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Pink temple
goes green

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comes a rebirth

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was a local

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THE NEW FILLMORE

SAN FRANCISCO ■ FEBRUARY 2011



Her Wildest Dreams

For newscaster Belva Davis,
a lifetime in journalism
began in the Fillmore

■ IN HER NEW MEMOIR, veteran Bay Area broadcaster Belva Davis looks back on her career in journalism and her pioneering role as the first black female television anchor in the west. In this excerpt from *Never in My Wildest Dreams*, she recalls the Fillmore of the early '60s, where she began her career as a reporter — the only reporter — at the *Bay Area Independent*.

By BELVA DAVIS

THE *Independent* was one of two black weeklies then operating out of San Francisco's Fillmore District, a black cultural mecca with a thriving commercial core studded with cafes, hair salons, jazz clubs, shops and churches.

Southern blacks had moved into the area during the war; they often occupied the homes of Japanese residents ordered into internment camps, and the blacks had found steady work in the shipyards and other military facilities. Now the jobs were gone and the people poor, but the vibrancy lingered; the cool syncopation of jazz and blues still punctuated the night air; and the savory tastes of home cooking — gumbo, fried chicken, candied yams, greens and corn bread — continued to lure people to the pulsing Fillmore.

As the *Independent's* publisher, Don Welcher was a capitalist through and through, a black Republican who strove for objectivity and wanted his newspaper to play it straight while turning a profit. He had little interest in writing editorials, preferring to spend his time persuading local merchants that they should invest their ad dollars with us. The *Independent* was by far the smaller of the two publications.

The other, the *Sun-Reporter*, was its opposite — a fiery crusader owned by the legendary Dr. Carlton Goodlett, a black physician with socialist sympathies who claimed, "A people who fails to control or have access to the media . . . is a psychologically enslaved and deprived people. As crucial to democracy as the concept of 'one man, one vote' is the concept of 'one man, one voice.'"

Both papers filled the void that existed in local coverage of so-called Negro news. Despite the fact that the Bay Area's black population had soared in the post-war era, major white papers largely ignored the community as transient and unworthy of attention.

"Never did we lack news to cover. San Francisco's Geary Street Expressway was ripping the neighborhood apart. There stood Malcolm X, only a few feet away from me. James Baldwin swept into town. But the greatest thrill was the day Cassius Clay came to town."

— BELVA DAVIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY KATHI O'LEARY

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Please consider contributing \$30 to help the New Fillmore continue to deliver the news of the neighborhood this year. Or contribute \$100 (or more, if you're able) and become a sponsor. Your support will help us continue to bring the neighborhood together by distributing the paper door-to-door every month to all 20,000 local homes and businesses.

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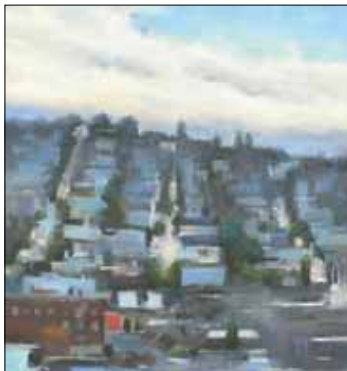
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TRANSITIONS



WHERE'S SAL?

A local goes missing, and the neighbors go looking

ON JANUARY 3, Salvador Valesco was in his upholstery shop at 2108 Sutter Street — as he had been for 30 years — working a little, talking a lot, cracking jokes with passersby.

But as the first week of the new year unfolded, his neighbors began to realize they hadn't seen him for a few days.

The block of Sutter between Steiner and Pierce is home to a particularly close-knit group of residents and business owners. Sal — as everyone knew him — had been there longer than most and was friendly to all. But no one seemed to know anything about his personal life — not where he lived, or whether he had a family.

As the days passed, customers grew frustrated. "I would like my cushions back," said a note taped to the door.

The mail carrier for the block mentioned to another carrier on Bush Street that Sal seemed to be missing. As it happened, the Bush Street postal worker knew where he lived: She delivered his mail to 2345 Bush, just around the corner from his shop.

And Sal had a lawyer. He posted a note on the door of Sal's Custom Upholstery —



Sal Valesco in his shop, checking for the latest news.

alongside the one from the patron looking for his cushions — saying that Sal had been located in the intensive care unit at Kaiser Hospital a few blocks away on Geary. "We are trying to reach his family," the note said.

Concerned neighbors continued to exchange information as they passed on the sidewalk. Some went to Kaiser to visit, but found him unresponsive. Eventually they located a daughter in Sacramento.

A new hand-written note on lined low paper went up on the door of the shop on January 16.

"Sal has been at Kaiser Hospital these past two weeks and in serious condition," it said. "Chances of him pulling through are slim." It was signed by Valorie Valesco, Sal's daughter.

One of the neighbors invited his daughter to stay with her. Others offered assistance. Many called.

Yet another note from his daughter went up on the door January 19.

"My father Sal passed away this morning at 5 a.m.," it said. "I hope to have a memorial service for him soon."

Details are pending.



NEW NEIGHBOR

Dino's boy

For two decades the maestro of Dino's Pizza, Dino Stavrakakis (left), has been dispensing honest food and good cheer at the corner of Fillmore and California. And for almost that long, he's been wishing for a son. The blessed event finally arrived on January 22, with the help of a surrogate mother, when little Santino Stavrakakis made his debut.

THE NEW FILLMORE

newfillmore.com

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Connecting the neighborhood

Every month, 20,000 copies of the New Fillmore are delivered to homes and businesses in the Fillmore, Pacific Heights and Japantown. We thank you for your support and encouragement and welcome your ideas and suggestions.

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NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Restaurant Ban on Fillmore May Be Lifted

NEW RESTAURANTS or food businesses are prohibited on upper Fillmore Street unless they replace a similar establishment. But that would change under legislation proposed by new District 2 supervisor Mark Farrell.

Farrell made good on a campaign promise to propose changes to city law that would allow new food-related businesses to be approved by the Planning Commission. Farrell said the move is intended to enhance the economic vitality of the neighborhood commercial district, defined by ordinance as the area from Jackson Street south to Bush Street.

At its January 13 meeting the Planning Commission unanimously endorsed the effort to remove the ban, which has been in effect since 1987.

"Along upper Fillmore Street and elsewhere in the city, restaurants and bars were identified as volatile uses which could multiply and upset the commercial equilibrium by forcing out critical neighborhood services," according to a Planning Department report on the history of the ban.

