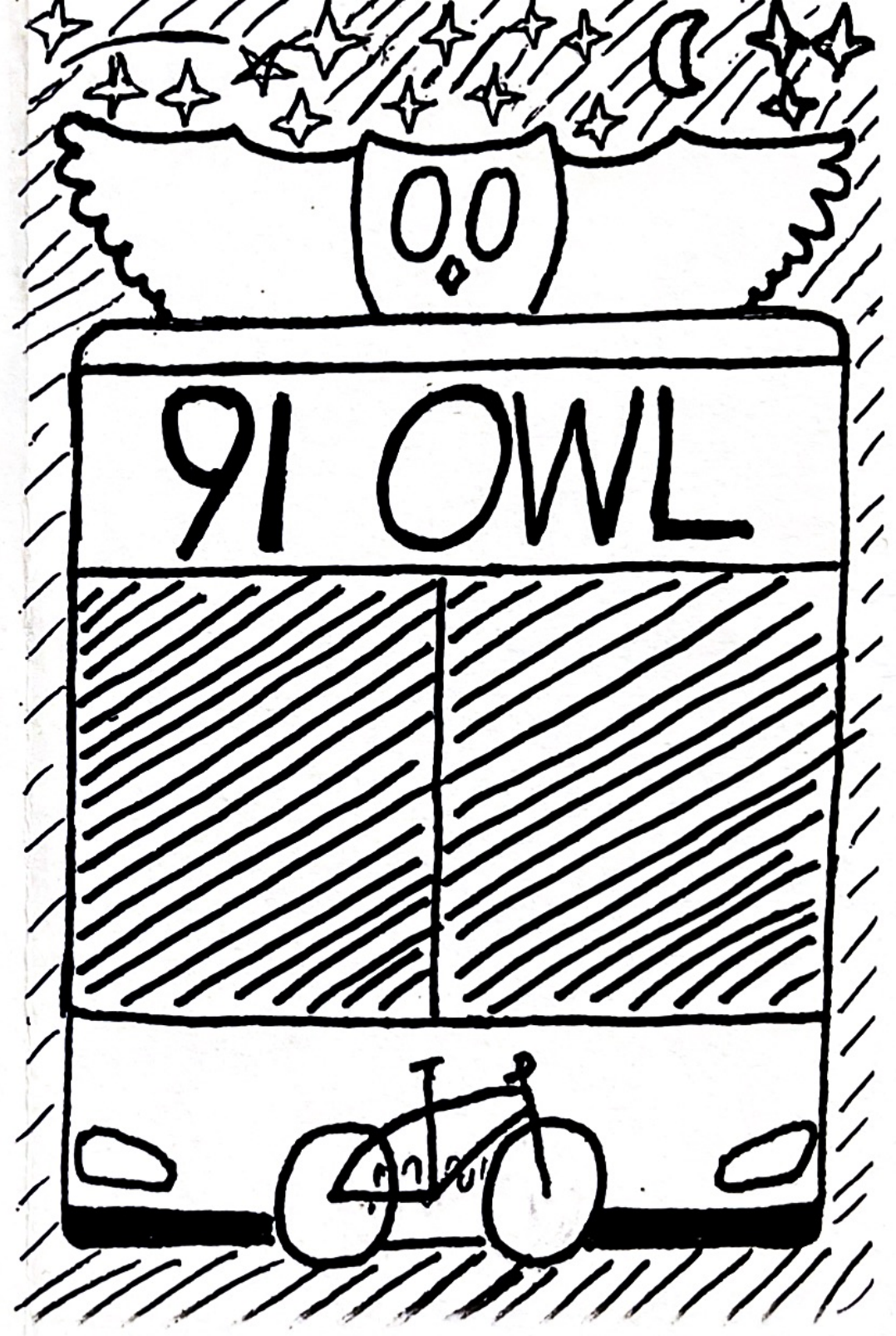




FOG OWL ZINES

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Aug 2025
Bay Area



THE STREET

CHANGES

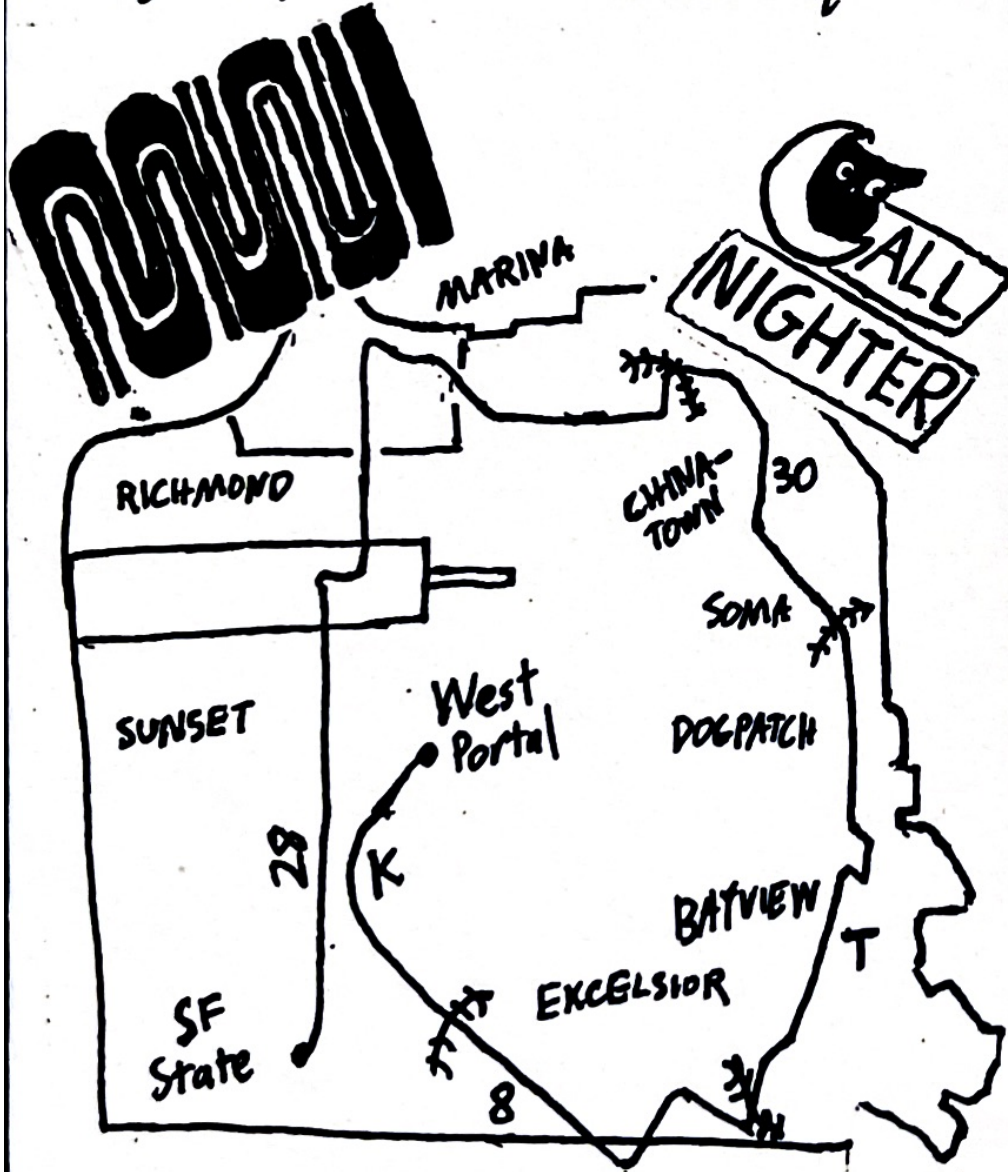
AT NIGHT



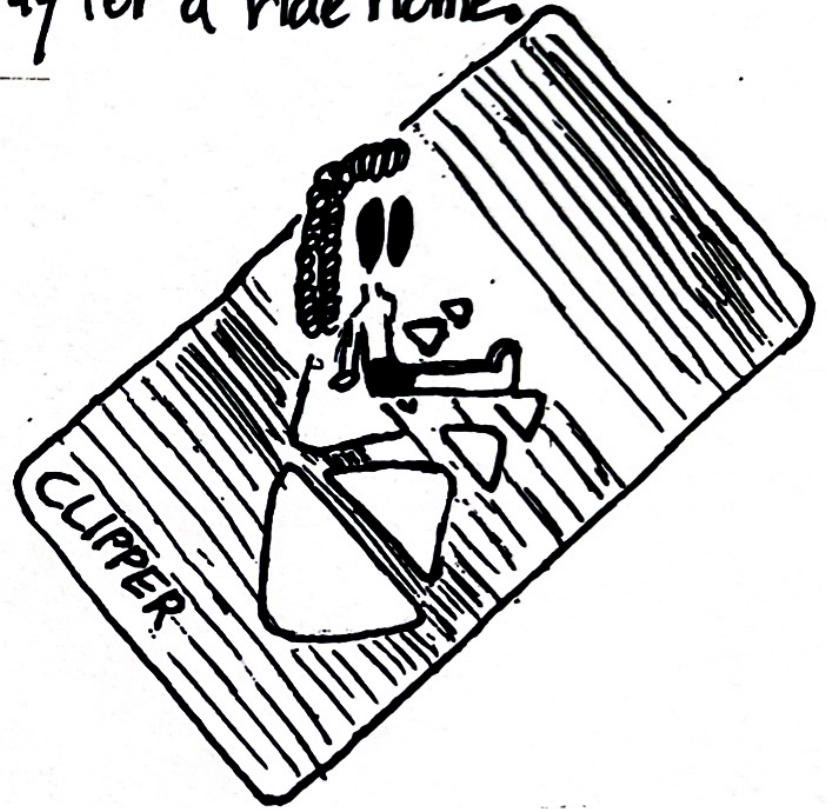
The business of the daytime is replaced with that of the night, less inhibited, more open. Strollers head inside as revelers in their best clothes fill the sidewalks. Shops and groceries close up as lines form outside art galleries, music venues, theaters, unmarked doors.

