Iraqi oil? In the bay?
Outrage builds over Chevron tanker
arriving in Richmond [p.13]

Who's the hottest?
Nominate someone — or yourself —
for our upcoming Sex Issue contest [p.40]

$hort story
Too $hort's return, the graying of punk, and Beefheart. In Noise [p.47]

INNOCENT!
Thirteen years after the S.F. cops and D.A.'s Office
framed him for murder, John J. Tennison is finally free.
So, unfortunately, are the people who framed him [p.18]
FOR OUR SINS....

For our Sins as Americans...
...believing that security can be achieved through domination of others rather than through cooperation; enjoying the benefits of living in the richest country on earth while refusing to share what we have with the 2 billion people on this planet who live on less than $2 a day, many of whom will die from diseases directly related to malnutrition and poverty;
...allowing 9/11 to become a moment to undermine civil liberties and solidify American fears and American militarism, rather than a moment to develop a new global policy of generosity and caring that might provide far better security for the
...letting our government block and undermine international environmental agreements, rather than take the leadership in repairing the damage;

For Our Sins as Jews...
...not publicly criticizing Israel or the Jewish people when they are acting in opposition to the highest principles of the Jewish tradition, particularly its injunction to “love the Other, the stranger”;
...blaming the entire Palestinian people for (inexcusable and murderous) acts of violence by a handful of terrorists—and then cutting off water, food, and access to hospitals, thereby supporting collective punishment for acts of a few;
...thinking our pain is more important than anyone else’s pain;
...insisting that there is no “moral equivalence” between the deaths of innocent Israeli civilians and the deaths of innocent Palestinian civilians;
...not learning the depth and wisdom and meaning for our lives that can be found in Jewish spirituality, prayer, and in a Jewish path;

For Our Sins as Humans...
...looking at other people and at the physical world from the standpoint of “what we can get out of them” or “how they can be of use” rather than responding to them with awe and wonder at the miracle of their being;
...ignoring the oneness of all humanity, and instead thinking that our group, our tribe, our people, our country, our region, our corporation, our profession, our political party was so much better and so much more deserving than everyone else;
...not seeing the spark of divinity within each person—manifestations of God’s loving energy on earth or within ourselves;
...not adequately rejoicing and celebrating the beauty and grandeur of the world around us;

Our Judaism is not primarily about sins—it’s about gratitude, joyous celebration, and building a world of love, generosity and kindness. Join us! We can build a different kind of world—together.

HIGH HOLY DAYS: Rosh Hashanah; Friday night, Sept 26, Saturday and Sunday Sept 27-28, Yom Kippur; Sunday night Oct 5 & Monday Oct 6th
Led by Rabbi Michael Lerner. Plus guest teacher Marianne Williamson, on First Day of Rosh Hashanah.
Rabbi Lerner conducts a service that is spiritually accessible and meaningful to everyone regardless of familiarity with Hebrew, yet includes the traditional prayers and music. It’s a great place to meet people who share your values—welcoming to singles, families, GLBT’s, and to non-Jews as well. Bring your family and your friends. And we have a children’s religious school that teaches a non-chauvinist, spiritually alive and socially responsible Judaism—including a monthly social action day instead of normal classes (we call it Tikkun Olam day, and it’s geared to the consciousness level of our young people).

Sliding Fee for High Holidays— if you register by September 19th, (add 20% to all ticket prices after that date):
Annual income: Under $40k/yr: all services: $100, per service: $45; $40k-$70k/yr: $175 (all) $80 (each service); Over $70k: $250 all, $130 (each), children under 12 free (and childcare available, plus children’s services, but you reserve their place by 9/19). Services free to members: membership cost: 1% of your annual income (but not less than $200 for a single, $300 for a family). You can pay by credit card or check. Mail info to Beyt Tikkun High Holy Days, 370 Vassar Ave, Berkeley, Ca. 94704. Or by phone: 415 579-1432 or 510 528 6250 or go to www.beyttikkun.org.
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We are on the cutting edge of a new business movement. We are a socialist-capitalist fusion, looking out for everyone touched by our business practices whether they are an individual customer or garment worker. We are rebuilding the system of T-shirt manufacturing from the ground up.

Employing over 1000 people, our downtown Los Angeles facility is a unique manufacturing community and design lab, supported by loyal, well paid employees who receive basic benefits such as health care and enjoy the rewards of a job well done.

For more information about our exclusive combed cotton product line, and our groundbreaking political mission, please visit our website: www.americanapparel.net

American Apparel is opening on Broadway.
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**Consumers:** You can buy our products 24-7 online for immediate delivery or maybe find them at your favorite retailer.

**Promoters:** If you’re showcasing an event, band, record label, company, or film, ask your screen printer to use sweatshop-free American Apparel garments. Or, contact us directly if you need a screen printer referral or additional wholesale information.
### Closeout!

#### Kid’s Bikes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Reg. Price</th>
<th>Closeout! Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>’03 Diamondback Jr. Viper CX BMX</td>
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<td>$11995</td>
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<tr>
<td>’03 Diamondback Grind Freestyle</td>
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<td>’03 Haro F2 Freestyle</td>
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<td>’03 Specialized Hotrock 24” Mtn.</td>
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<td>’03 Haro Mira 540 Air Freestyle</td>
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<td>’03 Haro Backtrail 24 Jump Cruiser</td>
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<td>’03 Trek 1000T</td>
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<tr>
<td>’03 Specialized Allez Sport 27spd</td>
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<td>’03 Specialized Allez Elite 27spd</td>
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<tr>
<td>’03 Trek 2200T &amp; 2200T WSD</td>
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<td>’03 Trek 5200T</td>
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#### City Bikes

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<td>’03 Raleigh C40 &amp; SC40</td>
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<td>’03 Trek Navigator 300</td>
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<td>’03 Specialized Expedition LTD</td>
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<td>’03 Trek 7500FX</td>
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<td>’03 Specialized Hardrock Cro-Mo</td>
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<tr>
<td>’03 Raleigh M50</td>
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<tr>
<td>’03 Specialized Hardrock Comp</td>
<td>$400</td>
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<tr>
<td>’03 Raleigh M60 &amp; Tess Women’s</td>
<td>$400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>’03 Specialized Rockhopper</td>
<td>$500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>‘03 Spec. Epic FSR Men’s &amp; Women’s</td>
<td>$12995</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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---

**When A.C. Thompson came to me back in the fall of 2000 with the tale of two innocent men sentenced to life in prison for a crime they didn’t commit, I could sense there was a great story here. The information A.C. uncovered in more than six months of investigation was stunning:**

John J. Tennison and Antoine Goff had been convicted of murder on the basis of the most flimsy evidence — and even worse, someone else had confessed to the crime. The evidence that Tennison’s lawyers (including the indefatigable Jeff Adachi, who is now S.F.’s public defender) put together would later show that two San Francisco cops (Napoleon Hendrix and Earl Sanders, who by then was the assistant chief) had framed the defendants and that the prosecution had failed to give the defense key evidence that could have exonerated Tennison and Goff.

I think we both had the same thought: these kids got a really raw deal — and there’s a good chance that nothing we can do will help them. The truth is, a few high-profile stories to the contrary, most of the time, people who are wrongfully convicted and have no money for powerful lawyers and fancy investigations never get a second chance. Hurricane Carter had Bob Dylan (and at one point, about half of Hollywood). Geromino Pratt had Stu Hanlon and the recognition that came from being a former Black Panther convicted in the days of J. Edgar Hoover and COINTELPRO. Tennison and Goff — two kids from Hunters Point who’d had their share of run-ins with the law — were facing pretty tough odds.

But A.C. did an amazing job on the story, producing “The Hardest Time” (published Jan. 17, 2001), one of the best investigative crime pieces we’ve ever run. Two lawyers from the high-powered firm of Keker & Van Nest, Elliot Peters and Ethan Balogh, saw the story and agreed to take on the case pro bono (ultimately, their costs would be close to $800,000). And with Adachi’s help, they did the almost unimaginable: they convinced a federal judge to vacate Tennison’s conviction. Chances are good Goff will be exonerated soon.

Of course, the San Francisco Chronicle has since picked up the story, initially even giving us credit for breaking it (although Seth Rosenthal’s Aug. 27 front-pager ignored that fact). But A.C. Thompson first shone the light on this injustice — and against all odds, the innocent victims are going free.

Tim Redmond
tredmond@sftg.com
cover story
Innocent! ..............................18
Thirteen years after the S.F. cops and D.A.'s Office
framed him for murder, John J. Tennison is finally free.
So, unfortunately, are the people who framed him.
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contest
Who's the hottest? ..................40
Nominate someone — or yourself —
for our upcoming Sex Issue contest!
letters to the editor

**Arrest 'em all**

Just a thought: Is there any way that the people authorizing a program under which the city would grow medicinal marijuana could structure their plans so that if the feds move in they would have to arrest everyone? Think for a moment: If the entire city government were arrested, what would happen throughout the rest of the country? Such a move by the government would smell like fascism, and the rest of the country would come to your aid.

George de Mørke
Arlington, Texas

---

**The case for the condo-library**

Re: “Let Them Eat Books” and the editorial “Reject the Condo Library” (5/20/03).
The article and editorial infer that the new library in the Glen Park Marketplace project (along with a family-owned grocery store and 15 apartments, two of them low-income) is a bad idea that results from back-room deals and that “traffic studies, environmental reviews, and the property appraisal were similarly skewed to favor the developer.” And the subhead describes “pro-development forces” batting “community interests,” with the editorial telling the board to start listening to the community.

In fact, the project was the subject of 30 community meetings and public hearings. The project team had booths at the Glen Park Festival for the past two years and hosted a storefront open house attended by neighbors with a range of opinions.

The Planning Commission, Board of Supervisors, and Board of Appeals enhanced the accuracy of the information presented. The Sierra Club, Housing Action Coalition, Bicycle Coalition, SPUR, the Executive Committee of the Glen Park Association, and the past presidents of the Glen Park Merchants Association have supported the proposals. Scores of residents wrote letters and testified at hearing in support of the project.

The project was unanimously supported by the Planning Commission (including the supervisors’ appointees) and the Board of Supervisors, as well as by the Library Commission, Budget Analyst, and the Board of Permit Appeals.

It’s not because of “high powered lobbying” that they support the Marketplace. They all agree that the development is a good idea for the city and for Glen Park. I am confident that once the library, grocery store, and new neighbors replace the hole in the center of Glen Park, the project opponents cited in the article will come to agree.

David Prowler
San Francisco

Matthew Hirsch responds: David Prowler, who lobbied for the Glen Park Marketplace project, misrepresents the support for the project, which was predicated on his own assurance that environmental impact would be minimal. The Sierra Club (which Prowler identifies as a supporter) has called for a full environmental review before any construction begins, and now the Board of Supervisors is also reconsidering its decision to back the project.

---

**Affordable housing in Glen Park**

We don’t understand your opposition to the Glen Park Branch Library, grocery, and condo project. As people who prefer an intimate city, with our everyday needs — such as groceries, libraries, parks, jobs, and child care — available within walking distance, our “community interests” are served by this project. In fact, the local neighborhood association, as well as the Housing Coalition, strongly supported this project at the Planning Commission meetings ago.

The biggest complaint of the opponents of this project was the lack of parking for the grocery store and library — even though there are three grocery stores with parking lots within a mile of the place! The extra space for parking would have increased traffic in an already congested area, and the cost of building that parking would have been paid through higher prices for groceries and less space for the library.

If this city is to remain affordable for immigrants and the working class, we must quit subsidizing parking and start building more housing close to transit. This project already reflects a decent compromise between the desire of a few neighbors for more parking and our request to replace the 15-car residential garage with three more housing units (thereby making the housing more affordable).

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I'm a project director for an on-line non-profit.
My passions are traveling, music, dancing, hanging out at the beach and meeting people from different backgrounds and cultures.
Here at the Shih Yu-Lang Central YMCA I do a lot of aerobics, I swim & do strength training. I like this Y because the people are really friendly and the instructors are approachable. Plus I like the diversity of the people. It just represents San Francisco to me.

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Youth & Senior Programs, Financial Aid Available. Photo by Adrian Dickson. Shih Yu-Lang Central YMCA is a branch of the YMCA of San Francisco.
*While supplies last.
Fixing the Rent Board

Last month, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors rejected a proposal by tenants to create an elected Rent Board, as the cities of Santa Monica and Berkeley have done. The idea of electing the San Francisco Rent Board came out of a citywide tenants' convention last March. Several hundred tenants attended it and zeroed in on the landlord-controlled Rent Board as the number-one problem facing them today. Currently, the five board commissioners are all appointed by the mayor; tenants have just two seats, while landlords and property owners get the others.

It's little wonder that the Rent Board was identified as a problem. In theory, its job is to control rents and regulate landlords; instead, it rubber-stamps rent increases and takes a laissez-faire approach to landlord regulation. More than 80 percent of the cases that come before it are decided in favor of landlords. In 2001 the Rent Board heard and approved more than 4,900 landlord petitions for rent increases — yet in the same year it did not hold a single hearing on tenant petitions claiming illegal evictions.

That pattern has lasted for years. During the peak of the dot-com years, when evictions were quadrupling from year to year, the Rent Board consistently refused to hear or investigate wrongful- eviction claims by tenants. The board's record on regulating rent increases is equally bad. In one case, a landlord was awarded $5 million in capital improvement rent increases, even though he could not provide receipts documenting the cost of the work (and even though the law requires such receipts as a condition of approval).

More than 100 tenants attended the Board of Supervisors hearing on the proposal to elect the Rent Board, all of them telling similar stories of bias, abuse, and mistreatment. Sadly, on a Board of Supervisors that rode into office with tenant votes, only Supes Tom Ammiano, Chris Daly, and Matt Gonzalez supported the proposal to elect the Rent Board. Other supervisors expressed fear that electing the Rent Board would be "divisive" (as if landlords and tenants got along!).

Some said they feared that tenants would lose the elections, ignoring the unparalleled success tenants have had at the polls. Some feared that tenants would win the elections and make the Rent Board radically and dangerously pro-tenant.

A few people in the tenant community had similar reservations (although the proposal was backed by major tenant groups such as the Tenants Union, Tenderloin Housing Clinic, Housing Rights Committee, and St. Peter's Housing Committee). But in a nutshell, the politicians were scared of changing the status quo.

Tenants are underrepresented throughout the city on boards and commissions. Of the 11 supervisors who decided against giving tenants an elected Rent Board, all but Gonzalez are either homeowners or landlords (false McGoldrick rents his San Francisco flat but owns a place across the bay in Alameda).

The movement to reform the Rent Board won't go away, however. On Sept. 6, tenants will again come together for Tenant Convention II. The purpose of this second convention is to decide the next steps for Rent Board reform. Specifically, we'll be debating the pros and cons of electing the commissioners and a more moderate proposal of changing how the commissioners are appointed.

Continuing the push for an elected board would mean collecting signatures to place the measure on the ballot. Reforming the appointment system, however, might be acceptable to the politicians and could be the most efficient way to go (especially when one thinks of the specter of anti-tenant/anti-rent control Gavin Newsom appointing the next Rent Board).

Whatever strategy is decided on, one thing is clear: tenants are fed up with a landlord-controlled Rent Board, and the supervisors may want to pay attention to that. 

Ted Gullickson is a longtime tenant activist. Tenant Convention II is open to all tenants and will be held Fri/6, 11 a.m.-4 p.m., San Francisco Public Library, Main Branch, Koret Auditorium, 100 Larkin, S.F. (415) 282-6656.
The peakers are coming

Needed: a real public hearing, an open process, an EIR, and binding assurances for closure of the PG&E and Mirant plants

By Bruce B. Brugmann

Philip De Andrade, the Paul Revere of Potrero Hill, flashed the SOS by e-mail from his Goat Hill Pizza restaurant on the top of the hill: The peakers are coming, the peakers are coming. And so, on the evening of Aug. 30, I hustled over to the Potrero Neighborhood House to attend one of the most annoying neighborhood meetings in my 38 years of covering local politics as editor of the Bay Guardian.

It was my first public meeting on Potrero Hill, where the Bay Guardian moved its offices last year, and I learned just how contentious this city hall treats this neighborhood — and every person who lives and works with the toxic effects of the two dirty Mirant and Pacific Gas and Electric power plants.

The city eight months ago had secretly negotiated a deal to acquire four fossil-burning plants, then hired a former Calpine and PG&E engineer to develop them. The fix had been in for months to slant three and possibly four peakers into the Potrero waterfront, but only now was the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission coming to Potrero and letting the public in on the biggest secret.

This is no way to do public business, by stifling the community and refusing to involve it early on in the decision-making process. The hearing was months late and scheduled at a bad time before the Labor Day weekend, with little advance public notice. Time to assess the SFPUCC data, ridiculous deadlines, a restricted public-comment format (one question permitted, two minutes per speaker, with many speakers getting cut off rudely in mid-sentence), and a dog and pony show by energy czar Ed Smoellf that only confirmed the main point: the peakers are being fast-tracked and rammed into your neighborhood, no alternatives, like it or lump it, you rubes.

Smoellf shouldn’t hold one more neighborhood meeting without — at minimum — having in hand a notice for a real full-scale public hearing before the Board of Supervisors, the SFPUCC, or the Local Agency Formation Commission. Meanwhile, neighbors raise the power of activist must keep the pressure on: call on all elected officials, mayoral candidates, and SFPUCC commissioners to halt this peaker steamroller and demand a real public hearing, an open and democratic process, a budget analyst’s report, a complete and comprehensive environmental-impact report, and binding assurances that the PG&E and Mirant plants will be closed.

Sad, this mess only demonstrates again once again how wrong city hall has been all these years in allowing PG&E to manage the city’s energy policy and keep it from building a real public power authority in accordance with the federal Raker Act. And so the peaker screenshot again raises the key questions: Why must the neighborhood and the people being poisoned have to bear the brunt of the city’s enduring mistake? Why doesn’t city hall see these mistakes? Why won’t city hall let the residents talk back properly and defend themselves? The answer, alas, is that Smoellf and his colleagues in effect still call the shots at city hall.

On the bus

Transit riders urged not to pay increased fares and thereby force a showdown with city leaders

By Sharon Luk

As the San Francisco Municipal Railway fare hike that helped close the city’s budget deficit went into effect Sept. 1, a coalition led by Transit Justice prepared to launch a fare strike to oppose what it characterizes as an attack on the city’s poor and working people.

Saying the fare hike represents a regressive tax, Transit Justice members note that higher fares will hit hardest the working people and students who rely on public transit. Meanwhile, downtown corporate interests that generate profit from Muni service are the winners.

“Downtown businesses and corporations require Muni services to get workers and customers to their doors, and yet they don’t contribute anything to making public transportation accessible,” Transit Justice organizer Geri Almanza told the Bay Guardian. “The city needs to look to downtown, who are also hit by the strike to oppose what it characterizes as an at¬
tack on the city’s poor and working people.

In the short run, there is a combina¬
tion of options that, when taken together, could cover the relatively small amount of money [from fare hike revenue] that we’re looking at,” he said. “For example, in her 2000 Board of Supervisors campaign, candi¬date Denise D’Antone introduced a proposal to charge city managers and judges for parking. This proposal has been considered by the Green Party Transportation Working Group and Sup. Chris Daly, who estimates that it could raise between $1 million and $2 million. The Green Party has a number of its own proposals in lieu of fare hikes, as well.

Long-term budget solutions endorsed by Transit Justice include the creation of a “transit assessment district” that would tax downtown property interests to cover gaps in Muni funding. The group also suggests doubling transit impact development fees (TIDFs), levied by the city on corporations in the greater downtown area in accordance with the amount of office space they own.

Currently, TIDFs make up less than 9 per¬
cent of Muni’s overall budget.

“Since Muni is a citywide service, a pro¬
posed transit assessment district should also apply citywide,” Cleveland said of the pro¬
cosals. “And TIDFs are pretty high already. In the interests of the long-term economic future of the city, we shouldn’t stifle new de¬
velopment [with higher fees].”

Last March, the MTA voted 3-2 in favor of a fare hike. About 60 people from the public, primarily union workers opposed to the givebacks in the plan, attended the MTA board meeting to contest the pro¬
posed Muni budget.

Some describe the fare increase as a back¬
door budget decision. “There was pretty low visibility about the proposed changes, in terms of public statements and press coverage,” Wetzel said. “And that’s augmented by the fact that Muni riders don’t even get a vote.”

Transit Justice hopes this will change with the strike. “We’re asking for a public hearing to give the supervisors a better perspective about how [fare hikes] affect everyone in the city,” Almanza said. “And there we demand that they pursue other funding options.”

For a complete list of fare hikes, visit www.sf.muni.com. For more information on the fare hike and strike, contact Transit Justice at (415) 431-4210 or www.transitjustice.org.
ChevronTexaco, saying that such an answer would be "speculative" and could compromise the company's competitiveness. She did say that under the United Nations' Oil-for-Food program (dropped along with economic sanctions in May), Iraq provided for about 2 to 3 percent of the company's total crude trading.

Iraq's Ministry of Oil, overseen by U.S. administrators, is handling the sale of the oil, with revenues slated to enter a U.N.-created Development Fund for the beleaguered country. But Pratap Chatterjee of CorpWatch said the money will likely be sloshed around from one U.S. corporation to another. He believes money from the Development Fund will go toward reconstruction projects contracted by politically connected companies such as Halliburton.

"I don't think it's too much to call this a fancy money-laundering scheme," Gopal Dayaneri, a longtime anti-ChevronTexaco campaigner and organizer for the Action Action Collective, said.

International ANSWER's Bill Hackwell said the people of Iraq should determine the fate of the country's oil and postwar reconstruction efforts without the intrusion of authorities handpicked by the United States. Based on the development money's resemblance to "a kind of legal measures are "prohibited." The order could also potentially curb attempts to challenge U.S. control and distribution of the oil before an American or international court.

The order highlights Bush's eagerness to secure a safe environment in Iraq for foreign investors, and whether anyone will try to challenge the authority of the order in court has yet to be seen. Judicial pundit Andrew Napolitano told Fox News in August that the courts or Congress could be in a position to check the order's sweeping implications.

By Matthew Hirsch

When city librarian Susan Hildreth wrote a wide- ly published critique of the USA PATRIOT Act in May, titled "Big Brother Out of Our Libraries," in the San Francisco Chronicle, the San Francisco Public Library was in the midst of developing a plan to introduce radio frequency identification devices to help track its books and other materials. If implemented, these devices would replace the bar codes on books with an embedded microchip that transmits information over radio signal to a central database via an RFID reader. The technology has been controversial in recent years, especially in the consumer market. Last month a consumer group launched a boycott against Gillette for tagging its razor blades in Wal-Mart stores, and state senator Debra Bowen opened public hearings Aug. 18 on the potential privacy invasions that come with RFID.

RFID has drawn a lot of attention for the truly fantastic notion that its tags may soon become embedded in everything from cars to candy bars. One well-known group working on RFID, the Auto-ID Center at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, actually publicizes its lofty goal to "identify any object anywhere, automatically" (Tecnoploituation, 5/7/03). For now, the technology is still mostly confined to applications like FasTrak on the Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate Bridge, which allows commuters to automatically deduct highway toll fees from their credit cards. Some also use RFID to microchip their pets.

The San Francisco Public Library is interested in RFID because of its potential to speed up checkout and to virtually eliminate the risk of having materials lost or stolen. If properly tagged, each item could be identified remotely by an RFID reader within a limited range, allowing staff to find misplaced books.

But do the privacy concerns about using RFID in retail stores apply to the SFPL? Will the technology become more invasive as its capabilities improve and it becomes more widely adopted? Could it be used to identify people outside the library by the books they borrow?

Lee Tien of the Electronic Frontier Foundation told us the library model for RFID seems less of a concern than other consumer uses, but there should be a way for patrons to know they are not being tracked outside the library. "What makes the most sense is to temporarily disable the chip when the borrower borrows a book," Tien said, adding that the SFPL should also identify RFID tags on their materials so people know the one-eighth-inch device is there.

The biggest problem with the library using RFID, according to Tien, is that it builds a critical acceptance of video surveillance, which is now a widespread practice and largely unchallenged, he said. The SFPL may intend to address only its own needs, but its investment in RFID will stimulate more work on the technology and could accelerate its introduction to the consumer market.

Library Commission president Charles Figuera told the Bay Guardian RFID would be valuable for the SFPL, because it could save some of the $500,000 the library loses each year on materials that are checked out and never returned. Two years ago the SFPL proposed hiring a collection agency to solve that problem.

"I don't know that having a more sophisticated tracking system for collections materials is necessarily going to become a slippery slope toward erosion of privacy rights," Figuera told us in an interview last month.

For those concerns about the library's own intelligence gathering, Hildreth said the SFPL — which forges federal telecommunications funds for refusing to comply with the Children's Internet Protection Act (an invasive Ashcroft policy) — has no interest in "snooping on its patrons.

"We have decided that we want to go with this technology, [but] we would not implement this system to physically track materials individually, go out and get those materials from people's homes," she said.

And what about the Bush administration gaining easier access to library records to carry out its PATRIOT Act? Howard Beser, a professor of library and information sciences at UCLA, said it's all a matter of coding.

If the library codes its books using the International Standard Book Numbering system with no form of encryption, Beser said the Transportation Security Administration could set up readers at airports and know who's carrying subversive books onto airplanes, for example.

So long as the SFPL knows to use a unique, secret code, however, Beser said safeguarding patron records would be relatively easy to do. I am far more worried about RFID in the commercial sector than in the library," he said.

The SFPL's three-year strategic plan, with a recommendation to implement RFID and fund it in the 2004-05 budget, goes for Library Commission approval Sept. 4. The plan would have to pass the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, and then a library staff task force would convene to analyze RFID.

E-mail Matthew Hirsch at MatthewHSf.com.
Willie helps Kamala Deputy city attorney Kamala Harris's connection to Mayor Willie Brown isn't something she plays up in her campaign for district attorney. Ties to the famed politician — who has run the most corrupt administration in recent San Francisco history — have hurt many candidates seeking local elected office over the past few years.

When asked about her former romantic liaison with Brown, Harris doesn't deny it — but she's quick to say that hers will be an administration completely "independent" from the influence of Brown or that of any other major political player.

Maybe she meant he'd be making an "independent expenditure," instead of lending direct political support to her first political campaign. Because on Aug. 20 Brown sent out letters to folks who'd already contributed to the Kamala Harris for District Attorney Campaign blasting incumbent Terence Hallinan for "failing to protect the city of San Francisco" and informing recipients that even though they can only give a maximum of $500 to her main campaign, the law allows contributors to donate an additional $500 to a soft-money campaign on a candidate's behalf.

Brown then asked supporters to give to the group running a soft campaign on Harris's behalf, the California Voter Project. The project's political director is Philip Muller, a consultant who helped Brown become mayor in 1995. CVP's other pet candidate in San Francisco is mayoral candidate Sup. Gavin Newsom, according to its Web site. The CVP's purpose "is simple... We help the candidates and measures we support win and those whom we oppose, lose."

So far, the Harris campaign has raised more than $140,000 — nearly as much dough as challengers Hallinan and Bill Fazio combined. So it's difficult to believe her election effort is really hurting for cash. But maybe more than $100K just isn't enough; a recorded call left on Harris supporters' answering machines "on behalf of Mayor Willie Brown and the California Voter Project" last week might offer a clue: "We've purchased and distributed media throughout San Francisco to increase Kamala Harris's name identification among voters," the message says. "If you make a contribution, you will help purchase additional media." Translation: "After spending more than $130,000, we don't think enough voters know who she is to guarantee a win."

Harris adviser Jim Rivaldo said the campaign was unpleasantly surprised to hear of the soft-money expenditure. "Willie Brown has endorsed Kamala, and we have no problem with that," Rivaldo said. "But it's not our intent to put Willie Brown front and center."

POA politics Don't look for the union representing the city's law enforcement officers to pick a horse anytime soon in the district attorney's race. An inside source tells us that voters have such a dim view of the Police Officers Association right now that no one actually wants the group's official stamp.

Even though Judge Kay Tsenin threw out conspiracy charges against the department's top brass — which at one time included former police chief Earl Sanders and Alex Fagan Sr. (who has just been named chief by Brown and the San Francisco Police Commission) — the impression is still out there that some sort of cover-up or something unseemly went on with the cops' handling of the Fajitagate mess.

The POA's longtime favorite has been Fazio, whom the association endorsed in 1995 and in 1999. But an inside source tells us the group would also have been pleased to support Harris — had she been willing to strongly oppose Proposition H, the police reform measure on the November ballot. Early in her campaign, Harris refused to take a stand on the measure, although she has since come out in favor of it. Prop. H is showing strong voter support in polls, but Rivaldo denies that influenced Harris's decision.

Two for Ammiano Sup. Tom Ammiano has picked up two noteworthy endorsements in the past week. First, Sup. Aaron Peskin, the North Beach leader known for his fierce intellect and scrappy ability to navigate through the complicated maze of city bureaucracy and cut a deal, gave Ammiano his official nod Aug. 27.

And so did actor George Takei, known for his ability to navigate the celestial seas as Lt. Hikaru Sulu — on the voyages of the USS Enterprise on Star Trek. Savannah Blackwell
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Conscientious objector rally
Thursday, Sept. 4, attend a rally in support of Stephen Funk, a Filipino Marine Corps service member facing a court martial in New Orleans for being a conscientious objector to the war in Iraq. This rally for Funk, a native San Franciscan, is sponsored by Global Exchange. Not in Our Name, the Harvey Milk LGBT Democratic Club, and other groups, 5 p.m., Harvey Milk Plaza, Castro at Market, S.F. Free. (415) 255-2796.

Mayoral candidates forum
Thursday, Sept. 4, Coleman Advocates for Children and Youth sponsor a forum on children’s issues with mayoral candidates Angela Alioto, Tom Ammiano, Susan Leal, Gavin Newsom, Matt Gonzalez, and Tony Rivera. Come hear their ideas for schools, health care, child care, parks, housing, and safety. 7-9 p.m., State Building, auditorium, 455 Golden Gate, S.F. Free. (415) 239-0161.

Protest FCC ownership rules
Thursday, Sept. 4, lend your voice to the struggle to reclaim U.S. airwaves at a press conference on the day new Federal Communications Commission ownership rules go into effect. The rules, approved by the FCC June 2, allow even further media monopolization by a small group of corporations. 5 p.m., KPIX-TV NOO-TV, and FreeSpeech.org, 455 Battery, S.F. Free. (415) 357-5555.

Recall public forum

Stop new Potrero power plants!
Thursday, Sept. 4, and Tuesday, Sept. 9, learn what you can do to hold the city accountable for local health and San Francisco’s environment by attending these public workshops in response to the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission’s plan to build three to four new power plants in Potrero Hill. Thurs/4, 12 p.m., San Francisco Main Library, Latino B Room, 100 Larkin, S.F. Tues/9, 6:30 p.m., Southeast Community Center, 1800 Oakdale, S.F. Free. (415) 530-7135.

Peace festival
Saturday, Sept. 6, the fifth annual 911 Power to the Peaceful Festival is here, featuring live music by Michael Franti and others, along with a social justice rally, 11 a.m.-5 p.m., Golden Gate Park, Speedway Meadow, S.F. Free. (415) 289-1285.

Tenant Convention
Saturday, Sept. 6, this convention was organized by tenant groups to discuss ways to reform the city’s Rent Board in response to the Board of Supervisors’ March 29 rejection of a bid to place an elected Rent Board plan before S.F. voters, 11 a.m.-4 p.m., San Francisco Main Library, Koret Auditorium, 100 Larkin, S.F. Free. (415) 282-5525.

Police brutality meeting

Religious right and politics
Monday, Sept. 8, Barry W. Lynn, Americans United for Separation of Church and State executive director, presents a discussion titled “Religious Right: Radically Wrong.” Lynn, an ordained minister in the United Church of Christ, offers his views on the role of religion in government, public policy, and civil liberties. 5 p.m., Congressman’s Club, 595 Market, second floor, S.F. $15, free for members. (415) 597-6712 or (415) 597-6719.

Another mayoral forum
Tuesday, Sept. 9, a number of neighborhood groups, including the Duboce Triangle, Hayes Valley, Buena Vista, Mt. Olympus, and Castro Area Neighborhood Associations, bring you tonight’s mayoral candidate forum, featuring candidates giving statements as well as answering questions from the sponsoring organizations and public audience. 6:30-8:30 p.m., Davies Medical Center, North Tower, auditorium, Castro at Duboce, S.F. Free. (415) 631-2599.

Let’s tell the military to FREE FUNK NOW!

Local military objector Marine Lance Corporal Stephen Funk faces two-years in the brig for opposing the Iraq war and speaking out. He has been transferred to New Orleans to be court-martialed on Thursday, September 4 for “desertion”—even though he returned to his San Jose-based reserve unit after completing his conscientious objector paperwork in April. Of the millions of people worldwide who protested the illegitimate and unjust war on Iraq, maybe no one put more on the line than this 21-year-old Filipino brother. Now it’s time for us to fight for him!

