until it's almost dry.

Serve in a plate with the grated cotija cheese, the sliced lettuce, avocado slices and onion rings as a decoration. You can have it with tostadas or make tacos with corn tortillas. You can use pork meat as we mentioned or any kind of beef that can be shredded.

Enjoy!



Tacos de tinga poblana



DINNER. DRINKS. DANCING.

DON SANCHEZ
RESTAURANT SOCIAL CLUB

A/C and Terrace seating
Reservations: 624 142 2444 | www.donsanchezcantina.com
Follow us on facebook.com/donsanchez.loscabos
Downtown San José del Cabo, México

BEYOND YOUR EXPECTATIONS.

HABANERO'S
Gastro Grill & Tequila Bar

A/C Seating | Ample parking
Reservations: 624 142 2626 | www.habanerosgastrogrill.com
Follow us on facebook.com/habaneros.gastrogrill
Blvd. Mijares, Plaza La Misión. San José del Cabo, México

the WarmWater
collective

RANCHO
DE LA
SIERRA

Sand's End

CROSSROADS

COUNTRY CLUB



Sand Castle Day! 2012

First prize Second prize Third prize

\$300 \$200 \$100

May 20

STARTS AT NOON
PERFORMANCE BY



**Tim Lang
&
Kurtis Parsons**



**Sterling Dietz
The
Magician**



Enjoy a Cerveza and Fish Tacos
on the Last Frontier of the Californias...

SEAFOOD



PASTAS AND MEXICAN CUISINE

Open 7 days a week
Breakfast, lunch and Dinner

SPORTS TV



WI-FI INTERNET
CAFE

LIVE MUSIC



LIVE BANDS ALL SATURDAYS



crossroadsbcs

crossroadscountryclub@yahoo.com



WINDY SISTERS



By Debra Kelly
cabokellymac@yahoo.com

Gigantic pounding waves inspired me to leave the comfort of the air-conditioned office in the small seaside resort I worked at, and see for myself the epic size surf, which was so powerful, I could feel the vibrations of each boom! I was lazily making my way around the cute little resort and couldn't help but notice a small army of workers expertly placing each lounge chair in the pool. Yes, IN the pool. All the outdoor patio furnishings, including the smaller drink tables, were being individually sunk to the bottom of each pool! (iPhones were not yet invented for a winning photo op.) Clearly, this sunken mound of white plastic was not intended to be the prize for some wild treasure hunt. It was September 4th, 1995, and the hot muggy air was thick with salt misting from the ever-increasing crashing waves.

We were smack dab in the center of hurricane season.

Our little fishing village of Cabo San Lucas had already suffered through the intimidation of hurricane Flossie, a baby sized category 1, which blasted just west of our sandy coastline a few weeks prior. We were not prepared for Flossie, so once she opened her floodgates of water we scrambled to put all our patio furniture and flower pots away; just in case there was enough wind to carry them through windows. She took her sweet time traveling northwest and we all welcomed her much needed rain. Flossie stuck around for 3 long days and luckily we didn't have to endure her mighty inner rings of powerful winds up to 95mph.

Like most deserts, southern Baja is dry and parched for most of the year; and the underground mountain canyon reservoirs supplying water to the Los Cabos area are thirsty for the mere 15 days of rain we get per year.

Home I went, and told my New York husband (who knows everything) that there was talk at work that we were 'red zoned' for a direct hurricane hit, and we better get prepared. I recounted how ridiculous it all looked with bulges of white plastic lounge chairs overflowing each of the pools in preparation for the big hurricane named Henriette.

Our little casa is right on the beach, about 50 yards from the water's edge; and vulnerable to wind and surf surges. My husband guffawed and chortled, saying he doubted very much a hurricane was coming; and recounted, with authority, the direction Hurricane Flossie had taken, veering west "like they all do". He also said that his boat captain buddies had expertly advised him we had nothing to worry about. "After all, we have had no hurricanes since 1992, and even Flossie traveled northwest of Cabo. Honey, there is nothing to worry about." (Famous last words)

We had just put all the planters and outdoor patio furnishings back in place, and I had no desire to duplicate the chore; so I dropped the whole thing. (Big Mistake!)

Some simple hurricane preparedness tips had been circulating around town; and I paid serious attention to it all; because the first year I had arrived to Cabo we had an unexpected horrendous rainfall that wreaked mass destruction in the entire Los Cabos area. It was November 3rd, 1993, when 30 inches fell within a 24-hour period, and the storm was not even classified a tropical depression. I awoke in the night, around 4:30 am (No Squid Roe fun that night) to thundering sounds of 'I didn't know what'. I went out on the balcony to investigate and realized it was an impenetrable waterfall of pouring rain, making such a loud noise. At that very moment the electricity went out, and I was instantly afraid. I was mesmerized and watched the rain pour like nothing I had ever seen. I couldn't imagine what type of damage was to be revealed the next day.

"Once the rain settled down a bit, we were able to walk through town and see for ourselves the extent of destruction".

When morning arrived, it was still raining; and many of us gathered around the Marina Sol lobby area, commiserating like little refugees; marveling at what Mother Nature is capable of. The underground parking lot was flooded in four feet of water and the one-acre center pool and grass area was completely submerged. Reports were coming in via the few CB radios as to the kind of destruction already being reported.

The brand new four-lane highway was torn apart, the raging water claiming chunks of pavement, and entire mountainsides were swept into the ocean. Flooding was instant and entire neighborhoods were destroyed; being buried under tons of sand and mud. Cars were dragged and pushed and piled upon each other at the edge of every corner.

Once the rain settled down a bit, we were able to walk through town and see for ourselves the extent of destruction. Shocking sites of flooded streets and a rushing river still gushing down the Centre of town, naturally making its way to the marina and out to sea. Electric poles were lying around like matchsticks; and sand and brown murky water covered everything. The beach was littered with piles of wood and palm trees and debris of every size and shape. The normally pristine aqua blue water was now a boiling frothy dirty brown for hundreds of yards offshore. We were walking in a brown and white world, surreal, without color, as everywhere we looked was brown. Even with all that rainfall we were still withering in the relentless heat and humidity. No relief was in sight.

Hurricane Preparation list:

Drinking water
Propane tank for BBQ
Full tank of gas for car (Baja will run out of gas if roads are impassable for tankers)
Candles and batteries for flashlights
Stock up on canned goods
Ice for coolers
Sheets of plywood to board up windows
Have a 'safe room' to ride out the worst winds
First aid kit
Radio with new batteries (Need to know Spanish)

Who knew you had to think ahead for a natural disaster? I was from Edmonton, Alberta where snowstorms and cold weather would cause a day or two of missed school but I don't ever recall needing to be prepared for weather issues. (Oh, I just remembered we had to have a flashlight and blanket in the trunk of the car just in case we broke down – at night – in the winter – on a rural road – note to self - good reason to move to Cabo)

Hurricane Henriette was making her way slowly, at 9mph, directly toward us but we had no way to find out her exact path. The rain had started and dark ominous clouds were gradually making their way towards us. We had an unobstructed view over the Sea of Cortez, facing southeast, with the entire front of the house being windows. Yes – all windows. The rain was coming in waves and the surf surge was an awesome sight. Each pounding wave reverberated beneath our feet every 12 seconds.

