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A Neighborhood Living Room The Social Study opens

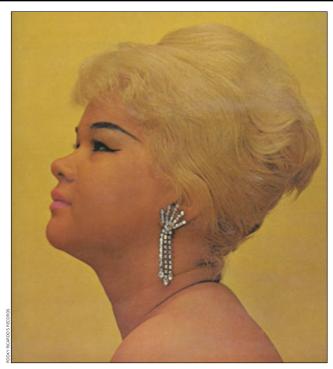
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Local Angles in Recent Releases

All roads lead to Fillmore

SAN FRANCISCO ■ FEBRUARY 2012



Etta in the Fillmore

Long before superstar vocalist Etta James died January 20, she ran with a girl gang on the streets of the neighborhood

By Etta James

the fog-covered sky, the bums on the street. Maybe it was for a family feeling in gangs. my mood or just the neighborhood where Dorothy lived, but
my first impression was grime and crime.

Is started bouncing from school to school. I'd been going
to Girls High School in the Fillmore, but they threw me out. my first impression was grime and crime.

I wound up in a couple of gangs — one in the Fillmore,

where my mother lived, and one in the projects by Uncle Trank. We wore baggy jeans, just like today, with the legs dragging on the ground. A white shirt was also part of our up to San Francisco when I was 12. We dropped [my mother] Dorothy off in the Fillmore District, the drop of the shirt was also part of our uniform—an oversize man's shirt worn tails-out. Then you may be shirt was also part of our uniform—an oversize man's shirt worn tails-out. Then you have been a shirt was also part of our uniform—an oversize man's shirt was also part of our uniform—an oversize man's shirt was also part of our uniform—an oversize man's shirt was also part of our uniform—an oversize man's shirt was also part of our uniform—an oversize man's shirt was also part of our uniform. which looked like a hell-hole to me. L.A. was a vine-covered ankles and beat-up tennis shoes. I let my hair grow long and cottage compared to these slums. After the sunny skies of put it in a ponytail. I thought I was bad. I guess I was the southern California, the Bay Area looked seedy and sad — classic case of a kid who, lacking a real family, was looking

High-Tech Meters Are Working, **Study Says**

Removing time limits, accepting credit cards

THILE OTHER San Francisco neighborhoods are resisting the new high-tech parking meters that now line Fillmore Street, they are gen-erally finding favor with local residents and merchants, despite being difficult to use.

And a new report suggests that the experimental SFpark program is having at least some of its intended effects.

Comparing the new meters - which accept both coins and credit cards and have no time limits — with older meters used elsewhere in the city, the report found:

- Citations decreased by 35 percent at the new meters.
- Net revenue from the new meters increased by 20 percent.
- Parking occupancy and length of stay increased slightly.

"The new meters [resulted in] greater income from payment at the meter and less

from citations," the report states. "In 2010, at the old meters, 55 percent of revenue came from payment, with 45 percent from citations. 2011, after the new meters were installed, 70 perwas from meter payment, with 30 percent from citations."



Citations are down at accept credit cards.

On Fillmore, some drivers complained they found the new meters complicated to use, but many merchants gave them positive reviews.

"I think it's good," said Vasilios Kiniris, owner of Zinc Details. "From a sales standpoint, people don't say, 'Tve got to run out and feed my meter.' It's much more convenient to be able to pay with a credit card for as long as you want to park."

At Design Within Reach, staffer Tony Sison said he rarely has to reach into his stash of quarters for customers anymore.

"It's been a positive thing," Sison said. "People aren't just coming to one store. With more time, they can have lunch and visit three or four shops."



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DISPATCHES



Evangelist Gypsy Smith drew the multitudes to Fillmore.

A CHOIRBOY'S MEMORIES

BACK IN THE 1930S, while not yet into my early reens and still a boy soprano in the choir at Calvary Presbyterian Church at Fillmore and Jackson Streets, I was not prepared for the six-day evangelist from London called Cypsy Smith.

Smith, who lived from 1860 to 1947, was a short, rotund religious speaker who came to San Francisco and took the city by storm. Long before evangelist Billy Graham was heard of, Smith had a star quality as a speaker spreading the gospel in a fashion seldom heard at that time. He was the rock star amid the evangelical speakers of the 1920s and '30s.

Dr. Ezza Van Nuys, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, was not prepared for the thousands that would flock to Calvary for six days and nights. The overflow of the crowds, who came by foot and streetcar and chauffeured limousine, filled the sidewalks and streets along Fillmore and Jackson. Loudspeakers had to be placed outside the church to accommodate the crowds that came to hear Gypsy Smith's sermons.

There were no klieg lights or slick PR men — only a short man attired in

There were no kieg lights or slick PR men — only a short man attited it gray striped trousers, gray vest and black coat, who sermonized to a throng of churchgores lifted to spiritual heights by the British-sounding speaker. The religious cuphoria he created for six days had not been seen or heard hefore in San Prancisco.

Every time this 88-year-old former choirboy passes by Calvary Presbyterian Church, I recall those six days and nights that a little man from England named Gypsy Smith conquered San Francisco.

Marc Troy

HAT A DELIGHT to read about Uruguay ["From Fillmore to Punta del Este," January 2012], a country I've visited twice in vector tyers and consider to be a well-kept secret since many people have only a vague sense of it and often confuse it with Paraguay. Compared to the high drama of its neighbor, Argentina, Uruguay is a relaxed casual nation, though both countries share a similar culture. A three-hour ferry from Buenos Aires takes one to Montevideo, a city of great charm and exceptional food. I love it.

Daniel Max

OVED THE PIECE about the women who moved back east ["From Fillmore to Harvard," January 2012]. It could be the reverse of my story after all these years.

What struck me as funny is the reference to lobster rolls and how they'd miss them if and when they leave Boston. Yet they talk about missing Woodhouse Fish Co. on Fillmore. I find Woodhouse's lobster rolls to be as good as or better than any I've had on the New England coast.

Joan O'Connor

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■ STREET TALK

Turks taking over Citizen Cake space

MORE ARE: An online gallery of urban contemporary art has opened an exhibition space at 2226 Bush Street. It's called cleSTERS BLACKSMTH SHOP and is showing street artists from around the world. An introductory evening of artist talks launches on February 9 from 6 to 8 p.m. "This is a rare chance to see some of the most vibrant artists working today under one roof that isn't a museum setting," says owner Jeff Wardell.

