Blue Bottle Coffee Looking at Jackson-Fillmore Corner

By Chris Barnett

Trendy Blue Bottle Coffee has confirmed it may open a cafe in the storefronts previously occupied by Tully’s Coffee and Juicy News magazine shop at 2453 and 2455 Fillmore. The new landlord reportedly intends to demolish the wall between the stores and combine them into a single space.

Several real estate sources claim that James Freeman, founder of Blue Bottle Coffee, based in Oakland, bought the two spaces to create his fifth coffee shop in San Francisco.

However, Freeman, identified on the Blue Bottle website as “a slightly disaffected freelance musician and coffee lunatic,” refused to interview about the Fillmore venture.

A representative at his publicity firm said the project “is very much not confirmed.” Then it issued a one-paragraph statement in which Freeman confirmed he does indeed hope to open on that key corner.

“Blue Bottle Coffee is excited to be pursuing a new cafe located at Jackson and Fillmore Streets in San Francisco,” the statement quoting Freeman said.

After 60 Years on Fillmore, Barry for Pets Says Farewell

By Barbara Kate Repa

Barry for Pets at 1840 Fillmore, reputedly the oldest independent pet supply store in the city, is closing at the end of April after six decades on Fillmore Street.

“It comes to a point, with the demographic changes on the street, that this business just doesn’t pencil out anymore,” says owner Gary Collings.

“Now the big box stores have just done us in,” adds co-owner Alice Barkley. “If you look at the pet industry, the same thing is happening to us that happened to the pharmacy industry a while back: The small independent drug stores were put out of business by the big chains like Walgreen’s.”

Barry for Pets opened in the early 1950s up the street in the building in which original owner Janet Barry lived, at 2328 Fillmore, now occupied by Cottage Industry.

In 1981, Barry retired and sold the shop to Barkley, a neighbor in her building, who promised to keep the original name and keep the shelves stocked with basic supplies.
San Francisco artist Mark Ulriksen has painted 48 covers of The New Yorker during the last two decades. He’s become its go-to guy for wry reveries focusing on dogs and baseball — and their friends and fans.

Now Ulriksen has collected nearly 100 of his favorite paintings of dogs over the years and woven them into a hand-lettered heartwarming story in his new book, Dogs Rule, Nonchalantly.

Some of the paintings have a familiar look. “Alta Plaza Park was the setting for some of my earliest dog paintings,” Ulriksen says. “I’m especially pleased with one in particular, Dogs Only, because I was able to capture a recognizable city location, incorporate a lot of graphic shapes and paint an image about animal interactions.”

He adds: “I’ve always been attracted to patterns and shapes and the steps and paths leading up to Alta Plaza are really interesting. Plus being on a bluff leads to some very cinematic cropping of the attractive architecture circling the park. It’s still one of my favorite paintings and one of my favorite city parks.”

Ulriksen’s book is available locally at the pet boutique George at 2512 Sacramento Street. “The aesthetics of the place make it feel like an art gallery dedicated to all things pets,” says Ulriksen, “with an emphasis on my favorite type: dogs.”

So far the book has gotten enthusiastic reviews, both for the paintings and the text. One critic called it “an easy book to love.” “I’m really pleased that a lot of emotions have been touched,” says Ulriksen, “because the book is both funny and sad.”

He singles out one review as a personal favorite: “What a touching and whimsical book! My husband and I picked this up in a gift set at a winery and opened the book because we couldn’t resist the sweet cover. We started smiling, then chuckling, then laughing out loud and then crying. (We had lost our dear boy a while back.) Mark Ulriksen has captured the wonder that is dogs perfectly with his words and illustrations. Thanks for creating such a sweet bit of magic.”
Highly competitive and famously complex, the San Francisco real estate market can be both challenging and rewarding. Zephyr turns savvy, informed Bay Area urbanites into successful homeowners, investors and sellers.

ZephyrRealEstate.com
Stay in the "loop" to keep "The Loop" out!!
Continue to be informed & involved because Loop is relentless.
By signing our petition you will get the updates of
*3.9 refers to the diminished percent of African-Americans estimated to be living in San Francisco

CRIME WATCH

Robbery With a Gun
Eddy and Scott Streets
February 17, 7:42 p.m.
A man gained entry to a business
by a back door of a building,anskilled
the cash on hand and fled. The victim
was left with empty cash drawers.