My youngest was turning 7 on September 5th, so I baked a yummy chocolate cake with creamy chocolate icing for the big party the next day. We were going to our favorite kids birthday party place, Squid Roe (Yup – all those wood chips on the floor, cheap tacos, great music and crazy fun waiters, clean up included, made this the best party place for kids)

The kids, aged 7, 11 and 13, two Cabo mutts, and I had some fun running around the beach getting soaked by the glorious rain and chasing the surf line back and forth between each surge. After bath time, we had a delicious fish dinner settled in to watch a VCR Disney movie. (No television, phones, or Internet) We had the air conditioning running on overdrive as the heat was unbearable. We didn't even notice the barometric pressure was falling fast.

At 5 am, I awoke to a startling screeching sound; and one I will never forget. The grinding metal on metal was deafening and my New Yorker, who was already up, was yelling at me to hurry and get away from the windows. I noticed he (lovingly) had put a row of pillows along the edge of the bed between the 'wall to wall' windows and me. His idea of protecting me in case the window broke. He was herding the kids and dogs into the laundry room and sounding frantic. Our neighbor was standing in the living room holding a flashlight, asking what he could do to help prepare. Too late – we were inside Henriette's path and about to know her powerful wrath up close and personal. I yelled, 'get the cake, get the cake', which he did and slid the last few feet into the cramped laundry room.

There we all were, huddled together, breathing each other's heavy air, awaiting the windows to shatter and splinter everywhere slicing through everything with the powerful wind. The screaming sound of windows and metal rubbing was constant and frightening. Every few minutes we would send one of the men out to grab something we felt we needed. They sprinted for much needed supplies: water and drinking glasses, knife for the cake, chips, paper towels, pillows to sit on, and ... OH MY GOD the new Macintosh computer was on the kitchen table and we had to get it! (I had just paid big bucks for our first computer)

We witnessed in awe the windows bowing and stretching from their frames at least 6 inches. (Myth Busters kind of amazing) Who knew windows could bend so much. The water was pouring in and flooding the living room and would soon reach us in the laundry area. The adrenalin supercharged our senses and we continued to huddle and wonder how many more hours we would have to endure.

All of a sudden the wind stopped. It was late afternoon and we were grateful the windows held up and it was all over. Phew! We slowly surveyed the damages. Wet floors, beds soaked, chairs and patio table missing; but otherwise only elbow grease was needed to clean it all up. (When do I say 'I told you so?') We were desperate for coffee and without power wondered how we could manage making hot water. AHA! We had a friends travel trailer sitting out back on the sand dune and so we all trotted up there to figure out how to turn on the propane tanks to get the little stove working. As we were fiddling around making coffee it dawned on us that the storm is NOT over yet and we just might be in the EYE of the storm. Yup, we were right.

Holy Crap -- hurry up and get this coffee made, restock the laundry room with food and water, find the kids and dogs; and get the hell back to the safeness of our laundry room! The wind started without warning and the palm trees were now bent to the ground facing the opposite direction! We spent the entire night nestled tightly in the laundry room, drifting in and out of sleep wanting the noise and wind to stop. Morning came and once again, we were so darned lucky to make it through the worst winds, category 2 at 110 mph, without the windows blowing to shreds.

Within a few days, we had the house semi back to normal and along with hundreds of other families were without electricity and water for many days. Arroyos now filled with rushing rivers, cut off all access to town. No school for the kids. (Darn) Of course the large hot tub on the deck, now full of water, served as our make shift shower and water dunks for emergency toilet flushes. Hot and sweaty, we lived by candlelight (had to conserve the few we had found) and were overcome with JOY the day the electricity returned, so we could sleep in air conditioning.

It didn't take long for our town to clean up the streets and life became normal again. The highway was all torn up and would take at least a year to repair, but we were counting down the days to October 15th when the weather shifts and we no longer dart for air-conditioned rooms.

Less than ten days later, I arrived home from work and found my New Yorker frantically putting flowerpots and our NEW outdoor patio furniture into the house. He said, "Hurricane Ismael is on her way". (He learned fast) -DK



Cabo San Lucas downtown after the rain.



Hurricanes Flossie and Henriette, windy sisters.



Clinic - Hospital
Emergency Room (Shock Trauma)
Ambulatory Surgery

Medical Specialties:
Traumatology and Orthopedics
General Surgery, Laparoscopy,
Endoscopy and Gastroenterology
Internal Medicine and Neumology
Gynecology and Obstetrics
ENT
Plastic Surgery
Pediatrics
Odontology
Radiology Services:
Ultrasound
X Rays
Tomography
MRI
C-Arm Flouroscopy
Clinical Analysis Laboratory

24 hours service
Seven days a week
365 days a year

San Jose del Cabo
Zaragoza and Idelfonso Green

 **142 2770**

I caught my first glimpse of the Sea of Cortez as I rounded the farming and fishing village of La Ribera, on Baja's East Cape. The sea was turquoise. A pod of humpbacks breached in the distance.

My guide was Cecilia Fischer, a Baja native who works with me as the WILDCOAST Cape Region Coordinator. "We're almost to Cabo Pulmo," said Cecilia as we left the pavement in my rented Jeep, and headed down a rutted dirt road to the tiny fishing village that proudly abuts the only coral reef in the Sea of Cortez.

I was in southern Baja to give a talk to the residents of Cabo Pulmo and the Cape Region to; update them on our efforts to conserve the reef, a marine protected area, and the coastline that surrounds it. A Spanish company, Hansa Urbana, has proposed building a new city larger than Cancun in the empty desert just next to Cabo Pulmo National Park. If the project is built out, conservation biologists and marine ecologists fear the reef will not withstand the impacts that are sure to come.

We arrived in the ramshackle hamlet of Cabo Pulmo and made our way to the Cabo Pulmo Resort. "I first came here years ago," said Cole, the operator of the Resort's Coral Reef Restaurant. "The reef was dead and the fish were gone. But now, diving the reef is incredible."

Around the CAPE

By Serge Dedina
sdedina@wildcoast.net



Photo by: Ralph Lee Hopkins

Back in 1999, local fishermen and the Mexican government brokered a deal to ban all fishing around the reef. The fishermen switched from harvesting the locally dwindling supply of fish to taking tourists to dive the reef.

More than ten years later, researchers from Scripps announced the results of their decade long monitoring project in Cabo Pulmo.

