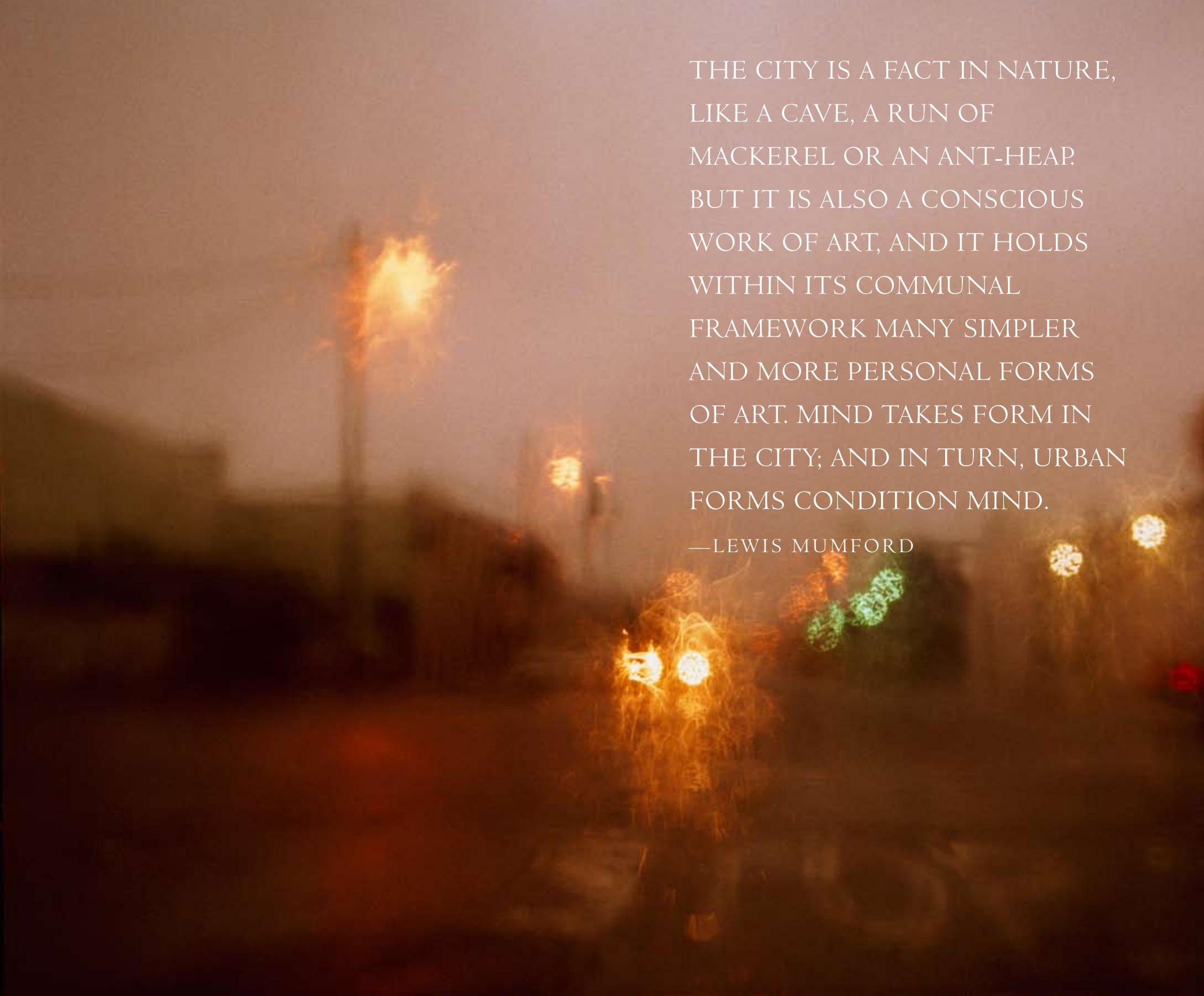




ETH6

ISSUE THREE
SEEING THE UN-SCENE
JOURNALISM, SOCIAL WORK AND ART OF THE INVISIBLE CITY



THE CITY IS A FACT IN NATURE,
LIKE A CAVE, A RUN OF
MACKEREL OR AN ANT-HEAP.
BUT IT IS ALSO A CONSCIOUS
WORK OF ART, AND IT HOLDS
WITHIN ITS COMMUNAL
FRAMEWORK MANY SIMPLER
AND MORE PERSONAL FORMS
OF ART. MIND TAKES FORM IN
THE CITY; AND IN TURN, URBAN
FORMS CONDITION MIND.

—LEWIS MUMFORD



SEEING THE UN-SCENE

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Angola
1500 words

Cover art by: Eve Ekman

Inside art by: Norma Cordova

Flipbook by: Adam Weir

EDITOR'S LETTER



Dear Readers,

Welcome to issue three. After a year of hard work, while we can't completely deny bias, we feel confident this is the best issue yet. Among other developments we have changed the title from Ethsix* to Eth6, in what may prove to be a futile effort to aide in the pronunciation of this publication. For first-time readers, the number six refers to the sixth code of ethics from the National Association of Social Workers, which emphasizes the responsibility of social workers to ad-

UNTITLED
Stefan Simikich

vocate on behalf of social justice. This code is mirrored in journalism, where journalists are expected to be the fourth pillar within society—another check and balance that exposes societal injustices. The art in each issue as a temperance to the heavy stories, but each time the art always emerges as an equally affecting medium. We do not need to tell you that there is a dearth of in-depth coverage of complex social issues in the mainstream media. To

quote from our founding premise, we seek to thoughtfully cover critical social issues that remain invisible until they become sensational stories in the mainstream media.

We do not work thematically for our issues, however we have affectionately been referring to this as our prison issue. As we quickly realized, the state of the modern American criminal justice system, like most of these stories, doesn't always inspire much hope or leave you with a warm fuzzy feeling.

About halfway through our production process, the question crossed each of our minds—what is the purpose and the result of putting such stories out there? We certainly haven't incorporated 'bumming people out' into our mission statement. After some discussion we concluded that each of our contributors—artists, journalists and social workers—are people we respect professionally and personally, and the reason they pour such time and energy into creating these stories, and do so completely for free, is because these are the stories that have affected them in their daily lives—the stories they need to tell. Regardless of whether their job is writing for the local paper or creating public art, even our most creative industries come with parameters—which usually include not completely bumming people out.

What our mission statement does include is providing a unique venue for people to share information, stories and perspectives in the most honest and accurate way possible. Realizing this, we have had to learn to let go of the reigns at times and let this magazine be what it wants to be: hopeful or harrowing, hard-news or heartfelt.

And after such an outpouring of emotion, energy and talent, each and every contributor, editor, designer, artist and source is left with the same want—an audience to hear these stories—and a unified goal of raising public awareness. Each one of these stories needs to be told.

With that said, we would love for you to help us share these stories: whether you buy the issue at your local bookstore, steal it from your friend's coffee table, or read the whole thing online at eth6.com, be sure to share and pass it on to others. Please, bombard us with your feedback or future story ideas.

And thanks for reading.

Eve Ekman

Erin Feher

Eve Ekman
FOUNDER, ART DIRECTOR

Erin Feher
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



FILES BEFORE FACES

BY: MICHELLE HUGHES ART BY: YAEL MARTINEZ

“Disproportionate representation: the extent to which membership in a given ethnic group affects the probability of being placed in a specific special education disability category (e.g., students with mild mental retardation).”

—Oswald et al., 1999

MY CLASSROOM AT Berkeley High School measures 15 feet by 10 feet, which is smaller than my own bedroom. Within that space there are five tables (each seating two students), one smaller desk, two white boards, 14 somewhat organized textbooks, a couple of

boxes of pencils, three reams of paper, eight posters, one bucket of markers, five calculators and six rulers. There are 12 high school students. It is the sixth and last period of the day and eight of the 12 have just sprinted from physical education. It is cramped, sweaty and the room vibrates with the anticipation of the end of the day. Of my 12 students, 10 are black and 11 are boys.

THE STUDENT population of Berkeley High School is robust at roughly 3700 students enrolled. According to the school website, this population is a diverse body with an ethnic breakdown of 36.7 percent white, 29.1 percent black, 12.6 percent Latino, 12.5 percent multi-ethnic, 7.9 percent Asian, 0.6 percent Filipino, 0.3 percent American Indian, and 0.1 percent Native Hawaiian/other. I teach special education math. Having finished a classroom budget project and after furiously studying real-world statistics and percentages, my students could tell you that our particular tiny classroom is 91 percent male and 83 percent black. They could also tell you, without any calculations, that



this does not reflect the overall make-up of the student body, though that's probably not exactly how they'd word it.

So why are so many of the students in special education students of color? A study by Harvard University substantiates the contention that a disproportionately high number of students from diverse backgrounds are placed in special education: African-American children are almost three times (2.88) as likely as white children to be identified as mentally retarded, 1.9 times as likely to be identified as emotionally disturbed and nearly 1.3 times as likely to be identified as having a learning disability. Diane Colburn, the special education administrator at Berkeley High School, took some time to talk to me about this very issue and some of her own research on the topic. According to her, it's ironic that the field of special education emerged to level the playing field and has now developed into a sorting mechanism, thereby reducing the quality of education to many students of color. Her paper on this topic is appropriately titled, "Another Kind of Segregation." Clearly, there is no debate within the field of education about whether

or not this issue exists. The data makes it credible, but one must merely spend a few hours within a public school to see the reality. MANY STUDENTS on my caseload illustrate this conundrum. Janine* an African-American female in her junior year, came with a file the size of Rhode Island. I attempted to sort through it, but

ly across the room," or simply, "I don't know what to do about Janine..." and worst of all, "I can't teach or reach any other students with Janine in my classroom." General education teachers reach out to me, as her case manager, to give them ideas or assistance. Students in special education are entitled by law to be in the least

Things aren't really going to change until teachers and school psychologists, from the very earliest point—even in preschool—do more than understand these statistics, they actively employ strategies that avoid putting kids in special education that don't need to be there.

—Diane Colburn, special education

more telling than the documents in her cumulative file were the e-mails I began to receive from her teachers beginning the first week of school: "Janine is consistently tardy, argumentative and disruptive..." or "Given chance after chance, Janine will come through at the very last second, barely skimming by, only to blow it again and again by accusing me of being biased or shouting loud-

restrictive environment and to have access to the general curriculum. It was unclear why Janine had been referred in the first place, though she had qualified due to an unspecified learning disability and had remained in special education, with minimal support, mostly due to her truancy and behavior. The amount of class time she missed made it impossible for her to keep up

with the curriculum, and the way she behaved made it nearly impossible for teachers to teach. They consistently wanted her out of their room and she consistently used her powers of persuasion and keen verbalization skills to talk her way into staying...and skating by...barely.

ONE-ON-ONE, she's likable and hilarious. She converses with adults easily though her frustration and anger keep her from effectively using this skill to her advantage. She has learned, through years of being in the system, how to get by. After four years of teaching and some of my own experiences in high school, I still had no idea what her disability may be, but I knew she needed to learn strategies to succeed and her special education status hindered her from moving forward or gaining independent motivation. Janine herself told me many times that she was frustrated by the special education label because she wasn't dumb, and that she didn't know why she had to have a case manager. Yet because she is smart, she was also aware that her behavior and inconsistency affected her academic success.

CALIFORNIA RATES among the lowest of the states in public education (47th according to private research results from 2006-2007) yet last year Newsweek ranked Berkeley High School 297th in public education. Berkeley High initiated desegregation independently in 1968 and was the first high school in the United States to have an African-American studies department. That said, the statistics from my own classroom in 2006-2007 highlight quite prophetically the existence of disproportionate representation of students of color in special education, even at a renowned public institution. At the high school level, my caseload of students hovers around 20. Most of my students qualify for special education because they've been identified as having a "specific learning disability." Ironically, determining what that specific learning disability is can be tricky. By the time students reach high school, most have been in special education for several years, and it can take a lot of investigation to find the original reason a student was referred.