MORE FASHION: Three Fillmore shops that have closed in recent weeks — Blu, Her and Ruby Living Design — will be replaced by new clothing boutiques. Look for labels Roberta Freymann and Alice and Olivier, plus a third designer to be named soon. And more are on the way.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS



Kimbell Park Renovation Moving Along

Playground comes up for a vote this month

Panks To complete the renovation of Kimbell Park by rebuilding the playground are expected to get the green light this month when they come before the city's Recreation and Parks Commission.

A neighborhood group has been working with Rec and Park staff to develop plans to upgrade the playground and improve the facilities surrounding the playing fields in the park at Geary and Steiner Streets. The athletic fields were renovated and covered with artificial turf in 2010.

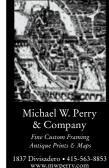
Under the plans being considered, the playground may be moved from Pierce Street into the main meadow facing Geary. A basketball court would replace the current playground. A new clubhouse and restrooms would also be built.

The \$3.3 million project will be considered by the Rec and Park Commission on February 16.

The playground and open space around the playing fields became a source of community concern and in 2009 Friends of Kimbell Park was organized by local teacher Callen Taylor. The group has been sponsoring monthly clean-ups in the park as renovation plans were developed.







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Evening Prayer 5:00 pm Reconciliation Sat 5:00 pm Sun 7:00. 9:00 & 11:00 am. 5:00 pm Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament Mon & Wed 8:30 am & 6 pm Tue & Fri 8:30 pm

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CRIME WATCH

Domestic Violence Van Ness Avenue and Fern Street January 3, 10 p.m.

Officers received a report concerning nerson who needed medical attention They found an individual at the scene who stated that his boyfriend, who had come home angry and drunk, had beaten him up. An argument erupted and the alleged issailant punched and kicked the other man multiple times in his ribs. He managed to get away and call the police, but refused medical attention. The suspect booked at county jail.

Burglary Sutter and Franklin Streets January 11, 9:09 a.m.

A woman told police that \$6,000 had been stolen from her dresser drawer. She had no proof that anyone had entered her apartment, but had earlier come home to find her drawers had been rifled through. though nothing was missing. She installed a hidden camera in her bedroom. The following day, she found \$120 missing from her drawer. Reviewing the video footage. January 23, 9:58 p.m. she saw an unknown man enter her room. He turned on a flashlight and approached she returned to her apartment, \$10 was missing from the wallet. She again viewed the video and this time recognized the contacted the property manager, who then called police. The manager informed police the man had access to all the keys in the building. Officers took him into custody and booked him at county iail.

O'Farrell and Gough Streets January 11, 8:40 p.m. Officers received a 911 call about a vehi-

cle break-in in progress. At the scene, an individual matching the suspect's description stuck his head up between two cars then ducked down again. There was broken glass on the ground beside him, along with a bicycle loaded with a backpack. The officers caught him and detained him. Inside the backpack, they found property taken from the car. The suspect was transported to Northern Station, where officers learned there was an outstanding warrant for his

Shoplifting Webster and O'Farrell Streets January 12, 12:15 p.m.

A man entered Safeway and loaded up a cart with processes, then wheeled it out to the parking lot. Store security tried to stop him, but he left the shopping cart in the lot and took off running with a plastic bag containing two bottles of alcohol. Security called police and within minutes the officers located a man matching their description. He was carrying a plastic bag containing a bottle of vodka and a bottle of gin. The suspect was identified by security and transported to Northern Station.

Geary Boulevard and Webster Street January 17, 12:29 a.m.

Officers met with a woman who was crying and shaking. She told them she had met a man a few months ago at a drug outreach program and they had developed a relationship in which they helped each other stay off drugs. On this night, an argument erupted while they were in her car and the man told the woman he wanted to do some heroin. She tried to talk him out of it, then told him to get out of the car. The man became enraged, pulled out a knife and cut his own arm, then put the

knife to her throat and threatened to kill her. The woman stopped the car and took off running. The man got out, chased her, then tackled her and pinned her to the ground. The woman saw the police, broke free and ran toward them. The man was transported to Northern Station.

Theft From Locked Vehicle Van Ness Avenue and Eddy Street January 17, 9 n.m.

A man parked his car near a restaurant and walked inside. A short time later admitted he had fought, but would not tell another man came in and told him somethe officers why he was so angry. He was one was breaking into the car. The vehicle's owner dashed out and saw a man leaning against the rear of his car. The car's window was broken. The suspect started to walk away but the car's owner stepped in front of him and held him, struggling to keen him there while calling police. The police arrived to find the car's owner still blocking the suspect's path. Officers found a crowbar inside the suspect's backpack and booked him at county iail.

Vandalism, Robbery Attempt Franklin and Post Streets

A man carrying a skateboard walked up and down the aisles of Walgreen's, stuffing her dresser, but the room was too dark to his pockets and backpack with items. Two identify him. The next day, she put \$65 in employees witnessed this and waited near her wallet and placed it in her drawer. When the front door to make sure he intended to pay. At the door, the suspect told the employees he had a knife and would cut them if they didn't move out of his way maintenance man from her building. She He pushed his way past them, striking the store window with his skateboard as he left and shattering the glass.

Officers summoned to the scene spotted the suspect several blocks from Walgreen's. When they ordered him to stop, he threw down his skateboard and took off running. The officers chased him on foot, and after jumping over several fences, took him into custody. The suspect told the officers he fled because he was scared. The police learned the items stolen totaled \$510. The officers booked the suspect at county jail.

Prostitution Van Ness Avenue and Clay Street January 24, 1:06 a.m.

Officers on patrol observed a woman they had arrested in the past for prostitution. They slowed their patrol car and watched her as she paced back and forth on the sidewalk, waving to passing cars. When the officers questioned her, she told them she didn't have a job and would continue to work as a prostitute until she gets one. She also said she has her own website, and has been texting men to meet her for sex. The officers cited the woman for loitering for the purpose of prostitution

Outstanding Warrant Webster Street and Geary Boulevard January 25, 8:25 a.m.

