



THE NOE VALLEY VOICE

Rising Voices

Short Fiction, Poetry, Essays and Non-Fiction from Local Writers

By Jack Tipple

The mission statement or manifesto proclaimed in the first issue of The Voice in May of 1977 declared it to be a vehicle for creative writing — among other things. But news and feature stories — traditional journalism for the most part crowded out creativity and the occasional poem or op-ed was rarely seen.

In the summers of 1995 and 1996 that changed in a big way. Instead of taking



Bye Bye Rabat. In August, the venerable store selling women's clothes to generations of Noe Valleons from the corner of 24th and Noe Streets closed their doors for good. They'll be missed for a long time. Photo by Jack Tipple

I Was Just Thinking About Writing You Something

Local Writers Put Words to Our Thoughts While Readers Send Their Images

Noe Valley is special. Many who visit want to live and shop here. And once established within neighborhood boundaries, few venture far outside for very long.

That was even more true in the year of the the Pandemic's strongest shock. We were the poster models for Staycation. And aside from all the forced closures of restaurants and restrictions businesses had to deal with, we were lucky to be in one of the best places possible.

The lines outside of Noe Valley Bakery are back to normal now and one can walk right into Whole Foods. Writers are sending in their work, and locals are traveling and letting us know what they've found with their emailed photos and messages. Take a look inside. JT



Let's Get Together. The first issue of The Noe Valley Voice was a modest eight pages, but the invitation to participate was welcomed by the neighborhood and growth continues to this day.

the month off for summer vacation as was the standard, Voice editors designed and sponsored contests for creative writing. Those editions were successful

but the lure of a summer break took over there was no third attempt at letting literature rule.

In recent years, the Other Voices column edited by Olivia Boler and Sally Smith, has presented some fine essays and other writing from the neighborhood. With this August 2021 edition, we hope to encourage more submissions and participation by giving the standard journalism time off and letting creative writing take over.

Rising Voices is Born

On page five, you'll find the beginning of a variation on our Other Voices column. We hope it's viewed favorably and plan to utilize it again next year. We also hope it will encourage other writers whether they're new to the craft, or seasoned pros, to submit their work throughout the year. They're likely to find receptive editors pleased at their participation. Space will be available here along with the return of all our regular columns like Teen Talk and Rumors. See you again in September.



Summer Reading Then. The August editions of the Voice in 1995 and 1996 presented excellent creative writing illustrated with photos by Pamela Gerard.



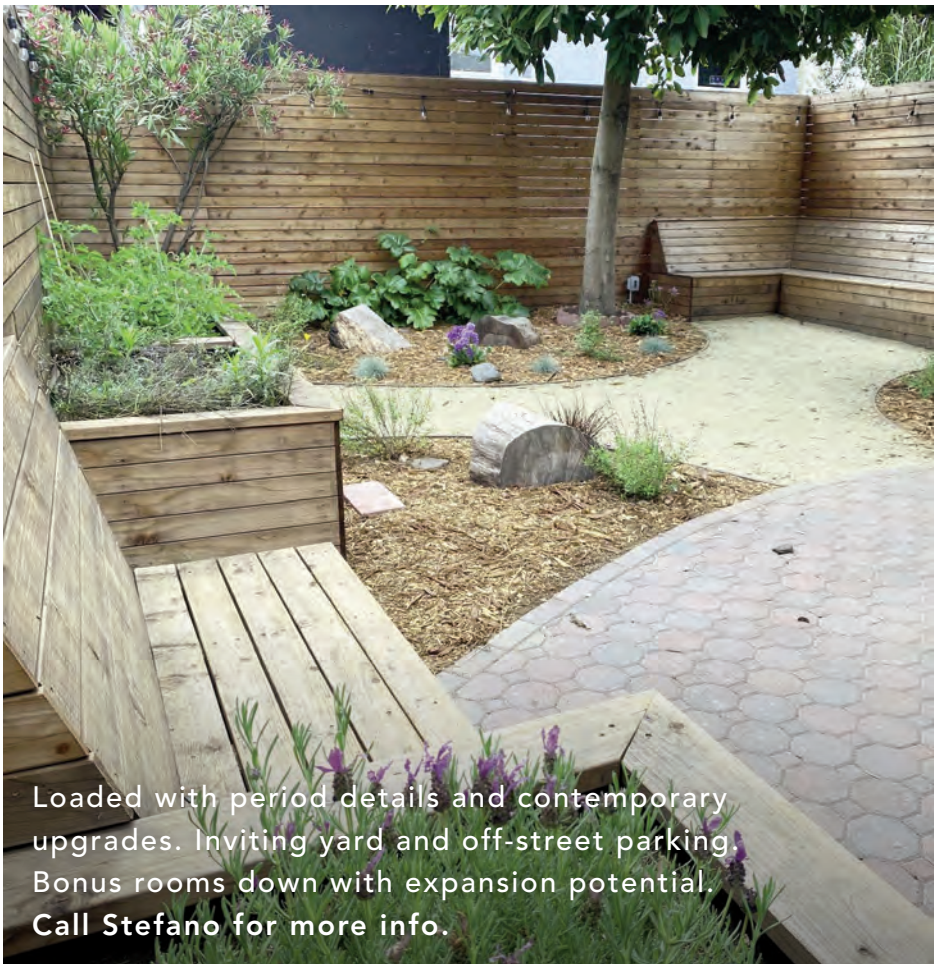
Summer Reading Now. Mission district resident Karen Topakian gets some rays and words at Dolores Park in July. See page 6 of this issue for where more of your neighbors have been lately.



This is Noe Valley. Be Nice or Leave. Confusion, panic and depression have had their way for too long. Whether you're vaccinated or not, yield at the four way stop, wave and smile to your neighbor. Maybe make a hot dish to share. And shop local like you mean it. Photo by Jack Tipple



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teamLab:
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Reversible Rotation, Flying Beyond Borders—One Stroke, Cold Light, 2019, by teamLab (est. 2001). Sound by Hideaki Takahashi (Japanese, b. 1967). Digital installation. © teamLab, courtesy of Pace Gallery.



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Jas Charanjiva in front of *Don't Mess With Me*. Photograph © Asian Art Museum.

It's about Crime.

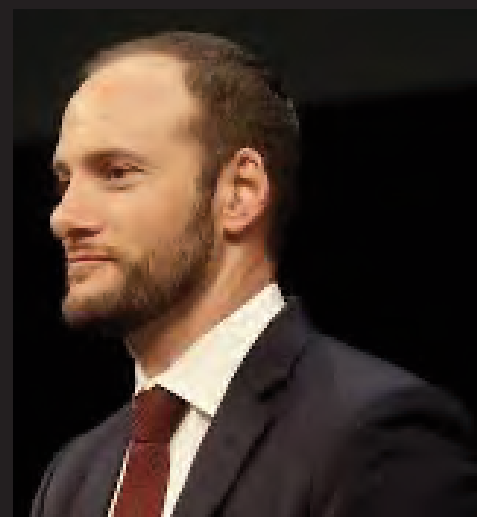
Across San Francisco, every neighborhood has been touched by crime. If you haven't experienced a break-in, witnessed a pharmacy looting or even worse, you know someone who has. Holding perpetrators accountable starts at the top.

It's time to sign.

RecallChesaBoudin.org

San Francisco voters: the deadline is fast approaching. Get the official 2021 recall petition online. Print, sign and mail it with postmark by August 5th to have your signature counted towards demanding a recall election this year.

We must hold Chesa Boudin accountable, *now*.



We are a grass-roots, locally funded and non-politically-connected coalition of very concerned San Franciscans seeking to restore accountability, working towards making our city safe again. Visit RecallChesaBoudin.org for more information.

Paid for by Committee Supporting the Recall of DA Chesa Boudin. FPPC #1435510.
Financials available at sfethics.org

Varied and Needed Housing

Editor:

As one of the developers of the building referenced in Suzanne Nason’s letter to the editor (“Skyscrapers in Noe?,” July 2021, page 5), I take offense to the negative tone and disparaging assumptions cast upon ourselves and our project.

My business partners and I moved to San Francisco more than 30 years ago, and lived at the 24th Street property for several years before deciding to help address San Francisco’s notorious housing shortage by replacing our single-family residence with a modern building containing a ground-floor commercial space and five residential condos of various sizes. In developing our plans, we abided by all of the city’s detailed requirements for historical research, neighborhood notifications, planning department reviews, etc. We neither sought nor received any variances, and have built to the height permissible by local ordinances.

While Suzanne Nason may feel our building is “not in the style or esthetic of Noe,” anyone walking the length of this vibrant commercial corridor will see a great variety of sizes, shapes, heights, and styles. This diversity makes our city visually appealing. San Francisco architecture is not defined solely by Victorians, and the planning department actually forbids new construction in that style.

Change is always distressing to some, but it’s part of the dynamic nature of cities and shouldn’t engender knee-jerk NIMBY objections. When complete later this year, our building will provide homes for five new Noe Valley families who will enjoy all that this wonderful neighborhood has to offer.

Owen Linzmayer,
San Francisco resident
Branch Properties LLC



THE NOE VALLEY VOICE
P.O. Box 460249 • San Francisco, CA 94146
www.noevalleyvoice.com

The *Noe Valley Voice* is an independent newspaper published in San Francisco. It is distributed free in Noe Valley and vicinity during the first week of the month. Subscriptions are available at \$40 per year (\$35 for seniors) by writing to the above address.

The *Voice* welcomes your letters, photos, and stories, particularly on topics relating to Noe Valley. All items should include your name and contact information, and may be edited for brevity or clarity. (Unsigned letters will not be considered for publication.) Unsolicited contributions will be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The *Noe Valley Voice* is a member of the San Francisco Neighborhood Newspaper Association.

