EXODUS

Once houses in the neighborhood were uprooted. Now it's the neighbors themselves.

Five decades ago, the heart was ripped out of the Fillmore District and thousands of once magnificent Victorian homes were destroyed as part of an ambitious but ultimately disastrous attempt at urban renewal. Many of the scars remain today.

Alarmed by the destruction of the city's distinctive architecture, a group of concerned citizens banded together in 1971 to form the Foundation for San Francisco's Architectural Heritage. The organization became an important force in the city, operating from its home in the Haas-Lilienthal House on Franklin Street. One of its first projects was to help save some of the most significant remaining Victorians in the path of redevelopment by moving them to new locations — an audacious act of preservation captured in photographs recently rediscovered by Heritage staffers.

This issue includes a portfolio of those photographs alongside essays by four longtime denizens of the neighborhood who — like many others — have been uprooted in recent months by chance, by choice or by economic circumstances.
COMING & GOING

New Studio Showing Ceramic Art

It’s Thanksgiving in January at the neighborhood’s newest art space — “Chinese Thanksgiving,” to be exact, a ceramic dinner party featuring the work of artist Nikki Lau.

The exhibition opens on Friday, January 10, with a reception from 4 to 7 p.m. that will include a talk by the artist. “Chinese Thanksgiving” continues through January 31 at Hardin Studios on the ground floor at 2140 Bush Street.

Lau says the installation showcases a meal that “explores the immigrant experience, assimilation and what it means to be a Chinese-American female.” It includes ceramic plates that tell a story about each member of her predominantly female family. “We are first, second or third generation,” she says. “I am very interested in what each member of my family ‘brings to the table.’”

The exhibition of Lau’s work is the first of a year-long program at the new neighborhood venue that will feature a different San Francisco artist each month based on the general theme of “the earth and its families.”

Hardin Studios is owned and operated by artist Heidi Hardin. It is both the studio where she creates her own artwork and a not-for-profit gallery showing the work of other artists and students who participate in her nonprofit organization Think Round.

Hardin created Think Round a decade ago to expand the public art projects she had been leading for many years in the city’s southeast neighborhoods, including Hunters Point Shipyard and Bayview. The most recent public art project, “Stream of Consciousness,” was commissioned by the Redevelopment Agency and will be installed this year at the new Hillpoint Park at Hunter’s Point.

For more information, call 828-6544 or visit thinkround.org.

FAREWELL

A familiar face behind the counter

For many years he was a steady presence behind the fish and meat counter at Mollie Stone’s Market and its predecessor, the Grand Central Market. But no more. Fedele Sciancalepore (left) died on December 16 at age 65.

“He loved working here,” says his colleague, meat maven Lorain Arruabarrena. “He loved the customers.”

Sciancalepore was a proud immigrant from Italy, returning every year to the land where he was born. He leaves behind five children and his German Shepherd, Lucy. “That was his pride and joy,” says Arruabarrena.

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Connecting the neighborhood

Every month, 20,000 copies of the New Fillmore are delivered to homes and businesses in the Fillmore, Pacific Heights and Japantown. We thank you for your support and encouragement and welcome your ideas and suggestions.

newfillmore.com | updates, videos and an archive of back issues

A ceramic installation by artist Nikki Lau kicks off the new year at Hardin Studios.
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Let's Get Geary Moving!

Join the SFCTA and SFMTA for a Geary Corridor Bus Rapid Transit (BRT) Project Update!

The Geary BRT Project is a cost-effective way to improve bus service and enhance street conditions for Geary from Downtown to the Outer Richmond. Based on community input and ongoing technical evaluation, staff is recommending specific design options for BRT on the Geary corridor.

Come to an upcoming community meeting for a project update:

- Learn about the project evaluation process
- View design options for different segments of the corridor
- Provide your feedback

Japanese Cultural and Community Center of Northern California (JCCNC)

Date: Thursday, January 30th from 6:00–8:00 p.m.
Address: 1840 Sutter Street

For special accommodations or language assistance, please call 415.583.1655 at least 72 hours in advance.

FOR MORE INFORMATION:
Visit www.GearyBRT.org | E-mail: gearybrt@sfcta.org

—

CRIME WATCH

Burglary of Vehicle
Geary Boulevard and Webster Street
November 21, 9:23 p.m.

