

ping program (which was run to some extent out of AT&T offices in downtown San Francisco). Another such architect of Bush policies is Jay Bybee, who was rewarded with a federal judgeship in the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit, which convenes in San Francisco's Civic Center complex. In addition, as Antonia Juhasz points out:

The highest-ranking civilian lawyer at the Pentagon, who was also part of the torture memos, is now the managing lawyer at Chevron. He got his job coming out of the Pentagon to represent Chevron in its lawsuits—many of which are mass human rights abuses. So the lawyer they got was one of the torture memo lawyers. And actually he had been presented by the Bush administration for a judgeship, and there was a huge outcry in the military, leading former military officers to write a letter to the Senate saying that he advocates torture. Instead he got his job at Chevron.

The Sierra Club was founded in San Francisco in 1892 at Warren Olney's offices at 101 Sansome Street and evolved fairly quickly into the world's first environmental organization of note. But until the 1960s, its members and board were mostly engineers and business leaders who imagined that protecting scenic places and doing business—doing well and doing good—were entirely compatible. Sometimes this was possible—for example, some of the wealthier "Green Women" shown in another map in this atlas, who saved much of the Bay Area from development, were often wives of the captains of industry. But Olney himself was forced to resign from the Sierra Club when he found himself on the wrong side of the group's struggle to prevent scenic Hetch Hetchy Valley in the Sierra Nevada from being dammed to provide water for the city of San Francisco. He saw the municipal water plan as a blow against the private water profiteers, but his fellow club members saw it as the loss of a marvelous valley. Such contradictions came out in full force in the 1950s and after, with the Dinosaur and Glen Canyon dam struggles, the battles over placing nuclear power plants on the California coast, and other crises that demonstrated the rift between environmental commitment and business interests. The club survived—it's still headquartered on Second Street—and a host of more radical environmental groups sprang up here, some with global scope, like the International Rivers Network and Rainforest Action Network, and some local, like the Silicon Valley Toxics Coalition and Save the Bay.

The old Bay Area was home to a comfortable culture that thought you could have it all, but the postwar era has been a series of rifts that some straddle without noticing. And much of the rest of the world doesn't even know that there's more here than gourmet opportunities and progressive activities.

*The title of this essay comes from the Cicero quote in Sandow Birk's map art: Nervi belli pecunia infinita—the sinews of war are infinite money* ⇨

## 5 TRUTH TO POWER

United Nations Plaza, poised between San Francisco's Civic Center and skid row, is also the axis along which stand many monuments, both obvious and unknown, to the history of race, justice, and power, a version of the heart of the city this map tries to make visible, with the help of Michael Rauner's magnificent photographs. Cities such as Paris had intentional axes built into them—like the straight line from the Louvre and the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe—but in American cities they're often unintentional and unrecognized. This map attempts to recognize only some of the turbulence that swirled around San Francisco's administrative heart, which is also a heart of struggle, of suffering, and sometimes of overcoming.