Officers were conducting an investigation inside Safeway after responding to a call about a theft. One of the officers observed a man looking around suspiciously. While the officer watched, the man took a Coke bottle and canned goods from the shelf and put them in his pocket, then put several candy bars in his jacket. When the officer confronted him, the suspect emptied his pockets and placed the merchandise on the floor. He had no money, and told the officer that he was on parole. When a computer check revealed an outstanding arrest warrant, the suspect was transported to North-

Non-emergency: 553-0123 Anonymous tip line: 575-4444

Community Relations Forum: February 9 at 7 p.m., Northern Station

NEW NEIGHBORS



Bridging the Gap

A new coffeehouse in the jazz district aims to be the neighborhood's living room

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARINA WOUDENBERG

"Lower Fillmore is really cool,"

says Harmony Fraga, proprietor

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of The Social Study

ONTINUING the influx of new businesses into the Fillmore Jazz District, The Social Study is now serving beverages, snacks and a cool vibe in the stylish brick-lined space at 1795 Geary, just off

Along with creatively concocted drinks and locally roasted coffee, owner Harmony Fraga says she hopes to add to the mix rotating art exhibitions, performances by local bands and caffeine-fueled community conversa-

"The lower Fillmore is going through a renaissance," said Fraga. "We wanted to bridge the gap between upper and lower Fillmore - and create an awareness that

lower Fillmore is really cool." Citing examples such as the new and wildly successful State Bird Provisions at 1529 Fillmore and the soon-to-arrive Hapa Ramen next door. Fraga says she sees an exciting sea change in the neighborhood. "Upper Fillmore has seen a lot of success," she says. "Now it's our turn."

In preparation, the concrete floors and

Beautiful Handmade

features off-the-wall padded seating, free wi-fi and plenty of table space. Naming the new

spot was a construction project of its own. After considering what seemed like hundreds of possibilities. Fraga says she finally landed on The Social Study, a play on words that reflects her interest in people and her love of

Books in neat stacks are not just decoration. Mostly made up of Fraga's thrift store finds and gifts from friends bookworms can find such

varied titles as The Martha Rules by Martha Stewart and textbooks such as Abnormal Behavior and Personality alongside self-help staples such as Who Moved My Cheese? by Spencer Johnson.

Fraga knew she wanted to serve Fourbarrel Coffee after savoring it regularly when she worked at Farmerbrown near Union Square. In its early stages, it was the owners of Farmerbrown who envisioned what became The Social Study. Fraga said they had to let the idea go because they were already too busy maintaining another hare walls have been transformed into a restaurant. But she was committed to the stimulating yet cozy environment that idea, so she spent months with a silent

A Great Gift

Social Study's Michael Lonez and Harmony Frega (above) command the har while Melissa Garcia (above left) helps a customer at the neighborhood's newest coffeehouse

partner refining the concept and identify-

Along with coffee drinks and beer and wine, The Social Study — currently open from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. - offers housemade pastries and "study snacks." Fraga dubs these menu items, such as marinated olives and a hot potato medley, "rustic bites" to convey their simplicity and homemade appeal. She also serves a "SanFrangria" featuring a house red wine, which she hopes to change with the seasons.

A music lover. Fraga cherishes "Betty." a vintage record player she picked up at a thrift store for \$25. Betty spins vinyl of different genres throughout the day while "Sophia," the coffee maker, churns out the hot beverages.

"I name everything," Fraga says.

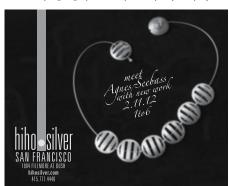
Fridays are music night at The Social Study and while this currently consists of a disc jockey spinning vinyl, in the future Fraga says she'd like to get bands up and playing in the loft, and use a projector to

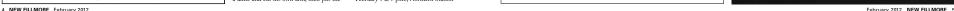
Fraga says the feedback she's received on the new business has been positive People are especially happy to have a hangout spot that opens before 5 p.m. And she's open to other suggestions.

"That's the most exciting part of the business," she says, "the endless possibilities of what you can do here."

Fraga's assistant, Michael Lopez, also hints at upcoming surprises.

"Fun and new things are going to happen that a lot of people won't expect," he says. "And they'll be pleasantly surprised."





By RUTHE STEIN

OLLING INTO its fourth year, the Mostly British Film Festival has Mostly British Film Festival has truly become a neighborhood

One of the fun parts of the festival is eavesdropping on patrons in the lobby of the Vogue Theatre. People who have never met before became instant friends or foes over Colin Firth's latest film. And often their conversation moves to the nearby coffeehouses on Sacramento and California, a moveable feast combining intense points of view with a dose of cappuccino.

Continuing to mix film with food, the festival is repeating a tradition from last year of inviting neighborhood restaurants to contribute food to the opening night party on Thursday, February 2.

As for movies, there will be delicious offerings there as well. There is something for everyone - from romance to thrillers, thought-provoking documentaries to frothy comedies. The common thread is that they are all hugely entertaining.

A lot of thought goes into picking the right picture for the important opening and closing night slots.

"Perfect Sense" from the up and coming British director David Mackenzie. The festival organizers always look to movies that give viewers a sense of place. And in "Perfect Sense," Glasgow is practically another character in the film: you almost never lose

The closing night film, "Route Irish," is heavy fare but rewards your attention with



In "Performance," a 1970 cult classic from the U.K., Mick Jagger plays a rock superstar.

The Brits Are Coming Back to the Vogue

Foreign film fest without subtitles returns Feb. 2-9

This year, the festival kicks off with Iraq War. This taut political thriller from Pearce as the benefactor of a 16-year-old pertinent anti-war statement through the olitics of the professional mercenary.

So many wonderful films have come festival now has an Australia Spotlight section - from February 4 to 6 - featuring pictures from Down Under. That segment opens with "33 Postcards," an exquisitely a serious examination of an aspect of the modulated family drama starring Guy

master filmmaker Ken Loach makes a Chinese orphan (newcomer Zhu Lin) whose generosity makes it possible for her to attend top schools. When she surprises him by showing up in Sydney, she learns in from Australia that the Mostly British he is far from the glamorous person he described in his correspondence. This is a feel-good movie.

And Mostly British repeats its hit program from last year in which novelist and Presidio, For more information and tickets film noir buff Tony Broadbent, a festival

board member, presents and discusses two British Noir films. His choices this year "Gumshoe," starring Albert Finney as a bingo caller and comic who, bored with his life, offers his services as a private detective; and "Stormy Weather," a tale of an American businessman who tries to buy up ar entire block of businesses in an econ cally depressed part of England. Melanie Griffith and Tommy Lee Jones star.

Also showing will be the "Up" series of British documentaries in which noted director Michael Apted interviews the same group of Brits every seven years, tracking their lives and the extent to which the have fulfilled their dreams. To be screened are "Seven Up" through "49 Up." Mostly British is believed to be the only festiva on this side of the Atlantic to screen the documentaries in their entirety.

Several other documentaries will be at the festival, including the fascinating "Mrs Carey's Concert," which deals with how students in Sydney prepare for a concert at the Sydney Opera House; and "Knuckle, about a sect of Irish people who are likely to settle a score with a rib-cracking fistfights.