The population of fish or "biomass" increased 460%. Cabo Pulmo, they declared was the "World's most robust marine reserve." "We never used to see whale sharks here," said Cole. "Now this is one of the few places in the Sea of Cortez we can dive with them." Marine biologists and conservationists from around the world, now visit Cabo Pulmo to learn about how Mexican fishermen saved the reef and UNESCO World Heritage Site.

In the fall of 2011, Sylvia Earle, the renowned ocean explorer came to Cabo Pulmo to dive and named the 18,000-acre Cabo Pulmo National Park a "Hope Spot."

After meeting with the friendly residents of Cabo Pulmo, Cecilia and I returned to San Jose del Cabo. The sprawling city is a world apart from the desert solitude and emerald brilliance of the East Cape.

The next morning I made my way through the bustle and traffic of Los Cabos on my way Todos Santos.

My wife Emily and I lived in the artsy and historic village on the Pacific Coast 18 years earlier while we were finishing up writing up our dissertations on Baja's gray whales and the fishing folk who make their living from whale-watching. Todos Santos is still one of my favorite towns in Baja with great food, historic buildings, excellent surf and art galleries.

I caught a few waves at a beach south of town. The surf was three to four feet high, the water was 70 degrees. On the outskirts of Todos Santos I met up with Jim Pickell, the CEO of Baja.com who has an office in a renovated historic brick building. "Baja is back," said Jim. "Tourism is up and people are excited to come to Baja and rediscover the peninsula."

At the Café La Esquina in Todos Santos, an airy and friendly neighborhood hangout on the west side of town, I ordered a veggie panini and a carrot-beet-spinach-apple smoothie from Paula Angeloni, a local surfer. "I came Todos Santos to surf," said Paula, who is originally from Uruguay and moved to Mexico to study marine biology in La Paz. "But now I'm raising my daughter here."

That evening, I had dinner at the La Dolce restaurant in San Jose del Cabo. Ramiro Rivas, the owner and native of Mexico City moved to Baja more than 11 years ago. When Ramiro is not working at his lovely Italian restaurant just off the plaza in San Jose, he loves to visit Cabo Pulmo. "I love Cabo Pulmo," he said. "It is so beautiful."

At the San Jose Farmer's Market I ate the best pizza in Baja and was delighted with the quesadilla like vampiros stuffed with portabella mushrooms. I bought beautiful abalone jewelry for Emily from Victor de la Vega. Besides making unique and original jewelry, Victor transforms driftwood into unique art. "The farmer's market started out pretty unofficially," said Jim Tolbert of Baja Books and Maps who hosts a stall in the market each Saturday with his wife Judy. "But now we're a non-profit. Thousands of people come here each week during the season."

Over the next couple of days I greeted the sunrise each morning while surfing Costa Azul. The waves were small but the water was warm and crystal clear. On my last evening, Cecilia and I drove out to the East Cape again. Our destination was the Crossroads Country Club at Vinorama. Joan Hafenecker, the owner has created an impeccable oasis with an incredible view of the coast and savory food. After giving a talk to a collection of local residents and visitors from Los Cabos, I settled down to a dinner of Asian stir-fry with pasta.

Photo by: Ralph Lee Hopkins



When an American celebrity and his wife wandered in, no one even batted an eye. We were too busy watching the sunset, looking for humpbacks, and absorbing the stars as they settled into Baja's never ending nighttime sky. Another perfect evening on the Cape. -SD

Serge Dedina is the Executive Director of WILDCOAST and the author of Wild Sea: Eco-Wars and Surf Stories from the Coast of the Californias.

Photo by: Ralph Lee Hopkins




Yes, we know what we do



The qualified professionals, at your service

624.143.5138 624.143.5419

info@eurocarloscabos.com




BCS
Property Management.

Come to enjoy.



We'll take care of the rest.

Property Management Services.
Office. 144 6196
Cel. 624 157 0811
info@bcsproperty.com.mx

www.bcsproperty.com.mx

ROLOJERO'S DOCUMENTS [See all](#)



LEM05
March - April 2012 Edition of
Land's End...
By [rolojero](#)
★★★★ Views: 158



LEM04
Land's End Magazine
January - February 2...
By [rolojero](#)
★★★★ Views: 135



LAND'S END MAGAZINE
November - December
edition of Land's En...
By [rolojero](#)
★★★★ Views: 230



LEM02
Land's End Magazine
August - September
By [rolojero](#)
★★★★ Views: 314

06.06.2011
✓ [Rolojero](#) is now subscribed to by
1 user



SUBSCRIBE TO *Land's End*

DIGITAL EDITION FOR FREE!



Rolojero

Member since 06/06/2011
Public Profile: [Rolojero](#) is a subscriber but only shows content about a topic. Please [contact](#) if you are getting in contact with the English speaking community of this site by going from registration with interesting information and advice. You should be treated as a member.
[View profile](#) [Contact](#)

www.issuu.com/rolojero
read it online or
download the PDF file



GET THE
HARDCOPY
IN YOUR HOME!

FOR ONLY **US\$ 2**
plus shipping, only inside Mexico

FOR ORDERS AND INFO:
sales@landsendmagazine.com

EL MAGO



*"The universe is full of magical things
patiently waiting for our wits to grow sharper"*
~ Edén Phillpotts

I remember that day very well, all the way back from school I was thinking the same thing over and over again, I couldn't stop thinking on what I had just seen moments ago and not even the jokes and games of my friends could get me out of those thoughts that were crowding my head.

When I got home, my dog was happy to see me back and was barking joyfully, but I was still feeling a little scrambled and my mind could not just let go, I could not stop trying to crack the mystery, a new mystery actually, because I had a lot of them stored in my mind from previous days, weeks and months.

The reason of my headaches was that magician, once again, he was keeping me busy all day long thinking about his tricks, thinking how did he do to bring stuff out of the blue and then to make it vanish again, things like making a person levitate through the air, or transforming a piece of cloth into a little bird which he would immediately let go.

One day he approached us, and after waving his hands and babbling some mumbo jumbo, he showed us his hands full with silver coins, he then gave us a bunch of them to each one of us, when my turn came and I felt the cold coins in-

my hands, I ran like the devil out of there to show them to my mother, I still remember thinking in all the candy I could buy for months with those coins when I stopped for a minute to watch my treasure only to realize that I was running with nothing but sand and rocks on my hands. Of course, as I turned around, the magician was gone and all of us knew that we would not see him again until a few days later.

It was several times that the magician played these tricks on us and we always fell for them, no one was ever able to figure out his tricks or unraveling the illusion and this way stop being the constant target of his practical jokes.

“I stopped for a minute to watch my treasure only to realize that I was running with nothing but sand and rocks on my hands”.

He would pull colored paper strips and ribbons out of his clothes, once he even pulled a vase with water and fresh flowers out of the groceries bag of a lady. He would also play tricks to the girls, but he was much kinder to them than to us. He would materialize little butterflies behind their ears, which after flying around them a couple times, would fly away with the wind until getting lost behind the flowers and the trees.