Janine is a great writer. Whether she initially should have been placed in special education is undetermined, but somehow—early

on—a limp had been detected (maybe just because of her behavior) and now she'd been leaning on a crutch for so long that it would be unjust to grab it from under her. At this point in the game if I were to exit her from special education, she would most likely fail.

American students, as compared to 47 percent of white students, are not employed two years out of school. Slightly more than half (52 percent) of African Americans, as compared to 29 percent of white young adults, are still not employed three to five years after school, according to 1994 data.

Teachers struggle with the dif-

It's easier to track a student into special education as opposed to admitting that the child presents a behavior challenge that a teacher doesn't have a solution to.

—Vice Principal, Excel High School

NOT SURPRISINGLY, these statistics and stories like Janine's affect our society and the ability of students to succeed in the world beyond high school. Inappropriate placement in special education limits the success of children from diverse cultures after graduation. Among secondary-aged youth with disabilities, about 75 percent of African-

faculty of constructing instructional programs that address students' unique learning strengths and needs. A student like Janine would have been referred in the mid-'90s by school psychologists who learned their craft in the 1970s. She would have been identified before the Harvard study in 2001. "Things aren't really going to change until teachers

and school psychologists, from the very earliest point—even in preschool—do more than understand these statistics, they actively employ strategies that avoid putting kids in special education that don't need to be there," says Colburn. Her research supports this statement, as she found that despite an increase in civil rights protections and educational services over the past 25 years, school districts nationwide continue to improperly and disproportionately place minority students in special education classes. My colleague and current vice principal at Excel High School in West Oakland (with an overwhelmingly African-American population) says, "I believe one of the underlying causes of misidentification of students of color at an early age is because of behavior challenges that teachers don't know how to best handle. It's easier to track a student into special education as opposed to admitting that the child presents a behavior challenge that a teacher doesn't have a solution to." Janine, exasperated and kicked out of another class, rolls her eyes and tells me, 'When I'm not there, my teachers are on me about that, but soon as I show up, they kick me out!'





have never even been to Treasure Island," I found myself saying rather guiltily in my first meeting with Anna Lisa Fahrenhold of the Department of Children, Youth and their Families (DCYF). Fahrenhold was excitedly explaining the island's current potential as a growing residential community that includes the formerly homeless, Bay Area youth who attend the many job training programs on the island and low-income residents of San Francisco County.

never given two thoughts to it, let alone visited.

"I hadn't ever visited either, before I started working for DCYF," Fahrenhold assures me. "It's so close, but most people living in the city have probably never been there." Treasure Island, zipcode 94130, is absolutely part of The City, whose official lines reach far into the bay, almost to the furthest point of Alameda. The island is man-made of landfill from sea beds, and was originally created as the grand main site for the 1939 World's Fair, which also gave us the beautiful deco structures that now house the Exploratorium. After the World's Fair exhibition,

hub and training facility during World War II until it, along with the Presidio, was decommissioned in 1996 and subsequently opened to public jurisdiction (aka wide public discussion and disagreement). Like the Presidio, Treasure Island is a huge land asset in a county with scarce space, and it could easily be devoured at prime rates by rising numbers of city dwellers. Public control of this valuable property came with certain stipulations, one being that 30 percent of housing units be offered at below-market rates or be reserved for those with extremely low incomes or the formerly homeless.

this requirement. They renovated over 250 units for the formerly homeless and attracted lower income bracket earners—who make up roughly half of the island's population of 3,500.

As has any SF resident earning under six figures, I have often wondered when the ever-escalating rent, unending opening of expensive eateries and overall yuppi-fication of The City will exhaust itself. The prospect of a nascent community that would allow this fragile population to dictate its own needs rather than attempt to integrate it into a city which, more and more, has no place for it seemed too good to be true.

It is.

Treasure Island has no grocery store, no gas station, no school, no commerce and, therefore, no jobs available on site. Many residents don't have cars, and with the only public transportation to the city being a single bus line that runs to the ferry terminal, residents are semi-stranded. When I drove to Treasure Island a few weeks ago to explore the island and attend a community meeting, I couldn't help but wonder whether the city-assisted population didn't also feel a bit quarantined.

Somewhat compensating for the island's troubles and helping to make the housing endeavor feasible

THE CASTAWAYS

TREASURE ISLAND IS AN EXPERIMENT IN COMMUNITY BUILDING THAT COULD BENEFIT FROM FURTHER RESEARCH.

BY: AIMEE FOUNTAIN ART BY: BERYL FINE

Treasure Island, a mere four miles off San Francisco's eastern side, is crossed over daily by anyone en route to the East Bay, but aside from avoiding merging vehicles from the on-ramp, many have

Treasure Island was intended as an airport to serve both SF and the East Bay until the navy offered to swap Mills Field (the current site of SFO) for Treasure Island. Treasure Island became a main naval

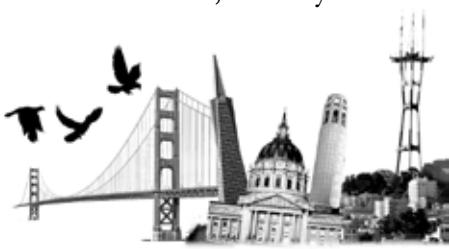
THE CITY'S Treasure Island Development Authority has, in conjunction with Treasure Island Homeless Development Initiative (TIHDI—pronounced "tie dye"), been successful in implementing



TREASURE ISLAND

in the face of many obstacles is the happy glut of social services directed towards the island—especially its youth. Treasure Island's children receive two to three times the per-child investment allotted to the rest of the city's youth and are supplied with such services as a Boys and Girls Club and Kidango. There are also Head Start youth programs and parent education services, with Catholic Charities on board to provide services to families at risk, and two job skills training programs: TI Job Corps and GLIDE Youth-Build Program. But, while these programs soldier on in the interest of healing the formerly homeless, they go extremely underutilized. Many of these families are dealing with post-traumatic stress disorder caused by previous living conditions in city housing where violence and crime make paranoia a survival skill. Lacking a community center and the basic amenities listed above, other aggravating factors like geographical blight (empty buildings not up to code and sprawling, unused parking lots) and dogs running wild certainly don't contribute to a "we-can-do-it" attitude.

BECAUSE THE elementary school on Treasure Island was shut down in December 2006, the city



has been busing students to seven schools in the city proper. When students started acting up—"fronting" and threatening each other on the bus—the private bus company said it wouldn't take certain students, and parents were recruited as bus chaperones. "Then the parents had conflict with each other! But, luckily that situation has calmed down. It's better now," says Lavina DeSilva, Director of the Treasure Island Boys and Girls Club of San Francisco.

While a small percentage of parents are likely to actively undermine their children's prospects as community members on the island in this way, many more are simply failing to take advantage of the services provided. "I've gone door to door to encourage people to come to meetings and to utilize the Boys and Girls Club. It helps a little," DeSilva says.

I recently went to a community meeting to determine how service providers could deepen the impact of their programs, and I spoke to the director of TIHDI, Yvette Phillips-Aldama, who has been working on the island for five years. "I feel so passionate about Treasure Island because it's so different. We can't keep creating communities as ghettos. And we don't want to wait until it's too late and then react to

a bad situation," she says. But only 10 people attended the meeting and eight of them were either service providers or administrators for DCYF. Only two community members came and both remarked on the lack of infrastructure's prevent-

REDEVELOPMENT involves razing lead- and asbestos-ridden buildings, as well as coming up with a solution to address what would happen to the island in the event of an earthquake. Because it is built on fill from sea beds, there

feel so passionate about Treasure Island because it's so different. We can't keep creating communities as ghettos. And we don't want to wait until it's too late and then react to a bad situation."

—Yvette Phillips-Aldama, TIHDI Director

ing any real feeling of a community environment. Residents are all too aware of the dismal prospects for there being any place to convene, such as stores or restaurants, anytime soon. "Businesses don't want to come out here because of redevelopment and its delay. They know they'll have to relocate in three years," says a resident who wished to remain anonymous.

is a good chance that the fill would turn to silt (read: quicksand) if a large earthquake hit the area. (I feel I should here be frank with my readers: An earthquake in the Bay Area is not inconceivable.) While the homes that are currently inhabited are refurbished and will not need restructuring, the redevelopment plan will create at least a low level of havoc on the island. And, with redevelopment not slated to

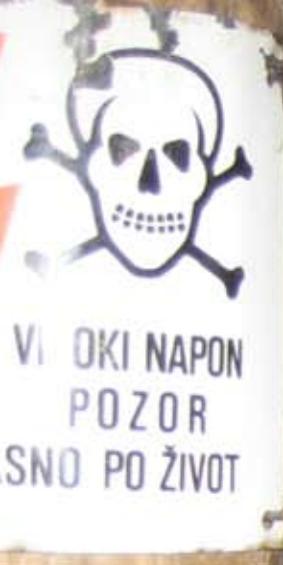
begin for at least three years (and possibly more like seven) after the federal government has completed its turnover of the island to the city, there's no telling when the prospect of a fully supported community will become a reality.

There is clearly a cycle here of people not feeling like they're part of a community and then not feeling it's worthwhile to attend organized events with people they aren't connected to. If no one from outside the community—if no one who knows what a community is supposed to look like—intervenes, what prospects are there? Making the services provided have a larger impact can only happen where people involved in community building, both within Treasure Island and without, come together to show support and hope, even if the community is not their own. City residents can help by attending community meetings and even by simply going to Treasure Island to have a picnic. (While you're there, contribute to the island's food pantry.) Your presence will be noticed as that of someone who wants the pleasure of Treasure Island to both remain intact and develop—and the views of the skyline from the island's west side are incomparable.♦

* Names have been changed.

TREASURE ISLAND





SARAJEVO TUNNEL - BUTMIR

POSTCARDS FROM THE EDGE

TWO GRADUATE STUDENTS REFLECT ON THEIR INTERNATIONAL FIELD EXPERIENCE

BY: ALLISON RUBY REID-CUNNINGHAM AND EMILY ROBERTS ART BY ALLISON RUBY REID-CUNNINGHAM

Social workers Emily Roberts and Allison Ruby Reid-Cunningham spent last summer a world apart, in Bangladesh and Bosnia-Herzegovina. As a public health and social welfare master's student, Roberts intended to investigate health perceptions of women in poverty, but ultimately focused her energy on how family planning decisions represent a human rights issue for women. Reid-Cunningham's trip was motivated by her interest in pursuing a social work dissertation project in the area. Her experiences with war survivors highlighted disparity and resilience, making her ponder the nature of humanity's seemingly limitless capacity for both cruelty and healing.

Amazingly, though they were engaged in vastly different endeavors within two distinct and unique cultures, their revelations followed similar themes related to the difficult and complex issues inherent in their work and the larger context of their environments. Little did they know when they left Berkeley that Reid-Cunningham would find herself peering into a mass grave

and Roberts would be made acutely aware of the disparity of privilege within Bengali society. The women they met, the stories they heard, and their process of learning through listening have changed them as people, as social workers, and as women in this world.

EMILY'S JOURNEY

My decision to venture across the planet last summer for my public health internship came from a desire to intimately understand the deeply rooted relationship between health and poverty. Because the majority of the world's poor are women, I sought to understand how their perception of health changed as they gained access to financial resources through microcredit, or small loans provided to the landless and asset-less poor for entrepreneurial ventures.

I arrived at Grameen Bank headquarters in Dhaka, a city of 12 million people, knowing very little. I had never spoken a word of Bangla, lived through monsoon season in a densely populated flood delta, or stepped foot on a rickshaw before. Having only read about the hype and the criticism of microcredit as a

mechanism for poverty alleviation, I felt compelled to see it firsthand. However, my story changed from the moment I exited the airport, as I confronted barriers and discovered new doors previously hidden from view. My initial explorations into rural villages prompted me to dig below the surface to find out more.

WORKING FOR THE MAN JUNE 14, 2007

As I slip off my shoes and step into the center building, a sea of women, clothed from head to toe in beautiful, brightly patterned saris rise and salute us, who know little of their daily hardships. I feel privileged, welcomed, and guilty as I meet their eyes. In a culture where staring is not considered rude, I manage to hold the gaze of several women for what feels like an eternity before looking away, always the loser in the Bangladeshi game of "made you flinch."