In fact, the prohibition has led to a decline in the number of eating and drinking establishments on upper Fillmore.

In 1987 there were 32 restaurants; today there are 24. Then there were 8 specialty groceries; today there are 2. Under the legislation new bars could be allowed, but only in full-service restaurants.



The dome remains pink for now, but most of the temple has been restored to its original color.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTE TRAVIS

Temple Changes Color as Retrofit Proceeds

FOR HALF A CENTURY it's been painted pink, but now most of the exterior of the temple at California and Webster Streets has returned to the natural gray-green color of Colusa sandstone.

It's part of a seismic retrofit of the 105-year-old home of Congregation Sherith Israel. The innovative project is strengthening the structure by adding reinforcements within its stone walls. That will allow the building to meet stricter earthquake standards without altering its highly decorative interior surfaces, which are

covered with frescoes and stenciling and punctuated with exuberant stained glass windows.

At the same time, the pink paint on the exterior has been removed. The stone has been stabilized and patched and returned to its original appearance.

"In approximately 1953 someone had the bright idea of painting the building bright pink," says Rabbi Larry Raphael. "The paint didn't allow the stone to breathe. And so we've had 50 or 60 years worth of water damage because of the

problems associated with that paint job." For now the dome will remain pink. But it too will be restored to the stone's natural color during a future phase of the renovation.

The scaffolding covering the building since last spring was removed in late January and the stained glass windows on the south side were reinstalled after being releaded and repaired. The first phase of the retrofit is to be completed in March, with further work beginning after another round of fund raising.

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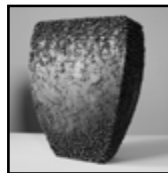
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CRIME WATCH

Burglary California and Franklin Streets December 30, 1:15 p.m.

A man entered the Whole Foods store, took five pieces of fish and stuffed them into his tote bag. A security officer observed this and followed the man out of the store. He then detained the suspect in the parking lot and called the police. The suspect confessed he had entered the store intending to steal the fish and resell it to a restaurant.

Shoplifting Webster Street and Geary Boulevard December 31, 3:45 p.m.

Safeway's loss prevention officers followed a woman who had stolen from the store in the past. She selected some shrimp and some steaks. Then she walked into a quiet part of the store, placed the items into Safeway bags and left the store without stopping at the registers. Security called police, who arrested the woman.

Burglary Van Ness Avenue and Ellis Street January 6, 7:20 p.m.

On December 27, a residence at Van Ness and Ellis was burglarized. Officers who were viewing a surveillance camera's video of the incident recognized one of the individuals involved. Several days later, they spotted the same man at Hyde and O'Farrell Streets and placed him under arrest. When they were interviewing him, the suspect told the officers the location of the computer he had stolen and they were able to recover it.

Narcotics, Impersonating Police Officer Ellis Street and Van Ness Avenue January 10, 2:05 a.m.

Officers checking on hotels in the area spoke to the manager of the Civic Center Inn, who told them that a man who just checked in claimed to be a San Francisco police officer "looking for a suspect in the area." The officers ran a computer check on the hotel guest's name; he was not a police officer, and was on parole. The officers went to the suspect's room and detained him. They found cocaine among his possessions. He was arrested for impersonating a police officer, narcotics possession and violating parole.

Robbery Post and Polk Streets January 14, 10 p.m.

A man was walking near Post and Polk when he saw two men and a woman walking purposefully in his direction. As they passed him one man abruptly turned, threw him against the wall and thrust a hand into his wallet pocket. The man who was robbed told the responding officers he broke away from the assailants and called 911. The

officers quickly located three individuals who matched the description. The two male suspects were arrested and charged with attempted robbery. The woman, who had no role in the crime, was released.

Assault O'Farrell and Franklin Streets January 16, 6 p.m.

Officers responded to a report about two homeless individuals in a physical altercation. As one man rose from his seat at breakfast a second man slid into his place — then claimed the man's property along with his seat, telling the man who had gotten up to "move on." A scuffle broke out. Police detained the aggressor, who punched one of them. The officers found illegal drugs in the man's pocket and charged him with assault and possession of illegal substances.

Vandalism to Vehicle Franklin and Eddy Streets January 17, 12:50 a.m.

A woman heard loud banging sounds and looked out her apartment window. She saw a man jumping on the hood of her car while several friends watched. She called the police, then went down to confront the man and his companions. They ran away when they saw her. She chased them until officers arrived. She identified the man who had damaged her car; he was taken into custody. One of the men who had been watching had an outstanding warrant; he too was arrested. The jumper and his friends were all intoxicated. The woman's car sustained several large dents.

Vandalism Van Ness Avenue and Bush Street January 17, 9:15 p.m.

A panhandler approached a driver who was stopped at a red light. When the driver told the man he had no money, the panhandler banged on the window of the car, frightening the driver, who then called the police. The panhandler reacted by pulling out a knife and puncturing the driver's tire. Officers cited him for vandalism and confiscated his knife.

Burglary Broadway and Laguna Street January 20, 12:40 p.m.

A woman saw a man in the garage area of her apartment building and confronted him. He said he lived there. When she asked for proof, he ran away. She called the police. Responding officers spotted the intruder as he tried to hide in the shadows. The woman identified the man. Officers discovered that two cars had been broken into. The suspect, who was carrying items belonging to the owners, was charged with breaking into the garage and auto burglary.

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LOCALS

With 'Bhutto,' a political consultant turns filmmaker

The film "Bhutto," which earned high praise at last year's Sundance Film Festival, is now playing at several dozen theaters throughout the country. But local producer-director Duane Baughman (below) says it was most important to him to bring his documentary home to the Clay Theater.

He invited his Washington Street neighbors and others he had met in his informal office — the Post's coffee shop at Sacramento and Fillmore Streets — to a showing there early in the new year. Baughman also bought out a San Diego theater at the end of January so his parents and their friends could see the film in the city where he grew up.

The core of the feature-length film is the life and assassination of Pakistani Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto in 2007, but it is far more than that. It is a primer on the history and politics of Pakistan.

Baughman pieced together an astounding amalgam of archival film, starting with the partition of India and Pakistan in 1947. It traces the birth of Bhutto in 1953, the rise of her father to the presidency and his eventual hanging, plus the murder of her two brothers. Baughman interviewed scholars and reporters who covered Bhutto during her two terms as prime minister and her return for a third try. And he capped it off with interviews with Pervez Musharraf, the most recent military dictator of Pakistan, and Asif



Alli Zardari, Bhutto's husband, who took over her party's leadership and is now president.