Plainclothes officers spotted three men they recognized from past auto burglary incidents. The men carried large, expensive pieces of luggage, and officers believed they had just committed another burglary. The suspects got into the unmarked police car and attempted to stash the luggage under a van. When officers approached, all three fled in different directions. Officers detained the men and located a burglarized vehicle. The owners identified their luggage and the suspects were arrested for theft.

Robbery With Gun
Webster and Vallejo Streets
November 22, 2:13 a.m.

A man and woman were walking on the sidewalk when a car with three men inside pulled up alongside them. Two men got out of the car and one pointed a handgun at the pedestrians, ordering them to take everything out of their pockets and put it on the ground, he then removed the property from the sidewalk and jumped back into the car. The two who had been robbed called the police and described the vehicle and the suspects. Responding officers found a car matching their description, called for backup and performed a felony vehicle stop. The property was recovered and the suspects were transported to Northern Station.

Fraud
Bush and Divisadero Streets
November 26, 2:30 p.m.

A man was walking along Bush Street when a car pulled up alongside him. The driver, who spoke Italian and broken English, asked for directions to the airport. After a few minutes, the driver told the pedestrian he managed an Armani store in Milan. Then the driver said he wanted to repay the man for his help by giving him a jacket wrapped in a black jacket. The suspect was booked at county jail.

Forcible Entry, Possession of Stolen Property
California and Franklin Streets
December 4, 4:45 a.m.

Security personnel for an apartment complex saw two individuals forcing open a parking garage door and summoned police, who began searching the large garage. On the second level they came upon two men tampering with a car. The security guards identified them as the two they had seen entering the garage. Officers searched the suspects and discovered numerous items of stolen property, then booked them at Northern Station.

Burglary
Geary Boulevard and Masonic Street
December 14, 6:30 p.m.

A man entered a store and selected a backpack as he walked the aisles, then began loading it with items from the store. He told a clerk he was Christmas shopping. When the clerk approached the man as he was leaving the store without paying, the suspect grabbed him by the arm and shoved him backward, causing minor injuries. Security guards called police and officers conducted a search of the area, but the suspect had fled. The clerk declined medical assistance. The investigation continues.
What began as a brainstorming session among bar room buddies about what the neighborhood needed most has just come to life: its newest eatery, Presidio Pizza Co. Chef Frank Bumbalo recently partnered with Kevin Kynoch and John Miles, who own the Fishbowl, the popular watering hole two doors south, to transform the former Frankie’s Bohemian Cafe on the corner of Divisadero and Pine.

“We’re here every day. We live and work here. We know what the neighborhood needs: a casual place where people can get a good slice,” says Bumbalo, who lives and manages a building just blocks away from the new pizza parlor.

“We really love the neighborhood and the people here,” he adds, “but it’s not always a family-friendly place.” Bumbalo wants to change that by creating a place where parents can have a beer or a glass of wine alongside kids having their birthday parties.

Presidio Pizza offers some starters, salads, sandwiches and a calzone, but true to its name, the menu concentrates on pizza. Slices are priced at $3 to $4; whole pies from $18 to $26. In addition to a gluten-free option, there are three varieties: thin crust round pies, focaccia-style square pies and “the Grandma” — with a hybrid crust that’s thin and square. Bumbalo and his right-hand man Chris Norton (right), formerly a line cook at A16 in the Marina, aim to create a family-friendly place that serves the neighborhood.

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WHEN THE VICTORIANS MOVED

“These days you don’t have to move away from your neighborhood; it moves away from you.”

So said a longtime local resident to the Chronicle in 1974, when some of the splendid survivors in the path of the Redevelopment Agency’s wrecking ball were loaded up by house movers and rolled to new locations. Many came from the block now occupied by Opera Plaza, including the home originally located at 773 Turk Street, which was moved to 1737 Webster Street (above). Even though several inches had been cut from its side bay window before the move, the house didn’t fit into its new lot. So workers shaved off several more inches and shoe-horned the house into place using a two-by-four to squeeze it past the house next door. Utility crews stood by to raise power lines, cut bus wires and turn aside streetlights reaching out into the path. One person on the scene remembered watching the move in the middle of the night while sipping brandy to keep warm. “It was a kick, watching houses rolling down the streets,” he said. More photographs of the moving Victorians recently rediscovered by San Francisco Heritage appear on the following pages.