Driving Under the Influence
Steiner and Vallejo Streets
March 14, 11:51 p.m.
A driver who ran a stop sign was spot-
ted by officers on patrol. They detained him
and noted that he showed signs of inebria-
tion. Field sobriety tests put his blood alco-
hol at .138 percent. He was arrested for the
violation.

Theft From a Vehicle
Masonic and Euclid Avenues
March 15, 5:28 a.m.
A neighborhood resident saw a man
break into a parked car and remove items
from inside the vehicle. The witness called
911. When officers arrived at the scene,
the suspect ran from them and tried to
climb over a fence. His sweatshirt became
snagged on the fence and he was stuck
there until officers rescued and arrested him.

Burglary, Conspiracy
Geary Boulevard and Lyon Street
March 20, 4:57 p.m.
An employee entered his place of busi-
ness and interrupted a man in the act
of stealing the office's computers. The
employee chased the suspect, who quickly
put the computers down and ran. The
would-be thief eluded his pursuer, but his
getaway driver was later found sleeping in a
stolen car nearby. This man was arrested for
conspiring to commit a burglary.

Domestic Violence
Sutter and Scott Streets
March 22, 1:32 a.m.
A witness heard a woman outside on the
street screaming for help and called
911. Officers arrived and saw a man
ing outside. Investigation proved he was the
boyfriend of the woman he had assaulted.
He was arrested for domestic violence.

Tips on lost cell phones

Captain Raj Vaswani, the departing
commanding officer of Park Station,
recently offered a number of tips on
retrieving lost cell phones — a common concern among
neighborhood residents.

- Send a message to the power-
up screen, so if the phone is found
and someone turns it on, they have
a way to get it back to you.
- Change memorized passwords
on all phone apps through the web,
such as email and all social media.
- Keep your device's original
box; the serial number is important
to enter as lost or stolen property in
a statewide database.

ST. DOMINIC'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

3:30 pm Rosary, 4:00 pm Mass
7:40 am Rosary, 8:00 am Mass
6:30 & 8:00 am & 5:30 pm
1:30, 5:30 & 9:00 pm
7:40 am Rosary, 8:00 am Mass
12:30 pm, 6:00 pm Mass
5:00 pm Memorial Mass
SUNDAY SERVICES

Masses
- 5:30 pm (Saturday Vigil) 7:30, 9:30 & 11:30 am
- 1:30, 5:30 & 9:00 pm (Saturdays)
- 6:30 & 8:00 am & 9:30 am Mass
- SATURDAY
- 7:40 am Rosary, 8:00 am Mass
- 7:30 am, 8:30 am, 10:30 am, 12:30 pm
- Holy Thursday & Good Friday Masses (8:00 am)
- 8:30 am Mass (Easter Sunday)
- 7:30 am Mass (Easter Monday)
- 8:00 am Mass (Easter Tuesday)
- 7:30 am Mass (Easter Wednesday)
- 8:00 am Mass (Easter Thursday)
- 7:30 am Mass (Easter Friday)
- 8:00 am Mass (Easter Saturday)

Liturgy of the Hours
- Tuesdays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm
- Wednesdays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm
- Thursdays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm
- Fridays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm
- Saturdays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm
- Sundays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm

Eucharistic Adoration
- Tuesdays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm
- Wednesdays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm
- Thursdays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm
- Fridays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm
- Saturdays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm
- Sundays: 7:30 am, 12:30 pm, 6:00 pm

Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament
- Mon & Wed 8:30 am & 6:00 pm
- Thurs 7:30 am & 6:00 pm
- Fri 8:00 am
- Sat 7:30 am, 8:00 am Mass
A Noir Thriller Set Locally

Much of ‘Man From Reno’ was filmed in Japantown

Hollywood comes to the neighborhood this month when a new film, Man From Reno, has its San Francisco premiere at the Sundance Kabuki Theater on April 10.

Actually, Hollywood is coming back to the neighborhood, since much of the film was shot nearby at the Majestic Hotel and on the streets of Japantown.