The women eagerly show us their homes and assets: goats, fishponds, piles of rice on their dirt floors. Children walk one step behind me, shying away at my glance. One mother introduces her daughter, an eighth grader, who hopes to get her master's degree someday. When asked of her chosen career, she answers, "a police

officer." As her words are translated to me, my eyes begin to water. I picture this little girl, modestly dressed and barefoot on the dirt floor, with her head held high, outfitted in fatigues and combat boots.

Life in the ex-pat world of Dhaka quickly became a daily exercise of extremes. Exclusive athletic clubs offered membership to those of us from faraway lands with passports to prove it, and upscale restaurants catered to those with money and privilege. I constantly battled my initial desire to live a lifestyle similar to typical Bangladeshis, while realizing that my presence as a white woman from the United States inevitably changed the dynamic. Though well intentioned, it felt patronizing. These struggles played out constantly over the summer.

EXTREMIST JUNE 27, 2007

Whether for my sanity or my comfort, I must acknowledge my privilege of access constantly. And I should. This constant confrontation with such stark realities seems a relatively insignificant cross to bear, given the daily challenges of my neighbors and fellow human beings.



I can't rationalize or ignore the disparities between the lifestyles I see every day in the communities I inhabit here. I promise to continue to push myself and others to consider our roles as members of a collective culture where such extremes can exist within the same communities.

Consequently, I relay these realizations to you now from a coffee shop with internet access, AC, and sultry jazz humming in the background, after a morning spent playing Frisbee on a dusty plot of land with street children from Dhaka's slums. "Appa Emily, sit here," suggests Rabim, an excited ten year old, motioning to a spot in the shade, his own bare feet planted on the hot asphalt. All this from a child who deals daily with the most extreme hardships life has to offer. Yet he calls me his "appa," his big sister. Had conditions of destiny and history been otherwise, our life experiences may have been the same. All very humbling and noteworthy, as I sit here, well-fed and well-treated, drinking my coffee...

Ultimately, I set out on my own to better understand the relationship between gender and human rights, realizing that I could not appreciate the decisions made by women regarding their health without first exploring the cultural context. Because my personal experience of the country was so profoundly impacted by my gender, influencing where I went and when, how much of my

skin must be covered in public, and perceptions of my abilities, gender overwhelmingly became the theme of my travels.

SISTERS, MOTHERS, DAUGHTERS, LOVERS AUGUST 6, 2007

As I confront begging women and their

the reality becomes a bit more sobering. Women who have been left by their husbands or otherwise stigmatized are often at an even greater disadvantage socially and economically. Women and female children are less likely to receive food, medical care, or education than their male counterparts when resources are limited, resulting in higher mortal-

many men adore the women in their lives.

But the systematic political, social, and cultural quieting of women is what concerns me and moves me to write about what I notice and experience each day. Having met with amazing women here who exhibit such resilience in the face of hardship gives me hope. For every story of discrimination I witness, other examples abound of strides made to insure that women here are safely and fearlessly able to express themselves now and in the future.

To read more about Emily's journey, see <http://emilysmonsoonjourney.blogspot.com>

RUBY'S JOURNEY

I arrived in Sarajevo (the capital of Bosnia-Herzegovina) last summer: alone, not speaking the language and generally unsure what to expect. I wanted to figure out if it was even possible to attempt a dissertation project there, and to see for myself the place I had read so much about over the past few years. Most of all, I was excited to meet the people and to learn whatever I could.

SARAJEVO

The buildings are still riddled with bullet holes, twelve years after the war. Many structures have not been repaired in the intervening decade. Upon my ar-



children daily, I am also reminded that the face of the poor here in Bangladesh is undeniably female. Marriage and motherhood are directly tied to the status and social acceptability of women. Though slightly humorous, when social stigma, the ability to earn a living, and the inability to choose a partner is at stake,

SARAJEVO ROSE - SARAJEVO

ity and illiteracy rates for females.

I don't view men as the cause of the challenges faced by women here or in other regions of the world. Indeed, many allies for the budding feminist movement in Bangladesh are male, and



rival, a friendly woman pointed out landmarks. Passing the street dubbed “sniper alley,” she said flatly, “Too many Serbia sniper, no good.”

The pavement is scarred with skeletal spirals, the marks left by artillery shells during the war. They are called “Sarajevo Roses.” They are all over the place: after you have seen one, they seem to be everywhere. You cannot help but notice them. Some have been filled in with red paint. Some are adorned with a small plaque listing the names of people who died there.

From April 1992 until December 1995, Sarajevo survived the longest siege of a city in modern history: No life-sustaining elements were allowed in, and no one was permitted to leave. The newly formed Bosnian army secretly dug an 800-meter tunnel under the UN controlled airport, through which they ran phone cables and electricity. People told me that nearly every Sarajevan alive during the war used the tunnel at least once. Several shared their own stories: crouching along in the dark, sloshing through muddy water, carrying food or supplies on their backs, with high voltage electricity cables running next to their heads. They say it took about two hours to get through.

After meeting with local women in Sarajevo, I traveled to other regions that had also been heavily

impacted by the war. Srebrenica (in Eastern Bosnia) was declared a “safe zone” by the United Nations (UN), but the UN troops did not protect the civilians who had sought refuge when Serb militias surrounded the UN compound. The Srebrenica Massacre has been classified as genocide by the International Criminal Tribunal on the former Yugoslavia (ICTY). Over 8,000 men were rounded up, forced to dig their own mass graves, then summarily shot. Women and children were evacuated: many were beaten, raped or killed.

The world waited as thousands of innocent people were massacred.

AFTER WORLD WAR II, the international community took a stand against genocide and “never again” became a rallying cry for human rights. But “never again” seems meaningless when genocide in Rwanda (1994) and Bosnia (1995) continued despite international awareness. Mass killing has been ongoing in Darfur, Sudan since 2003 and still there has been no meaningful intervention to stop the violence.

In Bosnia they tell a joke: Two soldiers are digging a trench. One is digging too deep. The other asks what he is doing. The digging sol-



SREBRENICA MEMORIAL
POTOCARI CEMETERY



enough, I'll strike oil and someone will save us!"

SREBRENICA GENOCIDE JULY 11, 1995

DIGGING DEEPER JULY 11, 2007

I visited this mass grave, which is being exhumed to identify and properly bury the remains. The perpetrators initially deposited bodies in mass graves, but later they worried about getting caught (the ICTY had begun its investigation). The original sites (which witnesses could identify) were bulldozed and the bodies were buried in disparate locations. Parts of one man were in 4 different graves: they are still looking for the rest of him. One woman told me, "I can never be sure they've buried all of my son."

I attended a memorial service at the cemetery in Srebrenica to re-bury over 500 individuals. People kept joking that everyone in Bosnia would be there and that seemed almost accurate: despite the pouring rain, thousands of people attended.

As the men passed thin green coffins hand-to-hand toward a vast expanse of open graves, the names of the dead were read aloud. The men touched the coffins the way a father would hold a newborn. Some would

tenderly reach out to stroke the coffins as they passed. The stream was endless, and I kept thinking, "This is only a tiny fragment of the victims."

I visited Mothers of Srebrenica, a women's support and advocacy group. Photographs of their murdered sons cover the walls of their office, and they have 7 more photo albums full of lost husbands, brothers, fathers and sons. Listening to one mother's story, tears streamed down my face. Embarrassed, I looked to my translator: her eyes were wet too. When we left, we told the woman we did not even know how to thank her. She gave us hugs and kisses on both cheeks.

It was so intense it seemed almost surreal: then being here makes it all too painfully real. Seeing the bones, skulls, coffins, and most of all the tears of the widows, mothers, and others left behind left me with an ache I've yet to soothe.

Even 12 years after the end of the war, there are still people living in "refugee settlements" in Bosnia because they cannot safely return to their pre-war homes. There is no food or clean water, and people are expected to provide for themselves since post-war humanitarian aid has ceased. There is little employment, except for sporadic agricultural or construction work. Some camps

have schools for children; others have nothing. Some women have received eviction letters, informing them that they must leave the camps.

But these women have nowhere to go; there are not adequate supports in place for them to seek employment and establish a stable life elsewhere. When I learned about this, I immediately shifted the direction of my dissertation project toward developing solutions with this community to respond to a pressing set of problems I did not even know existed when I left Berkeley. I will soon return to Bosnia to begin a community-based research and action project with the women who have graciously shared their stories, their problems, and their strengths with me. To read more about the project, see <http://rubyinbosnia.blogspot.com>.

CONCLUSIONS

The two of us met after returning to Berkeley from abroad. We immediately recognized the rawness associated with recent life-changing experiences, and gravitated to each other. Our friendship was solidified as we sipped tea in a café near campus and grappled with what we had seen over the summer. While unique, our journeys shared common themes and our reactions to

what we saw in Bosnia-Herzegovina and Bangladesh gave us a touchstone and a processing partner as we reeled from the overwhelming roller coaster of our incredible summer. Through our friendship and our work on this piece, we continue to reflect on our experiences as we assimilate back into our "normal" lives as students at Cal.

Even as we write this, it seems impossible to return to life as viewed before our travels; some experiences show you truths that change you from the inside out. They stay with you forever. The smells and sounds of Bosnia-Herzegovina and Bangladesh have permeated us, shaping our personal and professional lives.

By sharing some of what we felt was unpleasant, uncomfortable or jarring, we stand as witnesses to the human experience. More importantly, we were nurtured by the remarkable resilience of people who have lived through atrocities and scarcity beyond the scope of our experience. Our ultimate hope is to continue these conversations with communities whose voices and human rights have traditionally been silenced. As the conversation continues to broaden the scope of awareness and advocacy, the voices of those who have not yet been heard will inspire change.





Walking down the bustling streets of San Francisco's Mission District, where music blares from car windows and people talk to longtime neighbors on the sidewalk as they walk to and from work, murals are simply part of the landscape. Narrow allies like Balmy and Clarion

are adorned with vibrant images. They are wrapped around shops, schools and walls throughout the largely Latino neighborhood that has weathered much transition:

NAYA BENIHANA



"The tension is written on the walls, thanks to a mural tradition that traces back to Diego Rivera. In the Mission, murals have served as a larger-than-life visual voice connecting residents, narrating missing histories, affirming cultural ties, re-appropriating community space and creating new imagery," says muralist and Mission District native Carlos Gonzalez. "Murals not only impact the physical aesthetics of the Mission, but also provide an uncensored and raw depiction of history as it's taking place."

Rooted in the Latino tradition of muralismo, the medium was widely practiced in Mexico during the Revolution of 1910-1920. The Muralista movement was spearheaded by artists such as Diego Rivera, David Siquieros, and Jose Orozco. They created their art to express political and social views, particularly to convey the struggles of working people and revolutionary change. The muralism that came to the United States in the mid-1960s was markedly distinct from the mural movement in Mexico some 40 years earlier. Rather than being government sponsored, financially supported, and painted by selected individual artists on government buildings, the Mission mural movement rose directly from the people and involved the

entire neighborhood in appropriating public spaces, often without authorization, and were for the most part community-organized and supported by local merchants and residents.

Since 1977, Precita Eyes Mural Arts Center has been engaging neighborhood residents in painting murals, teaching workshops and promoting public art in the neighborhood. During the 1970s, along with the rest of the Bay Area, the Mission District was a hotbed of political activity for the Chicano, Black Power, and Civil Rights movements. "The collective struggle inspired a revival of muralism, everyone got involved," says artist Henry Sultan. "Mural making is like a symphony, you really have to drop your ego when you're working with others. You all work together to create the masterpiece. That is what makes the process so powerful and affirming."

During the 1970s, 40 Bay Area activists formed a group known as PLACA, a term in Spanish meaning "making a mark, leaving a sign, speaking out, or an image needing a response." Responding to a community need for safe space, PLACA created the first murals in Balmy Alley, which was considered an infamous gang territory in the heart of the Mission. In 1984, PLACA

artists created a series of 28 murals with the theme "Peace in Central America/ No U.S. Intervention." PLACA painted murals on fences, garage doors and walls with bold images of the effects of war and need for peace in Central American countries such as El Salvador and Nicaragua. "It transformed the Mission," says Sultan. These artists included Ray Patlan, Susan Cervantes, Patricia Rodriguez and Susan Greene, among others. Since the 1970s, Balmy Alley has served as a perpetually changing canvas reflecting urgent themes such as gentrification and environmental racism, and has honored cultural icons such as Frida Kahlo and Oscar Romero.