AUGUST 2013: I take our younger son, Zachary, to New York, where he will be a freshman in college. While I’m there my husband, David, calls to tell me we must sell our house. I promise to have this accomplished by October 1.

This may sound rash, but on our block of Pacific Heights, houses regularly sell before going on the market. One house sold in half a day. Nothing seems to last more than a week. This was true all through the financial crisis. Prices for homes in our area kept steadily increasing. I bet on this three years earlier, taking the last of our line of credit and renovating the kitchen and reshaping the interior to create two new bathrooms and a bedroom. It was frightening to the core to spend that money. But one reason we bought the house in 1994 was to improve it.

I am still hoping we’ll find a way out of selling. David and I love living here — even more after the improvements. We both work freelance — be a writer and I a photographer — which is another way of saying we practice the art of the long shot. Still, we both work every day as many hours as we have in us and have taken maybe four vacations since our children were born. Every time we went to Europe. A friend suggested we could go away more if we lowered our expectations.

Of course that could also be applied to our buying a home. Perhaps instead of settling in San Francisco we should have moved to a place with great public schools. Or maybe it would have been smarter to sell when we lost our sons’ college fund in one month during the tech bubble. We were still strong earners when our older son, Nicholas, got into the University of Chicago and they told us we made too much for financial aid, while banks told us we didn’t make enough to refinance.
For Sale: Our House

“We talk about relocating, but we can come up with no better plan than staying here because we are part of the community.”

SEPTEMBER: I sell the piano. A friend wants us to meet her financial advisor before we make any precipitous decisions. For a week before that meeting, we imagine we might somehow get out of selling. This is a merciful time that allows us to gather ourselves for the truth: We will sell the house and keep working. Selling is disorienting and work is stabilizing. There are deadlines that must be met. Performance kept at a standard we set as high as any of our expectations.

A friend walks me around Glen Park and I latch onto the idea of moving there as if it is Paris. David and I have talked about relocating for many good reasons to other places — London, maybe, or New York — but we can come up with no better plan than staying in San Francisco because we are part of the community.

Friends want their friends who have been looking to buy a house for 18 months to come for a look. I am told they will know how to see through our stuff to the bones. But the couple thinks our 2,800-square-foot house is too small. I sign on with a real estate agent, Dianne Weaver, from Hill & Co. She tells us she can get the price I want. Last year she said she couldn’t. She also told me not to sell if I could possibly afford it because moving is expensive. This is part of the reason I hire her. She introduces me to a stager who says it will take six weeks to sand the floors and paint the handmade murals off the walls and get his furniture in. It is Monday. I say I can move 20 years of stuff by Friday.

Dianne wants to show the house the next day, Tuesday. I go to U-Haul and buy boxes, 20 to a pack. I call my friend Sue and we pack 45 boxes of books in the entrance hall. My handyman tells me about San Francisco Day Laborers, and I hire two to take the boxes and the bookshelves to the garage. That night another friend of friends wants to see the house, but also proclaims it too small. The next morning more laborers take up the striped carpet on the stairs and move pieces of furniture out of each room. I spend that day cleaning the house so that Dianne can show it. I hate taking the time from my work, but the quicker I get this selling thing over with the quicker I can get back to my life.

Later that afternoon, I notice the clutch in our car is slipping. The people who see the house are interested. I hire a mover online after checking the reviews on Yelp. Friday is set for moving day. I imagine they will pack up the entire house because I can’t figure out what to throw away until I know where we’re going. I try to guess how much

FROM PAGE 7

We are not quitters; we just tried harder to earn enough to get a better mortgage.

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FROM PAGE 7

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storage space to rent. My mind goes blank: no past, no future. I am a leaf fallen from its tree.

Wednesday I have to clean again for another round of viewers. One couple has their architect come and we have to be out of the house, so I take the car in for service. I can only go about six miles an hour. Other drivers honk aggressively and then whiz by, as I would if this weren't my situation.

When I arrive, the dealer asks why I didn't let them tow the car free. But I need to keep doing things; I need to do them, assert my will, pull us through no matter what happens. The loaner is a bright blue Mini with wide white racing stripes across the hood. I do not feel like driving a vehicle that says, “I want to be young!” right now, but we are lucky to have a loaner.

