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Arts & Entertainment

Marinites watching out for the sex-crazed deer

By Leah Garchik

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The roundup of NextDoor issues continues. The primary lesson: We love animals, even when they are running wilder than usual. But isn't it unfair that animals don't have their own NextDoor, so that the furred and feathered could comment on human foibles? Isn't it an invasion of deer privacy when, for example, in Marin, a concerned citizen cited by **Bill Katovsky** notes: "Judging by the action in my yard, the deer are in rut. They'll be distracted and careless." (The same observation might have been made at the Folsom Street Fair.)

And in San Francisco, (**Matthew Bajko**) is moved by a participant's need for a "Ride to Tahoe for a yellow-bellied marmot" that had been found far away from its natural habitat, in a San Francisco backyard. The lister was hoping to find a ride for this creature from someone who could drop it off at a Lake Tahoe wildlife center. (I'm not sure this is such an unusual sighting; I could swear I have seen many

a yellow-bellied marmot aboard the 6-Parnassus.) Happily (I think), the marmot was not driven east. A few days later, a grateful marmot owner wrote that his pet had been captured.

Someone in **Jennifer Fish**'s neighborhood complained about hearing gunshots, and a neighbor responded that she thought it "was a skunk that stole the stone egg we keep in our chicken run and was beating it against a piece of wood trying to crack it."

Elsewhere in these lands, a person who claims to be bereft without a working telephone (for which s/he is awaiting a delivery of parts for repair), is looking for an old smartphone that's just "gathering dust ... in exchange for banana bread."

And one last thing: A woman who wishes to remain anonymous says that among the issues that come up with regularity is the disposal of scooped poop. A vigorous debate on the subject in her neighborhood yielded these contributions: "I don't think we should discriminate against baby poop over dog poop"; "Maybe we should switch to cat poop etiquette."

•Former Giants slugger **Barry Bonds** is likely to be a tough trainer when he leads a spin class in Corte Madera on Oct. 17. It's to raise money for the Sarcoma-Oma Foundation, created by Jewish Sports Hall of Fame of Northern California Executive Director **Gary Wiener** in honor of **Linda Wiener**, who died of sarcoma in April. More information on the class (and other fundraising events) is at www.sarcoma-oma.org.

•Official-looking signs posed around Alamo Square proclaim it a "No Tech Zone. No cell phones, tablets, laptops or smart devices permitted. Violators subject to \$300 fine." And some Junipero Serra Boulevard street signs have been covered with signs saying "**Toypurina**," for a Native American woman who led an unsuccessful uprising against Spanish missionaries.

•At a pre-opening-night dinner for "Save the I-Hotel," half of the pair of "Monstress" plays at ACT's Strand Theater, **Phil Bronstein**, who as an investigative reporter spent time in the Philippines writing about the Marcos regime, was seated next to **Romeo Arguelles**, who was Philippine consul general here

then. Arguelles was one of the people to whom Bronstein had turned for help when he received death threats. It was a happy reunion, and together they watched the play unfold.

More evidence that foodies are taking over the country:

All the way from Brooklyn, N.Y., comes notice of the event “Gay Food 101: An Oral History,” described as exploring “the intersection of gay culture and food culture in restaurants, aesthetics and food media. Adding *another* culture — African American — to that mix, San Francisco’s Museum of the African Diaspora has just begun a chef-in-residency program. The first appointee, **Bryant Terry**, will “raise awareness on issues surrounding health, food and farming” through a variety of programs. The museum borrows a kitchen from the neighboring St. Regis for the project.

Meanwhile, following last week’s item about the San Francisco taco truck in Stockholm, **Ken Salonen** spotted Revolver, an offspring of Mission Taco, in Oslo. The description on the Web page for this born-in-San-Francisco restaurant: “Serving Mexican street food without a friggin’ fork and knife.” The menu includes the word “crispy,” apparently untranslatable to Norwegian.

Tday’s drugt tip: Save water by remvng all te h’s and o’s frm every sentence.

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“The whole festival is free, every year? I’m never complaining about anything ever again. OK, except all these guys with man-buns.”

Woman at Hardly Strictly Bluegrass, overheard by Steve Heilig

<http://www.sfchronicle.com/entertainment/garchik/article/Marinites-watching-out-for-the-sex-crazed-deer-6552204.php>