VIOLENCE AND oppression have not been the only forces behind mural making. The Mission District's mural movement has also responded to another need: collective healing and cultural celebration. During the '70s, Las Mujeres Muralistas, an all-female artist collective, set out to bring the issues of Chicanas and women of color out from the private domestic sphere and into the public and social space of the community. "Las Mujeres pioneered a different style," explains Patricia Rose, tour director of Precita Eyes. "The men were painting

struggle and they were using confrontational and violent imagery reflecting the wars in Vietnam and Central America. But the Mujeres wanted to focus on the things that we celebrate, that we're proud of. These murals added bright colors, lush landscapes, and familial images of children, mothers and nature to ornament neighborhood walls." Patricia further adds, "We still have murals about struggle and injustice, but also so many about celebration and beauty."

The belief of the artists and their supporting organizations is that this type of public art provides society with the symbolic representation of shared beliefs as well as a continuing re-affirmation of the collective sense of self. Precita Eyes Mural Arts Center is as vibrant as ever, engaging local youth to express and represent their presence throughout their neighborhood in a safe and beautiful way. Murals have acted as vehicles of protest and have made demands on the existing power structures for equitable solutions to problems facing communities. In the Mission, murals are a reminder of the beauty and the struggles of the community, serving as a visual reminder of what has passed before.





(in)finite (in)justice

STORY BY: CHELSEA SIME
RESEARCH BY: SARAH JIMENEZ

ART BY: EVE EKMAN

t's a he said, she said sort of situation – except it's more complicated than that. It's something that everyone discusses in vague details and statements so as to not incriminate. It involves politics, history, racism, identity and passion, all of which are hot-button topics that regularly result in misunderstanding or, if you're Herman Bell and Jalil Muntaqim, more than 30 years behind bars.

Bell and Muntaqim are sitting (at press time) in county jail cells on the fourth floor of 850 Bryant St., San Francisco's Hall of Justice. An ironic name for the concrete monolith where local politics play out like an intricate game of chess. The two, along with six other former Black Panthers who are currently out on bail, were charged in early 2007 with conspiracy to a laundry list of crimes that allegedly happened in the late 1960s and early '70s, mostly relating to the killing of SF police officer John Young. The group has been dubbed the "San Francisco Eight" or SF8. (A ninth man is still being sought.)

SO HERE'S WHERE things get complicated. Before these local charges were made, Bell and Muntaqim had been incarcerated in

New York state prisons since the '70s on separate charges. Because these new charges relate to murder, it is technically legal to dredge this up after so many years, but the eight say that their imprisonment is based on racism, intolerance and their affiliation with the Black Panther Party. Just the police bringing up old feelings from a very turbulent time in local (and national) history. It's also known that similar charges were thrown out after it was revealed that confessions from co-defendants were drawn out through beating, electric shock, asphyxiation, sensory deprivation and other torture methods. And while The City's court system moves at a snail's pace and continues to postpone their trial, Bell and Muntaqim await their summer parole hearing for the charges in New York. Meaning that if their parole is approved in July or August and the SF charges are dropped or they are acquitted in August or September, the men could be, by summer's end, free for the first time since their kids were in diapers and Richard Nixon was in the White House.

One of the SF8's supporters is Sarah Jimenez, a 40-year-old social worker and Institute for Integral Studies graduate student who has been interviewing Bell and

[IN]FINITE (IN)JUSTICE



Muntaqim for the last year to complete the dissertation she's writing on political prisoners in the U.S. She is personally invested, having served 18 months in federal prison, in the treatment (or mistreatment) of these gentlemen and the others she has spoken to across the country who identify as political prisoners. In person, Jimenez is passionate, opinionated and intelligent – all qualities that have translated well into her writing. She became interested in the plight of political prisoners after meeting Dylcia Pagan in 1999 at the Federal Corrections Institute in Dublin, where Jimenez was also being held at the time. Pagan had been charged with seditious conspiracy to commit terrorist acts against the U.S. for her alleged involvement with the Armed Forces of Puerto Rican National Liberation. Two years later, Pagan was pardoned by President Bill Clinton just before he left office. Jimenez writes:

"My first response to [our] encounter was, 'If this woman is guilty of committing crimes for which she was prosecuted and sentenced for 89 years in prison, how then can she be granted immunity on all charges by a president and be released from prison without any type of formal judicial proceeding, bearing and/or trial?' The question then became: Was Ms. Pagan ever guilty? And if so,

why has she been released after serving less than an eighth of her time in prison? If not, what is the reason that she would have been found guilty, sentenced, and made to serve almost 20 years in a maximum security prison?"

IT'S A VALID question... and one without any concise answer. The seditious conspiracy charge is a common one. The charge is applied when two or more people in any state or U.S. jurisdiction are alleged to conspire to overthrow, wage war, oppose by force (and so on) the U.S. government. Quite often, this charge applies to people with strong political affiliations who happen to just be in the wrong place at the wrong time: at a rally that goes riotous, in the parking lot when the car bomb goes off, leading the movement held responsible for killing someone. You're charged with involvement, plotting and affiliation rather than actual damage done. Seditious conspiracy, however, is a federal charge and offers prosecutorial discretion including (but not limited to) sentencing enhancement up to 89 years in prison for being involved in political action against the state. But the Feds are refusing to prosecute the case against Muntaqim and Bell.

As Jimenez writes, there is no law related to political action. So when

convicted, a political prisoner becomes criminalized and essentially de-politicized – there is no room for personal opinion in the criminal justice system. And this fact is something that Bell and Muntaqim find hardest to bear. "Everything is political to me," Bell tells Jimenez in an interview earlier this year. "When I hear the local news or read it in the newspaper and magazines, I always analyze it from a political perspective. The same applies when laws are being proposed and when a candidate runs for office... I think of all of this through a political, class, social, economic, even when necessary from a military, perspective." Bell is not merely someone who believes in a cause – it is the very essence of who he is.

The same can be said for Muntaqim. At first notice, he has a friendly face that belies his intensity. He shows few signs of his 50-plus years besides the flecks of white that dot his black goatee and the eyeglasses he puts on to read the back of a book Jimenez holds up against the bulletproof glass during visiting hours (she regularly orders Muntaqim books on Amazon.com and has them shipped to him at 850 Bryant). Yet despite the many years he's been locked up, or perhaps because of them, he is a commanding and charming presence unlike any-

thing I've experienced before, and I understand in just a few moments with him that it must take this sort of assurance and conviction to be a leader in any community. Even in an orange jumpsuit speaking through a cheap plastic phone, he demands attention.

In our short interview, Muntaqim tells me he identifies himself as a "political prisoner of war," referencing the Geneva Conventions Protocols 1 and 2 and saying that, because of his arrest, he fits into the category of POW. He is held essentially because of his political views (anti-racist, which often comes across as anti-law enforcement and anti-government). Whether or not he and Bell were among those responsible for the actions that got them arrested in the first place is something that they'll take to the grave. "There's a Maoist political slogan that says, 'Politics is war without bloodshed, while war is politics with bloodshed,'" Muntaqim says. "If you're engaging in a political struggle to change things, you're engaging in warfare. Politics is a chess game, but it's also war." The two men believe that racism landed them in jail, and torture of their co-defendants has kept them there. "The oppression of my people [African-Americans] is not just about the niceties of poli-

tics,” Muntaqim says. “It’s about genocide. It’s murderous – a form of extermination.” He talks about a story he’s read in the local paper discussing the number of arrests of black people in SF. “I cannot look at it as anything but ethnic cleansing. And my opposition to that puts me in that category [political prisoner of war].”

Muntaqim believes that “they whole system is fraught with racism,” saying that police profiling and sentencing were involved in his imprisonment. But the political climate has changed in the last 30 years, hasn’t it? Aren’t conditions better? His answer: “How can that be when you look at Abu Ghraib?” Good point.

(Editors note: In the few short weeks since this article was written, the judge handling Bell and Muntaqim’s California case has halted the transfer to New York for their parole hearings. Apparently prosecutors have thrown a wrench in things by arguing that there’s no current agreement between governors of the two states to ensure they’ll be transferred back for their California preliminary hearing in a few months. So for now, and for the foreseeable future, Muntaqim and Bell are stuck at 850 Bryant. For continuing information on the case and addresses to reach the defendants, please see FreetheSF8.org.)



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Monica Canilao

THE WHOLE LIFE OF THOSE
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—GUY DEBORD

THE SIMILARITY of the Louisiana-based Angola slave plantation to Angola the penal institution is absolute. Beginning with the process of entrapment in Africa and passage to the New World, to the arrest and incarceration reveals a duality of intent, process and purpose. The legal treatment of black people following the emancipation sustained the intrinsic inequalities that had been brutally clear in slavery. This is visible in the transformation of black codes to felony disenfranchisement laws. With only a few minor nuanced transmutations, the culture of slavery was codified into a new system of 'freedom' that kept blacks in their position as the lowest caste. Prisons became the de facto symbol of a new apartheid, a tangible representation of white power and a systematized form of institutional racism. The prison system as we know it was developed in sync with the emancipation and reconstruction.

The modern prison industrial complex is a simple extension of the legacy of slavery in this country.

Through enforced policies that guarantee disparity in unfairly targeting black neighborhoods, racial profiling and disparities in

drug sentencing, blacks are incarcerated at a rate anywhere from six to 19 times the rate of whites nationwide. In sentencing, blacks receive poorer defense, longer sentences and are less likely to be awarded parole. Through felony

This evolution of oppression can be traced through the development of the "modern prison;" Angola is a startlingly unambiguous example of persistent systemic inequality and brutality.

History shows that prior to

the prison system we know today. Before the Civil War, the great majority of Louisiana's convicts were white. Following the Civil War prison populations became predominantly black in Louisiana and the other Southern states. The newly enlarged prisons manned farming and public works construction operations, so "convict," "slave," "Negro," and "farm work" became synonymous terms in the public and political consciousness.

ANGOLA PRISON or, "The Farm" sits in Louisiana on 18,000 acres of marshland bordering the Mississippi. The geography is the prime habitat of alligators, snakes and impassable miles of swamp such that it is the only high security prison in the nation with no walls. The prison currently has 5,100 inmates. The land was originally a series of slave plantations; the largest was named Angola after the region where the majority of slaves came from in Africa. The prison and prisoners were leased to private individuals by the state since 1844, however it was not until following the civil war and emancipation business began to truly bloom. The leasing of prisoners to private individuals, arguably an early form of privi-

THE CHAINS REMAIN THE SAME

CHRONICLING THE TRANSITION FROM
SLAVERY TO THE MODERN PRISON
INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

BY: DAMON EAVES

disenfranchisement, a disproportionate amount of black males have lost the right to vote as well as eligibility to a host of enrichment and self-improvement opportunities such as housing, job training, educational grants and loans and any job that requires a background check.

ART BY: SHAM SAENZ

emancipation, there was no formalized "prison system" in the United States. Auburn prison in New York was built in 1817 and the Western Prison "panopticon" in Pennsylvania was constructed in 1826 (and its first inmate a black man), but neither came close to the size and structure of

taization of the prison system that is so popular in California, began with convict-leasing which was developed as a way for the state of Louisiana to maintain a prison without the expense of a prison. In 1865 former confederate Major Samuel James was granted the lease of Angola from the state.

Major James leased the inmates' labor with little regard for the perilous nature of the work. The major form of work they engaged in was large-scale public works and farming. Leased inmates would live on the plantations in former slave quarters. Under slavery, the plantation owner had an investment in their chattel, but with incarceration the labors and bodies were "free" and easily replaceable. The Annual Report of the Louisiana State Penitentiary, from 1901, shows that the last seven years of the lease to Major James, (from 1894 to 1900), 732 convicts, averaging over 100 a year, died. Convicts' lives were virtually worthless. In 1901 the State of Louisiana resumed management of the inmates and the Louisiana Board of Control purchased the land from Major James. Under the new state system the death rate among inmates was reduced by 72 percent.