PROTEST
Thursday, September 4 ~ 5pm
Harvey Milk Plaza, Market & Castro, SF

Join us for a community rally in support of Stephen Funk, against the occupation of Iraq, and against our government’s perpetual war—abroad and at home. “Free Funk” rallies and vigils will also be held outside of the court-martial in New Orleans, Chicago, Seattle, and other cities September 3-5.

“I refuse to surrender my dignity, I refuse to kill... the military demands obedience, but I will not obey”
— Stephen Funk

WRITE
Support Stephen Funk’s request for “immediate discharge as a conscientious objector”. Please send letters to the following, and copies to the defense fund address (right).

Support Stephen Funk’s request for “immediate discharge as a conscientious objector”. Please send letters to the following, and copies to the defense fund address (right).

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War and Occupation? Detentions and Roundups? Police State Restrictions?
NOT IN OUR NAME
often think of something I heard John J, Tennison say on a scorching day in mid 2000. Sitting in a tiny room at Mule Creek State Prison, the following words spilled quietly from the solemn, dignified man: "It just gets harder and harder every day." At that point, Tennison had spent a decade caged for a murder he claimed he didn't commit.

Living in a six-by-eight-foot cell in a maximum security lockup, surrounded by a sea of lifers, Tennison kept his head down, trying to keep from being shanked or beaten or raped. During the day he worked an 18-an-hour job in the prison print shop. At night he called his mom and brother collect, or connected with the outside via FM radio.

Tennison had been banished from the free world for murdering 17-year-old Roderick "Cooley" Shannon in 1989.

Shannon lived in the Sunnydale housing projects in Visitation Valley. Tennison was from Hunter's Point. At the time a brutal 47-for-47 gang war was raging between black teens hailing from the two hoods. According to police, Tennison and accomplice Antoine Goff attacked Shannon and blasted him in the face with a shotgun in the parking lot of a grocery store. The cops figured it was revenge for a massacre carried out by Sunnydale thugs.

With the help of Tennison's then-lawyer, Jeff Adachi, and a private investigator, I revisited the crime — interviewing Tennison and Goff, studying the evidence, poring over the trial transcripts and myriad legal briefs, walking the crime scene, and tracking down witnesses to the slaying. After my journalistic probe, I felt fairly certain that a terrible injustice had been done, that Tennison and Goff had not killed Shannon, that police and prosecutors had engaged in dubious behavior — and that the real executioner was walking the streets (see "The Hardest Time," 1/17/01).

Still, I never really expected the two men to go free. The criminal justice system is stacked against convicts who assert their innocence. Amazingly, in most cases the defendant's "actual innocence" — to use a legal term — isn't even grounds for canceling a guilty verdict. Despite what you've seen on TV, an infinitesimally small number of convicts ever have their sentences overturned. And in 2000 legal efforts to spring Tennison had basically shuddered to a standstill. Three state courts and one federal court had rejected his appeals. Goff's bid for freedom faced even more legal roadblocks.

Now, three years later, Tennison is free, adjusting to life on the other side of the wall, and it looks like Goff will be soon.

Tennison is a free man because early last week federal Judge Claudia Wilken issued a 103-page ruling voiding his conviction and ordering prison authorities to release him within 60 days. In her decision, Wilken noted that cops and prosecutors had buried a slew of pertinent dues, keeping key evidence — like the fact that a witness had cleared the defendants — to use a legal term — isn't even grounds for canceling a guilty verdict. Despite what you've seen on TV, an infinitesimally small number of convicts ever have their sentences overturned. And in 2000 legal efforts to spring Tennison had basically shuddered to a standstill. Three state courts and one federal court had rejected his appeals. Goff's bid for freedom faced even more legal roadblocks.

Now, three years later, Tennison is free, adjusting to life on the other side of the wall, and it looks like Goff will be soon.

Tennison is a free man because early last week federal Judge Claudia Wilken issued a 103-page ruling voiding his conviction and ordering prison authorities to release him within 60 days. In her decision, Wilken noted that cops and prosecutors had buried a slew of pertinent dues, keeping key evidence — like the fact that a witness had cleared the defendants and blamed another man for the killing — from defense lawyers who represented Tennison and Goff at trial. Tennison's sentence is likely to be reversed as well.

The judge's decision, I think, is spot on. Tennison and Goff should never have been jailed. The wafer-thin evidence arrayed against them was nothing more than the inconsistent, constantly morphing testimony of two young girls, Masina Faulo and Pauline Maluina. Maluina has since recanted, saying homicide detectives and a prosecutor coached her to lie.

But Wilken's ruling is also terrifying. By my reading, it suggests what many of us close to the case have long suspected: that three high-profile San Francisco law enforcers — police inspector Napoleon Hendrix, Prentice Earl Sanders, who recently retired as police chief, and longtime assistant district attorney George Butterworth — deliberately framed two men.

These people worked hundreds of cases over the span of decades, and put hundreds of people in prison. Did they railroad anyone else?

After 13 years in prison, John J. Tennison's life sentence is overturned. But will the people who framed him ever pay for it? By A.C. Thompson

Forty years ago the United States Supreme Court issued a landmark decision in a case called Brady v. Maryland. It involved a guy named John Brady, who got popped for shooting somebody during a robbery and was sentenced to death. But he didn't do it — another man pulled the trigger, a fact prosecutors concealed when Brady stood trial.

In the Brady decision, the supreme court said, essentially, prosecutors and cops can't hide evidence that exonerates a defendant. Subsequent rulings have refined the concept and solidified Brady as a cornerstone of the American criminal justice system.

The Brady precedent lay at the heart of Tennison's habeas corpus appeal. Judge Wilken, Adachi said, "identified five separate areas where both the police and prosecution failed to turn over evidence. It was new evidence. It was fresh in their minds at the time of John's trial, and they deliberately chose not to turn it over to the defense."

Adachi, now the city's top public defender, represented Tennison at trial as a young deputy in the Public Defender's Office and has crusaded for his release ever since. He views the ruling as an indictment of the San Francisco Police Department and District Attorney's Office. "The only case you can make is that this was an intentional suppression of evidence that led to the conviction of an innocent man," he said.

That buried evidence consists of:

- A memo authorizing the cops to draw $2,500 from a "Secret Witness Fund" to pay one of the witnesses who testified against Tennison and Goff. The police say they don't know what happened to the money. Giving cash to witnesses obviously raises doubts about their credibility and would've become a major legal issue at trial.
- A videotaped interview with a man named Luther Blue. On the tape, then-inspector Sanders lays out an alternative theory of the slaying and says a credible source placed Blue at the crime scene.
- Paperwork indicating the existence of a witness named Chante Smith. Smith told the cops Tennison and Goff weren't involved in the murder and fingered a man named Lovinsky Ricard as the assailant. She met with the police three times and gave them the names of seven people who could verify her story. The defense was never told anything about her.
- The fact that police ran a polygraph test on star witness Maluina. The results were inconsistent. Maluina told the polygrapher that she had lied about seeing the murder, and that she'd been pressured into lying by the other key witness, Faulo. These damning

Continued on page 20

Ancient history: Tennison's 1990 booking photo.
THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LEFT

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Matt: Why I'm Running
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Tennison
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ing statements were also hidden from the defense.
• Even after Tennison and Goff were found guilty, police and prosecutors continued to sit on evidence. In 1990, about two weeks after the trial concluded, Richard was picked up on a minor drug charge. While in custody, he spontaneously told police he’d killed Shannon. It took six months for this bombshell to reach the defense lawyers, who by then were appealing the case with a motion for a new trial.

The prosecution and the police, Wilken asserted in her decision, “misled the court.” Summing up, the judge wrote, “any one of the five pieces of buried evidence “could have resulted in the dismissal of Tennison’s new trial motion and of his trial to have been different... The Court’s confidence in the outcome of this trial is undermined.”

Most of the evidence at issue was pried loose 11 years after the trial by a team of lawyers led by Ethan Balogh and Elliot Peters, who took on Tennison’s appeal pro bono in 2001. Looking at the overall arc of the case, “you’ve got to be really angry with the police and [assistant] district attorney,” Peters told me. “They must’ve understood what they were doing. They had evidence that J.J. and Antoine weren’t involved... They shored up their chances of a conviction by concealing evidence.”

Peters and company devoted thousands of hours to the case, had Tennison been paying, the appeal probably would’ve run him close to $800,000 in legal fees.

The attorneys hired a private detective to track down Maluina, who’d moved to San Diego. In what is probably the most damaging fact to emerge from the legal battle, Maluina gave a sworn statement saying her courtroom testimony was bunk — and that it had been coerced by the prosecution team.

“I told Inspector Hendrix and Mr. But¬
terworth that I had not witnessed the killing. I told them that Masina had asked me to lie, and that she had provided me with some information to give to the in¬
spectors during interviews,” Maluina said in her statement. Her testimony, she con¬
tinued, “was a lie that I did not want to tell, but I felt pressured to do so by Masina, the police — especially Inspector Hendrix — and the prosecutor, Mr. Butterworth.”

After reviewing Maluina’s statement and all the facts, Wilken didn’t touch on the issue of innocence. The judge simply said the actions of Sanders, Henderson, and Butterworth prevented Tennison from getting the equitable trial guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution.

However, one law enforcement official familiar with the case has a pretty strong opinion on the matter. “I’ve never seen a case like this,” District Attorney Terence Hallinan told me. “I don’t just believe this was an improper conviction; I believe Ten¬
nison is an innocent man.”

After interviewing two witnesses in the case and reading the judge’s decision, Hal¬
linan is instructing the state justice de¬
partment (which handles criminal ap¬
peals) to free both men ASAP and is in¬
vestigating Richard, who is believed to be liv¬
ing in the Midwest.

I contacted Sanders, Hendrix, and But¬
terworth requesting comment for this story. Through a spokesperson, But¬
terworth declined to go on the record. I left messages for Sanders with his lawyer and called Hendrix at the Hall of Justice; nei¬
ther got back to me.

However, when I interviewed Sanders in 2001, I claimed the police probe was con¬
ducted in good faith. “At no time in my career,” Sanders said adamantly, “did I in¬
tentionally or unintentionally influence a witness.”

I was with Dolly Tennison when she got the word via cell phone on the morning of Aug. 29. Her son, who entered prison at the age of 18 and is now 31, was about to strike through the gates of the peni¬
tentiary. Dolly was frantic, joyous, teary. She rushed to her car and hit the road for the Folsom prison where her son was doing life. She rushed to the county, and she took six months for this bombshell to reach the defense lawyers who by then were appealing the case with a motion for a new trial.

The night before, I talked to John Ten¬
nison’s older brother, Bruce. His plans for the reunion were simple: “I want to sit down and have dinner with my brother... and then I want to wake up and have breakfast with my brother,” Bruce Tenni¬
sion said. He spoke slowly, deliberately.

That is, until he started talking about the cops. “They knew they had the wrong man. They had the wrong man, and they went along with it any¬
way,” he said. He pointed out that Sanders recently went to court to clear his record of any wrongdoing connected to the Fa¬
jitigate scandal. “The name Tennison has been tarnished for 13 years. My brother is labeled a murderer! I want my brother’s name cleared.”

When I called Goff’s cousin Jason Hopkins, he hadn’t heard the news about Ten¬
nison — news that’s likely to mean vindication for Goff as well. “Ooohh man! Damn! Ain’t that a blessing. I’m trying not to cry right now,” said Hop¬
kins, who grew up with Goff and now runs Your Scents, an incense and African craft store in the Western Addition. “It’s been 14 years.”

Barry Melton represented Goff back in 1990. Melton, now the head public de¬
fender for Yolo County, was jazzed about the decision. “I have to believe a reversal in Tennison’s case means a reversal in Goff’s case,” he told me. “It’s wonderful news, not just for J.J. and Antoine but for their families as well — they’ve been going through this too.”

Legal experts will tell you most incidents where police and prosecutors fail to turn over evidence are accidental blunders — a misplaced file here, a mislabeled vial of blood there. Perhaps Sanders, Hendrix, and Butterworth simply bungled the Tennison-Goff case, inadvertently holding onto material they should’ve given to the defense team.

There are simply too many pieces of evidence that obviously should’ve made it into the hands of the defense lawyers but didn’t. Bear in mind: the rules about disclosing evidence aren’t exactly quan¬
tum physics — they’re simple, and they’re known to the jury. There is no ex¬
ception for the first-year law student. And these were not insignificant clues, either — we’re talking about a witness who exonerated Tennison and Goff, and the confession of

Chronology of a frame-up

8/19/89 After a car chase, Roderick “Cooley” Shannon, 17, is beaten and shot to death in the parking lot of a grocery store located on the corner of Leland and Rutland Streets in Visita¬
tion Valley.

10/3/90 Antoine Goff and John J. Tennison stand trial in San Francisco Superior Court for the killing. Both claim innocence. The prosecution’s case is built on the constantly mutating eyewitness testimony of two young girls, Masina Faoulo, 12, and Pauline Maluina, 14.

10/19/90 The jury convicts both men.

11/7/90 Lovinsky Ricard is picked up on a warrant unrelated to the shooting. Unprompted, he admits to slaying Shannon. Police release Ricard and sit on his confession for six months.

6/20/91 A judge sentences Goff to 27 years to life in state prison; Tennison gets 25 years to life. In the years that follow, deputy public defender Jeff Adachi, Diana Samuel¬
sen, and several other lawyers doggedly contin¬
ue to fight on behalf of the two men.

7/2/92 Defense lawyers learn of Chante Smith. Smith witnessed the killing; fingered Ric¬
ard as the killer, and exonerated Tennison and Goff. She had told her story to police before trial, but notes from her interview were never dis¬
closed to the defense.

8/18/93 Smith is given a polygraph test. Her statements about the killing are found to be truthful.

1/17/01 The Bay Guardian publishes “The Hardest Time,” an exposé of the case strongly suggesting that Tennison and Goff were innocent. The story points out major inconsistencies in the statements of Faoulo and Maluina and nu¬
merous other flaws in the prosecution case. In the wake of the story, a team of lawyers at the San Francisco firm Kecker and Van Nest take up Tennison’s appeals pro bono. Led by Elliot Peters and Ethan Balogh, the team pours thousands of hours into rein¬
vestigating the case, files a mountain of briefs, and in¬
terviews Hendrix and Sanders under oath.

1/24/01 Patrick Barnett, a cousin of Shannon, tells the Bay Guardian he believes Tennison and Goff are innocent.

3/5/03 At the height of the Fajitagate circus, the Bay Guardian reports on new proof of police and prosecu¬
torial misconduct unearthed by Balogh, Peters, and company. The San Francisco Chronicle follows two weeks later with front-page coverage of the fresh al¬
eligations.

8/25/03 An investigator for the Kecker team tracks down key witness Maluina, who recants her courtroom testimony and accuses the prosecution team of coach¬
ing her to lie. The story goes national. The Bay Guardi¬an reveals that Luther Brock, whose murder convic¬

www.sfbgxom » September 3, 2003 • San Francisco Bay Guardian
a man who claimed to be the killer. Add to that the allegation that Hendrix and Butterworth pressured Maluina to give bogus testimony and you have what looks to be a major-league frame-up.

Why? The court record indicates Sanders and Hendrix locked onto Tennison within days of the shooting. Both Tennison and Goff were regarded as somewhat rough characters who hung out with a crew of hard-ass young men at a time when the hollow clack-clack-clack of gunfire was a constant sound in the city’s African American neighborhoods. Both were known to the police, and Tennison had been picked up a couple of times for selling weed.

Perhaps the cops thought they had the right guys and just didn’t have enough evidence to convince a jury. Even when the detectives unearthed credible evidence implicating another character, it seems they couldn’t let go of their hunch about Tennison and Goff. Why? The court record indicates a lack of proper supervision over this investigation and prosecution. (Hallinan wasn’t D.A. at the time of the trial.)

For the past 13 years John J. Tennison and Antoine Goff have lived like ghosts, linked to the outside world only by letters, phone calls, and the occasional visit by family members. Those 13 years are gone. No judge’s decision is ever going to return that stolen portion of their lives. All that’s left now are the scars.

By contrast, the men responsible for this mess have yet to suffer any ill consequences. Today, Butterworth is still a senior deputy D.A. Hendrix is a respected cop. Sanders just retired on a pension of $188,718 a year.

For the past 13 years John J. Tennison and Antoine Goff have been framed by Sanders and Hendrix, have engaged in artful questioning to pass the polygraph examination and may reveal that he may have been aware of the right guys and just didn’t have credible evidence implicating another suspect.

Perhaps the cops thought they had the right guys and just didn’t have enough evidence to convince a jury. Even when the detectives unearthed credible evidence implicating another character, it seems they couldn’t let go of their hunch about Tennison and Goff. Why? The court record indicates a lack of proper supervision over this investigation and prosecution. (Hallinan wasn’t D.A. at the time of the trial.)

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Labor dazed

Oakland cracks down on those who shun its new Day Labor Center, sparking bitter divisions over workers' rights. By Reet Rana

Oakland's move to consolidate the city's day laborers in one location is proving problematic, both practically and politically.

The city wants workers to go to its new Day Labor Center and is enforcing that desire with a $1,000 fine on employers who pick up laborers outside of the city-designated six-block hiring zone.

Carlos Mares is one of the many workers who choose not to abide by the city's ordinance, which was approved in 2001 but only enforced over the past few months. He says the Day Labor Center just doesn't have enough jobs for the hundreds of jornaleros, or day laborers, plying the streets of Fruitvale in the wee hours every morning. Furthermore, he and many other workers say the pickup zone is too small for everyone and the center is poorly located. Worst of all, it has little publicity, so few would-be employers know about it.

"The majority of workers think they are better off looking for work in the street than at the center," said Mares, speaking in Spanish. "And he knows that in the United States, as far as public space goes, you're supposed to be allowed to stand anywhere."

The position taken by Mares and others has triggered protests and heated quarrels with City Council President Ignacio De La Fuente, Latino community leaders, Fruitvale merchants, and dozens of local community groups, all pitted against Mares and other members of the community-based immigrant rights group Centro Legal de la Raza of Oakland.

Center of controversy

Three months ago, Oakland opened a new and improved Day Labor Center in a dark, 14,000-square-foot warehouse on the corner of San Leandro Avenue and High Street. Three barely visible hand-painted signs advertise what's inside. There is no functional plumbing; two portable toilets sit out front.

The hiring zone begins in front of the center and continues up the low-traffic, mostly industrial San Leandro Avenue to 34th Street. The only sign designating the pickup zone is a single 10-by-14-inch placard on a light post. The city also put up two small signs in the Walgreens and Goodwill parking lots, where day laborers commonly congregate, warning employers about the ordinance and the $1,000 fine, enforcement for which began when the new center opened.

Nationally 1,500 workers are registered at the center. But on any given day, only about a dozen are placed in long-term jobs with registered employers. On the street in front, getting work is a free-for-all. Whenever a truck rolls up, a dozen or more men rush toward it. Most are turned away and resume their wait, arms folded, wearing dejected, empty gazes.

Workers interviewed at the center by the Bay Guardian on two recent mornings confirmed Mares' assessment that there are not enough jobs coming through. Between 7 a.m. and 9 a.m. on both days, about 20 men got onto trucks with the promise of work for the day: hauling, digging, painting, or one of dozens of other activities they could potentially be asked to do for $8 to $10 per hour.

When the Day Labor Center was created two years ago, it looked like San Francisco's current Day Labor Center: a nondescript trailer located in an obscure corner of the city. In both cities, plans to build a center were driven at least in part by complaints from merchants and community associations about loitering day laborers.

De La Fuente proudly admits that he, like many of the workers, came to the United States illegally. For several years he was a day laborer himself. That's why, combined with his years of work with community and labor organizations, he thinks he has exceptional insight into the workers' plight.

But as City Councilor, and a potential candidate to succeed Mayor Jerry Brown, De La Fuente told the Bay Guardian, "my job is to balance all the needs."

"I have full support of the City Council," De La Fuente said. "After working on the issue for seven years, he is adamant about his day labor plan."

But for nearly two years Mares and his group at Centro tried to meet with De La Fuente to share their concerns about the ordinance. They also wanted to discuss the Day Labor Center and reported cases of police harassment, like pushing, aggressive orders to disperse, jaywalking tickets, and arrests.

Ever since De La Fuente told cops to enforce the ordinance, Mares said, "the regular flow of employers at the Walgreens parking lot on Foothill Boulevard and Fruitvale Street has vanished."

A while work became so scarce that he was sleeping on the streets and couldn't send money back home to Mexico. His situation was typical of the testimony delivered at the July meeting with Centro that De La Fuente was reportedly supposed to attend but didn't.

De La Fuente told us he didn't go to the meeting with Centro because the group posted flyers all over Fruitvale saying it was going to have a big protest and invited every progressive organization in the Bay Area to confront De La Fuente because he won't listen to the workers. He said he just can't get anything done in such a confrontational protest atmosphere.

"They're just shouting matches," he said. "It was going to be like what they did in San Francisco." — a reference to the charged City Hall protests led by San Francisco's Centro Legal (a separate organization) against Mayor Willie Brown in December 2001, in the wake of San Francisco's battle for the Day Labor Center contract there.

Yet De La Fuente denied his own rauous protest against Centro on July 26, a week after he shunned their meeting. On the steps of Centro's office, he gathered a crowd of seniors, merchants, Latino community leaders, and lots of
angry local residents urging Centro to "stop dividing the community."

Workers divided
De La Fuente accused Centro's executive director, Patricia Loya, of deceiving workers for her own political advantage and said Centro has tried to turn people against Volunteers of America, which runs the center.

"We know that we need to improve, but I can tell you that Centro Legal has done more damage than any other Hispanic organization in the community," he told the crowd. "If you're going to use these tactics, you better leave town because we're not going to work with you."

Loya told the Bay Guardian, "We don't want to control the Day Labor Center, but we are supporting these workers, informing them of their rights and civil liberties, and supporting them to organize."

Loya says she has documented evidence of the police abuses against workers. An Oakland Police Department spokesperson did not respond to these allegations before press time, but De La Fuente insists the accusations are "blatant lies." He gave special instructions to the police in Fruitvale not to bother workers, only employers, and to tell employers to go to the Day Labor Center. He says that only four citations have been issued and that cops mostly give out warnings.

Loya and De La Fuente agree that a big reason contractors are not coming by as much is the slow economy. But Loya says the ordinance seems to totally drying up the supply of employers.

Emilia Otero, program director for Volunteers of America, challenges Loya to make a real difference in the workers' lives. "Loya doesn't find them work or give them food, training, or language skills," she said, referring to all of the services available at the center.

Employers from the Day Labor Center are asked to drop off workers at the center at day's end, in a safe environment where they can congregate and leave in groups, with watchful eyes nearby. Things like that make a difference to people walking home with cash in pocket from the day's work — many of them have been mugged in the past.

Publicizing the center and attracting more work is one of Otero's goals, she told us. But she concedes that plenty of workers stand around looking for work just four or five blocks down the road, and they still ask, "Where is the Day Labor Center?"

Loya supports the idea of the center, which she said could be even more effective if the city would stop shutting out her group. But there's another issue involved. "Even if they could attract more jobs to their center," she said, "there is still going to be need for a man to say he's going to elect to find work in ways that he deems effective. So long as he's not breaking laws, and not disturbing people, he wants the right to do that."
S.F. residents try to rescue 1906 quake-era structures from the wrecking ball. By Kerry Rodgers

Traffic circles visit the Haight

The Haight has a proud heritage of social experimentation and challenging the status quo. Now the neighborhood sits on the front lines of a new revolution: in traffic management. The transportation-minded go-go known as the roundabout or traffic circle—a common sight in towns and cities throughout the U.S. as well as U.S. cities like Portland, Ore., and Seattle—has hit San Francisco.

Five temporary traffic circles were installed along Page Street (at Clayton, Ashbury, Lyon, and Scott) and Weller Street (at Steiner) in August for a monthlong trial project to collect and preserve living memories and documents about the past of the “outside lands.” When LaBounty got word of the now-identified earthquake rubble set to be rebuilt and redeveloped, saving them from the wrecking ball became her personal mission. "The shacks are physical evidence of one of the greatest humanitarian efforts ever," she says. With the centennial of the disaster nearing, she hopes these four can serve as part of an educational monument.

LaBounty mobilized. The first step was securing the goodwill of the owners, who agreed to put off the demolition process for a year — and generously offered to donate their demo budget (between $7,500 and $8,500) to help relocate the buildings. Then, fortuitously, he was contacted by Reed Walker, a project manager for the 100-employee construction firm Mayta and Jensen, which has specialized in custom residential renovations in San Francisco since 1942. Walker volunteered to organize a rather extensive renovation effort and prevailed on friends at other companies to pitch in. "I like to salvage old buildings," says Walker, who usually works on high-end remodels of old homes. "It would be a fun community thing to do." He adds that the shacks' rundown condition is "no big deal. It would be easy to do." Now all they needed was a place to go.

The most obvious option was the spacious Presidio, which already houses two restored earthquake shacks on Mess Street, moved there by the army in 1985. Last December hopeful conversations began with the Presidio Trust (the management organization of the Presidio since 1990), but in late August the trust, citing historical accuracy, officially declined the additional shacks. "The historians have told us that the

Traffic circles visit the Haight

L

ike the hydra of Greek legend, another Starbucks rears its logo's head, this time in the Bay Guardian's very own hou

d. A sign announcing the coffee chain's imminent arrival has appeared in the window of a building at 11th Street and Kansas, which should give nearby locally owned businesses such as Sally's and Café Rustico, at De Haro and 16th Street, something (unpleasant) to think about. "I heard about it," Rustico owner Henry Dreyer says. "That's bad. They're taking over the whole Bay Area. It seems like they're on every corner, and now they might ruin other coffee shops in this area. Small businesses don't have the same opportunities to advertise." Are others in the neighborhood concerned? "What's Starbucks?" coyly wonders Gail Hill Pizza co-owner Philip Hart. "I don't think it will make a difference." Along the Potrero Hill Association of Merchants and Businesses (www.potrerohillb.com), "Chats, Sinks, Sally's, and Farley's — those are my coffee shops." (And really, if everyone in San Francisco decided to just ignore the existence of Starbucks, perhaps it would have the happy effect of making the chains magically disappear.) "The neighbors are talking about starting a petition," De Andrade says on a more serious note. "But officially, the merchants haven't taken a position or talked about it yet. We're always a little late. We wait until the approvals are in." However, he adds: "We're composed of small businesses who are trying to make a living ourselves. It's hard enough without these big boxes. Like Starbucks, coming in. Then again, there are jobs in the big boxes, so it's tough to decipher. Where do you draw the line?" For answers, De Andrade and other interested parties may want to pick the brains of Sunset Neighbors for Action (415-731-1434; ask for Tess Manalo-Venfresca) and the Hayes Valley Neighborhood Association (www.hayesvalleysf.org), who, as we reported last week in Neighborhood Business, know a little something about taming the coffee giant.

Openings, closings, and other life changes on the small-business scene

BizTips

In other news, it's time to clear some space on your bookshelves. The mother of all used-book sales hits Fort Mason Center's Festival Pavilion this week. Thirty-nine years strong: the Friends of the San Francisco Public Library (www.friendsfoundation.org) annual "Big Book Sale" takes place Sept. 4 through 7, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. (Sept. 4, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; members-only preview sale), offers some 100,000 titles donated by people and businesses throughout the Bay Area, and benefits the 27-branch San Francisco Public Library as well as literary programs in San Francisco.

Postscript: The Presidio, one of the last single-screen movie theaters in San Francisco, has shut its doors after 20 years. • • •

Got a tip? Send it to biztips@sfbg.com
Save up to 75% at
the Design Within Reach Warehouse Sale

Save up to 75% on samples, scratch & dents and first-quality overstocked inventory. Designs by Eames, Nelson, Starck and many more. Additional merchandise available on Saturday. All items sold as is, all sales are final.

Go to dwrsale.com and enter to win a Cappellini S Chair.
Go to the sale and enter to win a $1000 DWR gift certificate.

Directions: Take 880 to the Whipple Road exit. Head east on Whipple Road for 1.7 miles. Turn right on Central Avenue and right on Atlantic Avenue (corner of Atlantic and Transit).
**Rosh Hashanah begins**

Friday, September 26

[www.highholydays.org](http://www.highholydays.org)

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**Traffic circles**

From page 24

environmental plus, Hart points out, is that the traffic circles reclaim asphalt areas for plants and flowers, exchanging hard scape for landscape.

While the circles might be expected to affect traffic flow on neighboring Haight Street, Stephen LaPorta, who manages Haight Ashbury Music, and Kim Pringle, owner of Behind the Post Office, say they've noticed no change. “I personally think it’s a good idea in theory, as long as drivers look to see in all four directions,” LaPorta says. “I’ve almost gotten plowed into three or four times... Then again, there are people who don’t stop at Stop signs.” Pringle, on the other hand, says she’s “stumped” by the project. “I don’t see the purpose, because people don’t really drive that much on Page.”

And, she adds, “you can still see the faded Stop signs that were painted in the road, so people driving by the circles for the first time get confused.”

Haight Ashbury Merchant’s Association president K.C. Evans, who runs Coffee, Tea and Spice in the Upper Haight, says the organization “is taking no formal stance on the traffic circles. We’re leaving it up to the neighbors to decide... There’s a lot of controversy over this one. You’ll definitely be hearing a lot more about it.”

The SFBC can attest to that, having gotten quite a bit of feedback over the past few weeks. Some residents in the neighborhood aren’t so sure the circles are an improvement, let alone safe: Ted Lemberg calls the circles an accident waiting to happen; “Pedestrians are rendered from sacrosanct under California law to the lowest priority,” he says. “Drivers think, ‘No Stop sign? Then I get to go.’” And indeed, Hart says, community input suggests some drivers are taking advantage of the lack of stop signs.

Acknowledging that this transitional phase calls for more education, the SFBC plans, for starters, to install pop-up Stop for Pedestrians signs to remind motorists that pedestrians still have the right of way. In general, Hart says, “our position right now is, let’s take a cautious approach to the circles. At this point they probably need the Stop signs still, until we can install additional traffic-calming measures” such as corner “bulb-outs,” sidewalk extensions that would reduce pedestrian crossing time. Unfortunately, according to Hart, the DPT says the BAAQMD grant makes reinstating the Stop signs problematic, since the idea was to cut down on emissions by reducing pedestrian right-of-ways. *Drivers think, ‘No Stop sign? Then I get to go.’” And indeed, Hart says, community input suggests some drivers are taking advantage of the lack of stop signs.

Fiscal and safety issues aside, proponents also face a third hurdle: aesthetics. Page Street resident Ed Korthof, a newly sworn fan of the circles, says he likes “that they replace the Stop signs that were painted in the road, so people driving by for the first time get confused.”

Stephen LaForta, who manages Haight Ashbury Music, and Kim Pringle, owner of Behind the Post Office, say they haven’t noticed any change. *Drivers think, ‘No Stop sign? Then I get to go.’” And indeed, Hart says, community input suggests some drivers are taking advantage of the lack of stop signs.

Reporting assistance provided by Melissa Broder.

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Power down

Dear Readers:

Why is it that any mention of S-M nets more picky, nigglng "corrections" than any other topic? I needn't go into any great detail here -- suffice it to say I wasn't always a married lady sitting home watching TV. So it's not owing to my somehow lacking sufficient familiarity with the material. Rather, it's the nature of the S-M community, which tends, as a group, to think too much and talk too much and write self-important e-mails when it could be playing. This could have something to do with it being full of the sort of people drawn to activities that, while they appear edgy and daring, are in fact safer than golf, which at least carries a risk of being struck by lightning. S-M lends itself to overplanning, overequipping, and an obsession with detail. In other words, it's for nerds. I say this with due respect and (as a risk-averse, nerdish person) self-recognition, but I say it anyway: S-M isn't exactly the running the bulls at Pamplona; S-M is a petting zoo. Get over your bad selves.

None of this explains why it's always the scene-ists insisting that any passing mention of perversion must include their own personal perversion. If I write about bondage, say, I'll get "Of course, it's originally an Apache initiation ritual, but you should never hang someone from their eyeballs without gloves. Also, I think you were remiss in failing to mention cortical saline inflation..." Sigh. I didn't mention Apache cortical-inflation eyeball hanging because I was trying to make sure everybody understands what I mean by "top" and "bottom" first, and I only have this one little column to do it in, you self-inflicted six-grade suck-it-down. Sit down. And don't write me letters.

The following letter (and prime example) is actually from Sex News Daily; a fun e-newsletter you should check out anyway.

Love, Andrea

"Andrea's answer was incomplete. 'Spanking' is a huge niche, totally separate from SM. My girlfriend (we met through spanking.com) likes having to face real consequences for her actions. For instance, for the last 6 months, she has been losing on average $88/month."

Dear Guy Who Wrote to SND Instead of to Me:

OK, that's not only beside any point I may have been making, it's also land of creepy.

Dear Andrea:

You were missing something in the letter about Secretary. She's talking about media recognition. Do you know how much I'd like to see a female/masochist SM version of The Incredible True Adventure of Two Girls in Love or anything reflecting the reality of my experience in the gay-lesbian film festival? We're no there as the Cleavers or as revolutionaries, we don't have love stories or tragedies, we're just invisible. I want my life to exist as a cultural experience, and I think that's what your writer was saying. And when she fears that goths, punks, and rednecks are her only options, I understand. We should be seeing our own worlds there the same as we do at Pride or in the personals. But something is preventing the majority from being associated with the "S-M Community." There's something wrong here.