Remarkably, the film is mostly narrated by Benazir Bhutto herself. Baughman learned of a reporter who had recordings of many hours of conversations on tape stored in her attic in Connecticut. The tapes were deteriorating, so Baughman sent them to Los Angeles for rescue and restoration.

A political consultant who worked on Hillary Clinton's presidential campaign and helped engineer Michael Bloomberg's election as mayor of New York, Baughman's contact with Pakistani politics began when he was being considered for a job helping Bhutto run for a third term as prime minister. She was assassinated before the contract was completed.

But the contacts he had made gave him the opportunity to tell Bhutto's story in the film he ultimately produced.

— DON LANGLEY

FILM

Film Fest Without Subtitles Returns

By RUTH STEIN

THERE'S nothing like a film festival to call attention to a San Francisco moviehouse. In this case, it's the Vogue — the cozy neighborhood venue at 3290 Sacramento Street. The theater houses one of the last single screens in town and manages to keep the doors open through an arrangement in which it is run by the non-profit San Francisco Neighborhood Theater Foundation.

The idea of bringing a festival to the Vogue developed through my friendship with foundation founders Alfonso Felder and Jack Bair. We wanted to make more people in the neighborhood aware of the Vogue so they would think of it as a place to see the latest blockbuster at a theater within walking distance.

The idea to put on the Mostly British Film Festival came about because there is no other series in the area — possibly not even in the country — that exclusively features films from the U.K. and other English-speaking countries.

And in this, its third year, the event we have informally dubbed "The Foreign Film Festival for People Who Don't Want to Read Subtitles" has 26 exciting classic and new movies, many of them winners from other festivals.

This year's opening night film is "West is West," the long-awaited sequel to "East is East," following the same beleaguered Manchester family living in transitional times in 1976, five years after the first film. The great Om Puri, who has the most expressive face on screen today, reprises his role as a Pakistani immigrant faced with raising children who consider themselves 100 percent English.



Om Puri and his expressive face are featured in "West is West" on opening night of the Vogue Theater's film festival.

lesbian twin sisters who are sort of their country's Lucille Balls. The joy they take in their work shines through this film, which was New Zealand's most popular documentary ever. I'd also be sure to catch the Michael Caine double feature "The Ipcress File" and "Get Carter," which is labeled British noir. The Noir Film Foundation is co-sponsoring the two and noir scholar Eddie Muller will introduce them.

For some over-the-top entertainment, check out "Dorian Gray" starring Ben Barnes of the "Narnia" series and Colin Firth, who is having a career moment. It's an outrageous retelling of the Oscar Wilde classic.

"The Infidel," co-presented by the San Francisco Jewish Film Festival, is another sure bet. It's the hilarious story of a prosperous Muslim businessman in London's East End who discovers he was adopted and born to Jewish parents, then frantically tries to act Jewish.

For more information, a complete schedule and tickets, go to mostlybritish.org.

Ruth Stein, a longtime film writer for the Chronicle, is co-director of the Mostly British Film Festival.

Closing night is the heart-warming coming-of-age saga "Boy," which won the Grand Jury Prize at Sundance and the Best Feature Award at the Berlin International Film Festival. This one is sure to leave a smile on your face.

I love all the festival's films for different reasons, and it is hard to pick among them. But if I had to choose I'd say don't miss "Topp Twins; Untouchable Girls," a documentary from New Zealand about singing, yodeling, joke-telling

OPENING NIGHT



West is West

Thursday February 3rd, 8:00pm

The long-awaited sequel to "East is East" checks in with the same lovingly beleaguered Manchester family living in transitional times in 1976 (five years after the original film). When the youngest son goes into crisis mode over his identity as a half-Brit and half Pakistani and insults his immigrant father's heritage, the family patriarch (Om Puri, reprising his unforgettable role) hauls him to Pakistan to learn the customs of the country. There the two encounter the father's first wife, whom Dad must come to terms with having deserted. A surprise visit by his current wife creates hilarious turmoil. As specific as this family's situation is there is something in it that everyone will relate to. (102 minutes, UK)

"A shamelessly populist coming-of-age drama shot through with humor and bittersweet emotion," *Screenjager.com*

CLOSING NIGHT



Boy

Thursday, February 10th, 8:00pm

This spirited and wildly comic coming-of-age story is based on Maori filmmaker Taika Waititi's own childhood experience in the Easter Bay of Plenty in New Zealand. In 1984, 11-year-old Boy, a dedicated Michael Jackson fan, is put in charge of his siblings by their grandmother who is raising them. Boy fantasizes about his missing father. When the delinquent dad suddenly appears he is nothing like what his son imagined. (New Zealand, 87 minutes)

Winner Best Feature Award,

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TICKET INFORMATION

THE HISTORIC VOGUE THEATRE 3290 Sacramento St., San Francisco
To purchase tickets visit www.mostlybritish.org or call 415.346.2288.

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Opening Night Screening And Reception: \$30-\$25* Just Screening \$12.50-\$10.00*

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Thursday, February 3rd
Opening Night Reception at BRITISH MOTORS 5:00pm - 7:30pm