The brutality of the convict-

leasing practice was so extreme that in 1952 31 Angolan inmates cut their Achilles' tendons in protest of the labor. This protest was picked up by campaigning politician Robert Kennon of Louisiana who used the end of convict-leasing as a primary piece of his stump speech. After winning the

violence upon fellow inmates. In 1961, The Louisiana Corrections' budget was drastically reduced and a decline in basic needs and services ensued. During the late '60s Angola was regarded as the "worst" and the "bloodiest" prison in the United States. It wasn't until 1994 that the American Correctional

BLACKS ARE INCARCERATED AT A RATE ANYWHERE FROM SIX TO 19 TIMES THE RATE OF WHITES NATIONWIDE. IN SENTENCING, BLACKS RECEIVE POORER DEFENSE, LONGER SENTENCES AND ARE LESS LIKELY TO BE AWARDED PAROLE.

gubernatorial election, he finally put an end to this degradation at Angola. Everywhere else in the nation, convict-leasing had ended in the 1930s. Up until the '50s, any sentence longer than three years in Angola was considered a death sentence, seeing as it was the rare exception that an inmate survived more than three years. Angola instituted "trusty guards" (who were virtually all white inmates) were given power to act like guards over other inmates and exacted extreme force and

Association (ACA) accredited Angola, which is a certification that the institution is "stable, safe and constitutional."

Currently the length of sentences is a remaining form of brutality at Angola. Life Without Parole (LWOP) as ruled unconstitutional in 1974, however Louisiana had a version of LWOP that could not be challenged, called "natural life." Even prior to this ruling, most states did not allow LWOP and even murderers were eligible for parole in as little as seven years.

Not only does Angola still hand down "natural life" sentences, but 150 of Louisiana's 3,800 natural lifers were sentenced due to heroin sales. This conviction requires the inmate to be considered beyond the reach of re-socialization; lacking the requisite level of humanity and respect for life and property to be allowed to mingle with the citizenry. To extend such a sentence to drug users flies in the face of substance abuse as a disease as well as the contemporary practices that divert substance users out of the criminal justice system and into alternative forms of treatment.

Of the 900 men sent to Angola in 1997, half were given life sentences and nearly 80 percent were black. The 1,200 Angola prisoners not sentenced to natural life will most likely be eligible for parole after having served anywhere from 25 to 50 years of their sentence. Louisiana's parole board can only grant parole by a unanimous decision and it is the rare exception. Out of the 5,100 current inmates, 85 percent are expected to die at Angola. Those released however are subject to an unrelenting new version of the Black Codes known as felony disenfranchisement.

Racial discrimination exists as unspoken truth just below the sur-

face of analysis and discussion of disparities. If blacks are not being discriminated against, targeted, and subject to institutionalized racism how can the average individual explain the disparity for the population of blacks in prison and poverty? If this is not the product of oppression and racism, the encompassing explanation must be that perhaps blacks are inferior? For those in power and with the prescience of mind to know that slavery had to end, the question had always been, "when to end slavery?" The forefathers had considered to write its demise in the The Constitution (banning the importation of slaves) and were included in several drafts of Jefferson's Declaration of Independence (which contained a tirade against King George and his support of the slave trade as a symptom of British immorality). The final stumbling block has always been contained within the power of economics to influence politics. The prison industrial complex is an economic force built upon systematized oppression.

To address these disparities and inequities would require a wholesale overhaul of not only the criminal justice system, but also the legal system (laws), prosecution priorities, law enforcement strate-

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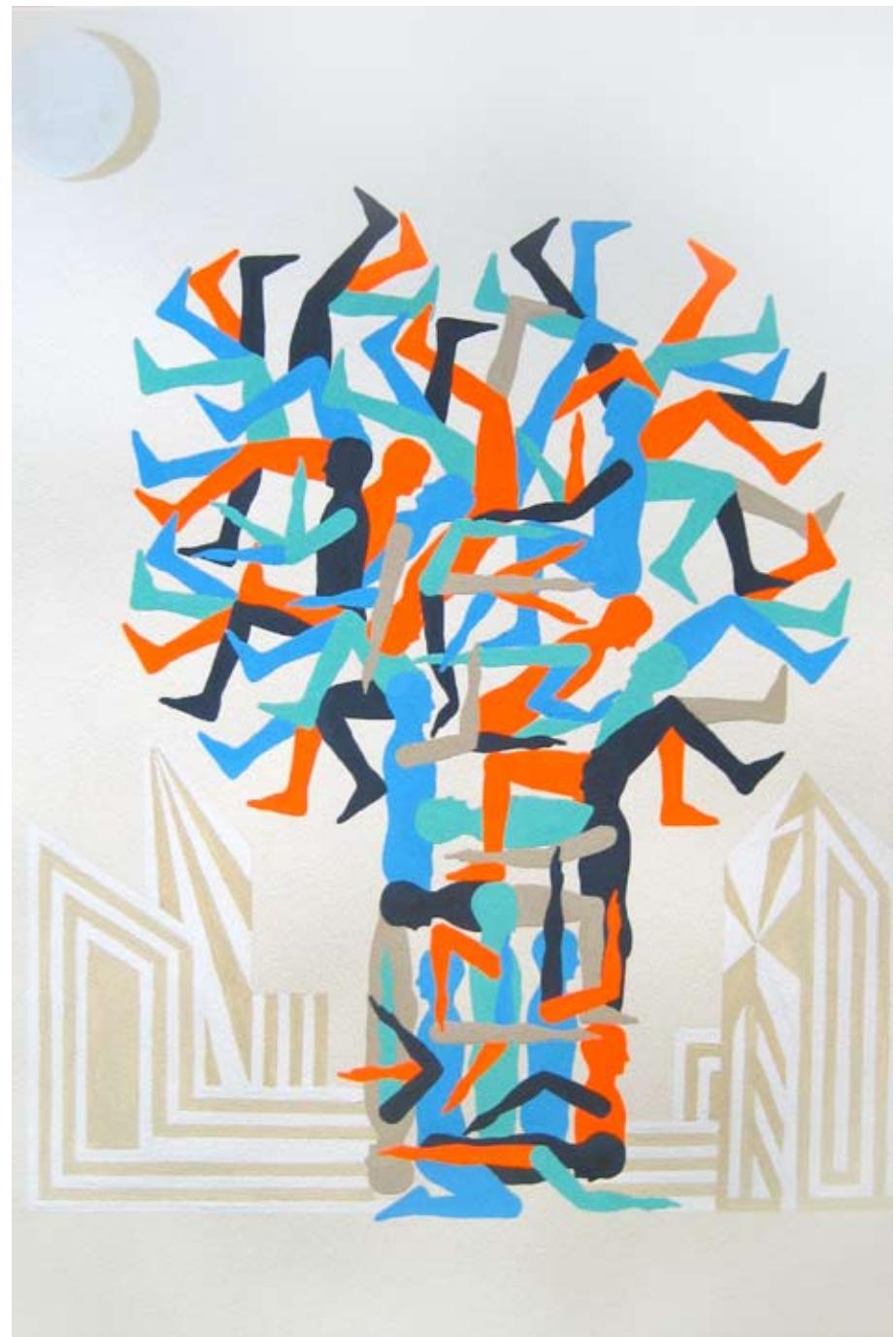
gies, and access to food, clothing, shelter and higher educational opportunities. Such changes will be very hard seeing as this nation has codified and created a system that relies as heavily on cultural and economic exclusion today, as it did racial exclusion in the past. Such changes will require that all individuals, all Americans demand equity and specifically, that white Americans be willing to exchange the advantages of whites. As the ongoing fight for freedom from oppression has gone on, it serves as a poignant example of what Langston Hughes refers to as "A Dream Deferred".

About The WOOZY:

The Woozy is a grass roots community based policy institute centered in West Oakland, California. The purview of The Woozy is everything that has anything to do with how life is organized and lived in the inner city ghettos of America.

The website is:

<http://www.thewoozy.com>



DESPITE A summer of gloomy economic reports—a state budget deficit of over \$14 billion, a pile of more than 5,000 pink slips doled out to public school teachers and a proposed \$386 million in cuts to the California State University system—there is one piece of California's massive infrastructure that continues to thrive. While enrollment in preschool and kindergarten has plummeted, the number of Californians entering the state prison system has climbed with vigor. This might help to justify the ever-increasing funds diverted from education and funneled into prisons, yet at the same time there has been a growing call—from the grassroots up—for an alternative vision of justice, one that eschews punitive action as a remedy for crime, and embraces the possibility of lasting transformation for individuals and communities.

A widely reported Pew Center on the States study recently revealed that one in 100 American adults is incarcerated. The United States still leads the planet when it comes to incarceration rates, and California is clearly doing its part to blaze the trail. There are currently 170,000 inmates who wake up every morning in a state facility, twice the number

BEYOND BARS MANY ARE LOOKING OUTSIDE THE JAIL CELL FOR JUSTICE

BY: JACOB SIMAS ART BY: PESKADOR

that they were meant to accommodate. A bill recently passed through the state senate dumps even more state money into our ever-expanding prison system. Approved by legislators last year without any public input, Assembly Bill 900 calls for the construction of 53,000 new prison and jail beds and carries a price tag of \$7.9 billion, a sizable addition to an already hefty California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation (CDCR) budget—one that stood at \$10 billion this year.

The inevitable question then becomes, how do we deal with crime if not by the traditional punitive means of incarceration? Restorative justice is one theory that has grown largely out of an attempt to address this question. Much has been written about restorative justice in academic circles, and although it hasn't been accepted by domestic policy makers yet, inroads have been made

to introduce facets of it, primarily within juvenile justice practices. Broadly defined as a theory of justice which emphasizes the repairing of personal relationships harmed by criminal behavior, restorative justice involves a process of communication that includes everyone affected by the crime. Unlike our current criminal justice system, which treats crime as illegal acts committed against the state, the restorative justice approach prioritizes the needs of the victim, community members, and offender.

Some anti-prison activists estimate the actual cost for AB 900, also known as the Public Safety and Offender Rehabilitation Services Act of 2007, to be much larger than what is being proposed on paper. According to Californians United for a Responsible Budget, a coalition of more than 40 organizations that advocate for a reduction in prison spending and expansion, the burden

on taxpayers (through the use of lease revenue bonds) could wind up being about \$15 billion. To put this number in perspective, California spent \$300 million on the Department of Alcohol and Drug Programs, and \$9 billion on the entire State Department of Social Services during fiscal year 2007-08.

Since the bill was passed last year, its implementation has moved at a snail's pace. Rose Braz, director of the national prison-abolitionist organization Critical Resistance, based in Oakland, says the legislators may have come up with a plan they cannot economically deliver on.

"It's being scaled back already, and they haven't been able to move ahead as quickly as they hoped. The initial plan for construction of the first 10,000 beds has been scaled back 1,000 beds," says Braz, who noted the connection between prison spending and other state departments already facing cuts. "We have this huge budget crisis. We heard that Alameda county high school students walked out of class (last week)—1,000 students walked out to protest budget cuts. This is an opportunity to rethink (state spending)," she says.

Cost, however, is hardly the



SER BIZARRO

only motivating factor bringing community organizations and coalitions like Critical Resistance together to protest AB 900. At the root of the effort is a fundamental disagreement with the state on the way crime—violent crime in particular—is dealt with by our current criminal justice system. More beds, they say, will only mean more people incarcerated over the long run. Eventually, those new beds will be filled, and what then? More of the same?

Sara Kershner is the director of Generation Five, a political organizing outfit based in Oakland whose mission is to work outside the prison systems to eliminate child sexual abuse within five generations."We share a very strong alliance with organizations like Critical Resistance, because our interest is in transformation of families, communities and societal violence of all kinds—community and state violence", says Kershner. "Our focus is on that transformation, and not on incarceration as punishment."

