The Wharf Road Times

The Bolinas Hearsay News  Wednesday, March 3, 2021  Front Page

MARCH 3

The Tent

Outside, the freezing desert night.
This other night inside grows warm, kindling.
Let the landscape be covered with thorny crust.
We have a soft garden in here.
The continents blasted,
cities and little towns, everything
become a scorched, blackened ball.

The news we hear is full of grief for that future,
but the real news inside here
is there's no news at all.

- Today, from the Rumi Book of Days at
the Shrine downtown

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI ON HORSEBACK

"In the early days (1950s-60s-70s) in Bolinas my
kids used to rent horses from the Tacherra ranch
and ride on the mesa – and the mesa was much
more open then, with many less houses...."

- LF, in postcard to SH(eilig), c.2007
Harriet's Gun, Shapeshifting Towards a Radically Imagined Black Future
Friday, March 5 • 5:00 pm • Program
A Saturday, March 13 • 5:00 pm • Program B

Dance Mission Theater presents Harriet's Gun, Shapeshifting Towards a Radically Imagined Black Future as part of its D.I.R.T. Festival 2021: Dance In Revolt(ing) Times. This virtual event is a ritual of Black joy, possibility, and healing. As we reckon with the 30 years between Rodney King and Breonna Taylor, Black artists tell their stories, uplift creative medicine, and conjure hope. Both programs feature a spectrum of world class artists from around the country, including SF's own Zaccho Dance Theater and Oakland's Destiny Arts and Afro Urban Society. Tickets are $10, sliding scale. dancemissiontheater.org

lisatownsend
she/her
dancemissiontheater.org

Movie night.

Portrait of a Lady on Fire, by Celine Sciamma. It is 1770 in pre-revolutionary France. We row with a painter to a remote and rugged island off the coast of Brittany, where a young woman has come home form a convent, as her mother has commissioned a portrait of her to be sent to a suitor in Milan. A movie about painting, looking and untroubled love. No modernity, no violence, no irritating music score, no men (to speak of). A beautifully acted two hour visual delight. Highly recommended.

Ed Suij

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TODAY’S HEARSAY
Brought your way by Steve Heilig, StuArt Chapman, and Chula the pup.

COVER PAINTING:
“Nothing Place Away from Everything”
By Dan Reber, c.1973, for a high school class.
https://www.huffpost.com/author/steve-heilig
DESTRUCTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL THIRTEEN CURVES

Are some of you out there as upset as I am at the prospective clear-cutting of Thirteen Curves? When Cal Trans started cutting down those majestic grandmother/grandfather eucalyptus near Hagmeyer's ponds it made me very sad, but I thought it was too late to stop it and I thought they'd just cut those few trees. Now they're moving relentlessly south, starting down 13 curves, and judging by the metal tags they've put on the trees it looks like they intend to cut most of the big trees all the way down Thirteen Curves. We who love that beautiful drive should have something to say about this, and maybe it's not to late to stop it. There are probably good arguments for what they're doing--fire safety and driver safety--but the preservation of great natural beauty is also an important argument, and should not be relegated to a minor consideration.

Earlier in life I several times sat-in and was arrested for good causes. Now I am 83 and have some health considerations to restrain me, but I'll bet there are some of you out there who have the passion and the energy to organize resistance to this slaughter of a beloved landscape. It took me a week of calling, but I finally was able to talk to a live person at Cal Trans who might have some influence on this project--Sheryl Sablan in the department of "Environmental Maintenance". She knew nothing about the project, but promised to look into it and get back to me. My letter to her is reproduced below. Her office phone number is 510/715-8979, and her email address is: sheryl.m.garcia@dot.ca.gov. Please, if you feel as I do, give her a call, or email her. And, is anyone out there maybe into a little civil disobedience? --Dale Polissar

Eucalyptus Cutting on Highway #1

Sheryl:

I talked to you on the phone this morning about the fact that many of us here in West Marin are very upset about the massive cutting of eucalyptus trees that Cal Trans is doing along Highway #1 about 5 miles north of Bolinas. The crew is moving south and approaching a very well beloved corridor of eucalyptus along the highway that we all know as "Thirteen Curves". It is a historic stretch of highway, a beautiful corridor of trees that many of us have enjoyed driving through our whole lifetime.

