# **Muni Art Featured Artist: Skooter Fein**

# **Hiding in Plain Sight**

A visual interpretation of San Francisco through the medium of collage, using mostly vintage images from the pasts imagination of itself to create contemporary impressions and remind us that much of San Francisco's sights, sounds, and history are hiding in plain sight.

Artist Thanks: More than most thanks to My wife Betsy (always) and son Sovann, and to my friends Mike, Big Mike, and Erica who were even more excited than me about this project.

















# THE ANTIDOTE TO FASCISM IS POETRY

dear hidden gems riding on the bus

your green glow has something to say

to the artificial mind alive in those buildings

where time's spiders were invented to eat

the continual terrible boredom we emanate

looking down at our phones instead of a tree

under that cloud that looks like a door

**Matthew Zapruder** 

Matthew Zapruder, "The Antidote to Fascism is Poetry." Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved. Muni Art 2020, San Francisco Beautiful, sfbeautiful.org





out by t been concentrated it comes with a s

# **TRAIN THROUGH COLMA**

But will anyone teach the new intelligence to miss the apricot trees

that bloomed each spring along these tracks? Or the way afternoons

blazed with creosote & ponderosa? Spring evenings flare

with orange pixels in the bay-scented valley where in the algorithm

will they account for the rippling ponies that roamed outside Fremont?

When the robots have souls, will they feel longing? When they feel longing,

will they write poems?

#### **Tess Taylor**

Tess Taylor, "Train through Colma." Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved. Muni Art 2020, San Francisco Beautiful, sfbeautiful.org



### Listening to the Caryatids on the Palace of Fine Arts

The curve of roof echoes the roll of golden coast hills solidified in travertine marble. In front, the reflecting pool's eye,

where the dome, the city's past, floats is split by swans. Once a city built from redwood plank and gold dust, until earth shook it down

to mud and ash. In 1915, twelve plaster palaces bloomed from the ruined Marina. For nine months, San Francisco grew fat again with visitors and fame.

The exhibition ends. Palaces razed. Only this mute Roman structure remains crowned in weeping stone maidens who,

whisper back to us in sea wind, bird song.

Iris Jamahl Dunkle

Iris Jamahl Dunkle, "Listening to the Caryatids on the Palace of Fine Arts." Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved. Muni Art 2020, San Francisco Beautiful, sfbeautiful.org



### **Baker Beach**

Close your eyes on that startled vision: fishing line strung taut by the waves' tall pressure: cold sugar of a fish's mouth clamping the bait's steel surprise. Hold fast against the tide, its spray finer than pleasure against your sunruddy face. Understand there's nowhere to go. I mean you have nowhere you must go. What we trust is the sound of the sea, its chill shock, our faith in its change. Rolling together and under and up and apart and on to the next body. This is the pacific.

#### **Melissa Stein**



Like planets, viruses vary in size, Here you see "electron snapshots" of (1) smallpox, (2) chickenpox, (3) fever blister, (4) influenza, (5) bacteriophage.

EK LOK



### The Long View

Two lovers sit atop Dolores Park: they stop their argument to see a church, a bridge, a sea.

They play a little game: each man proceeds to name his list of lovers, dead. There's no one left unsaid.

Anxious pigeons wait for crumbs to fall. It's late. The weather starts to shift: all fog, all love, will lift.

#### **Randall Mann**

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