Romantics will relish "A Passionate Woman," a British "Bridges of Madison County" and "Sensation," an Irish film about a twisted romance. Hot new actress Felicity Jones ("Like Crazy") is featured in "Chalet Girl" and "Albatross."

Former Chronicle film soriter Ruthe Stein is co-director of the Mostly British Film Festival, which runs from February 2 to 9 at the Vogue Theater on Sacramento near

the fillmore district, PARKING public garage and RESERVATION

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But we also have to point out that if you want something like it from another store, you might have to wait years.

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Finding a Friend on Fillmore Late at Night

Y DAY Fillmore Street was like any other bustling avenue, moving to the pace of commerce. By 6 every evening, though, it was as if the shift had changed. The retailers and the pawnbrokers and the secondhand clothes merchants rolled up their awnings and locked their doors and went home. Fillmore Street pulsated in the night.

Down at the corner of Ellis Street a kid named Flip Wilson was snapping his rags over gleaming, pointy-toed shoes in tones of high yellow and crimson you didn't find on bankers' feet, setting a rhythm for the street and cracking jokes that would someday put his name in lights. In the air the delectable smells of fried chicken and barbecue drifted into nostrils along with the sweetness of sweet potato pie, apple and peach cobbler and the odor of marijuana. There was music swinging out of the open doors of the Plantation Club and after hours the legends of the jazz world, through with their downtown gigs, jammed at Jack's on Sutter Street. Happy faces nodded in passing and stopped to talk; the tap tap of shoe leather seemed a kind of dance. If you knew the town and wanted a good time you just directed your feet to either side of Fillmore Street. Girls whose work it was to make you feel good stood in doorways with poses that were implicit promises

It was a good place to be and a good place to walk and every night Rotea Guilford and Wendell Tyree walked Fillmore Street all the way from Broadway to Haight, such a long beat that there were nights when the two young black cops from Northern Station never completed it. Things came up to divert them. On this particular night they

saw a whore and her trick heading into the New Yorker Hotel, and because it was their job to enforce the laws against pleasure for hire, no matter how they felt about it themselves, they followed, waiting outside the room until the sounds from the bed told them it was time. They forced their way into the room and declared

that both the whore and her trick were under arrest. It was their own policy, not the police department's, to arrest johns. The woman took it in her stride. It was a bitch, but her pimp would have her back on the street by morning. The trick, a white man, was mortified, but Guilford and Tyree were accustomed to that, too, This one didn't bluster and threaten, though, and he

didn't offer a bribe. Instead he got back into his clothes and said, "Look, man, I guess I better tell you. I'm George Moscone." Once he said it both cops recognized him. And more than that Guilford like

Excerpted from Double Play: The Hidden Passions Behind the Double Assassination of George Moscone and Harvey Milk © 2011 Mike Weiss, published by Vince Emery Productions

George, was a comer. A former pro football player, along with Willie Brown and a couple of other bright young black guys, he had been tapped by the black powerbrokers for big things. Guilford had been steered into police work because he had the mental stability and toughness to take all the hatred that would come his way, while giving the black leaders a man of their own inside the citadel from which so much power was exercised. The two cops knew exactly who George Moscone was - he was a white man who had gone to Mississippi to help register black voters, he was the liberal hope and they knew as well what it would mean if they went ahead and busted him.

George stood there waiting for their reaction. "Ieez. man." he said.

"Let's cut him loose," Guilford said to

Tyree said, "No."

George's heart fluttered.

"No?" Guilford said, still talking to Tyree. "C'mon, man, let's cut 'em both loose. Let's forget it."

The woman had stopped freshening her makeup and was in front of the mirror over the wash basin, poised like the rest of them, her lipstick in her hand.

"Shit," Tyree said, "Okay,"

It didn't take George more than three snaps of Flip Wilson's shoeshine rag to get himself out of the New Yorker Hotel and far away from there. But before he left he stopped to look at Guilford. Tyree had his eyes firmly fixed on nothing. "I won't forget this, man," said the city supervisor with the big future, and he was gone.

Just a few days later Guilford ran into Willie Brown, who was also practicing law and starting to make his own political moves. "I hear you made a friend for life,"

Guilford said, "It was nothing any cop wouldn't do for his brother." They laughed "But no, seriously, Gil, the man is grate-

ful to you.

Not everybody would be. By doing his job, and then by doing what he felt he ought, Guilford had put himself at the eye of a storm that would blow hot and cold until the day George Moscone died. Over the years other cops would do as much for George; it was a secret that would become a kind of quasi-public knowledge in every quarter of town, stirring bitter passions the better known George became and the more power he accumulated.



A New York Art Star Attuned to a California Sensibility

ETER SELZ arrived in Berkeley in 1965 as something of a star. Everyone in the art community knew that he came from the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and with those credentials and a record of including Californians in important exhibitions such as New Images of Man, a great deal was expected of him. There is every indication that he relished both the challenge and the attention that came with the high expectations. His goal was to "bring new light to the art of the past and be on the cutting edge of the new."

In the early 1960s, California was barely recognized by the New York-centric art world. Nonetheless, in 1963 a New York painter, Hans Hofmann, who had been invited in 1931 to come from Germany and teach at Berkeley for a year, promised a gift of 45 paintings and \$250,000 to the University of California at Berkeley for a new museum. That promise led to the founding of the University Art

When he arrived in California, Peter Selz recognized immediately that art trends were quite different from those in New York. Indeed, he was one of the first East Coast observers of contemporary art to recognize this difference, a difference that is now an accepted fact of American cultural history.

Impressive shows followed, one after another, establishing a distinctive identity for the museum even before the new building was dedicated. The most memorable exhibition, especially in terms of California art history. was Funk. As Selz recalled, "These artists all were doing art of a certain kind which was very different from what was going on anywhere else in the country."

TIVE YEARS AFTER Selz's arrival in Berkeley in November 1970, the new University Art Museum at last opened, with considerable fanfare and an exhibition, Excellence: Art from the University Community, that consisted of 600 works of art from antiquity to the present. Drawn from the collections of regents, alumni and others connected to the university — including two of California's preeminent collectors, Norton Simon and I. Paul Getty - the exhibition did double duty as a wish list for future gifts.

The opening exhibition at the new museum represented the high-end collecting establishment, hardly the avant-garde to which Selz was by this time personally attracted. However, a proposal from avant-garde dancer Anna Halprin established, albeit inadvertently, a point of view and direction that pushed the museum right into the Bay Area counterculture

Prior to the three-day grand opening celebration, Halprin offered to have her dancers "wash" and "soften" the concrete ramps, overlooks and galleries with body movement. Selz readily agreed, without ever having seen Halprin's work, According to Selz, curator Brenda Richardson cautioned that this could create some problems with the administration:

" 'Do you know,' she asked, 'that Anna's dancers are generally nude?"

