

# Annie

My friend Annie Galvin (Wexfordgirl) posted some very nice words about me today on her blog. She also offered up some old pictures from our “Savoy Tivoli” days in San Francisco.

I met Annie while we both toiled away at the infamous (in our own minds at least) Savoy Tivoli in North Beach in the mid-90s. The two of us, along with a whole host of characters, worked a variety of shifts from 3pm to 3am. I couldn't make these people up; drunken managers, beautiful bartenders, petite (very petite) busboys, passive bouncers, and aloof, sultry waitresses—that was us.



(Annie and me in my flat on Castro with my dog, Madison, and cat, Parker)

We were fast friends and spent many late nights battling away European men and hiding from our customers in the back room. Every night, we waited anxiously for our tall, foul-mouthed French boss to utter the words every cocktail waitress yearns for, “Last Call. Last pool game.” Then in his broken English, “Thank you for *patronizing* us.” Never seeing the irony in his choice of that word.



(Trish, Annie and Erica. All “Savoy Girls” at an Easter party at my flat.)

Annie and I had lost touch until recently. After reconnecting with her, a flood of memories and random facts about her came to my mind. Here are a few:

-She hates cinnamon-HATES IT!

-One night she picked me up on her motorcycle and we were off

to see Adam Ant at the The Fillmore. I remember standing left of center stage with her, on the half-filled dance floor when the lights dimmed, smoked poured from the ceiling and the tribal call of Prince Charming announced the beginning of the show. Like her switch had been turned on, Annie immediately started to jump straight up and down in her tall black boots. She didn't stop the ENTIRE concert. She grabbed my arm every now and then and would shout things like "Isn't he brilliant?" and "I just LOVE him."

-Being Irish, she always had an eye for the ridiculous. She once brought in to Savoy a page she had ripped from The TV Guide with the listing for an After-School TV Special called "Because Mommy's Drunk." I believed it starred Elizabeth McGovern.

-We had a large Juke Box at the Savoy that supplied the soundtrack to our work-night misery. This left us at the mercy of any tipsy foreign tourist with loose change. (To this day I can't listen to "Girl from Ipanema" without getting a little nauseous.) Annie once told me when U2's "Mysterious Ways" was playing, she would pretend Bono was singing just to her. With her pint-filled tray perched high over her head, pushing her way through the mass of people and noise, I believe she did imagine Bono was serenading her. "She's the wave. She turns the tide. She sees the man inside the child."

- I remember once, Larry, Annie and I went to try a new Irish restaurant on Haight. The waitress came over and in a very thick "Irish" accent asked to take our order. Annie asked skeptically, "What part of Ireland are you from?" She stammered a little and shamefully admitted, "Oh, I'm not Irish, I am from Kansas. My boyfriend is Irish though." Annie was thrilled!

-Annie is the type of friend that will forgive you if you totally blow her off after getting married and then come back, years later, wanting to be friends again. And it's as if not a

day had gone by—thanks Annie.



(Here's Annie and my brother Randall, aforementioned "passive bouncer," at a "Trish" party. Doesn't she look fascinated by him?)