

Episode 19: In Their Own Words: The Nextdoor Chronicles

Welcome to Gilded Garbage Can, a podcast dedicated to defogging the image that is San Francisco.

Thank you for tuning in on Apple Podcasts, Breaker, Overcast, Pod Bean and everywhere else fine podcasts are available.

I'm going to start with a recent comment from Lisa who wrote, "Love, love, love! Thanks for keeping us in the truth about SF." Thank you, Lisa for your accolade – truth is what we're about here.

Now to listener shout-outs. This one goes to...drumroll please...Ezra and Theo, brothers who are among the most loyal and quite possibly youngest fans of this podcast. This episode is for you guys.

I won't deny it...the Nextdoor app is possibly the single greatest source of material for this podcast. Recently, there have been some pretty spirited conversations about masks and maskwearing and, as usual, the good people of San Francisco who use Nextdoor have immortalized through their words, just how ridiculous they are.

Let's start with Lily who writes, "I hear a huge block party going on in my neighborhood! Sounds like lots of people having a great time..." Here it comes now. "I hope they're wearing masks and practicing social distancing!!!"

So, here's what we know about Lily:

First, she posts in real time – good for her. Nothing to do but listen to the sounds of the neighborhood and wrote about them as they happen.

Second, she doesn't know what a block party is. A block party is when they literally close a block or two of the streets – rope it off – and do whatever people do when they fraternize with neighbors. You need a permit to close off a street and, while I realize this is San Francisco and City Hall doesn't really know what it's doing, I bet no one is getting a block party permit these days.

Next, she wants you to know that she *hopes* people are wearing masks and social distancing. Lily cares just that much.

Here's what I think she's really saying: People are having fun at a house party and I wasn't invited. She veils it in the passive-aggressive I-hope-everyone-is-wearing-a-mask-and-practicing-social-distaning thing, which is pretty much the way too many SF people couch



everything they say. Thanks for hoping, Lily...that, along with thoughts and prayers, is the solution to the pandemic.

Here's another one. Cindy writes, "I'm no mask narc, but today I saw a lovely, unmasked young woman (red hair, if you know her) walking on Balboa with a beautiful pregnant belly. You can be a Free Masker but ffs, do it for your baby. If you're reading this, sorry to be so direct but you gotta activate your brain cells on this one."

Let's pause...count to 5 and then dig in. One, two, three, four, five. Breathe...

Cindy, you are a "Karen." In fact, I'll refer to you as Cindy-Karen from now on. I'll break it down:

First, anyone who starts with "I'm not a mask narc," is a mask narc. I learned a long time ago, when you preface like that, it's never good. I bet Cindy-Karen sets up all her stories this way. "I don't want to sound racist" or "don't take this the wrong way." I imagine Cindy-Karen says these phrases a lot.

Next, heaping on compliments about being lovely and young with a beautiful pregnant belly is such a typical "Karen" thing to do. And the parenthetical "red hair, if you know her" is hilarious. Then, once Cindy-Karen has set the stage, she moves into attack phase. Cindy-Karen is proper though, she doesn't spell out ffs...that wouldn't be very SF-like.

But the close really takes the prize. Cindy-Karen apologizes for being so direct then tells the lovely, young redhead, who she figures someone may recognize from her description, that she needs to activate her brain cells.

Now, the Nextdoor community did post some pointed comments back to Cindy-Karen including, "Kudos for attacking a pregnant woman on the internet; also, nice touch with the 'sorry for being so direct'". Another comment reads, "It's posts like this that make me feel embarrassed for our neighborhood. Maybe just mind your own business?" But the next comment in the virtual conversation is the winner: "You literally took time out of your day to write that some pregnant lady (whose face you didn't want to say this to, but whose business you are super comfortable announcing to the world) wasn't wearing a mask outside. Hobbies? Anyone? Netflix just added some movies."

Congratulations Cindy-Karen...no one likes you.

Before I move on, I will go on record that I think everyone should wear a mask when they leave their home. Regardless of being inside or outside, it's that one easy thing we all can, and should do to reduce the spread of germs.



In other Nextdoor nonsense, Camelia writes, "I am looking for a monthly cleaner to hire for our 4-bedroom in the Presidio. Nothing outrageous, just someone to come and do a good overall clean once a month. Would love recommendations. Smiley face. Thank you."

Camelia wants us to know that she has a 4-bedroom residence in the Presidio. She's a bougie showoff who probably never ventures out beyond the Marina for dining and Cow Hollow for shopping. I bet she eats avocado toast at some of the finest restaurants in the city.

But Camelia is cheap...she must save her money for avocado toast and other bougie pursuits and accordingly wants to make sure she doesn't have to pay too much to whomever she hires to clean her house. Oh, and I'm sure Camelia will find something wrong with each monthly cleaning so she can deduct some avocado-toast-tip-money from the housekeeping bill.

I bet Camelia is friends with Cindy-Karen.

Finally, Grace is giving away a white couch for free. Yes, free. And it looks pretty nice except for the throw pillow that says, "Eat Kale." Grace wants us to know she's healthy...probably vegan.

Oh San Francisco, what have you become?

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