'No, I didn't,' I responded. 'But what can I do? I can't withdraw my acceptance of her offer at this point. And I

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ETER SELZ

a Life in Art @ 2012 by Paul J. Karlstrom with Ann Heath Karlstrom, published by the University of California Press.

So the evening went forward, with a limited group of people there by selective invitation. By all accounts, they loved this demonstration of the new museum's "spirit." "The performance was a feast for the eve," Selz recalls. with "beautiful naked young men and women flowing throughout the museum. Soft flesh against hard gray

The museum could not have received a more appropriate California-style launching.

ROM THE MOMENT of his arrival in Berkeley, Selz had been interested in the "totally different ...local kind of thing" he observed in the art being made in Northern California. He and his museum colleagues, as well as some of the artists themselves, soon began talking about the idea that became the Funk show.

And Selz says it was at his suggestion that his best artist friend and UC Berkeley colleague, Harold Paris, had published an essay on the subject in Art in America a month before the show opened.

Selz was attuned to what was original in reflecting a peculiarly Californian sensibility, and the selection of artists presents a similar attitude and aesthetic: much of the work looks the same. Among the artists, Selz particularly admired one: Bruce Conner [who lived on Jackson Street near Fillmore]. In his opinion, in fact, Conner was possibly the most important artist working in California, from the standpoint of pure creative originality and power of

Several of the artists in the Funk show received preferential attention, but none more than Bruce Conner. Yet in a phone conversation a year before he died in July 2008, Conner was unexpectedly withholding - one might even say ungrateful — in his comments. Then again, he was years, marked as they were by a long illness that limited his activity, and he seemed to blame almost every part of the art world - and virtually every individual - for his perceived lack of success.

THE DEBATE about the term Funk, its specific meaning and relationship to a regional art, continues. Harold Paris claimed the honor of naming Funk. Artist Sonia Rapoport reports that Harold, seeking her help, called her when he was writing his article on the subject for Art in America and admitted that he needed a name for the new movement. She went to her dictionary and somehow arrived at the word funk; when she read him the jazz-related definition, Harold said, "That's it!"

One of the artists in the show, and another who should have been, also speak to the term and in doing so provide some insight into what Selz and his colleagues were thinking as they prepared this spectacularly nonmainstream effort. William T. Wiley and Wally Hedrick (whose absence from the exhibition was a noteworth oversight), in comments separated by 30 years, provided the same definition of Funk. In a 1964 interview, Hedrick answered the big question with a specific example. According to him. Funk would describe the neculiar practice of his eccentric former wife, artist Jay DeFeo [with whom he lived at 2322 Fillmore Street], of storing her dirty underwear in the refrigerator.

"When I first got to know Jay DeFeo," Hedrick said, "I'd on over to her house and talk. One day when she's gone to the john or someplace, I began looking for something to eat. I went to the refrigerator and opened it up - and all of her old underwear was in it. It was a couple years' supply. The refrigerator was off, probably hadn't run in 10 years, and she never washed her clothes. And so - instead of putting it somewhere else or throwing it away when she finally took off her underwear - she'd just stick it in the refrigerator. . . . Funky, but I also think she's obsessed with being that way."

At a dinner at the Selz residence early in 2009, Bill Wiley cited exactly the same example.

AROLD PARIS provided a more evocatively descriptive view of the phenomenon in his "Sweet Land of Funk" article for Art in

"The artist here [San Francisco Bay Area] is aware that no one really sees his work, and no one really supports his work. So, in effect, he says 'Funk.' But also he is free There is less pressure to 'make it.' The casual, irreverent insincere California atmosphere, with its absurd elements - weather, clothes, 'skinny-dipping,' hobby craft, sun-drenched mentality, Doggie Diner, perfumed toilet tissue, do-it-yourself — all this drives the artist's vision inward. This is the Land of Funk."

In its rhythmical cadence and random listing of arbitrary characteristics, this description reads very much like a beat-era poem. Indeed, the attitudinal connections between these artists and poets and jazz musicians characterized the creative community of the Bay Area where there was above all the intersection of art and politics. This is what Peter was looking for and found in





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By RRIICE FARRELL ROSEN

HEN CONSIDERING the reasons for writing my memoir, If You Ever Need Me, I Won't Be Far Away, I appreciate that the story is, in many ways, the product of living in San Francisco, just off Fillmore Street, for three

I wrote the book because I had the passion to tell my story in the truest way I could. And in doing so, I felt that others would be touched and encouraged to think about their own lives as truthfully as they could. I felt that there would be insights that might benefit some; and that even if one person lives a better life because of something they read, it will be totally worth it. And I wrote this story because I wanted to record the effect this captivating city, and particularly this neighborhood around Fillmore Street, has had on me as I've grown.

In an ideal world, our marriages last a lifetime, and no one will have to experience the immediacy of being separated or divorced, having to navigate the challenges of freedom amid the desire for a return to an intimacy once cherished. But in this imperfect world, nearly 50 percent of the population goes through this transition to a different life, and my separation provided the isolation and quiet to tell my story. I wrote this story one in which I sought to come to terms with the unraveling of a marriage, late in the evenings as I looked out the window on a bay often reflecting my moods.

During this journey of love and loss, I found the pleasures of this captivating city, the poignancy of becoming a father of cherished young men who were raised with love and have learned to love deeply but now move on with their lives, the memories of those who have come and gone, the appreciation that underlying each of us is a joy to be discovered. despite the obstacles. And in this book is music -

the powerful transformative music that reminds us of who we were, who we are today, the recognition of ourselves in the great songs and shows, many of which I experienced in San Francisco.

Many of the vignettes recorded occur right here in the neighborhood.

The rain continues to fall as I walk up the steps to the first level of Alta Plaza Park, then along a path to the next level of steps, which leads me to a bench overlooking the city of San Francisco to the south.

The rain lightens, almost to the point of a mist, but still hard enough to keep the umbrella open as I move from the bench to some steps above Clay Street. I lean my back against the wall next to the steps, taking in the picturesque rosy of Victorians - handsome homes. a palette of colors, some ornately painted in a variety of colors, others less intricately colorful, but no less aesthetic in design. This city at its best is captivating; the homes built as works of art. first, places to live second. And, on a day like today, as I look above the variegated facades of the homes below me, the city stretching out in the mist, San Francisco is a fantasy, a place that lies behind a hidden door that a lucky few are able to discover.