CARTOGRAPHY: BEN PEASE; PHOTOGRAPHS: MICHAEL RAUNER ⇨ MAP APPEARS ON PAGES 38–39

### THE CITY'S TANGLED HEART BY REBECCA SOLNIT

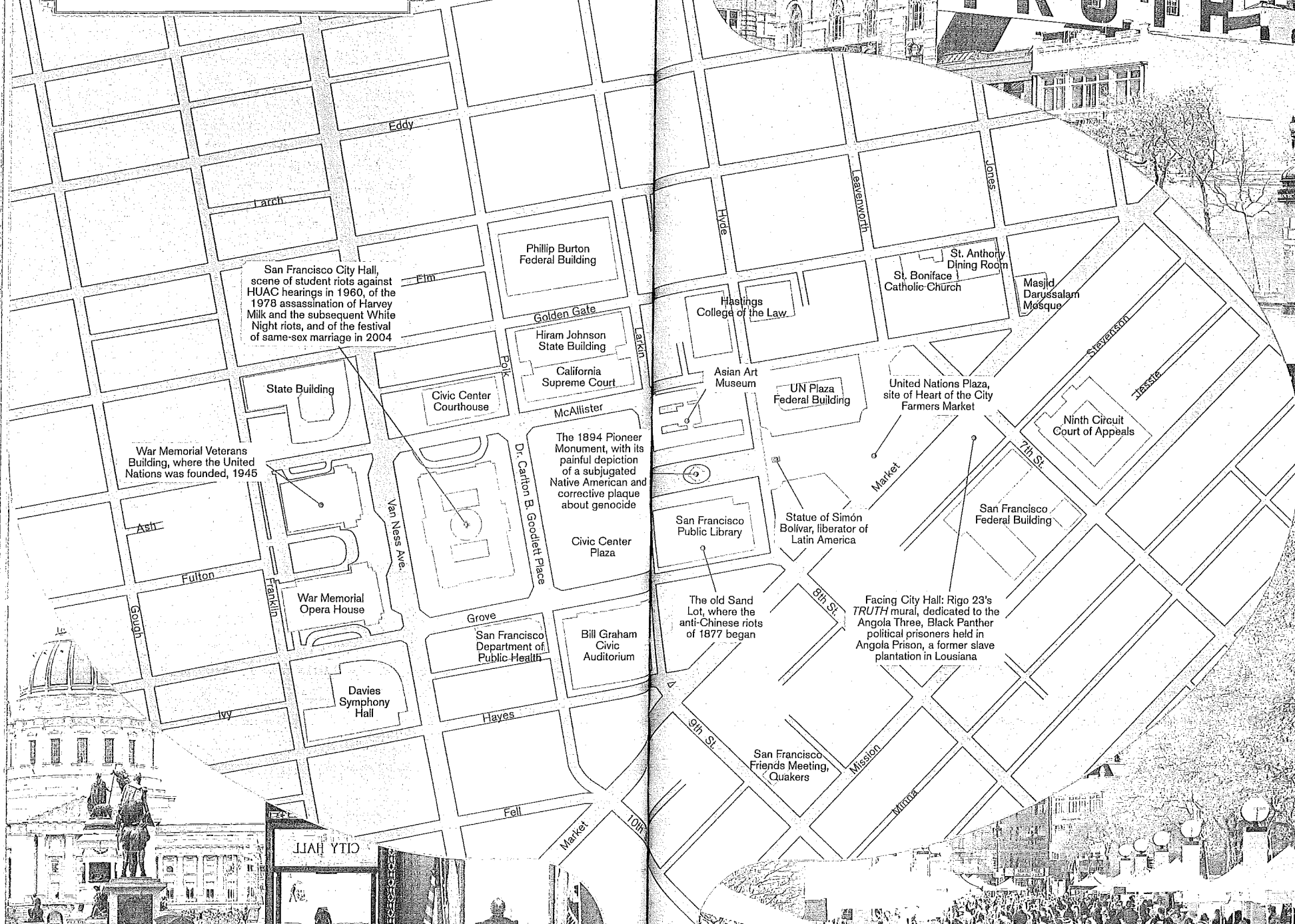
Once upon a time, much of what is now the city of San Francisco remained undeveloped land, and much of that undeveloped land was sand. One such parcel was known as the Sand Lot. It was to the city what the Hyde Park Speakers' Corner was to London, a place where demagogues could speak to crowds. Once upon a time, San Francisco was a boomtown at the end of the world, in which almost everyone was an immigrant from the eastern United States, from Europe, from South America—and from China, for a great many men (and very few women) had come to Gold Mountain, as the Chinese called it, to seek their fortunes in the mines. Some toiled in the mines; some found other work; many became cooks and laundrymen; and the Chinese in great numbers became cheap labor on the great railroad-building project that would connect the two coasts of the country in 1869. They were blamed by other workers for undercutting pay scales and then were blamed for the general plight of the white working man.

Once upon a time, the building of that railroad turned four Sacramento storekeepers—Stanford, Crocker, Huntington, and Hopkins—into San Francisco millionaires, the nobles whose palaces gave Nob Hill its name. And the railroad corporation, one of the first modern corporations, became a monstrous force, a python wrapped around California, squeezing it for money, controlling its movements and setting its policy.