Various friends in the neighborhood want to feed us during this time. Some are so accomplished and fastidious they cook meals that are exquisite. It is truly diverting from our messy situation. Loads of people are just curious and stop us in the street or write emails and want to know what’s up. We always say we don’t want to do it but we can’t afford to stay. That’s like answering, “How are you?” with the truth. It is threatening. Some people reply cheerfully, “You’re downsizing.” And for them that makes it all better, like a sound bite instead of the full story. Or: “Good time to sell.” Or: “You’ll make a lot of money.” Like they’ve never heard of debts or taxes.

On Thursday, Dianne shows the house again and we have an offer that is good for four hours. Friends who are a lot more financially secure than we are insist that we stage the house and create a bidding war. They have big ideas about the value of the place. Maybe they’re right, but the offer is for the price we wanted and it’s here now, not another bet on the future. We respect the short time frame: 21 days until we close. We got the house the same way. Dianne counters with a request to keep us in the house another rent-free month after closing. Accepted.

David and I have some whopper fights in this period about nothing important. But in negotiations, contracts and taste in dwellings, we agree naturally, fundamentally, immediately. This process shakes our 40 years of marriage not at all; in some ways, it strengthens us.

The buyers have five days to find fault with the house. I am confident they will find no problem. I cancel the stager and our contractor. Dianne asks us what we want to buy. We look at a commercially zoned artist’s space. Insane. I say we should own a small apartment building as a means of diversifying our portfolio, but realize after a day or two that we can’t afford it.

David and I go to Glen Park to look at houses that have been newly renovated. This is the lowest, hardest, saddest day of the entire experience. Dianne calls to say she’s found us an agent who knows Glen Park properties. This might be the moment when I realize I do not want to leave my neighborhood. If we leave the neighborhood, we leave Dianne. Out of the question. She is the civilizing influence. The problem wasn’t only Glen Park, it was what kind of houses we could afford there or anywhere. Again she asks what we want. I say: “High ceilings and a garden.”

TO PAGE 10
It was built in the 1870s, as was our house. It’s a second floor flat with oversized windows that look out on pretty trees front and back. It has high ceilings and fabulous offices — not exactly a garden, though, and no parking.

The next day David finds a place in the Haight and we love that one, too. We sign our house over to the new buyers. David goes on a book tour; I get us pre-approval for a loan from two sources. I ask Dianne to write an offer for the place in the Haight. This is the one I prefer. I feel like I will be living in London in Graham Greene’s story, “The Basement Room.” But the whole middle of the place is like night all day.

Fifteen minutes before offers will no longer be accepted at the place in what the realtors call Lower Pacific Heights, I change my mind and go for it — the one with the light. It is David’s favorite. Miraculously, we get it. We too have a five-day inspection period and 21 days to close, but no one lives there so we can move in any time. We take the title to the flat.

**NOVEMBER:** Our contractor recommends putting our books in storage. I follow his lead and rent a 10 x 10 x 12-foot space. Day laborers take our dining room table, six chairs and most of our dishes there, too, because there isn’t room in the new place for us to sit down and eat. We’ll have to figure that out.

If I am honest, I have to realize that I only pack when my friend Sue comes to help. She comes a lot. She makes me feel this whole situation is desirable. I go to New York for a week. It is business that gets me there, but I want to see my sons before the giant effort ahead. David is home working on one of the three books he has to finish by the end of the year. Noel, our contractor, builds a temporary but soundproof wall in the new apartment dividing a big beautiful living room into tandem offices for David and me. They overlook a tennis court; the sounds from the players are unexpected and charming. I have a lovely time while I’m away, then start having panic attacks on the plane ride home.

A lot of moving parts have to work just right so that by the end of the week we turn over the keys to the new owners of our house. The dog, worried something is up, goes to stay at his walker’s house. David and I sleep at a friend’s apartment in North Beach and that helps make this experience feel special, if not quite like a vacation. We sell and give away count less boxes of books and magazines and there are still 65 more boxes left to take to storage.

For Sale: Our House

“We have some whopper fights. But this process shakes our 40 years of marriage not at all; in some ways, it strengthens us.”
I guess and guess and guess us into losing 1,100 square feet of stuff. First pass, the furniture is moved. I get lucky. I take the right amount. The next two days I have a sale of what we don’t take. I pack up my entire catalog of negatives and put them in storage in a professional warehouse where at long last everything will be temperature-controlled.