One need only look at California's recidivism rate to understand why a growing number of people are questioning the current sys-

tem. More than 70 percent of people incarcerated by the state will wind up behind bars again at some point in their lives. California has the highest recidivism rate in the country, so clearly the current approach to rehabilitation isn't working.

Although Generation Five focuses on child sexual abuse, Kershner says their approach to healing the wounds is the same for all types of violence experienced by individuals and communities. "Incarceration has not and does not stop child sexual abuse. The majority of cases happen within family and community networks, but the state model decreases the willingness of most community networks to actually do something about child sexual abuse. We think, actually, it gets in the way," she says.

Kershner agrees that the current punitive system only fuels a larger cycle of violence. "We don't want to respond to abuse in ways that increase the conditions which give rise to abuse, where violence and domination are just accepted," explains Kershner.

Mary Louise Frampton, a professor at UC Berkeley School of Law, points out that the criminal justice system "stigmatizes individuals rather than behavior. We

brutalize them, and then we re-stigmatize them after they are released. We do everything we can to stigmatize the offender. We want to exclude them rather than reintegrate them into society.”

One of the dynamics of the current system is that only the state has the right to hand out justice, as it sees fit. Restorative justice principles turn this idea on its head, in essence recognizing that closure and healing for victims, offenders and their communities necessitates their direct involvement in determining a just outcome.

In practice, restorative justice can take a number of forms—victim-offender mediations, group conferencing, restitution and healing circles. All have been used successfully in settings outside the adult prison system, such as schools and community centers, as well as in the juvenile justice system. Peer-to-peer youth courts are growing throughout the state, which is also a reflection of a willingness to utilize alternative models of justice with young offenders.

While Generation Five’s organizing work has clearly been informed by restorative justice principles, Kershnar sees the

need to take an even broader view. “I don’t consider ourselves a restorative justice organization,” she says. Where some see a need to restore the health and dignity of individuals who perpetrate and are victimized by crime, Kersh-

nar sees a need for a fundamental transformation of the society which causes criminal behavior, especially in cases where restoration doesn’t apply. “I believe in transformative justice.”

“Many or all of the communities that we work in, when child abuse happens, there is nothing to restore. This is the case in many communities globally,” says Kershnar. The conditions which give

rise to any type of violence, says Kershnar, cannot be taken out of their historical context. To do so is to miss the bigger picture. “There is no going back to before colonialism, or before slavery. Those violent histories get acted

the state, the child is removed, or the victim leaves. There isn’t an organized way where the abuser is removed and supported in a home and required to work to provide economic support to the family or victim. Even those basic things would be really helpful.”

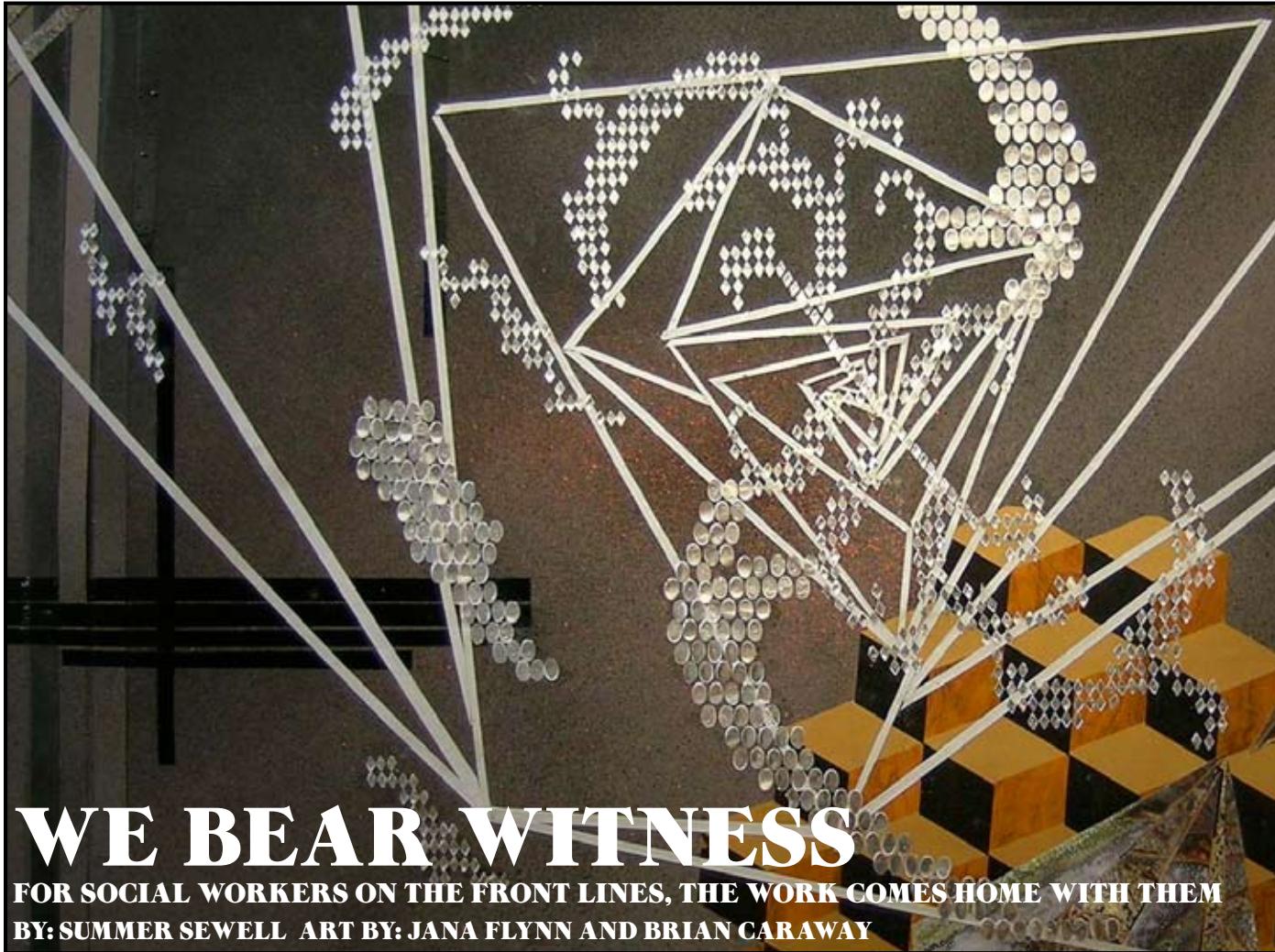
AS OUR PRISONS continue to expand, and politicians continue to get elected on platforms of being “tough on crime,” these organizations and a growing number of individuals are asking important questions: How do we define justice? Whose needs are really served by our current criminal justice system? How do we re-frame our understanding of crime and violence, to include the needs of those most affected by it—the victims, offenders and their communities?

“OUR INTEREST IS IN TRANSFORMATION
OF FAMILIES, COMMUNITIES, AND SOCIETAL
VIOLENCE OF ALL KINDS—COMMUNITY
AND STATE VIOLENCE. OUR FOCUS IS ON
THAT TRANSFORMATION, AND NOT ON
INCARCERATION AS PUNISHMENT.”

-SARA KERSHNAR,
DIRECTOR OF GENERATION FIVE

out in our own communities, and that’s why we’re looking to transform our societies.”

Kershnar provided some examples of what this type of justice might include in the context of a sexual abuse crime. “Is there a place where abusers can go to be held accountable and transform? Is there a way to support people who leave their abuser, economically? In most cases handled by



WE BEAR WITNESS

FOR SOCIAL WORKERS ON THE FRONT LINES, THE WORK COMES HOME WITH THEM

BY: SUMMER SEWELL ART BY: JANA FLYNN AND BRIAN CARAWAY

Asking social workers to recall their first traumatizing experience on the job evokes a reaction similar to asking a soldier to re-examine time spent in battle.

There are a lot of deep breaths and pauses while sifting through unsettling mental images and digging up memories better left buried. What makes the recollection of the social worker complex is that they are not only dealing with the effects gruesome situations have on their own lives, but lending another part of themselves to empathize with another person's despair.

Vicarious traumatization, also known as compassion fatigue or secondary traumatic stress, is a relatively new field of study, given a label less than 15 years ago. And it still has a rather vague definition: bearing

WE WOULD BE CRAZY NOT TO LOOK
Jana Flynn

witness to another's trauma. It affects each social worker differently, running the gamut from depression to hyper-vigilance to drug and alcohol dependency.

It's expected that social workers have received suitable training in school, but there really is no adequate preparation for human behavior in its most raw form. No slide show of "what bruises look like" makes seeing an 18-month-old baby with finger marks and bruises from head to toe easy on the eyes. No lecture on domestic violence will adequately prepare a person to find out her young client was dropped out of a second story window, purposely, by his step-father.

These are not accidents. These are the affects of a combination of the worst of human nature and terrible circumstance packaged up, and handed over to a social worker to sort out and make the best of.

"Nothing will prepare you for this job," says Yael Martinez, a teen unit protective services worker for Children and Family Services (CFS) in San Francisco County. Martinez still gets teary

eyed when she recalls the first time she felt traumatized by a case. Before she had even begun her social work degree at Berkeley, with no field training, during only her second week at a teen group home, she was quickly initiated into her career. Being the only Spanish-speaking worker at the time, she was called upon to comfort a young girl who had crossed the border from Mexico illegally to live with her aunt, and landed on the streets after being accused of seducing the aunt's boyfriend. "The girl was hitting the walls and bed with her arms, hysterically," says Martinez, "and she was crying the deepest cry I've ever heard to this day."

Not knowing what protocol was at the time, Martinez's human instinct allowed her to restrain the girl in a bear hug until she calmed down. "I came home and cried, uncontrollably," she says.

Eve Ekman, like Martinez, felt less than prepared for her first job prior to beginning her master's in social work (MSW), but was given the title of supervisor. She was responsible for delivering hygiene products to females, many of them sex workers and domestic violence survivors, in tiny, decrepit, rent-by-the-week hotels in the Mission District. Day after

day of knocking on doors in the dark hallways of the hotel, never knowing if she would find a hooker's pimp or a trail of new track marks on the other side, Ekman began to feel the effects. She lived only blocks from the hotel, but would take the longer route home or ride the BART extra stops just to avoid a possible run-in with one of her clients on her day off. "I didn't want those two worlds to meet," she says. Now a medical social worker at SF General Hospital's ever-distressing emergency room, Ekman still refers to her job at the hotel as, "one of the gnarliest things I've ever done."

The effect on workers intensifies over time and with multiple clients. Sharon Jones, a social worker in Marin County sighs her response to how long she has been in her line of work: "Oh, a long time. About seven years." While seven years may not seem long enough to become burned out professionally, Jones' years of commitment to her job is like earning a medal in the military, only there is no way for these soldiers to display their collection of daily battle scars. Ask Jones why she got into the field and she'll tell you, "I was a damn fool!"

If you try to look up help groups for social workers online, very

few will come up. The people that society trusts to keep our most unsound peers out of danger are seemingly left out in the cold.