Email: Editor@noevalleyvoice.com
Website: www.noevalleyvoice.com
Distribution: Call Jack, 415-385-4569
Display Advertising: Call Pat, 415-608-7634, or email PatRose@noevalleyvoice.com
Display Advertising Deadline for the September 2021 issue: August 20, 2021
Editorial Deadline: August 15, 2021

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ADVERTISING SALES
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PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER
by Fricke-Parks Press

Contents © 2021 The Noe Valley Voice



Noe Valley History. Judith Watson Davis a Noe Valley resident since 1969 sent us the above vintage advertisement for “Dan’s Gas” which for 15 years was located on the site of the present day Noe Valley Town Square.

When Is a Tree Not a Tree?

Editor:

When is a tree removal hearing not about the tree? When the tree is in San Francisco, in a place that neighbors don’t want developed. Not even for badly needed housing.

At a May 24 appeal hearing, neighbors massed to oppose the replacement of an ivy-choked, severely damaged New Zealand Christmas tree. Its moribund branches, the consulting arborist said, pose a falling hazard. Said tree lies in the public right-of-way, where the city wants to extend 23rd Street, and next to a small parcel where the developer is trying to build three affordable and ten market-rate units at 4512 23rd St.

The private lot and the road extension boast stunning views on the eastern slope of Twin Peaks. No tree removal, no viable project. So, neighbors insisted the tree should stay and the development was not welcome.

Such opposition to small projects tucked in desirable neighborhoods shows us why it’s so hard to build housing. Yet building on long-vacant lots and discontinued businesses via projects large and small, in all of the city’s districts—not just a few—is an important tool in addressing our housing crisis, creating affordable housing where there was none. Embracing a dying tree, but not housing for our workers, won’t get us there.

George Mozingo

Graffiti at the Chabad House

Editor:

As the father of two young Jewish children I too abhor the graffiti left on the gate of the Chabad House preschool. Nothing can justify such actions. But we have to be morally blind and deaf to not understand the anger behind them. That anger stems from decades of our government’s political and military support for an increasingly belligerent, apartheid state of Israel, whose government is committed to the doctrine of Zionism which in practice has meant for the ethnic cleansing and genocide of the Palestinian people.

Like Senator Wiener and Supervisor Mandleman I believe we should call out any and all acts of anti-semitism. But we should just as loudly call out the inhuman actions of the government of Israel against the Palestians and demand our government to sever ties with the Jewish state until it pledges itself committed to the equality of all people within its borders.

Our city and region was one of the

first in the country to stand up against apartheid in South Africa. Unfortunately at all levels of government our current elected officials have remained silent against apartheid and gencocide in Israel/Palestine. Now is the time we, private citizens and politicians alike, need to fully recognize the humanity of the Palestinian people. And until we end our military and moral support to Israel the blood shed by the Palestinians will be on our own hands.

Bernie Corace
25th St, Noe Valley, U.S.A

Should the J Go All the Way?

Editor:

Muni is seeking input on changes to the J-Church line. Since the pandemic, the J has been terminating at Market/Church/Duboce, forcing riders going downtown to transfer to the subway. This forced transfer is difficult for all riders, but particularly for seniors, families with children, people with disabilities, shoppers with bags, and for late-night and early-morning workers.

Muni wants to make the changes permanent and has put out a survey. Unfortunately most Noe Valleans haven’t heard about it, and the survey is deceptive in several ways:

- It’s not until Question #9 that they ask if we want the transfer point to be made permanent.
- They do NOT ask about the importance of having a direct line to downtown without having to transfer, while they DO ask about the importance of not being delayed in traffic.
- They do NOT ask how often we rode the J to go downtown before the pandemic, nor do they ask how often we plan to go downtown in the future. They only ask us to rate the quality of service since May 2021 when the transfer point was initiated.
- They obscure a dramatic service cut by labeling it “improvements” to an unwanted transfer point, and using phrases like “help the J-Church” and “benefit those who rely on Muni”.

Nonetheless Noe Valleans should fill out the survey. Go to <https://survey.alchemer.com/s3/6410493/website> and note in particular:

Question 9: "This project is a temporary measure to benefit those who rely on Muni. Would you support making it permanent?" You would answer “no” if you don’t like being forced to transfer to go downtown.

Question 11: "Is there anything you’d like to add about the transfer point for the J Church at Market Street?" You

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE NOE VALLEY VOICE welcomes your letters to the editor. Write the *Noe Valley Voice*, P.O. Box 460249, SF, CA 94146. Or email editor@noevalleyvoice.com. Please include your name and contact information. (Anonymous letters will not be considered for publication.) Be aware that letters may be edited for brevity or clarity. We look forward to hearing from you.

would say what you want, for example, eliminate the transfer and continue the J-Church through the subway to downtown.

Now is the time to make our voices heard.

Kathy Setian
Sanchez St



Photo by Jack Tipple

They’re On Vacation

Most of the regular Noe Valley Voice features and columns have this month off. They’ll return with the September edition. Michael Blake’s *Crossword*, the *Crime Report* and *Cost of Living*, *Short Takes*, *Store Trek*, *Library Books* and *Rumors* will all return then tanned, rested and ready.

We hope you enjoy this edition of mostly creative writing, essays and observations. Many of you may recognize some of the names of the writers. Bill Yard contributed reporting and soulful writing to the *Voice* for some of the earliest decades. Published author Laura McHale Holland was a *Voice* columnist for several years. Veteran *Voice* contributor Jeff Kaliss continues to write about interesting things for the *Voice*. This time we have his poetry. LisaRuth Elliott is a relatively recent and very articulate *Voice* writer. You’re sure to find words that invigorate you.

Would you like to join them? Give us a chance to see what comes from your pen or keyboard. A frequent column running in the *Voice* is named “Other Voices” edited by Olivia Boler. She’d love to give you a read. And so would Noe Valley. See you next month.

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Two Poems

By Grace D'Anca

Mother's Shoes

She had a thing about wearing shoes if someone showed up at the door. Otherwise she'd go barefoot a lot and let me too. But I can't remember her regular shoes. There were shoes in the pink bedroom closet next to window over looking peonies in summer and crocus in winter, low-heeled pumps black and brown shiny wine colored slippers she wore if she had to go to the hospital for a d&c and purple suede open toe sling back dancing shoes. She didn't go dancing anymore but she let me clomp around in them. But I can't remember her regular shoes to do ordinary things every thing else shoes. She even had gold Capezio flats she pierced holes in to string laces she could criss cross up to her knees to wear with a full skirt she could fan and sombrero earrings. I was old enough to be embarrassed. But I can't remember her every thing else shoes.

Did she wear high button shoes
in that 1922 photo, sitting on a huge mound of snow
away from the house where her father
would not let her have friends? Did she
grab the felt slipper next to her bed in the cold back room
to strike her father
when he tried to try to slip into her bed?

Did she wear stiff mahogany oxfords
when she thrust her foot across the threshold
to bar her father's mistress
from her dead mother's house?

Did she wear mukluks those seven years
she missed college to keep
house for her misanthropic brothers
who squandered university privileges to become
a warehouse man and a hobo?

Did she wear white low-heeled shoes
with her magenta student nurses cape
when she went back to school
did she wear black sensible shoes to match
the bag heavy with medical supplies
when she cared for a man with no arms and legs
who drew cartoons, and a little girl
who loved to have her ears cleaned?

I don't remember her in Keds
I don't remember her shoes for everything else
except for flip-flops she wore
early morning and end of day
to water snapdragons under the bathroom window
and pansies beneath the apple tree
planted when I was born.

When she lay in a heavy fountain pen gray casket
I wondered if she might be wearing one
purple suede open toe sling back shoe
with the other foot bare.

Baptized

Baptized in fog
like new cross on top of a hill
suspended in the wind
kissing the rain
waiting to open like a canyon.
Sing an aria to no one
dance on pointe barefoot
except for purple nails
throw away the cracker box past
pick up your broken heart
and swallow it whole
you will never be this again.
Look back on your wisdom
drive blind around the curve
plaster your wall with what you know
be brave be alone be among
stop start bend break
but don't be brittle.
You are baptized in fog.
Remember.

Minnesotan Grace D'Anca came to S.F. in 1967 in pursuit of the arts. Performing with Bay Area theater and dance groups, mental health facilities and youth lock-ups, she got interested in audiences and became a creative arts therapist. Retired, she still medicates with.



Image by Jack Tibble

• READERS •



Megan Wetherall and daughter **Lucia Cornelius** on the South Bank of the Thames in London with the Houses of Parliment and Big Ben in the background..

Want to appear on our Readers page?

It's easy. Just pack a copy of *The Noe Valley Voice* when you set off on your next adventure. Take a digital photo and email it to editor@noevalleyvoice.com

Tell us a bit about the location and time of photo and we'll make you famous. Thanks!