I know that fire danger is a serious concern, but there are thousands of other trees all around there and cutting this beloved stand of trees is not going to make much difference in terms of fire danger. The fact that they are an "invasive species" makes no difference to us--they are beautiful, and we have loved the drive through that magnificent arboreal passageway.

Would you please let me know why this huge cutting project is happening, and how much further south on the highway they are planning to go? And, please tell me how it can be stopped! Surely it is not necessary to wipe out a historic landmark that we all love! I could be wrong, but I think there are a lot of folks who would be willing to do civil disobedience and block the highway to stop this excessive and unnecessary cutting.

Dale Polissar
Beach on Fire

It is Thursday February 25th and a minus afternoon tide at Stinson. I have rarely seen such an expanse of flat sand. The ocean seems far away. The extreme low tide, two days before the Snow Full Moon, provides a boon to hundreds of waterfowl, who find a way bigger table set for dinner and lucky for them it is still daylight. A few dogs are roaming to chase them off their feeding. Willets, whimbrels, curlews and many others scurry around on sand that is not often exposed.

A few minutes into my gentle jog towards the channel I hear a loud siren. Oh, no. Could it be a tsunami warning? After a brief moment of panic I glance around to see if anybody on the beach is heading for higher ground. But no, everybody else seems to be doing their normal beach thing. The only person marching quickly with a purpose is an Asian looking fisherman with a bamboo hat and waders, making a beeline to the toilet building. Then I realize it is 5 pm and on the dot and the Stinson Fire department is doing the daily equipment test.

The ocean is calm, the weather balmy, we are about an hour away from sunset. Normally at low tide numerous channels cross the sand. Not today. The beach is flat and endless. The water feels warm as I slosh through a couple of inches of water towards the channel, still lazy on the horizon. The sun is bright in the water, almost blinding and feels warm on a slow descent towards Duxbury Point. I run with my eyes closed for a while, but notice it is hard to keep a straight line. People and dogs have thinned out to a trickle as I come to two fishing rods and a white bucket, way far out towards the water. Nobody in sight anywhere. The bucket is already in a couple inches of water, and the reels on the rods are about to disappear under water, as the slack tide is making its first inland moves. Then it dawns on me that these must belong to the fisherman that I passed way back when the siren went off. I decide to wait a minute, but the next gentle, but slightly higher wave knocks over the white bucket and his catch, two big crabs, escape before I can grab them. I rescue some bait and other stuff that's in the bucket and move it to higher ground about 100 yards up the beach and move the rods next to it. Still nobody in sight and as I always have wanted to reel in some of those rods, I do. And see, surprise surprise. Each rods brings in a lively crab, which I with some difficulty deposit in the white bucket. I rebait the rods, throw the lead in the surf, put them in their holders and continue.

No more obstacles, no more dogs harassing birds, the sand in front of me blazingly bright. I am overtaken by a couple electric bikes with big fat tires and some overweight people on them. A new fad? Beach e-biking? It is about a half hour before sunset and my mind wanders to all the homeless people in Sausalito, who are about to set up their tent for the night. Imagining having to break up and set up your house every day. The real normality. To gaze away from the sun and ponder. Have I been counting empty mo-mansions on Seadrift. Houses with towers down and empty chairs facing an incredible panorama, count as empty. Wow, I count 120 not so low income empty housing. Each one could house at least 4 people, perhaps more. That is housing for about 500 homeless people right there. But then again the next (overdue) tsunami would take out most of them for sure, so maybe not such a good idea.

After my turnaround at the channel I have the sun in my back. I see the big almost full moon slowly climb over the Bolinas ridge, high above Stinson. The sun is now dipping close towards the water, or rather the earth is slowly rotating away from the stationary sun. (If I had said that in 1615, the Inquisition could have burned me on the stake for heresy)! Actually a very good example of how our senses can deceive us. "I see the sun move, so it must be true"!

The ridge is now glowing with a rich warm rosy hue and some joggers coming towards me look like they stayed in the tanning salon way too long. The shorebirds look tropical now in their colorfully illuminated plumage. I turn around when people coming towards me pull out their phones. With amazing speed the blazing golden orb is flattening to a water thin hot yellow disk that gets snuffed out in the water.