West is West (UK, 87 min.) 8:00pm

Friday, February 4th

Crying with Laughter (Scotland, 93 minutes) 5:00pm

Get Carter (UK, 112 minutes) 7:00pm

The Ipcress (UK, 109 minutes) 9:30pm

Saturday, February 5th

Conversations: The Life and Work of Jack Cardiff (UK, 86 minutes) Noon

Black Narcissus (UK, 100 minutes) 2:30pm

Topp Twins: Untouchable Girls (New Zealand, 84 minutes) 4:30pm

AUSTRALIA SPOTLIGHT RECEPTION 6:30pm

Beneath Hill 60 (Australia, 122 minutes) 8:00pm

Heartless (UK, 114 minutes) 10:30pm

Sunday, February 6th

Solo (Australia, 55 minutes) 12:30pm

Contact (Australia, 79 minutes) 2:00pm

The Waiting City (Australia, 108 minutes) 4:00pm

I Love You Too (Australia, 107 minutes) 6:30pm

Blessed (Australia, 113 minutes) 9:00pm

Monday, February 7th

Gallipoli (Australia, 92 min.) 4:30pm

Samson & Delilah (Australia, 101 minutes) 7:15pm

Beautiful Kate (Australia, 90 minutes) 9:30pm

Tuesday, February 8th

Down Terrace (UK, 89 min.) 5:00pm

Glorious 39 (UK, 129 min.) 7:00pm

Dorian Gray (UK, 113 minutes) 9:30pm

Wednesday, February 9th

Skeletons (Scotland, 94 minutes) 3:00pm

East is East (UK, 96 minutes) 5:30pm

The Infidel (UK, 105 minutes) 7:30pm

Nothing Personal (Ireland, 85 minutes) 9:45pm

Thursday, February 10th

Cemetery Junction (UK, 95 minutes, UK) 5:30pm

Boy (New Zealand, 87 minutes) 8:00pm

CLOSING NIGHT RECEPTION 10:00pm

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Monday, Feb. 7th

Topp Twins: Untouchable Girls (New Zealand / 84 min.) 7:00pm

Tuesday, Feb. 8th

The Ipcress (British Noir, 109 minutes) 7:00pm

Wednesday, Feb. 9th

Boy (New Zealand, 87 minutes) 7:00pm

Thursday, Feb. 10th

Beneath Hill 60 (Australia, 122 minutes) 7:00pm

The lavish British Motors showroom will be the site of an opening night party on February 3, starting at 5 p.m.

There will be an Australian reception at 6:30 p.m. on February 5 in honor of "Beneath Hill 60," which opens the Australian Spotlight segment. Party included in ticket price.

Closing night party will be at 10 p.m. Feb. 10 following "Boy."

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From a Local Atelier Come One-of-a-Kind Wedding Gowns

One gown, many costumes

Neighborhood bridal designer Joan Gilbert recently created a wedding dress that would allow Ronni Favors, rehearsal director for the Alvin Ailey Dance Theater (right), several "costume changes" from one gown.

"I'm theatrical, I wanted something that defined my unique style," says Favors. "But I also always loved the iconic '40s Hollywood elegance. I didn't know how to pull those two ideas together myself, and I was really too busy to think about it."

Favors first fell in love with the slim silhouette of a contemporary classic gown. Gilbert redesigned it, removing the gown's long sheer sleeves and adding a delicate fascinator of French white feathers and a chiffon neckpiece that could be draped as a veil, cowl or shrug.

Favors recalls the moment during an initial fitting that Gilbert lifted the back of the cowl that had been draped loosely around her shoulders and drew it up on top of her head. "Suddenly, there was my veil," she says. "And that was the moment the dress became mine."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROSE HODGES



By Heidi Fuller

IN A CITY in which couples increasingly trade tradition for personal preferences, brides don't look to neighborhood designer Joan Gilbert for the Sugarplum Fairy styles that populate many bridal boutiques. They seek her flair for creating fresh, one-of-a-kind wedding dresses.

"The trend today is that there are no trends," says Gilbert, who customizes her collection of French and Italian gowns to fit a bride's individual style, the wedding venue and decor, plus any cultural influences the couple wants to incorporate. Gilbert says she prefers sophistication and a form-fitting silhouette; other than that, she's singular in every way.

That includes the designer's atelier at 3866 Clay Street, a century-old building with an understated facade and distinctive glass and wood sculpture at the doorway. At the top of the studio stairwell — decorated with one of Gilbert's prized Shinto kimonos — clients pass a carved walnut armoire displaying a wonderland of white pearls, purses, feathers and other accessories.

The flat's sunny parlor has been converted into a working studio furnished with an eclectic mix of French antiques, fine art and architectural elements. Two racks of distinctly European-style gowns separate the elegant front sitting room from the fitting room where Gilbert brings her visions to life.

A round elevated stage places the bride-to-be in front of a floor-to-ceiling antique mirror, highlighted by light filtered from

a side window as Gilbert circles around working her magic — rucking, draping, cinching and testing this and that on the gown.

"Just because a bride doesn't want to look like every other Cinderella doesn't mean she doesn't want to feel like one," she says.

Gilbert says brides seek out her work because they enjoy participating in the playful artistry of her design process.

Among her clients has been neighborhood resident Brook Sobel Schell, who planned an elaborate destination wedding in Hawaii. To outfit her, Gilbert transformed a contemporary Italian dress, adding three layers of organza around the skirt and 30 Italian silk organza peonies on the layers and the train.

"It definitely reflected her romantic and creative sweet spirit," says Gilbert.

For another bride who sought a contemporary gown but also wanted to honor her Japanese heritage, Gilbert incorporated a magenta silk-satin obi that flowed into a train on the European gown. Gilbert also designed a separate kimono-style waist jacket for the bride to wear in the evening.

Even though each of Gilbert's designs is unique, she still can be taken by surprise, as she was by an Iranian bride's recent request.

"The tradition she wanted was purely American: formal wedding, white dress, the whole etiquette affair," says Gilbert, who matched her client with a form-fitting gown and cathedral-length lace veil from Italy — one of the most traditional wedding cultures in the world.

Gilbert helps each bride envision a unique wedding gown, then brings it to life.

"We begin with a little personal give-and-take," says Gilbert. "I want to know how she feels about herself, who she is,

what she wants to convey. I also want to know the location of the wedding, the time of day and other aspects of the event that make it unique. All of this tells me what she values in creating the wedding and how she might want to personalize her dress."

After years spent creating her own designs, Gilbert's niche as a bridal wear specialist began 18 years ago when brides began to step out of the traditional mold. Now she works with 12 different design houses in Italy and Paris, customizing each selection by adding, rearranging or removing elements until it becomes a unique design.

Many of the added elements come from Gilbert's world travels. In France, for example, she discovered fascinators — feathers arranged in a variety of lengths and compositions and attached to a clip that attaches easily to hair or fabric. She now has fascinators custom made in Paris.

In Gilbert's studio, a collection of fabrics span the globe: embroidered silk from India, antique lace from Paris, trims from Italy, colorful silks from Japan. Often she will send the fabrics to Europe to be incorporated into a design.

Coming from a line of fashion designers, Gilbert received formal training at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York and paid her dues in the garment district before coming to the west coast.

"When you come from that kind of a background, especially working on Seventh Avenue, you gain a sense of fashion that becomes a sense of purpose," she says. "My brides get from me a forthrightness that comes from that purpose. It is always her day, her dress; she will always get what she wants. But she also will always get the designer's extra — my sense of what works for her, flatters her frame, accentuates her most beautiful features."