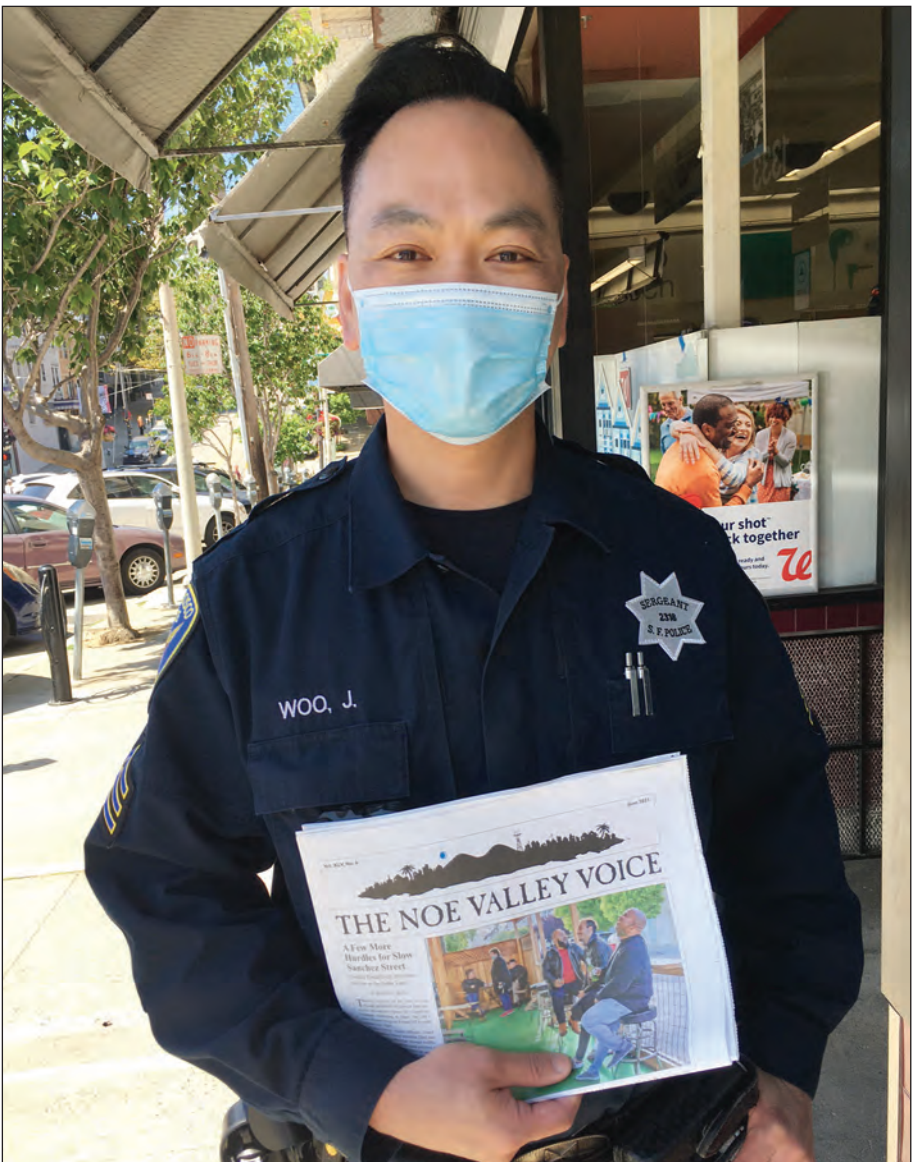


Nash, the Pandemic Pup is “11 months old and we got him as an 8 week old puppy back in September 2020 during the pandemic’ reports Kristin Fleming. “He’s a Bernedoodle and can be regularly spotted at either the Upper Noe or Upper Douglass dog parks! He has a ton of energy so he’s at a dog park almost every day hanging out with his best friend Norman (another Bernedoodle born the same time as him - we’ve now become friends with his owners!) and making friends with all the other dogs and owners.



Beatrice Bonnafous, a Parisian artist, inspects the hometown newspaper brought by her friend Beverly

Photo by Beverly Tharp



Sgt. Justin Woo, shows what he likes to read on break from his current assignment at Walgreens on Castro Street in Noe Valley.

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“We cannot seek achievement for ourselves and forget about progress and prosperity for our community...

Our ambitions must be broad enough to include the aspirations and needs of others, for their sakes and for our own.”

Cesar Chavez

I read with interest Christine Cordaro’s Other Voices piece, “Why I Support an Appointed vs. Elected School Board” in the June 2021 Noe Valley Voice. Particularly compelling was her ending: “Our schools are our most valuable institutions and should not be treated as ‘political’ theatre or a training camp for future politicians.” Why should our Noe Valley neighborhood be interested in the actions and votes of the Board of Education Commissioners?

Noe’s demographics are well known—we have few families with public school students, very few with public high school students. Some of us do not know public school families. Well, hopefully we can peer beyond our personal circles and agree with the above quote from the immigrant with an 8th grade education about broadening our ambitions. This City has families of over 52,000 students who choose to keep their children in public schools.

I am a proud product of San Francisco public schools, K through 12th grade. The teachers, staff, and administrators were caring and dedicated, modeling how to interact in this diverse City. Classmates of every stripe and background are now deep friends

Appoint Our School Board

By Laurance Lee



Early Childhood art.

Photo by Jack Tipple

across the decades. Oh yes, times are different now. That is all the more reason for this neighborhood and the City to help to center the education and mental health well-being of our public school students.

And right now is when these students really need help. A few months of zoom in the room. No in-class instruction for the majority of middle and high school students.

But what about the Resolution for

full time classroom instruction in the fall? It’s already early August, weeks before school starts, and there is no agreement with the teachers union, the United Educators of San Francisco. And many remember the prior agreement for spring classroom learning had a daily schedule that under delivered for many families and many teachers.

Maybe under delivery is the nature for this school district and Board of Education, especially given the \$120

million and growing structural deficit. Summer school to help address learning loss is just for some families in focal populations. New school start times will save the district \$3 million in transportation costs, but have wreaked havoc on so many before school family schedules. There is basically no money for extra counseling or for repaying special education teachers for supplies.

One can say that it may be asking too much for having this Board of Education try to work to balance a budget through a pandemic. Did they do anything about revenues or costs when the projected structural deficit was \$75 million before the pandemic? That old can is down the road with 7 kick marks.

If anything, this Board has spoken often on equity. Yet this past school year has demonstrated unfortunate outcomes. Reading and math gaps widened for K-5. Average attendance was lower for certain groups. Preliminary enrollment numbers at Everett Middle and Mission High are 15% less. And that’s just what we know.

It’s time for us all to pay attention and to act. This Board of Education has not done its job and will not be up for the job in front of it. Recall Board of Education President Gabriela López, Vice-President Faauga Moliga, and Commissioner Alison Collins. Support a City Charter amendment for the Mayor to appoint the Board.

Laurance Lee is a real estate developer focusing on energy-efficient Missing Middle and Affordable Housing.

Noe Valley Bookstore Events

By Richard May

Bookstores Gear Up for Summer

Our neighborhood bookstores, Omnivore Books on Food and Folio Books, host five book events between them this month. Folio continues its events online, while Omnivore holds its in-store. Folio partner in readings Odd Mondays brings us a poet, a novelist, and a poet-novelist Aug. 9, 7 pm., via Zoom. Oakland poet Paul Corman-Roberts reads from his new collection Bone Moon Palace, L.A. novelist Penny Mickelbury from her newest *You Can’t Die But Once*, and Noe Valley poet-novelist Tamsin Spencer Smith from her novel *Xisle*. Email oddmondaysnoevalley@gmail.com for the link. Buy books from Folio in-store at 3957 24th St. or online at www.foliosf.com/odd-mondays.

Omnivore has scheduled four in-store events for August, including Michelle Polzine, owner and chef of the now permanently closed 20th Century Café, formerly of Hayes Valley, on Aug. 14 at 3 p.m. You can still enjoy DIY desserts from the restaurant by buying Polzine’s book *Baking at the 20th Century Café*. Other in-store August events at Omnivore are *The Magic of Tinned Fish* with Chris McDade, *Spicebox Kitchen* with Linda Shiue, and *Seven Pots of Tea* with Nandita Godbole. Check <https://omnivorebooks.myshopify.com> for dates and times. The store is located at 3885A Cesar Chavez St.



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Muni Alert

More Muni service coming August 14

More Muni service in time for school:

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- The full 35 Eureka route
- The full 48 Quintara/24th Street route
- Service until midnight on 16 routes
- The full Owl network

Visit [SFMTA.com/ServiceChanges](https://www.sfmta.com/ServiceChanges) for details on routes and hours of service. For information about taking Muni to school visit [SFMTA.com/SchoolRoutes](https://www.sfmta.com/SchoolRoutes).

Physical distance limits have been lifted but federal law still requires that masks are worn when riding Muni and in transit facilities.

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[SFMTA.com/ServiceChanges](https://www.sfmta.com/ServiceChanges)



NOE VALLEY

MARKET UPDATE | Q2 2021

SINGLE FAMILY	YoY% CHANGE	CONDOS	YoY% CHANGE
NEW LISTINGS	NEW LISTINGS	NEW LISTINGS	NEW LISTINGS
55	+2%	37	+16%
LISTINGS IN CONTRACT	LISTINGS IN CONTRACT	LISTINGS IN CONTRACT	LISTINGS IN CONTRACT
67	+109%	32	+357%
NUMBER OF SOLD	NUMBER OF SOLD	NUMBER OF SOLD	NUMBER OF SOLD
58	+164%	34	+580%
MEDIAN DOM	MEDIAN DOM	MEDIAN DOM	MEDIAN DOM
9	-18%	10	-17%
MEDIAN \$/SQ FT	MEDIAN \$/SQ FT	MEDIAN \$/SQ FT	MEDIAN \$/SQ FT
\$1,297	-8%	\$1,176	-3%
MEDIAN SALES PRICE	MEDIAN SALES PRICE	MEDIAN SALES PRICE	MEDIAN SALES PRICE
\$3.00M	+2%	\$1.49M	-1%



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September 14, 2021

★ California Gubernatorial Recall Election ★

All registered San Francisco voters will receive ballots in the mail and have in-person voting opportunities beginning **August 16**. For more information, go to sfelections.org.

Check your voter registration status at VoterStatus.sos.ca.gov.

You may register to vote online at RegisterToVote.ca.gov or call the Department of Elections at (415) 554-4375 to request a paper application.



Quito, Ecuador. Sometime in 2018.

The bus turned right onto Machala and headed toward the light at La Florida. The boy grabbed his backpack and hopped off as the light turned red and the bus door opened. He glanced up at the darkening skies—he did not have his jacket. He wanted to be home before the rain came. But mostly he just wanted to be home.