David does an incredible job of clearing his office until he hits an emotional impasse at books he’s authored. There are too many copies to take. I ask him to go to the new apartment and oversee setting up the computer, TV, phone. While he’s there I put the books on a shelf and offer free books to anyone who comes to the furniture sale. I pack up my entire collection of negatives and put them in storage in a professional warehouse where at long last everything will be temperature-controlled.

DECEMBER: I take more than our share of space in the trash bins and vow to try and make it up to our new neighbors. But for now it’s Christmas and our sons are home — and I am proud to say that they each have a bed to sleep in.

Loving It Here, but Learning to Love Marin

By Irja Carrie

I’ve lived in the Fillmore for 24 years. I truly love this neighborhood, and I’ve seen it go through a lot of changes over the years — mostly positive changes, a real blossoming.

When describing the Fillmore to friends and visitors, I always told them it was a small town in the middle of a big city. I always felt that. I would walk out my door and see my neighbors and visit with them on the street and catch up. Walk to Peet’s or Jane for morning coffee. Get my nails done at JT Nails on Fillmore. Stop in to see Vas up the street at Zinc Details and pick up my Finnish dishware.

There is a sense of community. It’s fun and exciting with its vibrance, access to amazing restaurants and cafes, chic boutiques — pretty much all my needs could be met within walking distance.

But I moved away from it all recently. I wanted a house with a garden, warmer weather, easy access to nature and peace and quiet.

I chose San Anselmo, and so far it has exceeded my expectations. The relationship is new and exciting, but I feel there is long-term potential.

The good news is I will have the best of both worlds because I am maintaining my insurance business in the neighborhood. And I’ll still be able to get my Fillmore fix when I need it.
A Bittersweet Farewell

Moving from Fillmore to Mexico to Play the Blues

By Chuck Smith

Strange. I feel as if I’ve always been a San Franciscan, even though we’ve only lived here for 16 years. The city was in me before I was in it.

As soon as my wife, Lorna, and I arrived in San Francisco, we were drawn to this neighborhood, and a few years after we got here we were able to buy a condo on Sutter Street. We moved in on the Fourth of July weekend in 2000 during the Fillmore Jazz Festival. What a welcome.

From there we made friends up and down the street, never tiring of trekking down the hill to the bay and then back up. Along the way we stopped in every restaurant and shop, new and old — Fillamento, we still miss you! — never passing up a chance to sit outside in the sunshine at The Grove.

After seven years on Sutter, we were the lucky first ones to buy into the new Fillmore Heritage Center condos above Yoshi’s. Again, what a welcome: the grand opening of 1300 on Fillmore and Yoshi’s, and meeting all the great people behind the scenes there. The sunrises from our top floor window. We even got to eat at State Bird Provisions before word got out and made it nearly impossible to get a table.

While San Francisco and Fillmore Street will always be our home base, we must be moving on. As Lorna and I leave our hometown, we can say we were among

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San Francisco Towers

The life you want, in the city you love.
the privileged ones who got to live and own a home in San Francisco. Just before leaving last month, we both made a bucket list of things we wanted to do in the neighborhood:

- Sit at that little waterfall park at the Fillmore Center.
- Have a Thanksgiving feast with crabs from Mollie Stone.
- Eat at our favorite restaurants: OTD, Delfina, The Grove, 1300.
- Take in sushi and music at Yoshi’s.
- Jog the Embarcadero from the Ferry Building to Marina Green and up Fillmore Street.
- Go to the Saturday morning farmer’s market.

Mostly we walked up and down Fillmore Street a lot, standing at the top of the hill at Broadway, taking in that spectacular view.

We’ll return often, shooting for that fantastic, fleeting window between summer and fall when the weather is just perfect. Maybe we’ll get back on another Fourth of July for a jazz festival weekend. Then perhaps one day I’ll leave my ashes here to be buried. Maybe one day I’ll leave my ashes here to be buried with my passion for Fillmore and the city. For now, our new adventure begins in our new home: Mexico.