The railroad was headquartered near Mission Bay, which had ceased to be a bay as it was filled in with garbage and sand from the flattened dunes. The Chinese were headquartered in Chinatown, which still stands because the government of China and local Chinese-Americans refused to let the city's

# TRUTH TO POWER

RACE AND JUSTICE IN THE CITY'S HEART



San Francisco City Hall, scene of student riots against HUAC hearings in 1960, of the 1978 assassination of Harvey Milk and the subsequent White Night riots, and of the festival of same-sex marriage in 2004

War Memorial Veterans Building, where the United Nations was founded, 1945

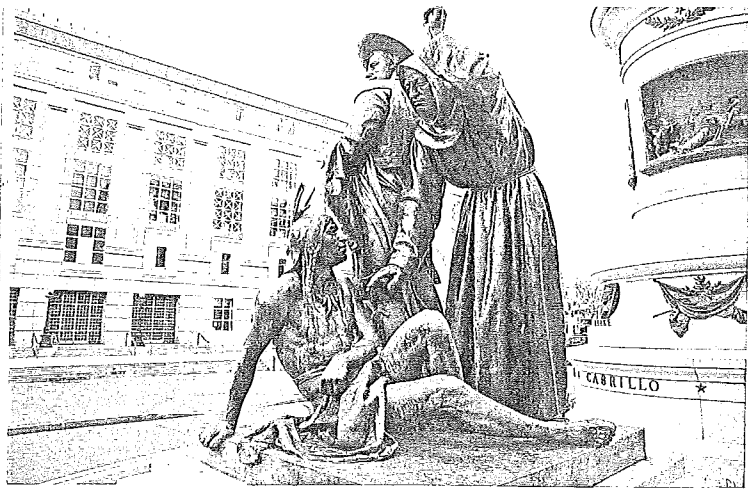
The 1894 Pioneer Monument, with its painful depiction of a subjugated Native American and corrective plaque about genocide

The old Sand Lot, where the anti-Chinese riots of 1877 began

Facing City Hall: Rigo 23's *TRUTH* mural, dedicated to the Angola Three, Black Panther political prisoners held in Angola Prison, a former slave plantation in Louisiana

# TRUTH

LIH YIC



Pioneer Monument, Civic Center, 2010. Photo by Michael Rauner.

business leaders relocate them to Hunters Point, in southeastern San Francisco, after the great earthquake of 1906. That was the earthquake that would destroy the garish, unstable City Hall whose construction had begun in 1872, its bricks mortared, it is sometimes said, with corruption.

That City Hall was still being built when the Sand Lot riots of 1877 launched the terrible anti-Chinese violence of that year. The rest of the country was being convulsed by the closest thing to a revolution the United States had seen since its founding, a revolution against capital, against wealth, and most particularly against the railroads. But in San Francisco, the outrage at the wealth of the railroad barons and the poverty of the workers in that recession was misdirected at the Chinese, and a hysterical rage was whipped up by the demagogue Dennis Kearney, speaking at the Sand Lot and demanding the expulsion of Chinese laborers. Chinese people, homes, and businesses were attacked, and buildings and wharves were set ablaze—the city fathers were afraid the whole city would burn down, and it might well have.

A century passed and more, a century and twelve years from the fiery riots, and there was a largish earthquake, the Loma Prieta quake of October 17, 1989. The City Hall destroyed by the 1906 earthquake had long ago been rebuilt farther from Market Street, this time as a magnificent building. In 1989, the new City Hall fared well in the quake, but the public library from the same Beaux-Arts era of building did not. Across the street, in the vacant lot where the Sand Lot riots had been launched, a new library was built. The old library building, subsequently revamped, became the new home of the Asian Art Museum, a museum founded on the vast art collection of Avery Brundage, who gave nearly eight thousand artworks to the museum from the late 1950s onward, a treasure trove. Now one of the largest such museums in the Western Hemisphere stares down at the site of the anti-Chinese Sand Lot riots, and the irony there is perhaps sour, perhaps sweet.