As I sit on these steps, my back against the goall, the rain remaining steady but gentle, a woman - maybe late 50s, a few years older than myself — walks past me as she brings her dog out of the park. "Wouldn't you rather be inside by a fire?" she asks. "It's miserable out

Slowly, calmly, I shake my head, "No; enjoying the beautiful day." Then a few minutes later, as I remain on these steps, enjoying the winter light and mist, the colors of the day, a rather good-looking man with jet black hair, a scarf wrapped around his neck, slows down as he walks up the stairs into the park, saying, "Beautiful day, isn't it? A lot of people wouldn't call this beautiful, but it's absolutely gorgeous; don't you agree?"

"You're so right," I respond. "Actually, it doesn't get much more beautiful than this.

Weekends beginning February 24 until mid-April 2012 Starting at 8 p.m. on Fridays and ending at 5 a.m. on Mondays

A multiple-day shutdown of the N Line is scheduled to start at 8 p.m. on Friday, May 25 and ending at 5 a.m. on Monday, June 4

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8 NEW FILLMORE February 2012 February 2012 NEW FILLMORE 9

2

R&B Legend Johnny Otis Discovered Etta on Fillmore

I was a wiseguy and a clown, always cutting up, never minding no one. So they put me in Continuation School, which is your last stop before they kick your ass out of the

a rooming house in the Fillmore owned by Reverend Wilson, a gay preacher. I liked the man. He was an animal lover, always feeding his cats - and me. He was especially kind and gave Dorothy the front apartment with lots of light. He reminded me of the "secret angels" I had known. Dorothy, on the other hand, hated him. She was convinced he was a child molester and warned me to stay away from him My own instincts, though, told me the man was good-hearted and God-fearing, and I did as I pleased. When I got home from school he'd always have food waiting for me. He made me feel safe. In my crazy new world, Reverend Wilson was an island of sanity.

Around the corner from Reverend Wilson's rooming house in the Fillmore lived Sugar Pie DeSanto, whose real name was Umpeylia Balinton. She was my age, a gorgeous 4-feet-11 dynamo with a Filipino father, a black Philadelphia mother with a Puerto Rican temper, and 10 brothers and sisters. This was one crazy family I liked hanging around them. You never knew what would happen next. When the old man got mad at the kids, he'd put them in these big overalls and hang them on the door from a nail. Leave them hanging all day. Sugar Pie and I ran in a gang together - later we'd wind up recording together - and she was so fine that every dude in the neighborhood was looking to get next to her. Onite a few succeeded.

Our girl gang was bold — in the Fillmore, we called ourselves the Lucky 20's and I pulled off some cold-blooded stunts.

I'm thinking of those times when we'd chase after white girls. Sometimes we beat up on gals from foreign countries, anyone different from us. That's how I wound up in the school for juvenile delinquents. It was all about jealousy

NO LONGER wanted anything to do with my mother, Uncle Frank, Aunt Mary or any other family member. This is when I started getting close to the Mitchells two sisters and their superfine brother. It's also the start of the musical story that led

JEFFREY THOMAS

center at Army and Third in the projects by Uncle Frank's apartment, That's where we'd have dances. Jean stayed in another group of projects built by the navy up in South Basin. She, her sister Abysinia and This was when Dorothy had moved into their brother Alfonso all lived together. There was no mother or father. They came from New Orleans and were light-skinned Creole-looking people. Jean was my age; Alfonso — known as Fons — and Abysinia - known as Abve - were eight or nine vears older. Jean and I started singing together at

the rec center. Soon Abye joined in and, just like that, we became the Creolettes. We were project girls imitating the young rhythm and blues of the time, but we were also deep into jazz. West Coast jazz was all the rage, and we dug Gerry Mulligan and Dave Brubeck and Shorty Rogers, To me, Chet Baker looked like James Dean and was the coolest thing this side of Miles Davis. Naturally we knew about Miles and, being from Los Angeles, I had heard Dexter Gordon and Charles Mingus, Modern iazz was in my blood. Mainly though, we were intrigued with vocal harmony. We developed a tight three-way blend, imitating groups like the Spaniels, the Swallows, the Chords, who had "Sh-Boom" before "Beside You." We studied the Moonglows, Soony Til and the Orioles, all the hippest doo-woppers. We also listened to the McGuire Sisters — white girls who copied black songs - and white boys like the Hi-Lo's and Four Freshmen. The Freshmen were especially slick - they sang like instruments - and soon we learned to do the same, even down to the trumpet trills

Me and the Mitchells had so much in when Dorothy was in jail and I was on the outs with Aunt Mary. Beyond singing together, I also ran in their gang. The Lucky 20's from the Fillmore were considered a more citified gang. Jean and her bunch were a bit tamer. But the Mitchell who interested me most was Fons. He was my main motive for moving there. I was

dving to get next to him. The boy was extra cool. He controlled a gang called the Good Rockers that operated on the outskirts of town. He was also a piano player who fashioned himself ing. Some of the parents wouldn't even let wanted to be like Thelonious Monk,

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"A girlfriend slipped into the Primaline Ballroom on Fillmore to catch the Johnny Otis show. Didn't know it then, but that was the night that changed my life."

— ETTA JAMES

the Crew Cuts, and the Spiders, who had an out-there-on-the-edge player, but he wasn't as good as he thought he was. When it came to looks, though, he was even better. He had these long evelashes that laid down over almond-shaped eyes, sleek wayy hair. and a tall slim frame. He looked a little like Billy Dee Williams, only more rugged.

Meanwhile, music was still happening hot and heavy. The Creolettes were getting to be a pretty popular girl group around town. We were winning amateur shows and drawing good crowds. We'd tightcommon that I wound up moving in with ened up our harmony, figured out a few I'm not proud of what I did, but I did it all them. It was during one of those times stage moves, and put on a halfway-decent 20-minute set. Gaining confidence.

> BOUND THAT TIME. Hank Ballard and the Midnighters had a smash with "Work With Me, Annie." What Louis Jordan was to the 40s, Hank was to the 50s. He had the clever words and the funky grooves. Hank got you dancing. His "Work With Me, Annie" was a little lewd and a lot of fun. Work, of course, was a code word for screw. All the kids were crazy for that tune, a nasty jam for grindafter Horace Silver or Hampton Hawes. us play the record at home, which naturally

Well, one afternoon the Creolettes were singing at a record shop when who should show up but Hank and all his superfine Midnighters. We were thrilled. When they heard us sing, they said something encouraging and, man, that's all we needed to hear When they sang "Work With Me, Annie, the place went wild

Next day the song was still on my mind Answer songs were hig back then, and it occurred to me - why not answer Hank's hit? So I wrote "Roll With Me, Henry," a pushy little jiveass reply to Hank. The girls and I worked it up and put it in our repertoire. Didn't think nothing about it till the next week, when Hank and his Midnighters showed up at our sock hop for the second time We couldn't wait to sing ou spicy song right in their faces. "What do you think?" we wanted to know.