It’s the story of a famous Japanese crime novelist drawn into a murder mystery of her own while hiding out from the paparazzi. It stars Ayako Fujitani, Steven Segal’s daughter, and Pepe Serna, a veteran actor known for his role in The Majestic Hotel and its Butterfly Bar provide atmosphere for key moments in the film.

The neighborhood has its San Francisco premiere at the Sundance Kabuki Theater on April 10. Dave Boyle directs.

It stars Ayako Fujitani, Steven Segal’s daughter, and Pepe Serna, a veteran actor known for his role in Scarface, has a scene-stealing role.

A few weeks before the upcoming show, Kaori Imaizumi says. "It’s hard to maintain the freshness of the flowers," she says. "It always happens suddenly."

It’s Blooming Season Again

A once-local floral designer returns for Bouquets to Art

She closed her Blooming Floral Design shop at 2120 Sutter Street a few years ago and moved back to Tokyo to care for her aging parents. But Kaori Imaizumi can’t shake San Francisco. She returns every spring to participate in the Bouquets to Art exhibition at the de Young Museum, this year running from April 14 to 19. Again this year — her 10th in the highly competitive, invitation-only exhibition — she is one of the featured floral designers.

"This will be one of the most fun things to happen in the neighborhood in a long time," said Lyon, "an award-winning independent film made in our own back yard." Man From Reno will screen daily from April 10 through April 16.

Once accepted into the show, each designer picks five pieces of art at the de Young to represent in a floral creation. As her top choice this year, Imaizumi selected two adjacent works by glass sculptor Dale Chihuly, both elongated vessels encircled by intricate flowers and leaves.

"I got my first choice," she says happily. "These small art works are a new challenge for me, but I am excited to be working from these beautiful blown glass works. I like their delicate handwork."

Her design from the 2014 show, inspired by Robert Henri’s Lady in the Black Dress, featured on the poster for this year’s exhibition, which celebrates its 30th year.

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"Man From Reno fascinates," wrote a New York Times reviewer, and “nods to noirs from Chinatown to Vertigo.”

In addition to its setting, the film has other local connections. Neighborhood resident Ben Lyon is a co-producer and veteran actor Karl Heinz-Tauber, also a longtime Pacific Heights resident most known for his role in Amadeus, has a scene-stealing role.

"This is the story of a famous Japanese crime novelist drawn into a murder mystery of her own while hiding out from the paparazzi," Imaizumi says. "It was shot nearby at the Majestic Hotel and on the streets of Japantown, since much of the film was shot nearby at the Majestic Hotel and on the streets of Japantown.

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VIVANDE Restaurant returns to LUCE
cocktail reception : book signing : dinner

Thursday, April 16, 2015 : 6:30 pm
$150* per person

*Price quoted includes pre-dinner cocktail reception, 6-course dinner with wine pairing, and live entertainment, but does not include tax and gratuity.

for a Celebration of

Carlo and Lisa Middione

LUCE

LUCE at InterContinental San Francisco
Lobby Level, 888 Howard St., SF, CA 94103
415.616.6566 lucewinerestaurant.com

Please call
415.616.6560 or 415.616.6566
for information and reservations

instagram.com/lucesf
facebook.com/intercontinentalsanfrancisco
twitter.com/icsf
The painted glass window in Carlo’s office was slightly unclear for my watchful eye behind the mirror, when in he walked through the door. The entire time I had thought he was in his office. In many ways we performed our best to that mirror, assuming always that he was there behind it. The kitchen phone would often ring on some of the other more clumsy and sloppy cooks and it would be Carlo’s voice on the other end simply saying: “Wash your hands!”

The recipe was a torte, of sorts, of fried pasta and cooked spinach, plummed curants and toasted pine nuts: a ghastly crispy-on-the-surface “pie,” but unctuously soft in the miranda. It was Carlo’s Vivande Ristorante kitchen at his Opera Plaza location where I met him and started working for him.

Concealed behind the two-way mirror was Carlo’s office, which was a charming mess of books stacked high, for the bookshelves were full. And an oversized rolling disused dining room chair and asked why said what would later be a familiar greeting: “Did you have any trouble making it?” To which I replied: “No.”