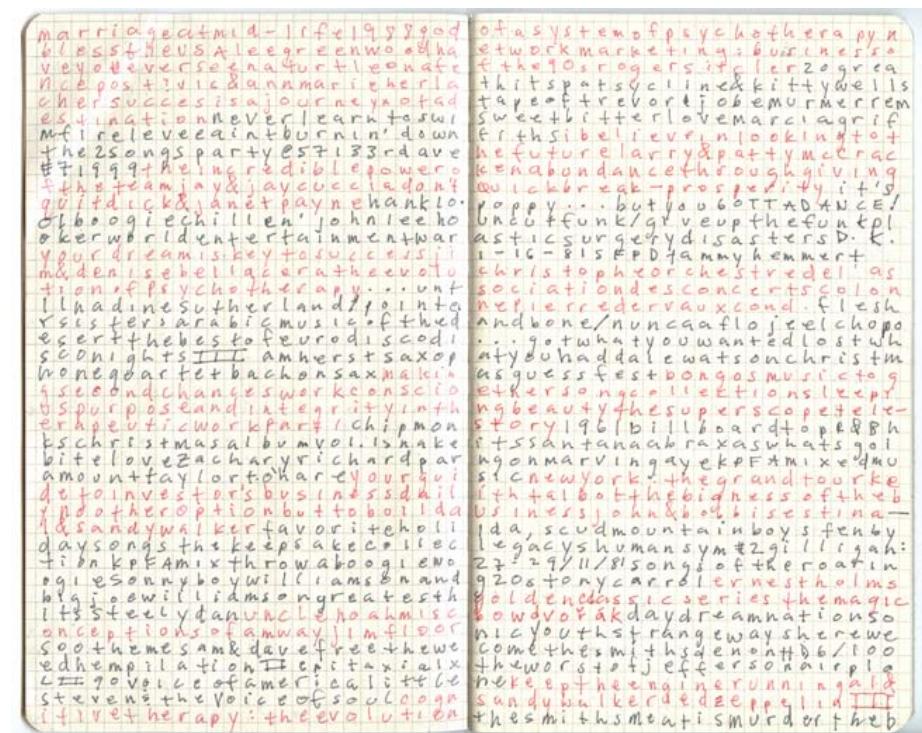
"You build calluses that allow you to do your job," says Haley Mears, a CFS worker in Marin County. She recalls having to call in sick after finding out one of her troubled 10-year-old clients had been recently accused of molesting his 2-year-old brother. She was beginning to see a hopeful future for this child whom other adults in his group home had labeled, "problematic." She says, "I avoided him for a week. I could

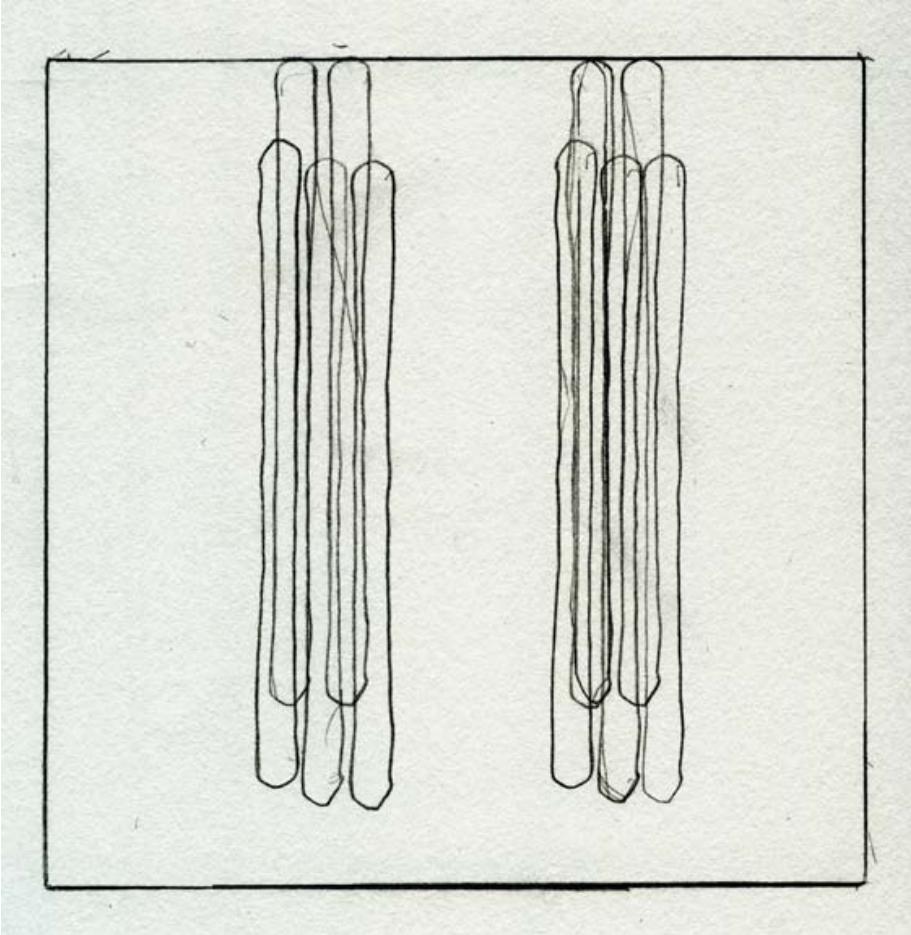
not believe it. It was like, 'This happened on my watch?'"

It seems on-site therapy would be implemented for all social workers, but only licensed clinical social workers (LCSW) receive complimentary therapy sessions at their workplace. Requirements for the title of LCSW vary from state to state, but most require a MSW, three years of field experience and numerous written and oral exams. To get to the place where there is emotional support

UNTITLED

Brian Caraway





on the job, social workers must first go it alone.

The income of social workers isn't exactly personal therapist, or "take a few weeks off in the Bahamas" type of money. The middle half of child, family, and school social workers make between \$27,840 and \$45,140 a year. The lowest-paid 10 percent make less than \$23,130. The highest-paid 10

percent make more than \$57,860. Though they obviously would benefit from it, social workers don't get any more vacations, personal days or paid time off than any other profession.

Many social workers experience symptoms that mirror their clients', such as nightmares, dissociation, anger and other elements of post-traumatic stress disorder,

UNTITLED
Brian Caraway

which makes leaving work at the office almost impossible. Gabriela Fischer has only twice had to remove children from homes deemed unsafe in her two years as a social casework specialist for CFS in Contra Costa County. But each time has had to pull a child out of a crying parent's grip, she thinks of her own children being taken away from her. "It's tricky negotiating the role of advocate versus empathizing as a mother," she says. "I feel like I'm going to war every day."

THE Pervasiveness of difficult cases affects all areas of workers' lives, often drastically changing their level of interaction in personal relationships. "I don't even try to talk to my husband about work. No one but other social workers can relate to what you are dealing with," Fischer says.

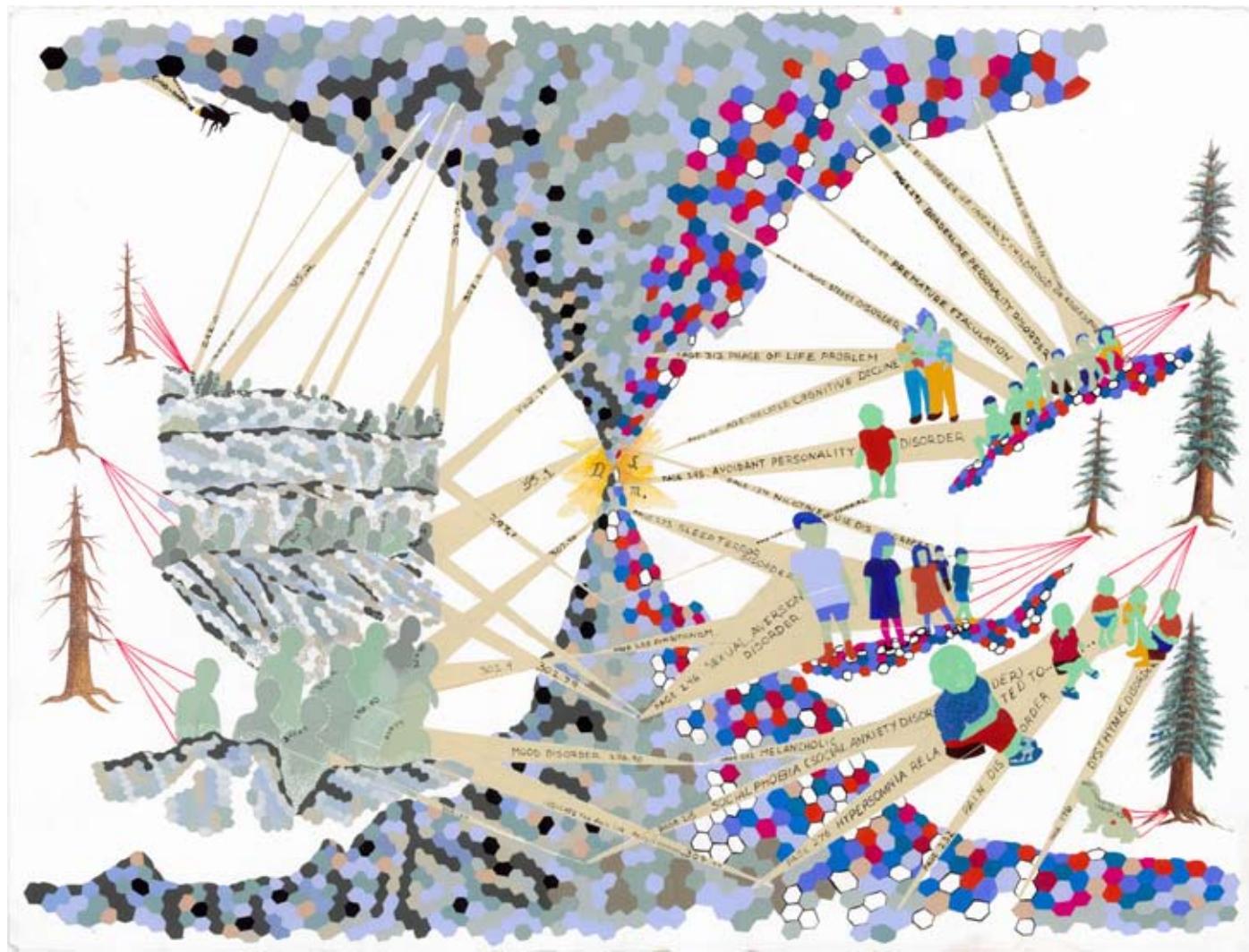
Everyday responsibilities and personal stresses take a back seat to debriefing from their workday. Martinez says she's not able to "hold" much more by the time she gets home. "It's like by the end of the [work] day, 'I'm up to here

already!'" says Martinez, holding her hand up to her forehead.

"You have to establish boundaries," says Mears, who won't let her work phone cross the threshold of her home. "I'll stay in the car for an hour to finish up a conversation if I have to," she says.

The fact that vicarious traumatization has only recently become an area of focus is alarming, given that situations seen by social workers every day on the job could easily give a layperson nightmares for weeks. They risk their own sanity and personal well-being to try to render a more balanced world for us all while changing their own view of the world forever.

Social workers build their own lives around the relentless attempt to narrow the gap between marginalized and mainstream society. They are fundamentally average citizens, doing an extraordinary, thankless job. Says Ekman, "We're working towards a greater ideal of equality. If you see there are big problems, but do nothing to help change things, how do you live with that?"



WALK TOGETHER: A
TRANSLATION OF THE
DIAGNOSTIC STATISTICAL
MANUAL IV

Tara Foley

IT'S 8 A.M. on the last Saturday of the month and several minivans filled with kids are passing through the gates of San Quentin. They go through a security check, get searched for contraband, including cell phones, cigarettes and prescription drugs. They go through a metal detector and sign a waiver stating that they are aware that in the event of a hostage situation, the governor of California will not negotiate for their release.

The ones wearing gang colors or jeans are given prison-issue clothing to wear. The group is processed quickly and locked inside the massive walls the prison. Clang. Escorted by guards, they make their way to a classroom bungalow where they spend the next five and a half hours in a room full of inmates, a unique classroom indeed.

They sit down in pairs and get into intimate discussions with those rarest of teachers: convicted criminals.

At two o'clock, the kids file out, get back in the vans and head back to the violence-infused ghettos of San Francisco. They return to a life of probation and housing projects. But next month they'll come back to the prison. They'll walk the grounds, smell the food, see the rats, feel the air.

This is the Squires program,

part of a spiraling world that deals with SF's juvenile offenders. The legal system itself – the courts, the public defenders, the probation officers, the guards – and a multitude of grassroots and non-profit organizations, swirl together into a huge and daunting picture of youth rehabilitation. Some clarity can be found by looking at the people that interact with the Squires. These

vice that was happening was just washing buses and stuff, so we researched a little bit more and found out about Squires, which had been happening for a while already but San Francisco County never used them."

Woods has a cozy office next to the Public Defender in SF's Juvenile Justice Center. Rainbow colored sheets hang from the bright

create our own individualized program working with Squires. So we arranged with the prison to have a set aside day for just San Francisco County.