Some of my own alienation from the scene is gender specific, but I want to suggest that there's an issue with the S-M community that's limiting our liberation as a people. There's an emphasis on exclusivity and hipness rather than the inclusivity of a civil rights movement; there are these gatekeepers doling out the right to one's own sexuality; there are real problems in our public culture.

The point is, I guess it's OK to send them to the usual referrals if they ask for that, but the complaints you hear aren't always just newbieness. It's also that we're about half a century overdue for our Stonewall revolutionaries, we don't have love stories or tragedies, we're just invisible, I want my recognition. Do you know how much l'd like to see a female/masochist S-M version of The Incredible True Adventure of Two Girls in Love? We're not there as the Cleavers or as the queer community a scant subset of people who have sex with their co-genderists.

There may be a certain sameness to the crowds at events, but this is within your power to change. Gatekeepers? What gatekeepers? Grab your friends and crash the gates. Has the oft-invoked Stonewall taught you nothing? Hint: it was a riot, not an act of Congress. Keep in mind, though, that while the United States guarantees certain inalienable rights, media representation is not among them.

Love,

Andrea

E-mail Andrea Nemerson at andreaslsexcolumn.com.
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www.sfbg.com • September 3, 2003 • San Francisco Bay Guardian
**Wilde at Heart**

By Paul Reidinger

We can be fairly certain that Oscar Wilde, who as a media hound was slightly ahead of his time, would approve of a pub bearing his name — even if, as with Wilde Oscar's, a new such place in the borderland between SoMa and the Mission, the name is wittily (beg pardon) inverted. And surely he would like Wilde Oscar's sign, which features a notably flattering likeness of the writer, patron saint of long-haired, sexually ambiguous scribblers, whose line persists to this day, if we may drop a 16-ton hint.

Wilde's black teeth are tastefully omitted, his pocked skin decorously smoothed. Such is the dignifying, if not dignified, art of portraiture. Such is the image of the writer, patron saint of the nubile toff who, in the words of Bosie himself, seemed to be untainted by any sort of disgrace, and whose name was otherwise uncommemorated on menu or wall — odd given the scale of his importance in the Wilde myth.

As Ireland was conquered by England in the 17th century — Cromwell, Drogheda, et cetera — a peripheral if bloody venue in Europe's long Protestant–Catholic struggle — it is natural to expect English influences in the cooking. And there they are. The kitchen offers a strong version of American dishes on the menu, too; a creamy, potatoey clam chowder with plenty of clams ($3.25 for a cup), a quesadilla ($5.75) heavily - perhaps too heavily — fortified with raw onions, and a chocolate mousse cake ($3.75) of cloudlike lightness.

But Wilde Oscar's strongest appeal is its ambience. It is essentially a gay pub, an institution common in Europe but little known or frequented here. Our gay bars come in many flavors — rope but little known on these shores. Wilde Oscar's is a much harder atmosphere to come by in this country. To be able to drink, flirt, talk, eat, and listen to fabulous '80s songs — we carbon-dated ourselves by being able immediately to identify "I Ran," "Safety Dance," and "Just What I Needed" — all at the same time and under one roof, is the sort of mellow experience that sooner or later will appeal to even the wildest at heart.

Wilde Oscar's, 1900 Folsom, by Paul Reidinger

**Cheap Eats**

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Paul Reidinger

*SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN* • September 3, 2003

**Without Reservations**

**The Story of Z**

California has long claimed zinfandel as its own — a (possibly) native grape whose bottled issue included, in the 1970s, high-alcohol red wines best suited for drinking with takeout pizza and, in the 1980s, blue wines ("white" zinfandel) that strongly appealed to people who didn't really like wine.

It's been mainly in the last decade that zin has begun to be taken seriously by wine makers and wine drinkers alike. And it's been in the same interval, ironically, that the story of its being native to California has been debunked as myth. That story is ably told by Charles L. Sullivan in *Zinfandel: A History of a Grape and Its Wine* (California, $24.95).

Sullivan dispenses with the native-California business straight off: "Zinfandel was being discussed by viticulturists on the East Coast in the 1820s; there is evidence it had been brought there from Austria. The vine then took to the westward roads in the 1840s, carried by fortune seekers who'd heard tell of gold in California. But the New World story of zinfandel isn't as compelling as the Old World story, a blend of chance observation, gunshie detective work in sun-baked Adriatic locales, and DNA top-gunnymer.

"By the late 1860s," Sullivan writes, "Italian viticultural specialists were becoming interested in the question" whether primitivo, a vine long cultivated in Puglia (the heel of the Italian boot), was in fact zinfandel. The vines were considered to be indistinguishable in appearance, and the wines produced from their fruit were also powerfully similar in their bewitching blend of berry flavors and pepperiness.

DNA analysis has proved that zin and primitivo are the same wine. But primitive is not native to Puglia; as Sullivan suggests, its antecedents can be found on Adriatic islands near Split on the Dalmatian coast. Whether the grape we know as zinfandel originated on those islands is a question we will probably never have an answer for because cuttings of wine-producing grapes have been moved around the Mediterranean for millennia.

Some years ago, approaching Marsellesi by ship, I was struck by the landscape:dry, gravelly hills, with some stubble of chaparral, tumbling nearly straight down to the blue water. Greeks look like that, and parts of Spain, and Israel too. No doubt the Greek explorers who founded Marsellesi — Massafia — in the sixth century BCE noticed the similarity to their native land; no doubt they supposed that grape vines successfully cultivated in Greece would also thrive in the south of France — and in Puglia, and all around the Mediterranean basin. Even today there is a distinctive quality of berries and pepper in the ordinary red table wines of Greece, Italy, France, Spain. Zinfandel? Close enough.

Paul Reidinger

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FOOD & DRINK

cheap eats by dan leone
Fear of flying

And then I wonder why my dreams are all transportational in nature! I drive to Ohio and back, I drive to Idaho. Drove to Utah once to look at a car; I’m not proud to admit, and didn’t buy it. November I’m going on tour — East Coast and back. I drive because, like Madden, I’m afraid to fly. And at night I dream about flying because I’m afraid to fly. On the rare occasions when I don’t dream about flying, I take the train. Or I drive, like in real life. And those dreams are boring and I sleep good, those nights. I hate when people write about their dreams. I write about one dream, and then it’s all-you-can-eat buffet time in Berkeley.

In this dream I’m not in the airplane; I’m in the middle of a stadium, standing on solid ground with a lot of other people, watching. I’m part of the crowd, enjoying the oddly macabre spectacle of a small, single-engine plane tethered to the stadium trying to fly away from the stadium and not being able to, of course, because it’s tethered to the stadium. Big stadium. Thick, strong rope. Like a chained dog, if you’ll pardon the metaphor within the metaphor, the plane repeatedly roars forth and falls back, the crowd catharsisystematically growing to the futility of it all, the persistent pilot’s collectively imagined mounting frustration. Then I have an idea: If he can cut the rope with the propeller ... and this is obviously a trick pilot; even as I think the thought, the plane goes nose down into a temporary dive, slackening the rope, and slips it with the propeller. Freedom is a possibility. The plane wins! It’s loose, except that in the act of cutting the rope the engine has stalled out, and the pilot is now forced to make a crash landing — which, in revenge for the crowd’s sadistic, lusty spectatorship, he chooses to make inside the stadium, taking out with him a big bunch of people, but not me.

As usual, I live to tell about it. Crawdad thinks it means I should get over my fear of flying, as it’s obviously not all that much safer down here on solid ground. But she has a vested interest: She loves to travel, and not just by car, which (she argues) is a better way to get to Idaho than to Europe, or Thailand.

My therapist, who is objective and vested interestless, interprets the dream to mean I need to keep going to therapy. This in spite of the apparent subconsciously felt futility of trying to access some deeply embedded inner kernel of the dreams, or personal liberation, by sitting around in a small room talking about it instead of, say, smoking more pot. Cutting my ties to the past amounts to a psychic disaster; blah blah blah feelings blah blah blah responsibility. Yeah, I can’t help thinking, but it wasn’t me in that plane. “Then who was it?” the therapist wants to know, eyebrows arched.

Plain as the noses on all of our faces ... And a chorus of cross-eyed Cheap Eats readers responds in unison with me: the 49ers, who will struggle mightily to make the playoffs, it has been revealed (just in time for this year’s Pro Football Preview column), only to crash and burn, killing many loyal fans in the process. But not me.

I live to tell about it, as always. Like yesterday after playing music right through lunch, me and Yo-Yo and a lucky-to-be-alive stand-up bass player I won’t name on account of laziness went speeding and screaming up San Pablo Avenue from Oakland to Albany, bending yellow lights and breaking every traffic law in the books, dialing how hungry we were.

Yo-Yo was steering us toward the best Japanese noodle place in the Bay Area, but, to our dismay and to the danger of drivers everywhere, they’re closed on Mondays. The second-best Japanese restaurant on San Pablo, to continue the nightmare, doesn’t open for dinner until five. It was four, and none of us had had lunch. Some of us hadn’t even had breakfast.

We zoomed back toward Berkeley and Bachecco’s Garden Bistro, a buffet place Yo-Yo’s also been talking up. They serve breakfast and lunch stuff — eggs, sandwiches, pasta dishes — but we were there for the buffet ($6.80).

Good things: beef kabab, green beans and okra, celery-rhubarb chicken, stuffed tomatoes, all kinds of salads ... I think the best thing I had in my three times through (in about as many minutes) was roasted red and yellow peppers with sesame seeds on them.

Bad things: roast turkey (dry), and the chicken-and-rice patties (just bad). A lot of things were cold and/or crusty and/or dry. Get there earlier than we did. It’s got a big fruity mural, nice tile floor, chairs on wheels, an out-of-order fountain in the middle of the place, and a couple of indoor street lights. Dreamy, in other words.

Summer sweet

Contrary to popular belief, a restaurant critic's life is not an endless cascade of fantastic meals. Mostly, it's a lot of copycat salmon, arugula salad bitter as remorse, panna cotta moon white and jiggly. You can't predict when a dish will jump out at you, so much so that you'll go back for it again and again, try to re-create it at home, buy the restaurant's cookbook, or simply file it in the pantry of personal epiphanies. I still hope that someday Bay Wolf will bring back an autumn special of buckwheat ravioli filled with goat cheese, the nutty pillows smothered with beets and walnuts. I muse over the lemongrass and coconut muscles at Oakland's otherwise Italian-ish Spettro, which made me want to get down on all fours and lick the bowl like a dog. I'll never be able to reproduce the ethereal turnip soup at the Martini House in St. Helena, which captured the essence of winter in an earthy broth. My pizza will never have the perfect, oily crunch of Arizmendi's sourdough pizza crust.

Now that September's here, and with it, the long-awaited, basking heat of the season, I've been dreaming about the most flavor-drenched, sweet-salty foods I can find. Ravislingly multhead tomatoes, swinging from suave to acid and back again. Intensely perfumed melons, deep orange and yellow, begging for lime. The sweet crunch of a knife going through the green skin of the coldest, ruby-hearted watermelon. A watermelon agua frea at La Taqueria, pulling the sandy bits of melon up through a straw in between bites of a veggie taco with extra tomattillo sauce and a hefty slather of avocado. Melons are the true beauties of late summer, holding all the season's musky heat in their sunset-colored, dripping flesh. Everyone goes on and on about the beauty of figs, their sexy plumpness, their sticky, seed-crunchied pulp. And yes, they're nice. But there's no tang to a fig, no snap of acid to pique your appetite. It's the same with white peaches: delectable, but not piquant. And in summer, piquant is what you need, something that rolls like a breeze over your tongue. Ceviche, gazpacho, lemonade, the tangy brine of seafood. I'm still charmed by a salad I had at the Chickenbone Cafe, on a hot July night in Brooklyn. The chef, who'd trained at the French Laundry, built a crip/cross stack of watermelon batons topped with whorls of grilled squid. Interspersed were frilled shreds of mint and cilantro, salty bits of feta, and down at the bottom, tiny sweet-sour cubes of pickled watermelon rind. It was delicious, and also witty: watermelon two ways, both of them unexpected.

Melon — watermelon especially — goes better with salt and savory than you might expect. With something salty, and something hot, and something savory (what the flavor experts call _sorami_, the Japanese term for the sort of savorness you find in soy sauce or Parmesan cheese), you can fill out almost the whole flavor gamut in one dish. And the heat doesn't have to come from pepper: the bite of a red onion will work, in a Greek-style salad of watermelon, onion, and feta drizzled with olive oil and showered with mint or cilantro. In the Japanese term for the sort of savormess (what the flavor experts call _umami_), you find in soy sauce or Parmesan cheese), you can fill out almost the whole flavor gamut in one dish. And the heat doesn't have to come from pepper: the bite of a red onion will work, in a Greek-style salad of watermelon, onion, and feta drizzled with olive oil and showered with mint or Parmesan cheese. You can't predict when a dish will jump out at you, so much so that you'll go back for it again and again, try to re-create it at home, buy the restaurant's cookbook, or simply file it in the pantry of personal epiphanies. I still hope that someday Bay Wolf will bring back an autumn special of buckwheat ravioli filled with goat cheese, the nutty pillows smothered with beets and walnuts. I muse over the lemongrass and coconut muscles at Oakland's otherwise Italian-ish Spettro, which made me want to get down on all fours and lick the bowl like a dog. I'll never be able to reproduce the ethereal turnip soup at the Martini House in St. Helena, which captured the essence of winter in an earthy broth. My pizza will never have the perfect, oily crunch of Arizmendi's sourdough pizza crust.

Tossed cubed melons with basil leaves and lemon zest. Add dressing to taste. Sprinkle with chopped peanuts just before serving.

E-mail Stephanie Rosenbaum at dicietay@uol.com.

FOOD & DRINK

table ready by stephanie rosenbaum

Bangkok Melon Salad

1/2 cup water
1/2 cup sugar
2 tsp grated fresh ginger
1 stalk lemongrass, finely chopped
2 kaffir lime leaves, thinly sliced (or grated zest of 1 lime)
1/2 cup each lemon juice, lime juice, and Vietnamese fish sauce
1 fresh red chili, minced
1 lb cantaloupe and honeydew, peeled and cubed
1/2 a small watermelon, peeled and diced
1/2 bunch Thai basil leaves
grated zest of 1 lemon
1/2 cup toasted, chopped peanuts

Combine water, sugar, ginger, lemongrass, and lime leaves in a medium pot and bring to a simmer. Turn off heat and let steep for 10 minutes. Strain, discarding solids. Add juices, fish sauce, and chili and chill. Toss cubed melons with basil leaves and lemon zest. Add dressing to taste. Sprinkle with chopped peanuts just before serving.

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"Inviting S.F. Style"
friend's father, a middle-aged Midwesterner, remembers the first time he tasted spaghetti. I can only imagine crossing such a vast frontier; I wonder what it felt like. Once he'd awakened the instinctive fear of strangeness — once the adult part of his brain had insisted that the resemblance to worms was purely coincidental — he must have struggled briefly with technique: someone must have shown him how to twist the noodles on his fork, how to suck up stray strands. Once he'd learned to get the food into his mouth, how did it taste? And did that experience — the culinary equivalent of stout Cortez's first glimpse of the Pacific — presage a lifetime of such discoveries? Did he foresee, with that first bite, that modernity would deliver to his doorstep one centuries-old gastronomic tradition after another, like kings bearing exotic gifts? What did he think of Chinese?

Societies supposedly pass through three stages, from primitive to civilized to decadent. (The United States, runs the joke, is the first to skip directly from step one to step three.) Immigrant cuisines pass through such stages too. That first Italian meal my friend's father ate: I bet the noodles were overcooked and mushy, the sauce sweet as ketchup. And I'll bet it didn't matter at all, because tasting something new is perhaps the greatest pleasure eating has to offer.

Ethiopian food has been widely available in some U.S. cities for a couple decades, give or take, but it still has the kick of unfamiliarity, for me at least: it's not just another entry in the familiar litany of "do you feel like Mexican/Chinese/Indian/Thai?" An Ethiopian meal is served family-style on a big round piece of flat bread, called injera. The bread is spongy and has a slightly sourdough flavor; you tear pieces off and use them to pick up the food with a pinching gesture. The novelty of this method, and of the distinctive flavors — the spicy berbere curries and the softer turmeric-based dishes — has not yet worn off. And because of that, my appreciation of Ethiopian food has been eager and relatively unsophisticated. As long as the beef isn't too stringy, I've never been moved to make fine distinctions between one Ethiopian restaurant and another.

Until now. The first time a friend took me to Oakland's Café Colucci, a month ago, I learned the difference between Ethiopian food and really good Ethiopian food. It's a distinction that never would have occurred to me before. Ethiopian food in the United States, in other words, is making its way from primitivism into its civilized phase. Since then, whenever I'm eating at East Bay friends' houses, I'm pushing for Ethiopian, offering to pick it up and bring it over. When you get Ethiopian to go, it's hard to get it out of the Styrofoam containers, which are packed with injera, and onto a plate. Eating straight out of the to-go tray works fine.

The things I insist on getting every time are gomen be sega and shrimp tibs. Gomen be sega is tender beef and collard greens, sautéed in butter that's been spiced with garlic, ginger, and onions. It won't surprise anyone to learn that garlic, ginger, and onions cooked up in butter is delicious; on paper it sounds like the Platonic ideal of delicious. What is remarkable is that the flavor of this buttery deliciousness is distinctively Ethiopian: why hasn't the rest of the world been making curries with the same sort of zeal? The collard greens, which often dominate dishes with their bitterness, have been softened, tempered — civilized. The shrimp tibs, meanwhile, is a spicy, tangy shrimp and vegetable sauté that's essentially the greatest stir-fry you've ever eaten.

For most cuisines, the primitive stage is characterized by heavy and often sugary sauces poured indiscriminately over various things. Most Ethiopian restaurants will serve you chicken or beef smothered in berberc sauce: a thick red sauce made from a paste of spices and herbs, blending the sharp (cayenne pepper, paprika) and the cool (fenugreek, cardamom). Until I started going to Café Colucci, that was fine with me, because berbere sauce is unlike anything else, and when I'm presented with novelty and deliciousness at once, I'm not going to get all upset about the failure of the constituent parts of a dish to cohere into a unified whole or any crap like that.

But Café Colucci has made that simplistic enthusiasm unsustainable. The berbere sauce is deeper and richer, blending the ingredients in a more complex way. The beef and chicken are more flavorful. The doro alicha — big pieces of chicken in a milky, creamy sauce — is so plainly about chicken, about what kinds of tastes it can absorb into itself, that the primitivist idea of chicken as a mere vehicle for some unrelated flavor comes to seem unacceptably crude.

This is civilization's real discontent: as we cultivate new and heightened sensibilities, more refined ways to see and hear and taste the world, the old pleasures lose their power. Café Colucci has educated my palate, civilized me; and now I have to go to Oakland when I get hungry for the restaurants on my side of the bay have lost their luster. When we gain sophistication, we lose our simple thrill at the shock of the new. With every gift, a price. Worth paying, in this case.
The food is straightforward and strong and
S.F. 752-9274. Mexican, D, £. MC/V* 970-8815, Mexican, UD, S, AE/MC/V* Papalote Mexican Grill shows small touches of degree* (P*R*, 8/02) plays a much needed role, as a
calamari — a candlelit groto abrim with black-clad young — is charged with high romance. (P.R., 12/00) 1516 Folsom (at 11th), S.F. 543-4962. Italian, L/D, AE/MC/V*. Wired Wish means meat and cheese, as in Philly cheese steaks. If you can deal with that, you'll

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**FOOD & DRINK**

**Featured neighborhood: SoMa**

Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst Priscilla, Queen of the Desert meets Aalst 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Eat Here Now
From page 33

The main theme is the classic one of simplicity, where service strikes just the right balance between efficiency and warmth. (P.R., 2/00) 115 Columbus (at Montgomery), S.F. 956-3592.

Moosers: Nothing fails to garner raves from restaurant reviewers and Bay Guardian readers alike. Chinatown ambiance, great food, good prices. (Fortnight, 1994) 999 Kearny (at Columbus), S.F. 412-1429.

Moosers is famous for the Mooseburger and the rest of the menu is comfortably sophisticated. The crowd is bony but not showy and definitely not nouveau. (Staff) 1652 Stockton (at Union), S.F. 989-7800.

Pena Pacha Mama offers organic Bolivian cuisine as well as weekly performances of Andean song and dance. On crusty lump and yuca fria while watching a genuine flamenco performance in this intimate setting. (Charles Russo, 7/01), 1631 Powell (at Green), S.F. 666-0018.

Rose Pistola. At the lively and upscale Rose Pistola, Italian is the cuisine on the table. There’s plenty to choose from on this extensive menu — from small tapas-like treats like house-cured fish or goat cheese and bresaola crostini to roasted quail and five-crust pizza. (Staff), 332 Columbus (at Green), S.F. 399-0499.

Nob Hill, Russian Hill

Alborz looks more like a hotel restaurant than a den of Persian culture, but there are flavors here — of barbecued and dried lime, among others — you won’t easily find elsewhere. (P.R., 8/02) 1245 Van Ness (at Sutter), S.F. 460-1211.

Blue dishes up home cooking as good as any

The menu is a wealth of small plates, along with a few large ones, in a setting that’s at once spacious and warm. Not cheap but good value. (P.R., 11/01) 1152 Polk (at California), S.F. 776-3722.

Wusabi and Ginger looks to become a popular neighborhood spot. The sushi is first rate, but the rest of the “Euro/Asian” menu has some smart French touches, including a Vietnamese-style beef bourguignon. (P.R., 5/03) 401 24th St., S.F. 471-7668.

Civic Center, Tenderloin

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Dear Dame Evelyn,

We had some friends over for dinner the other night. Everyone got drunk and had a good time and ate like there was no tomorrow and, wouldn't you know it, when I stripped my heirloom tablecloth (It had been my mother's! from the table the next morning, I found several huge red-wine stains. I think they are probably zinfandel, or maybe petite syrah. Does it matter? I sprayed the spots with Spray-and-Wash before putting the tablecloth in the laundry, but it doesn't seem to have made any difference. The stains are still there, is my mother's tablecloth ruined? What am I going to do the next time she comes to dinner and I have to use a different tablecloth?

Sackcloth

And I thought you were going to ask me about blood stains! There, too, I claim some expertise, as Sir Evelyn can attest, or could, if he were still with us.... But no matter. I gather your mother is a fastidious woman who somehow neglected to communicate to you the number-one rule of red-wine-stain removing, which is to strike while the stain is still damp. Pour salt on it. Let the salt absorb the wine, and start dabbing it up with a clean cloth. I realize that, for you, this is already water, or wine, under the bridge. Red-wine stains that have been allowed to dry are a trickier matter. One possible remedy is to rewet the stain with white wine, then apply what is basically a poultice of baking soda mixed with just enough water to make a paste, if that doesn't work, try a blend of hydrogen peroxide and dishwashing liquid: I use about equal proportions. (This formula, incidentally, with some baking soda added, can help kill skunk stench if your pet is unlucky enough to get popped, as Dame Evelyn's have been over the years.) Or try borax, the tried-and-true cleaning powder. Dame Evelyn has never actually found borax at the hardware store, which apparently is the place to look for it, but then Dame Evelyn doesn't spend much time in hardware stores and is fairly fastidious to boot, thus minimizing the need. Not to criticize, needless to say.

Spotlessly.

E G.-S.
Hight, Cole Valley, Western Addition

All You Know emphasizes the wonderful world of youth culture, music, art, movies, etc. — in a space reminiscent of beer halls near Big 10 campuses. (P.R., 2/02) 1466 Haight (at Ashbury). S.F. 552-4500. American. B/D, $.
Buster-in-Laws Bar & Bistro always wins the "Best Bar" prize in our annual Best of Bay edition. The vibe, chickens, Island food...a brisket so smoky and succulent the aroma you get in a tractor beam. (Staff) 705 Divisadero (at Geary). S.F. 733-7477. Barbecue, L/D, $. By could easily host parties, but if your only interest is food and drink, you'll be happy too. Good pizzas and small plates plenty for connoisseurs and vegetarians alike. Tots of sake drinks to wash it all down. (P.R., 10/01) 762 Divisadero (at Fulton). S.F. 933-4329. Mediterranean, L/D, $. AE/DC/DS/MC/V.
Grandevos Kameko Sushi Bar & Sushi Bar offers sushi and sake with a large sushi menu and a variety of sake. (Staff) 936 Cole (near Carl). S.F. 799-5693. Japanese, L/D, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.

Kate's Kitchen dishes up the best scallion- cheese biscuits out west. The lines on the weekends can be long. (Staff) 471 Haight (at Fillmore). S.F. 626-3684. American, B/L, $.
Sears doesn't dwell on spices or gourmet touches. The platters are so full of Etirean food as to be a kind of shock to your system. (P.R., 4/01) 559 Divisadero (at Hayes). S.F. 648-0980. Ethiopian, L/D, S, MC/V.


Mission, Bernal Heights, Potrero Hill

Altme means "local," and that's what chef-owner Johnny Alumilla brings to his new Latino menu. From fajita to seafood to black cod cooked in a banana leaf, the food is unforgettable. (P.R., 10/01) 1101 Valencia (at 22nd St.). S.F. 401-5959. Latino, L/D, S, MC/V.
Barka takes the French-Spanish tagus concept, gives it a beguiling Moroccan accent — harissa, preserved lemons, merguez sausage — and the results are astonishingly good food. (P.R., 6/03) 288 Connecticut (at 18th St.). S.F. 295-0370. Moroccan/Mediterranean, L/D, S, AE/DC/SMC/V.
Bistro E Europe is probably the only place in town where you can sample the culinary treasures of three European wanderers, the Gypsies, or, as they call themselves, Roma. A singular experience. (P.R., 8/00) 4901 Mission (at Bryant), S.F. 459-5557. Hungarian/Gypsy, B/D, $. cash only.

Blue Plate has a dinner aura — bistro clatter — but the Mediterranean food is flawlessly flavorful. A great value. (P.R., 2/03) 3218 Mission (at 20th St.). S.F. 282-7777. Mediterranean, T, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.
Chex Papa Bistro sits like a bistro atop Potrero Hill. The food is good, the staff's French accents authentic, the vibe a lively cross-section, but the place needs a few more scuffs and quirks before it can start feeling real. (P.R., 7/02) 1401 18th St. (at Mission), S.F. 824-8216. French, B/D, L, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.

Emmy's Spaghetti Shack offers a tasty, inexpensive, late-night alternative to Pasta Pomodoro. The touch of human hands is everywhere evident. (P.R., 4/01) 1819 Valencia (at Mission), S.F. 206-2086, Italian, B/D, S, $.
The Last Supper Club is really a trattoria and an impressive one, from its half-lit, reddish-gold interior to its always tasty and sometimes astounding food. Don't miss the Sicilian-style ahi tartare on house-made potato chips. (P.R., 9/03) 1919 Valencia (at 23rd St.). S.F. 695-1196. Italian, B/L, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.

Little Nepali assembles a wealth of sensory cues (samba-style blond wood, brass table service) and an Indian-influenced Himalayan cuisine into a singular experience that appeals to all of Bernal Heights and beyond, including tons in their strollers. (P.R., 6/04) 925 Corland (at Folsom), S.F. 643-9381. Nepali, L/D, S, AE/DC/SMC/V.
Lotus Garden offers a bowl of pho so huge and so spicy that you'll be leeting — with joy. The rest of the menu is equally satisfying. (P.R., 8/01) 3512 Mission (at 30th), S.F. 642-1987. Vietnamese, L/D, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.

Little Bao Bao reminds us that creole cooking isn't just from New Orleans; it's also American and almost as inventive. Fries are from a fried tank in St. Louis. The place needs a few more scuffs and quirks before it can start feeling real. (P.R., 6/03) 3316 17th St. (at Mission), S.F. 292-9918. Peruvian/Nepalese, L/D, S, MC/V.
Limon can get noisy, but the Peruvian-fusion, nouvelle Latino cooking is worth suffering for. Many splendid sauces, many rich, many dishes for non-spice freaks. (P.R., 9/03) 3358 17th St. (at Mission), S.F. 643-5956. Creole, L/D, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.

Mission Bar and Grill is one of the most beloved eateries in the city and one of the best. It's not just the food that's good; the employees are even better. (P.R., 9/02) 3359 17th St. (at Mission), S.F. 391-5595. American, L/D, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.

Moki's Steak and Sushi Grill serves imaginative specialty maki rolls along with items from a pan-Asian grill in a small, bustling neighborhood spot. (Staff) 890 Cortland (at Gates), S.F. 975-9614. Salmon, T, S, AE/DG/MC/V.

Paradise serves a decent, affordable California menu — under the stars. If you like, in a spacious outdoor garden at the rear. (P.R., 7/01) 1608 17th St. (at Wisconsin), S.F. 922-0393. California, B/L, L, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.

Platano joins the Mission's Roller Derby of freshenied Latino cooking with a purifying menu of dishes from throughout the Spanish-speaking Americas. Good ceviche, an excellent chili relleno, and of course playas all over everything which was won. (P.R., 12/02) 398 California (at 18th St.), S.F. 252-9281. Pan-Latino, L/D, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.

TI Gouz The menu of entries here consists exclusively of crepes — from light snacks to full meals, from sweet to savory — served up in a bright, boisterous cafe environment. (Staff) 1306 16th St. (at Valencia), S.F. 252-7373. Crepes, B/L, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.
Warlitz bills itself as "East German" restaurant, but don't be frightened: the food is fresh, rich, easy, and surprisingly good. (P.R., 6/03) 1999 S Van Ness (at 16th), S.F. 551-7181. German, D, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.

Marina, Pacific Heights, Laurel Heights


Chat's doesn't look much like inside, but the display kitchen at the rear is where you're most likely to see chef-owner Charles Solomon going to town. Maras's technique is even beyond half the price. (P.R., 5/03) 3347 Fillmore (at Webster), S.F. 928-1121. California/French, D, S, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.

Continued on page 38
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EAT HERE NOW

Frame page 56

Chaz House: This bar fills the French slot in our town’s tapas derby, and it does so with imagination, panache, and surprising economy. The menu features touches from around the Mediterranean, but much of the best stuff is uniformly gallic. (P.R, 5/00) 1911 Fillmore (at Pine). S.F. 641-8034. French, L/D, S, MC.

Cafe Trieste: Barred Young’s sibling to the Cappuccino Cafe, looks like a roadside greasy spoon. But come dinnertime the Mexican brunch influence (probably from the Cafe’s Fillmore across the street) is evident. Prices are modest, the service efficient and professional. (P.R, 9/99) 2142 Chestnut (at San Francisco). S.F. 733-2900. Pan-Asian, L/D, S, AE/ MC.

Fra’s Oyster Bar: Oyster Bar is the mostly Chinese menu with a little touch of the food. (Staff) 2225 Irving (at 23rd Ave). S.F. 685-9560. Thai, L/D, S, AE/ MC.

Mama’s: This is a friendly, low-key neighborhood restaurant that just happens to serve some of the best Thai food in town. (Staff) 2225 Irving (at 23rd Ave). S.F. 685-9560. Thai, L/D, S, AE/ MC.

Mama’s menu is “spice mixture,” and spices spicy you will find in the south Asian menu. It’s a result of a very plenty of fun to cap off the menu with. (P.R, 11/00) 1220 Ninth Ave. (at B,) S.F. 666-8970. Indian, L/D, AE/ MC.

Nan King Road Bistro: This mostly Chinese menu with pear touches from the food. (Staff) 2225 Irving (at 23rd Ave). S.F. 685-9560. Thai, L/D, S, AE/ MC.

Oyster Bar: Oyster Bar is the mostly Chinese menu with a little touch of the food. (Staff) 2225 Irving (at 23rd Ave). S.F. 685-9560. Thai, L/D, S, AE/ MC.

Pad Thai: This is the mostly Chinese menu with a little touch of the food. (Staff) 2225 Irving (at 23rd Ave). S.F. 685-9560. Thai, L/D, S, AE/ MC.

Sea Breeze: Nan Vang is the mostly Chinese menu with a little touch of the food. (Staff) 2225 Irving (at 23rd Ave). S.F. 685-9560. Thai, L/D, S, AE/ MC.

Shanghai Restaurant poses the occasional issue for Anglophiles, but the food, when it finally arrives, redeems the sometimes frustrating experience. Excellent Szechuan food, nice staff, fine soups, seafood dishes. (R.E. 2/01) 23rd Ave. S.F. 666-7775. Sea Breeze, L/D, S, AE/DC/MC.

Shanghai: Shanghai Restaurant proves that good things come in little packs, (Staff) 2225 Irving (at 23rd Ave). S.F. 685-9560. Thai, L/D, S, AE/ MC.

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8 women

I know what you heard this summer.