Once upon a time, there was a Sac and Fox chief, Black Hawk, fierce enough to have a war named after him, and though he and his band fought bravely in

this war in the Midwest, he didn't win back those lands that supposedly had been ceded to his nation "forever," and his descendants were sent to Indian Territory/Oklahoma. Once upon a time thereafter, in 1888, to be precise, in a place called Prague, Oklahoma, a Sac and Fox boy was born and thrived, though his twin died. The boy had an uncanny talent for almost any sport he tried; he grew up to compete in both the decathlon and the pentathlon at the Stockholm Olympics of 1912, defeating competitor Avery Brundage, among others, and setting some world records. King Gustav V of Sweden said to him, with a handshake, "Sir, you are the greatest athlete in the world." Jim Thorpe casually replied, "Thanks, King." But he was stripped of his medals because he had once played baseball for a modest sum and thereby didn't qualify as an amateur athlete. Thorpe's subsequent life was turbulent, in part as a result of this humiliation, but it was long and not without its triumphs, one of which was surely his daughter Grace Thorpe. She was one of the occupiers of Alcatraz Island in 1969–1971, that great stand to demand rights and land for Native Americans. She went on to become a powerful antinuclear and human rights activist, a tradition her daughter Dagmar Thorpe continued.

Thorpe's unsuccessful rival, Avery Brundage, became a wealthy businessman and, in 1929, president of the U.S. Olympic Committee. In that role, he refused to protest or boycott the 1936 Berlin Olympics. He also joined the International Olympic Committee after the American member was expelled for calling for a boycott. The boycott did not take place. The two Jews on the American team were replaced by Jesse Owens and Ralph Metcalfe, so as not to offend the Nazis. Owens, an African American, was himself a defiant presence at what history remembers as the Nazi Olympics, winning four gold medals in track. Brundage became a champion of Nazi filmmaker Leni Riefenstahl, whose film of the 1936 Olympics is considered the acme of fascist art. Brundage complained that the movie wasn't screened commercially in the United States because "unfortunately the theaters and moving picture companies are owned by Jews." Many considered him to have been one of the obstacles to Thorpe's medals being reinstated, which happened only after both men were dead.

Brundage became president of the IOC in 1952. During the 1968 Mexico City Olympics, he suspended African American track athletes Tommie Smith and John Wesley Carlos, gold and bronze medal winners in the 200 meter event, for their Black Power salute during the medal ceremony; Brundage even protested the inclusion of their "shameful abuse of hospitality" in the film of the games. San Francisco's Portuguese émigré artist Rigo 23 built a monument to Smith and Carlos at their alma mater, San Jose State University, a larger-than-life pair of mosaic figures on their platform, still giving the salute today.

Rigo also painted the huge mural *TRUTH* on a Market Street building facing San Francisco City Hall and dedicated it to the Angola Three, the trio of Black Panthers unjustly thrust into solitary confinement for decades in Angola Prison, a former slave plantation in Louisiana. The Black Panther movement was founded in Oakland, just across the bay. Robert King Wilkerson, former Panther and member of the Angola Three, who was eventually exonerated and freed, was there at the dedication of the mural in United Nations Plaza one cool sunny day in 2002. *TRUTH*, the simplest of words and maybe the

most demanding, the one that measures all other words, glares back at City Hall and the courtrooms and federal buildings grouped around UN Plaza, demanding that the truth of this place be known, or the many truths.

Once upon a time, not so far from the state university where Smith and Carlos trained for the Olympics, in East San Jose, there was a barrio called *Sal Se Puede* (Get Out If You Can), where a young man named Cesar Chavez lived during his childhood and to which he returned when he began to train as an organizer of farmworkers. Chavez became so legendary a figure that the young members of the Norteños gang in the Mission District tell my friend Adriana, as they deal drugs a few blocks from Cesar Chavez Street, formerly Army Street, that the gang began as Chavez's bodyguards. And perhaps they did, for the Norteños were involved with the Brown Berets then and immigration marches now, the Chicano and Chilango performance artists Roberto Sifuentes and Guillermo Gómez-Peña tell me one night at Tadich Grill—Roberto had Norteño babysitters when his father was a radical UCLA student, but that's another story.

In the great classical gardens of Europe, the designers would line up fountains, statues, and other ornaments on long axes, as though they were building alignments of power, constellations of meaning. Around UN Plaza, a long axis leads from *TRUTH* to the plaza itself, to the statue of Simón Bolívar, to the Pioneer Monument, and then, crossing Larkin Street, to Civic Center Plaza, once full of wartime victory gardens, and across Polk to City Hall. The statue of Bolívar, *El Libertador*, the liberator of Latin America from European rule, was donated by the country of Venezuela. The warrior and his rearing horse preside over the produce of the farmers market that has filled the plaza twice a week for three decades. Bolívar is the symbolic figure in what Venezuelan president Hugo Chavez calls the Bolivarian revolution, aiming to create a Latin America that is at last truly free of colonial domination.