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Belva Davis Got Her Start Covering the Fillmore Beat

► FROM PAGE ONE

Tom Fleming, the *Sun-Reporter's* editor, recalled that after a press conference in the late 1940s, then San Francisco mayor Roger Lapham cornered him and asked, "Mr. Fleming, how long do you think these colored people are going to be here?" Fleming looked him in the eye and replied, "Mr. Mayor, do you know how permanent the Golden Gate is? Well, the black population is just as permanent. They're here to stay, and the city fathers may as well make up their minds to find housing and employment for them, because they're not going back down South." According to Fleming, Lapham turned red in the face and never spoke to him again.

By 1961, the *Sun-Reporter* had a zealously following. Its motto was "That no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed." To those ends, the paper vigorously advocated desegregation, fair employment, housing laws and new requirements that San Francisco's Muni hire blacks. Goodlett liked to say he wrote editorials to "spank the butts" of the powers that be. None of us imagined then that four decades in the future, the street address of San Francisco City Hall would be renamed Dr. Carlton B. Goodlett Place.

AT THE *Independent*, we could only hope for a fraction of the *Sun-Reporter's* influence, not to mention its advertising base or news staff. In fact, we had the distinct disadvantage of having a newsroom staff of merely two: my editor and me. And to complicate the issue even further, he was white, with a Southern drawl to boot.

His name was Darryl Lewis. He had spent years as an Asian bureau chief for the Associated Press, but he hit the liquor bottle one too many times and blew one too many deadlines to keep his job or find another in the mainstream press.

"I'll be honest with you — you're going to have to give Darryl a lot of help, and you're going to have to defend him, too," Welcher said the day he offered me the job. "He's experienced and he knows journalism. But he doesn't know the Negro community, he doesn't know the Bay Area, he doesn't even know America that well — the man's been out of the country for years. Our people aren't gonna want to talk to him. But Belva, they'll talk to you."

That was the literal truth, more than

Welcher could have imagined. One day Darryl and I were both working in the back room of the *Independent's* rickety building on Turk Street when we heard the bell jingle on the door to let us know someone was entering the office. Darryl strolled up front to handle the situation, and before long he called out for me.

"Belva, could you come up front?"

"Just a minute," I called back, intending to finish up what I was doing.

"No, right away, please," he insisted.

Grumbling silently about the interruption, I approached the front and saw three clean-shaven men, standing ramrod straight, all dressed in somber suits, crisp white shirts, and bow ties. One of them was a dead ringer for Malcolm X.

"Good afternoon, sister," said one of his lieutenants.

Uncertain about Black Muslim protocol, I simply said, "Good afternoon."

There was an awkward silence. Darryl glanced at me and ventured an explanation: "These gentlemen want to place something in the paper."

I stared back at him blankly. *Fine*, I thought, *so why do you need me?*

One of the lieutenants provided the missing information: "Brother Malcolm don't talk to white folks."

Without thinking, I blurted out, "But don't you guys have your own newspaper?"

Of course they did. Black Muslims in the early 1960s could often be found on urban street corners, hawked copies of their new publication, *Muhammad Speaks*. It debuted in 1961 with a cover title "Some of this Earth to Call Our Own or Else." The Nation of Islam — founded in Detroit in the 1930s and led in the early 1960s by Elijah Muhammad — preached pure living, black brotherhood and racial separatism. At the time, Malcolm X was one of Elijah Muhammad's key disciples and was functioning as the public face of the faith. Although he would later break with the Nation of Islam and espouse a more unifying message, at the time he had unnerved whites by labeling them "devils" and troubled many blacks by labeling civil rights leaders, including Dr. King, as "stooges" and "chumps."

And there he stood, only a few feet away from me, with a gaze so intense I felt as though his eyes were lasers piercing right through me.

"Sister, we have some information here that we want to give to our black brother



ers who might miss our paper." He went on to add that he would like his text to be printed unedited, at its full length, and at no charge.

I pivoted to face Darryl, addressing him as though he didn't understand English: "Brother Malcolm would like his text to be printed unedited, at its full length, and at no charge."

Darryl responded that we could run the copy and do so for free — let's face it, neither of us wanted to cross the Black Muslims — but the next edition simply had no room left to fit it in without trimming his text.

Again, I turned to Malcolm X and relayed Darryl's comments as though they had been nothing but incoherent gibberish to his ears.

Darryl: "Perhaps I could split it and run it in two editions?"

Me: "Perhaps he could split it and run it in two editions?"

Malcolm X: "No, I want it all to run at one time."

Me: "No, he wants it all to run at one time."

This farce continued back and forth while Darryl and Malcolm X negotiated a solution to the snag, with me "translating" every verbal volley in their exchange. At last they agreed that Malcolm X himself would do the cutting, and everyone waited as he took out a pen and excised the few paragraphs he deemed most expendable. Then he handed the copy over to me, and the trio strode briskly out.

For the rest of my life, I would always wonder whether this demand for a "translator" was ordinary behavior for Malcolm

X, or if he was having a bit of fun at Darryl's expense.

AT THE *Independent* I learned to write compelling leads, craft snappy headlines, pick up the Safe-from-market ads that kept the paper going, deliver copy to the printer, file tear sheets, retrieve the first run of the paper for distribution and sober up Darryl on his bad days. In short, I got a real education in publishing a small paper.

Darryl, a small man with brown wavy hair and blue eyes who walked with a slight limp, brought a global perspective to his coverage of racial affairs in the early 1960s. He believed that people of color all over the world bore similar burdens and shared a very rich history, and he encouraged me to follow world events so we could discuss their implications. During his sober spells, I couldn't have had a better teacher. He put me at ease about my lack of a college education — telling me to just write accurately about what happened and capture the emotions of the people I interviewed as well as I could. These people were the story; I was merely their messenger. He imparted a wonderful way to learn.

Best of all, he corrected my spelling, grammar and punctuation errors. Suffice it to say that my spelling and syntax skills would someday make me a natural at broadcasting.

Never did we lack news to cover. San Francisco's Geary Street Expressway was ripping the neighborhood apart: Its dividing line between north and south, rich and poor, still stands. James Baldwin swept into town to promote his literary manifesto, *The*



Fire Next Time, and I interviewed him over at Mary Ann Pollard's intellectual private club, the Rainbow Sign, in Berkeley. But the greatest thrill was the day Cassius Clay came to town.