By Johnny Ray Huston

The scene of the crime: a wintry mansion in rural France, where cute lil’ deer start running wilds before frolicking off into the woods. No, wait — that was a movie. This is a copycat case we’re dealing with, and though not that many people have seen François Ozon’s 8 Women, it’s an important piece of evidence. Once again, there are eight female suspects who can’t resist bursting into song. But this time the victim was found on the city streets, clutching an outdated boom box tuned to the radio. Much like the victim, the boom box’s batteries were near-dead. Anonymous callers have reported hearing certain sounds — “Awwww baby,” “Uh oh,” “Oooh” among them — in the vicinity around the time of the fatal skirmish. Below are the main suspects.

**Lumidee**
Frequently spotted sitting on a stoop in humid Spanish Harlem, peeking out from behind the shoulders of rhyme recycler Fat Joe and a photo op-crazed Busta Rhymes, this almost-famous young offender hijacked the airwaves thanks to the summer’s trendiest pop production trick — Steven “Lenky” Marsden’s diwali rhythm, which first crossed over in Wayne Wonder’s sweet and slick “Diwali Riddim,” which first crossed over in Wayne Wonder’s sweet and superior “No Letting Go.” But sophisticatedly syncopated hand claps aren’t Lumidee’s chief identifiable feature. Her modus operandi, one that’s become increasingly prevalent this summer, is a vocal attack that remains off-key from start to finish. Witnesses usually report an unmistakable urge to sing (or at least think) “Uh oh” on hearing her signature tune.

**Ashanti**
Affiliated with an organization called Murder Inc., this suspect is usually seen oiled up from head to toe. She used to keep company with a singer-reporter who sometimes sounds like the Cookie Monster. Currently she runs with a pack led by the creatively monikered Chink Santana and the legally challenged Irv Gotti. Her dubious activities include a tendency to shamelessly imitate (but never duplicate) the boat-rocking beachside sensuality of just-departed Aaliyah. She’s also frequently been accused of stealing wholesale from another suspect on this list (see: Mary J. Blige). Author of a book of poetry titled Foolish/Unfoolish, Ashanti is also a songwriter — a Carole King–style hit maker, in fact — and a singer/non-singer, according to refund-policy plaintiffs.

**Lil’ Mo**
The first of two lil’ divas on this shortlist, Mo has raised a ruckus with alleged irrelevant comments about the vocal talents of Christina Aguilera, as well as confirmed hilarious remarks about unnamed industry “puppets” controlled by someone who sticks a hand up their nether regions and commands, “Sing, puppet, sing!” She’s not afraid of answering 30 Cent’s “21 Questions,” and at BET’s Spring Bling alone with a nuclear shroom-size diamond ring.

**Monica**
Monica has been through plenty since the video for “The Boy Is Mine,” in which she (to quote writer Allison Stewart) “resembled a particularly beautiful praying mantis eyeing poor, moon-faced Brandy as if she were an appetizer.” She’s witnessed the suicide of a former boyfriend and the incarceration of a more recent one, so her life isn’t slick pop fodder. But slick pop is what she’s decided to serve up on her third album, *After the Storm*. “U Should Have Known Better”’s visiting-hour scenario aside. Monica’s mystery-lady persona may invoke suspicion, but in this shameless era she can’t be blamed for maintaining a cool distance. The video for “So Gone” re-affirms that she has no rival where albums have been hawked on MTV and VH1’s satellite-station versions of the Home Shopping Network.

**Lil’ Kim**
Some might claim this potential defendant shouldn’t be on the list, but attempts at R. Kelly–style singing on *La Bella Mafia*’s “This Is a Warning” qualify her: undeniable evidence that she doesn’t need a pointy steel object to draw blood from people’s ears, they’re either symptoms of delusion or a bad sense of humor. The lack of a proper mic check for her BET Awards performance provides her with one criminal motive. 50 Cent’s decision not to lend a “Magic Stick” at that show, though he’s since performed with Blige at this year’s MTV Video Music Awards (on a song he didn’t even record with Blige), provides another. Has Kim heard Blige’s new song about former friends? No answer yet, but XXL readers know one thing: at the moment, Foxy Brown’s interviews are better than Kim’s rhymes.

**Beyoncé**
The Chi-Lites charge of Beyoncé’s “Crazy in Love” chorus still qualifies as one of this season’s highlights. However, her album’s front and back cover pics capture her in the act of a common misdemeanor: Aaliyah imitation. Her other standout track, “Nie, Myself and I” (aren’t these the members of Destiny’s Child?), fabulously cancels out the dreadful diwali duet with inescapable Sean Paul, if not the “Butterfly Kisses”–like song to her manager daddy. Regardless, Jay-Z’s Bonnie can keep counting the money. Is she “Crazy in Love,” “Dangerously in Love,” or both?

**Mary J. Blige**
The something-about-Mary in 2003 is whether she’s returned to save hip-hop soul or bury it. For many listeners, “Love at 1st Sight” wasn’t love at first sound, but — initially, at least — an inferior “4Ever” that makes Lumidee sound pitch-perfect. Thankfully, her Love and Life album just might nurse the victim back to the terms in its title. It’s not quite the cohesive flip side to *My Life*’s masterpiece of misery, but its best tracks still possess gut-bucket soulfulness (“Ooh!”). Wedding snake-rattles to earthquake beats, her duet with 50 Cent exposes all other rap- and R&B collabs as flyweight efforts, and elsewhere (“Friends,” “Feel Like Makin Love”) she rivals Patti and Aretha in their roof-raising primes.

The making-of-album DVD doesn’t scrimp on interesting Puff-vs.-Mary studio arguments that reveal the strengths and weaknesses of both parties, and practically the only white person whose face isn’t digitally scrambled is Liza Minnelli.

The final verdict: no one is innocent, and perhaps Mya and Lil’ Kim should be sentenced to pot-mouthed roles in the sequel to *Freddy vs. Jason*. But thanks to Lil’ Mo and Blige, summer pop’s hip-hop soul is still alive, and thus able to hold on for another few weeks, until Erykah Badu arrives with a nuclear shroom–size frog. Uh oh.

[1] Black Belt Jones 2: *The Tattoo Connection*
[2] Penitentiary III
[4] Freaky If You Got This Far by LRSN
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FREQUENCIES

by Josh Kun

Two lights

On the first day of August the U.S. Border Patrol arrested a Mexican family — parents, son, daughter, and nephew — in downtown San Diego, a block from the Mexican consulate, the very place supposed to guarantee their security. They were on their way to apply for the matricula consular identification cards the Mexican government routinely issues to Mexican nationals living in the United States. When a friend of the family went to pick up their car later that same day, he too was arrested, then deported.

Though the arrests have spawned internal criticism of Border Patrol policy, the implications for immigrant rights and California’s future — increased deportations and detentions, and increased enforcement of homeland security ideology — have been buried by the recall farce. And yet they have everything to do with it; they’re part and parcel of an engineered swing to the right, where Republican money buys state regime change — only this time Pete Wilson is played by Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Unlike undocumented Mexicans, Schwarzenegger is the right’s favorite kind of immigrant: a white European with a funny accent and lots of money who supports Proposition 187.

Nobody In Hollywood wants to make movies about the California that deported that family, so until they do I’m happy to think vicariously through the British, as I did when I saw Stephen Frears’s new film about immigrant London, Dirty Pretty Things. “We are the people you don’t see,” says Okwe, the film’s lead character. “We drive your cars, clean your hotel rooms, and suck your cocks.” Okwe is a Nigerian refugee who drives cabs and works behind a hotel front desk. His few hours of sleep are spent on a couch in a tiny apartment he illegally shares with Senay, a Turkish hotel maid.

Okwe and Senay are surrounded by people who, though they may come from Croatia, China, or Spain, are now just like them, low-wage immigrants trying to earn a living while not being deportated or arrested. Since the early ’90s London’s immigration rate has skyrocketed to a level higher than that of New York City or Los Angeles. While the ’70s brought mostly South Asians, the London of the post-cold war era is the one that Frears gives us, the London of Africans, Poles, Arabs, Kenyans, and Iranians.

Unlike California politicians, Frears is so committed to dealing with the “invisibles” of globalization (most of the film takes place in kitchens, hotel rooms, alleys, and basements) that he doesn’t just make white Londoners disappear, he also barely lets them talk. The dialogue and plot belong predominantly to the underworld of London’s immigrant underclass, and as a result, the film is riddled with constant tension. The characters are always looking over their shoulders, always at risk of being violated, victimized, or put under the knife to trade kidneys for passports. And there is no happy ending of successful settlement and citizenship.

Okwe and Senay came to London to escape Nigeria and Turkey. At the film’s end, they escape London. If Dirty Pretty Things is the first major film of post-cold war immigrant London, then The Hour of Two Lights is its first major soundtrack. The brainchild of Terry Hall (a British-born Jew of Polish descent) and Mushtaq (a British-born Muslim with a Bangladeshi father and an Iranian mother), the album begins with the voice of Natasha, a 12-year-old Lebanese girl, and ends with Hall singing, “In the name of freedom, we speak and spell.”

Hall and Mushtaq assemble an extraordinary migrant supergroup that almost seems overly handpicked to suit current politics. There’s an Algerian rapper and a Jewish clarinetist, a Turkish singer and Romany Red — a group of Polish gypsies who fled Poland for London’s East End after having their homes firebombed. There are Iranian flutes and Indian oboes, turntable scratches, and guest spots from Blur’s Damon Albarn (his label, Honest Jons, is releasing the album). On “A Gathering Storm,” Eva Katzler sings in Hebrew over Arab percussion while Hall intones, “Someone’s cooking up enough hate to fill the sky.”

The music on The Hour feels like such a radical break precisely because of Hall’s and Mushtaq’s histories in the British music scene. In the ’80s Hall was a key member of the Specials, the pioneering multiracial ska band who ran from the voice of Natasha, a 12-year-old Lebanese girl, and ends with Hall singing, “In the name of freedom, we speak and spell.”

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In an article on The Hour that ran in England’s Guardian earlier this month, Mushtaq explained that he took the album’s title from the Iranian legend that twilight is the most dangerous time for children to be outside playing, “the end of day and the beginning of night, not quite settled.” Being “not quite settled” might be the quintessential social danger of economic globalization, leaving a world full of invisible people forced to live without security between homes that won’t have them.

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WITH ITS SUGGESTIVE TITLE AND THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE FIRST FILM RELEASED UNDER ROGER CORRMAN’S NEW WORLD PICTURES BANNER, THE STUDENT NURSES, A 1970 ODE TO SEXUALLY LIBERATED WOMEN IN WHITE (AND LITTLE STARCHED BOOBS) RECEIVED A SOFT-CORE VARIATION ON “PLAYING DOCTOR.” BUT IF IT IS WHAT THE HECK IT'S DOING IN THIS YEAR'S MACCAT WOMEN’S INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, AS IT TURNS OUT, MACCAT - WHICH KICKS OFF SEPT. 9 AND RUNS THROUGH OCT. 5 AT VARIOUS BAY AREA VENUES — HASN’T CONVERTED TO AN ALL-PORN FORMAT, NURSES, THE ONLY FEATURE-LENGTH NARRATIVE IN THE FEST, IS QUITE SHREWDLY PROGRAMMED.

LIKE ALL THE MACCAT SELECTIONS, NURSES WAS DIRECTED BY A WOMAN: STEPHANIE ROTHMAN, A UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GRAD WHO BROKE INTO THE BUSINESS WORKING FOR CORRMAN AT AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES AND NEW WORLD (HER FIRST FILM WAS 1966'S INNOCENTLY TITLED IT’S A BIKINI WORLD). PLENTY OF NOW-RECOGNIZABLE NAMES EMERGED FROM THE CORRMAN SCHOOL, BUT ALMOST ALL, INCLUDING JONATHAN DENNEM, JOHN SAYLES, JOE DANTE, JACK HILL, AND MONTE HELLMAN, WERE MEN. ROTHMAN’S FEMALE PERSPECTIVE, ALONG WITH HER TECHNICAL SKILLS, ENABLED HER TO RAISE NURSES ABOVE STANDARD DRIVE-IN FARE.

OF COURSE, THIS ISN’T ART-HOUSE STUFF; MANY STANDARD EXPLOITATION ELEMENTS (SPORTY ACTING, GRATUITOUS BOOBS, CLEVERLY POST-DUBBED DIALOGUE) ARE FIRMLY IN PLACE. THERE ARE ALSO PLENTY OF RIDICULOUSLY HYPOGENIC MOMENTS (“THERE’S GONNA BE A LOVE IN THIS WEEKEND — YOU WANT IT?”) THAT VIEWED TODAY, PLAY AS PURE COMEDY. BUT SOME DATED PLOT POINTS, IN PARTICULAR ONE GIRL’S STRUGGLE TO BE “APPROVED” FOR A LEGAL ABDICATION, ARE EYE-OPENING. OVERALL, THE FILM IS SURPRISINGLY PRO-FEMALE, WITH RELATIVELY WELL-DEVELOPED CHARACTERS.

NURSES REVOLVES AROUND THE LIVES AND LOVES OF FIVE LOS ANGELES ROOMMATES IN THEIR FINAL MONTHS OF NURSING SCHOOL: SHARON (ELAINE GIFFOS), WHO FORMS A CLOSE BOND WITH A TERMINALLY ILL PATIENT; PRISCILLA (BETHANY LEAHY), A FREE SPIRIT WHO BEFRIENDS AN LSD-PUDDING HIPPIE BIKER; PHRED (KAREN CARLSON), WHO WOULD BE EASY TO STEREOTYPE AS A BLOND BIMBO IF SHE DIDN’T SPOUT OFF LIKE “WHAT DO I DO WITH MY BODY IS MY BUSINESS!” AND LYNN (BRONI FARRELL), WHO ENSURES HER MEDICAL SKILLS TO A GROUP OF MEXICAN AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARIES FREQUENTLY INJURED IN SKIRMISHES WITH THE “PIG.”

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San Francisco Bay Guardian • September 3, 2003 • www.sfchron.com
The Graduate, stripped of its seductive intelligence and humor, trips and falls onstage. By Rob Avila

If Terry Johnson's stage adaptation of The Graduate is trying to seduce me, it's doing a disappointing job of it. The fumbling production rubs me the wrong way. My belly felt like an alligator's at its touch, alternately lulled to sleep and provoked to snap.

Naturally, I didn't expect the play to be exactly like, or even as good as, the film, and probably no one else does, either. The show's handlers promote it as a star vehicle, implying that the originals (novel and film) have been re-fashioned (awkwardly and halfheartedly, it turns out) to gain a greater vantage of the character of Mrs. Robinson — played here by a certified star, Jerry Hall, certainly one of the firmer sets of legs onstage.

But the disappointment reaches beyond the tedium of a production that tries to be breezy but only manages to be slight; one where the Beach Boys' "Wouldn't It Be Nice" predominate over Simon and Garfunkel's "Sounds of Silence." One despair at seeing a work of subversive art twisted into its opposite by a shallow impotor.

Bowerlized Broadway-wise, Charles Webb's 1962 bestseller and, more memorably, Mike Nichols's brilliant film receive the dubious compliment of being converted into a cloying bit of accessible theater. A satire that worked by engaging our intelligence ends up as a parody that tries to be breezy but bludgeon it. The stage antics wink at us with laugh lines and iconic scenes we all know by heart, while turning their meaning 180 degrees around and assuming we won't know the difference.

Through no fault of Ms. Hall and her suitably sultry, predatory Mrs. Robinson, it's as if the sex and seduction in the story line had been thought up by the ad department, since the play produces no real sense of them, playing largely for laughs the scenes that in the film were also fraught with a sweaty, even spooky tension that only heightened their marvelous humor.

By shifting the center of the story in the direction of Mrs. Robinson, the safety of family melodrama is effectively substituted for a darkly comic satire of all institutional authority from the family on up.

Johnson has added several scenes (stewarded in this touring production by director Peter Lawrence) whose function may be to give us more characterization, but which take a dull hatchet to the essential boundary between the world of the parents — representatives of a catar- tonic, morally bankrupt society, infecting young and old alike — and Ben Braddock's sublime alienation.

For instance, we get a drunken heart-to-heart between Mrs. Robinson and daughter Elaine (Devon Sorvino), and a sober one between Ben (Rider Strong) and his father (likable William Hill), each meant to build sympathy for the traditional, if dysfunctional, nuclear unit. There's even a silly and anachronistic scene in which Ben and his desperate parents sprawl uncomfortably on beanbag chairs before a long-haired, barefooted psychiatrist (John Leonard Thompson) in a half lotus.

Johnson substitutes today's overgrown adolescents, in the form of a gratingly bland couple, for the baby boomers Nichols left at the back of the bus — who not only left the nest but also chopp°d down the tree. The final scene in the film worked in part because of the ambiguity it allowed. Who knew what would happen to them now that they had turned instinctually and irrevocably on the only world they had ever known? But that suspended moment, as they sit mutely side by side staring ahead, invites back the music that had opened the film, "Sound of Silence," a song whose esoteric, prophetic imagery already suggests an awakening consciousness that makes return impossible.

Interestingly, in the stage version we only ever hear the opening guitar riff to the song, never the words. They're quashed along with the existential angst and social bite of the film. The play closes instead on the romantic and upbeat opening stanza of Simon and Garfunkel's "America." America indeed. Unable to register silence, we're left merely dumbfounded.

The Graduate plays Wed/11—Sat/16, 8 p.m. (also Wed/13 and Sat/15, 2 p.m.); Sun/17, 2 p.m., Curran Theatre, 445 Geary, S.F. 877-7575. (415) 512-7770, www.bestofbroadway.com.
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*El Automvil Gris (The Grey Automobile)*

Sept 20 and 21, 4 pm

A Japanese actress and a Mexican actor comment on and give unique voices to each of the characters in Enrique Rosas' 1919 Mexican silent film classic.

**BILL SHANNON AKA CRUTCHMASTER**

*Spatial Theory*

Sept 18 and 19, 8 pm

The board, the street, the beat. Hovering above his skateboard on crutches Shannon combines breakdancing, freestyle movement and video in a performance that defies gravity and is rooted in urban street kinetics.

**SILT**

*Liminal Lines*

Sept 15, 7 pm, 8 pm, 9 pm, 10 pm and 11 pm.

San Francisco media collective operates film projectors like DJs, creating a multi-layered performance installation. Moving images, shadows, objects and soundsblur the boundaries between real and projected live and recorded.

**LAWRENCE GOLDBUBER**

*Goldhubris*

Sept 12 and 14, 7 pm / Sept 13, 2 pm

The story of a man whose ego gets so big, he explodes. Lawrence Goldhuber wanders through a terrain both real and imaginary using sound, spoken word, movement and film projection by David Brooks.

**PERIPHERAL PRODUCE**

*All-Time Greatest Hits*

Sept 14, 9 pm

Since 1996, Peripheral Produce has treated Portland to unique, experimental and underground film and video shorts. All-Time Greatest Hits will feature the best of these offerings, curated by local filmmaker Matt McCormick.

**QUASAR**

*Lend Me Your Eyes*

Sept 20, 7 pm / Sept 21, 12 pm

This young urban Brazilian company uses quirky, capricious and exquisite dance to expose scenes of the street and the state of the people.

**THE BADGER KING / REED HARKNESS**

*The Showering Dragons*

Sept 15, 10 pm

Two sisters navigate a dream world full of eels, octopi and a mysterious stranger in The Showering Dragons, a new "conceptual electronic art-pop opera" by celebrated Portland duo The Badger King, with film by Reed Harkness.

**ROS WARDY**

*Swift*

Sept 16 and 17, 8pm

Multiple 16mm projections shine and flutter while live electric and acousticcellos incite Ros Wardy to tell the story of a transformation with elegant, driving and just plain gorgeous movement.

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Music accounts executive: Chris Owen

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Tip Sheet and On the Sidelines p.56
Local hero

Too Short worked hard, dreamed big, and never stopped rapping — it paid off for him and put Oakland on the rap world’s map. By J.H. Tompkins

‘I’ remember back when it all began / I used to sign dirty rhymes to my east-side fans / Back then I knew you couldn’t stop that rap / No M.C. could rap like that.” So begins Life Is ... Too Short,” the title cut to the 1988 platinum album that takes you straight into a chapter of the world according to Too Short. The language is simple, and the stories move straight to the point, in a way that’s fitting for someone from no-frills East Oakland, where in 1981, 14-year-old Todd Shaw — later to be known as Too Short — started to rap.

Just four lines into the song — one of his best — he’s already aired the themes that provide the bedrock of his work: nostalgia for mythical days gone by; nasty, horny women and the pimps who use them; triumph over enemies who would silence him; and most important, the improbable, true story of a kid from East Oakland with a taste for laid-back funky beats and tight, simple rhymes who in the mid 1980s became the West Coast’s first genuine rap star. Too Short — as he announces again and again — started young, worked hard, and played his first gigs for captive audiences on AC Transit, in Oakland city parks, and on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley. Within a few years, he became the West Coast’s first national rap star. Suddenly, battered, tough Oakland became “Oaktown,” a rap mecca. When Too Short said, “East Oakland, yeah, that’s right,” in “I Ain’t Trippin’,” people from Oakland said it right along with him. It felt good just rolling off the tongue.

As a teenager, he was smart, ambitious, and focused — “But when a dream is all you got homeboy / you gotta turn that dream into the real McCoy” (“Life Is ...”) — but he was forced to ask the same questions as his fans: “Do you wanna rap, or sell coke / Brothers like you ain’t never broke,” he asked, and answered with this: “Eight years on the mike and I ain’t jokin’ / Sir Too Short comin’ straight from Oaktown / California, home of the rock / Eight woofers in the trunk, beatin’ down your block.”

Twenty years after young men and women chanted, “I am [clap, clap, clap] somebody” and fought to free Huey P. Newton, their sons and daughters jammed enormous speakers into the trunks of big, old gas guzzlers to deliver their own generationally adjusted version. People got it, too, like it or not — when a subsonic boom rolled down the street, rattled the windows, drowned out the TV, and thumped you in the gut, that was Too Short calling from East Oakland. He was telling stories a lot of people hadn’t heard before.

Big things

That was 15 years ago; today Too Short is a wealthy Atlanta resident who has already retired once and is no longer is driven by the same fires he once was. But for who don’t remember “when it all began,” there is the film (also available on DVD) Life Is ... The Life and Times of Todd Shaw, by director Rene Macada-McElroy (wife of producer and onetime member of Timex Social Club, Thomas McElroy) and executive producer, and Tony Toni Tone cofounder, D’Wayne Wiggins. The down and dirty film mixes on-camera comments by Too Short, pictures, memorabilia, snapshots, and the observations and memories of former collaborators and a posse of hip-hop artists, activists, and writers. DJ, writer, and community activist David “Davey D” Cook takes a long view of the rapper’s career in the film. “He was one of those Oakland people that really have come to personify an entire community,” he says. “He’s proven that you can come up from the bottom of the barrel and do big things.”

When they were still close to the barrel’s bottom, Shaw and his friend Freddy B — both known in the neighborhood for their rapping skills — went into business. In a 1989 interview, he told the story to venerable KALX DJ, writer, and label jockey Billy Jam. “I’ll tell you where it started,” he told Jam. “It was at a guy called Al’s house on Sunnyvale in deep East Oakland. Freddie B and myself would pass through and hang out. And one day we were just rapping, and Hot Lips was like, ‘I’m really not interested in what you’re doing. I don’t want to hear that shit. But if you had my name in the shit, then I’d play it.’ And the next day we had a tape with his name in it and $20 bucks in our pocket. So we started making some money doing that.”

Too Short cranked out personal requests, peddled his tapes around town, and his reputation spread on the strength of simple, hugely popular dirty raps like “The Invasion of the Flat Booty Bitches,” and “Blow Job Betty,” which were among the songs he recorded for local label 75 Girls, run by Dean Hodges. “Freaky Tales,” from Born to Mack, his third and last with the label, became his signature tune, and Hodges along with producer Ted Bohnannon (who supplied the tricked-out ride for Too Short’s publicity photos) groomed their protegé for life as a successful young playa. “He was a star in Oakland,” Bohnannon says with the kind of quiet conviction that demands attention. “I made him look like one everywhere.”

“Todd always had a way of getting other people to do things for him,” his mother says to the camera. The support from 75 Girls and Bohnannon was helpful, no doubt, but in the long run, the river ran just one way. After sales for Born to Mack stalled at 50,000, Live Records came calling and Too Short signed. Born to Mack was reissued and became a gold record. Life Is ... Too Short, which came next, went platinum, and as Too Short rapped in “I Ain’t Trippin’”: “One day I was on the bus’, the next day I was on the gas.”

Good times

The ’80s were a remarkable era for East Bay musicians like Timex Social Club, En Vogue, Digital Underground, E-40, B-Legit, Mac Mall, and Richie Rich. Tony, Toni, Toné, the band Wiggins formed with his brother and cousin, was another. TTT had a huge R&B hit with “Little Walter,” from their debut album. Who. During the next eight years they released four remarkably consistent, big-selling albums that made them national stars as well as local heroes who, like Too
Wiggins smiles when remembering the old days. "I was on 80th and Olive in East Oakland the first time I heard Too Short," he said recently across a table at Jahva House, the artsy café he opened on Lake Shore Boulevard several years ago. "I think I always remember that. My younger brother, Desmond was a Too Short fan, and he played it for me. I was an R&B cat, but I liked Kurtis Blow, and I liked Blowfly too. When Too Short came along he was like a young Blowfly, tellin' stories about the town. And you'd see him at Arroyo Park, sellin' his tapes. I went to Castlemont High, and he went to Fremont, but he was over on Sunny Side — if you're from there you immediately know he was part of East Oakland, part of the culture."

Too Short's raps were simple but subtle, displaying the same economy and focus he used to launch his career. His stripped-down beats were built around pared-down, relentlessly propulsive, and incredibly funky drum-bass patterns. And while New York rappers headed toward massive audio collages that used elements of jazz and rock, as well as funk, Too Short's ideas were important to what became the distinct West Coast style.

There's no question that the funk bands of the 1970s — particularly the various incarnations of George Clinton — influenced Too Short. But it's also important to note that in the early '80s, California's urban black population was just some 35 years removed from sharecropping and the rural South. Listen to the laid-back, sparse instrumentation on Oakland blues musician Lowell Fulson's huge 1954 hit "Reconsider Baby" — you can hear it in Too Short's beats. The simplicity that was foreign to sophisticated East Coast ears was particularly important to a rapper who started out penning custom-tailored raps and who became a local star before he had a record out or any radio presence.

The proof
Too Short changed the face of rap — and if the millions of albums he sold won't be evidence enough, if young musicians 30 years from now aren't sampling his work, then the film version of Life Is ... Too Short tells the tale. And if Too Short is all about "Freaky Tales" for you, well, those are "the tales [he] tells so well," as he puts it. But Too Short has more on his mind than the pimps and players of East Oakland; he's an astute observer of the racism and discrimination that's blighted the area. In "Short but Funky," from 1990's Short Dog's in the House, he raps, "There's a serious side in everything I say / Life is too short for you to wait till the next day / Just straighten up your life and you can start right here / Drop the cocaine and the bottles of beer." His reworking of Donnie Hathaway's "The Ghetto" is his finest moment — bittersweet praise to the world he came from, built around lines like these: Even though my sister smoked crack cocaine / She was nine months pregnant, ain't nothing changed / $600 million on a football team / And her baby dies just like a dope fiend / The story I tell is so incomplete / Five kids in the house and no food to eat / Don't look at me and don't ask me why / Mama's next door getting high."

The real stakes lurking behind his freaky tales are on his mind. And though it's a stretch to say he is worried about his legacy, there's no doubt Too Short has been paying attention. "In 100 years," he says to the camera, "[people] might say that the innovator of rap was Eminem. That's how they might write it down. But they're going to have to say there was this one motherfucker named Too Short. They're not going to write Too Short out of the history of rap. I have my album, Don't Stop Rappin'. I never did."
No one is innocent

Never mind the graying of punk, here’s the Sex Pistols. By Kimberly Chun

Punk's not dead. It's just getting creepy.

Punk knew it was getting old when it made the choice between going out and getting some sleep. So now it wobbles off to bed at 11 p.m. in order to get a full night. Punk tells itself it wants to stay in and keep an eye on the kids or walk the dog, and it needs to get up early so it can go to the gym before heading to work. Because punk really needs to go the gym, or it feels like the crap it used to find stuck to the bottom of its Converse.

Don't get me wrong, punk continues to be true to itself — it still loves an underdog, loathes hypocrisy, and of course, hates Bush, both the president and the band. But it's getting tired. When broken beat or hip-hop try to drag it out to a club, it waves its hand dismissively, says it's been there and done that, and it would rather go home, put away a six-pack, settle in with a good book, or fall asleep in front of the TV after Queer Eye for the Straight Guy. Still, punk sometimes wonders where all the years went. In its darker moments, punk considers Bozo.

Funny then, when I check in on my old friend, that I discovered it’s more a part of the pop mainstream than ever. Perhaps punk simply found its own comfort level — or maybe a weary, restless culture just caught up to it and its angry ways. The tide has been shifting for years, ever since 1991: The Viet Punk Broke (as the title of the documentary goes), and rock-via-grunge grudgingly acknowledged its existence again. Or maybe it's been happening since that last Sex Pistol's money-grab, er, reunion outing, the Filthy Lucre World Tour in 1996, which gave past and present punks that strange yet all too familiar feeling of pride mixed with repulsion. Shortly thereafter came the hordes of old-school punks, playing out like living-museums of punk's not dead. It's just getting creaky. Don't get me wrong, punk continues to be true to itself — it still loves an underdog, loathes hypocrisy, and of course, hates Bush, both the president and the band. But it's getting tired. When broken beat or hip-hop try to drag it out to a club, it waves its hand dismissively, says it's been there and done that, and it would rather go home, put away a six-pack, settle in with a good book, or fall asleep in front of the TV after Queer Eye for the Straight Guy. Still, punk sometimes wonders where all the years went. In its darker moments, punk considers Bozo.

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And now I'm getting the bright idea that it's time to get that old group back together again! Of course, for users and abusers like Mielzner, it can be downright depressing to watch those reunions and to realize that punk is no different from any other musical genre.

"There are people who are demolished by the process of aging and, yes, a lot of them are musicians I know," he said. "There's this band, the Dictators — I knew these people when they were 19 years old, and now they're 50, and it's not a 100 percent cheery sight to do the same damn thing at 50. At one time they were a parody of youth rock 'n' roll, crazy hellions, the whole rock persona of 1973. But basically they're doing a version of punk nostalgia. Rock was something that was most interesting when it was about process, and it wasn't about maintaining your foothold on a static piece of land. What are you going to do when fissures develop under your feet?"

"Rock 'n' roll has interested me least when it's been about staying the same," he continued, gaining steam. "People in their 40s and 50s doing rock 'n' roll as lifelong pursuits are embarrassments — it's not that you should not be doing this at that age, but it's the equivalent of never aging. The equivalent of liposuction."

I agree, but that doesn't satisfy the need to cozy up to my chum punk. Maybe we need punk because it was always more honest, even as it was getting hoary, gray, and whiny about its failings, fuck-ups, and frenzies. So you turn to the Sex Pistols, who busted up before they could have truly cashed in — perhaps making them the purest of the lot. When the Clash let crowds be misbehaved. I think that's the biggest problem. They've got to realize, a Sex Pistols crowd is not like that. We are the real deal. We are the real hardcore, and we don't need to damage plastic Porta-Potties. I take on government and institutions, not plastic upholstery."

The toilet flushed. There went the seafood salad.

Otherwise the 47-year-old Lydon seems to be settling for more sedate pursuits, including working on a film version of his autobiography, Rotten: No Irish, No Blacks, No Dogs: The Authorized Autobiography of Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols, with Penelope Spheeris — and learning to drive. It seems essential in L.A. where he lives with his first and only wife, Nora, the mother of one of the Slits. Domestic bliss — very punk. Next he'll find himself developing an unshakable fondness for his bandmates, and who knows, they might even record again.

"We're such an odd quid lot, we just might," he said. "Things cannot be written in stone with humans who you care about. I wouldn't do anything to hurt them, and likewise. We're not fond of each other, that's not the word. Ha-ha-ha.

We're very, very close in a very strange way. Being in band is like a sick marriage. The loyalties come out written in stone with humans who you care about. We talk about the eagerness of the audiences and the sing-alongs, which amaze him; "punk cliché" fashion, which disgusts him; the distinct lack of appreciation from institutions like the "Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame," which appalls him; and the fact that the Pistols had to "really fight" their way through resistance, coping with jail time and even death, which he's still eager to trumpet. "Here you are today, and you have all these young punk bands all record-company and sponsored, and they're all nice millionaires.... And I don't see no Dignations comin' to granddad!"

Nonetheless Lydon wants to give back — to the Iraqi people specifically — and bring the Sex Pistols to Baghdad. "I don't necessarily want to go, but I think somebody should. The madness that is going on, and the death that is following, is a real, real serious tragedy," he said. "I have no qualms about playing for the troops, but in their own country or maybe after I play for the population, because nobody's entertaining them, and don't you think they need it? They've had a very miserable 20 years, apparently. Well, the Sex Pistols can give them a very miserable 20 minutes. Then they can decide whether they want democracy or not."