In truth, a rub had been developing. Even though our infatuation with the neighborhood and the city never wavered, the world was changing. For the better and for the worse — depending on your vantage point, your job and your point in life. It’s getting to be all about tech. The toys. The money. Driving things to crazy heights. Tech used to be a subset of the whole. Now it’s becoming the engine that drives the train. It’s fun and profitable if you’re riding on the crest of that wave — and I’m in a career that overlaps with much of that.

But as we looked to our future, it seemed too much. Sure, we could continue to do our jobs, making good money and maintaining the status quo. But then what? Retire here with our current lifestyle? Maybe if we work until we’re 90. Or we could look for a change, from swimming hard just to stay with the current to swimming in calmer waters.

Still, this is not easy, walking away from a place you love. It’s hard. Really hard. So this is a bittersweet move. But now my world will be bigger than Fillmore Street, San Francisco and the Bay Area. I plan to learn to play guitar. Harmonica, too. It always seemed so relaxing and effortless to breathe in and out and make those sounds. That’s it: Move from Fillmore to Mexico to play the blues. Oh, and to speak Spanish. Flowers. Or as close as I can. As soon as I can.

But I’ll miss San Francisco. Especially Fillmore Street.

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Leaving Behind an Office Cleared of Evil Spirits

By John Maccabee

I recently moved to the East Bay and had to leave behind an office I had rented for 20 years upstairs at 2001 Fillmore Street. Leaving the neighborhood was wrenching, although I joked that I was ready to go; I had wrung every cubit of creativity from my 200-square-foot studio. The space had a bay window that faced Pine Street. Three times a day, I could see the Bouleguer sign — not the entire sign, because trees obscured it in a way that revealed only the letters "a g e."

I tried not to take that personally, although my chosen field, writing and game design, does offer plenty of opportunities for anger.

But I was productive there. I wrote two novels, dozens of screenplays and treatments — a dozen sold into the LA film and television markets. And I began a game design practice, CityMystery, creating what is referred to as transmedia games for the Smithsonian, for parks, schools and brands. While that much productivity increases the odds of selling projects, it also comes with a fair share of rejections, which brings me back to anger.

Rejections, although inevitable, are frequently frustrated by rage or despair. And early in my tenancy, during a protracted raging, despairing spasm of bad luck, I was persuaded that the space itself was at fault. Someone close to me recommended that I have it cleared of bad spirits so I wouldn’t ask me to flick some of the arsenic I did as I was told and the JewBu’s never faced Pine Street. From where I sat, I could hear the heater out of the corner and put something to which I attached feelings of reverence in front of the bay windows — what they referred to as a "fire/warmth zone."

I did as I was told and the JewBu’s never came back to steal the computer. Nor were they curative. Or if they were, it lasted maybe a week after my final chant, which I was told to perform alone in the room anytime between 31 p.m. and 2 a.m., those being the most auspicious hours.

I gave it my all. I had received another rejection — so please bad spirits that could possibly be hindering my progress, please be gone! With all the string, arsenic, bells, real plants and fake flowers in place, I threw open the bay windows, striking my own mudra, with thumb and index finger joined and incanted, "Om Mani Padme Hum" countless times while making gestures to push and shove the bad spirits out the window. That night was foggy and chill. I liked the magic mantle of the room. As the bad spirits were driven off, I made sure to seal any and all vents. I did not. And their presence or absence did not change my fate. For two years out my years above Fillmore Street I remained as successful and frustrated as any other creative person I have ever known.

Eventually I took down the live plants and fake flowers, the red strings and most especially the weighty crystal poised directly above my head. I kept the shopkeeper’s bell; I liked the sound of it, and left it for the next tenant. And in the corner of the room the JewBu’s designated as my reverence zone, I hung an etching of what is purported to be Leonardo da Vinci’s face and, beside it, a small Sonia Delaunay poster of colorful cake slice-like shapes assembled in the word Chocolat. Da Vinci and chocolate, now there’s a belief system I can live with.

If I hope it brings much luck to all those who frequent Fillmore Street.
The mansion market moves more slowly

A blazing year in real estate came to a close with record high prices for properties selling at record speed. A seasonal pause during the holidays is expected to give way to a new year with a still-hot market.