He took one tiny bite and said: “Good. Thanks. You have the rest.”

I left the office perplexed and ate the delicious Pasta Frittata alone on a giant butcher block in the kitchen. About a week later it was still bugging me. At the end of my shift, I knocked on Carlo’s office door and entered — and he said what would later be a familiar greeting: “Sit down. Take a load off.” I sat on a disused dining room chair and asked why he had asked me to make that recipe. He dug into a stack of papers and fished out a newspaper clipping of a book review of his La Vera Cucina and handed it to me to read. The reviewer, though singing mostly praises for the book, stated with impunity that the recipe for Frittata di Pasta con Spinaci “didn’t work.” Carlo had simply wanted to check to make sure his recipe was not incorrectly written and to prove, just to himself, that the reviewer was wrong.

That was the beginning of my 11-year stint as Carlo’s right hand man — a position that changed nearly everything about who I was and made me into the chef I am today. I had a good grasp on technique then and was a dazzling line cook. I could sauté, flipping and catching the ingredients low for dramatic effect. But I still didn’t understand the difference between a thick and easy-to-work-with pie crust and a delicate, difficult one. Or between a firm, dry pasta and cooked spinach, plumped curants and toasted pine nuts: a ghastly crispy-on-the-surface “pie,” but unctuously soft in the miranda. I could sauté, flipping and catching the ingredients low for dramatic effect. But I still didn’t understand the difference between a thick and easy-to-work-with pie crust and a delicate, difficult one. Or between a firm, dry pasta and cooked spinach, plumped curants and toasted pine nuts: a ghastly crispy-on-the-surface “pie,” but unctuously soft in the miranda.

Carlo’s Vivande Ristorante at 2125 Fillmore was a charming and wildly original place.

Chef-owner Carlo Middione reigned over Vivande at 2125 Fillmore for three decades.

Carlo’s way

Fillmore’s legendary Vivande Porta Via was an enchanting and wildly original place.
brimming with house-made sausages — the recipe from Carlo’s grandfather in the town of Agrigento in Sicily — pâtés, con- diments and contorni, not only dishes but phrases Carlo taught us to adopt into our way of lives.

Vivande taught us to eat better, and demonstrated to us the endless array of regional Italian recipes.

I belong to a small group of food lovers who gather once or twice a week over glasses of wine. One day recently the topic, unleashed by me, strayed to eggplant. And I let loose with a description of Vivande’s eggplant sandwiches. I held my court of food fanciers spellbound when I told them of thinly sliced mortadella and provolone sandwiched between two slices of eggplant, the whole thing breaded in a mixture of equal parts bread crumbs and grated Pecorino Romano cheese, sprinkled with chopped parsley, anointed with extra virgin olive oil and baked until golden brown on both sides.

Also in the Vivande glass cases near the front door was the magical and hypnotic capunatina, that too made with eggplant. A mixture of equal parts bread crumbs and grated Pecorino Romano cheese, suspended in aspic with bits of prosciutto privately for dinner, soft boiled duck egg chilled bowl. Many years later I made them, wobbly cubes of deliciously rich aspic in a chilled bowl. Many years later I made them, privately for dinner, soft boiled duck egg suspended in aspic with bits of prosciutto and herbs based on another conversation from years earlier.

Carlo had a way of speaking that was mesmerizing, invigorating and inspiring. It made you want to leap into his story and be entranced. The Middiones’ opus, A True Gastronomia, the Only One of Its Kind, Food of Southern Italy cookbook open to page 218 and revisit his enchanting paragraphs on the subject, which take you over glasses of wine. One day recently the topic, unleashed by me, strayed to eggplant. And I let loose with a description of Vivande’s eggplant sandwiches. I held my court of food fanciers spellbound when I told them of thinly sliced mortadella and provolone sandwiched between two slices of eggplant, the whole thing breaded in a mixture of equal parts bread crumbs and grated Pecorino Romano cheese, sprinkled with chopped parsley, anointed with extra virgin olive oil and baked until golden brown on both sides.

