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Funky Bosa and Sailor Time
September 13, 2012

The wind woke me. Blowing hard, then occasional gusts rattled signs and shutters on the street below. Drawing back the drapes I was shocked to see the size of the waves within the breakwater, and beyond in open sea the white wave tops could be seen from my window over a kilometer away. Waves were crowning with foam spraying from whitecaps out there!

Sailing was planned today. After many trips to the Med, “time” for dinghy sailing was at hand, arrangements had been established with a local owner of a two-man dinghy. The wind-surfer guys that run the rental shop had made the phone call to the only dinghy on the beach, not for rent. They were more than pleased to help out the sailor from San Francisco.



Bosa is a special town. I arrived in Bosa by “autobus”, following initial travel over the charming narrow gauge rail. My transport had not yet reached city center, where I usually stay, when I spied a hotel directly across from the beach. Exiting immediately, I walked across the street to the hotel entrance and requested room, which they

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provided. My room looked over the sea. I beached that afternoon and talked with the local windsurfers.

Exploring Bosa the next day revealed the intact charm and funkiness to this “wanna be” tourist town. It must be the absence of rail service, or the steep road that descends down to the river, that has kept this village appealing, at least to this traveler. There are tourists, but this is not mainstream. The village store is tiny and packed with essentials, while fruit and vegetable markets are are local produce without packaging. I found only one tourist nick-nack shop near the beach.

Bosa “City centro” is topped by an intact castle, (at least the walls and towers) rising high above on a steep hill. The chapel within the walls is restored, and the frescoes within were discovered during a 1972 restoration. The narrow twisted alleys that squiggle up the castle hill are lined by skinny buildings, many three stories high. I observed a number of these homes that were no wider than ten to fifteen feet. Piazzas may appear at the end of alleyways which are adorned with a statue of the Virgin Mother, or little shrines of saints draped with rosaries and flowers. This is typical throughout Italy, but here are piazzas with no cafes or bar. Church, fountain and rusted iron railings with laundry hanging from terraces above, perhaps a tired dog resting in the shade.



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Renting a rusty hotel bicycle I made the rounds. After grinding up to the “castella”, and climbing the tower, I spied the lay of the land, then rattled about on that rusty hotel bike. Fresh figs and bread for lunch. Bosa boasts the only navigable river in Sardinia, creating an excellent port, the boats reflecting a working fishing fleet, but apparently not deep enough for cruise ships. Bosa is a place where I would return for extended stay. Nuoro, a city in the interior, was part of the “setup” to ride the narrow gauge. A relatively large city boasting manufacturing jobs in cheese production, Nouro is surrounded by mountains to the North, flattening out to vast “table land” pasture that feeds to the river in Bosa. I observed no tourists.

The table land included many of the “nuraghs” built by the late paleolithic and bronze age Nuraghic civilization. As the narrow gauge diesel “pullman” screeched through this rocky land, dry-stacked mini towers, nuraghi, of dressed stone can be seen out the window. A south facing “sacred well” could be seen in passing. The archeological museum estimated there were once sixty-thousand nuragh once on the island, with approximately eight thousand remaining today. This culture truly flourished.



The guys, the kites and two “real” sailors were all laughing and talking about the conditions. Not surprisingly, My skipper/owner never showed up, the guys told me previously he was not a particularly strong sailor. His boat was not rigged for heavy

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conditions and it looks scary out there. Sailing time, where conditions rule the clock, schedules are just goals.

Despite the strong steady winds, with powerful gusts, I showed up at the nine am appointed time to go sailing. Not even slightly optimistic about going out, I still could not help but wear my gear ready to get wet. A pair of young German kite-surfers were gearing up for a splash, which they did, one token run each.