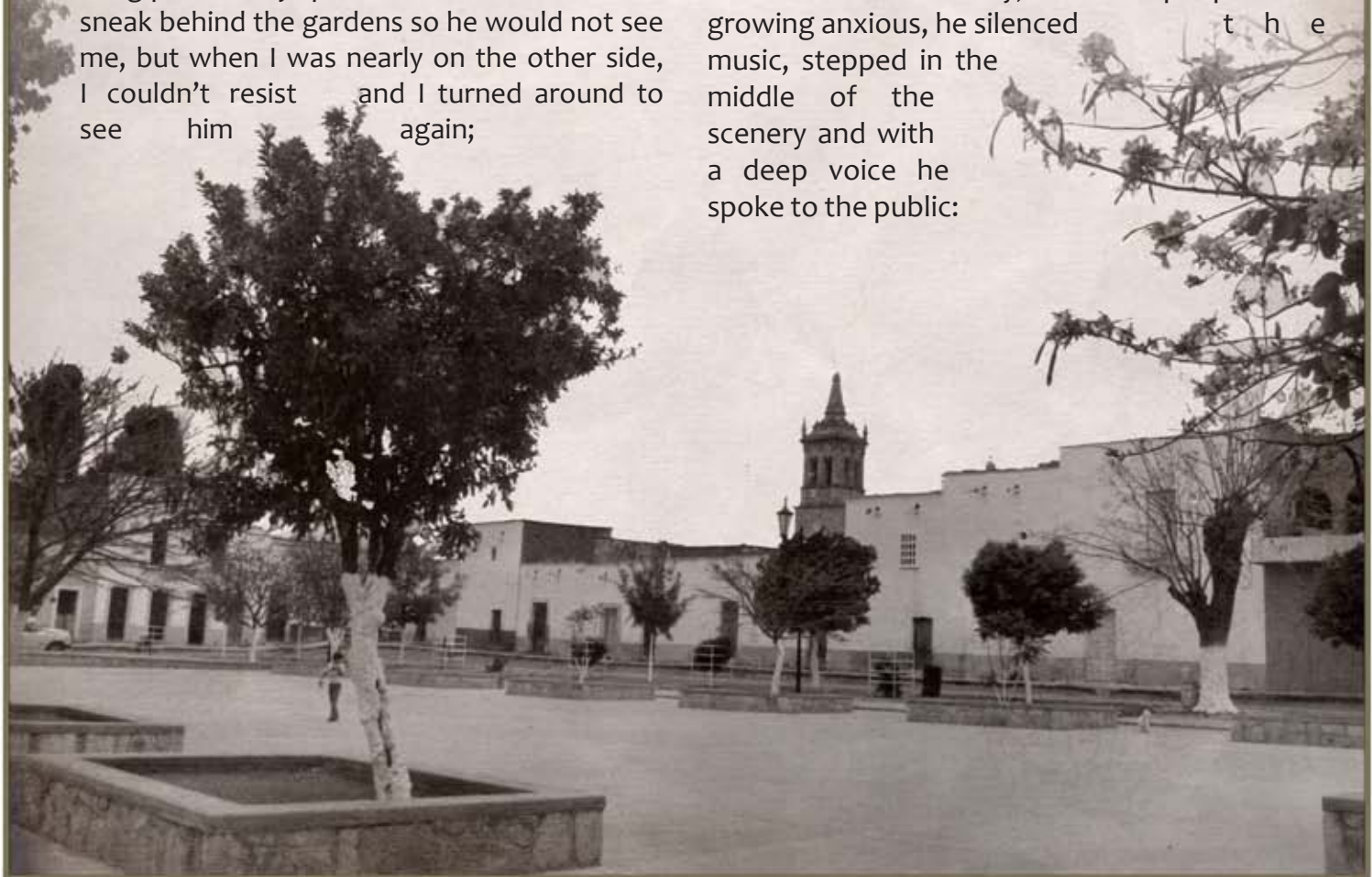
One morning, I had to run some errands for an aunt very early in the morning, I was walking still sleepy when I passed by the town square and I saw the magician sitting on a bench, quiet and doing nothing particularly special. I remember I tried to sneak behind the gardens so he would not see me, but when I was nearly on the other side, I couldn't resist and I turned around to see him again;

the magician was looking me right in the eye, he was still sitting and quiet, then he lifted his hand with a handkerchief, waved it a couple times and dropped it, when it finally reached the ground, the handkerchief kept moving, I was astonished when the handkerchief actually began running but now it was a fox that ran and ran until getting lost in the bushes.

I was there standing still, totally terrified and trying to decide if that thing I had just seen was just a dream or not. The magician disappeared as he always did, he left me there in the middle of the town square, I walked in circles for a few minutes and in the meantime my poor brains were trying to find an answer that would give my mind peace for the rest of the day.

There was this time when this small circus came into town, after school, we all went to watch the animal cages and maybe feed some fruit to the monkeys and a camel. The day of the first show I was sitting first row, I remember I was thrilled to see the trapeze artists do their flying act several feet above the ground, the tamers and their beasts and a man who claimed to be 'the strongest man in the world'.

When the turn of the circus magician came, we all noticed he took his time preparing his act, he searched and kept searching inside a chest without doing anything actually, and he waved his hands from one side to another and murmured nonsense words. Finally, when the people were growing anxious, he silenced the music, stepped in the middle of the scenery and with a deep voice he spoke to the public:



We had the chance of talking to Mrs. Maria Castro, the widow of Don Alejandro, she remembers quite well the tricks his brother in law used to perform, which included the levitation of one of his nieces or pouring cold beer from an apparently bottomless pitcher, for them those were common and normal things.

He was a good man she says, he had a couple sons and worked all of his life.

Today, while hearing the anecdotes that several people told us about him, we can only imagine a little of what it must have felt like to see his tricks in those early days of San Jose. Apparently, Don Angel Salazar knew quite well what is the biggest and best kept of all secrets for a magician: Performing enough tricks to create a myth and after sometime, disappearing, and this way, staying forever in the memory of people. -BL

The Salazar Ortigoza brothers at the time they arrived to La Baja. From left to right, Angel, Alejandro and Raymundo.



ADVERTISE WITH US!!

THE NUMBER ONE MAGAZINE IN CABO
Sand's End



Distributed for free at:

La Paz - Cabo San Lucas - San Jose del Cabo -

- Todos Santos - East Cape

Contact Us

tel. 130 7277 / cel. 624 3553 818

sales@landsendmagazine.com



Humaya Body Shop
Body & Painting



Professional Services

- Paint Oven -
- Professional Spray Boot -
- HVLP Paint Guns -
- Qualified Labor -
- Hi Quality Finishings -



Cabo San Lucas

16 de Septiembre & Revolucion

Next to Mario's Marine and FYMSA

Col. Centro (CSL Downtown)

Tel. 105 1000

www.humayabodyshop.com

OAXACA



The Colorful Antequera



By Rodrigo Remolina
rodremanz@landsendmagazine.com

Color is, without any doubt, one of the highlights of Mexico, present in its flowers, churches, crafts or dishes. If you asked me for an example of all this color, without doubt, I would answer: Oaxaca.