"Cool," said Hank. Abye was a groupie, and the Midnighters were legendary ladies' men. So you car see how anxious she was to hook up with Hank's boys. Jean and I were wannabe groupies. At 23, Abye was sure-enough ready to rock while, at 14, we were girls wanting to look like ladies. Abye was on Primaline Ballroom [at 1223 Fillmore] a few weeks later to catch the Johnny Otis show. Didn't know it then, but that was the night that changed my life. EAN AND I were back in the projects

when the phone rang.

Abye was all aflutter. "Y'all got to come down here to the Primaline Ballroom and meet Johnny," she

"Johnny who?" I wanted to know. "Johnny Otis."

Johnny Otis was an L.A. bandleader who put together jazz and R&B revues. He played vibes and piano and featured different singers. He was also a songwriter and

"I've been telling Johnny all about us," Abye went on. "He wants to hear the Creo-

I knew Abye went to the dance because she wanted to meet Johnny Otis and his sexy stacked drummer. Kansas City Bell. But I didn't know she was going to pro-

"They'll never let us in there," I said, "We're underage."

"I'll tell Johnny. He'll take care of it." "Right," I said sarcastically as I hung up the phone and went to sleep.

An hour later the phone woke me up. Abye again.

What now?" I wanted to know.

"I'm at the Manor Plaza Hotel. Johnny Otis wants you and Jean to come down here and sing for him." Abve was insisting.

"If he wants us down at the hotel." I said, "it sure as hell isn't to hear us sing." I figured Johnny and the boys in his band were thinking, "Yeah, let's get a couple of young chicks.

Next thing I knew Johnny Otis was on the line. Now no one talks like Johnny Otis. He's got this deep molasses honeydripping deejay voice. It's a jivetime jazzman's voice, but it's also sincere and filled with wisdom.

"I understand you girls can sing," he said. "I'd love to hear you."

"Man, it's two in the morning," I shot

back. "How we supposed to get down there? The buses aren't even running."

"Catch a cab," suggested Johnny. "We don't have money for a cab."

"I'll meet you at the curb and pay for it

That's what happened. I was leery, but I was also excited. When we arrived, Johnny Otis was right there, smiling.

Now Johnny Otis is a very tall handsome Greek man with black wavy hair, a big moustache and trimmed beard. He looked like a slick cat, but he also exhibited good manners from the get-go. From his phone voice, I had figured he was black. For years many people believed Johnny was black, not only because of his swarthy skin

tone but because he talked, walked, acted. played and pushed black music so hard. Plus, he married a black woman, moved into the black community, and eventually became a gospel preacher of his own black church. When I first met Johnny, though he was still into his sporting days.

N HIS HOTEL ROOM, the vibe was still nervous. Abye was there with Kansas City Bell. Johnny had his manager with him, Bardu Ali, who looked to be 75 He made me feel a little bit better. One of the musicians, though, was running around in his boxer shorts. "Hey man," Johnny told him, "go put some pants on."

I don't like singing on demand, and this was no exception. I clammed up. I felt selfconscious and stupid. And maybe a little scared. Anyway, I wouldn't sing.

"Come on, Jamesetta," said Abye. "You're acting like a baby."

"Well, I just don't wanna sing," I said. After a lot more coaxing, I com-promised. I said I'd sing, but only in the bathroom. I know that sounds stupid, but everyone sounds good singing in the bathroom. Tile makes for great acoustics So I went in there and sat on the edge of the tub while Abye and Jean stayed in the bedroom, standing close to the bathroom door. We decided to do our jazz harmony numbers, the ones that really showed off our voices. We sang "How Deep Is the Ocean," "Street of Dreams," and "For All We Know." When we were through, total silence, Finally, Johnny Otis said, "Wow! Did you hear that little oirl sing?"

I came out of the bathroom smiling. "That's terrific," he said. "I want you to ride back to L.A. with us tomorrow. I want

to put you on my show and make some records with you. Without a doubt, this was the most

exciting thing anyone had ever said to me in my life. But Johnny's next question nearly threw me. "How old are you?"

I looked at the girls. Jean gave me the eve. "Eighteen." I lied.

Johnny knew damn well I was lving. "Can you get your mother to give you permission to travel with us?" he asked

THE NEXT MORNING, Jean, Abve and I arrived at 11 sharp. In my hand was a neatly written note from Dorothy giving me the okay. I had forged it. I was happy to quit school and say bye-bye to the ninth grade. Hell, school was about to quit me anyway. I was on my way back to L.A.. heady with anticipation.

At 14, my childhood had ended.

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with sick children. It made this holiday so much happier for all.

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1974 Filbert	4	3	3	3313	81	1/6/12	2,950,000	2,925,000
1751 Broadway	5	3.5	1	4526	84	12/21/11	3,338,000	3,200,000
2820 Union	3	4.5	2	3860	83	12/30/11	3,495,000	3,375,000
2530 Vallejo	4	4	1	4121	49	12/16/11	3,800,000	3,450,000
41 Walnut	4	5.5	2	4568	38	12/16/11	4,950,000	4,725,000
Condos / Co-ops / TICs / Lofts								
3131 Divisadero #A	1	1	1		88	12/30/11	499.000	555.000
2731 Bush	2	2	1	1100	90	1/3/12	569,000	560,000
2359 Jackson #4	1	1	0		123	1/13/12	564,000	564,000
2121 Laguna #2	1	1	1	750	50	12/27/11	619,000	589,000
3124 Laguna	2	1	1		248	1/12/12	599,000	610,000
2051 Scott #401	1	1	0	748	21	1/10/12	550,000	610,000
1600 Webster #408	1	1	1	852	160	12/21/11	649,000	645,000
1998 Pacific #302	2	2	1	1275	55	1/12/12	759,000	695,000
2009 Divisadero #4A	2	2	1		97	12/16/11	759,000	750,000
2200 Sacramento #707	1	1.5	1	1000	90	12/20/11	799,000	790,000
2299 Sacramento #10	2	1	1	1252	28	1/12/12	749,000	790,000
2211 Broderick #1	2	2	1	1151	187	1/10/12	815,000	795,000
3110 California #2	2	2	2	1270	317	1/3/12	899,000	855,000
3129 Divisadero	2	1.5	1	1600	91	12/30/11	895,000	900,000
1940 Sacramento #1	3	2	1	1700	73	1/6/12	975,000	915,000
2716 Pine	2	2	1	2027	21	12/29/11	1,100,000	1,120,000
2140 Bush #6	2	2	1	2008	86	12/20/11	1,195,000	1,175,000
2956 Bush	3	2	2	2061	75	1/6/12	1,250,000	1,225,000
2228 Clay	3	2	1	1747	69	12/28/11	1,295,000	1,250,000
3716 Sacramento	3	1.5	1	1617	55	1/6/12	1,395,000	1,365,000
2149 Laguna	2	2	1	1608	22	1/10/12	1,395,000	1,400,000
3055 Pacific #4	4	2.5	1		169	1/10/12	1,795,000	1,715,000
2100 Green #406	2	2	1	1866	90	12/20/11	2,195,000	2,195,000
3439 Sacramento #403	3	3.5	2		0	1/13/12	3,000,000	3,000,000
2127 Broadway #6	3	3.5	2		116	1/9/12	3,850,000	3,500,000