I immediately have to think of the amazing discovery on October 19, 2017 of an interstellar object, later named Oumuaumua. It defied all astronomical laws of physics, speed, gravity, projections of meteorite trajectories etc. Scientists concluded that this object, 1 mm thick and about 20 meters long, could only move as fast as it did and where it was it if were a lightsail, an artificial object powered by interstellar light. Apparently it is a scout for outer space civilizations looking for other intelligent life in the universe. Well it gave us a planet wide birth. Their conclusion must have been that there is no intelligent life is this part of the solar system. I think I agree.

Sun's gone. As if somebody turned the light off. Temperature drops several degrees, the moon picks up a lot of brightness.

The show is not over though. The last 20 minutes to the parking lot is a mind blowing light show as the afterglow projects metallic rainbows on the sheen of water left by receding waves. Very much like the amazing colors on the EMP Gehry building in Seattle (I still call it the Jimmy Hendrix Museum). Dazzling in the extreme, like molten fiery liquid metals in all colors running with the water. As if the beach was on fire.

Still wondering whether that fisherman ever noticed those were two different crabs in his bucket.

Ed Suij

The NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 2020

Where in the World Is Streep?

Last Sunday, our critics Manohla Dargis and A. O. Scott selected their favorite 25 film performers of the past 20 years.

WED-MAR 3

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

THU-MAR 4

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

You didn't include Frances McDormand in your list? She should be No 1. She has done some of her best work in the 21st century, and the best is yet to come!

ALTHEA METTEN, POINT ARENA, CA
SUNRISE, BOLINAS

This little heart that remembers
every little thing
begins the day
most of the time
by an attempt at singing
some sunny rhyme

Such effrontery, such audacity
in the face of everything!
Still I'll sing at the sun
for a beginning—

Such presumption, such perversity
to mistake bird-cries for song
when they may really be
cries of despair!

As if our life
as if all life
were not a tragedy
though all is passing fair

As if our life
were not so very various
as to turn it all to litany—

O drunk flute
O Golden Mouth
singing a mad song
to save us

(1977)

Applications Now Available for 2021 Pirkle Jones Fund Visual Artist Support Program Grant

Feb 16, 2021

The Pirkle Jones Fund of Marin Community Foundation (formerly the Pirkle Jones Foundation) will bestow its eleventh individual $25,000 grant to an emerging or mid-career visual artist residing in Marin County. The PDF application form can be downloaded at the base of the page.

This grant is offered to support a promising artist and may be used for any purpose, including living expenses. Last year, Naomi Alessandro, a resident of Fairfax, was the tenth recipient of a grant from its Visual Artist Support Program. The grant helped support the artist and illustrator engage in provocative allegorical storytelling.

Application Deadline: April 9, 2021 – all applications must be submitted on or before this date for consideration.

The award will be announced by June 18, 2021 and awarded by July 23, 2021.

This grant is administered by the Marin Community Foundation. Please contact Lani Alo at MCF with questions at lalo@marincf.org or 415-464-2531 (email preferred).

Download the 2021 VASP application form here.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

"The Yodeler article (Winter 2020) on the US Fish and Wildlife Service’s plan to restore the Farallones by removing invasive mice contained a number of misrepresentations. Briefly, owls do not eat seabird eggs. AB 1788, recently passed by the State Assembly, does not preclude the use of rodenticides on the Farallones but, in fact, allows the use of a specifically formulated product for conservation purposes on islands.

"The article suggests a contraceptive method could eradicate the invasive mice. In fact, a contraceptive approach is unavailable, unproven, and infeasible. Contraception is a method of control, not eradication; the latter is required on the Farallones. Infertility is temporary and would be reversed over time. The disturbance that would occur from the frequent visits to service the many thousands of bait stations that would be necessary is unacceptable in a bird rookery. Contraception has not been used on islands, even with rat infestations, because it does not work.

"If there were a feasible non-lethal means of removing the introduced mice, surely the many highly trained scientists who have worked on this project for decades and have dedicated their lives to the restoration of the Farallones would have embraced it."

- Roger D. Harris, Certified Wildlife Biologist and Sierra Club member since 1966
I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And ain’t I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear the lash as well! And ain’t I a woman? - Sojourner Truth (Truth’s speech from the 1851 Women’s Convention in Akron, Ohio)

Intersectionality
Intersectionality is a metaphor for understanding the multiple ways inequality or disadvantage sometimes compound themselves and create obstacles that often are not understood within conventional ways of thinking about antiracism, feminism or whatever social justice advocacy structures we have.