Clay was on a winning streak in the ring, but he was not quite yet the world heavyweight boxing champ he would become in 1964, much less the "Sportsman of the Century" that *Sports Illustrated* would crown him in 1999, after he had assumed the name Muhammad Ali. He had won the light heavyweight gold medal at the 1960 Summer Olympics and left Europe a hero, although he claimed that after returning home he was refused service at a "whites only" restaurant and was harassed by a white gang — experiences that prompted him to disgustedly toss his medal into the Ohio River.

In any event, he came to the Fillmore one sunny afternoon to soak up the adoration that surely awaited him. I was on hand with photographer Chuck Willis to cover his visit for the *Independent* as well as *Jet*. My babysitter arrangements had fallen through so I had both Steven and Darryl in tow. The boxer with the strikingly handsome face entertained his way down the thoroughfare, loving the backslaps, the blown kisses and the jive talk as he led a pious parade through the establishments around the Fillmore.

It took us hours to travel a few blocks. Beauty shop patrons with their hair in various

stages of washing, pressing and curling squealed and ducked under their salon capes. The men tried to play it cool — the shy ones flashing him smiles accentuated by gold-capped teeth, the braver ones slapping his hand in congratulations. I was urging Steven along, carrying Darryl and frantically scribbling notes on my pad when Clay asked me why I wasn't home taking care of my children. Then with a crinkly smile he said, "Gimme that child," and scooped Darryl up and onto his shoulders. She was delighted and was content to remain up there in the limelight for the rest of the afternoon. The most disappointed person of the day was Steven. He, too, wanted to be carried by this icon, but he begged to no avail. Clay said, "You're a big boy. Come on. Stop crying. Act like a man." Although Steven had heard these words from his father, it pained him more to hear them from the one and only Cassius Clay.

Chuck supplied pictures to *Jet* and the *Independent*, and we published a major spread that was one of our most popular editions, selling out at newsstands throughout the city.

STILL THE *Independent* struggled financially and grew increasingly out of step with the rising liberalism of the Bay Area. One day Darryl didn't show up for work and never came back. I got the chance to move to the more influential *Sun-Reporter* and never looked back.



HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FILLMORE BY DAVID JOHNSON

My column at the *Sun-Reporter* became more political. One story I relayed was about black businessmen who had attempted to dine at Trader Vic's shortly after the eatery was required to remove its "No Niggers Served" sign, only to have the waiter smash the men's glasses on the floor. I covered controversial W. E. B. Du Bois — who, as the first African American to graduate from Harvard, fought for civil rights and, at the age of 93, joined the Communist Party USA — when he spoke at San Francisco's Third Baptist Church.

But in addition to my column, I also was the *Sun-Reporter's* women's editor. Dr. Goodlett decided that my duties included going to tony clothing stores, such as Macy's and City of Paris, and persuading them to use black women as models in their ads. I saw this as a crusade for the dignity and pride of dark-skinned women, although in retrospect I'm sure he was mindful of the advertising potential, too. I recall telling him that I had secured a commitment from Macy's to use black models and run ads in our paper if we followed Macy's suggestion that the *Sun-Reporter* hire a fashion editor. He readily agreed; then he added, "So, I guess you'll just have to share your salary."

I knew then that my time at the *Sun-Reporter* would come to an end — no way could I live off a reduced paycheck — but I had made a crucial connection with the paper's political editor, Edith Austin. Heavy, dark, her hair in a "natural" that looked as wild as a revolutionary's, Edith blew into rooms like a hurricane — a concentration of force and mass to be reckoned with. She wrapped herself in long ethnic garb, refused to take any lip off anyone and could take the top Democratic politicians of the day, wrap them around her pinkie and kick 'em on the way out the door. She knew a lot of things that a lot of people didn't

want known, and she knew how to leverage that power for maximum effect. I knew I never, ever wanted to make her mad.

Most Sunday mornings, Edith hosted her salons, where up-and-coming black politicians such as future Berkeley congressman Ron Dellums would gather for grits, eggs, biscuits and strategizing. The attendees would crowd into her Telegraph Avenue apartment in Berkeley, filling the available sitting space on the furniture and floor. She called them her "main horses," and all were men except Edith and me. I was the only woman invited, and I understood from the outset that I wasn't there to speak but to listen — listen and learn.

JUST AS I was beginning to understand the newspaper business, a new opportunity materialized. Herb Campbell, the lone newsman at white-owned, black-programmed San Francisco radio station KSAN, phoned me to ask whether I'd like to read my social column on the air. The only other black woman I had ever heard do such a thing was Tarea Hall Pittman, the West Coast regional director for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who in her staccato voice recorded a weekly *Negroes in the News* report for Oakland station KWBR. I was intrigued and immediately said yes.

I was going to be on the radio.

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From Old Fillmore Photos, a Rebirth

By THOMAS REYNOLDS

SINGER James Brown may have been the hardest-working man in show business, but David Johnson is surely the hardest-working 84-year-old in the photography business.

In recent months he's had four major exhibitions — mostly photographs from the heyday of the Fillmore's jazz era — including one in Atlanta and another at the San Francisco International Airport. He's featured in a new book, *The Golden Decade*, celebrating the circle of post-war photographers who studied with Ansel Adams at the California School of Fine Arts. He's just returned from the screening of a new documentary on his photographic career at the San Diego Black Film Festival. And he's newly married for a second time.

"I can't believe this is happening," he says with the warm and easy smile of a man who realizes that fate is treating him kindly. "It's been a long journey. You never know what life is going to bring, but sometimes it's an opportunity."

Johnson grew up in a foster home in Jacksonville, Florida, and became fascinated by photography after he won a camera in a contest when he was 12. He took pictures throughout his school years. Then war got in the way. He passed through San Francisco on his way to a stint with the Navy in the Philippines. After a taste of the wider world, he knew when he got back home to Jacksonville that he couldn't stay.

"I wanted to get the hell out of the South," he says. "No more back of the bus for me."

He saw a notice in *Popular Photography* magazine that Ansel Adams was beginning a first-of-its-kind photography program at the California School of Fine Arts, now the San Francisco Art Institute.

"I knew nothing of Ansel Adams," he says. "But I knew the school was in San Francisco, and that was good enough for me."

So he wrote to Adams and expressed his interest.



"There's interest, now that the community is changing, in what its history was like."

PHOTOGRAPH CIRCA 1960 BY DAVID JOHNSON. MORE PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 10 & 11.

"I told him I was a Negro," he says. "I didn't want to come all that way and find I wasn't welcome." Adams replied that race was irrelevant and invited Johnson to stay at his house on the edge of Seaciff until he found a place to live.