The Heller mansion at 2020 Jackson Street — on the market for \$20 million — has been selected as this year's DECORATOR SHOWCASE. It begs April 28.

Demand is great, but not supply

While the market experienced list typical slowdown during the holidays, a steady number of homes closed. One of the most important factors driving home sales here is the significant lack of inventory, We are seeing a continual decline in what is known as the Months Supply of Inventory, down from 3.5 months in September to less than two months in December. We have not seen this disparity in supply and demand in years, if ever. This translates into an even more competitive market for buyers, often resulting in multiple offers that drive up sale prices. This is good news for sellers. The lack of inventory and the tight lending market have also spurred a competitive local market for rentals.

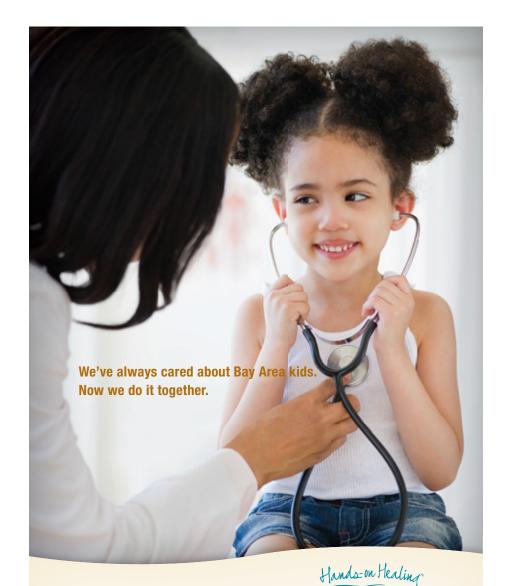
NEW LISTINGS. Two graceful new single family homes have entered the market. The remodeled jewel box at 2422 Clay, listed just under \$2.5 millior, has a gournet kitchen with a copper-top center island. And 2414 Webster, listed just under \$2.5 millior), has also been extensively remodeled, accentuating its scale and elegant formal dining and living rooms.

The condo market has new entry level offerings, including two top floor

The condo market has new entry level offerings, including two top floor units with views. One is 2415 Van Ness #802, listed at \$359,000°, the other, 1730 Broderick #12, listed at \$429,000. The upper end of the market now offers 2758 Prine, a two-level remodeled Victorian townhouse listed at just under \$1.7 millior, 2273 California, a quintessential Queen Anne townhouse listed just under \$1.5 millior, 2273 California, a quintessential Queen Anne townhouse listed just under \$1.5 millior and 3351 Clay #3, a modern penthouse ITC listed just under \$1.3 million.

Data and commentary provided by MARIA MARCHETTI at Sotheby's International Realty. Contact her at maria@mariamarchetti.com or call 699-8008



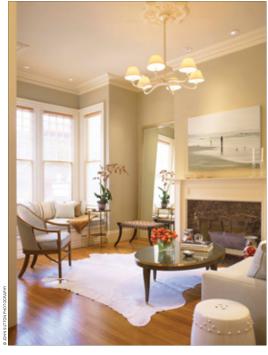


Physicians from California Pacific Medical Center, part of the Sutter Health Network, and physicians from Lucile Packard Children's Hospital at Stanford are coming together to deliver access to the nation's leading pediatric specialty care in San Francisco. *To learn more, visit CPMC.org/pediatrics*.





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A Day at the Beach Only a Few Steps From Fillmore

An 1875 cottage gets a makeover





URING A TRIP to Maui, neighborhood resident Jean Hurley saw dining chairs in the looky of the Four Seasons resort at Wailea exactly like the ones she'd just bought. When the conciege told her the designers of the lobby were based in San Francisco, she was inspired to track them down. The relaxed yet elegant look they'd created at the Four Seasons was what she wanted in her new home a block from Fillmore Street.

Hurley contacted local interior designers Nina Chiappa and Gary Wiss, who collaborated on the renoration. They are both alumin of the California College of the Arts and Brayton Hughes Design Studios who have now launched their own namesake firms. Wiss is also a neighborhood resident.

Hurley felt the previous owners of her house, who

were friends, had done a masterful job of renovating and enlarging the 1875 cottage. But she was vexed that her furniture was not the right fit.

her furniture was not the right fit.

Earlier Hurley had lived in a beach house near
San Diego and a modern condominium at The Amelia on Fillmore. Her new home was traditional, with
high ceilings and detailed moldings and doors, but
also had a contemporary look and spaces that flowed
easily into one another. She wanted the subdued colors and peaceful, cool ambiance from her days at the
beach, but in a style that fit the more sophisticated
urban setting.

The furnishings she and the designers ultimately chose are classic but modern, combining casual comfort with functional elegance.

While the colors are soothing and soft, it is the

textures that create interest. Hand blown glass table lamps provide accents. The furniture and fiabrics are in harmony with the recently procured art collection selected by art consultant Nicole Miller. Lighting designer Randall Whitehead rounded out the design

The result of their joint efforts is a contemplative and serene living space. Hurley says she's captivated by the friendly feel of

Hurley says she's captivated by the friendly feel of the neighborhood and compares it to a European village with its cafes, coffeehouses, bookstores and shops. She says the locale is a perfect fit for her, and so is her newly renovated home.

"I love this neighborhood and the beautiful home Nina and Gary created," says Hurley. "I'm so glad I made that trip to Maui."