Being the second southernmost state of Mexico after Chiapas (a colorful place indeed too); Oaxaca's dramatic geography, with mountains 2,500 meters high, just 50 kilometers from seashore has made this state a particularly complex one. It boasts several Mexican records: the largest amount of Indian languages (16, with countless dialects), the greatest amount of municipios (counties) in a state (570, roughly 1/4 of Mexico's total) and one of the greatest biodiversities in the country, just after Chiapas's.

Though there are many Oaxacan routes and anecdotes (lovely Baja forgive me this time!), today we will concentrate in its beautiful capital city, also called Oaxaca, with the last name "de Juárez" to the glory of the most illustrious son of the state, 19th century president and statesman Benito Juárez García. Oaxaca the city, is a good way of tasting Oaxaca the state, as it is a territory not easy to travel. Not because of any danger, but because its characteristics make it better for experienced travelers: it is 330 x 480 kilometers, with many unpaved roads, extreme weather, and a large non-Spanish speaking population.

Oaxaca, the city, was founded by the Spanish conquerors soon after the fall of the Aztec capital Tenochtitlan. Near the place chosen by the Spaniards laid an Aztec military post called Huaxyacac, which in their language means "on top of huaje (acacia) trees", that still abound in the region. They were battling against local Mixtec and Zapotec cities, slowly dominating most of the State. There is a strange anecdote in the foundation of the city, which speaks about the charm the area had, and still has. Hernan Cortes claimed for himself a large area south of the Aztec capital, from today's Morelos to Oaxaca, having trouble with everyone - Indian communities, religious congregations and representatives of the Spanish Crown. His huge estate, known as "Marquesado del Valle", gave him the surname of "The Marquis", still present in many geographical names of Southern Mexico.

Finally, after several years of conflict, the Dominican friars established their monastery and trace the square blocks of the city's center around a two large land plots: for the plaza and a large plot of land reserved for the Cathedral. Following a common practice throughout most of Latin America, the new city was named after one from Spain, Antequera, in Andalucia. Unlike her Old-world sister, severe in white and stone, heir of Medieval and Moorish traditions, Oaxaca is a colorful Antequera, made by a new society, apparently Spanish, but deeply Indian, flamboyant amid mountains crowned with clouds, embroidered huipiles (Indian dresses) and intoxicating mole sauces.

Not forgetting its rich history, Oaxaca is a city with a vibrant and constantly growing cultural life. In the last 10 years, several new museums and many more galleries and cultural enterprises have popped up in the grid of the Centro Histórico, fueled by an interesting blend of local artists—from Rufino Tamayo, to Francisco Toledo and Rodolfo Morales -- and other proud and conscious citizens. Oaxaca is becoming one of the most attractive cities to travel, live, study or retire in Mexico. There is always something new to see, learn, visit and enjoy there, each visit to Oaxaca surprises even the most demanding traveler.

Oaxaca lays in the confluence of three valleys in the middle of a rough mountainous region. At 1555 meters above sea level, there is an almost perpetual spring. Its skies are deeply blue, with huge bulky white clouds wrapping huge Cerro San Felipe, which seems to watch the city from above, from the North. The Dominican trace of a perfect grid, slightly oriented to the Northeast, is still perfectly visible in most of the city center. At the middle, of course, lies the open space of the Plaza de Armas, surrounded by the civil and religious authorities' buildings, among which stands the imposing Cathedral, with its heavy proportions (Oaxaca is an intense seismic area) and a façade fully covered by stone carvings, shaded by the imposing fronds of 100 year old laurel trees.

Starting from this central position, I suggest four routes, following the main axes of the old city. The first and most visited, to the North, reaches a huge plot encompassing four standard blocks of the city: the monastery of Santo Domingo de Guzmán, one of the most important Dominican buildings of the Americas. Built in the second half of the 16th century, it marks the center of a culturally vibrant district, full of restaurants, bars, art galleries, museums, outdoor markets, and spontaneous street performances. Santo Domingo is one of the best preserved monasteries in Mexico, as its original dimensions were not altered after the segregation of Catholic Church from civil government during Juárez's government, when church properties were expropriated, and many subdivided and sold, at least partially, even sometimes demolished, especially in capital cities.

Surrounding the church, beautifully ornamented in golden baroque plaster, lays an array of patios, corridors and countless rooms, which house the renovated Museum of Oaxacan Cultures, showing a sample of the State's history from 5,000 years to our days, including the most beautiful gold, turquoise and jade jewelry made in the Continent, by Mixtec goldsmiths.

One of the recent additions to the city's prides is the Ethnobotanic Garden at the back of Santo Domingo, in what used to be the friar's orchards and gardens. Designed in close collaboration with local artists, and planted with select vegetal specimens from all over the state, among them centennial cactuses, yuccas and beucarneas. A stunning combination of rocks, gravel, sand, water and vegetation, arrayed in perfect geometry, makes this place an oasis of peace and contemplation, walled and protected from the intensity of Oaxaca's daily life.