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Carlo had a way of speaking that was mesmerizing, invigorating and inspiring. It made you want to leap into his story and taste the things he was reminiscing about. Another time he told me of an elegant and tiny folded pasta called cappellacci, which he described so intoxicatingly that I insisted we include it on a menu for an upcoming big function. The next thing I remember was handmade, 500-plus of them. It was acrippingly daunting task, but it was a choice. Carlo taught me how important and noble it is to entangle nostalgia into a recipe, to translate time and place with a dish; otherwise, it’s just eating. Carlo taught me not only how to cook, but also why we eat and how to eat. That’s an important distinction.

One of my fondest memories, among so very many, is tinged in sadness. The Middiones’ opus project Vivande Ristorante was closed...
down. There are so many reasons this happened, but none of them was for any failings of the food or the ravishing decor. The Middiones lost their home along with the restaurant, and I was asked to come over and help Carlo box up his library.

It was a small room with pleasant natural light. His desk was small, and on it was the word processor he’d used in writing La Vera Cucina. From floor to ceiling the walls were covered in bookshelves of rare cookbooks: the entire Waverley Root collection, Elizabeth David, M.F.K. Fisher, Richard Olney, obscure books only in Italian, and ones I’d never heard about but immediately loved.

We were meant to take all these books off the shelves and store them in moving boxes, labeled so Carlo would be able to find one in case he needed it in the meantime. But Carlo and I had a history of being completely unproductive at tasks like these. I would pull a single volume off the shelf and exclaim, “Wow!” — and he would drop everything and rush over and fold it open to a page that would make my culinary jaw drop even lower. We’d sit on little stools talking endlessly about recipes and dishes and my head would get jam-packed with ideas, the boxes filling at a snail’s pace.

Lisa would periodically peep in to check on us, usually carrying a small tray with little cocktails for us. Time slipped away and day turned to night. The next thing we knew it was midnight and all this talk of food and history had made us incredibly hungry. Carlo said: “I think I have some leftover blanquette de veau in the refrigerator. Do you think you could scrounge up some appetizers?”

I assembled an antipasto from the Middione’s pantry and refrigerator: cubes of aged Pecorino studded with black peppercorns, slices of hung salami, oil-cured black olives, homemade pickled eggplant spiked with red pepper flakes and wild oregano. Carlo emerged from his wine cellar with a dusty bottle of eight-year-old Barolo, a wine way too mature and fine to go with my meager antipasto. But I think he dug it out as a gift to me, which was something he often did. We dined on this midnight supper and then called it a night. The next afternoon I was back in his library to do it all over again.

There are just too many stories to tell about Carlo’s generosity of wisdom and how he used food, the eating of it, and the knowledge of it, as gifts to us all. I remember a scare we had when one of our regular customers had to have heart surgery. Paul was beloved to all of us, and he recovered from the surgery beautifully. But the first thing Carlo did was make him a big batch of his lovingly named Lilliputian meatball soup. We made a rich broth, skinned and strained and crystal clear, which we embedded with the tiniest veal meatballs you’ve ever seen. Again, that fantasy about Lilliput. A standard soup spoon could easily hold 12 of them. Delicately seasoned for the infirm, Carlo explained it is what his mother would make when people were not feeling well. Years later, Carlo was in the operating room himself and I went to work early and made that soup for him.

My 11 years working beside Carlo Middione at Vivande remain the very best years of my life. I mourn them constantly, but the heritage of the recipes and the style Carlo taught belong to me now. His gift. One day I hope to open a Vivande of my own under my own name, if the culinary gods allow it and the public wants it again.

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As a scientist, I researched my move carefully.

As an actress, I love the cast of characters.

A career as a clinical chemist made AnnieScott Rogers meticulous about her choices. Now retired, she’s thrilled to be able to pursue her life-long passion for acting. Singing since age 5, she’s acted in live theater, commercials and now independent films. AnnieScott’s time is her own now, since The Sequoias takes care of the everyday chores and concern about future health care. Perhaps it’s time for your passions to bloom, too! Come for a visit by calling Candiece at (415) 351-7900.
Moving Down to a Storied Home
Soon to be Juicy News, but once a fondly remembered bookstore

By Carol Field

Juicy News is moving down the hill to 2181 Union Street — the very place, longtime local will remember, where Minerva’s Owl Bookshop was located for many years. Minerva’s Owl was actually created three blocks east at 2123 Union in 1964 from what was originally a coal yard. I founded the bookstore with my partner Ruth Isaacs. We met when I worked for her at the Golden Gate Valley branch library, the lovely Beaux Arts building at Green and Octavia. People from all over the city came to her office and asked about recommendations about what books to read.

