

Resist! Repeal! Refund! Recall!
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Another speaker added,

"I came here to live in this beautiful country. I saw big corporations cutting every tree they could find and nobody gave a damn. They didn't fine them anything. The fishing is the same thing. Every river in this state is dead because the fish are all gone, logging, grading was never fined for, now it's the marijuana people being fined. Arbitrary is a hell of a good word."

The fact that a Deputy Sheriff was present at the panel, and asked literally one question by Supervisor Fennel, reveals exactly what we are dealing with today in SoHum. Farmers are in totally unjust code enforcement territory, which is far from the norm of criminal accusations, but instead a flash back to the 80s and 90s comparable code enforcement attacks against homesteads.

Charles from NorHum explained that he too tried to get a permit but was overwhelmed by the process. He took us on a walk down memory lane, "I've been to a lot of meetings like this. ... Supervisors had one in the 80s on code enforcement. I looked to my neighbors with grim faces. They were hefting rotten fruit. Sups had to flee behind sheriffs. You guys aren't very popular. I'm being abated. You being abated? Yeah, we're all being abated. I just built my own house. I didn't even have marijuana."

It's not too late to change our course. Realizing solutions starts with resistance. In honor of the tens of thousands of slaughtered sacred cannabis plants, empty garden beds, and trashed plastic greenhouse materials in the dumps across Humboldt County this year, bring your solution and action-oriented ideas, and let's get organized around Encimer's 4 R's, **Sunday, September 16th 2pm, at the Redwood Playhouse.**

Chris Hedges brilliantly reminds us of the imperative moment we face today and encourages us to overcome the all-too-common politician's response of placing blame on the citizen for systemic ineffectiveness, in a recent speech in Oregon featured on **Alternative Radio**, "This dark epoch of ceaseless capitalism and imperialist expansion is over. It is dooming the exploiters and well as the exploited... [Leaders claim] It is only a question of having the right attitude and technique. When capitalism thrives, we are assured we thrive. The merging of the self with a capitalist collective has robbed us of our agency, creativity, capacity for self-reflection and moral autonomy. We define our worth, not by our independence or our character, but by the material standards set by capitalism; wealth, brands, status, career advancement. We have been molded into a compliant and repressed collective... When magical thinking doesn't work we are told, and often accept that WE are the problem, we must have more faith, we must envision what we want, we must try harder, the system is never to blame, we failed it, it does not fail us, and all our systems of information ...sell us this snake oil."

-SHAKTI
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Let's Talk in **GARBERVILLE** on Sunday:
September 16th 2pm, at the Redwood Playhouse.



**Kathy's Garden:
TOADS AND FAIRIES**

I was investigating the source of the evanescent, smoky, poignantly sweet fragrance drifting through the edge of the gardens—not roses, though the climbing white is blooming high in the *greengage plum*; not, as my daughter supposed, the masses of golden centered *thimble berry* flowers—their scent is tart & sweet at once, like the taste of the fragile berries. The source of the perfume turned out to be a small patch of *bluebells*—the ones I buy as *Spanish bluebells*, *scilla hispanica*. They are also offered as *wood hyacinths* or *English bluebells*, *s. nonscripta* & *s. campanulata*. To my nostalgic senses they bring the memory of late spring in English woodlands where bluebells stretch on forever. Now, the *English bluebells* are known for their pervasive fragrance, but this the first time I've noticed it in my garden. Curious, I wandered around sniffing my various bluebell clumps, planted in different years from bulbs from varied sources. Only the luminous cameo pink ones I planted last fall have the haunting fragrance. Mysterious. Also a little aggravating. Being a greedy gardener I want more of these scented beauties. Being an unreasonable gardener I wish they were blue. I mean, "here are my lovely pink bluebells...?"

Actually I think Dutch Gardens, from whence my fragrant batch came, did sell them to me as *wood hyacinths*, and as mixed *wood hyacinths* I will order & plant more. *Wood hyacinths* can be any color they please.

On my bluebell mission I noticed that my creeping *toadflax* needed some water. As I splashed it, braving the mosquitoes, I pondered the name. Sure, a rose by any other name may well smell as sweet (or perhaps like my bluebells it won't), but would scores of rose gardeners have so passionate a connection to the plants were they call, say, toadworts. "Come into my toadwort garden, my dear." "My love is like the red, red toadwort..."

There sits my innocent little *toadflax*, a gift from a friend. It is a lovely plant; I used to know it as *creeping linaria*. Gardeners who spoke Latin called it *linaria cymbalaria* till perhaps 10 or 15 years ago when the secret botanical society who specialized in changing names as soon as most of the population can pronounce them, dubbed it *cymbalaria muralis*. You may find it call *Kenilworth Ivy* as well. It is a very pleasant small creeping perennial that has delicate rounded leaves & tiny lilac blue flowers like baby *snapdragon*, or like its former sisters, the annual *linarias*. It loves to grow in cool moist corners where it will spread as far as you want it to; I grow it spilling over the edges of a big terracotta pot. My gardening neighbor in England called it *Jenny-over-the-ground*, with a bit of a leer & a twinkle.

Names are odd. If you garden & love words as well you will probably find yourself wondering about them. I mean, *toadflax*? Do we suppose a bunch of toads out to spin little shirts? And what of *foxgloves*? Puzzled by the concept of any self-respecting foxes wishing to rush around in magenta mittens, I once searched through some old dictionaries. One yielded the opinion that the name came from *folk's gleeve*, which, it assured me, had something to do with bells played by the wee folk, or fairies. Perhaps. Might as well have fairies in your garden as toads, though I think toads eat mosquitoes & fairies don't. Toad lovers may also grow toad lilies, *tricyrtis hirta*, a relative newcomer to nurseries in the U. S. Photos of this delicate orchid-like plant from Japan are enticing; when I've seen it in person I've been less impressed. Perhaps it is one of those plants that looks well after it is in its 30 year established clump, which is, naturally, what the catalog photographer photographs. At any rate, the small speckled flowers are nice for any self-respecting toad. And like toads, it favors shady woodlands. You ask what fairies favor? Still under investigation.

~ Kathy Epling

Because You are Dead

They told me you can walk on water on the path of white flowers balanced on the surge, now in the full moon. They say you will gather because you are dead & know the way now, where ashes do not matter. Before you died the room was full of flowers. After you died the flowers were still there leaning this way & that, some touching some not. Before you were dead the sun blinded us, & went down. Now you are dead noon & midnight hold their regular dance Do you really know the way home & the undersides of everything? The old cat sits at your bed & purrs. Your son sees strange shapes, rainbows & people going far away, their backs to us in the petaled ocean, each step further, no rush

-Kathy Epling

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