So what if a few Midwestern dates have been canceled or rescheduled due to Lydon, said, "promoter fear"? "They're not worried about people going insane or mental or our crowds being misbehaved. I think that's the biggest problem. They've got to realize, a Sex Pistols crowd is not like that. We are the real deal. We are the real hardcore, and we don't need to damage plastic Porta-Potties. I take on governments and institutions, not plastic upholstery."

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"We're such an odd quid lot, we just might," he said. "Things cannot be written in stone with humans who you care about. I wouldn't do anything to hurt them, and likewise. We're not fond of each other, that's not the word. Ha-ha-ha.

We're very, very close in a very strange way. Being in band is like a sick marriage. The loyalties come out written in stone with humans who you care about. We talk about the eagerness of the audiences and the sing-alongs, which amaze him; "punk cliché" fashion, which disgusts him; the distinct lack of appreciation from institutions like the "Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame," which appalls him; and the fact that the Pistols had to "really fight" their way through resistance, coping with jail time and even death, which he's still eager to trumpet. "Here you are today, and you have all these young punk bands all record-company and sponsored, and they're all nice millionaires.... And I don't see no Dignations comin' to granddad!"

Nonetheless Lydon wants to give back — to the Iraqi people specifically — and bring the Sex Pistols to Baghdad. "I don't necessarily want to go, but I think somebody should. The madness that is going on, and the death that is following, is a real, real serious tragedy," he said. "I have no qualms about playing for the troops, but in their own country or maybe after I play for the population, because nobody's entertaining them, and don't you think they need it? They've had a very miserable 20 years, apparently. Well, the Sex Pistols can give them a very miserable 20 minutes. Then they can decide whether they want democracy or not."

So what if a few Midwestern dates have been canceled or rescheduled due to, Lydon said, "promoter fear"? "They're not worried about people going insane or mental or our crowds being misbehaved. I think that's the biggest problem. They've got to realize, a Sex Pistols crowd is not like that. We are the real deal. We are the real hardcore, and we don't need to damage plastic Porta-Potties. I take on governments and institutions, not plastic upholstery."

The toilet flushed. There went the seafood salad.

"There are people who are demolished by the process of aging and, yes, a lot of them are musicians I know," he said. "There's this band, the Dictators — I knew these people when they were 19 years old, and now they're 50, and it's not a 100 percent cheery sight to do the same damn thing at 50. At one time they were a parody of youth rock 'n' roll, crazy hellions, the whole rock persona of 1973. But basically they're doing a version of punk nostalgia. Rock was something that was most interesting when it was about process, and it wasn't about maintaining your foothold on a static piece of land. What are you going to do when fissures develop under your feet?"

"Rock 'n' roll has interested me least when it's been about staying the same," he continued, gaining steam. "People in their 40s and 50s doing rock 'n' roll as lifelong pursuits are embarrassments — it's not that you should not be doing this at that age, but it's the equivalent of never aging. The equivalent of liposuction."

I agree, but that doesn't satisfy the need to cozy up to my chum punk. Maybe we need punk because it was always more honest, even as it was getting hoary, gray, and whiny about its failings, fuck-ups, and frenzies. So you turn to the Sex Pistols, who busted up before they could have truly cashed in — perhaps making them the purest of the lot. When the Clash let crowds be misbehaved. I think that's the biggest problem. They've got to realize, a Sex Pistols crowd is not like that. We are the real deal. We are the real hardcore, and we don't need to damage plastic Porta-Potties. I take on government and institutions, not plastic upholstery."

The toilet flushed. There went the seafood salad.
there’s a lot of romance surrounding the creative act, but the boring truth is that putting out great art is usually a lot of work. Divine inspiration and wild spontaneity are more in line with the rock ‘n’ roll ethos, but mundane things like craft and discipline are, too. And to that end, the rock press has always had a soft spot for characters who seem to get their ideas from another plane of existence — whether they’re mentally ill (Daniel Johnston, Roky Erickson), they take tons of drugs (too many to list), or they’re just plain weird.

Don Van Vliet, a.k.a. Captain Beefheart, is one of these mythical characters, and the story behind his 1969 album, *Trout Mask Replica*, is one of rock’s grand legends. Beefheart supposedly wrote the entire double LP by himself in an eight-hour stretch at the piano and subsequently taught it to the Magic Band, a group of untrained musicians who somehow latched onto and perfected a bunch of songs that continue to baffle most musicians today.

“I felt completely betrayed,” Magic Band drummer John French told me in a recent phone interview, talking about the first time he noticed Beefheart propagating that version of history in a 1969 issue of *Rolling Stone*. French, according to less sensationalized accounts, is the band member most responsible for transcribing and editing the raw ideas Beefheart would sing or plunk out at the piano.

Along with other members of the band, French was also in charge of hammering those ideas into actual song form.

The group spent about eight months rehearsing, living in a house with Beefheart in what French now calmly describes as a “cult situation,” and then went into the studio and laid down the instrumental tracks for the album in an unbelievable four hours. Beefheart, who still didn’t have the songs down at this point, overdubbed his parts later. (You can read more about this whole process in the liner notes to the *Trout Mask Replica* box set released by Xeric a few years ago.)

**Fresh Meat**

Considering what the original Magic Band went through in bringing this music to life, it’s disconcerting to hear the careless, laissez-faire contributions of so many of the artists on the recently released *Neon Meate Dream of a Oceanfish: A Tribute to Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band (Animal World)*. There are 20 songs, and a good fourth of them are variations on the “crazy bluesman and/or poet howling over the din” theme as if that’s all there is to this music. It’s no huge surprise to hear that kind of thing from Thurston Moore, whose side-side-side project Dapper phones in an awful seven-minute version of “Beatle Bones ‘n Smokin’ Stones.” (When will folks wise up and quit inviting Sonic Youth members to appear on their tribute albums?) But there are other groups with a little more (or less?) to prove, like 25 Suaves, who should know better, especially after years of having their own music derided as “just a bunch of noise.”

The best moments, with one exception, come when the artists actually tackle the music rather than trying to impress us with their crummy avant-garde concepts. Trumans Water, the Minutemen’s Mike Watt, and the Flying Luttenbachers’ Weasel Walter all provide...
Back to the band

Far more consistent is the recent, French-led Magic Band reunion release, *Back to the Front*, which is way better than you’d ever expect, coming from a bunch of 40- and 50-plus rockers. And it’s not even a true reunion because the line-up — French, Trout Mask-period bassist Mark Boston, and later-era guitarists Denny Walley and Gary Lucas — hadn’t played together before.

The big surprise is the vocals, done by French in a dead-on Beetel impersonation that must be heard to be believed. The reaction I’ve gotten when I’ve played it for my friends has been either “Wow, that’s amazing — it sounds exactly like Beetel!” or “What’s the point? It sounds exactly like Beetel.”

True, they don’t pull any radical reinterpretations, but at this stage, my feeling is that if it sounds good, feels good, and is fun to listen to, then there doesn’t need to be any more of a point than that. Besides, Trout Mask hasn’t endured because of novelty. Novelty fades. It’s endured because it has great songs, which sprang from one man’s extraordinary imagination but were realized by a hand of dedicated, patient, and very committed musicians.

Sure, it would be great to have a reissue of *Lick My Decals Off, Baby* or an official release of the original *But Chain Piler* album, which is still tied up in post-lega-case limbo in the Zappa family’s vaults. But until then, *Back to the Front* is pretty good, too. Let’s hope the new Magic Band’s live show, which is scheduled to happen Nov. 8 through 9 at All Tomorrow’s Parties in Long Beach, makes it up here sometime soon. ❧
Ayro-maniac

Jeremy Ellis sets Detroit, and the world, on fire.

By Peter Nicholson

I first got hip to Ayro on Off Limits 3, a CD from Germany's Sonar Kollektiv label that was compiled by DJ Dixon — certainly not the first time an American journalist has "discovered" Detroit talent thanks to a European DJ. Past the Jazzanova and Ursula Rucker tracks lay "Let This," Jeremy Ellis's first song recorded as Ayro.

Ayro Noise

One Ayro: Jeremy Ellis burns brightly in the Detroit electronic scene and is rocking it live this week in San Francisco at Milk.

Patiently taking its time, "Let This" builds from uplifting, gospel-flavored vocals into a drawn-out bridge of swirling techno-tinged keys and drum-machine claps before it hits a massive funk breakdown that rivals Parliament at its prime. In the space of six minutes, Ellis manages to channel the rich musical history of Detroit and forge his own sound, one that is at once full of the future and timeless. The song stopped me dead in my tracks and sent me in search of more from Mr. Ellis.

It's a twisted trail. It was easy enough to find "Let This" again — the track ended up being licensed to half a dozen compilations, including one from Gilles Peterson. But after getting my fill of Ayro's completely mental remix of Jazzanova's "Days to Come" (Compost) and a stellar collaboration with his then-roommate John Arnold for Arnold's "We're Not" Ubiquity single, getting my Ayro fix became difficult, even though his work has been a fixture on the playlists of forward-thinking DJs ranging from Budapest's Crate Soul Brothers to Toronto's MilkAudio. "Think Twice," a standout track from this spring's Detroit Experiment album (Ropeadope), featured a snatch of his solid Fender Rhodes work, and I managed to weasel the Ayro album sampler from his label, Omoarum, which confirmed that "Let This" wasn't just a lucky fluke that happened to catch the fancy of DJs around the globe.

The sampler's five tracks run from the bang of "Drink" to the rolling soul of "Burnin' Brightly," always keeping Ellis's tenor croon front and center, where it's easy to sink into his love-story lyrics. Despite the intricate, broken beats, Ellis's firm grasp of melody and structure keeps the music song based, rather than simply dance-floor oriented.

But as it turns out, his full-length, Electronicovefunk, due out this month, was not to be had, even though it had apparently been finished for a minute. The always present specter of "distribution problems" had raised its ugly head, and Omoarum was holding tight to what it knew was the real deal.

"It's their first [full-length] release on the label, so they're really taking their time and doing it right," Ellis says somewhat diplomatically over the phone from Detroit. He originally got involved with Omoarum through Matt Chicoine, a.k.a. Red loose (Planet E, I-K7), who he had in turn met through Arnold, who recruited Ellis for his own band, Jazzhead.

Instrumental In Detroit

To call the Detroit scene incestuous might be an overstatement, but there definitely is plenty of cross-fertilization going on. Ellis is used to musical collaboration and cohabitation. Always surrounded by musicians, he started piano lessons at age five and continued classical lessons through high school while performing in musicals and choirs directed by his father. "Jazzhead was how I started to meet all the DJs, and since I was a keyboard player, they asked me to play on their tracks." The DJs Ellis casually refers to are iconic figures like Alton Miller, Mike "Agent X" Clark, and Carl Craig — icons of the area's scene.

In a genre dominated by DJs, Ellis stands out as a remarkably talented multi-instrumentalist. At Milk this week he won't be doing the usual producer appearance consisting of a DJ set highlighting his own records — he'll be rocking it live. "I'm going to bring an MPC 2000 XL [sampler—drum machine] and a Waldorf Q keyboard, and I just freestyle," he says. Ellis's version of freestyling includes rocking each machine in succession to build the basic tracks and then to improvise over the top, before mixing the rhythms and moving on to the next song. Plus he adds his trademark soulful vocals — live, of course — to some tracks on the fly. Sounds like a recipe for manic disaster, but Ellis's sets at the Detroit Electronic Music Festival and this year's Movement have helped build a strong reputation for his live shows.

Confidence man

Ellis's steady rise through the ranks and his frequent collaborations with innovative musicians who not only define the Detroit sound but also electronic music in general have given him a supremely confident air, yet he is anything but jaded. In fact, he positively bubbles with enthusiasm when describing his plans for a side project to accompany his next album, which will focus on collaborations with Detroit musicians.

"The story is going to be how we can clean up Detroit, which is the world's most dirty city," he says. "I'm gonna involve all these people, and we're going to actually dig in the dirt ... in abandoned lots [by] where I live, and for every song I want to create a different plot of plants. So it's a real, physical collaboration between the artists and the city."

When I ask Ellis if his cohorts will be down for gardening or think he's completely lost the plot, he admits there may be a bit of both reactions. "But in a way it's me calling everyone out, [because] everybody sits around and talks about 'Yeah, we're going to make it better!' but then it's like, 'glub-glub-glub,'" Ellis says, doing an uncanny imitation of a bong hit. "My main motivation right now is the intertwining of politics and environment and the cleanup of the wasteland that we have to live in."

As usual, Ellis is aiming high.
Rachel asked me to go on tour with her. We don't even know each other that well, but I must have that look that says I will be handy tuning acoustic guitars in the unbearable heat and humidity of a mosquito-soup house show in Middle America.

I had to pass. "I have stuff to do," I said. What stuff? Sitting on my bed a few weeks later trying to avoid cleaning up the mess that's built up around me. I regret not going. I'm itching to travel, but my lottery ticket's not been cooperating. Good shows happened last month: Soddamn Insein, Friends Forever, Viki and Mammal, all of which made me happy. It was on the off nights that I felt like I was just going out to leave my house, to have somewhere to go.

I met Rachel Jacobs on the day I left New York for good. She didn't see me at my best, but we got in touch again, and I offered to let her crash at my house. Rachel was in the middle of a national tour. She'd done the United States once already and was just finishing college — way ahead of me on both counts. She is young and can say things like "I love DIY" and not sound sarcastic, a trick I have yet to master. I do love DIY, though — no, really, I totally do.

She played a house show with David Dondero in North Oakland, one that had nice barbecued food and attentive punks sitting cross-legged on the hardwood floor. I'd been hearing a bunch about Dondero, though his records hadn't done much for me. Live he was humble and mumbly, plucking the stripped-down acoustic guitar with a clunky rhythm. Semi-autobiographical tales of drinking and wandering came fast and flawed, but flaws are charming. He grinned whenever he fucked up or forgot a part and trudged on, ever the underdog.

I like my memory of that night a little more than I like Dondero's The Transient (Future Farmer, out Oct. 7), which has more rocking, full-band numbers. I prefer his songs that sound like a guy alone with his thoughts. There's plenty of the "skinny indie white boy blues" he admits to coping on "Living and the Dead," but there's a keen self-awareness at work, and he owns up to resorting to an "easy rhyme to fill these moments of your time." He's self-deprecating enough to title one of his albums The Play Party.

The cowpunk angle he must've picked up while drumming for Pensacola, Florida's This Bike Is a Pipe Bomb is fully evident on The Transient, but I have to emphasize that neither band sounds like Wilco. Dondero is too unpolished to be invited to the No Depression party, even if his upcoming full-length includes pretty violins and pristine production values brought by Saddle Creek honcho Mike Mogis. I listen intently to it on headphones in an air-conditioned basement.

Dondero had to leave the Oakland house show early, hustling over to his bar bartending job in the Mission District. He told the crowd he's not drinking anymore. The next day Rachel and I parted after lunch. They don't have real children about, object lessons to keep them on the straight and narrow path.

We will be offering awards for homesh In the following categories:

1. B-boy or B-girl
2. Tattoo Addict • Castro
3. Clone • Bear • Baby Dyke • Drag King
4. Financial District HonchoGym
5. Bunny • Indie Rocker
6. Clean-cut Nonprofit Worker

**BOY GUARDIAN CONTEST**

**ARE YOU HOT?**

We're seeking 10 sizzling-hot people to strut their stuff in our upcoming sex issue. Do you fit one of the categories below? Are you ready to show off? Then send us your picture with some vital stats. A panel of experts in beauty, fierceness, and fashion will judge whether you are the hottest of them all. If you win, your picture will be featured in the paper and you'll get a free dinner out and massage or other great entertainment certificates.

We will be offering awards for homesh In the following categories:

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2. Tattoo Addict • Castro
3. Clone • Bear • Baby Dyke • Drag King
4. Financial District HonchoGym
5. Bunny • Indie Rocker
6. Clean-cut Nonprofit Worker

**Entry Form:**

Name:

Phone:

Address:

Please answer the following questions:

1. Which category do you wish to enter?
2. What is your hottest feature?
3. What are your measurements?
4. Where is the best place to find you on a Saturday night?
5. What song is guaranteed to make you cry?

Please include a full-length photo.

Deadline for submissions is Sept. 10.

You will not receive a prize if you do not include your name, phone number, and address.

Send your entry to:

**GUARDIAN**

Home/Contest

135 Mission St.

San Francisco, CA 94107
noise

Tip sheet

Music to watch out for in September. By Kimberly Chun

Sept. 4
Black Rebel Motorcycle Club The power-runder shoegazer thrush of Black Rebel Motorcycle Club rings with the sound of the 'burbs — Contra Costa County, to be precise, where bassist-vocalist Robert Turner and guitarist-vocalist and ex-Brian Jonestown Massacre survivor Peter Hayes grew up. Maybe someday the bottom-heavy, distortion-wrecked darlings of the British music press will come to their senses and ditch their pseudo-badass Wild One name in favor of the less-embarrassing acronym.

8 p.m., Fillmore, 1805 Geary, S.F. $16.50. (415) 421-TIXS or (415) 346-6000.

Sept. 5
Junior Senior Danish dance-pop duo Junior Senior have got you covered, sex-Junior Senior Danish dance-pop duo Junior Senior have got you covered, sexually (one's gay, the other's straight, and both wanna sing about their differences) and musically (they're a wee bit '50s rockabilly, '60s-style sugar pop, '70s disco, '80s new wave, and a whole lotta cheese for the ages). Just D-Don't Don't Don't Stop the Beat — as the title of their Atlantic debut goes. Candy-coated party people Jesper Mortensen, a.k.a. Junior, and Jeppe Lauresen, alias Senior, seem destined to flash our pans, rattle us with their pop-locking beats, and shake our coconuts till our ill-conceived composure curdles and falls away — just like our resistance to their cuckoo-for-Yum-Pop anthropomorphized rodents and food groups in the "Move Your Feet" video. Young Heart Attack and Communique also perform. 10 p.m., Bottom of the Hill, 1233 17th St., S.F. $10. (415) 474-0365.

Easy Action Detroit diehard, former Laughing Hyenas howler, and Negative Approach head John Brannon promises to take it nice and hard with his current garage outfit. Easy Action. 25 Saucers and Salem Lights also play. 9 p.m., Thee Parkside, 1600 17th St., S.F. Call for price. (415) 503-0393.

New Deal What's new under the sun? The progressive breakfast of Toronto's New Deal, some say. Now touting a double live CD on Sound + Light, the trio manage to combine the perpetual, spontaneous groove thing of jam bands, the forward thrust of techno, and the trippy bounce of house.


South Austin Jug Band Technically adept and produced by Natalie Main's dad, Lloyd, Lone Star jug-grass ensemble South Austin Jug Band are as likely to cover Jimi Hendrix, Ernest Tubb, and the Dead as they are to resort to instrumentals titled "Ramen Noodle Rag" and "Cuttin' the Mullet." Sherry Pough, 3101 Shattuck, Berk. Call for time and price. (510) 641-2082.

Sept. 6
Manda and the Marbles Bopping merrily along in the nouvelle '80s girl-group land of Blondie, Toni Basil, and Josie Cotton, Manda and the Marbles give high-trash power pop, nasal vocals, and rave-up guitar an '00s makeover, which means they leave well enough alone and stay true to the music's shiny, polished surfaces. The Lewd also play. Kimo's, 1351 Polk, S.F. Call for time and price. (415) 866-4535.

Crown City Rockers, Burning Star Oakland's ever-lovable Crown City Rockers seem to be on a mission to unite hip-hop hopefuls, jazboes, and soul sibs under one funk. L.A.'s Burning Star take the fusion further, combining rap, reggae, soul, and Middle Eastern sounds.


Casiotope for the Painfully Alone Local lo-fi, cheapie-keys boy Casiotope for the Painfully Alone, otherwise known as Owen Ashworth, cuts the angst and celebrates his new album. The Papercuts and Dead Science also play, 10 p.m., Hemlock Tavern, 1133 Polk, S.F. $6. (415) 923-0293.

Phantom Limbs Those crazed clowns called the Phantom Limbs unleash a second album, Displacement (Alternative Tentacles), on a hapless and perhaps happy public. Produced by Sleepytim Gorilla Museum's Dan Rattauhn, Displacement finds the East Bay earful going insane on their trademark carnival organ — good Goth — and howling about the party circuit and public executions. Veronica Lippgloss and the Evil Eyes and the Sixties also perform. 10 p.m., Bottom of the Hill, 1233 17th St., S.F. $8. (415) 474-0365.

Sept. 8
Grave Brothers Deluxe Former Southerners and present Mission District dwellers, the Grave Brothers Deluxe have their brooding yet accomplished way with a weird tale, singing songs about electrical animals, hate, and firearms. Members have put in time with Thin White Rope, Game Theory, the Residents, Granfalloon Bus, and the Sunshine Club — and it shows. The Life and Times and the Culling Style also play, 9 p.m., Bottom of the Hill, 1233 17th St., S.F. $7. (415) 474-0365.

Sept. 9
Café Tacuba Mexico City's alt-edicenti brings out Castro caminatas; their first album since Grammy-gartnering double CD Reves/ Yo soy, and it's a cocktail of pop, psych, and general weirdness concocted by longtime producer Gustavo Santaolalla, Ween's Andrew Weir, and Flaming Lips twididler Dave Fridmann.

8 p.m., Fillmore, 1805 Geary, S.F. $20. (415) 421-TIXS or (415) 346-6000.

Sept. 9-10
Bad Religion You either love 'em or hate 'em, but it's hard to deny the resilience of Brett Gurewitz and Greg Graffin's pet punk project — through success, addiction, and jail time. The new Epitaph CD, The Process of Belief, has the band finding faith amid the ever cycling gabril wheel of pop culture, working up a lather about materialism and injustice, and finding inspiration in unrelenting rhymes and tightly interlocking harmonies. Jackson plays Sept. 9, Enemy You and Pistol Grip play Sept. 10. 8 p.m., Slim's, 333 11th St., S.F. $25. (415) 522-0333.

FROM THE SIDELINES SARAH HAN

I wish I could say I had stayed up for...
Sept. 11-12
Pretty Girls Make Graves Rising from the remains of Murder City Devils, Death Wish Kids, and Bee Hive Vaults and clutching sundry Smiths references, Pretty Girls continue to make waves with their new Matador CD and sophomore recording, New Romance. Producer Phil Ek brings a certain precision to skittish beat excursions like the title track and "Mr. Club," though it's nice to know the northwestern foursome still keep things ornery on tracks like "The Grandmother Wolf" and "The Tooth Collector." Sept. 11, 6 p.m., Amoeba Music, 1555 Haight, S.F. (415) 831-1200; with Fuse and Nighthawke Sept. 12, 9 p.m., Cafe du Nord, 2170 Market, S.F. $10. (415) 861-5016.

Sept. 11-14
Terence Blanchard Spike Lee's right-hand composer knows the score. For his next trick, the acclaimed trumpet player turns in a smooth, adept new Blue Note album, Bounce. Most of the recording combo, with the exception of Hammond B-3 and Fender Rhodes man Robert Glasper, comes along for this stint. Sept. 11-13, 8 and 10 p.m.; Sept. 14, 2 and 8 p.m., Yoshi's, 510 Embarcadero West, Oakland. $18-$22. (510) 238-9200.

Sept. 12-13
Mudhoney They were in the garage, mixing it up with grunge, when most of us were in mental, emotional, and psychological, if not actual, diapers. So get ready, here comes another from the snarly nabobs of welcome negativity, their eighth album, Since We've Become Translucent (Sub Pop). Bob Log III and Killer's Kiss play Sept. 12; the Sermon and Canoe play Sept. 13. 7 p.m., Bottom of the Hill, 1233 17th St., S.F. $15. (415) 474-0365.

Sept. 12 and 14
Weed Patch No Rickenbackers were harmed in the making of Weed Patch's album Maybe the Brakes Will Fall (Ghrowpalnaanid), a folk-rock collaboration between singer-songwriter and journalist Neal Weiss, Ginger's Seth Rothschild, and players such as Sea Hogs' Adam Maples and Minnie's Sid Jordan and Malcolm Cross. Sept. 12, 11 p.m., Ivy Room, 858 San Pablo, Albany. Call for price. (510) 524-9299. Sept. 14, 5 p.m., Thee Parkside, 1800 17th St., S.F. Call for price. (415) 392-0563.

Sept. 13
Party of Helicopters For those of you who are feeling Fragile. The progish headbangers turned pop melodists of Party of Helicopters crash-land with their latest, superfly Velocette album. Sept. 13, 6 p.m., Hemlock Tavern, 1131 Polk, S.F. $7. (415) 923-0323.

Sept. 15-16
Weakatherans, Costantines The Weakatherans' past recordings just seem weak in contrast to their live shows, where they're capable of blowing down emo combo like Promise Ring, as they demonstrated at Slim's last year. What a surprise then that the Toronto-Winnipeg quartet got it right with their fourth full-length. Sept. 15-16, 9 p.m., Bottom of the Hill, 1233 17th St., S.F. $10-$12. (415) 474-0365.

Sept. 18
Amon Tobin Down, Cujo. Drum 'n' bass's genre-dicing ninja Amon Tobin looks back with his latest retrospective, Collaborations and Remixes. P.O.D. also performs. 9 p.m., Bimbo's 365 Club, 1025 Columbus, S.F. $22. (415) 474-0365.

Sept. 19
Rainer Maria, Denali If Rainer Maria Rikke did time as a college radio-reared indie head bobber, he might have given the double-thumbs-up to his New York-by-way-of-Madison-Wis. namesake and their latest album, Long Knives Drawn (Polyviny). Rainer Maria's fourth album turns out to be a fervent, open-ended, and rocking workout. The trio meet their match with the passion players of Denali. 9 p.m., Great American Music Hall, 859 O'Farrell, S.F. $12-$14. (415) 885-0750.

Junior Senior
Sept. 24
Evan Dando, Rhett Miller, Consonant The heartthrob singer-songwriters group meeting gathers here, with romantic indie rock accompaniment by Mission of Burma bassist Clint Conley's side project, Consonant. 8 p.m., Great American Music Hall, 859 O'Farrell, S.F. $5. (415) 885-0750.

Sept. 27
Kings of Leon Jet Southern rockers who belong in a concrete kudzu jungle. Kings of Leon tend to push the adenoidal, snout-dappled urban rock of the Lou Reed, Golden Earring, AOR ilk rather than the stuff o' Skynyrd-loving, truck-driving soot-thumbs-up to his New-York-by-way-of-Madison-Wis. name¬
date "859 O'Farrell, 22-29's also play. 9 p.m., Bottom of the Hill, 1233 17th St., S.F. $13. (415) 474-0365.

Sept. 28
Black Eyes Embrace the healthy Diechord and shadowy shronk of D.C.'s Black Eyes — dual bassists and drummers and all. O'Farrell, S.F. $5. (415) 885-0750.

Sept. 30
Holly Golightly The raspy-voiced, forever cool, renowned FOWS (Friend of White Stripes), They Headcoates women's auxiliary leader, and grande dame of the garage goes forth with her umpteenth solo release — count 'em, weep, and reap the benefits — Truly She Is None Other (Damaged Goods). KO and the Knockouts also perform. Make-Out Room, 3225 22nd St., S.F. Call for time and price. (415) 647-2888.

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Junior Senior

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Sept. 3
Wednesday
Hot club Tonight Kinky take to the Fillmore's stage with their unfettered, electro-pop dance-party music. The quintet of sexy Monterey, Mexico, natives have enjoyed meteoric success since the release of their debut album last year, and they've packed music halls across the globe in addition to garnering a Grammy nomination. The band's music draws on elements as far-flung as rockabilly, samba, and traditional Mexican rhythms. Unlike many electronic outfits, their live performances rival the intensity and depth of their recordings; as a result, Kinky's audiences have been hard-pressed to resist dancing frantically to the band's unique sound. If you're still craving south of the border sounds after the show, make your way back to the Fillmore Tuesday (8 p.m.; $20) for Café Tacuba, rock en español mainstays who play a mash-worthy mix of rock, ska, hip-hop, and funk. 8 p.m., Fillmore, 1805 Geary, S.F. $19.50. (415) 346-6000. (Mirissa Neff)

Sept. 4
Thursday
Media mutiny Do you trust corporate America to control everything you hear, see, and read? If not, you're not alone. Last spring, in a tidal wave of popular outcry, more than two million Americans took the time to tell the Federal Communications Commission they opposed any further relaxation of the rules limiting how much of the TV, print, and radio industries any one company can own. FCC chair Michael Powell (son of you know who) and his two co-Republicans on the commission ignored our concerns and, violating their responsibilities to safeguard the public interest, voted June 2 to slash several key media industry regulations — thereby opening the floodgates to unprecedented mergers and even further consolidating a handful of media behemoths' control over news and entertainment. Today the slash-backs go into effect. And although members of Congress have been taking some meager steps to turn back the tide, those moves simply don't go far enough and are by no means a done deal. Join media mutineers from Media Alliance, Global Exchange, Network Against Disinformation, and Code-Pink at a rally in front of KPIX-TV, KGO-TV, and Fox News Channel studios — part of a nationwide protest calling for the reversal of the FCC's rogues-handout — and stand up for diverse, accessible, and accountable media. 5 p.m., KPIX-TV, KGO-TV, and Fox News Channel studios, 855 Battery, S.F. Free. (415) 575-5555, info@media-alliance.org, www.reclaimthefcc.org. (Camille T. Taiara)

Strings attached Wherever post-postmodernist leanings abound, there really ought to be some puppetry on hand to make them go down smoothly. Fortunately, there's lavender Diamond and the Long Armed Lady present Birdsong Bauharoque, a combination of puppetry, performance, film, and lectures based on the philosophical concept of the Bauharoque. In his book Phenomenology of Revelation, artist and philosopher Paul Laflol proposed the Bauharoque as the "last period in the Modern cycle," a time of unrivaled challenges for humankind just before the advent of the second Dark Ages. The abolition of cyclical ideals is a prerequisite to the reclamation of Laflol's age, so the puppets have their work cut out for them. 8 p.m., Artists' Television Access, 992 Valencia, S.F. $5. (415) 824-3890. (Anup Pradhan)

People on the stage
Los Angeles's own-school hip-hoppers People under the Stairs dig in the crates this week at Slim's with the help of Portland, Ore.'s Lifesavas. See Thur/4.

In touch Long before John Edward started crossing over (and even before Dionne Warwick had any psychic friends), fortune-telling proved to be an endlessly fascinating pursuit among the metaphysically curious. In fact, at the turn of the last century, the San Francisco Call newspaper even employed a palmistry editor, one Madame Neergard, who recorded her readings of palms belonging to San Franciscans both distinguished and disreputable. Learn more — like, how was the palmistry page really that different from modern-day astrology columns? — when the Society of California Pioneers hosts a lecture by Merelith Elíasen. The historian discusses "Palm of Famous People Read by Madame Neergard," a circa 1899-1903 scrapbook that records a most unusual side of S.F. shortly before "the big one." 6 p.m., (reception 5:30 p.m.), Society of California Pioneers, 300 Fourth St., S.F. Free. (415) 957-1849, www.californiapioneers.org. (Cheryl Eddy)

Sept. 5
Friday
No hate for Tate Blues performer Howard Tate could have used a break about a decade ago when he was coping with the death of his daughter and grappling with homelessness and drug and alcohol addiction. Things have been turning around for Tate of late, though — he gave a stirring performance last year's San Francisco Blues Festival, and now he has a new album in the bag, Rediscovered (Private Music).
Synergicity: Krasnoyarsk, the National Dance Company of Siberia, performs My Siberia, part of a program presented this weekend at the Marin Center. See Sun/7.