Then the city, in the name of progress, decided to centralize the library system. Ruth moved to the main library as head of the human resources department, taking her books away from readers and admirers and away from the books she delighted in putting into their hands.

It was less than a year later that she called. “Want to open a bookstore?” she asked. “I can’t imagine what gave us the confidence to think we could create a library in the 1,100-square-foot building that was going up. True, we loved books and had read a lot of them, but neither of us had an iota of business experience. Yet somehow, whenever one of us got cold feet, the other one held firm. Picking out the small, carefully chosen stock we opened with energized us both. Hardcovers and children’s books went on the first floor, paperbacks upstairs.

To say this was a different time is an understatement. There were no discounts. No Amazon or Barnes and Noble. No Internet. No Visa or Mastercard. Everything at the store was purchased with cash or personal checks, and good customers had charge accounts for which we billed them at the end of the month.

In the beginning, we may have envisioned having time to read books, but that showed our naivete. We were a personal service business and we did everything. We ordered the books from brief catalog descriptions and photos of the jacket design. We opened the boxes and put the books on the shelves, paid invoices, gift wrapped and delivered books. The two of us knew every book in the store. We often knew customers better by their voices or their taste in books, rather than by their appearances, since many ordered by phone.

At that time Union Street was not the upscale neighborhood it has become. It was just beginning to blossom. Marion Davidson’s fine American Indian art gallery was on one side of our bookshop and there was a nice Mexican restaurant up the street. The Metro Theater was already the home of the original San Francisco Film Festival. A cobbler, a florist and a plumber, among others, made up the neighborhood. Jim Marshall, the rock ‘n’ roll photographer, hung around some of the time and showed us his pictures that ended up in *Rolling Stone*.

As business picked up we hired Edwina Evers, later Edwina Loggett, who had actual bookstore experience in Connecticut, along with Marion Seawell, a bookkeeper who was also an artist.

In the late 1960s the bookstore moved down the street to 2181 Union, which will be the new home of Juicy News. The business grew. The ownership expanded. Over time Minerva’s Owl became the property of Edwina, Joan Sinton and Blair Fuller, an early editor of *The Paris Review*, who taught writing at Stanford and co-founded the Squaw Valley Community of Writers.

“It was just the right size,” remembered Sydney Goldstein, founder of City Arts and Lectures. “It had such a special feeling. People came from all over the city. They counted on finding people there who knew and loved books. It was a clearly a lab of love.”

Items about writers turning up at Minerva’s Owl began to appear in Herb Caen’s column in the *Chronicle*. Truman Capote came by. Norman Mailer arrived, but Blair was busy. “So he turned it over to me,” Edwina said. “Lordy, what will I do with Norman Mailer?”

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In celebration of the birth of the Beat Generation in San Francisco, the InterContinental Mark Hopkins and The Beat Museum (www.kerouac.com) partner to bring legendary poets to riff alongside local jazz musicians for a first-ever weekly series at the Top of the Mark. Enjoy specialty cocktails and bites alongside a poetry and jazz jam every Tuesday night, 6:30 pm to 8:30 pm, during March and April, 2015.

Top of the Mark
InterContinental Mark Hopkins San Francisco
19th Fl., One Nob Hill, 995 California St.
415.616.6916  415.392.3434
intercontinentalmarkhopkins.com
topofthemark.com
facebook.com/intercontinentalmarkhopkins
twitter.com/intercontinentalmarkhopkins

PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE
*Performers are subject to change

Tuesday, March 3
San Francisco Poet Laureate Alejandro Murguia
The Voice of the Mission performs with jazz accompaniment

Tuesday, March 10
Jazz Poet, Painter & Playwright Charles Curtis Blackwell and Poet Vincent Kobelt with The All-Star Revue from their new CD release, "Catch the First Thing Smokin'" and other works

