



A SEARCH FOR SIDLE ON N

by Mike Bozart (Agent 33 of psecret psociety) | May 2014

So, there we, Monique (Agent 32) and I (Agent 33), were on a seasonally cool August day in 2012, sauntering down Judah Street in extreme western San Francisco, descending towards the Pacific Ocean. Not that we could actually see the sea, as the marine fog curtain had already dropped by three in the afternoon. *Must log this fog.*

We had just got off the Muni N Judah streetcar at 40th Avenue. I felt almost certain that that little, now-defunct, jaundice-yellow-faded-paint-sided, olivine-colored-wooden-front-doored, break-in-the-lapboard-wall watering hole was somewhere in this area of the Outer Sunset district. *It has to be around here. It has to be!*

It was twenty years since I had stepped foot in there. Nothing looked like the little time-passer of a pub in the first block. We stopped at the intersection with 41st Avenue and waited for the crosswalk sign to turn white. *Now, where was it? Is my memory sector already toast?*

“Well, maybe the next block is the one, Monique.”

“Ok, Parkaar, [my ailing alias] no problem. I’m enjoying the walk, though it is a little chilly for summer.”

“This town – or, more specifically, this side of town – has the best summer weather of anywhere in my book. Well, Pacifica and Eureka may battle for a close second place.”

“Only you would say that, 33. You fog-loving freak.”

“That, I am. That, I am.” *Not already.*

“Already repeating? It’s not even sundown, 33. Your mind’s clutch is totally shot now.” *She’s probably right.*

“Lotsa kewl fog and sun-shielding overcast skies with no rain. I call that parfait, [French for perfect] Monique.”

“Parfait, you say? I think I’ll take the dessert, instead.”

“Sure, we can do that later, too.” *Oh, boy.*

The crosswalk sign changed to WALK and we continued our very decent descent. I assiduously scanned the storefronts looking for a possible clue, just hoping to notice an architectural feature that would trigger a dormant memory. *It has probably been repainted by now. Heck, it needed a paint job three decades ago.*

Alas, we arrived at 42nd Avenue. Then, from out of the fog, a yellow Toyota sedan came whizzing up to the intersection. We were already mid-crosswalk, and I wasn’t sure if it was going to yield to us.

“Hurry, Monique!” I shouted.

We both made it safely, as the car skidded to a stop on the first wide yellow crosswalk line. It then sped off across Judah.

“I thought that you said this town was pedestrian-friendly, Agent 33.” Monique was a little shaken.

“Oh, he must be a former Charlottean.” I chuckled to myself.
“Or, maybe from Miami,” I added. “He’s probably cranked-up on meth or crack rock.”

“Or, maybe his girlfriend just dumped him, [used in the novella *Mysterieu of San Francisco*] Parkaar.”

“Yeah, maybe so. Either way, he’s driving like a certified douchebag.”

“I agree, 33. I just wish that the cops saw his bad driving.”

“He’s in a rush to get nowhere, and rapidly succeeding.”

“I thought the saying was, ‘in a rush to get knowhere, and arriving ahead of schedule’, Parkaar.”

“If you used a silent k, that’s above his mental grade.”

Monique gave me an odd look as our walk recommenced.

I kept looking and looking for some façade familiarity. However, there were no businesses – nothing but residences. *Where did it go? Where was it?*

We crossed 43rd Avenue without incident. Still nothing. *Where the hell is that place? Monique must think I’m bonkers. / Has he lost his mind? What are we searching for?*

We walked past a Presbyterian church and stopped at an adjacent vacant lot. *I wonder if this is where it was.*

“Was it here, Parkaar?”

“Possibly, 32. Possibly.”

“Maybe they razed it, 33.”

“Yeah, maybe. That actually sounds believable. And, it’s starting to look like the case.”

We walked to the next edifice, a gray building with boutique retail on the first level and two stories of apartments on top. I stopped and studied the building.

Monique then looked at me. “Was this it, 33?” *Hmmm ... this is close, so very close.*

“This one has that Sidle on N vibe, Monique. Just not totally sure.”

“Are you sure that we’re on the right side of the street?”

“Yes, we’re on the right side of the street as we walk away from central San Francisco towards China.”

“Ok, silly-dilly ... I mean, do you think it was on the other side of the street, as in over there?” Monique quickly pointed across Judah.

“No, I am certain that it was on this side, astute Agent 32.”

“What makes you so certain of that, 33?”

“Well, I can remember seeing a few shards of heavily filtered sunlight hit the concrete floor for a few seconds. I can see the dust in the air. Those scenes would not have occurred on the other – south – side of the street.”

“You remember that?”

“Absolutely.”

“You remember the oddest things, Parkaar. But, yes, it sounds believable.”

“My brain is not totally baked yet, 32; it’s just slightly parboiled.” *Parboiled loon.*

“That’s what you say.”

“Why, of course it’s what I say, Monique. Or, is it that chip you planted behind my left ear last night?”

We both laughed and continued our fabled-bar-seeking trek. Nothing of consequential note appeared between 44th and 48th Avenues. We walked in silence, letting our thoughts bounce down the in-street railroad tracks. *If I were a superball ...*

Then as we neared La Playa, Monique chirped out her plea.

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