Home, where his mother would be stirring something on the stove. Home, where his sister would be watching a video and texting a friend. Home, where his dog would be patrolling the rooftop, keeping the evil pigeons from landing. The smell of his mother’s arroz con pollo greeted him while he fumbled for his keys.

Years later, deep into an uncertain future, years of deciding he didn’t like marijuana or beer, of one day oversleeping and being fired from his hated job before finding one he liked where he always showed up on time, years of hopping off any of a dozen buses, tired about money or soaked to the skin because he forgot his jacket, until one day for some odd reason a shy girl with skin from the shadows and chocolate eyes and a thick obsidian mobius trensa whom he had never noticed but who had noticed him since their second year in colegio, who cooked chicken like his mom, who used just enough cilantro and comino to get his attention, finally got his attention.

And he was home again. His mother’s tired husk now able to lie in peace in the cementario while her spirit floated in heaven above he imagined, smiling he hoped, he wanted, especially when his young wife scolded him for leaving his jacket at home before he headed off to work—didn’t he know the clouds of Quito already? A lifetime in Quito and he didn’t know that it would rain? She shook her head. Dios Mío he was a lucky man, she knew, he knew, and this wife now in their new place in Barrio La Luz and his mother up in heaven were happy, happy for the faithful rain, because they knew even if he didn’t. He did not have to know because they did. They knew what only some women know, women who spoke

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La Mujer

By Bill Yard



We are all made of stars.

Photo by Jack Tipple

often although they had never met and no words were exchanged, they knew all and spoke all in their silence, there was nothing to know beyond what the women knew. They knew that the wise woman kept her man at the table an extra moment before setting before him the bowl of steaming fanesca or encebollado or arroz con pollo. They listen to music, these women who each are of both country and city, of today and a century before, they were happy when their man—son, husband, father, some strange wombless creature—was at home. The women know that we are all dying, that we must die and that they must continue to cook against the darkness, this is their weapon, against death’s soft cool encroaching warmth. Cook with joy—not rage, not fear, but

merely cook, stir the bubbling pot, fill the house with steamy scents of cilantro and comino and ajo and cebolla while they smile and sing. Bring the sick boy the remedio—lemon juice with salt and baking soda—and stand him up there at the sink despite his futile protests and make sure that he gargles long enough, then call her own mother,

the grandmother, to report on the patient and the regimen. The truth of lemon juice and salt and baking soda handed down and confirmed like ancient messages delivered over the crests of the Andes by their runners. Son, husband—no matter. While they punch away at their phones like matadors lunging at a thousand bulls, mother or wife will add a little chimichurri, and later when the man puts his phone down beside him on the sofa and puts his feet up on the spare stool and his eyes close, she will sneak up like a cat and take off his shoes as he mumbles something to the bulls of his dreams, and she will cover him lightly with the blanket, not the new blanket they bought with his yearly bonus but the old faded one her own grandmother sewed and embroidered back in her casita in el campo, when her pot of chicken bubbled over a fire of burning wood, and thus a third generation of woman was looking out for him and she decided that, when he awoke, she would tell him that her doctor had showed her the ultrasound and that in a few months they would have a baby girl, that even a fourth generation of la mujer would embrace him in her tiny arms, to call him “Papi.” He had come home. Papi had come home. “Papi’s home,” her mother would say. “Go open the door and kiss your father,” she would order the little girl, as she stirred the arroz con pollo.

Bill Yard splits time between San Diego and Quito. He has been known to hide inside old Coltrane tracks, hike alone, and somehow scratch out a living. Good fortune has often tracked him down, despite his best efforts.



Noe Valley artist **Kit Cameron** is showing her watercolor paintings at **Far Out Gallery** 3004 Taraval at 40th Avenue San Francisco

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Kit Cameron
Watercolor: Alpine Lake – above

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I returned to Shinbone last week, but like countless nooks and crannies in the world, the lane isn't what it used to be. The attic apartment I rented—bartered for, actually—was gussied up and turned into a condominium, walled off from the rest of the house and on sale for \$1.2 million, all 475 square feet of it. I don't even want to know how much per square foot that is. My landlady, Mary, took me in, no written application or references required, in the spring of 1974. She's long gone now, bless her beautiful soul, and whoever buys that attic will be credit checked and underwritten for longer than Rumplestiltskin's nap, that is unless they pay cash, which hard as it is for us 99 per-centers to fathom, is a thing.

I'm not sure what drew me to Shinbone after all these years—just an urge that kept pestering like a hungry cat, I suppose. I stayed at Eloise's place near the foot of the hill where Shinbone ends. Eloise's former place, I should say. There's a sign where Shinbone meets 29th Street now that says NO OUTLET. Back in 1974, folks were more flexible about the meaning of "outlet." Members of Shinbone Friends, formed because no neighborhood nearby would claim Shinbone as its own, would never have let that sign stand. Most everyone who lived along our two-and-a-half blocks of unpaved freedom belonged to that group—old timers, young families, misfits and transients.

Eloise's cottage is now an Airbnb that cost me a pretty penny for a two-night stay. The interior is all hard lines in black and white with chrome accents. I doubt it looked anything like that when Eloise lived there. I can't say for sure because Eloise never invited me inside, perhaps because she, a former prima ballerina, could tell from the get-go that I had no talent for graceful contortions. I was more of an arts and crafts person, dilettante might be the right word for

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On Shinbone Lane

By Laura McHale Holland



Bloom amid drought.

Photo by Jack Tipple

it, teaching myself calligraphy from an instruction book I picked up at a sidewalk sale.

Now, Eloise might not have been fond of me, but she was gracious in the way divas have as she walked her miniature poodle, Coco, up and down the lane, asking anyone and everyone—stranger and friend alike—if they had seen her runaway daughter. It didn't matter how many times she'd asked before; if she managed to corner you, she'd ask again, "Have you seen my Julianna?" while pulling out a crinkled photo of a beauty with thick chestnut hair and grey eyes,

just like Eloise's.

She pestered everyone. Except for Mary, my landlady. Whenever they encountered one another—which was often since only the remains of a farmstead converted into a community center buffeted the ill will flowing between them—Eloise looked up as though admiring clouds passing above, and

Mary peered at her feet, which were clad in those black lace-up boots women born at the tail end of the 19th century used to wear.

I asked Captain about this. A band-tailed pigeon with one natural and one wire foot, Captain lived high up in an oak tree behind Jeb Waller's Victorian at 3346 Shinbone Lane, situated directly across from Mary's. Captain spent most of his time in Jeb's garage workshop, where Jeb fixed anything and everything, a lost art nowadays. Their conversations ranged from jazz greats like Betty Carter appearing at Keystone Corner to lowering the U.S. maximum speed limit to 55 mph, to the Dada art movement in 1920s Paris, to heiress Patricia Hearst standing guard with an M1 carbine rifle while her kidnappers robbed a bank. And to my eternal wonder they let me, a newcomer, join their conversations. This took a little getting used to because Captain's voice, gravelly like the songwriter Tom Waits, bypassed the ears and came straight into the mind.

I never could grasp the logic behind what Captain chose to divulge. He would, for example, detail ongoing feuds between neighbors over tree pruning and placement of garbage cans, but when I asked what went down between Mary and Eloise, he plugged that line of inquiry with, "If they wanted you to know, they would tell you."

How could I argue with that?

Even now, I question nothing from that time, for I left far more than my heart on the Shinbone Lane of yore.

Laura McHale Holland writes stories true and untrue in multiple forms and finds hope in unlikely places. Her debut novel *The Kiminee Dream*, was a finalist in the 2021 Next Generation Indie Book Awards. "On Shinbone Lane" is excerpted from a novel in progress. For more info, stop by <https://lauramchaleholland.com>.



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Sam's newsstand distributed thousands of copies of our print edition. We miss him!

In 1996 we started putting selections from each issue on the web at noevalleyvoice.com but it wasn't until the July/August 2013 issue that we were able to put up all the pages of our print edition.



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Making the Cut

By Julie Lekach House

One and a half years without a haircut. Well, that's not true, I went one and a half years without a professional haircut. Last week, Sheila, who has a chair at Moe's on 24th Street, washed my hair, massaged my head and asked her usual how-are-the-girls question. The girls are 32 and 30, but the question is sweet because Sheila started cutting my hair when they were not women, but girls, ages 7 and 5. I've been popping around Noe Valley with Sheila for 25 years.

Like most people in mid-March 2020, I thought COVID-19 lockdowns and the virus's spread would be a thing of the past by May or June. I was already overdue for a cut. My procrastination had caught up with me. Still, my unwieldy hair seemed a trivial inconvenience amid all the shelter in place sacrifices. To control the chaos, I tried headbands. Nope. I dug through drawers and found my children's barrette collection. I looked like an 8 year old with white hair. I settled on hair gel, gobs of it, by June.

By July, I had run through the dregs of my full size gel tube and the little tube I kept in my travel bag. Going into stores, especially drugstores lined with the potentially sick, made me anxious. I hadn't yet succumbed to the lure of Amazon Prime delivery.

Nearly gel-less, I weighed my options. Store or scissors? I'd been cutting my husband's sparse hair (sorry, darling) for years. I'd watched the stylist at Anna for Hair buzz his top with a clipper. I realized that I, too, could insert a number two blade and buzz away.

But my hair is different. I have lots of it. When I lived in New York in the 1980s, my hairdresser either joked that I broke his scissors with my abundant hair or that I should pay for two hair-



After the cut.

Photo by Sandra Eggers

cuts. Maybe it was just a hint for a bigger tip, but he always did such a good job that people would stop me on the street and ask who cut my hair. Sheila carried on the tradition. I learned to have Sheila's card in my purse, because strangers still asked where I got my hair cut. Luckily, the high-quality hair scissors we bought years ago to cut my older daughter's bangs were still sharp. But

could I make the cut with my always shaky hands?