Sept. 7  
**Sunday**

From Russia with love
Type “Siberia” into any search engine and you’ll call up a tourism Web site that reassuringly notes there’s more to the region than “frozen tundras and prison camps.” Like, for example, Krasnoyarsk, the National Dance Company of Siberia — who save you the trouble of making the trip by performing locally at the Marin Center. The 43-year-old company specializes in folkloric dance (expect much athletic leaping and pirouetting from the male dancers) accompanied by music played on traditional instruments. The show, which also features an exquisite array of costumes, includes the intriguingly titled The Mother-in-Law Had Seven Son-in-Laws, as well as a Cossack dance, Krasny Yar. 3 p.m., Marin Center, Martin Veterans’ Memorial Auditorium, Avenue of the Flags at Civic Center, San Rafael, $18-32. (415) 499-6800. (Eddy)

Sept. 8  
**Monday**

Umbrella optional
It might seem kind of strange to have an outdoor sculpture exhibit planned for the months of September through December. But the folks at the University of San Francisco obviously aren’t weather-shy; come rain, rain, or shine, they’re presenting Give and Take: Sculpture/USF/2003, their fourth annual outdoor sculpture exhibition. The works include Gail Caulfield’s ceramic Adam and Eve statues (rendered actual size); Peter Eiler’s concrete Suitcases, Distance, a conceptual piece by Bill Ivey that incorporates a redwood tree; and variously nature-Influenced works by Deborah Childress, Ann Weber, and Cheryl Coon (whose Organism floats in the library’s fountain.) The exhibit goes up today (stop by the main USF gate to pick up a map and information), plus there’ll be an opening reception with the artists and a guided tour later this month. Through Dec. 21 (reception Sept. 26, noon-2 p.m.). University of San Francisco, 2130 Fulton, S.F. Free. (415) 422-5762, www.usfca.edu/library/blah. (Eddy)

Sept. 9  
**Tuesday**

Space is the place
As the final days of summer expire, no band seems more deserving to pound out the funereal procession than Subarachnoid Space. Their muscular psychedelia and proggy space rock embrace the end of sunshine and flip-flops in the park; the partially improvised guitars and organ drone over compositions bubbling with texture and ambience leave behind the dreamy, rolling season in favor of a more complex, cerebral one. Helios Creed and Captured! by Robots also play, 9 p.m., Cat Club, 1190 Polk, S.F., $7. (415) 431-3332. (Pradhan)

Sept. 10  
**Wednesday**

Game of life
The Lab opens the floodgates on its 20th anniversary season with an appropriately monumental work: Performing Objects Stationed in the SubWorld, a new experimental play by noted poet, playwright, and prose writer Carla Harryman. Harryman — a longtime local luminary, though she’s now a college prof in Detroit — enjoys a happy (if temporary) homecoming of sorts with the first full-scale production of the play. In typical Harryman fashion, Performing Objects was created collaboratively, with director Jim Cine, visual artist Amy Trachtenberg (set and costume designer), and musician Erling Wold (whose score incorporates operatic and avant-garde elements). The work traces the borders of cities and suburbs, delving into relationships between people who confront each other under various circumstances. Exploratory and probing, and aiming to "describe an inter-cultural social conscience," Harryman’s latest will no doubt delight her old-school fans, while also offering neophytes a chance to be properly introduced. Through Sept. 27. Opens tonight. 8 p.m.; runs Thurs.-Fri. (also Sept. 20, 27; no show Sept. 11), 8 p.m., Lab, 2948 16th St., S.F. $10-$20. (415) 864-8855, www.thelab.org. (Eddy)

Road warrior: Laura Park performs in Park-N-Ride, one of 56 shows at this year’s 12th annual San Francisco Fringe Festival.

Hot spot
The San Francisco Fringe Festival — along with all fringe festivals, actually (there’s a loosely linked international network of them) — occupies a space of its own in the world of theater. The fest has unique fans (many of whom rarely go to other theater events during the year) who approach the shows with a good-spirited expectation that colors the entire event. On a weekend evening, you’ll find crowds walking through the Tenderloin from venue to venue (every hour or so — all works are 60 minutes or less), talking and laughing like they’ve just left a party. This is theater without white gloves and evening wear; the festival lineup is uncurated, meaning that most shows are selected by a lottery of some sort and go up sight unseen. That also means the performances, which can take any size, shape, or style, are sometimes amateurish, sometimes anarchic, and often created and performed in the same freewheeling spirit audiences bring with them. This year’s fest features some 56 plays, performed over 11 days — and truth be told, what I know about them isn’t much. I am familiar with one performer — Liebe Welzel, who, with her company, Lunatique Fantastique, has never met an object that couldn’t be turned into a puppet, nor has she made a puppet that couldn’t be used to create some imaginative theater. Overall, the Fringe is cheap and fun: life should always be like that. Through Sept. 14. Mon.-Fri., 7, 8:30, and 10 p.m. (also Fri., 11:30 p.m.); Sat., shows run 1-11:30 p.m.; Sun., 11:30 a.m.-8 p.m. Various venues, S.F. $8 or less per show (10-show pass, $55). (415) 673-3847, www.sf fringe.org. (J.H. Tompkins)

Vivid images: The work of photographer Ted Pushinsky is displayed at “Between the Wars,” an exhibit opening this week at the Tunnel Top. See Sat/6.

Around,* and other ticker-themed songs, special effects (flying monkeys may or may not appear), Wiz references, and poppy field-enhanced mayhem galore. 10:30 p.m. and midnight, Club Rendez-Vous, 1312 Polk, S.F. $8. (415) 399-3900. (Eddy)

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Slim's 333 17th St; (415) 255-0333.
Skylark 308 18th St; (415) 621-9294.
Shebeen 139 Eighth St; (415) 593-7642.
Snook's 795 Valencia; (415) 255-2102.
One Market Restaurant 1 Market; (415) 777-2974.
O'Farrell Street Bar 800 Larkin; (415) 667-9326.
O'Malley's 520 Fourth St; (415) 434-3344.
San Francisco Brewing Company 155 Columbus; (415) 885-3000.
Ruby Room 132 14th St; Oakland; (510) 444-7224.
Jupiter's 1751 17th Street; S.F. (415) 621-2570.
Oxygen Bar 795 Valencia; (415) 255-2102.
Paradise Lounge, 308 11th St; S.F. (415) 621-2570.
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music listings
Thursday 4
From page 60
Tony Saunders’ Jazz Trio John’s Grill, 63 Ellis 366-6069. 6-10pm.
Top Shelf Jazz Trio House of Shields, 38 New Montgomery. 495-5236. $5-$10, 5-8pm.
Vince Latame Trio Eottie’s, 7pm.
Bay Area
Howard Barkan Pomegranate Mediterranean Cuisine. 1585 University, Berk. (510) 655-5967, 6:30pm.
Carlos Ziallo Jazzet Island Lighthouse, 1144 Ballena Blvd, Alameda. (510) 864-0222. 7:30-10:30pm.
Tom Babbit Trio Paradigm Bar and Grill, 9pm, free.
Folk/world/country
Candela, DJ Carvilo’s Way Elbo Room, 10pm, $8.
Allison Jordan Rock Soup, 7-10pm.
Nickle Creek, Kathleen Edwards Palace of Fine Arts, 3301 Lyon; 421-TIXS, 8pm, $27.50.
Sabbath Fiddler’s Green, 1333 Columbus; 415-774-9758. ‘San Francisco World Music Festival’ Asian Art Museum, 200 Larkin; 553-6272. 8pm. Featuring a Northwest classical master class with Vijay Kitcha.
Shannon Celid Band Plough and Stars, 9pm.
Bay Area
Keith Moore San Rafael Farmers Market, Fourth St and Locust Place; San Rafael; www.keith-moore.net, 6-9pm, free.
Rebecca Riots Freight and Salvage Coffee House, 8pm, $17.50.
Tip Top House Albatross Pub, 9pm.
Dance clubs
Alley Cat The Pendulum, 6pm-2am. A dance club for women featuring hip-hop, funk, and dancehall.
An Bodhran 668 Haight; 431-6274, 10pm-2am, free. Hip-hop and soul with DJ Lee.
Arabian Nights El Rio, 9pm, Arabian dance music.
Axis Massive Rob/Am Lounge. 9pm, free. Ska to dancehall.
Bas Gone Wild Club Baz, 9pm.
Brain Tree 1015 Folsom, 9pm.
Brazilian Nights Club Callisto, 830PM, $13. Brazilian dance class and live music.
Built for Speed Delirium, 10pm-2am, free. Electro club, rock, pop, and more with rotating DJs Function Hooker, Platform Whore, and DJ Juan for the Road.
Bump Liquid, 10pm-2am. House music with rotating resident DJs.
Cafe Cocomo 6pm-2am, $10. Salsa music.
Childhood Reunited 6pm-2am, $6. Gay and lesbian Latin music dance party.
Clasica Solana Cafe and Lounge, 272 MAFititek; 421-2000, 10pm-2am, free, Salsa, samba, reggae, dancehall, and world beats with DJs Fadi Chocolate and El Doctor.
Cocoa Club Six, 9pm-2am, $3. With Pol, Mo-Yoga, Shortcut, Doogie, Iker, and Irie Dole.
Core Country Metromen Ballroom, Louisa, 8-9pm, dance party; 9-11pm, $10. Gay and lesbian country western dance party with DJ Steve Carter.
Cruise Line Linga Lounge, 9pm-2am, Deep and groovy house with Todd Michael, Uncle Larry, Dominic Tracy, and weekly guest.
Dalva “Cheap Thrills,” 5-9pm, With DJs Wally Huxall and Sir Arnie Patti, “7-Up Weekend,” 9pm. With Setor Fayman and guests.
Doo Cee Shakedown Blue Lamp, 9pm, $5. Soul, club, rap, and reggae.
Din on This Sacrifice. 10pm-2am, $3, Hip-hop, funk, and dancehall with DJ Jayse.
Dirty The Top, 10pm-2am, $5. With DJs Chris Orr and Future Primitive Sound Sessions.
Didgeri-dude: Australian multi-instrumentalist Xavier Rudd plays the Ebo Room Mon/B.

Faith City Nights, 9:30pm, $10. With residents Blackstone, Ruben Mancias, Jay-R, and Twiin.
The Finger Arrivals, 10pm-2am, Sirenscore, electro-punk, new wave, and more.
The Flavour of the Week Lullaby, 8pm-2am. With DJ Rose.
Flow Up and Down Club, 9pm-2am, $5. House, hip-hop, and R&B with Oliver Orval, Vikka, Old E, and Eric C.
Gruv Blind Tiger, 9pm. $3. Open decks from 9-11pm. Residents DJ after.
The Hitzy Huh Huh Lounge, 10pm-2am. $2. Abstract hip-hop, future, electro-soul with DJs Lady Base and Max Leema.
Jazzmatzz Class Kat, 7pm-2am. Live R&B, jazz, neo soul, and urban music.
Kazamazali Club Tropi Gala, 2800 Clement; 262-7910. 8pm-2am, $10. Latin-fused Middle Eastern music with DJ Medi and the Arabian Knights Band.
Kiki Kat Endup, 10pm-3am, $10. International funk.
LuvMusic Sublounge, 9pm-2am. With DJs Utah, Atlanta, Gordon, and Bones.
Magic Show Trapezoop, 9pm. Free, with Life, Ben B., and Malachi.
Nagabe!! Armadillo, 9pm. $5. With DJ Montgol and DJ Suresh.
1984 Car Club, 9pm-3am, $5. 80’s, top 40, and new wave.
Passenger Skylark, 9pm-2am, free. Jazz, house, and soul with Paul Craven and Capital X.
Play Paradise Lounge, 308 11th St; 861-6906. 9pm. Funky, groovy house.

Didgeri-dude: Australian multi-instrumentalist Xavier Rudd plays the Ebo Room Mon/B.

Polly Esther’s 9pm-2am. ‘70s disco, ‘80s retro, and ‘90s house and hip-hop.
popsonne 330 Ritch, 10pm-2am. $5. Britpop, indie, new wave, mod, electronic, and ‘60s soul with Aaron Axelsen and Jeremy.
Pow 8:30pm-2am. Hip-hop.
Raise Up Cafe Claude, 9pm-2am. With Tomb of Doom, Alexis, and Ryme.
Rebel Girl 26 Mack, 10pm-2am. $3. “Girl Sounds” with DJs China G and Wax Chef.
Reform School The Stud, 10pm-4am. A gay, but straight-friendly dance club featuring house music with DJs Jeff Chandler, Spoon, Poppa, Discovery, MonkeyBoy, plus special guests.
Rising An Sibin, 9:30pm-2am, $3. With DJs Brian Hamilton, Paolo Yedi, Soncks, John Conrad, and Burn I.
Road Rash Jazbez’s Joint, 8pm. Street bike racing videos and rock music.
Safon Aisha 9, 10pm-2am, $10. House music with DJs Rick Fingers and Leroi Lovejones.
Sneaks Buzz 9, 9pm. Free. Underground house grooves with Bradley and Sunder.
Soul Tough Nicky’s BBQ, 9pm-2am. With Scott Edmonds and D. Pagan.
Sound Li Po Lounge, 9pm; 962-0072. 9pm, $5. With DJs, James, Tim, and Tee spinning indie, psy, rock, lo-fi, and more.
Source Kelly’s Mission Rock, 10pm. Hip-hop.
Spirit Asia SF, 9pm-2am, $5. A queer dance night featuring house, hip-hop, and R&B.
Studio 2, 9pm-7:30. With Live Human and DJ Disk.
Supercharger Kate O’Brien, 10pm-2am, $5. Rock and hip-hop with rotating DJs Spin, Vin Sol, Ross Hogg, and guests.

Didgeri-dude: Australian multi-instrumentalist Xavier Rudd plays the Ebo Room Mon/B.

Tekjam 03 Sublounge, 9pm-2am, $3. Techno with Forest Green, Clarity, LooseBeats, Chris Bareone, Jai Young Kim, and Janio.
Thang Arkan, 718 4th St; 626-727-2827, 9pm-2am, free. Rare grooves, downtempo, funk-rock breaks, and more with DJ Neil N. Krisi.
Tom and Kelly’s Playland Jupli, 10pm-2am, free. With Tom Thump and DJ Kelly.
Yunnal Top 10pm-2am. Hip-hop with DJ Toph Cric.

Bay Area
Aural Confection Oasis, 135 12th St; Oakland; (510) 763-0404. 10pm-2am, $3. Deep house with rotating residents.
Beatdown Jupiter, 8pm, free. Downtempo, funk, nu-jazz breaks, techno, jungle, and deep house with Delon, Yumi, Add1, and Big Willie.
Black Po Club Fessett, 9pm. Hip-hop, rap, and R&B.
The Breaks Wylie Room, 10pm-2am. Deep grooves, old school hip-hop, and funk.
Jelly Caribbean Gardens, 1306 Old Bayshore Hwy, Burlingame; (650) 144-1791. 9pm-2am, $3. Hip-hop, house, and club classics with DJ aMo, Timothy Joseph, and Mr. Mayhem.
Lucrce Lounge 2066 Allston Way and Shattuck, Berk; (510) 841-1300. 10pm-2am, free. Funk, rare grooves, and beats.
Radio Rattor Radio, 415 11th St; Oakland; (510) 451-2889. 10pm-2am.
Shaman Trance Dance Askiakezu, 9pm-1am, $6-$7 sliding scale. With DJ Amar, a drum circle, and a Butch performance by Judith Kaikara.
Soundboutique Ivy Room, 7pm, free. With residents Ian, Jacob, and Sean.
Steppin Out Shattuck Downlow, 9pm-2am, free. Funk, soul, and hip-hop, ‘80s, and reggae.

friday 5
Rock/blues/hip-hop
Acoustic Son, Flying Venus, Xenon Chen
Hobo Utah Salon, 8pm-10pm, $7.
Black Ice, Spectra, Protector
Hemlock Tavern, 10pm, $5.
Blue Suede’s Ireland’s 32, 9pm.
Cheeseballs Red Devil Lounge, 10pm, $12.
Chemistry Set, Connecticut Yankee, 10 combination, $5-4400, 9pm.
Court and Spark, Ray’s Vast Basement Cafe du Nord, 9pm, $10.
Dans Band, Age Bimbis’s 35 Club, 9pm, $15.
Easy Action, 25 Suaves, Salem Lights Bar outside.
Friday Knights, Idiots, Girlish Figure, Death by Excess Klung, 9pm, $5, Bonfirefest 2003.
Hammerdown Turpentine Amoeba Music, 6pm, free.
Junior Senior Bottom of the Hill, 10pm, $10.
New Deal Elbo Room, 10pm, $10.
Newworldpop Asian American Music Festival BindlestiffStudio, 181 Sixth St; www.newworldpop.club, 9pm, $10. With Highwire, Sweetness, Jack Killed Jill, Annie Lin, Bobby Bandura, and the Skyflakes.
Shawn Pittman Biscuits and Blues, 9pm, $12.50.
Radiotaru, Bonerama Great American Music Hall, 9pm, $22.
El Rayo-X, Tea Leaf Green Fillmore, 9pm, $27.50.
Rite of Orchis, Continental Tongue and Groove, 9pm, $5.
Skindivers Johnny Foley’s, 9pm.
Superjoint Ritual Slim’s San Francisco; (415) 252-6645.
Toskana Boom Boom Room, 9pm, $33.50, 9-11pm, 9-11pm, 9-11pm.
Vince Johnson Last Day Saloon. 9pm, $10.

Bay Area
Allman Brothers Band, Karl Denson’s Tiny Universe Greek Theatre, UC Berkeley, Gayley Rd and Stadium Rim Way; Berk; (510) 642-9983, 7pm, $35.50.
Chez, Tommy Drake Chronicle Pavilion, 2000
Kirk Park Rd, Concord; (415) 421-7783. 7-10pm, $38.50.
Reed Froner Baltic, 9:30pm, $5.

Laszlo
Funky J Vive w/ video show
Dj Claire
Dj Neal of the CCC hosts: Sabor
Dj Kenni w/Bryan & Rick on Bar
Dj Jonas and guest
Signs closed
Old skool
art+video

Sunday, March 2, 2003
www.sfbg.com
Boyz Guardian Contest

Are You HOT?

We're seeking 10 sizzling-hot people to strut their stuff in our upcoming sex issue. Do you fit one of the categories below? Are you ready to show off? Then send ur your picture with some vital stats. A panel of experts in beauty, fierceness, and fashion will judge whether you are the hottest of them all. If you win, your picture will be featured in the paper and you'll get a free dinner out and massage or other great entertainment certificates.

We will be offering awards for hotness in the following categories:
- B-boy or B-girl
- Tattoo Addict
- Castro Clone
- Bear
- Baby Dyke
- Drag King
- Financial District Honcho
- Gym Bunny
- Indie Rocker
- Clean-cut Nonprofit Worker

Entry Form:
Name: ___________________________
Phone: __________________________
Address: __________________________

Please answer the following questions:
1. Which category do you wish to enter?
2. What is your hottest feature?
3. What are your measurements?
4. Where is the best place to find you on a Saturday night?
5. What song is guaranteed to make you cry?

Please include a full-length photo.

Deadline for submissions is Sept. 10. You will not receive a prize if you do not include your name, phone number, and address.

Send your entry to:
GUARDIAN
Hotness Contest
135 Mississippi
San Francisco, CA 94107

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THURS., SEPTEMBER 4TH
ALPHA BONDY
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ARLO GUTHRIE
SAT., SEPTEMBER 13TH
DAVID GRISMAN
SAT. SEPTEMBER 20TH
YELLOWMAN
FRI., SEPTEMBER 26TH
THE MACHINE
DARK SIDE OF THE MOON
W/ WIZARD OF OZ
QUICKSILVER GOLD
FRI., OCT 31ST
GARAJ MAHAL
SUN., OCT 5TH
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www.morningspringrain.com
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Bay Area

George Duke
Kimball’s East, 8 and 10pm.

Friday Afternoon Hang’ Jazzschool, 2067 Addison, Berk; (510) 845-5373. 5-7pm, free.

Jan Jones
8pm.

Folk/world/country

Dave Kelleher
Fiddler’s Green, 1333 Columbus; 441-9758. 9pm.

Rory Maclean Band
Plough and Stars. 8pm.

Scott Austin Jug Band, Boy Oh Boys
Starry Plough, 9:30pm, $7.

Paul N. Taylor and the Montara Mountain Boys
Salada Beach Cafe, 220 Paloma, Pacifica; (650) 357-3356. 7:30pm, free.

Dance clubs

An Boxtran 668 Haight; 431-4724. 10pm-2am, free. House, funk, and soul with DJ Searce.

Brass Tax
Amnesia, 8pm, 5$.

Cafe Arguello
1499 Valencia; 431-3600. 8-10pm, free. Flamenco dancing.

Cafe Cocomo
8-10pm-2am, 315-20. House, European, dance, and hip-hop.
FAFIO: EXQUISITE 4498

Various Artists

This disc brings together several tracks each
by four of Portugal’s most important current
practitioners of the tradition: Madalena Araújo,
Cristina Branco, Mariza, and the grande dame
di modern fado, Amália Rodrigues.

JUNE CARTER CASH 4A 98

Wildwood Flower

Gift with purchase at Amoeba! Pick up a June
Carter Cash Lithograph with the purchase of
her latest CD while supplies last! CD available
at Amoeba on Tuesday, September 9th.

RICHARD X

Present His X-Factor

Vol. 1

A sound-clash of pop, R&B & '80s.

LOOKING FOR LANDMARKS

Includes "Being Nobody" vs.
Looking For Landmarks

Live at the Red Devil Lounge on September 8th.
Also hear them live on KPFA & KALW!

RICHARD X & FIRST DREAMS

Featuring Kesha.
Also features Jarvis Cocker, Tiga, Sugababes
and more.

BETH ORTON 498

The Other Side Of

Daybreak

Featuring remixes by Four Tet, Roots Manuva
and Two Lone Swordsmen.

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2003.09.10 (FRI)
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2003.09.11 (SAT)
TWO LOONS FOR TEA
2003.09.12 (SUN)
RICHARD X & FIRST DREAMS
2003.09.13 (MON)
BETH ORTON
2003.09.21 (TUE)
RICHARD X & FIRST DREAMS
2003.09.22 (WED)
BETH ORTON
2003.09.23 (THU)
JUNE CARTER CASH
2003.09.24 (FRI)
BETH ORTON
2003.09.25 (SAT)
TWO LOONS FOR TEA

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The Radiators

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Wooden Leather

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Jack Ass

SPECIAL GUEST

People Under the Stairs

Battalion of Saints

Pistol Chip

ENEMY YOU

Bad Religion

$25 ADV. / $25 DOOR

Doors 7:30 / Show 9

Mary J. Blige

Love & Life

Featuring the single "Love & 1st Sight" feat. Method Man. And guest appearances by Jay Z, Eve, and 50 Cent. Also new production by Dr. Dre.

Junior Senior

D-d-don't stop the beat

See them live at Bottom Of The Hill on Saturday, September 13th.

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See them live at Bottom Of The Hill on September 13th.

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MUSICLISTINGS
City of angles
By Vivian Host

The way everyone talks about Los Angeles, you'd think the city had given them an eternity of gold dust followed by a botany. The next person who tells me how rad, cutting-edge, and footloose and fancy-free it is to live in Echo Park is going to get their feet — encased in an obligatory limited-edition Adidas resale — run over by my Honda Accord.

I grew up in L.A., and I admit the city has changed for the better, but it's still true that for every dope little coffee shop, hipster-overrun art show, and sunshine-filled day, there's a manic driver, thick smog cloud, or mentally ill hugging waiting to ruin your day. That's the big secret about L.A. It's that 80 percent of the people I know who live there barely ever get out of their house, although they can recite a list of all the cool spots around town.

In any case, L.A. is going through somewhat of a renaissance right now: there are tons of art galleries opening up, the clubs are hopping, and it's actually becoming a destination for people younger than 35. It reminds me of a time in the early '90s when San Francisco was the shift. My friends used to drive up almost every other weekend to go to a fun party in Half Moon Bay, some Basics warehouse rave in an old armory, or a Sunset free party on a Sunday afternoon at the Berkeley Marina.

The point is, rather than getting all sour that San Francisco's scene is a little sluggish at the moment, people should just drive to L.A. It's not that far, and after a few days of mini-golf, drinking at Los Feliz's Asien-themed Good Luck Club, and getting jiggly at the Chocolate Bar, you're ready to come home, where going out for Indian pizza or drinks is as easy as picking up your dirty jeans off the floor and walking down the street. Best of all, if you actually stay in San Francisco, you can apply for veteran status and join the likes of Top Cool One, Jonath and Billie Sharp, and Future Primitive's Mark Herzli and the many others gunning to be theifers of the club scene. We salute you.

And speaking of Top, why not try one of his favorite pastimes, happy hour? If you start drinking right after work, you can (theoretically) go home early and stave off the 8 a.m. hangover. The ladies of DJ crew Sister S.F. have started a free Thursday night at Wish, Your Sister's Hour, featuring Queen Agnes B. Leja, and rotating guests in a mash-up of house, breaks, '90s, and stuff. Flyer mavens Brittany and Regina Y promotes are doing a new night at the Public. Stop off before heading to Studio or Print to hear rotating guests from around town play experimental hip-hop and down-tempo, plus everything else from the Who to ambient drum 'n' bass. The night is geared toward music-industry heads and club promoters, so fledgling DJs, bring your mixed CD (hint, hint). Plus Eskr and his boys play drum 'n' bass Tuesdays, at Solution, down at your favorite mine, and the Top. And then there are the other favorites: Gool at 111 Minna on Wednesdays and Vroom at El Rio on Mondays for trance and sheer ravey, respectively.

And finally, anniversaries are a big deal for clubs, since it's hard to last a month in this town, much less a few years. Candles and streamers saddle out of cakes go out to drum 'n' bass, ghetto tech, and general-mayhem night Compression, which celebrated three years Aug. 31 with Wee Man from Jackass, Marky and XRS from V Recordings, and a whole lot of drunken hijinks. At the DNA Lounge, progressive trance and house crew Brainchild from the South Bay celebrate seven years this month with their Orgy party. Over and out.


YBR Happy Hour, Second and Fourth Wednesdays, 5:30 p.m.–midnight, Public, 1489 Folsom, S.F. Free. (415) 652-3065.

Solution, Tuesdays, 7–10 p.m., Top, 424 Height, S.F. Free. (415) 864-7386.

Orgy, With St. John, Raoul Kuhn, BB Hayes, and others, Sat./10 p.m.–4 a.m., DNA Lounge, 375 11th St, S.F. Free. (415) 826-1409.

E-mail Vivian Host at plusone@sfbg.com.

FRIDAY 5
From page 6


Club NV, 9:30pm, House and salsa with Greg Lopez, Ven, and Tony Q.

Club Vagina, El Rivo, 9pm, $7, Salsa with Salsa spins world class.

Club Radio, Shadow Lounge, 299 Folsom: 225-3534, 10pm–4am, free, ’90s rock, new wave, and pop with James and Brett.

Club Sin, 9pm–4am, $10, With Kerry Ken.

Dajang, Subculture, 9pm–2am, S.S. school hip-hop, house, and breaks with Mancub, Anthony Garito, Req., Gabriela, and Brad Robinson.

Daves, 9pm, With Tom Thump and DJ Kelly


Dirty Rock, Paradise Lounge, 9pm, $5, DJS Thursday Top, 9pm.

FCloud, 9 Motel, 9pm–3am, $15, House music with DJ Frenchy Le Freak and rotating guests.

Fegg Fridays, Endup, 10pm–5am, $10, With residents Rolle and Ruben Manola.

Felix, Car Club, 10pm–3am, 66 Sycamore,
music listings

new wave, electro, punk, Britpop, hip-hop, and indie.

Faticke, Sacrifice, 10pm-2am, $5. Hip-hop, dancehall, and old-school.

Flight No. Subliminal, 9pm-2am. With DJ Poros and guests.

Frequency Bardas Lounge, 300 11th St; 861-6906. 9pm-2am. Electro and indie rock with DJ Donino.

Friends, MIK, 9pm-2am. $5-10. With performances by Ayro and DJs Hakabo, Kento, and Yoshito.

Funkytown Lost and Found Saloon, 1355 Grant; 981-9557. 9pm-2am. Funk with Noël the DJ and DJ Wong.


GhettoDiscus Fuse, 6pm-2am. Free. House, disco, soul, and funk with DJs Hawthorne, Nate Harris, and Miss Judy.

Gina Ka in the Kat Came Back Glass Kat, 9pm-2am. Hip-hop, R&B, reggae, old-school, r&b, and soul.

Gloree, DJ Howard, 339-7444. 10pm-6am. With Reda, Linden C., Raul Kahn, King Kooba, and SOS.

Grip Liquid, 10pm-3am. $5. House, leftfield, funk, and rare disco with Corey Black, Laryne Fox, and Cosmic Jason.

Groovilicious MCI, 470 Pacific; 956-0666. 9pm-2am. Hip-hop, house, and old school with the Naked DJ.

Havana Beats Club Deluxe, 9pm, free. Latin rhythms with DJs, live music, and dancing.

Inside Whisper, 535 Florida; 339-7444. 9pm. Jilian’s 101st Fourth St; 369-6100. 2pm-2am. Top 40 and old-school.


Mass Appeal Kelly’s Mission Rock, 10pm. Hip-hop.

Mediterranean Nights Piazza Restaurant, 1600 Market; 804-3700. 10pm-2am. Cevapi, Turkish, French, Arabic, Persian, Spanish, Top-40, and ‘70s music.

Mexican Bun; Board of Chrysy’s Restaurant, 201 Third St; 843-8060. 9:15pm-2am. $38 (includes cover charges), reservations required. Cosmic aboard this bus for a dance club tour that takes you to three clubs featuring live Latin and Caribbean music.

Milk “Knees Up!” 6-10pm, $20. Happy hour with Big Mike, DJ Seven, and Marty.

On the Corner Movida Lounge, 9pm-2am, free. Hip-hop, downtempo, dancehall, and more.

Phunuk Tank Hash Hash Lounge. 10pm-2am, $5. With Andrew Jervis, Jonah Sharp, and guests.

Poly Esther's 9pm-7am. 70s disco, '80s cetro, and '90s house and hip-hop.

Pop As Dance; Funky, deep, and soulful house with rotating DJs.

Reactor 4 Jeebee’s Joint. 9:30pm, Industrial, EBM, noise, and dark wave.

The Real Nickie’s BBQ. 9pm, $5, free before 10:30pm. Funk, hip-hop, soul, disco, and dancehall with DJs Wisdom and Motion Potion.

Remedy DNA Lounge, 10pm-5am, $15. House, garage, atmospheric soul, and urban grooves.

Rewind 1028 Geary, 1028 Geary; (925) 339-0893, 9pm-2am. With Steve Masters and Brian Raffi.

Robot Space 550, 10pm-4am.

Royally 9pm-2am, free. Funk, House, and hip-hop.

Sexotica Make-Our Room, 10pm, $5, Indian, Middle Eastern, and Latin grooves with DJ King Coffin.

Sluts of Sound Sublounge, 9pm-2am. House and soul with M3, Anthony Garcia, and guests.

Squirt Room Lounge, 9pm-2am, free. House and breaks with DJ’s Ted and Fred.

Souldess Mad Dog in The Fog, 10pm, free. Northern soul and funk.

Spa Chi Chi, 440 Broadway; 927-3031, 9pm, $10. House and hip-hop with Big Bad Bruce.


Sundae 1015 Folsom. 9pm. With Milky, Kazzell, and Jonathan Dyda.

Stuf “Queer Swing Live”, 6:30-10pm, $5. Drop-in swing dancing and lessons and dance party, “Cheap Trick”, 7pm-6am. Electro, indie, mod, pop, and rock with Big Red and guests.

True Blind Tiger 9pm-2am. With DJs Danelia, Blank, and Armstrong, and Cake.

What the...? Lulu’s 9pm-2am, free. Hip-hop to chill out with DJ Neal.


The X, 715 Harrison; 339-6066. 9:30pm-2:30am. House with DJ Paolo.

Bay Area Live Brazilian International Music Club Pinutils. 9pm, with DJ Ruben and Xilo.

Party Classics, Radio, 455 13th St; Out; (510) 451-2889. 10pm-2am. Ruby Room 10pm-2am. ’70s and ‘80s glam rock and pop music.

Shattuck Downlow 8pm-2am. Funk, soul, and hip-hop.

Saturday 6

Rock/blues-hip-hop AC/Deh, Hammerhead Thunderblud Slim’s. 9pm, $12.

Beneath the Surface, Murder Machine, Hard 8, Differential, Sayaks, A Filament Person

Sound-5F, 7pm, $10.

Black Plastics, Minds at Large, Audio Out

Send, Tongue and Groove, 8pm, $5.

Blue on Green Johnny Foley’s, 9pm.

Blue Period, Venus Bleeding, Needs Curve Bar, 9pm, $5.

Casidrone for the Painfully Alone, Paperpacs, Death Science Hemlock Tavern, 10pm, $6.

Crown City Rockers, Burning Star Elbo Room, 9pm, $10.

Delerium, Conjure One, Sidestepper Bimbo’s 365 Club, 9pm, $15.

Continued on page 72
music listings

Saturday 6

Peter Mitchell, 8pm, $10. Breezy Bay Club, 9pm.

Sonic Youth, 9:30pm. The Phoenix, 9pm-1am, $15.

Bob Marley and the Wailers, 9pm-2am. The Phoenix, 9pm-1am, $15.

Sugar King, 9pm-2am. The Phoenix, 9pm-1am, $15.

Continued on page 74
Sonny Smith
This Is My Story, This Is My Song (Jackpine Social Club)

Sonny Smith’s music is not your run-of-the-mill singer-songwriter stuff. On his second album, This Is My Story, This Is My Song, the San Francisco native evokes Southern hilltop towns and spooky pines as much as mumbled street-corner poets and boozey urban bars. It’s country blues meets sidewalk stream of consciousness.

Melodically, Smith’s songs have the aura of simplicity. They move at their own sweet pace, shifting direction emotionally with almost every turn of phrase and doing so as effortlessly as a coastal breeze. Smith’s smoky voice and gentle guitar are augmented by lapal, accordion, fiddle, and dreamy vocal harmonies, while the rhythms maintain a low profile. More character sketches than straight narratives, the lyrics are a smart tangle of words that conjure kooky smiles and introspective moments of brazen honesty.