In 1894, ninety years before the bronze Bolívar arrived in the complex of meanings that is greater UN Plaza, the Pioneer Monument was dedicated. Actually a whole crowd of bronze figures, it was moved when the new library was built, amid protests by Native Americans. Below the central pillar, bearing California represented as a warrior goddess, are four sculptural groupings. One of the four, called "Early Days," represents a vaquero and a padre looming over a handsome Native American man who is lying prone before them. The sculptor, Frank Happersberger, likely did not know quite how unpleasant his Californio priest and cowboy would come to seem; but when the new library opened and the statue was relocated, Native Americans protested it as demeaning. It was accurate, however, in its depiction of the brutality visited against Native Californians, and the city declined to remove it, instead adding a plaque. After much arguing by the Catholic archbishop, the Spanish embassy, and others about what had happened in the nineteenth century and who was most murderous then, it now reads in part, "At least 300,000 Native people—and perhaps far more—lived in California at the time of the first settlement in 1769. During contact with colonizers from Europe and the United States, the Native population of California was devastated by disease, malnutrition, and armed attacks. The most dramatic decline of the Native population occurred in the years following the discovery of gold in 1848." The discovery of gold is



Statue of Simón Bolívar, UN Plaza, 2010. Photo by Michael Rauner.

commemorated on the other side of the monument, with a grouping of men with pick and pan.

Once upon a time, not long enough ago, when being gay meant that one risked being treated as a criminal or a crazy person, there was a cross-dressing San Francisco performer named José Sarria, the perennial star of the bar called the Black Cat. Sarria ran for election as a San Francisco supervisor in 1962, long before there were out gay people in any politics anywhere else in the United States. Sarria had trained as a teacher but was unable to obtain a teaching credential because of his sexuality. He then turned to singing, singing operas in women's clothes at the Black Cat, and began as well the great drag balls that peaked in the 1970s and set up the court system of empresses, queens, kings, and so forth that still exists all over queenly America. Sarria, who was sometimes known as Empress José, sometimes called himself the Widow Norton, as though this bold twentieth-century personality had been married somehow to the great nineteenth-century eccentric Emperor Norton, who ruled the streets of San Francisco and proclaimed himself the ruler of the country, who was manageably mad from 1859 to his death in 1880, and who nowadays might be regarded as just a crazy homeless person. Norton was indulged by the people of San Francisco for decades; Empress José ran for office in 1962.

San Francisco was already a turbulent place in the early 1960s. Though many date the beginning of the student movement from the 1964 Free Speech Movement in Berkeley, at the University of California, the San Francisco State University student protests against the anti-communist witch hunts of the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), at San Francisco City Hall in 1960 were all too literally a watershed—the students were washed down the broad marble steps of the Beaux-Arts building with fire hoses.

Fifteen years after Sarria's largely symbolic run, Castro District resident Harvey Milk ran for supervisor and won. He took office in City Hall, where fellow supervisor Dan White gunned him down the following November. White also murdered liberal mayor George Moscone, after whom, ironically, Moscone Center is named, the convention center created by displacing a neighborhood of mostly elderly and poor men. When White was given a light sentence for the murders, gay San Francisco was furious. The White Night riots that followed smashed up City Hall; the police themselves became vengefully violent, and more court action ensued.

Twenty-seven years after Milk's assassination, in the spring of 2004, Mayor

Gavin Newsom presided over the first wave of same-sex weddings in the United States, beginning just before Valentine's Day with the marriage of long-time activists and life partners Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon. Before the courts put an end to it, 3,995 jubilant weddings took place at City Hall, and the streets were full of veils and gowns and tuxes and flowers, sometimes flowers brought by strangers to celebrate the opening for love. The month of marriages raised the issue internationally and moved it forward in many states, even though the California courts first banned it, then permitted it, and then banned it again for a while, after the passage of a ballot measure run by religious groups.

