

Stuck in Noe Valley? You're Not Alone...

By Jacqueline Hyde

Jeanine "Jay" Church looks like you and me. She has been a Noe Valley resident for 11 years now. Her typical Elizabeth Street house, well-stocked spice rack, and calico cat named Cathexis stand as testimony to her sanity.

But Jeanine harbors a deep secret: she is an aneographobic, afraid—and for the last three years unable—to leave Noe Valley.

Her problem gained national prominence on a recent *Heraldo* telecast (filmed via closed-circuit from the Noe Valley mini-mall). While the camera captured the charming storefronts of 24th Street, Jeanine spoke of her problem. "I love Noe Valley. It's like its own little kingdom; it's like a college campus. I feel so secure here."

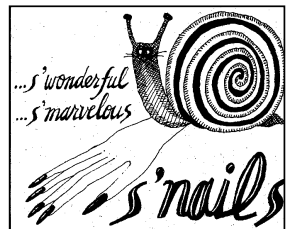
When asked about her last venture outside the neighborhood, she showed signs of uneasiness. Nervously pulling at the laces of her yellow Reeboks, she said, "It was awful. It was mortifying. It was a Tuesday...." Her voice trailed off as small worry lines appeared on her forehead.

"There was a sale at Macy's, and I really wanted to get something new. I was on the 24-Divisadero bus, and everything was fine until we crossed Mission Street. Suddenly I snagged a fingernail—it was ragged and half broken off. I knew there'd be no place nearby to have it fixed, and it was unthinkable to go to the store now, so I had to get back to the neighborhood. I hid under my seat until the bus turned around and came back to Noe Valley. In no time, my nail was repaired, and I could go on with my life—but from that day on I swore never to leave Noe Valley."

Jeanine's case is not as unusual as it may appear. In a recent *Voice* poll, taken in front of Shufat Market, 13 out of 20 persons said they'd experienced mild to debilitating anxiety upon leaving the neighborhood. The remaining seven responded with remarks like, "Why would anyone want to leave Noe Valley?" According to *Voice* staff psychiatrist Cy Kotic, these last respondents may be unaware of the severity of their illness.

To ensure the peace of mind of Jeanine and others like her, a newly formed Committee to Enclose Noe Valley has announced plans to erect a high-voltage, barbed-wire fence at the boundaries of the neighborhood, once those boundaries are determined.

"Call me a Valley Girl," said Jeanine, "call me a Noephile, but please don't call me a taxi because I'm here to stay." 1988



The Menschurian Candidate: Supervisor Bevan Dufty shows up at every meeting, baptism, coffee-klatch, and harvest fair in the neighborhood. Now the secret of how he manages this feat is out: There are actually six of him. Though they all have the same facial features and goofy grin, each Dufty double has a different body type and wardrobe so as to better mix with the voters. One even sports shoulder-length hair. So, if you've got a pothole to patch or a stop sign to celebrate, don't worry—a Dufty will be there. *By Anonymous '05*

Store Swamped With Chain Mail

CONTINUED FROM 1983

chain outlets. "What we really need are more rope and string stores, and maybe a twist-tie recycling center," she said.

But store owner and military strongman Manuel Noriega said he had conducted a marketing survey prior to opening the branch and learned that residents were increasing their use of chains for home security, aerobic workouts, personal adornment and gang warfare.

"Some people even buy the chains for their special healing properties, while others become chain smokers," he said.

Noriega added that two sister stores, the Mission Link on Valencia and Hot 'n' Hunky Links in the Castro, were doing a brisk business, especially in their used chains department.

Joining the Best Friends in their protest, however, was Al Taraval, who rents an apartment above Uptown Link. Taraval said his main complaint was not the traffic congestion or loss of neighborhood diversity caused by the proliferation of chains, but rather "the incessant rattling" on 24th Street. "That jangling is driving me nuts!" he barked.

A Spokes Man from the International House of Chains (IHOC), which filled Little Bell's spot on Castro Street last fall, said the store had "no comment" on the most recent chain of events. 1988

The Pigeon

By T. S. Barske

*I have heard the pigeons singing each to each.
I do not think that they will sing to me.*

Once upon a midnight creepy, while I dozed, pooped and sleepy,
Over many a sensational and grisly paperback of true crime,
While I shuddered, faintly slumping, suddenly there came a bumping,
As of someone rudely thumping, thumping in a four-four time.
'Tis some clipboarder, I muttered, thumping like a white-faced mime,
Merely this and nothing more.

