##### [00:00:01.970]

Sorry, said it was insured when everyone started hanging out that the aluminum. She had managed to pass the gauntlet there for years without going inside, simply noting the dank flappy, this thing wafting from its open doors, catching the glow of the neon sign, hanging up above the bar service for the sick in hot red loops. It seemed that all the other lives have been purchased and repurposed, renovated and sold to a different clientele. The purple lead bar where middle age working class wual Dagger's nerds beers at the counter was overnight converted into it at a sexual martini bar where men who smoke actual actual cigars drank chocolate martinis and had asked the woman who passed by ambulance here.

##### [00:00:45.880]

It was 1999. Aside from the neon sign glowing it sinister pronouncement, the I'llbe are Beyonce. Other notable feature was Fernando the man who would a mullet and whether weather twist and route brown paperbark. The sort of mother would park have Charles lounging. It contained cocaine heavily cut with baby laxative. Michelle and her friends would pool their resources and walk into the woman's restroom with Fernando, who would deed a page from the stack of cosmopolitan Angela. More in the coordinated or Yamit.

##### [00:01:20.040]

In a little envelope and dip it into the sack of drugs, the rolemodel Fernando, was that teachers to work for the government, the FBI or the CIA and was so hooked up with the most corrupt corners of the system that he was immune from being busted. Everyone felt very safe buying the axonal Fernando in the women's restroom at the lvm. Come, you know. Konan? Oh, Valencia, Michel Martin Michel was a poet, a writer, the author of a small book published a small press that revealed family secrets, exposed her love life and glamorized her recreational drug intake, her love life and recreational drug intake had been performed up and down Bryant's street, the main drag of San Francisco's mission neighborhood.

##### [00:02:19.970]

Once Irish, then Mexican, later invaded by a tribe bound not my ethnicity, but by other things desire, art, sex, poverty, politics. For six years. Michel had live adjacent to this particular strip of gentrification and resistance of commerce and SRO hotels and boutiques and thackeray's. And of late, it had changed the Chameleon Bar hung with velvet clown paintings where Michelle had read her first poems to an audience was no more. The poem had been of melancholy, love, born, delivered in poetry voice did that upturned lilt.

##### [00:03:07.720]

She had compared her lover to a desert and her heart to a piece of cactus fruit busted up on the dusty ground. She had feared the poem was bad, but rationalized that bad art had its funds and that her shabby offering would find its people and at the close of the open, make a meek young lesbian her brother. Her shaved head over to Michelle and Charlie thanked her. Michelle had a special place in her heart for the Camile Chameleon, its stage, it's stage painted sloppily with giant orange flames.

##### [00:03:51.480]

It's poetry event was famously, famously unruly. All the poets, workaholics slamming each other in the head with cheers like professional wrestling. That bar was Michelle's first home in San Francisco, and she moved there from New England. She had enjoyed playing the part of the quick-witted and then reach Baby Dich. She loved to clamber up to the microphone and holler at the drunks to shut the fuck up. Before launching into spoken-word diatribe against pornography and Cheltenham, the station.

##### [00:04:26.390]

She did well enough. She did it well enough that the trunk stayed quiet and gave her a grudging respect afterward. When she boned her runs into a Xerox manifesto's, they bought them and Michelle traded their damned dollars at the bar for pints of beer. The comedian was its own ecosystem, but the owner had fallen into a crack habit. And so the business went under.