Cities should have hearts. Old ones do, some new ones don't; and the heart of San Francisco is the complex of monuments around UN Plaza in the Civic Center, a complex, or tangle, that brings together the city's and country's victories and disgraces when it comes to race and rights. Reading it means reading history, including histories that stretch back to the eighteenth century and overseas to Berlin and China, down the road to San Jose, and down the continent and across the isthmus to Venezuela.

A little way away from the plaza, in the War Memorial Veterans Building, which housed the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art from 1935 to 1995, the United Nations was founded. The meetings that shaped the organization were held mostly at the Opera House next door, but the formal signing of the United Nations Charter took place in the beautiful mural-adorned Veterans Auditorium (now the Herbst Theatre) on June 26, 1945. The words of the founding charter were laid out in golden letters on the pavement of the awkward expanse now known as United Nations Plaza by landscape architect Lawrence Halprin.

Every Wednesday and Sunday since the early 1980s, a farmers market has been held at UN Plaza. The market serves the food desert of the Tenderloin and its many immigrant Asian families, and the vendors and buyers are themselves of many ethnicities, so that the market seems itself like an embodiment of the hopes of the United Nations, though all around the stands selling pomegranates and beautiful lavender and violet Chinese eggplants and roses and beets and Two Dog Farm's famous dry-farmed tomatoes are monuments to the tangled history of race, rights, and power in San Francisco, California, and the United States. Grace, who is half Japanese, sells me my lettuces and tells me about the adventures and woes of a farmer year-round; the Man in the Porkpie Hat shows up at various booths, in various hats; the south Asian family has the best peaches and second-best tomatoes; the Vietnamese organic farmers have ginger, cilantro, parsley, and lemons; the Chinese family provides the orchids that tropicalize my house; the old Latino booth with everything from roses to onions dominates the corner next to Bolívar as it has for twenty years, the booth where I saw how thorny roses were in the lacerated hands of the men; the new Latino organics booth has beautiful greens and root vegetables—and it all grows on the native soil of California. This is the best monument to the complexity and the possibility of the place, not a monument in bronze or stone, but one that is raised up again week after week by the farmers and devoured again and again by San Franciscans, nourished by the food sold atop the UN Charter, now a meeting place between soil and city and strangers from all places >>

## MONARCHS AND QUEENS

San Francisco has always been something of a sanctuary city for both human beings and others, isolated as the tip of a long peninsula at continent's end with its own climate and its own cultures and sometimes its own species. This map is about the butterflies of the city, including migratory species such as monarchs that are found across the continent and others such as the mission blue that are found only on a few hilltops here and across the Golden Gate, and about the queer cultures that flourished in San Francisco over most of the past century. Advancing human settlement has been hard on butterflies—a few species have gone extinct altogether, a few more disappeared locally—but both governmental and independent efforts now protect some of the key remaining habitat. For its part, queer culture has continued to evolve and shift its home ground from the lesbian and drag bars of North Beach in the 1930s through the 1950s (with Finocchio's lasting until a few weeks before the millennium) to Polk Gulch to Folsom Street and the Castro, with even a brief efflorescence of gay and lesbian bars along Valencia Street long before that strip's straighter gourmet-hipster fate descended upon it. Artist Mona Caron invented a winged version of one of the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence—the AIDS activists in nun drag who are definitely an endemic San Francisco species—as the presiding figure of this map, whose butterfly images all represent actual species found in the city. CARTOGRAPHY: BEN PEASE; ARTWORK: MONA CARON >> MAP APPEARS ON PAGES 46-47

### FULL SPECTRUM BY AARON SHURIN

Among my friends it's generally agreed that the boys from Down Under perfected the art of drag names: witness the diurnal/nocturnal urban revelation known as Jacqueline Hyde, or New Zealand's deliciously indigenous royal, Maori Antoinette. We could happily add their San Francisco cohort, the pony-tailed Vegas-style dancer with a single giddy name, whose contractual billing for every movie in which she appeared was "and introducing: Tippi!" Itty-bitty Tippi was coltish and supple and could toss her tiny body across the stage with nutty abandon (or, more precisely, be tossed by the hunky dancers supporting her); "Tippi," then, was the perfect metonym for the fearless sprite she transformed herself into, a petite projectile, tipped into space, twirled in the air, cartwheeling to the horizon. (Years later, when she was dying from AIDS, I visited her apartment, where she lay in general seclusion behind the closed