Channeling my inner Sheila, I placed a bunch of damp hair between my index and middle finger. I made sure my finger barrier ran parallel to Sheila's original line. I snipped. I repositioned. I repeated. And, I prayed.

Every day after that was a good hair day, or at least a good-enough hair day. Every two months or so I re-set up the chop shop in my bathroom. I dreaded the process before I began, worrying that I'd cut so much, so crookedly that I couldn't fix it. Once I was done, however, I relished the new haircut feel. I also thanked the Zoom gods for exposing only those parts of my hairdo I could see while cutting.

Actually, I've been cutting my own hair since 1959. Back then, my 3-year-old self went from cutting out Humpty Dumpty to chopping off one side of my long, curly locks. My haircutting experiment, and subsequent pixie cut, made my mother cry. But, that's a Buffalo (NY) story for another day. For today, I'm excited to be going back to Sheila in two months. I'm happy knowing that cutting my own hair this time around didn't even come close to making anyone cry.



Before.

Julie Lekach House has lived in Upper Noe Valley since 1990. She and her husband raised two daughters here. They ran a successful software business from their home before WFH (Work From Home) was cool. Currently, Julie is retired and enjoys folk dancing, line dancing and writing for her memoir class.

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Don’t Lose It

By Jeff Kaliss



Image by Jack Tipple

It opens with a riff:
a Latin-tinged sway
on an open fifth
borrowed from Horace Silver’s jazz gem,
“Song for My Father”.
We all borrow from our fathers
before we get to get our own places
and buy our own drinks.

Can you hear it now,
on the jukebox at Finnegan’s Wake?
Our saloon of choice
in the days after disco,
when rock ‘n’ roll and all of us
were trying to sound smart,
but still flirting with the foolish.

“We hear you’re leaving, that’s okay.
I thought our little wild time had just begun.
I guess you kind of scared yourself, you turn and run.
But if you have a change of heart. . .“

Listen now for the run
that follows that lyric,
on a B-flat-plus-9 chord.

Were you there to hear it
when it was playing what your life was,
forty years ago,
on Finnegan’s jukebox,
when Finnegan’s stood open
in the heart of Noe Valley,
between Noe & Castro?

Can you, with younger eyes, still see that sound,
without prescription,
still hear that bar,
without tinnitus?

Maybe not.
But “that’s okay”,
as Donald Fagen,
the neo-beatnik in the Steely Dan band,
sang to Rikki,
some years before this story.

It’s okay
if you don’t know music theory,
okay if you abstain
and never would have ventured
into Finnegan’s,
okay if you’re a techie
who wouldn’t have been
invented yet.

For now, while you’re still reading paper,
you can all share the time with an elder,
and groove on how it is
that how it went
is ever what it was,
and how you go to goodness,
how you drop your coin,
you play your song,
your ‘80s jukebox song,
and it stays with you,
you take it down the street,
it takes you through your life.

Rikki Don’t Lose That Number”.

That was the name of that song.

Why did Alvin keep it on the jukebox?
What did he not want us to lose?

Was it Rikki?
Remember Rikki?

All of them, any of them
could have been Rikki.

Rikki: the crisp androgyny of her name
brings back that tangy tug,
that lemon squeeze below your waist,
wanting towards having,
women and men both wanting her,
her clever chatter cracking ice cubes,
your eyes slipping downwards from hers.

From her frank, fresh eyes,
young when you were young,
longish tousled hair,
crisp blouse, starched, unbuttoned,
her mounded breaths,
longish summer legs,
thighs hugged by summer shorts.

Remember to keep talking,
while you’re in the 1980’s:
how you write for the neighborhood paper,
what a great place this is
to have to write about,
the cute cafés and coffeehouses
(and all the cute who hang out there),
the homey eateries,
the mom-and-pop stores,
‘cause Mom and Pop

are still alive
and rent is still
within their reach and ours,
and most of us are single.

You quaff your scotch, invite Rikki
to shoot a game of pool.
Alvin’s got his own eye on your game.
He moves out from behind his bar
to feed the jukebox once again.
“Rikki don’t lose that number.”

Don’t lose?
She’s putting every solid number, on up to 8
in all six pockets of the table,
compelling you in conversation, too:
the grad school she’ll be going to back East,
once she’s conquered the West.

You’re glad she won this game.
You raptly watch and walk her to her prize.
the ice cream that you buy her, down the street,
a double-scoop, with sprinkles;
the sun has shown the fog away,
and she seems glad
that everything is melting.

“Rikki don’t lose this number.”
What numbers should we keep, Alvin?
24th Street leads along our happiness.
We don’t need the 10 or the 24
to get away from this.

But the ‘80s will blow by
as we get hired, married, pregnant,
as Rikki does her dissertation,
as music gets made by machines,
as many candles crowd our birthday cakes.

“You tell yourself you’re not my kind,
but you don’t even know your mind,
and you could have a change of heart. . .“

Hey.
It’s not a change of heart you need.
It’s not you never knew your mind.
Your mind and heart were one then, and still are.
So are mine.

We don’t need numbers, we need living.
It’s in the music.
Alvin knew that then.
He still does.

— Poem by Jeff Kaliss
Lyrics and Music by Walter Becker & Donald Fagen
(Steely Dan)

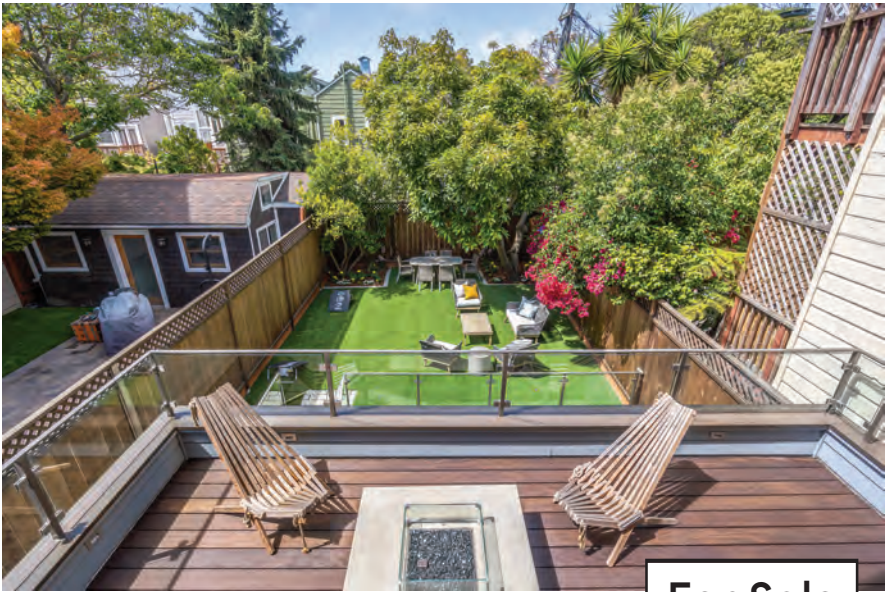
The Noe Valley Voice revived Jeff Kaliss’s freelance writing jones in 1979. This led to a career, with a tributary MFA in Creative Writing from San Francisco State. In books, articles, poetry, fiction, and elsewhere, he writes much about music, place, and purpose.



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I put the hummingbird feeder up in the spring, full of hope that I would soon see hummers aplenty. But as I observed my mini-ecosystem over the following weeks, I realized there was a California Scrub-Jay nest in the maple tree and that the tiny flying dancers would not feel comfortable hanging around. (Jays will eat hummingbirds and raid their nests!) So, I took down the feeder. Now the young have fledged, and the Scrub-Jays have moved on. This past month I started hearing the clicks and calls of hummingbirds in the maple branches. One evening I cooked up some sugary nectar and hung the feeder. The very next morning I had my first visitor. The immense joy these little creatures bring me is uncanny. The hum of wingbeats just now paused my typing. Coco the cat—or “little miss green eyes” or “the huntress”, as I also tend to call her, my neighbor’s outdoor cat—has taken up various prime bird watching spots under and around the feeder. Before I hung it, I had a conversation with her to let her know I would be inviting some bird friends over, and as I stroked her belly, I asked if she could refrain from killing them. She has an acute ear and eye, sometimes her gaze alerts me to a bird on a branch, other times we zero in almost simultaneously to a sound or a quick wing movement. I’m not crazy about the fact she’s free to roam the outdoors, and if not for the fact I know she wants to eat them, or at least capture them, I think we actually make good birding companions...

On a recent sunny, fresh Sunday morning, while sitting outside on my deck, I heard the whirr of vibrating hummingbird wings a couple feet above my head close to the feeder. The reaching glance of the green eyes of Coco

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BIRD. CAT. SPIDER. HUMAN.

By LisaRuth Elliott



Photo by Jack Tipple

Habitat.

the cat, as she willed my hand to stroke her cheek and head, directed me to follow the length of her black furry body to her tail as she circled around my lower legs. I searched the maple tree crown for the furtive and quick movements of a bird whose twitters I could not yet identify as I waited for my laundry load to finish. We were all within feet of each other, each with our own priorities, desires, needs.

Three Bushtits chased each other across the small patch of sky in my view. The glorious contours of San Bruno Mountain were clear in the dis-

tance to the south. A cabbage moth again and again visited the top of the pink-flowered plant I will never learn the name of. The hummingbird’s sharp staccato twi-twi twi-twi flitted by above the maple crown. I detected the outline of a plump spider seemingly suspended in mid-air, but really at the center of an elaborate construction invisible to any being’s naked eye, unless you see it in just the right angle of light. I had been wanting to trim that wily jasmine the spider has connected one side of its web to, but it would have to wait. A winged one flew into the net of the barrel-bodied spider. Instantly the fly was

immobilized and enveloped in a quick encasement of silky strings, and I watched the spider’s speedy movements to further disable and disassemble the flying thing. The spider, sucking the juiciness from within, quickly deflated the fly.