He'd explored the city when he came through town earlier as a sailor.

He remembers: "I asked at the Greyhound bus station, 'Where's the colored part of town?' They told me to take the B car out to Fillmore and Geary."

That was his first taste of the Fillmore. "It was a wonderland," he says. "People were everywhere. I walked up and down the streets. There was lots going on."

So after he returned and settled in to pursue his dream of becoming a photographer, he rented a room in the Fillmore, which would become a central part of his work. In the '50s he had a studio on Divisadero Street, between Bush and Pine, with an apartment in the back. He photographed the people and the jazz joints and later the social struggles of the civil rights move-



David Johnson then and now.

ment and the upheaval of redevelopment.

He also got a day job at the post office, later moving to the UCSF Medical Center. He became an activist and a union leader. He married and had a family. Decades passed. But all the while he kept taking photographs.

By the turn of the century, he was living in Miami. His daughter called one day and said she'd heard that KQED was planning a documentary on the Fillmore and was looking for pictures from the old days. So he called the producer and offered his.

"They just went ape," he says. "Many of the photographers had died. But I had all that stuff — I even had the negatives, just as Ansel taught me."

Johnson's photographs were prominently featured in the documentary, which won rave reviews and still is occasionally rebroadcast. His work was on the cover of *Harlem of the West*, the book that grew out of the documentary.

At the same time, the Fillmore Jazz District was finally becoming a reality. New clubs opened, including the Fillmore location of Yoshi's. When 1300 on Fillmore restaurant opened next door, its lounge included dozens of historic photographs from the earlier Fillmore jazz era — including a mural-size enlargement of an image Johnson captured in 1949 at Fillmore and Post that crackled with the vitality of the time.

"There's interest, now that the community is changing, in what its history was like," Johnson says. "It's exciting. I feel like it's a rebirth."

By ERICA REDER

EVERY YEAR thousands of people visit a building designed by California's most celebrated female architect, Julia Morgan. Some seek out her work by taking a tour of Hearst Castle or the Berkeley City Club. Others have incidental encounters while walking around the Mills College campus, swimming at UC Berkeley's Hearst Pool or meditating at the San Francisco Zen Center.

It also happens closer to home in Pacific Heights and Presidio Heights. The prodigious Morgan designed at least 15 homes and other buildings in the neighborhood and remodeled several more. A closer look also reveals insights into her life and times.

Born in 1872, Morgan's formative years coincided with the development of Pacific Heights and Presidio Heights. While she enjoyed a comfortable childhood in Oakland, the new San Francisco neighborhoods were fast becoming a sought-after address.

The construction of cable car lines in the 1870s and 1880s added convenience to the area's natural charms, and many of the city's wealthy residents began building homes here. In 1887, the *Chronicle* labeled the area "one of the most desirable situations for residences to be found anywhere," adding: "In no locality has there been more activity in the building of residences during the past six months."

About the same time, Morgan was embarking on her path to becoming an architect. In 1890, she enrolled at UC Berkeley's College of Engineering. Degree



Julia Morgan incorporated Arts & Crafts elements in her design for 2820 Vallejo Street.

A Master in Our Midst

Celebrated architect Julia Morgan lived and worked in the neighborhood

in hand, she left for Paris six years later, where she became the first woman to receive an architecture certificate from the prestigious Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The *Chronicle* noted the occasion, predicting that Morgan would "probably practice her profession in San Francisco."

Morgan proved the prediction right when she returned home in 1902. She

worked for a UC Berkeley architect briefly before striking out on her own. After taking the state certification exam in 1904, she achieved another historical distinction as the first American woman to head her own architecture firm.

In those first years, Morgan relied on connections to obtain commissions. Karen McNeill, a Julia Morgan scholar, says fam-

ily and education helped secure Morgan's first clients.

"She got all of her work through word of mouth," says McNeill, "and often there was a link to her family or to a women's club or to her sorority. Things did extend from there, but usually there was some kind of network link."

Through academic and professional ties to UC Berkeley, Morgan met her first high-profile patron: Phoebe Hearst. The philanthropist approached Morgan with a request for a country house in 1903, even before Morgan had established her San Francisco practice. Later that year, Susan Mills, president of Mills College and purported friend of Morgan's mother, entrusted the fledgling architect with designing the campus bell tower and library.

Executing these projects with utmost competence, Morgan quickly acquired a good reputation. Dorothy Coblenz, an architect who worked for Morgan's firm in the 1920s, confirmed Morgan's ability to gain commissions on her own merit.

"People kept coming to her," said Coblenz in an interview for the Julia Morgan Architectural History Project. "Every job she did was satisfactory to clients."

Connections would play a role in Morgan's work in Pacific Heights. One of the earliest houses she designed in the area belonged to Aurora Stull, whose daughter had been a classmate of Morgan's at UC Berkeley. Built in 1908, the house at 3377 Pacific Avenue demonstrates Morgan's interest in the Arts and Crafts style.

TO PAGE 14 ►

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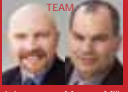
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Pacific Heights Was Home to Julia Morgan and Her Work

► FROM PAGE 13

Emphasizing natural materials and forms, the movement gained popularity in turn-of-the-century California. Redwood shingles and large windows create harmony between the building and its location facing the Presidio, following Arts and Crafts principles.

Morgan's aesthetic influences included many other styles, which she highlighted in response to clients' requests. In 1916, she designed a Mediterranean-inspired building for the Katherine Delmar Burke School at 3065 Jackson Street, now home of San Francisco University High School.

The same year, she designed a house at 3630 Jackson Street that incorporated Tudor elements. The client — dried fruit tycoon Abraham Rosenberg, typified Morgan's illustrious patrons in the neighborhood. They included Reverend Bradford Leavitt, minister of the First Unitarian Church; Edwin Newhall, millionaire import-export businessman; and Alfred Holman, editor and owner of *The Argonaut*.

Despite her prominent clientele, Morgan kept a low profile. "She looked like a nobody," said Coblenz, commenting on her boss's diminutive figure and sensible dress. "She couldn't have looked less distinguished."



"True to her discreet taste, Morgan's own home was anything but ostentatious. In the 1920s she bought side-by-side Victorians at 2229 and 2231 Divisadero Street, which she remodeled into one property. She removed the top floor from the downhill home to allow more light into the apartments she created uphill. Otherwise, the buildings bear little external mark of her influence."