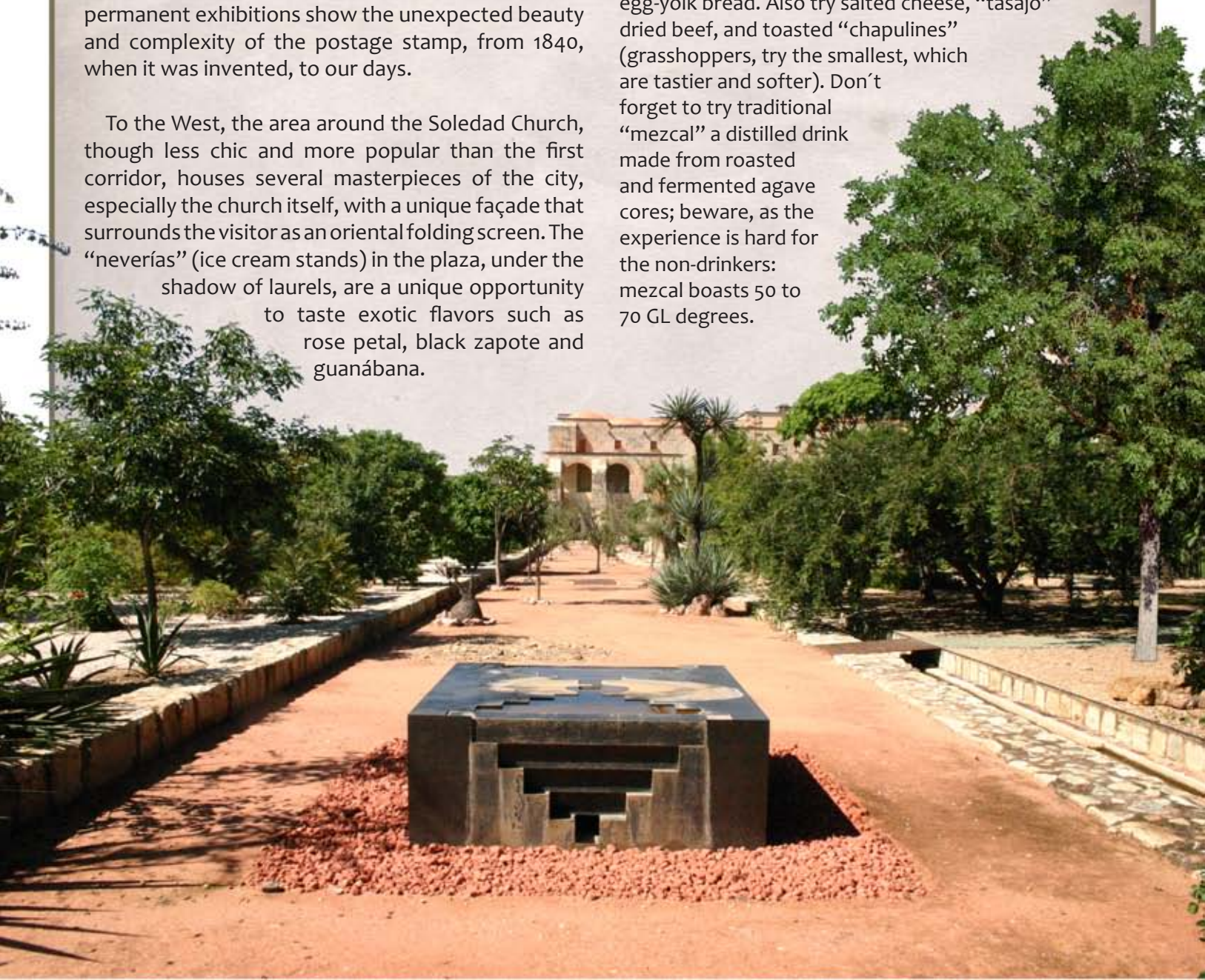
Behind this exotic garden, another recent surprise in the heart of Oaxaca is the Philately Museum (MUFI), one of the very few specialized in this theme worldwide. Located in an old house, with additions from different centuries, its expression has been enriched with modern architecture and vernacular accents and materials, such as adobe, bamboo and terracotta. Among its several patios, temporal and permanent exhibitions show the unexpected beauty and complexity of the postage stamp, from 1840, when it was invented, to our days.

To the West, the area around the Soledad Church, though less chic and more popular than the first corridor, houses several masterpieces of the city, especially the church itself, with a unique façade that surrounds the visitor as an oriental folding screen. The "neverías" (ice cream stands) in the plaza, under the shadow of laurels, are a unique opportunity to taste exotic flavors such as rose petal, black zapote and guanábana.

Half way between La Soledad and the central plaza, the beautiful church of San Felipe Neri emerges in a corner. Its beautifully carved façade, as many others in the city, may not catch your attention especially, but please enter through its heavy wooden door to encounter one of the city's best preserved baroque altar pieces, gleaming wood and gold leaf carvings everywhere, combined with one of the very few art nouveau 19th century mural decorations in the country.

"One of the recent additions to the city's prides is the Ethnobotanic Garden at the back of Santo Domingo, in what used to be the friar's orchards and gardens".

The route to the South of the Central Plaza starts with La Compañía Church, built by the Jesuits in an elegant and severe style, with a façade that "advances" towards the observer (contrary to that of La Soledad), flanked by two octagonal turrets that give it a military appearance. Close to it, well known 20 de Noviembre Market, is a gastronomical experience, where you can either sit to eat a complete Oaxacan meal, or buy its ingredients separately. The market's delicacies start with hand-made chocolate, to be taken in the mornings or afternoons, diluted in water in the traditional way, or in milk, accompanied by a piece of egg-yolk bread. Also try salted cheese, "tasajo" dried beef, and toasted "chapulines" (grasshoppers, try the smallest, which are tastier and softer). Don't forget to try traditional "mezcal" a distilled drink made from roasted and fermented agave cores; beware, as the experience is hard for the non-drinkers: mezcal boasts 50 to 70 GL degrees.



The neighborhood surrounding the market is perhaps the least restored and touristic of the city's center, but is also the most vibrant, with lots of commerce and transport, much visited by Oaxacans. From here, you can catch a van or bus to most towns around the city. For farther trips to the interior of the State, you should attend the Second Class Bus Central (Central Camionera de Segunda) to the southeast of the Center, next to the Atoyac River and the huge Central de Abastos Market, an interesting experience, yet only recommended for self-confident travelers, as it is chaotic and petty thefts are not uncommon. If not planning to enter the Central, you may prefer to visit unknown corners of this southern part of the City, such as San Francisco and La Defensa churches, with its small plazas and cloisters.

"The Museum houses a large collection of traditional textiles, especially from Oaxaca, but from all over Mexico and with a selection of international pieces".

To the East of the Center, the visit may start with another icon of the City, Macedonio Alcalá Theater, product of the architectural and building boom during the Porfiriato, the three decades governed by Gral. Porfirio Díaz Mori, another Oaxacan illustrious son, in late 19th and early 20th centuries. Designed in an eclectic style, over a heavy green stone basement (typical of Oaxacan architecture) and crowned in a French style metal cupola, the Theater offers a renovated cultural program all year round, now centered in movie.

In the same block, just behind the Macedonio, another recent surprise even to the expert Oaxacan traveler, is the cultural complex of the Textile Museum of Oaxaca (MTO), housed in an 18th Century baroque mansion, restored and in beautiful harmony with contemporary additions. The Museum houses a large collection of traditional textiles, especially from Oaxaca, but from all over Mexico and with a selection of international pieces. Apart from public exhibitions, the Museum holds a large specialized library and promotes investigation and preservation of ancient textile techniques. Behind the Museum, the long forgotten San Pablo Monastery, one of the oldest in the State, has been carefully restored by the team of Arch. Mauricio Rocha, to be linked with the MTO and house the Native Languages Study Center, to be opened soon.

"The neighborhood surrounding the market is perhaps the least restored and touristic of the city's center, but is also the most vibrant".



Though I have just written about some of the attractions of the city's center, leaving for another issue, a trip to the outskirts of Oaxaca, including the magnificent prehispanic cities of Monte Albán and Mitla, and towns dedicated to the production of diverse crafts, I just want to finish this note with my favorite addition to Oaxaca's cultural boom. Located just 15 minutes away from the center, in the now suburban town of San Agustín Etla, CASA, Center of the Arts at San Agustín, opened in 2006 in what used to be a cloth factory, housed in a huge building complex from late 19th century.