Tuesday, March 17
San Francisco Poetry through the generations with San Francisco Poets: A.D Winans, Melkie Cherkovski, William Taylor Jr., and Cassandra Dallett

Tuesday, March 24
Poetry & Jazz featuring poets and musicians from The Word Party series and the Nova Jazz Band, including Jennifer Barone (poet and host), Daniel Hoeffs (saxophone), and Ingrid Keir, Cara Vida, and Natasha Dennerstein

Tuesday, March 31
COPEUS, spoken word/worldbeat ensemble featuring San Francisco Poet Royal Kent, and composer Wendy Loomis

Tuesday, April 7
Michelle Tea presents BADAB: An Evening of Edgy Literary Performance from San Francisco’s Underground

Tuesday, April 14
The wordWind chorus performs with q.r. hand jr. (poetry, voice), lewis jordan (saxophone, poetry, voice), and brian auerbach (poetry, voice)

Tuesday, April 21
From San Francisco to Europe & Back: former San Francisco Poet Laureate, painter & translator, Jack Hirschman performs with Swedish-born San Francisco Poet, Agneta Falk and special guest, George Long on saxophone

Tuesday, April 28
Herb Caen called her “The Beat Generation Goddess” - ruth weiss performs with Doug O’Connor (acoustic bass), Rent Romus (saxophone), and Hal Davis (percussion)

For more details, please visit www.topofthemark.com or call 415.616.6916.
Benevolent Spinsters’ Home Now Allyne Park

By Bridget Maley

Allyne Park, at the corner of Green and Gough Streets, is a San Francisco gem for which I have a strong affection. It’s across the street from our home. The park, adjacent to the historic Octagon House, is a little plot of green that is a daily gathering place for neighborhood dogs and their human friends. While there is no playground, the park is a favorite hide-and-seek haunt for local kids, who mostly manage to co-exist with the dogs.

Named for the longtime owners of this large lot, the park includes the remnants of a garden landscape that once surrounded a grand Victorian-era house built sometime before 1886. A 1905 map of the property shows a large house with a rambling footprint and several small greenhouses.

At one point, the Allyne family owned all of the lots stretching from Green to Union along the west side of Gough Street, and several parcels along Green Street as well.

The house was built for the daughter of a prominent early California businessman, Ephraim Willard Burr, who served from 1856 to 1859 as the ninth mayor of San Francisco. Mary Newell Burr married oil magnate John Winslow Allyne. They built a large home at the corner of Green and Gough Streets and had two daughters, Edith and Lucy.

When Allyne died in 1901, he left the house to his daughters, neither of whom married. Edith and Lucy Allyne resided in the house until the early 1960s. The sisters donated a portion of their land to the Colonial Dames of America, who in 1952 moved the Octagon House from mid-block across Gough Street to its present location, where they restored it as a house museum. Five years later, the Allyne sisters offered up the corner lot at Union and Gough for the Dames to create a small formal garden adjacent to the Octagon House.

The benevolent Allyne spinsters supported many causes. Gifts detailed in their wills resulted in the California Historical Society’s purchase of the Whittier Mansion at Jackson and Laguna Streets, which became its headquarters for many years. The sisters also gave a significant contribution to the San Francisco Ladies’ Benevolent Spinsters’ Home. Today it is the Intensive Care Unit and Emergency Room at San Francisco General Hospital.

Edith and Lucy Allyne lived in their family home at Green and Gough (above) until the 1960s, when it became Allyne Park (right). Remnants of the garden that surrounded the house remain in the park today.
From vol. 1, no. 1, in June 1986 until her death in 1999, historian and preservationist Anne Bloomfield, a neighborhood resident, wrote a column every month for the New Fillmore called "Great Old Houses." Many of her columns were collected into the 2007 book, Gardens & Gables: A Portrait of San Francisco's Pacific Heights, with annotations by her husband, music critic Arthur Bloomfield.

One of the people touched by her work was Bridget Maley, an architectural historian then working with the respected Architectural Resources Group in San Francisco. Maley, a neighborhood resident, now has her own firm, architecture + history. With this issue, she takes up the mantle and begins a regular column on the historic architecture and places in the neighborhood, picking up where Anne Bloomfield left off.