Lines seem like non sequiturs (“Mona Lisa I can’t stand her smile / I am the only one that likes a good flood?”), and at the melodies appear to wander. Truth is, though the songs would never have gotten this far without a blueprint born of Smith’s sharp musical mind. He’s a comfortable, confident songwriter, adept at creating rich images and knowing when a song needs quiet and open space. These are songs that breathe. (Kurt Wolff)
Continued on page 72
Elbo Room

Wednesday, September 3 9pm $5

Josh Fix & The Furious Force
Plus Jethro Jeremiah

Thursday, September 4 10pm $7

Sabor con Claves presents

Crown City Rockers

Furious Force

Josh Fix & The E3
(Systemwide/8 Bit Records, Portland, OR)

Party for Systemwide’s remix album, "** DUB MISSION PRESENTS A CO RELEASE"

THE NEW DEAL

Plus DJ Monty Luke

Adv. Tix at MysteryMachineProductions.com

Crown City Rockers & Burning Star

Adv. Tix at MysteryMachineProductions.com

Wednesday, September 3 9pm $5

** Mystery Machine Productions presents **

The New Deal

Plus DJ Carlioto’s Way

Sunday, September 7 9pm $5

The Devil Lounges

SAN FRANCISCO

Wednesday, 9/3 Doors: 9pm

Analogue

Prototype

Thursday, 9/4 Doors: 8pm

Top Four Flights

JND

Friday, 9/5 Doors: 8pm

The Cheeseballs

Big Fun

Saturday, 9/6 Doors: 7pm

Lustra

Slight + Tremolo

Matt Swinemell

Monday, 9/8 Doors: 7pm

Viv and a Movie

Live music, art and independent films

Tuesday, 9/9 Doors: 9pm

Damon Lee

And The Allstars

Karney + Marque

Wednesday, 9/10 Doors: 8pm

Lucero

Shiver + Goodbye Brian

Thursday, 9/11 Doors: Happy Hour 7pm

Poser’s Lounge

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everyday 3-30 - 6:30

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— KT Mag"
musicListings

Sunday 7
From page 74
Give-N Goos. 7pm-2am. House music with Dustin, Sir Charles, Jerry Ross, and guests.
Gumbro Muses Cafe and Lounge, 272 McDaid
Street, 621-2200. 7pm-2am. Free. With DJs Racine, Stev, Scott Edwards, Madison, and M3.
Luscious Liquid. 10pm-2am. Deep tribal, hard progressive, and house with Dharma, Unity, Origin, and guest DJs.
Rebirth. 330 Rith. 10pm. Soul and hip-hop with Henry, Joe Quixas, Kevy Kev, and Will.
Rise Cafe Cenina. 6am-4pm, $15. House, dance, and trance.
Salamit Sundays Club Tripol Gala, 358
Octavia. 10pm-7pm, Free. Latin-fused Middle Eastern music with DJ Medli and the Arabian Knights Band.
Salsa Crazy Sunday Marrovin Ballroom,
630-1130pm. $5-15. Salsa dance social and dance lessons.
Selector Sundays Blind Tiger. 9pm-2am, $5.
With the Unusual Heroes.
Storytelling Night Odeon Bar. 7pm-2am. Hosted by Joist Reise.
Sundowners Kelly's Mission Rock. 10pm.
Sundance Saloon Space 530. 6-11pm. $5. A country and western dance event.
Sunday School Sono-Drift. 8pm-6am, $10. House and downtempo with residents.
Valle Y el Dosis. Cale. 9pm, Free. Hip-hop and lounge.
Volume Storeville. 10pm-2am. Hip-hop, soul classics, and dance with D-Sharp, Megaball, Black D, Marc Stretch, and Malachi.

Bay Area
King of Kings Skatttro Downlow. 8pm-2am, $5. Hip-hop and dancehall.
New Wild Sunday Club Fuseti. 9pm. World beat, Latin rock/pop, salsa, and house music.
Platinum Room Ruby Lounge. 10pm-2am.
Repentus Radio. 435 13th St. Oakland (510)
451-2980. 10pm-2am.
Salza con Sabor Cafe de la Raza. 1500 Shattuck
Berk (510) 483-0662. 7-11pm, $5.

Monday 8
Rock/blues/hip-hop
Katie Garibaldi Red Devil Lounge. 7pm, $5-10.
Helies Creed, Be-Non, Galaxy Chamber, Fluff Girl Piano Bar. 8pm, $10.
Jon Lewton and R.J. Mischo Biscuits and Blues. 8pm, $12.
Lee Hookers, Slim Parkside. 9:30pm.
Life and Times Bottom of the Hill. 9pm, $7.
Thursday, Year of the Rabbit, Time in Malta Great American Music Hall. 8pm, $15.
Ub's Blues Jam! Brainwash. 8pm. Free.
Uzi Tattoo, Clarify Process, Sideslayseven Xino. 10pm.
WIV and a Movie! Red Devil Lounge. 7pm, $5-10.

Bay Area
Green Eggs and Schramm Fourth Street Tavern. 9pm.
Steve Gannon Band and Mz. Dee Blake. 9:30pm, $4.

Jazz/new music
Bishop Norman Williams Quintet Les Joulins. 8pm.
Bryan Girard Jazz Quartet MacFie's House of Coffee, 598 Delaware. 205-6859. 7pm. Free.
Eaton Barica Quartet Bistro. 9pm.
Mike Greenell and Ruth Davies Moore's. 9pm.
Sam Grobe-Heintz Cellar at Johnny Foley's. 9pm. Free.
Jason Myers Trio Houston's. 1800 Montgomery. 292-9200. 8pm.
Dave MacIvor, Devin Hoff, Scott Amendola Bixler 9pm.
Mas Cabanas Bobby Rydler's. 8pm. Free.
Lavoy Smith Enrico's. 7pm.
Tony Saunders Jazz Trio John's Grill. 605-0606. 207-10am.
Mitch Woods Washington Square Bar and Grill. 7-10pm.
Bay Area
Madeline Eastman 10th St. 8 and 10pm, $15.

Folk/world/country
Do the Voodoo Voodoo Lounge. 7pm. Free.
'Earpplay Outside Korea' Tabac Buena for the Arts Forum. 700 Howard. 978-3767. 9pm.
5-12-18. Featuring Hoo-bun Na, Hi-kyung Kim, Earl Kim, and Jieng Yung.
Irish Session Ireland's. 32. 9pm.
Open mic Hotel Utah Salons. 7pm. Free. With Bob O'Magic.
Xavier Rudd Elbo Room. 9pm, $10.

Bay Area
Open mic 19 Broadway. 9pm. With Derek Smith.

Dance clubs
Baobab 8pm-1am. Soul, hip-hop, funk, and galactic beats with DJ Miss Leema, Jamim, and guests.
A Case of the Mondays Amnesia. 9pm-2am. Funky downtempo classics, deep house, and more with Cracker Jack DJ's.
Cable Crew Studio 9pm. 21+ Reggae and dancehall.
Cognitive Dissonance Jealous's Joint. 9-11pm. Shoegazing alt rock, blues, trip-hop, and more.
Easy Denvision. 319 16th St. 533-5255. 10pm. Free. With Sly and Chad Mitchell.
Grateful Dead Jam's Nick's BBQ. 9pm-2am.
Dark Star Dan plays rare Grateful Dead tracks.
Gumbo Beauty Bar. 10pm-2am, Free. With Racine, Stedl, Serg, Pismo, and weekly guests.
Halliwe An 588m. 9pm-2am, Free. Drum 'n bass with krypticx, DJ M, DJ 588m, Dominata, and guests.
Milkshake Mondays Sono Drift. 8pm-2am, $5. With Travis.
Minimal Mondays Hush Hush Lounge. 10pm-2am, Free. With Forest Green, Joe Rice, and Mike Aron.
Mondango Dolo. 9:30pm. Free. Rare funk, soul, jazz, and world music with DJ Motion Potion and guests.
Redwood Room Space midnight. Jazz with Consuelo Kevin.
Remedy Pov. 9pm-2am. Breaks, hip-hop, and rare grooves.
Soul Cali. Gathering 3521 Scott. 776-1928. 9:30pm. $5. Funk, soul, R&B, and hip-hop with DJ Jerry Ross and Daniela.
Soul House Red Eye Lounge. 1337 Mission. 437-1337. 9pm-2am, $5. Free before 11pm.
House music with DJs Tune, Abdul, and Mike Aran.
Steam Liquid. 9pm. $2-4 With Kerry Tucker, DJ Lewis, Ame, and Heather Moon.
The Stud 6:30-9pm. $10. Queen Linda hop Lessons. 10pm. Funk and deep house.
Tunnel Top 10pm-2am. Jazz with DJ David Boyes.
Unholliness Night Sacrifice. 10pm-2am, Free.
Vroom El Rio. 8pm-midnight. $1. Funk, funk, and soul.
Bay Area
Mystery Night Ruby Room. 10pm-2am.
Understory Lounge Radio. 451 28th St. Oakland (510) 451-2889. 10pm-2am, Psycho '80s and porno '70s.
Delirium
service for the sick
PINBALL, POOL, 6 AREA 51
Chimay Draught DJ Lounge
20-40
0000 4000
THE HEADPHONE MIX
A ROCK 'N' ROLL PARTY FOR THE FIRST CENTURY
W SWAY w/ JULIES punk funk r' & soul
TH BUILT FOR SPEED
electro Clash RAR trash
F DOT DASH w/ Mc Hugly & RRR Dug.
Lettuce, India, India, India, etc. etc.
SA SYNAPSE deep house break beats
SU FIX ME w/ DJ COOLNESS
M-TH 4-7 F 2-5 S 1-PM-2 PM HAPPy HOUR TO 7 PM
3139 16th St. at ALBION
TEL 415 552 5525

Friday, September 19
7:00PM
Shoreline
amphitheatre at mountain view

Club Jazz Nouveau presents HOWARD WILEY w/ special guest
Shawn’s and Happy Hour.

LUNCH, HAPPY HOUR, DINNER, AND WEEKEND BRUNCH
Southern Cuisine with Jazz, R&B, and World Music.

For Reservations, show times and info call:
415 921 2100 or visit www.jazznouveau.com

The Only Premiere and Intimate Night Spot in San Francisco

Owned and Operated by Artists and Musicians

Wednesday, September 3
Rob Hart Trio
Show: 8pm and 10pm
Cover waived if reserving dinner

Thursday, September 4
Richie Vitale
Show: 8pm and 10pm
Cover discounted if reserving dinner

Friday, September 5
Darryl Row
Show: 9:30pm and 11:30pm
Cover waived if reserving dinner

Sunday, September 7
Jazz Is Dead Society presents HOWARD WILEY w/ special guest
Show: 8pm and 10pm

Now Available for Corporate and Private Occasions

Concerts & Performances

from page 77

Tuesday 9

Rock/blues/hip-hop

Bad Religion, Living End, Jackass Slim's,
Commoner.

Café Tucubtu, Fillmore, 8pm. $20 See 3 Days a
week, page 77.

“Chalk Race Movement” IX Last Day Saloon.
8pm. SS. With best Chalkie Cooper. Feat.
Elektrum, Mind Complex, Eric Neff, and
more.

Electrolyte, Carolines Park, 9:30pm
Fast Man, Wearies Chills, 9pm. $5.

GOD Ireland’s 32, 9pm.

Hellios Creed. Captured! By Subs,
shred and Credit Club, 5pm. See 7
Days a week, page 78.

Kentucky Slim and Horsepower Blue Lamp,
8pm, free.

Nicole McRory Johnny Foyle’s, 9pm.
John O'Brien, Christian Kiefer Herlack Two-
over, 9pm, 50.

Red Alert, Higher, Dogs of War, Silent Army,
(5pm-5:30). $2.

Steve Lucky and Carmen Githi Biscuits and
Blues, 9pm.

Bay Area

Court and Spark 19 Broadway, 8pm. $8.

Oakland Blues Jam 7PM High Club, 8:30pm.

Jazz/new music

Aiko Tanio Trio Satire 8pm.
Jules Broussard Bing Nathan, Ned Boynton
Earl’s, 7pm.

Cecil Wooll Quintet Les Joujou, 8pm.
Collective West Jazz Orchestra Collar at
Johnny Foyle’s, 8:30pm.
Jason Myers Trio Houston’s, 1800 Montg-
mory, 9:30-10:30pm.

Andrea Marcomecii Flush Room, 8pm, $5.
Kurt Ribak Rock shops, 7:30pm.

Ricardo Scales Top of the Mark, 7pm-
night.

Shotgun Wedding Quintet Brun’s, 9pm.

Swing Session Broadway Studios, 9:15pm, $10.

Tony Saunders Jazz Trio John’s Grill, 63 Ellis
966-0069. 6:30-10pm.

Bay Area

‘Jazzschool Ensemble Tuesdays’ Jupiter.
8pm, free.

‘Jazzy Supper Club’ Kimberly’s East, 7:30pm.

Tayor Eising Trio Yoshi’s, 8 and 10pm, $10.

Folk/world/country

Acoustic open mic Easton, 1231 Folk.
474-7743, 7-10pm.

Devil’s Own, Madora Road, Devil Makes
These Hotel Utah Saloon, 8pm. $5.

Olvo Birger E Europe, 4901 Mission, 469-
5537, 7pm.

Paul Haymond Fiddler’s Green, 1333 Colum-
nac, 441-9758, 8pm.

Jessie Harris and the Ferdinands, Jonathan
Price Cafe du Nord, 6:30pm, $10.
Mark Nicholson Brainwash, 9pm, free.

Open mic night Rock’n’Jive, 1231 E. Haight
831-6822, 7-9:30pm.

Vivendo de Poco Bar, Room 9pm. $6.

Bay Area

Courtbuele Ashkatan, 8:30pm, $9

Starry Plough Open Mic Starry Plough, 8pm.

Dance clubs

Arrow 10pm-2am. Pump rock with DJ
Dwight and Eyepatch Gery.

Café Nicoles BBQ, 9pm-2am.

Dj Club 1 Sabbath spins a blend of Interna-
tional music.

Bay Area

The Next New Thing’ UC Berkeley, North
Gate Hall, 9pm, $5. 21+. Free until 10pm.

Tribute to Fred Korematu” UC Berkeley, Val-
ley Life Sciences Building, near Telegraph and
Bonita Way, Ber, ace@berkeleysutra.com,
7pm, free. The Berkeley ACLU hosts this trib-
ute to civil rights activist Fred Korematu with
events listings

this event featuring a screening of Eric Paul Fournier's Of Civil Wrongs and Rights: The Fred Korematsu Story, speakers, and more.

thursday 4

Around town

FCC protest. KPXK, KGO, Fox News Channel Studios, 855 Battery, phone (415) 624-9300, 10am-6pm, free. 8pm 10am, free. Viewers are welcome to attend the broadcast of the FCC's public notices on their future primitive sound, featuring clothing, music, art, limited edition shoes and specialty goods from the FPS art collective currently on display: the photography of Henry Chalfant graffiti documentary

FUTURE PRIMITIVE SOUND

HEADQUARTERS

NOW OPEN

featuring clothing, music, art, limited edition shoes and specialty goods from the FPS art collective currently on display: the photography of Henry Chalfant graffiti documentary

STYLE WARS

597 HAIGHT STREET@STEINER

THURSDAY SEPT 4TH

Money Shot

Collaborating On Four Turntables:
B Cause (4 One Funk)
Teeko (4 One Funk)

Also

DJ Enki
DJ Spair (Oakland Faders)

Future Primitive Sound

Saturday Sept. 6, 8PM
w/Dimensions Dance Theater
Benefit for Oakland-Santiago de Cuba Sister Cities
Alice Arts Center
1428 Alice St, Oakland
Adv. Fox: www.ticketweb.com
Info: 510.272.0478

Bayview

'A Monorail' Bravo Cafe, 2318 Telegraph, (510) 485-0703, 7-10pm, New York City's community newspaper and literary press is a monthly event held at a local bar in Oakland's market district. Features readings by poets Taylor Brady, Donna Jalay, and the All Akbar Khan College perform Indian music and traditional chans. DJ Cheb I Sabbah performs to benefit the San Francisco Public Library. Through Sun.

Benefits

Friends of the San Francisco Public Library
39th Annual Big Book Sale! Festival Pavilion, Fort Mason Center, Marina at Lagoon; 437-4857, 10am-6pm, free. This huge book sale benefits programs supporting the San Francisco Public Library. Through Sun.

friday 5

Around town

'Mondo Porno!' Club Galia, 2565 Mission; www.mondopornoparty.com; 8pm, $10-15. Editorials and Lu Read/Dragstrip present this event featuring porn screenings, music, burlesque and striptease, drag, art, and local celebrities.

Benefits

'Friends of the San Francisco Public Library
39th Annual Big Book Sale! Festival Pavilion, Fort Mason Center, Marina at Lagoon; 437-4857, 10am-6pm, free. This huge book sale benefits programs supporting the San Francisco Public Library. Through Sun.

Saturday 6

Around town

'California Academy of Sciences 150th Anniversary Festival' Music Concerts, Golden Gate Park, near Ninth Ave and Lincoln; 750-7745, www.calacademy.org; 11am-8pm, free. California Academy of Sciences celebrates its 150th anniversary with live music, a 75-foot-high Ferris wheel, an inflatable Eco-maze, a rolling rain forest, ethnic foods, a beer garden, and more. Also Sun.

Ghirardelli Square Chocolate Festival' Ghirardelli Square, 900 North Point; 775-5800, Noon-5pm, $6. This chocolate festival features chocolate-filled truffles, cookies, cakes, tart, brownies, gelato, liqueur, and more; the event also features a cooking competition, demonstrations by chocolatiers and pastry chefs, an ice-cream sundae-eating contest, and more. Also Sun.

Continued on page 30
VINTAGE FASHION EXPO
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 13-14
SAN FRANCISCO MASONIC AUD.
1111 California Street @ Mason
Info: (707) 793-0773
Hours: 10:30-6 Sat. 11-5 Sun.
Adm: $10, $2 off w/ad

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Join us for our month-long celebration of 80 years of independent book selling!

Great Giveaways: Gift Bags, Coffee Mugs & Gift Certificates
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PREVENTION STARTS HERE
REGISTER TODAY!

PEAK HIKE
Choose:
September 20 or 21, 2003
Mt. Tamalpais, California
A challenging day hike for breast cancer prevention.

Bike Against the Odds
October 19, 2003
Lake Merritt, Oakland, California
Choose between five routes with varying degrees of difficulty throughout the East Bay.

Get involved, informed and support The Breast Cancer Fund's important work, because prevention starts here! Register online at: www.breastcancerfund.org or call 415-346-8223

Other Sponsors Include: ABC7 • 107.7 The Bone • Dana Design • ISIS • Kauy • LEK• Montrail • Outdoor Research

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REGISTER TODAY!

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Art listings are compiled by Sarah Han. Because of space limitations, new shows are listed the week they open (thereafter, shows are listed one time a month). We cannot list craft exhibits. For information on how to submit listings to this section, see S Days a week.

**San Francisco Museum of Modern Art**

353 Third St; 415-703-0800. Fri-Tues, 10am-5pm; Thurs, 10am-9pm. $10, $5 seniors, $6 for ages 12 to 17, free for 11 and under. "Art in the Age of Anxiety." Works by George Condo, Mike Kelley, and others. Sept 14-11, Noon-5pm. Free "What's New?" guided tours, Sat, 10am.

**California Palace of the Legion of Honor**

34th Ave and Sutro Blvd; 751-1800. Tues-Sun, 10am-5pm (first Thurs, 10am-9pm). $8, $6 seniors, $4 for ages 12 to 20. "Ore to Opulence." Through Dec 19.

**Oakland Museum of California**

501 Berry St; 238-2200. Tues-Sun, 10am-5pm. $6, $4 seniors and youths, free for members and children under 17. "Genes: Contemporary Art Explores Human Genetics." Through Oct 5.

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**Bay Area**

**Oakland Museum of California**

1000 Oak; 238-2200. Tues-Sun, 10am-5pm. $5, $2 seniors and students, free for six and under. "Genes: Contemporary Art Explores Human Genetics." Through Oct 5. **Fort Mason**

501 Battery; 754-7540. Tues-Fri, 2pm-9pm; Sat-Sun, 10am-5pm. $7, $4 seniors and students, free for members and children under 4. "Architect Indy Roy. Through Sun/7. 

**UC Berkeley Art Museum**

2626 Bancroft Way; 642-0808. Tues-Sun, 11am-9pm. $5, $3 seniors and youths, free for members (free first Tues). "Protect and Serve: The LAPD Archives." Black-and-white crime scene photographs taken between the 1920s and 1970s, artifacts, logbooks, and paraphernalia. "Out of bounds (from near and afar)." Site-specific projects by Dass, Min. "Pocket Atlas." Works by Nick Ackerman, Dean Byington, and Clare E. Rojas. All exhibits through Oct 5.

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**Art listings**

Art listings are compiled by Sarah Han. Because of space limitations, new shows are listed the week they open (thereafter, shows are listed one time a month). We cannot list craft exhibits. For information on how to submit listings to this section, see S Days a week.

**Asian Art Museum**

333 N. Market St; 523-3250. Tues-Sun, 10am-5pm. $7, $5 seniors, $3 for ages 12 to 17, free for 11 and under. "Black and White; Prints from the Permanent Collection." Through Oct 5. "ROY/design series 5." Works by architects Roy and Steiner. Through Sun/10.

**California Historical Society**

605 Sutter St; 625-7650. Tues-Sun, 10am-5pm. $6, $4 seniors and students, free for six and under. "Ironic Fashioning California Identity." Through Dec 19.

**Cartoon Art Museum**

1847 Larkin; 567-3523. Tues-Sun, 10am-5pm. $5, $3 seniors and students, free for six and under. "Ani-Vert." Drawings, paintings, and lithographs from the Hirschfield Archive. Through Dec 19.

**Fort Mason**

501 Battery; 754-7540. Tues-Fri, 2pm-9pm; Sat-Sun, 10am-5pm. $7, $4 seniors and students, free for members and children under 4. "Architect Indy Roy. Through Sun/7.

**Institute for Deep Ecology**

1453 Mission Street, San Francisco 94118; 238-7546. Tues-Sun, 10am-5pm (first Fri, 10am-9pm). $10, $7 seniors and students, free for members (free first Tues). "Protect and Serve: The LAPD Archives." Black-and-white crime scene photographs taken between the 1920s and 1970s, artifacts, logbooks, and paraphernalia. "Out of bounds (from near and afar)." Site-specific projects by Dass, Min. "Pocket Atlas." Works by Nick Ackerman, Dean Byington, and Clare E. Rojas. All exhibits through Oct 5.

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**Arts in the Parks**

San Francisco Bay Guardian • September 3, 2003 * www.sfog.com


Gregory Lind Gallery 49 Geary, fifth floor. Tues-Sat, 10:30am-5:30pm (first Thurs, 10:30am-7:30pm), "Focus (Painting and Works on Paper)", works by Matti Coriander (reception Thurs/4, 5:30-7:30pm), Sept 4-Oct 25.

Hackett-Freedman 250 Sutter, fourth fl. 362-7152. Tues-Fri, 10:30am-5:30pm; Sat, 11am-5pm. "A Singular Humanity" paintings by David Park (reception Thurs/4, 5:30-7:30pm), Sept 4-Nov 1.

Haines 49 Geary, fifth fl. 996-8114. Tues-Fri, 10:30am-5:30pm (first Thurs 10:30am-7:30pm); Sat, 10:30am-5pm. "The Light Within," light installation by James Turrell (reception Thurs/4, 5:30-7:30pm); Sept 4-Oct 25.

Hang 556 Sutter 434-4264. Mon-Sat, 10am-6pm; Sun, noon-5pm. "Blurring", paintings by Irwin Kramer (reception Thurs/4, 6-8pm), Sept 4-30.

Hang Annex 567 Sutter 544-6101. Mon-Sat, 10am-6pm, "...and so it goes..." paintings and mixed-media works by Anthony May (reception Thurs/4, 6-8pm), Sept 4-30.

Heather Marx Gallery 77 Geary. second fl. 627-9111. Tues-Fri. 10:30am-5:30pm; Sat, 11am-5pm. "Inaugural Exhibition," photography, video, and computer-rendered art by 10 contemporary American and European artists. Sept 4-Nov 1.

Elizabeth Olvera Gallery 49 Geary, fourth fl. (415) 229-1128. Tues-Fri, 11am-5:30pm; Sat, 11am-5pm. "Don’t Touch Me," works by Stella Lai (reception Thurs/4, 5:30-7:30pm), Sept 4-Oct 11.


Shivaani Gallery 655 Folsom, Ste 106, 821-1050. Wed, 6-8pm, and by appt. "Finger Paintings," works by Shalini (reception Thurs/4, 6-8pm; Fri/5, 7-9pm; Sat/6, noon-5pm), Sept 4-30.

66 Balmy Annex 591 Guerrero 522-0502. Wed-Sun, 1-5pm. "Recent Works," paintings by Bonna Holman and Cheryl Finfrock (reception Fri/5, 5-9:30pm), Sept 4-7.

Stephen Wirtz Gallery Bankers Investment Bldg, 49 Geary 433-6879. Call for hours. 4E/E2 works by Camille Slevogt (reception Thurs/4, 5:30-7:30pm), Sept 4-26.

Student Center Art Gallery SFSU, Cesar Chavez Student Union, 6500 Holloway, 338-2501. Mon-Wed, 10am-6pm; Thurs-Fri, 10am-3pm. "Cuba on Our Mind," works by Rafael Arzuaga and Justo Carlos Quintana (reception Thurs/4, call for hours). Sept 4-Oct 1.

Tinhorn Press and Gallery 511 Legos 821-1792. Tues-Sat, 11am-6pm; Sun, 1-5pm. New works by Juan Carlos Quintana (reception Fri/5, 5-9:30pm). Sept 4-26.

Tijuana Fist 49 Folsom, Ste 108; 341-7263. "Onward," contemporary figurative sculpture by 21 artists (reception Sat/6, 2-4pm), Sept 6-Nov 9.

Pacific Art League of Palo Alto 668 Ramona, Palo Alto; (650) 321-3891. Mon-Fri, 9am-6pm; Sat-Sun, 10am-5pm. "Ongoing," contemporary figurative sculpture by 21 artists (reception Sat/6, 2-4pm), Sept 6-Nov 9.

Tijuana Fist 49 Folsom, Ste 108; 341-7263. "Onward," contemporary figurative sculpture by 21 artists (reception Sat/6, 2-4pm), Sept 6-Nov 9.


dj:s Kaskade, vin roc, j boogie, rasce, michael tello, patrick wilson, solomon, nomadego

Weekend Dance Contests & Exhibitions: September 13th & 14th

$1000 Female Competition: Saturday Sept 13th

$2000 Team Competition: Sunday Sept 14th

Located at: SOMARTS (934 Brannan St. at 8th)

Info | Registration | Tickets: www.flavorgroup.com/urbanmoodet

$10-$15 Classes, $20 weekend pass, $15 presale, $50 ULTRA PASS (Classes & Weekend)

GuARDIAN S FLATLIGHT Flavor


Don Sokor Contemporary Art 45 Geary; 291-0966. Tues-Fri, 10:30am-5:30pm; Sat, 11am-5pm. Recent photographic-based installations by Heidi Struble (reception Sat/6, 2-4pm). Through Sept 27.


Jack Hanley Gallery 395 Valencia; 522-1523. Tues-Sat, 11am-6pm. "Your Shit's Stuff." Simon Evans's roll of Scotch tape is an indispensable tool of his trade. Each of his taped-down creations is a vast map or diagram consisting of handwritten words, found materials, and frequently organic stuff. Everything is carefully labeled, and even the smudges are numbered in 1000 Smiles, a collection of a thousand tiny magazine-cutout grins. Judging by his artwork, you might think Evans had the world's first-ever combined case of ADD and OCD. Each one is unique and takes unique-looking pictures. This exhibition features a period of more than 25 years. Each one is an eclectic assortment of antique machines: a car battery, found pieces of sheet metal with a hammer and saw, a period of more than 25 years. Each one is unique and takes unique-looking pictures. "La Machina." Dave Puck's" Sun, noon-6pm.

Magnetic North works by Dean DeCocker; 292 Townsend; 977-1300. Wed- Fri, 12-6pm; Sun, 12-5pm. "Mount," a group show, through Sat/6. "Your Shits Stuff." Simon Evans's roll of Scotch tape is an indispensable tool of his trade. Each of his taped-down creations is a vast map or diagram consisting of handwritten words, found materials, and frequently organic stuff. Everything is carefully labeled, and even the smudges are numbered in 1000 Smiles, a collection of a thousand tiny magazine-cutout grins. Judging by his artwork, you might think Evans had the world's first-ever combined case of ADD and OCD. Each piece is irrefutable proof of his sprawling creativity—his ability to generate a seemingly infinite amount of material with a stubborn refusal to take himself seriously or how impenetrable the organizational system might seem. A deep vein of humor and ironies runs through Evans's material successful, elevating it above the realms of cynicism and irony. Through Sept 27.

Puck's metalwork shares the influence on the former bike messenger's old friend of Line Real Art owner Charles Linder, whose penchant for battered, shot-up road signs seems to have exerted a strong influence on the former bike messenger's venture into the world of visual art. The poems have a kind of overpowering, manic energy that definitely reflects the character of their creator. Some even seem surprisingly sentimental. Puck's metalwork shares the gallery space with Gerhard Nicholson's collection of handmade cameras, created over a period of more than 25 years. Each one is unique and takes unique-looking pictures.

They're esoteric that they are totally understandable. Through Sun/7, (Westbrook)

Linc Real Art 1553 Market; 503-1981. Tue-Sun, noon-6pm. "La Machina." Dave Puck's 'pounded-metal' poems are punched into found pieces of sheet metal with a hammer and saw. Puck, best known for his short stint on MTV's Real World San Francisco, is an old friend of Linc Real Art owner Charles Linder, whose penchant for battered, shot-up road signs seems to have exerted a strong influence on the former bike messenger's venture into the world of visual art. The poems have a kind of overpowering, manic energy that definitely reflects the character of their creator. Some even seem surprisingly sentimental. Puck's metalwork shares the gallery space with Gerhard Nicholson's collection of handmade cameras, created over a period of more than 25 years. Each one is unique and takes unique-looking pictures. Their insides are constructed from old-fashioned camera parts, and their outsides are an eclectic assortment of antique machines: a vacuum cleaner, a meatball maker, some that resemble metal diving helmets, and others so esoteric that they are totally unidentifiable. Through Sun/7, (Westbrook)

Live Art Gallery 131 Parnassus; 552-5875. Sat, 1-5pm, and by appointment. "Mount," a group show, by the gallery's studio artists (reception Sat/6, 7-11pm). Through Sept 27.


San Francisco City Hall 1 Dr. Carlton B. Goodlett PL; 252-2568. Mon-Fri, 8am-5pm; Continued on page 84
**San Francisco Museum of Modern Art**

through Nov 4

**Marc Chagall**

**Only U.S. Venue!**

Visit SFMOMA for the retrospective of this universally renowned artist who defied categorization, featuring works from all periods of his career, and including many never before seen in this country.

Advance ticket purchase highly recommended. Visit ticketweb.com or call 866.468.3399.

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**Stage Listings**

**'The Art of Machines'**

Through Oct 4, Rx Gallery

Simple in concept and beautiful in execution, Bruce Cannon's Reflection steers the show at the Rx Gallery's second-ever exhibition, "The Art of Machines." For Cannon, the piece represents the beginning of what will be a series of life-documentation tools/artworks. Its main components are a Windows PC, a flat-panel monitor, a digital camera, and an ornate gift frame. Periodically, the viewer is supposed to point the computer's camera at the objects in the frame and snap a picture, which will be added to the database of images displayed as a slide show in the framed LCD (for this exhibition, Cannon has loaded the hard drive with pictures of himself taken over the course of Reflection's three-month development cycle). It's an ingenious digital-age twist on The Picture of Dorian Gray: a truth collector that combines subjective human vanity with the objective honesty of a machine. But you can't help wanting one of your own, but you also can't avoid wondering whether you would really carry out its intended function once you bought it home. Imagine bad-hair-day and puffy-eyed mornings ruthlessly captured and relentlessly broadcast with no opportunity for retouching. Ultimately, that is what Reflections is really about: the reduction of time and life to a few cold pixels and the question of whether its subjects will be strong enough to face the decay nature inevitably wreaks. Other standout works include Christian Ritou's Mouth, a kinetic sculpture that uses hydraulic and weapon components to create unsettling noise and motion (don't put your hand in there!); David Bowen's kinetic sculpture that uses hydraulics and weapon components to create unsettling noise and motion (don't put your hand in there!); Christian Restow's life to a few cold pixels and the question of whether its subjects will be strong enough to face the decay nature inevitably wreaks. Other standout works include Christian Rittou's Mouth, a kinetic sculpture that uses hydraulic and weapon components to create unsettling noise and motion (don't put your hand in there!). David Bowen's "50 Drones," a subtle comment on human group behavior using vibrating aluminum and PVC units; and Seemen's Monkey on Your Back, a wearable sculpture that translates motions and biorythms into movement.

**Galleries**

From page 83


**Shooting Gallery**


**Toomey-Tourne Fine Art**


**ACT**

364*3073. $20. Opens Thurs/4, 8pm. Runs Fri-Sat, 8pm. Through Sept 27. The impromptu group 3 For All performs its world premiere "movie-with-no-script" — unique each performance.