A sparrow landed just beyond my view, foraging in the rose tree beyond the house. I crouched at the sudden appearance of the Anna’s Hummingbird above me, probably a bit confused at my—and my hanging laundry’s—presence in such close proximity to the nectar in the feeder it usually has unimpeded access to. A high-flying American Crow, maybe a Common Raven, sounded above. A car alarm ruptured the muted tones of the sky language I had tuned into around me, and reminded me that this dense urban environment is full of a whole other soundscape. A neighbor spoke loudly with another person who answered with laughter. Another neighbor had earlier spent countless agonizing minutes using a high-pitched voice to train a dog in some task. A second car alarm a street over started up, as if in a call and response. I moved inside to turn my attention to the constructs of a human life, taking sketches of the overlapping worlds I observed that morning of the birds, cat, and insects with me into the rest of my day.

LisaRuth Elliott is inspired by place. The stories and landscape of San Francisco, of Yelamu and its creatures, inform her life and work. She is an avid birder, writer and editor, visual artist, community historian, urban farmer, and lecturer at Bay Area universities.



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Read the Small Print. Their job may involve brightening our days, but the cheerful flower vendors at The French Tulip on 24th Street, invite you to exercise care when you navigate your dog or stroller nearby unless you want a make-over. *Photo by Jack Tipple*

WHO TO CALL AT CITY HALL

NVV7/2021

- San Francisco Information Line** www.sf311.org **311** or 415-701-2311
Covid-19 Text “COVID19SF to 888-777, see sf.gov/topics/coronavirus-covid-19, or call . . . 311
Burned-Out Streetlights, city owned (wooden poles call PG&E) 311
District 8 Supervisor Rafael Mandelman, mandelmanstaff@sfgov.org . . . 415-554-6968
District 8 Community Liaison for Crime Prevention Dave.Burke@sfgov.org
Graffiti Removal, Tree Removal, Street Cleaning (DPW) 415-695-2017
Hazardous Waste Disposal / free pickup bulky items 415-330-1300
Homeless Services Street Outreach Services (SOS) 415-355-2250
Lost or Injured Animals Animal Care and Control 415-554-6364
Mayor’s Office of Neighborhood Services sfmayor.org 415-554-7111
NERT (SFFD Neighborhood Emergency Response Teams) 415-970-2022
Parking Enforcement DPT Dispatch 415-553-1200
PG&E Gas or electrical issues 1-800-743-5000
Pothole Repairs potholes@sfdpw.org 415-554-5810
Recycling Recology San Francisco 415-330-1300
Rent Board 415-252-4600
Sewer Problems, Overflows 415-695-2096
Tree Planting urbanforestry@sfdpw.org 415-554-6700
24th Street Community Benefit District (CBD) 415-519-0093
Water Leaks, Water Pressure 415-554-3289

“A good traveler has no fixed plans and is not intent on arriving.”
—Lao Tzu, sixth century BC Chinese philosopher

See You in September!

If you’re missing Teen Talk or the Cartoon, Crossword, or even Rumors, never fear. They’ll be back with our September edition.

We hope you’ve enjoyed this August presentation. Let us know! editor@noevalleyvoice.com

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Photo by Art Bodner

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San Francisco Neighborhood Newspaper Association

In 2018 I returned to Kailua Kona, Hawai'i to pay my respects to my deceased parents whose ashes were scattered off the coast. I planned to "visit" my parents as part of a strong Japanese tradition of paying respect to one's elders after their death. I learned this tradition early in my childhood because my family would always visit the gravesites of my relatives and friends. It was an act of kindness that we would practice almost every month. As a young adult, I moved away from my family's roots in the Central Valley and the practice of visiting my elders quickly left me and was lost for several years.

When my parents passed away, Mom in 2010 and Papasan in 2014, I started visiting them in Hawai'i every two years. Papasan had a specific wish to have his ashes combined with Mom's and to scatter them in the ocean off the coast of Kona, in the same spot where his best friend, Uncle Peter Anderson's ashes were scattered more than twenty-five years ago. In 2015 I hired a Captain and rented a boat to scatter their ashes and was accompanied by Uncle Peter's wife Leona, her boyfriend Peter (ironic, yes?), and my best friend Richard. As our boat left the dock of the harbor, Richard sat in a chair facing the back of the boat, so he could relish the incredible view of his favorite mountain on the Kona Coast named Hualalai.

Richard is pure Hawai'ian and has a rich family history on the Big Island. We met in 2006 when I joined Na Lei Hulu I Ka Wekiu in San Francisco, a hula halau (school). Richard was the oldest dancer of the halau and left in 2013 to return home to Kona, Hawai'i. It was important for Richard to join me in the act of scattering my parent's ashes because he and I share a special bond. We are so close, I feel he is my brother and protector. We love each other and have an incredible friendship. So, when the boat approached the exact location where my Uncle Peter's ashes had been laid, the Captain cut the engine and we were suddenly engulfed in complete silence. The ocean was a deep, dark blue and the waves were calm, so the boat floated in the same spot effortlessly. I spoke to my parents and told them how much I missed them and said

I'd be back to visit them again and again. I had purchased flowers to float on the water before placing their ashes in the ocean. (Sadly, leis are no longer allowed for ash ceremonies, to protect ocean wildlife.) The flowers were a col-

RISING VOICES

fiction, poetry, essays, nonfiction • the noe valley voice

Kona Chips

By Sandy Nakamura



Pacific Ocean surf.

Photo by Jack Tipple

orful mix of plumeria and orchid blossoms. As they floated atop the ocean's surface, I opened the urn and scattered their ashes. Funny how the ashes did not sink quickly into the water. Instead, they slowly spread across the top of the water and remained there for a long time, mixing with the flowers and my tears. The combination of the ashes and the ocean's salt water made the dark blue sea turn a vibrant aqua blue. It was amazing, like magic. Then the unthinkable happened Richard began chanting a Hawai'ian verse to honor my parents. I turned around when I heard his deep, commanding voice and looked at him with tears in his eyes and so much love in my heart. Richard captured the moment as he always does.

When our boat returned to the harbor, the Captain told Richard he had never witnessed anyone chanting in more than twenty-five years since he started taking families out to sea. He was surprised by Richard, as was I, and said he would never forget that moment and the feeling it gave him.

I will always be grateful for what Richard did that day. It was a perfect example of the kind of person he is. Kind, generous, so thoughtful. Thanks, Big Brother... Mahalo nui loa my hoaaloa pili loa (best friend).

I returned to Kona Kailua again in 2018 and this time I didn't rent a boat or hire a captain.

I went to Ho'okena Beach, a place

where Richard played as a child and which was once exclusive to Hawai'ians only. It's now a State park and open to the public, but most tourists do not know about it, so shhh, let's keep it quiet and out of Fodor's, Lonely Planet and other travel guides.

Ho'okena Beach is located off Highway 11, also known as Mamalahoa Highway. Vehicles must travel down a steep and winding road to the beach. Parking is scarce, a few houses and what appear to be tin roofed shacks line the shoreline. One of Richard's cousins lives in a shack-like abode and has lived there for many years. Huge pit bulls guard the property. Ho'okena is a small beach, nestled in a protected cove, alongside a once sacred rock formation and mountainside. Bones of the dead were placed inside small crevices in the mountainside to later be memorialized by native Hawai'ians.

Richard, my friends Karen, Sharif, and their six-year old daughter, Roxie, came to Ho'okena Beach with us. Roxie and I planned to walk along the beach together because she wanted to say "Hi" to my parents. After swimming and picnicking on an "ono" lunch of spam musubi, poke, seaweed salad, Kona chips, leftover teriyaki chicken, Filipino pancit, and fresh fruit, it was time for me to find a quiet place to "visit" my Mom and Dad. I asked Richard to come with Roxie and me, so the three of us walked along the shoreline looking for the perfect spot to scat-

ter flowers to greet them. We walked towards an area covered in black lava flows that had tide pools and small blow holes. Richard pointed to a place and said, "There's a good spot." Roxie and I navigated the lava rocks, careful not to slip and fall on the algae covered stones. Richard was behind us, not venturing as far as we did because he has issues with his balance. I carried a plastic container filled with flowers to place in the ocean and when I reached the point where the lava flow meets the sea, I stood there for a moment enjoying the spectacular view. I looked down at my feet and a sea turtle was looking up at me. I was so surprised to see it... right there! Sea turtles are considered sacred in Hawai'ian culture and are revered as a symbol of wisdom and good luck and appear to humans in the form of a guardian spirit.

"There's a honu right here!" I yelled back at Richard. Roxie was excited about the turtle too. We had been wanting to see honus since the beginning of our trip and as if by magic, one came to visit us. We placed the flowers in the water next to the turtle and the waves began to take them out to sea.

"Honu, take these flowers to Mama san and Papasan," Richard said. The honu turned around and swam out to sea. The waves floated the flowers behind the turtle and it actually looked like the honu was doing exactly what Richard had commanded. It was surreal how things happened that way but I'm not going to question how or why it did. It just did. I didn't say anything out loud to my parents that day but knew they were witness to the honu too and were smiling. I was filled with happiness and turned to share my emotional moment with Richard. As I turned to see Richard standing behind me, he was holding a bag of Kona Chips to his mouth pouring the small bits left at the bottom of bag, ensuring he could eat every last morsel.

"Really?!", I said. "What?!" he replied. That's my Richard... my hoaaloa pili loa.

Sandy Nakamura has lived in Noe Valley for over two decades. She gives back to her community and is referred to as the Mayor of Church Street. Some say she's a lifelong lover of stories. Others say she talks a lot. Simply put, she's a perfect storm for writing short stories.