So you knew Anne Bloomfield? I had the pleasure of getting to know Anne through several projects and mutual membership in a few organizations. She left an indelible mark on San Francisco. Anne was responsible for many individual landmarks and historic districts. These sites would never have been designated and protected without her tenacity and resolve. That includes her beloved Webster Street Historic District, which she meticulously studied and documented.

Tell us about your background.

I grew up in Richmond, Virginia, and attended Salem College, a small women's college in North Carolina with a strong history and many historic buildings. It's like a mini Williamsburg. I became interested in historic preservation through internships and archaeology at Old Salem. Then I worked at Monticello and Thomas Jefferson's octagonal retreat house, Poplar Forest, and then was accepted into the architectural history program at the University of Virginia. It's in the School of Architecture, so you interact with architects, landscape architects and urban planners. It's a phenomenal program.

What brought you to San Francisco? I met my husband at UVA. He had gone to college at Berkeley and wanted to come back. I did not protest.

Tell us about your day job. I've worked on some of the city's most significant structures, including the Conservatory of Flowers and the Old Mint, and helped make the Swedish Club an American National Historic Landmark. I've also had projects across the west in the Grand Canyon, in Hawaii — and I even got to go to Alaska to look at Coast Guard stations. I've researched modern buildings in Palm Springs and the incredible collection of early skyscrapers clad in terra cotta in downtown Los Angeles.

Favorite local buildings and architects? Oh, there are many. Julia Morgan, for so many reasons, but mostly because she was so smart and talented, yet incredibly modest. A. C. Schweinfurth, who designed the Swedish Club, because I just love to say Schweinfurth. Arthur Brown Jr., who designed City Hall, partly because my great friend Jeff Tilman wrote so eloquently about him. The first sentence of his book is: "Arthur Brown Jr.'s story begins with the transcontinental railroad and ends with the atomic bomb." Wow! I also love the whimsical work of Ernest Coasthe.

What can we expect in the coming months? I'll focus both on the houses in the neighborhood and the people who lived in them. I love that about Anne's articles. She found such juicy stories. I also love our parks on this side of the city and will try to tell their stories, as well as those of some treasured homes. Anne didn't get a chance to talk about. Maybe we'll also delve a bit into the neighborhood's more modern buildings, such as some of William Wurster's houses, or a few commercial and institutional buildings.

Q & A | BRIDGET MALEY

(continued...)

BY PETER ROTH, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

Photography: Peter Roth

The City's Best

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Hill & Co. is a proud member of the Who's Who in Luxury Real Estate International network.
High-dollar private sales in Pacific Heights

Home sales picked up during the past month as the traditionally busy spring real estate season kicked in, with Pacific Heights seeing several top-market sales, both on and off the multiple listing service.

Between mid-February and mid-March, there were 31 single-family home and condominium sales recorded by the MLS in Cow Hollow, Lower Pacific Heights, Pacific Heights and Presidio Heights, more than double the sales volume recorded during the previous 30-day period. One of those properties, a six-bedroom single-family home at 2604 Pacific avenue, sold for nearly $11 million in late February, the first eight-digit sale on the MLS in the neighborhood this year.

But even bigger Pacific Heights real estate deals are brewing that are not listed on the MLS. In late March, a single-family home in the neighborhood sold after having been marketed for $29 million, while a nearby penthouse is rumored to be under contract for more than $30 million. And near the corner of Washington and Buchanan Streets, a home priced at $10.5 million sold for more than the asking price, a sign that deep-pocketed homebuyers will be out in force this spring — no matter where they find their properties.

— Data and commentary provided by Patrick Barber, president of Pacific Union. Contact him at patrick.barber@pacunion.com or call 415-345-3001.

### NEIGHBORHOOD HOME SALES

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| Condos / Co-ops / TICs / Lofts | | | | | |
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| 2420 Geary Blvd #3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 736 | 14 | 2/24/2015 | 628,000 | 653,000 |
| 2060 Sutter St #204 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 931 | 27 | 2/24/2015 | 1,875,000 | 1,648,000 |
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