A host changes into his cutest outfit and opens his door for a long-awaited guest. Tonight, a boy decides it's safe to wear a skirt out and a girl will tell her friend what's really been on her mind. The waking world retreats as the freaks and queers come out to play in the newly vacated space.

And as midnight falls, five San Francisco bus and rail lines are stitched into one 99-minute ride. The 91 OWL opens up direct connections between neighborhoods that have none in the daytime.



THE OWL BUS is my gateway to the late night, giving me the freedom to go out without having to pay for a ride home.



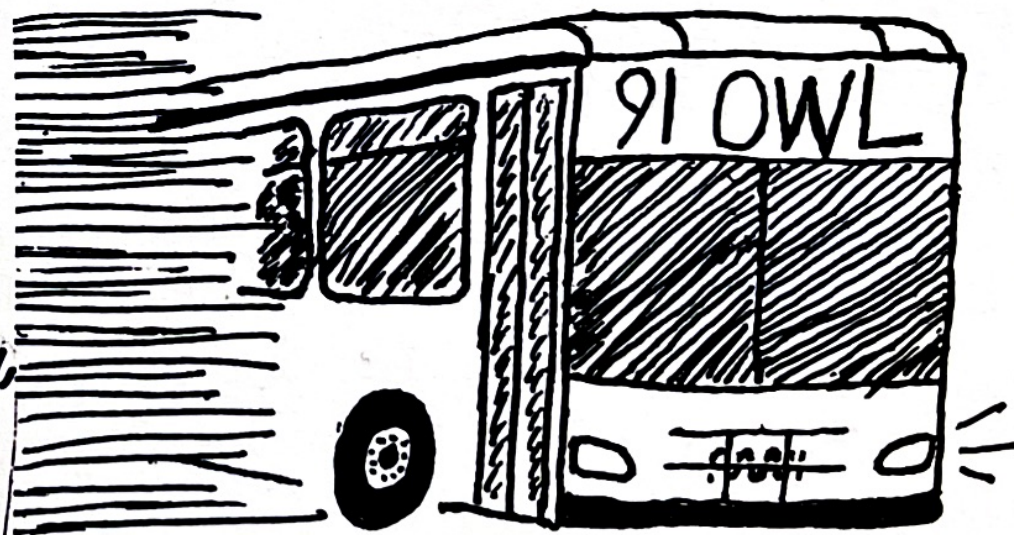
MY CLIPPER CARD SETS ME FREE



I love people-watching,
gazing out the window at
the quiet, sleeping city,
listening to music
or drawing in my note book
or texting my friends
as we all voyage together
through the dark.

I've never ridden on the 91 Owl

I've only seen it from other night
buses, a ghost in the dark, bearing
a number only seen in the
witching hour.



Maybe I'll see you on board?