IMAGE: SONPHOTO.COM

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Greening San Francisco

Aug. 1: Political group ACTION SF hosts virtual meetings, open to all, from 12:30 to 2 pm. Email actionsolidarity@gmail.com to find out if the meeting is virtual or in-person.

Aug. 1-19: CREATIVITY EXPLORED hosts Blackiful, a group exhibit featuring Black artists "to respond to a need for a Black sanctuary space." Fri., 3-6 pm; Sat., 10 am-2 pm. 3245 16th. Make an appointment to view: 863-2108; creativityexplored.org.

Aug. 1-Sept. 5: WATERCOLORS by Kit Cameron, Andy Forrest, Eddie Wolowski, and Carlo Grünfeld are on display at the Far Out Gallery. Weekends, noon-6 pm, and by appointment. 3004 Taraval. 463-5537; faroutgallery.com.

Aug. 1-Sept. 5: The SF MIME TROUPE performs a series of weekly Radio Play Podcasts, "Tales of the Resistance, Volume 2: Persistence." For the link: sfmt.org/talesvol2.

Aug. 2-30: The 30th Street Senior Center offers virtual FALL PREVENTION classes on Mondays and Thursdays, from 1:30 to 2:30 pm. 225 30th. Sign up with Luz Villanueva, 550-2265.

Aug. 2-31: Noe Valley OVEREATERS Anonymous at St. Aidan's meets via Zoom, Monday through Saturday 7 to 8 am. 314-0720 or 779-6273; oasf.org.

Aug. 2-31: The 30th Street SENIOR CENTER offers takeout lunches for people over 60, weekdays and Saturdays. 9:30 am-1:30 pm. 225 30th. 550-2226.

Aug. 3, 10, 17, 24 & 31: The San Francisco Public Library offers "Sweet Stories for Families," virtual STORYTIMES, on Tuesdays, from 11 to 11:15 am. 557-4400; sfpl.org.

Aug. 4 & 18: The de Young Museum's VIRTUAL WEDNESDAYS program presents a two-part discussion, "Art, Science, and Mythology of Wine in Ancient Mediterranean Cultures." 5-5:45 pm. deyoung.famsf.org.

Aug. 4-25: The Castro FARMERS' MARKET is open Wednesdays 2:30 to 7 pm March 17 to Nov. 17. 290 Noe. pcfma.org.

Aug. 4-27: PILATES BOOTCAMP classes at the Noe Valley Town Square are scheduled for Wednesdays and Fridays, 8 am. 3861 24th. noevalleytownsquare.com.

Aug. 6-27: Bird & Beckett bookstore hosts Friday JAZZ live-streaming from the shop. 7:30-9 pm. 586-3733; birdbeckett.com.

Aug. 7-28: Noe Valley FARMERS MARKET is open 8 am to 1 pm (8 to 9 am for seniors). 3861 24th. 248-1332; noevalleyfarmersmarket.com.

Aug. 7-Sept. 5: WATERCOLORS by Kit Cameron, Andy Forrest, Eddie Wolowski, and Carlo Grünfeld are on display at the Far Out Gallery. Weekends, noon-6 pm, and by appointment. 3004 Taraval. 463-5537; faroutgallery.com.

Aug. 11: RESILIENT Noe Valley meets at the Noe Valley Ministry. 12:30-2 pm. 1021 Sanchez. 282-2317; confirm with Pastor Brown at sfrevdb@gmail.com.

Aug. 14: OMNIVORE Books hosts a free in-store discussion with Michelle Polzine, author of *Baking at the 20th Century Cafe: Iconic European Desserts from Linzer Torte to Honey Cake*. 3-4 pm. 3885A Cesar Chavez. 282-4712; omnivore-books.com.

Aug. 15: Chris McDade introduces *The Magic of TINNED FISH* at a free live in-store event. 3-4 pm. Omnivore Books, 3885A Cesar Chavez. 282-4712; omnivorebooks.com.

Aug. 19: Kung Pao KOSHER COMEDY's "Lockdown Comedy" features streaming performances by Jason Stuart, Vijal Nathan, Dan St Paul, and Lisa Geduldig. 6 pm. koshercomedy.com.

Aug. 20: Saxophone player Charlie Gurke performs as part of the virtual Shenson Faculty CONCERT Series at Community Music Center. 5:30-6:30 pm. 647-6015; sfmc.org.

Aug. 21: OMNIVORE Books hosts Linda Shiue, M.D., author of *Spicebox Kitchen: Eat Well and Be Healthy with Globally Inspired, Vegetable-Forward Recipes*, in an in-store conversation with Bryant Terry. 3-4 pm. 3885A Cesar Chavez. 282-4712; omnivorebooks.com.

Aug. 22: Nandita Godbole discusses *Seven Pots of Tea: An Ayurvedic Approach to Sips & Nosh* at a free live in-store event. 3-4 pm. Omnivore Books, 3885A Cesar Chavez. 282-4712; omnivore-books.com.

Aug. 25: Bird & Beckett bookstore hosts a reading by POET Judith Bernhard, who will be interviewed by Silvi Alcivar. 7:30-9 pm. 586-3733; birdbeckett.com.

Aug. 26: The San Francisco Public Library, SF Neon, and the Tenderloin Museum host a virtual presentation, "CINEMATIC SF Neon with Jim Van Buskirk of Celluloid San Francisco." 7-8 pm.

Still Zooming: The next *Noe Valley Voice* will be the **September 2021** issue, distributed the first week of September. The deadline for items is **Aug. 15**. Email calendar@noevalley-voice.com or write *Calendar, Noe Valley Voice*, P.O. Box 460249, San Francisco, CA 94146.

RISING VOICES

fiction, poetry, essays, nonfiction • the noe valley voice

Ruth Asawa

By Dale Fehringer

Good Comes
Through Adversity

Ruth Asawa was one of California's most admired sculptors and the first Asian American woman to achieve success in that field. She was also a long-time resident of Noe Valley.

Born in 1926 into a Japanese-American family in southern California, Asawa grew up in a life of adversity, both on her family's produce farm, where everyone did hard and dirty work, and in school, where she was looked down upon by some of her fellow students.

Three months after the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor, when Asawa was 16, her father was arrested by FBI agents and taken to a camp in New Mexico. Two months later Ruth and the rest of her family were sent to the Santa Anita race track in Arcadia, California, where they lived in a horse stall until they were sent to an internment camp in Arkansas. There they were confined with eight thousand other Japanese Americans. Among them were some Japanese-American animators from the Walt Disney Studios who taught Ruth to draw. She spent much of her free time learning and practicing art.



Ruth Asawa with some of her intricate wire sculptures as pictured in the September 2013 Noe Valley Voice. Photo by Laurence Cuneo

After being imprisoned for 18 months a Quaker organization obtained her release and she went to a college in Wisconsin where she studied to be a teacher. After college, she was denied a teaching job because she was Japanese-American.

She attended Black Mountain College in North Carolina, where she studied

art and fell in love with an architecture student named Albert Lanier. After graduation, they moved to San Francisco, where they spent the rest of their lives, raising six children and pursuing their passions. Albert designed buildings while Ruth created sculptures, fountains, paintings, and wire hangings.


Over time, Asawa became renowned for her unique style of art. She created fountains; including the Andrea Mermaid Fountain at Ghiradelli Square and the San Francisco fountain near Union Square. But most people know her for her wire sculptures; large and sophisticated pieces. Today, several of them are displayed in San Francisco's de Young Museum.

Asawa was also a highly-regarded community leader in art education. She started an art school in San Francisco that carries her name.

Despite adversity, she led a unique and inspirational life. She did the best she could, became the best she could be, and told everyone who would listen that she was not a victim, she was a survivor. Speaking of her incarceration during World War II, she said:

"I hold no hostilities for what happened. I blame no one. Sometimes good comes through adversity. I would not be who I am today had it not been for the Internment, and I like who I am."

Dale Fehringer is a freelance writer who has lived in Noe Valley for 30 years. This story is included in his book, San Francisco: Legends, Heroes and Heartthrobs, which is available at Folio Books and Video Wave.



AUGUST & SEPTEMBER
EVENTS AT
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SAT AUG 14	MICHELLE POLZINE • BAKING AT THE 20TH CENTURY CAFE: ICONIC EUROPEAN DESSERTS FROM LINZER TORTE TO HONEY CAKE • 3:00-4:00 P.M. FREE! Polzine, one of San Francisco's best pastry chefs, will transport us straight to the grand cafés of Europe with legendary sweet and savory baking recipes of Central and Eastern Europe.
SUN AUG 15	CHRIS McDADE • THE MAGIC OF TINNED FISH: ELEVATE YOUR COOKING WITH CANNED ANCHOVIES, SARDINES, MACKEREL, CRAB, AND OTHER AMAZING SEAFOOD • 3:00-4:00 P.M. FREE! Change the way you think about and cook with tinned fish, with a focus on sustainability and ease.
THURS AUG 19	KATE LEAHY • WINE STYLE: DISCOVER THE WINES YOU WILL LOVE THROUGH 50 SIMPLE RECIPES • 6:30-7:30 P.M. FREE! A modern, casual guide to finding which wines you love and what foods to pair them with.
SAT AUG 21	LINDA SHIUE, M.D. • SPICEBOX KITCHEN: EAT WELL AND BE HEALTHY WITH GLOBALLY INSPIRED,VEGETABLE-FORWARD RECIPES • 3:00-4:00 P.M. FREE! Let food be thy medicine with recipes featuring spices from amchar masala to za'atar.
SUN AUG 22	NANDITA GODBOLE • SEVEN POTS OF TEA: AN AYURVEDIC APPROACH TO SIPS & NOSH • 3:00-4:00 P.M. FREE! An exploration of the flavors and health benefits in tea, through Ayurveda's six 'rasas', with recipes for brews and nosh.
WED SEPT 8	MARIANA VELÁSQUEZ • COLOMBIANA: A REDISCOVERY OF RECIPES AND RITUALS FROM THE SOUL OF COLOMBIA • 6:30-7:30 P.M. FREE! A Bogotá native will discuss the diverse mix of heritages, cultures, and regions that comprise Colombian food can be summed up in one simple concept: More is more.
THURS SEPT 16	SHANNA FARRELL • A GOOD DRINK: IN PURSUIT OF SUSTAINABLE SPIRITS. • 6:30-7:30 P.M. P.M. FREE! A San Francisco bartender's search for the bars, distillers, and farmers who are driving a transformation to sustainable spirits.