Unless intentionally priced to sell quickly, the mansion market — a key element in our neighborhood — moves more slowly. Some local examples:

- **1735 Franklin Street**, with 9,815 square feet and priced just over $10.2 million, has already been on the market for a month — twice the average for most properties.
- **2724 Pacific Avenue**, with 13,500 square feet and priced at $30 million, has been on the market for more than two months.
- **2665 Broadway**, listed for $10.2 million, is finally in contract after 266 days.
- **2820 Scott Street**, where the listing expired after 275 days, has 16,000 square feet of space and was last priced at $24.8 million.

The longer sales cycle for these homes is to be expected because they must await the right buyer and often require a price adjustment.

— Data and commentary provided by MARIA MARCHETTI at Sotheby's International Realty. Contact her at maria@mariamarchetti.com or call 415/699-8008.
Not many cities can boast a vibrant section of town that is upscale but approachable, fashionable but not elitist, comfortable without being boring. San Francisco's Fillmore is all these — and, best of all, it's not striving to be original. It just is. — Gourmet magazine

**ART & ANTIQUES**
- Kuraya Japanese Antiques
  - 2425 California 885-3315
- Muraya’s Antiques
  - 2418 Fillmore 922-5623
- Narumi Japanese Antiques
  - 2402 Fillmore 913-0200
- Thomas Reynolds Gallery
  - 2211 Fillmore 441-4031
- Walter Adams Framing
  - 2071 Fillmore 922-4811

**CLOTHING & SHOES**
- Alice & Olivia
  - 2359 Fillmore 813-2805
- Aumsh Hall
  - 1850 Fillmore 567-5913
- Athleta
  - 2220 Fillmore 345-8500
- Black Fleece
  - 2211 Fillmore 931-2200
- Cielo
  - 2225 Fillmore 776-0441
- Cotelac
  - 1930 Fillmore 351-0200
- Crosswalk Shoes
  - 2122 Fillmore 921-0293
- Cargo
  - 2380 Fillmore 885-4200
- De Nore
  - 2411 California 563-9377
- Eileen Fisher
  - 2214 Fillmore 346-2133
- Elizabeth Charles
  - 2080 Fillmore 440-2100
- Ella Moss
  - 1913 Fillmore 409-6197
- Erica Tanov
  - 2408 Fillmore 517-228
- Gicho Shoes
  - 2518 Fillmore 441-0340
- Heidi Says
  - 2424 Fillmore 749-0455
- Heidi Says Casual
  - 2414 Fillmore 749-1444
- Heidi Says Shoes
  - 2504 Fillmore 409-6850
- James Perse
  - 2028 Fillmore 885-0300
- Jigsaw
  - 2121 Fillmore 931-5520
- Just Fillmore
  - 990 Fillmore 913-7600
- Linus
  - 2117 Fillmore 567-9550
- Marc by Marc Jacobs
  - 2116 Fillmore 441-3232
- Margaret O’Leary
  - 2048 Fillmore 771-9982
- Max
  - 2055 Fillmore 931-6620
- Moda
  - 2185 Fillmore 771-9242
- Miu Miu
  - 2122 Fillmore 922-6873
- Paco Shoes
  - 2000 Fillmore 885-5700
- Peruvian Connection
  - 2213 Fillmore 517-0539
- Prada
  - 1920 Fillmore 590-3970
- Ralph Lauren
  - 2040 Fillmore 440-6316
- Roberta Freymann
  - 2001 Fillmore 567-6355
- Scotch & Soda
  - 2011 Fillmore 580-7443
- Steven Alan
  - 1919 Fillmore 351-4499
- Sunhee Moon
  - 1833 Fillmore 928-1800
- Toujours
  - 2489 Sacramento 340-3988