Belinda Taylor, author of the play "Becoming Julia Morgan," says the property's modestness reflected Morgan's financial situation.

"It was not a mansion," Taylor says. "She had no illusions about being wealthy and about having wealth. She really never earned a lot of money herself."

McNeill agrees. "She bought a house to

provide for income," says the scholar. "She rented out spaces." McNeill says Morgan's tenants were "almost always professional women — sometimes her employees, but not necessarily."

Morgan's living arrangements reveal more than her financial situation: They also touch on what Taylor calls the "essential mystery" of the influential architect. "She never married and had no known love affairs," says Taylor. "She was a pretty young woman; there was no reason."

Speculation abounds about Morgan's romantic situation. Coblenz thought Morgan simply worked too hard. "Nobody could lead a normal life working as she did," Coblenz says. "She couldn't have had any private life."

Morgan's niece disagreed. In an interview for the architectural history project,

Home sweet home

You'd never know it from the design, which bears no resemblance to the many homes she created for others, but the adjoining Victorians at 2229 Divisadero were home to Julia Morgan and various tenants for much of her adult life.

After her death in 1957, the home was acquired by Betty Manoyan, who lived there, with various tenants, for more than half a century. She died last fall and left the home to the California Pacific Medical Center Foundation, which is expected to put it on the market at some point.

Morgan North said her aunt "just was not the type that was at all interested in men."

Either way, the architect's fierce privacy continues to intrigue people. "She did not give interviews. She did not write," says playwright Taylor. "She's a woman of mystery."

Mysterious is one way to describe Morgan, superhuman is another. By the time she died in 1957, she had worked on more than 700 buildings. Reports suggest that she did so with minimal sleep and food. "Every architect who ever worked with her said the only problem with her was that they couldn't live on Hershey bars and coffee, even though she did," niece Flora North told the history project.

Dynamo and enigma: Both sides of Julia Morgan live on in the neighborhood.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOME SALES

Single Family Homes	BR	BA	PK	Sq ft	Date	Asking	Sale
1833 Lombard St	2	2	1	1010	12/21/10	699,000	670,000
2569 Greenwich St	4	4	2	2570	12/28/10	1,950,000	1,888,000
1807 Greenwich St	3	2.5	2		12/30/10	2,395,000	2,300,000
115 Spruce St	4	3.5	1	3690	12/17/10	4,095,000	3,800,000
3851 Clay St	7	4.5	2		12/22/10	5,495,000	5,300,000
2939 Valjejo St	4	5.5	2		12/21/10	8,500,000	9,500,000
3701 Washington St	7	6.5	2	10,000	1/14/11	13,450,000	12,100,000
Condos / Co-ops / TICs / Lofts							
1402 Post St #A	1	1	1		12/17/10	475,000	485,000
3923 Sacramento St	2	1	0		12/23/10	565,000	556,500
2569 Post St	2	2	1	1190	1/7/11	659,000	655,000
2382 Union St	2	2	0	1000	12/23/10	679,900	705,000
1770 Pacific Ave #104	2	1.5	0	1500	12/21/10	799,000	736,000
2002 Pacific Ave #1	2	2	1	1375	12/31/10	849,000	850,000
1725 Pierce St #2	2	2	1	1266	12/28/10	879,000	860,000
3328 California St #2	3	2	1	1393	12/16/10	1,099,000	1,100,000
2200 Sacramento St #806	1	2	1		1/7/11	1,200,000	1,150,000
2140 Bush St #3	2	2	1	1677	12/21/10	1,195,000	1,195,000
2196 Pacific Ave	2	2	2	1456	12/30/10	1,195,000	1,200,000
1925 Pacific Ave #1	3	2	1		12/21/10	1,250,000	1,200,000
1980 Valjejo St #9	4	3	1	2300	12/21/10	2,750,000	2,200,000

Market may stay at the bottom for all of 2011



Sales of neighborhood homes fell slightly over the past month, which is expected at this time of year. And it appears that we may roll along at what many perceive to be the bottom of the market for the rest of 2011. Nationally, economists are predicting an impending double-dip housing recession, although that may not threaten our neighborhood to the extent that it affects home sales and prices in other areas of the country. Neighborhood prices are mostly holding steady, but at 2004-05 levels. For example, 115 Spruce Street sold for \$3.8 million — the same price as its last sale in December 2005.

RECENT SALES: Prominent local sales during the past month include 3701 Washington Street, the 2006 Decorator Showcase home, which sold after 83 days on the market for \$12.1 million. And 2939 Valjejo, home of the late Williams-Sonoma founder Howard Lester, sold together with its adjacent lot — which was marketed separately at \$2.25 million — for a total of \$9.5 million. Notable condo sales include 2140 Bush Street, an extensively renovated loft just off Fillmore, which sold at the asking price after just 37 days on the market. But 1980 Valjejo Street #9 (above), a full floor flat in the cooperative apartment building at the corner of Laguna, ultimately sold for 20 percent less than the asking price after 92 days on the market.

NEW LISTINGS: Keep an eye on 2832 Sacramento Street, a quintessential Italianate Victorian in the heart of Pacific Heights featuring 4 bedrooms and 2.5 baths, priced at \$2.5 million. Other condos newly on the market include 27 Orben Place, a 1-bedroom, 1-bath unit half a block from Fillmore with a remodeled kitchen and plenty of period detail in a vintage 1985 building, listed at \$639,000. Also worth checking out: a 3-bedroom, 4-bath penthouse with phenomenal views at 2200 Pacific Avenue, asking \$4.3 million; and 2040 Broadway #301, a 3-bedroom, 3.5-bath condo also with great views, on the market as a short sale for \$2.1 million.

— Data and commentary provided by VICTORIA STEWART DAVIS at Pacific Union. Contact her at vdvais@pacunion.com or call 345-3760.



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Vicki Valandra



Michael Ackerman



Amy Clements



William Kitchen



Chris Sprague



Elise Townsend



Harry Clark



Julie Reber



Joan Loeffler



Tanja Beck



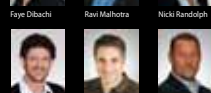
Faye Dibachi



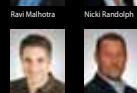
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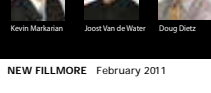
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Richard Meyerson



Danielle Lazier



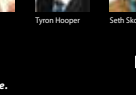
Anna Spathis



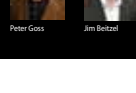
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