

Season 2, Episode 5: The Best of Nextdoor 2021...so Far

Welcome to Gilded Garbage Can, the podcast dedicated to defogging the image that is San Francisco. Thank you for tuning in on Apple Podcasts, Spotify, Radio Public, PodBean and everywhere else fine podcasts are available.

Listener shout out this episode goes to Pedro. Pedro is a friend and colleague who let me know he recently discovered Gilded Garbage Can and now cannot drive through a roundabout without laughing. He also contributed material to this very episode...more on that towards the end. Thank you, Pedro for being a fan and keep laughing at those roundabouts. Oh, and you'll hate bus lanes soon as well, I promise.

It's been a while since we reviewed some of the wit, wisdom, cluelessness, and stupidity of our favorite useless app, Nextdoor. I have compiled some favorites and we're going to jump right in and hear from San Francisco residents, what's on their minds.

Let's start with Amy, who writes, "Why doesn't anyone smile at each other? I moved to the Inner Richmond recently and have noticed that no one smiles back at me or says hello back. It really hurts my feelings and makes me feel unwelcome. Or like I have to dress in a certain way to make people less intimidated by me. At this point I feel like making friendly eye contact might come off as a threat and keep my eyes to myself just to thought say hello."

So, I think Amy is kind of interesting and by interesting I really mean odd. I don't know what dressing has to do with people being intimidated. I guess she either wears crazy stuff or super expensive stuff. Maybe she wears fur coats in the summer and tank tops in the winter. I really don't know, but Amy, there's probably a reason why no one smiles back at you or says hello back. In your case, the numbers speak volumes. If **no one** smiles back at you or says hello - like not even one person smiles back or says hello to you, look in the mirror – the problem you have is likely staring back at you.

Karen writes, "Lemonade stand. My daughter and her friend are having a lemonade stand on the corner of Octavia and Green Street. We would love if you came to support them for \$1 for nice, sweet lemonade. They had been out for four hours and have gotten no customers and I feel bad because they just got out of school for summer and are depressed. Sweet margo bound."

I'll start with that end statement – I have no idea what "sweet margo bound" means. For the rest of it, makes me wonder: Is the lemonade really that sweet? Maybe the fact that the kids are depressed is a total downer and no one wants to approach them. Maybe they dress like Amy and intimidate people...they don't even want to smile or say hello back much less buy lemonade from them. Then there's the whole health thing...who's to say your kids didn't put rat poison in their drinks? If you want people to buy lemonade from your kids, move to the country.

Alyson wants to talk about leaf blowers. She writes, “Leaf blowers – can we ban them? These machines emit stinky fumes and noise pollution and serve only to blow leaves and debris (a plastic bag for example) from house to house. Do we really need pristine lawns at the expense of everyone's health? The California Environmental Protection Agency estimates that operating a commercial leaf blower for one hour would emit more pollution than driving a 2016 Toyota Camry for about 1100 miles. I'm glad to help circulate a petition or whatever we need to do to ban these things in our neighborhood or San Francisco in general. Thoughts?”

Alison, here is what I think. You need more things in your life to keep you busy. I realize you don't like pristine lawns and prefer garbage everywhere, but in front of your place. As for the noise, get some inexpensive headphones and listen to music or whatever when your neighbor uses the leaf blower. Also, I suspect the pollution from a newer Toyota is probably not that much...so maybe you should research that a bit before you make the comparison. Also, Alison, the noise and pollution from the endless and unnecessary bus lane construction problems is far worse than that of your neighbor's leaf blower, so you may want to write to City Hall about that.

Kathy writes, “Dogs unleashed in the neighborhood. Hello, a gentle reminder to the woman who lives on Commonwealth Avenue with the golden lab. You continue to walk your dog unleashed in the neighborhood. Your dog ran across the street to attack (he word) my dog. My dog was leased (also her word). This continues to happen even though I tried to be civil in my response to this uncivilized behavior or yours. I encountered you this morning. Your dog was unleashed as usual, and you were not wearing a mask. Rather than moving into the street you stayed on the sidewalk with your dog getting into the attack position I stepped into the street and reminded you that it is illegal to have a dog unleashed. In true form you yell an obscenity at me. Please know the next time I see you, I will take a photo and forward it to the police. Your behavior does not align with living in a community with others who follow the rules.”

Kathy, your reminder was hardly gentle. I realize your dog is leashed and love using the words civil and uncivilized, but really, posing this here serves no purpose other than to publicly share your poor spelling. If your neighbors dog assumes attack position every time it sees you, call animal control and stop littering Nextdoor with your gripe. By the way, if your neighbor isn't a wearing a mask outside, that's fine. It's hilarious that you threw in that jab.

Here's one from Chris. “Stolen Uppababy Vista stroller. Hi neighborhood, our car was broken into this morning and our Henry Blue Uppababy baby vista was stolen. Yes I know better than to leave stuff in the car but completely forgot to go back to the car to grab it when unloading and go figure it's gone the next day. I have the serial number on hand but if anyone sees one on marketplace or Craigslist, please let us know. If you feel the need to let me know not to leave stuff in the car, just keep scrolling. I filed a police report but won't expect anything to come from that.”

Hey Chris, I'm not gonna keep scrolling, I'm going to remind you that **you don't leave stuff in the car**. You see, in the gilded garbage can even if you leave a quarter visible in your car you will get your windows broken and that shiny coin will be taken. That's just what life is like here. So, stop whining about your stolen stroller and letting us know that you couldn't remember to just run back and get it, which makes me wonder if you shouldn't get a cognitive test - it was just a minute later, right? You left something in the car, it got stolen, that's what happens. Let me repeat you left something in the car, it got stolen, that's what happens.

Here's a good one...Lila writes, "Any suggestions? A tenant in the apartment building where I live appears to not take a shower or bath at all so that her smell is worse than a homeless person. You can tell she was in the elevator, lobby, or washer and dryer room as you can smell her overpowering, concentrated urine stench, which she's been wearing for years. It's very difficult to hold my breath especially in the elevator. The thought of her using the washers and dryers is so dreadful. I've talk to the building manager but was told that nothing could be done. Should I call adult protective services? Any other ideas on what to do? Help, please!"

Yes, Lila, call Adult Protective Services and let them know they should pick you up immediately. And by the way, not all homeless people smell, so your analogy was flawed. One other thing, Kathy wants to know if you've been wearing your mask...it is a good question and may help in this case.

Our final example from next-door today comes from our listener Pedro. He kindly forwarded this to me, as he thought, and I agreed, that this is quintessential San Francisco bougie-ness. Here we go:

Christi writes, "Nanny spends an hour looking for parking :(We live in Duboce Triangle and the parking has gotten increasingly bad. We don't have a car, but our nanny drives up to our home from Daly City and now spends up to an hour circling looking for parking. We've been looking for a private spot to pay for her, but I've had no luck finding anything. She has an SUV which makes some spots impossible. Does anyone have any leads on a garage or spot for rent? It doesn't need to be an overnight or weekend lot! Thank you!"

Christi wants to remind everyone that she doesn't have a car - cars are evil after all, but since her nanny lives in Daly City I guess it's cool because cars are fine there. It's interesting that the virtuous Christi doesn't offer a fully paid BART pass to the nanny. That would probably be cheaper than renting a garage anyway, right? Anyway, Christi's first-world problem is just terrible...shame on all of you people who park near her house...shame, shame, shame.

What do you think about the issues that your neighbors have raised, especially that last one? Leave a comment at GildedGarbageCan.com. Also, be sure to check us out on Instagram search for and follow Gilded Garbage Can, all one word for those images that are worth 1000 words.



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