**CLOTHING & SHOES - MEN**
- Alice & Olivia
  - 2259 Fillmore 813-2805
- Asmbly Hall
  - 1850 Fillmore 567-5953
- Black Fleece
  - 2223 Fillmore 931-2203
- Cielo
  - 2225 Fillmore 776-0441
- Cotelac
  - 1930 Fillmore 351-0200
- Crosswalk Shoes
  - 2122 Fillmore 921-0293
- Cargo
  - 2380 Fillmore 885-4200
- De Nore
  - 2411 California 563-9377
- Eileen Fisher
  - 2214 Fillmore 346-2133
- Elizabeth Charles
  - 2080 Fillmore 440-2100
- Ella Moss
  - 1913 Fillmore 409-6197
- Erica Tanov
  - 2408 Fillmore 517-228
- Gicho Shoes
  - 2518 Fillmore 441-0340
- Heidi Says
  - 2424 Fillmore 749-0455
- Heidi Says Casual
  - 2414 Fillmore 749-1444
- Heidi Says Shoes
  - 2504 Fillmore 409-6850
- James Perse
  - 2028 Fillmore 885-0300
- Jigsaw
  - 2121 Fillmore 931-5520
- Just Fillmore
  - 990 Fillmore 913-7600
- Linus
  - 2117 Fillmore 567-9550
- Marc by Marc Jacobs
  - 2116 Fillmore 441-3232
- Margaret O’Leary
  - 2048 Fillmore 771-9982
- Max
  - 2055 Fillmore 931-6620
- Moda
  - 2185 Fillmore 771-9242
- Miu Miu
  - 2122 Fillmore 922-6873
- Paco Shoes
  - 2000 Fillmore 885-5700
- Peruvian Connection
  - 2213 Fillmore 517-0539
- Prada
  - 1920 Fillmore 590-3970
- Ralph Lauren
  - 2040 Fillmore 440-6316
- Roberta Freymann
  - 2001 Fillmore 567-6355
- Scotch & Soda
  - 2011 Fillmore 580-7443
- Steven Alan
  - 1919 Fillmore 351-4499
- Sunhee Moon
  - 1833 Fillmore 928-1800
- Toujours
  - 2489 Sacramento 340-3988

**CLOTHING & SHOES - WOMEN**
- Alexis Bittar
  - 1942 Fillmore 567-5113
- Elite Fine Jewelry
  - 2100 Sacramento 91-9100
- Eric Trabert Goldsmith
  - 2130 Fillmore 567-8897
- Gallery of Jewels
  - 2145 Fillmore 771-5099
- Hi Ho Silver
  - 1904 Fillmore 771-4445
- Surprise Party Beads & Shells
  - 1900 Fillmore 771-8550

**JEWELRY**
- Alexis Bittar
  - 1942 Fillmore 567-5113
- Elite Fine Jewelry
  - 2100 Sacramento 91-9100
- Eric Trabert Goldsmith
  - 2130 Fillmore 567-8897
- Gallery of Jewels
  - 2145 Fillmore 771-5099
- Hi Ho Silver
  - 1904 Fillmore 771-4445
- Surprise Party Beads & Shells
  - 1900 Fillmore 771-8550

**NEWS & BOOKS**
- Browser Books
  - 2195 Fillmore 567-8027
- Juicy News
  - 2453 Fillmore 441-3051
- Marcus Books
  - 1712 Fillmore 346-4222

**PETS**
- Aqua Forest Aquarium
  - 1718 Fillmore 929-8883
- Barry for Pets
  - 2145 Fillmore 351-3523
- Goodwill Industries
  - 1693 Fillmore 564-670
- Jet Mail
  - 2149 Fillmore 922-9402
- Music Lovers Audio
  - 2270 Bush 916-4111
- Pets Unlimited
  - 2343 Fillmore 563-6700
- R. Carrie Insurance
  - 2140 Fillmore 567-7660
- S.F. Boot & Shoe Repair
  - 2448 Fillmore 917-4176
- Skyline Cellular
  - 195 Post 751-8282
- UPS Store
  - 2414 Fillmore 922-6245
- Walgreens
  - 1899 Fillmore 771-4603

**RESALE**
- Crossroads Trading Co.
  - 1901 Fillmore 775-8885
- Goodwill Industries
  - 1693 Fillmore 564-670
- Repeat Performance
  - 2146 Fillmore 563-3523
- Seconds to Go
  - 2202 Fillmore 563-7806

**SERVICES**
- Artists Inn
  - 2231 Pine 346-1919
- Copycats
  - 2404 California 567-5888
- Invisalign Orthodontics
  - 1907 Fillmore 567-9003
- Jet Mail
  - 2149 Fillmore 922-9402
- Music Lovers Audio
  - 2270 Bush 916-4111
- R. Carrie Insurance
  - 2140 Fillmore 567-7660
- S.F. Boot & Shoe Repair
  - 2448 Fillmore 917-4176
- Skyline Cellular
  - 195 Post 751-8282
- UPS Store
  - 2414 Fillmore 922-6245
- Walgreens
  - 1899 Fillmore 771-4603