- Kimberlé Crenshaw (Co-founder of the African American Policy Forum, American Civil Rights Advocate, and Professor, UCLA School of Law and Columbia Law School)

As we transition from Black History Month (February) and into Women’s History Month (March), we turn the spotlight on intersectionality. Last month we elevated and shared the works of Black artists, writers, poets, and important historical figures and organizations. Most resources we shared were principally about racism and antiracism (themes predominantly explored in Dr. Ibram X. Kendi’s How to Be an Antiracist). In his book Dr. Kendi also discusses other forms of inequity and injustice, like sexism, classism, homophobia, and transphobia. He builds on Black feminist scholar Kimberlé Crenshaw’s concept of intersectionality, which refers to how people who live at the “intersections” of these inequities experience them. He explains that these forms of inequity do not merely layer on top of one another - rather, they intersect to produce specific experiences that are not merely equivalent to the sum of their parts.

Example: a Black woman doesn’t experience racism in the same way as a Black man or sexism in the same way as a white woman. Rather, racism and sexism work together in the everyday abuse and social inequities that Black women experience. Therefore, conventional antiracist and feminist movements often exclude Black women (and other people who suffer multiple forms of inequity).

Just as Dr. Kendi layers on these other forms of injustices in his book, so, too, will we add this layer to our community antiracist learning this month. Join us as we uplift and unpack the Theory of Intersectionality, first developed by Kimberlé Crenshaw in 1989.

Questions to explore:
- Can you think of any examples of those who suffer multiple forms of inequity?
- What do you think Sojourner Truth was trying to convey in her ‘Ain’t I a Woman’ speech (see quote above)? And how does this tie in to intersectionality?

From the Bolinas Antiracist Column group
- Submitted by Heather Clapp

Dear Friends and Neighbors,

We are excited to announce that we are beginning work at our Overlook property and are preparing to break ground this month! You will see temporary fencing going up over the next couple of weeks as requested by the County.

This has been a long-awaited project where we plan to offer homeownership for two homes. For pictures and more information, please visit our website.

We will be sure to give more updates throughout the process.

- BCLT Staff
Cypress and the Eukes

by StuArt

This happened during a previous time of Eucalyptus controversy in Bolinas. Cypress told us that she was going off to commune with the Eukes and “get to the bottom of it.”

Cypress was gone for a few days. When she reappeared in town I asked her what she had learned from the Eukes. Here’s what she said: (paraphrased to some degree)

“They told me they feel out of place here. Being Australian they’re accustomed to a hot, dry climate. Cool, wet California drives them crazy. They can’t help themselves. It’s in their DNA to grow big and fast. Here it’s too big and too fast. They need help.”

Cypress was a tree-hugger and it was startling to hear what she said next.


We can learn to live together with proper boundaries.”

The song “Our Shady Selves” was written back in 2000 during a Eucalyptus controversy in an attempt to address the connection between the Eucalyptus as an invasive species and the Human species as an invasive species.

“Crowd out the natives, cover it all, fill all the spaces with monoculture sprawl!” could easily refer to suburbia.

“Redirected with love over time” is one way of compassionately working with both invasive species.

-StuArt
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LA 2/15

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MM 3/3

OLD BOLINASITE, WOMAN, ARTIST-WRITER WITH WELL BEHAVED DOG, SEEKS DWELLING w/seeded yard to rent for two weeks late August to early September. Flexible. Mara Thygeson, 541-513-7799, mishova@aol.com

MT 3/22

SEEKING: GROUND FLOOR GARAGE OR SMALL WAREHOUSE LIKE SPACE to work on speaker and sound system design projects. Anyone in Bo excited by tube amps and old Altec gear? Would love some audio community in addition to workspace.
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TB 1/30

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RS 3/15

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BW 2/13

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X

LOST & FOUND

LOST: RING in the restroom of the Bolinas Community Center. Call to describe 415-450-8362

1/31

LOST MAIL KEY SUNDAY, 1/31.
My mail key fell out of my pocket somewhere between Buzz’s shop and the groin. It’s on a NMDLN keychain (little white van). If found, please return to post office or call x9632. Thank you.

X 2/3

PERSONALS

overgrown flower-girl
found herself an earth riddle
she puzzles for hours

RCX