**Yolen Zeum Theater**

Fourth St at Howard: 749-2228, www.zeum.org; Sun-Fri/5-7pm; Sat, 7pm. Opens Sept 12, 8pm. Runs Wed-Thurs, 7pm. Opens Sept 17, 1pm. Fri-Sat, 8pm. Opens Sept 12, 7pm; Fri-Sat, 8pm. Sun, 7pm; Sun, 7pm. Opens Sept 12, 8pm. Runs Wed-Thurs, 7pm. Opens Sept 17, 1pm. Fri-Sat, 8pm. Opens Sept 12, 7pm; Fri-Sat, 8pm. Sun, 7pm. Opens Sept 12, 7pm. Through Sept 27. ACT performs Philip Kan Gotanda's new play about a couple — an African American World War II veteran and his Japanese wife — who reevaluate their marriage after 30 years.

**Bay Area**

Me and My Girl Marin Theatre Company, 397 Miller, Mill Valley: (415) 389-5208. $20-25. (Tues, except opening night; pay what you can). Previews Thurs-Sat/6, Sun, 7pm. Opens Sun/7, 2pm. Runs Tues/9, 8pm. Through Oct 6.

**My Gypsy**

Mills College, 500 MacArthur, Oakland: (510) 960-3535. $20-25. Previews Fri-Sat/6, Sun, 7pm. Opens Sun/7, 2pm. Runs Tues/9, 8pm. Sun/7, 2pm. Opens Sept 12, 8pm. Runs Wed-Sat, 8pm. Sun, 8pm. Through Nov 9.

**Nickel and Dimed Mountain View Center for the Performing Arts, 500 Castro, Mt View: (650) 903-6000, www.theatreworks.org; $20-48. Previews Wed-Thurs/6, Fri-Sat/8, Sun, 7:30pm; Wed-Sat/6, Sun, 3pm. Through Sept 28. (Also, Brau Theater Center, 2789 21st St, SF: 415-647-2822. $18-32. Previews Fri-Sat/6, 8pm. Opens Oct 11, 8pm. Runs Wed-Sat, 8pm. Sun, 8pm. Through Nov 9.) Brave for Women in the Arts and TheatreWorks present Joan Holden's adaptation of Barbara Ehrenreich's book about a woman working undercover in low-wage America.
Bay Area
Impact Briefs: Shock and Awe
La Val's Subterranean, 1834 Eucal, Berkeley (510) 464-4464. 5/10-15. Thurs-Sat, 8pm. Through Sept 27. Impact Theatre presents an evening of ultrashort comedic plays.

Love and Taxes

The Notebook of Leonardo da Vinci

Love and Taxes

The Japanese Angle: Bay Area Writers
Readings, interviews, and discussion. Free.
Wednesday, September 10, 8 p.m.
Elizabeth Rosner: Fiction & Poetry of Bearing Witness
Berkeley-based author and daughter of Holocaust survivors Elizabeth Rosner reads from and discusses her stunning novel The Speed of Light and its companion poetry chapbook Gavotte.

Wednesday, September 17, 8 p.m.
Lillian Rubin: Stories from the Other Side of the Couch
Internationally recognized sociologist and psychotherapist Lillian Rubin reads from The Man with the Beautiful Voice: And More Stories from the Other Side of the Couch, called by Publishers Weekly "an absorbing chronicle of seven of her most challenging cases!"

Wednesday, September 24, 8 p.m.
Dan Bellin and Rich Yurman: The Strange Familiar
Dan Bellin reads new work exploring the annual cycle of weekly Torah readings. Rich Yurman excerpt from the brand-new Fascination Dolls and A Perfect Pair, his funny, heart-rendering book about his grandparents.

1835 Ellis Street, between Scott & Pierce, San Francisco Tel (415) 567-3327 Email library@bjesf.org
Buzz intercom and announce event you're attending. Drivers enter enclosed parking at Pierce, between Eddy and Ellis, accessible to the handicapped.

More information: www.bampha.berkeley.edu

Five years after the mapping of human DNA comes Gene(sis)—a major exhibition exploring contemporary artists' visions of a genomic future. From glowing bacteria to "manimals" and genes for sale, Gene(sis) goes beyond the science to examine our hopes, fears, and dreams of a genetically modified world.

In conjunction with the exhibition:
Genetic Screenings—a thought-provoking series of feature films, documentaries, and experimental shorts that examine cinema's fascination with the human genome, from Island of Lost Souls (1932) to cult favorite Gattaca. Thursdays, 7:30 p.m. at the PFA Theater. Series runs 9/4—10/31.

Thinking through Genomics—a lecture series and panel discussion bringing leading scientists and academics together with contemporary artists around the issue of human genomic research. Series begins 9/28 at the Museum Theater.

More information: www.bampha.berkeley.edu
from his father's ideals to cope with a new relationship and new responsibilities; the show ends up dwelling on a less interesting cast of characters. (Avila.)

- Master Harold ... and the Boys

Oakland Metro, 201 Broadway, Oakland: (510) 524-9529, www.oaklandmetro.org, $10. Fri-Sat/Sun, 8pm; Sun/7, 7pm. Based on an incident from his childhood in the early days of apartheid, Athol Fugard's most personal play is also one of his most supple: the story of a fatal day in the relationship between a white South African teenager and the two black family servants who raised him: a daunting portrait of a barbaric social system: a subtle and compelling exploration of the psychology of power: a meditation on parenting, the nature of social reform, and the role of education, and more. The fruitful collaboration between Oakland Public Theater and Second Wind Productions has resulted in a powerful, altogether impressive treat that shows small theater at its best. Director Manu Mokasa coaxes beautifully measured performances from his fine cast, capturing the humor, compassion, and unsuavering honesty of the plot, while building seamlessly to its wrenching climactic and wistful, agonized denouement. (Avila.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Forest Meadow Outdoor Amphitheater, Grand Ave, Dominican University, San Rafael: (415) 998-4688, $15-25, Fri-Sat/Sun, 8pm (also Sun/7, 4pm). Marin Shakespeare Company performs Shakespeare's romantic comedy, with a cast that includes a trained canine named Bonzer as Starveling's Dog.

- Mother Courage and Her Children


Judging by Shotgun Players' terrific production, Bertolt Brecht's antiwar masterpiece Mother Courage and Her Children remains as fresh and vital to our day as it was to the war-wrecked 1940s. The play, set in the wasting decades of the 17th century's Thirty Years War, focuses on Anna Fliedner (a witty and commanding Trish Mulholland), a merchant woman known as "Mother Courage" because she once raced her canteen wagon across a battlefield to rescue her perishable inventory. Offering Mother Courage as its annual free outdoor performance, Shotgun Players knows what it's doing with Brecht, both politically and aesthetically. Under the astute care of artistic director Patrick Dooley, Mother Courage resists the mainaul and, for all of the genuine sadness the play evokes, conveys a stirring wit. (Avila.)

Twelfth Night, or What You Will

Old Mill Park, 3730 Parkside, Mill Valley: (510) 663-4007; Free. Sat-Su/7, 2pm. Curtain Theatre takes Shakespeare's cross-dressing comedy outdoors.


- Company & Contemporary Ballet

Cowell Theater, Peri Morten Center, Marta at Laguna; 345-7573. Fri-Sat, 8pm. $25-65. The company performs The Soldier's Tale by Charles Anderson, plus repertory work by James Sewell.

ophelia's stage dance company

Dance Mission Theater, 3516 24th St; 273-6633, Fri-Sat, 8pm; Sun, 9pm, $15-20. Under the direction of choreographer Abigail Hosrin, the new company performs five premieres and four repertory pieces.

- Pilot 41: Seams Like This

ODC Theater, 3133 17th St; 863-8934; Wed, 8pm, $12. Six emerging choreographers (Brittany Brown, Debra Eno, Yuki Fujimoto, Kelly Kemp, Sarah Sass, and Jamie Ray Wright) present new works.

Tone Dance Company

Versa Bureau Center for the Arts, 701 Mission; 978-ARTS, Thurs-Sat.

San Francisco Bay Guardian
Mark Morris Dance Group
Sept. 4-14, Zellerbach Hall

Mark Morris's L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato (1888) just may be his best piece to date. It's certainly a major accomplishment by a major American choreographer — and it's also a great season opener for Cal Performances. Never before in his career had Morris attempted such a large-scale, full-evening endeavor. But then he never had the resources to try. He had to go to Brussels, Belgium's state-supported opera house, the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, to get enough rehearsal time and space, a full orchestra, and a stage big enough to really stretch his musical and kinetic muscles. At L'allegro's premiere, the Belgians were to say the least, nonplussed. Morris, who embraced choral movements and created dances that didn't highlight individual stars, used inspirations from folk dance and early modern traditions and often took his imagery from 17th-century English poetry. Though it didn't make sense to early audiences, over the years L'allegro — though rarely performed because of the resources it requires — has acquired something of a cult status. The music is by Handel, and the libretto is by Charles Jennens (based on John Milton's poetry). For these performances, Marika Kuzma directs the UC Berkeley Chamber Chorus, and Nicholas McGegan leads the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra. The Mark Morris Dance Group also performs a repertory program Sept. 12 through 14 that includes a world premiere set to music by Bartók, Fri.-Sat., 8 p.m.; Sun., 3 p.m., UC Berkeley, Bancroft at Telegraph, Berk., $32-$56. (415) 642-9988. (Rita Felciano)

Congoles and modern music by the Heartthrum DrumCircle.

Bay Area

comedy
Bay Area

Brainwash Cafe 1122 Folsom, 861-3653. Thurs, 8pm: Comedy open mic hosted by Tony Sparks, free.
Jive Source 415 Clement, 487-2022. Fri., 10:30pm and Sat, 10pm: Comedy open mic hosted by Tony Sparks, free.
Luggage Store Gallery 1007 Market; 255-4700. Comedy workshop with Tony Sparks, $5.

Bay Area
Pinot Plunge 681 Tenth, Pinot (510) 984-0871. Fri., 6pm: East Bay Improv performs, $5.

spoken word
Open mic take place almost every night in cafes throughout the Bay Area. If you want to perform, show up about half an hour before start time to put your name on the list. A day-by-day guide to spoken word events and featured readers:

Wednesday: Brainwash Cafe 1122 Folsom; 445-5390. ‘Spoken Word Salon' with host, Diamond Dave Whitaker, 8pm, free. Canvas Cafe 1200 Ninth Ave; 504-0060, mikes@westcoastindie.com. ‘Open Mic Talent Showcases,' 7-30pm, free. Savoy Tivoli 1434 Grant; 903-8030. ‘Savoy Tivoli Reading Series,' with host Mark Schwartz and featured reader J.R. Brady, 8pm, free.


Speak-Up 658 Valencia, 459-5060. ‘Poetry: UCB' with host, Cicely Scaggs, 8pm, free.

SPOKED WORD

SEP 11-10 OCT 12 WORLD PREMIERE

les liaisons dangereuses

by Choderlos de Laclos

adapted and directed by Giles Havergal

Duelistically wicked and perversely cynical, Les Liaisons Dangereuses is an elegant game of lust, seduction, and betrayal played out in the parleys and boudoirs of 18th-century France. When exiles the Marquis de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont scheme to destroy the virtue of two piously innocent women, society becomes their audience and scandal their drama.

TICKETS: $11-$68

A.C.T.
American Conservatory Theater

Geary Theater
San Francisco

A.C.T. is an American theater that produces, directs, and performs. It is considered by many as a major American theater company. It produces a diverse range of plays, including classics, contemporary works, and world premieres. It is located in San Francisco, California.


continued on page 88

Mark Morris Dance Group
L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato
Philarmonia Baroque Orchestra Nicholas McGegan, conductor

UC Chamber Chorus
Marika Kuzma, director
Thu-Sat, Sept 4-6, 8pm and Sun, Sept 7, 3pm Zellerbach Hall $38, $48, $54.

Among the happiest and most enduring works American dance has seen. There is no question that it is a masterpiece." - San Francisco Chronicle

This is gloriously inventive ode to life on earth! (NY Times) is confirmed by many to be one of the 20th century's finest achievements in dance. By turns ravishingly beautiful, enticingly witty, and deeply moving, Mark Morris' tour-de-force work is a perfect, joyful marriage of music and movement.

Christopher O'Riley's Radiohead
Wed., Sept 17, 8pm Zellerbach Hall $18, $24, $28

The master pianist and host of public radio's popular program From the Top turns his attention to new stylistic territory in this recital: the music of Grammy Award-winning British alternative rock band Radiohead. Performing works from his latest release True Love Waits, his collection of Radiohead songs interpreted for solo piano, O'Riley demonstrates why Rolling Stone magazine calls the compositions "melodically vivid" and performed "with unblinking virtuosity."
Tues/9
El filo "Program One: Gotta Get It," short films.

Opening
Confusion of Gender. Confusion of Gender, directed by French novelist Alain Durand Cohen and starring a cast of improbably gorgeous, angry actors, is a surprisingly wise meditation on growing older without giving up one's sexual adventurousness. Thirty-somethings Alain (a neurotic lawyer) and Carmen (a natural wetdreams worth of hot young men and women. But as much as he adores bisexual Carmen (who also wants to settle down), get married to his smart female boss Laurence, and have kids, although everyone around him is much less comfortable with his female appetites, he inelegantly turns between his beautiful male lover Christophe (who says he doesn't care if Alain sleeps with his wife) and his female lover (who says she doesn't care if he loves her). General French comedies should be avoided, but this film by German writer, when it comes to treating correctness and non-monogamy, with a light touch, nobody can do it better than Alain Delon. 

The Devil's Four stars a regular run of the "biggest-budgeted Hollywood film to date," a recent selection of the theater's Asian Film Festival. (3:02) Four Star. 

Dirty Pretty Things. The Stephen Frears (Dangerous Liaisons, The Grifters, High Fidelity) has returned over and over to smaller British projects between Hollywood productions. The film is a perfectly taut, focused, and appropriately witty depiction of a couple who fall in love while passing through the slums of London. 

The Secret Lives of Dentists. Campbell Scott, Hope Davis and Denis Leary play three dentist's assistants to shift from one sequence to another less tentative reaching out towards each other less world-weariness, but seriously, when you're that close, there's no turning back. The Order. The director (Brian Helgeland) and both stars (Heath Ledger, Shannon Soxma) of A Knight's Tale reunite for this supernatural thriller, which gives the producers one more excuse not to include "We Will Rock You" on the soundtrack. (1:41) 

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The Italian Job: Audiences who went into Grind (1:40) steak (1:42) (Harvey) leaving you with a confusing mixture of
deart). If you just like them, all of this feature's Schnadc's documentary homage to the band. If
are many), however, 30 minutes is pushing it between the painless, the amusing, and the nir-
stretch to two whole discs, with no two fans
hits, in actual chart terms) might comfortably
comb ev er. Their greatest hits (or mostly non-
cals), are possibly the greatest ^nark-rock
Giants, the Brooklyn duo of John Hansburgh
tillTllistings
 responds. Craptastic results duly bear out that con-
jackie Chan plays an HK cop trying to
protect a Dalai Lama-esque golden child (ref-
ence to the cruddy old Eddie Murphy movie
fully intended) who controls a medallion that’s
“the Holy Grail of Eastern mythology.” (Really?
So the “East” has one mythology now?) It’s
 purported to hold the “key to eternal life.”
This generic morbid bad guy Julian
Sands wants boy, jewelry, etc., or else he’ll kill
everybody, Infallible comedy-relief from
Lee Evans (Mouse Hunt), absurdly romantic re-
tell from Claire Forlani, routine CGI effects,
horrible computer-spat-out scripting, monstros-
yet underwhelming action, and a hapless slip-
perry grab on tone/humor/logic — all these
make Medallion the worst Chan movie in
seons. At times it seems intended for children.

Whether that’s simply a matter of pandering
stupidity or whatnot, you can rest assured
that no one over the age of 13 will be glad they paid
admission price. (1:50) (Harvey)
My Boss’s Daughter (1:26)
Open Range: A group of free-range cattlemen,
led by the gruff Boss (Robert Duvall) and a for
Continued on page 90

Visit COLD CREEK MANOR for the charm,
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For your chance to receive a pass to the September 10th sneak preview of
COLD CREEK MANOR, identify the infamous San Francisco house below and
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Check your local TV listings for the Travel Channel’s “Haunted Hotels” series,
featuring SF’s most elegant haunted manse, The Archbishop’s Mansion, voted
“Best Local Bed-and-Breakfast” in the Bay Guardian’s Best of the Bay 2003!

Entries must be received by Friday, September 5th at noon.
One pass (good for two) per person/household; no exceptions. While supplies last.
Ongoing

From page 89

killer gambler (Kevin Costner), graze their bent near the territorial boundaries of a corrupt, controlling Irish rancher (Michael Gambon). An attempt at intimidation leaves one cowboy wounded and another murdered, leading Boss and his sidekick to town to settle a debt with cold stares and hot lead. Costner's latest directorial outing keeps its B-movie revenge narrative simple and its pacing deliciously deliberate, unafraid to take its time gearing up for an impressively brutal, bullet-ridden climax. A reverence for the genre's iconography, however, holds sway over the storytelling: the film is less a rumination on the Old West than a reference catalogue of old westerns, all homages and hat-tippings. A tendency for third-act speeches and pontifications eventually smooths the movie's many pleasures, and what starts out as a技能, mean look at frontier justice turns into a horse opera sunk by an overdose of narrative loci, and absolutely no self-addressed stamped business-size envelope to:

MIDLANDS, c/o Bay Guardian Building,
1335 Mississippi Street,
San Francisco, CA 94107

Entries must be received by 5 pm, September 10, 2003. No purchase necessary. The Prince of Persia: Sands of Time ( MGM/UA Entertainment) is more symmetrical than some of its components — like the movie's sets — but it is a more symmetrical production. The film seems to think it is. Brilliantly intelligent? No. Check out Bailey and Shattuck's directorial approach: "Well, it has Screaming Rachel — if you don't know who that is, you'll enjoy comedy — and follows a pretty role escape-and-capture story line. And yeah, it's based on a Disney ride. But thanks in no small part to Depp's oddly endearing performance, the good-natured Prince aims for fun and largely succeeds.

The Other Side of the Bed Paula (Natalia Verbeke) dumps boyfriend Pedro (Guillermo Toledo) since, unbeknownst to him, she's in love with his cuddly best friend, Javier (Ernesto Alterio). Javier keeps promising Paula he'll leave his wife, Sonia (Paia Vaz), who, unbeknownst to him, has taken her consorting of the crushed Pedro to a decidedly more carnal level. Did I mention that they all have a tendency to unexpectedly break into bizarre Bobbymime choreography and sing bad Euro-pop tunes? This goofy hybrid of bedtime farce and old-school showporn succeeds because of its hilarious musical chairs game down but misses the right mix-and-match of genres by a mile. Alig and pal James St. James (Seth Green) were the geniuses the directors seem to think they are. Brilliantly intelligent? No. Check out Bailey and Shattuck's directorial approach: "Well, it has Screaming Rachel — if you don't know who that is, you'll enjoy comedy — and follows a pretty role escape-and-capture story line. And yeah, it's based on a Disney ride. But thanks in no small part to Depp's oddly endearing performance, the good-natured Prince aims for fun and largely succeeds.

The Princess Blade This potentially gratifying mix of martial arts, film noir, and political intrigue betrays its pulp origins by succumbing to some disappointingly familiar tropes. The story is that North Korea has taken over Japan, and where members of the emperor's private guard have become paid assassins, the film follows the trials of warrior girl (famed swimsuit model Yuriko Shaku) as she struggles to learn the truth behind her mother's murder — along with her true identity — in time to do some carin' and sharin' with a dreamy revolutionary dude. Director Shinsuke Sato is every bit the neophyte: unsure of his characters' backstories, he's a mix of martial arts, science fiction, and political intrigue.

Continued on page 92

1. Where was the world's first university faculty of technical science and engineering located?
2. What is the significance of the Taps plenty of familiar motifs — a talking parrot ("Shiver me timbers"), a cave filled with treasure, cannon fights, people saying, "Arrr!" — and follows a pretty role escape-and-capture story line. And yeah, it's based on a Disney ride. But thanks in no small part to Depp's oddly endearing performance, the good-natured Prince aims for fun and largely succeeds.

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-TOM CARSON, ESQUIRE

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FOR "THE BEST BILL MURRAY MOVIE PERIOD!"
-HARRY KNOWLES, Ain't It Cool News

GET LOST...
IN "A STUNNING FILM!"
-GRAHAM FELTNER, INTERVIEW MAGAZINE

BILL MURRAY
'SCARLETT JOHANSSON

Lost In Translation
The new film written and directed by Sofia Coppola

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-LEAH ROZEN, PEOPLE

www.lost-in-translation.com
The Secret Lives of Dentists: The erratic Alan Rudolph has always enjoyed, with varying success, diving into self-contained microcosms — from the B-movie decade milieu in Welcome to L.A. to the famous salons of The Moderns and Mrs. Parker and the Violent Circle. But he’s arguably never investigated a scene as familiar yet surprising as the one here: a suburban middle-class marriage, with children. Dentists who share a practice, David (Campbell Scott) and Dana (Hope Davis) have reached that point in their lives where activity is incessant but actual stimulation is rare with three very young daughters: a mortgage, and god knows what oddball obligations stretching years ahead, their well-plotted future can be seen as either comforting or suffocating. Secret Lives’ long climax is nothing more than a family of the getting the flu — and it might be the most engaging. Detailed, nail-biting set pieces you’ll see all year. (1:44) Smith Rafael (Harvey) Spellbound: A frightening, often comedic look into the family lives of the nation’s top TV spooks, Jeff Blitz’s documentary too easily balances the oddities of overachievers. It’s unobserved there’s a compelling, one: some families are wealthy, some are poor. There’s diversity, love, faith, and most predictably, a fight against the odds. Though the film builds tension as it reaches various humilitating climaxes at the microphone, it suffers the same malady as its subjects: it feels far more stage-managed than earned or lived. (1:36) Gerhard (Harvey) Seabiscuit: (1:56)

"HILARIOUS, HARVEY IS EXTRAORDINARY... SO IS THE MOVIE!"
—Susan Rabinov, The New York Times

"Sensationally funny! "Wildly unconventional, sensationally funny and a brilliant achievement, it renews your faith in the vitality of the movie medium." —Joe Morgenstern, The Wall Street Journal"

EXHILARATING!
"EXHILARATING... A ONE-OF-A-KIND MARVEL!"
—Peter Travers, Rolling Stone

HILARIOUS!
"HILARIOUS, HARVEY IS EXTRAORDINARY... SO IS THE MOVIE!"
—Susan Rabinov, The New York Times

AMERICAN SPLENDOR
ORDINARY LIFE IS PRETTY COMPLEX STUFF

Continued on page 94
"The most sex-infused movie musical ever made."
-Ruthe Stein, SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

"A warmblooded Spanish sex comedy that leaves you smiling."
-Stephen Holden, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"...pure movie happiness..."
-Moira Macdonald, SEATTLE TIMES

"A cheerful, sexy comic romp...witty, hilarious and grandly appealing."
-Rene Rodriguez, MIAMI HERALD

"Guiltless carnal charm."
-Chris Vognar, DALLAS MORNING NEWS

"Funny and sensual."
-Desson Howe, WASHINGTON POST

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Film listings

Ongoing
From page 93

- "Tidels" If ever there were a homegrown movie perfect for making a smaller, more local film festival, "Tidels" fits the bill. Lynn Hershman wrote the script as a lark when funding for her planned female Frankenstein film failed to materialize. Here a different kind of mad scientist, played by Tilda Swinton, decides to test herself into her research and crosses ... three Tildas. Also in the cast is Karen Black, originally her character, based on a real-life person, was a rogue FBI agent, a hippie who drops out to become a private eye, but Black wanted to revisit her transsexual research for "Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean," so Hershman rewrites the agent as a transsexual remake of the image of her favorite actress: Karen Black. Rumor has it the distribution is waiting to see how San Francisco reacts to "Tidels" before deciding its fate, so don't sit at home. Besides, given last week's news reports on the latest genetic hybrid (a rabbit crossed with a human), there may not be much time left before the film loses its 5-star status. (1:22) (Rich)

- "Slapshot" Sure to be regarded as a girlie flick for the 90s thanks to its strong, sharp portrait of prepubescent girls gone wild, Thirteen screams "Pay attention to me!" with a spot-on mixture of adolescent rage and joy. In a debut feature cowritten with then-13-year-old star Nikki Reed, director Catherine Hardwicke manages to catch all the casual cruelty, envy, drugs, and scar tissue of those preteen years with an acuity that'll send a thrill, or chill, of recognition through all you former kids. No doubt the emphasis will move to town for showing parents. It doesn't take more than a once-over by seventh grade's hot girl, Evie (Reed), for Tracy (Vanessa Hudgens), herself taking it one day at a time, watches in misery as her love story with her baby girl goes horrifically wrong. Tracy's "decadence" may ring a tad extreme—sometimes she seems to be trying out every trick in the book of bad habits. But Thirteen's performances lift it out of the exploitation camp—there's little that's laughable or kitchy about Wood's and Hunter's bowls-out intensity. (1:45) (Chin)

- 20 Days Early Early in Danny Boyle's 28 Days Later, a patient named Jim (Cillian Murphy) awakens from a coma only to find the hospital, the streets, the surrounding buildings, and possibly—probably—the entire world, completely, nightmarishly deserted. The cult "Ring," a highly contagious blood virus accidentally unleashed on London by a group of well-intentioned animal rights activists. 

- "Winged Migration" Its unassuming title and subject matter—birds and their astonishing flights—may not appeal well to kids as it does for art-house cinemagoers. Though this heavily Romero-influenced film isn't overflowing with original ideas, the timing of its release is impeccable. Who isn't afraid of catching a horrific disease, or of waking up to find an entire city wiped out by a scary, unknown event? (1:48) (Eddy)

Upcoming (1:24)
- "Whale Rider" Director Niki Caro's adaptation of New Zealand author Witi Ihimaera's 1986 novel combines familiar coming-of-age elements with Maori mythology to exceptionally engaging effect. Puakaiti Paka (Tea Reru) has been raised by her strict but loving grandmother Kora (Helen Parekarere) and more every Tedious grandmat (Vicky Haughton) since her aunt died left to travel the world. The latter (Claire Currie) was is too grief-stricken to stay in the community—he's a horse riding giving birth to a Pa, and tribal chief Koro still pressures him to deliver a male grandchild who might one day "lead our people out of the darkness." that modern Westernized life has imposed. That isn't happening, so granddad opens a "sacred school" to educate local boys in "the old ways—the qualities of a child. These involve everything from religious rituals to martial arts instruction. Koro is so rigidly tradition-minded that he insists girls are "worthless" in these capacities—though it's increasingly clear to everyone else that Pai possesses talent and discipline far beyond any male peer. The resulting painful rift between child and grandparent reaches a climactic point of catastrophe and supernatural retribution that would be ludicrous in any less psychologically level-headed, stylistically subtle context. A rare movie that should play just as well for eight-year-olds as it does for art-house grownups. (1:55) (Harvey)

- "Winged Migration" Its unassuming title and topic (migratory birds) notwithstanding, Jacques Perrin's documentary <i>Winged Migration</i> is of a feather with the greatest of action movies. Only the screen is not occupied with ambushes, crash landings, gunfire, daring escapes, murderous confrontations, and crumbling wreckage. In fact, when it comes to the birds in pure, sensational flight, five crews of more than 450 people, with 17 planes and 14 cinematographers, were involved in filming these birds in flight, and still the resulting sequences are so close to immediate, so lacking in artifice, that you would swear they were filmed by the birds themselves. But it's a running theme that while the humans are so impressive in filming the film off—travelling across 40 countries in all seven continents, from the Eiffel Tower to Mount Kenya in Africa, the Altiplano in South America—"the indefatigable birds themselves are even more astounding. (1:25) Metro—San Francisco Bay Guardian
You could attend the September 10 preview screening of

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Correctly identify the four San Francisco landmarks pictured here, then send or deliver your answers with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to:

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**SCHEDULES**

Schedules are for Wed/3-Tues/9 except where noted. Double features are marked with a *. Director and year are given when available. All times p.m. unless otherwise specified.

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**METREON**

Action Theatre, second floor, 101 Fourth St, S.F.; www.mastamind.com. $6-9.50. Straight outta Hunters Point (Epis, 2001) Wed-Thurs and Mon-Tues, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9; Fri-Sun, noon, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.

**PARKWAY**

1834 Park, Oakl; (510) 814-2400. Parkesy Speakeasy Theater’s Fifth Annual Film Noir Fest: "The Big Sleep" (Hawka, 1946) Fri, 6:30; Sat-Sun, 6; Dark Passage (Daves, 1947) Mon, 9:15; Sept 9-16, 6:30.

**LA PEÑA CULTURAL CENTER**

3105 Shattuck, Berk; (510) 849-2568, $3-4. Viva Resistance is not futile: Bonhoeffer, Martin Doblmeier’s documentary about the young German theologian who spoke out against Hitler, opens this week at the Christopher B. Smith Rafael Film Center.

-Chile M.: “A Tribute to the Life and Work of Fernando Alegria (Bleaching) Thurs, 7:30.

**PFA THEATER**


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**YERBA BUENA CENTER FOR THE ARTS**

701 Mission, S.F.; (415) 978-ARTS, 83-7; "Looking Is Better Than Feeling You": short film program curated by Astria Suparak, 1lam-5pm (continuous loop), Through Oct 5.

**VOD'S RESTAURANT**

50 Grand, Oakl; (510) 301-6832. $10. "Animal Crackers Call of the Wild Film and Video Festival," short films about animals and nature Sat.-6-.
STRAIGHT OUTTA HUNTERS POINT

August 28 – September 9
Sony Metreon’s Action Theatre

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Straight Outta Hunters Point makes your jaw drop! – Jeffrey Anderson, SF Examiner

ART GALLERY - Art & Photo’s From Hunters Point @ Theatre

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Ticket Information:
General Admission: $9.50  Children (under 13): $6.00
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A portion of proceeds to benefit Hunters Point Community Youth Park Foundation.
San Francisco


Herod’s Law

Political savvy

There are many edicts leaders have used to govern, but history tends to highlight a particular “golden rule” of those who’ve gained power and hope to keep it: “Either fuck them or you will get fucked.” So proclaims a character in Herod’s Law, a cynical satire of Mexican politics that knows just where to throw its sharpened knives — it is the first film to directly attack the country’s long-standing ruling party (Partido Revolucionario Institucional) and was nearly banned by the now-defunct powers that be before sweeping the box office back in 2000. Finally opening here in the midst of a gubernatorial media circus and under the larger shadow of subliminal federal fascism, its timing seems eerily apropos. The small township of San Pedro de los Saguaros has a knack for unpleasantly disposing of mayors, which worries state officials as an election looms near. They need a patsy to temporarily oversee the burg until the votes are cast, so they turn to the most bumbling party member they can find: Juan Vargas (Damián Alcázar), a jumpyard attendant with a Zapata mustache and a naively ideological bent. The locals run him out of town in record time. Juan returns with a law book, a gun, and the aforementioned maxim, quickly establishing authority through the time-honored political cocktail of blackmail, intimidation, and empty promises. Soon enough, he’s adding murder to his modus of retaining his rule. To say filmmaker cowriter Luis Estrada’s Swifflan vision of society is dark doesn’t quite cut it; his film presents a landscape of absolute corruption, where revolutions and religion can be bought and good intentions quickly morph into blind greed. Even in its broader farcical moments, Herod’s Law attacks its target with such savagery that you can practically taste the blood under the laughter. (David Fear)
you could find the following Mexican celebrities and icons...find them in the puzzle below, and you could attend the advance screening on Tuesday, September 9th in San Francisco of Robert Rodriguez’s latest masterpiece! Send your completed puzzle with a self-addressed stamped business-size envelope to:

MEXICO

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The Melee

spoof of California Mille the four-day, $4,000, fency-schmancy vintage-car rally goes the phrase "brake master cylinder pushrod came loose" roll easily off assortment of northern California landscapes, from the Avenue of the Giants' way from San Francisco to Leggett and back again. The Melee offers the whole point. And if you're a passenger, the scenery will keep you occupied all the together themselves, are too busy listening to their vehicles to bother with a stereo.

why none of the cars — including the 1954 Alfa Romeo Giulietta Sprint — do so.

drive around and have a good time but aren't about to shell out a few grand to fortunate accident in '94, but the "we run what we have, and we fix it ourselves" vin
organization Jeff Guzaitis* some smell "like dead guy" and others "like Ferdinand $349.95 (those who entered before Sept. 1 paid $300), which covers the all-im
Landas, Alfa Romeos as old as your grandmother, and other cars of that ilk driv

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How to do it

During the year, California Mille is Sept. 6–7. To sign up (try: space is limited) or get more details, e-mail jef@guzaitis.net or write to Mille HQ, 2112 23rd St., S.F, CA 94107. Also go to Yahoo group “californiamille.”

If you’re a two-motorized-wheels type, check out May’s Moto Melee, featuring a similar route and even more high jinks. E-mail or write to the above addresses and go to Yahoo group “motomelee.”
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