Under the direction of artist Francisco Toledo, and with an architectural project by Claudina Lopez Morales, the majestic ruins were filled with terraces, ponds, plazas, and sculptural stairs, connecting galleries and workshops where artisans and artists collaborate in disciplines such as paper fabrication, stamping, dyeing and photography. A huge gallery houses itinerant exhibitions, and admission, good God, is free.

In these times of unrest, even of turmoil, in certain areas of Mexico and many regions of the world, I like to think of Oaxaca. As complex as no other state in Mexico, Oaxaca has learned to be proud of its traditions, but staying focused on the future. Innovation is walking hand in hand with Indian languages, adobe is accompanied by steel and glass in a unique architectural blend, and ancestral wood industry is protecting virginal forests on mountains around the city. What have Oaxacans learned that we, in the rest of Mexico, have not? Let's travel to Oaxaca, and try to figure it out. -RR

www.museotextildeoaxaca.org.mx/ Museo Textil de Oaxaca

www.mufo.org.mx/ Museo de Filatelia de Oaxaca

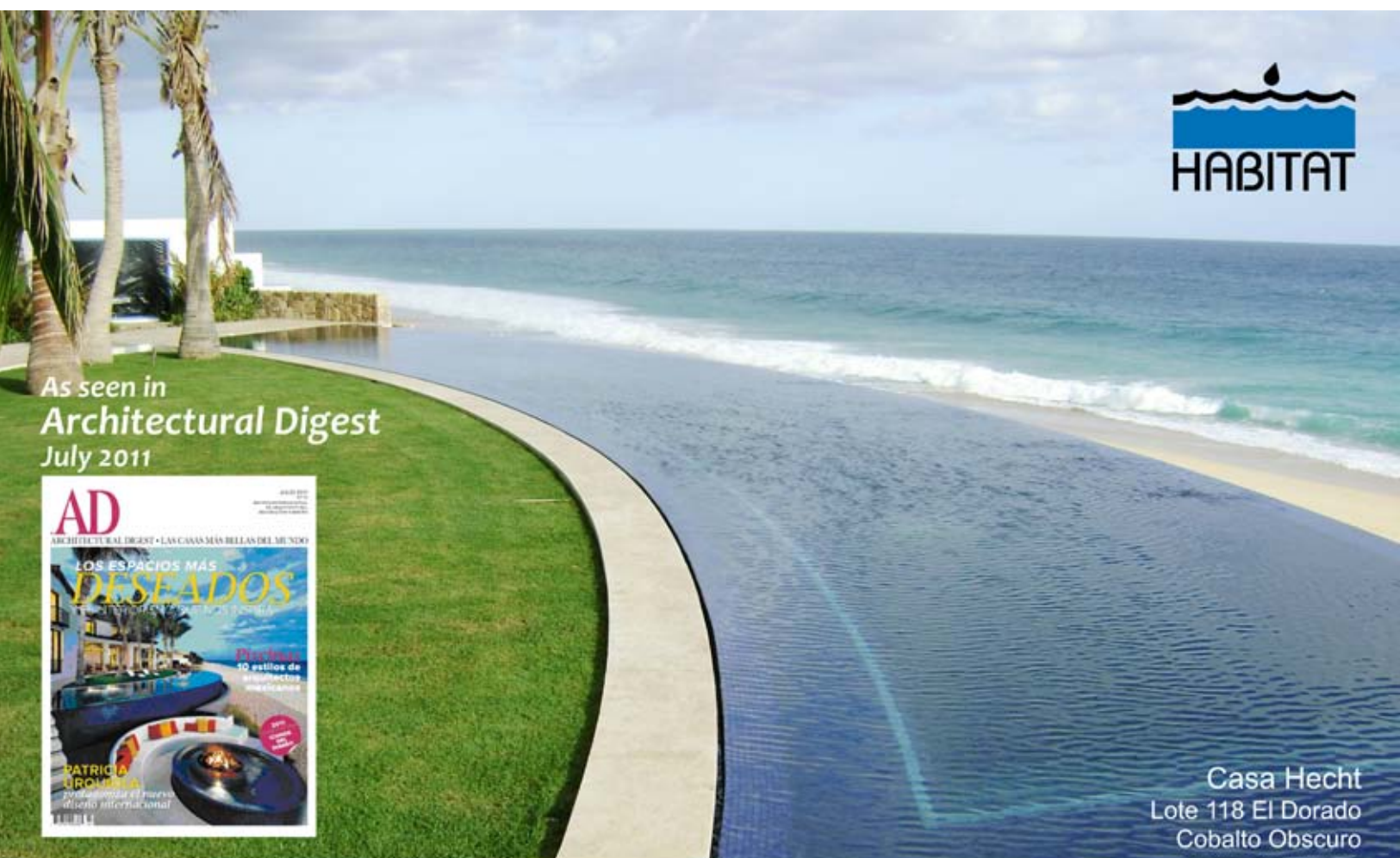
www.jardinoaxaca.org.mx Jardín Etnobotánico de Oaxaca

casanagustin.org.mx/ Centro de las Artes de San Agustín

teatromacedonioalcala.org/ Teatro Macedonio Alcalá

www.museomaco.com/ Museo de Arte Contemporáneo Oaxaca

www.rufinotamayo.galeon.com/ Museo de Arte Prehispánico Rufino Tamayo



As seen in
Architectural Digest
July 2011

Casa Hecht
Lote 118 El Dorado
Cobalto Oscuro

Pool design & construction.
Solar systems for pool heating.
Hidroneumatic systems.
Pool maintenance & repair.



Rodolfo Gaitan
Cell phone: 624 178 9459
Office: 143 4554
rgt380@yahoo.com.mx

Enjoy a Cerveza and Fish Tacos
on the Last Frontier of the Californias...



SEAFOOD LIVE MUSIC

SPORTS TV

WI-FI
INTERNET
CAFE

PASTAS AND MEXICAN CUISINE

LIVE BANDS ALL SATURDAYS

Crossroads
COUNTRY CLUB
VINORAMA, CABO
Open 7 days a week
Breakfast, lunch and Dinner
crossroadscountryclub@yahoo.com

crossroadsbcs



Jane
Lillico

Art. Freelance writer
Interior designer



One of a kind pieces
to inject joy,
whimsy,
and color
into your environment.

www.janelillico.com
info@janelillico.com

BAJA BASH
A CHARITY EVENT TO BENEFIT
BAJA'S COAST AND OCEAN

BUY TICKETS
www.wildcoast.net

SAVE THE DATE

SAT JUNE 2 2012

6:00 PM - 10:00 PM

**PORT PAVILION AT THE
BROADWAY PIER
SAN DIEGO**

TICKETS \$75

For event information or
questions:
bajabash@wildcoast.net

For sponsorship or
branding opportunities:
Lenise Andrade,
Development Director
lenise@wildcoast.net
619-423-8665 ext. 201