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Al-Anon Noe Valley

Contact: 834-9940
Website: al-anonsf.org
Meetings: Wednesdays, 7:30-9 p.m.
St. Philip Church, 725 Diamond St. (park on Elizabeth Street side; enter on 24th Street)

Castro Community on Patrol

Website: castropatrol.org
Email: info@castropatrol.org

Castro Merchants

Contacts: Masood Samereie, President;
Dave Karraker, 415-710-0245
Email: Dave@mx3fitness.com
Address: 584 Castro St. #333, SF, CA 94114
Meetings: Email info@CastroMerchants.com

Diamond Heights Community Association

Contact: Betsy Eddy, 867-5774
Address: P.O. Box 31529, SF, CA 94131
Website: www.dhcasf.org
Meetings: Second Thursday, 7 p.m. Call for location.

Dolores Heights Improvement Club

Email: info@doloresheights.org
Website: www.doloresheights.org
Meetings: Third Thursday of every second month. Bank of America, 18th and Castro.

Duncan Newburg Association (DNA)

Contacts: Deanna Mooney, 821-4045;
Diane McCarney, 824-0303; or Sally Chew, 821-6235. Address: 560 Duncan St., SF, CA 94131. Meetings: Call for details.

Eureka Valley Neighborhood Association

Website: https://evna.org
Address: P.O. Box 14137, SF, CA 94114
Meetings: See website calendar. Castro Meeting Room, 501 Castro St., 7 p.m.

MORE GROUPS TO JOIN

Fair Oaks Neighbors

Email: hello@fairoaksneighbors.org
Address: 200 Fair Oaks St., SF, CA 94110
The Fair Oaks Street Fair is traditionally held the day before Mother's Day.

Friends of Billy Goat Hill

Contact: Lisa and Mo Ghotbi, 821-0122
Website: www.billygoathill.net

Friends of Dolores Park Playground

Contact: Nancy Gonzalez Madynski, 828-5772
Email: friendsofdolorespark@gmail.com
Website: friendsofdolorespark.org

Friends of Glen Canyon Park

Contact: Jean Conner, 584-8576
Address: 140 Turquoise Way, SF, CA 94131
Plant restoration work parties, Wednesday mornings and third Saturday of the month.

Friends of Noe Courts Playground

Contact: Laura Norman
Email: lauranor@yahoo.com
Address: P.O. Box 460953, SF, CA 94146
Meetings: Email for dates and times.

Friends of Noe Valley (FNV)

Contact: Todd David, 401-0625
Email: info@friendsofnoevalley.com
Website: friendsofnoevalley.com
Meetings: Two or three annually.

Friends of Upper Noe Recreation Center

Contact: Chris Faust
Email: info@uppernoerecreationcenter.com
Website: uppernoerecreationcenter.com
Meetings: Email or check website.

Friends of Upper Noe Dog Owners Group (FUND OG)

Contacts: Chris Faust, David Emanuel
Email: info@fundogsf.org
Website: www.fundogsf.org

Glen Park Association

Contact: info@glenparkassociation.org
Website: glenparkassociation.org
Address: P.O. Box 31292, SF, CA 94131

Juri Commoners

Contact: Dave Schweiguth, MI7-6290
Email: dave@schweiguth.org
Website: meetup.com/Juri-Commoners
Meetings: Most last Saturdays, 9-noon.

Liberty Hill Neighborhood Association

Contact: Dr. Lisa Fromer, president
Email: efromer3@gmail.com
Meetings: Quarterly. Email for details.

Noe Neighborhood Council

Contact: Ozzie Rohm or Matt McCabe, Co-founders
Email: info@noeneighborhoodcouncil.com
Website: noeneighborhoodcouncil.com
Meetings: Quarterly at Sally Brunn Library, 451 Jersey St., with date publicized on website and Nextdoor.com.

Noe Valley Association-24th Street Community Benefit District

Contact: Debra Niemann, 519-0093
Dispatch: To report spills or debris on 24th Street, call Billy Dinnell, 802-4461.
Email: info@noevalleyassociation.org.
Website: noevalleyassociation.org
Board meetings: Quarterly. See website.

Noe Valley Farmers Market

Open Saturdays, 8 a.m. to 1 p.m., and Tuesdays, 3 to 7 p.m.; 3861 24th St. between Vicksburg and Sanchez.
Contact: Leslie Crawford, 248-1332
Email: info@noevalleyfarmersmarket.com

Noe Valley Merchants and Professionals Association (NVMPA)

Contact: Rachel Swann, 225-7743
Meetings: Last Thursdays, Old Republic, 4045A 24th St., 9 a.m. Call to confirm.
Website: www.NoValleyMerchants.com

Noe Valley Parent Network

An e-mail resource network for parents
Contact: Mina Kenvin
Email: minaken@gmail.com

Noe Valley Parents, San Francisco

Listserv contact: noevalleyparent-owner@yahoogroups.com. Subscribe: noevalleyparentssubscribe@yahoogroups.com

Progress Noe Valley

Facebook: facebook.com/ProgressNoeValley
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Website: progressnoe.com
Meetings: Check Facebook page for current meeting and event schedule.

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Website: www.resilientnoevalley.com

San Francisco NERT (Neighborhood Emergency Response Team)

Contact: Noe Valley NERT Neighborhood Team co-coordinators Maxine Fasulis, mfasulis@yahoo.com; Carole Roberts, carole_roberts@faludi.com
Website: https://SF-fire.org
New training classes to be scheduled soon. Please check the NERT website for details.

San Jose/Guerrero Coalition to Save Our Streets

Contact: Don Oshiro, 285-8188
Email: contact@sanjoseguerrero.com
Website: sanjoseguerrero.com
Meetings: See website.

Friends of Slow Sanchez

Contacts: Christopher Keene, Andrew Casteel
Email: info@SlowSanchez.com
Website: SlowSanchez.com

Upper Noe Merchants

Contact: Info@UpperNoeNeighbors.com
https://uppernoeneighbors.com/merchants/

Upper Noe Neighbors

Contact: Olga Milan-Howells, 756-4455
Email: President@UpperNoeNeighbors.com
Meetings: Bi-monthly on third Wednesday. Upper Noe Recreation Center, 295 Day St. Call to confirm.

THE NOE VALLEY VOICE
editor@noevalleyvoice.com

All phone numbers are in the 415 area code, unless otherwise noted.



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be patient
be super
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Graveside

By Howard Steiermann

#1

Thud
Thud
Thud.
Each handful of dirt
carrying love
holding memories
my tangible goodbye.
Each hollow thud of dark earth
landing loudly
on the pale wood Aron
and even louder on my aching heart.

The recent rain added weight to the earth I needed to reluctantly move from mound to grave. The jolting reality of her death added weight to my soul.

Looking down at the plain wood casket
I see Mom’s nearly 93 year global life journey
encompassing many worldwide destinations
Berlin, Shanghai, Chicago, San Francisco.

Now I need to move from distraught son
to taking on the mantle of the elder generation.

Her body, polio’d, scoliosis’d, shingled, cancer’d and recently bedbound
at rest under my feet.

Her perseverance, patience, grace, and witty retorts
at rest in my heart.

Mom’s story is forever intertwined with mine.

May her soul be forever intertwined with the Eternal.

Amen

Howard Steiermann has lived around Noe Valley for over a quarter century. He loves art, architecture, chocolate chip cookies (no nuts) and is writing his own rendition of the 150 Psalms.

#2

You ask me how I’m doing.
It depends on, when.

I enjoy the visits I’ve been having with mom in my dreams. But when I wake I become wistful because it was only a dream.

I’m mostly fine (or am I?) while awake. Except when I pass the couch on which I sat when we chatted. Except when I read the current New Yorker about a composer who riffs on Leonard Cohen’s “Who by Fire.” The article reminds me of the times I picked mom up and schlepped her into the City for the High Holy Days. I now schlep melancholy as I realize mom will never be joining me again to the Herbst, or anywhere.

Driving her into the City for services jogs memories about the various doctor appointments I took her to. Every month it got more and more difficult for her to get in and out of the car, in and out of the wheelchair. Now she is in and out of my thoughts. Fortunately, I recall how she wouldn’t complain even though grimacing in pain.

I recall how she matter-of-factly gave me comments on the obituary I never referred to as an obituary.

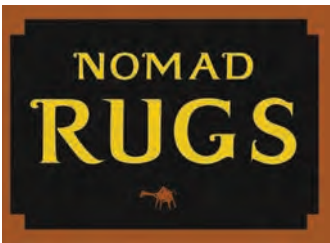
I recall how she weathered so many life storms yet became the beloved matriarch cherished by so many.

You ask me how I’m doing.
I’m fine, thanks. And you?

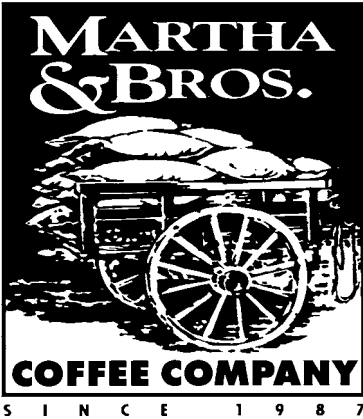
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