Open here I flung the window, when with much flapping into,
Boldly hopped a greedy pigeon, like the ones just up the street.
Not a feeble excuse made he, even though he quite dismayed me,
But with lice and mites and fleas, looked for crumbs around my feet.
Looked for crumbs from cheesy nachos that had dropped around my feet,
Looked for crumbs, and nothing more.

"Scram!" said I, "you flying vermin!" I yelled as loud as Ethel Merman.
"Get your dander out of my air and get your feet off my clean desk!
This is no place for a pigeon!" and, my voice filled with derision,
"You're against my religion! Shoo! And quit this rude burlesque!"
"Go someplace in southern Italy where they think you're picturesque!"
Quoth the pigeon, "Okay."

Bird-lover T. S. Barske lives a stone's throw from the Pigeon Lady of Sanchez Street.

1996

Twin Peaks a Mountain of Ash

CONTINUED FROM 1983

the entrance to Bell Market parking lot.

Mark Twain, writing for the San Francisco Daily Call, described the event as "downright terrible. Pyroclastic flows fried men, women, and children in this modern-day Pompeii-like catastrophe. Rock particles, mixed with superheated gasses, traveled at steamboat speed and turned all those in its wake into crispy critters. Why, I'd never seen anything like it. Finally it got so hot, I just got the Sam Hill out of there."

In response to the disaster, the Happy Donuts Police Substation has opened its doors to victims and is soliciting donations of canned goods, warm clothes, and music for the homeless.

Street-sweeping will continue on sched-

CONTINUED IN 1984

Elmer: "Dummies, Unite!"

CONTINUED FROM THE LAST PAGE

oil. "I've been loyal to them for 30 years, and what do I get for it? Burrs on my feet from standing day in and day out, a veneer totally shot from the sun, and they still treat me like some kind of object. And I'm gettin' old, ya know. I hear the guys complain when they move me around, saying I'm stiff and heavy compared to the newer models. For all I know, I could have lain in that back room for months, maybe forever. How am I supposed to support my family when I'm lying in pieces in a cardboard box?"

Elmer and Zelda, the cloth mannequin who models in the window of the boutique Glad Rags, are married and have three young rag dolls, Elmer explained.

"Those dolls need stuffing, and thread for their seams," Elmer said heatedly. "They've got it hard enough being the kids of an intermaterial marriage, and it's only going to get tougher with us trying to make it on one salary."

Elmer has been staying at a safe house—the home of a Noe Valley Ministry congregationalist, and has been promised sanctuary for as long as it takes to open negotiations and settle his dispute with Tuggey's.

That may be quite a while. Tuggey's owner Giovannoli thinks "Elmer's totally overreacting. He would have been back in the window by Thursday, and I might have even paid him half time for the days he spent disassembled. Now he's got the

whole neighborhood riled."

Elmer is not sure whether he'll return to Tuggey's even if conditions are improved, stating that "city life is getting to me."

"Twenty-fourth Street just gets busier and noisier as the years go by, all the old faces have disappeared, and I'd like my dolls to grow up in the country, where they can be around trees and feel more accepted."

"As for me, it's getting harder and harder to smile while watching sheets of plywood get sold day after day," Elmer said. He added that he might look for a scarecrow position or even television stunt work, if it paid well enough.

"One thing's for sure. If I go back to Tuggey's, there'll have to be some changes made. I'm sick and tired of being screwed." 1986

LITTER

Noe Valley: Just Imagine

This letter, postmarked April 1, 1977, was delivered to the Voice office last week.

Editor:

I was a bit upset when I heard some people were planning to start a newspaper in this neighborhood. First of all, none of the people on my block can decide where Noe Valley even stops and starts. Our "Main Street" is just a few corner stores and some random little businesses, and of course Bell and Little Bell.

However, I am particularly troubled by these new sit-down coffee drinking places that have been popping up. They may be attracting the wrong kind of people—the one called Meat Market sounds like some kind of get-together for people who are just interested in one thing, if you get my drift. I finally got up my nerve and walked down there and looked in the window, and it's as dark and smoky in there as heck. It looked like the tables were made out of some old round wood mushroom-shaped spoons. And scruffy creatures were coming in and out of there at all hours, hopped up on coffee, or tea, or worse. I tell you, that's the last time I'm venturing down to that block of 24th Street!

I suppose those coffee people will be hanging around, reading your newspaper, since they obviously have time on their hands—they don't ever seem to go to work. Maybe by handing out newspapers, you are just giving them something to do besides "meat"-ing each other.

I guess you all think you know what you're doing, talking about starting a newspaper, but common sense says nip it in the bud. Just imagine what this place will be like in 30 years!

A Concerned Army Street Resident 2010