**WILD COAST
COSTA SALVAJE**

**SUNSET
COCKTAIL
HOUR**

**SILENT &
LIVE
AUCTION**

**sustainable
seafood**

**MUSIC AND
ENTERTAINMENT**

star 94.1

101 KGB
WORLD CLASS ROCK

BAJA

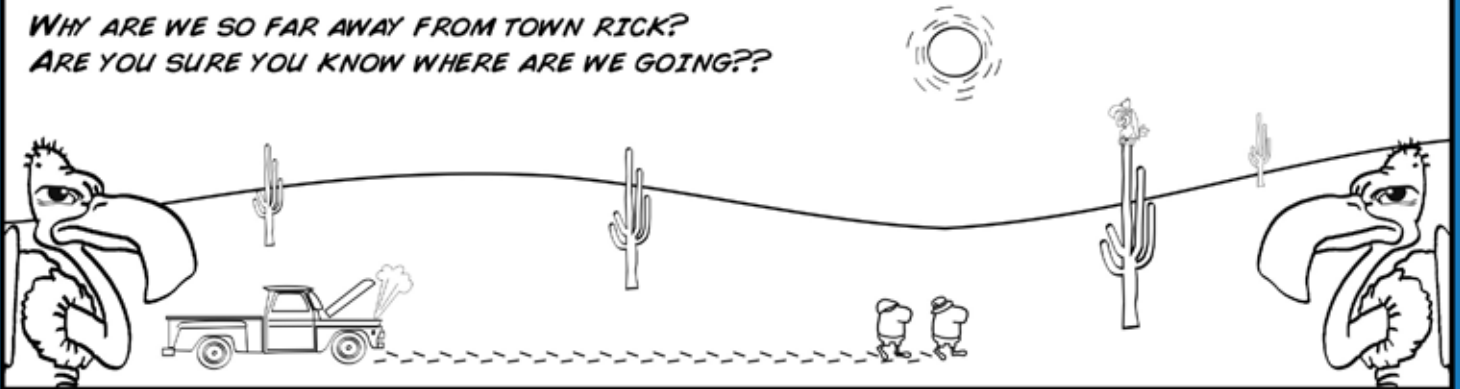
RICK & ROD

GOLFISHING ADVENTURES!!

TURNING PARADISE INTO A BATTLEFIELD...

by Rolojero

WHY ARE WE SO FAR AWAY FROM TOWN RICK?
ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHERE ARE WE GOING??



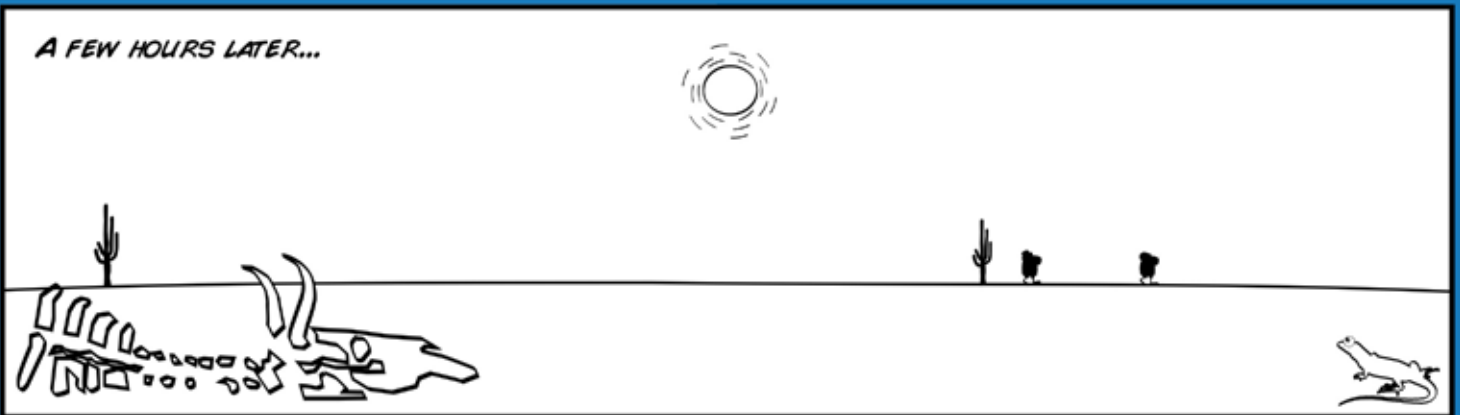
WE JUST DROVE FOR TWO HOURS INTO THE
DESERT, AND NOW WE ARE WALKING...
I'M SO THIRSTY...



C'MON MAN!! DON'T BE A WHINER!!
(CAREFUL WITH THE SNAKE BEHIND THE CACTUS)
WE'RE ALMOST THERE



A FEW HOURS LATER...



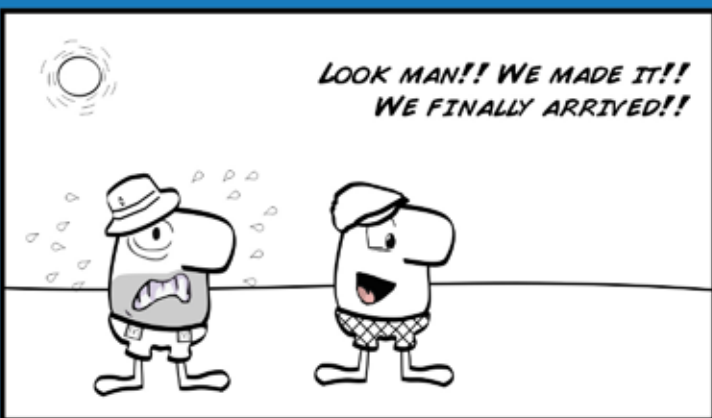
I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!!



WALKING!! SAND!! THIRSTY!!
WATER!! HUNGRY!! SNAKES!!
WALKING!! DESERT!!
HUNGRY!! THIRSTY!!
SAND!! EXHAUSTED!!
DESERT!! TIRED!!
SUNBURN!! EXHAUST!!



LOOK MAN!! WE MADE IT!!
WE FINALLY ARRIVED!!



IT'S A LITTLE FAR AWAY
BUT THAT'S THE ONLY ATM MACHINE
THAT DOESN'T CHARGE ME COMMISSION
FOR CHECKING MY BALANCE!!





Cubo.Atelier. **Architectural Design**

- Puerto Los Cabos
- La Querencia
- Cabo del Sol
- Santa Carmela
- Cabo Colorado
- Club Campestre
- El Pedregal
- El Dorado

Tel. 130 7277
Cel. 624 3553 818
contact@cuboaatelier.com
www.cuboaatelier.com



THE NUMBER ONE MAGAZINE IN CABO

Sand's End

1st
ANNIVERSARY