"We like to screen the kids in a certain way first. It's not a program of punishment and it's not a scared-straight program," says Woods. "We want kids who are really thinkin' about changing their lives. It's a positive thing. It's not supposed to be a punitive thing. So if you have a bad attitude or you're totally committed to gang banging and you have a bunch of stuff going on with you out on the streets, don't come."

The City's youth go up to the prison on the fourth Saturday of every month. They go two times in a row. Some of them are part of the approximately 2,000 kids involved in SF's juvenile system, and Squires completes a part of their release plan, or probation. Some kids are simultaneously participating in the Boys and Girls Club's "Life Skills" program, in which case they are indirectly paid for their participation. For others, it is simply a chance to learn.

"THE SQUIRES is just another opportunity," says Jacqua, "for a certain type of individual to see a reflection of what he might become at some point."

live from San Quentin

City youth get scared straight

By Sam Devine Art by Brion Nuda Rosch

folks are trying, in as many ways as they can, to open the eyes of the kids. And as they see what works, they are opening the system to new alternatives.

"What happened was, Jack [Jacqua, her partner] and I got frustrated, I guess seven or eight years ago, with the lack of more creative interventions," says San Francisco County Youth Division social worker MaryNella Woods. "And I felt like the community ser-

yellow walls along with a red and gold poster of a poem titled "Never Give Up." She's been here for 27 years. Her cohort Jacqua, a grassroots organizer, has an office across the hall.

"So Jack and I approached Judge [Kathrine] Feinstein," says Woods, "and told her about Squires and, thus our program began."

"At first we just went with a generic group," says Woods. "But then we soon found that we wanted to

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And Jacqua himself is a certain type of individual. He's a no-bullshit, honest-to-god idealist—an impassioned holdout from a time when many Americans believed in radical change. As he talks, free thoughts and bits of communist theory bubble out. Were his vision set to a different task he would be a dangerous man. But as one of the sponsors of Squires, he has a key to San Quentin, and rightly so.

He has no specific title, no official power, and is vague as to how his programs are funded, and has had an office across from Woods for around 20 years. The staff is used to seeing this white wizard in his brown loafers and purple windbreaker, "STOP THE VIOLENCE" stitched in yellow on the back. He casually inhabits the gray, brown, and green boxy spaces of the justice center where he can be found on Christmas Eve and Sundays. During the winter storms, he drove down past Devil's Slide to see kids at the Log Cabin Ranch, the SF Juvenile Probation Department's residential program for delinquents. He's dedicated. He has a passion born of frustration with the status quo, annoyed that others



the work of being a street organizer, really fighting the issue organizing the dysfunctional unfortunate, it's rough work," says Jacqua, hands rested on his long beard. "It's tough work. It's not what colleges teach. It's not what Hollywood makes it. It's not how the politicians spin it. It's very difficult work. You're dealing with the life and death of young people all the time. I'm not complaining because I'm choosing to do it, but is it going good? Bad? Well it's going. It's moving."

Jacqua partially runs the Omega Boys Club, a grassroots organization of several thousand. He speaks with just a twinge of pride as he mentions their college graduates. Omega runs two-hour meetings for kids in lockup and does outreach to kids on trial, among other things. Jacqua brings straight talk and offers networking and hands on assistance. He calls kids to wake them up for the job he helped them get and maybe drives them there. He deals with a lot of death, but he keeps on going.

"You can't save the world, you got to work on the individual. But really, they save themselves, you just put out the message. You can't change anybody for them. You can't change somebody just because you like them, just because they're smart, they have to make

the decision to liberate their own self. So nobody's really changing anybody. I'm just a messenger," he says, patting his chest. "We're giving messages. They take it if they want it. But nobody gives up on anybody. If you don't want to deal with it now, maybe you'll deal with it later. File it away. Put it in your memory bank. Collect interest on it."

ACROSS TOWN, Jacqua's sentiments echo in the SoMa:

"It's your choice," says Rudy Corpuz, founder of United Playaz, "because we can't be around you all day, every day, to let you know. We can't tell you a motherfuckin' thing. All we can do is let you know. You gotta decide how you wanna live, homie."

United Playaz started in 1994 out of Balboa High School. Today they run out of several high schools. They interact with the city's youth on a variety of levels, giving presentations to different age groups and helping organize youth activities. Despite the presence of homeless drug addicts, they run after-school programs at the Gene Friend Recreation Center simply because there is no other place in the SoMa large enough.

Corpuz coordinates enrollment for his own organization and for

others, like the Boys and Girls Club. For 10 years, he has led groups of 20 to 25 (usually 20 kids and five adults) into the prison at least once a month. That means he's taken around 2400 kids in and out of prison.

"The Squires program is beneficial," says Corpuz. "Because a lot of these dudes have experienced the same lifestyle, they come from an environment where there's a lot of poverty, there's a lot of hopelessness and there's a lot of suffering and struggle."

"The odds is against a lot of us who come from poor economical backgrounds. You know, it's a high possibility that you'll end up in prison, or in jail. And you know the Squires is beneficial because these dudes are there who can let you know the choices that you need to make so you don't go there."

And it doesn't stop with showing kids the negative possibilities.

"On the other hand, I'll take them to a college," says Corpuz. "You know, I'll take 'em to the Financial District, I take 'em to a morgue I let 'em see the different options in life and you make a choice. You gon' choose barbecue or you gon' choose mildew? You gonna choose life or are you gonna choose death? Are you gonna

choose the light or are you gonna choose the darkness?"

Corpuz is searching, hoping to find a way to bring about a youth center. For now, he does the best he can, trying to find new options. But he's not the only one looking for new options.

While he's inside San Quentin, Corpuz walks the yards and connects with inmates, some he knows from growing up in SF. And he hires them when he can. (Seventy percent of United Playaz employees are ex-convicts.) He does this for two reasons: 1) if you give a man a job teaching the youth, he won't end up corrupting them and 2) ex-convicts can relate to what these kids are going through and the kids know it and trust them way more than any city employee with a sociology degree.

So now you've got guys like Rico Riemedio down at the Gene Friend Public Recreation center, teaching middle-schoolers to run their own youth organizations, helping them plan roller-skating field trips or protest marches. At the end of the night Riemedio, who did 24 years inside, gives kids rides home. Gino Hickman, who also served time in San Quentin, checks them off on his sheet. One of the supply closets at the rec center has been turned into a small recording studio. In-

side, six young guys with gold grill pieces and black hoodies listen to tracks and make mix tapes. Nice guys.

And Corpuz walks through the yard here – cane in hand – and kids run up to him and tell him little things, little stories. They call him “Uncle Rudy” and wish him Merry Christmas halfway through January. He grins at them, exposing his silver-plated front bottom teeth. His diamond earring sparkles below his beanie and he is every bit a young hood.

"We want kids who are really thinkin' about changing their lives. It's a positive thing. It's not supposed to be a punitive thing."

—MaryNella Woods social worker

And here's where we all need to see something, too: this ex-street runner is helping raise children and we ought to see that as a good thing.

We want our criminals locked up and the key thrown away, but that's just not possible. The truth is that lots and lots of people have run-ins with the law, and we can't lock them all away forever. Especially when they're teenagers. We

have to believe in people's potential to turn it around. Corpuz has brokered gang truces and worked with youth for 14 years, and his perspective can be summed up by the United Playaz motto: “It takes the hood to save the hood.”

AN EVEN YOUNGER man is illustrating this motto from within the Juvenile Justice Center. As he walks around the halls, talking and illustrating things, he makes little comments on minor details that let you see that shit's clicking with

him. He gets it, or is at least into understanding what's going on. And we nearly killed him.

“I consider myself to be an example. My position: I'm a youth advocate,” says Perry Jones. “My vision was I wanted to see how that system really worked and how can we change it from the inside out. I've been blessed, being able to be in positions, working on a grassroot level, feel me, non-profit level, be-

ing able to be an activist with that, being able to be an activist in this system, what I consider inside the belly of the beast. I've actually got my feet in here where I can deal and cultivate, you feel me, the youth minds, you feel me, of it, and also on a bigger level, to be able to see that vision, whether it's in Washington, talking to Hilary Clinton, whether it's sitting here, politicking with different people. And being an African-American male at my age—hey I'm really young, I'm 26 years old—with my experience. That's actually an exception.”

The auditorium he's sitting in once actually served as his courtroom during a time of overcrowding. Involved in a group manslaughter case, he narrowly avoided the death penalty at age 14. Instead he spent 10 years in the California Youth Authority which is basically a prison for minors if juvie is the equivalent of jail.

“I work with CJCJ, Center on Criminal and Juvenile Justice,” says Jones. CJCJ is one of those swirling organizations. It's actually part of another program called Detention Divergence Advocacy Program (DDAP). The probation department refers to them as a contract agency that provides family support. “I'm actually a social worker, been doing that for the last six

months, and that's an entity that's based out of San Francisco State. So basically what we do is, we do court advocacy, like we advocate for the kids, instead of havin' ‘em locked up in here while he's fightin' a case or something like that, we advocate to get them out from the courts. Once they're released, I play the big brother role, getting him in school, calling him at night, making sure he's in the house at six o'clock, court order curfew. He probably need some moral support, they can call me 24 hours a day. Pick 'em up Monday, ‘Hey, you got an interview, all right, we'll come and get you.’ ‘You need a job?’”

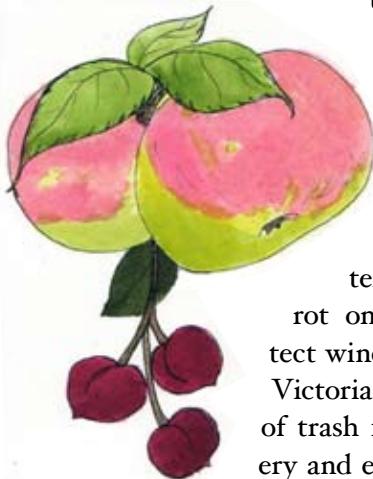
Jones is a kind of protégé of Jacqua, although that's doesn't exactly explain their relationship. Jones describes Jacqua as his spiritual guide, and used to write him long letters regularly. Jones got involved with the Beat Within which Jacqua interacts with, and became adept at writing out his perceptions. Years later, and Jones is beginning to teach writing to kids in lockup. He's come full circle.

“This is like an outer body experience for me,” says Jones. “I got a key up in here though – feel me? Got a key and got my foot up in here. Comin' back here, it's probably rare. Like they probably never – I'm probably the first.”

WE CAN DIG IT

URBAN GARDENING TAKES ROOT IN WEST OAKLAND

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY: ANANDA SHOREY ILLUSTRATION BY: GAELEN MCKEOWN-HICKEL



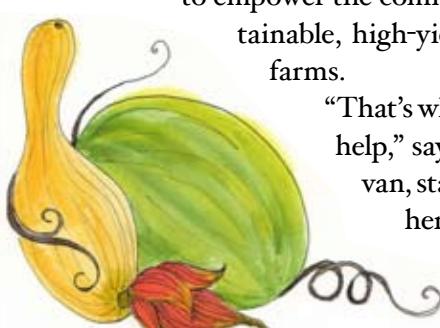
Sandwiched between downtown Oakland and the San Francisco Bay, some 25,000 people live in a somewhat forgotten area where mattresses

rot on sidewalks, bars protect windows of dilapidated Victorians and the scent of trash from a waste refinery and emissions from Port of Oakland activities waft

through the air. Men chat their days away with buddies on street corners until they retire to their cars to sleep. Poverty is rampant.

While the number of hungry families in West Oakland is growing, something has sprouted up to offer residents—about 36 percent of whom live below the poverty level (\$10,787 a year for a single person according to Department of Health and Human Services, it's \$10,400 for 2008)—a way to provide their families with organic produce, honey and eggs. City Slicker Farms, a nonprofit organization targeting low-income minorities, works to empower the community by creating organic, sustainable, high-yield backyard gardens and urban farms.

"That's what this community mostly needs—help," says City Slicker apprentice Ali Sullivan, standing next to buckets of fruit trees, her hands caked with soil. "There are 40 corner liquor stores in West Oakland but not a single grocery store." The closest grocery store



is in Emeryville, says Sullivan, but only half of West Oakland residents have vehicles.

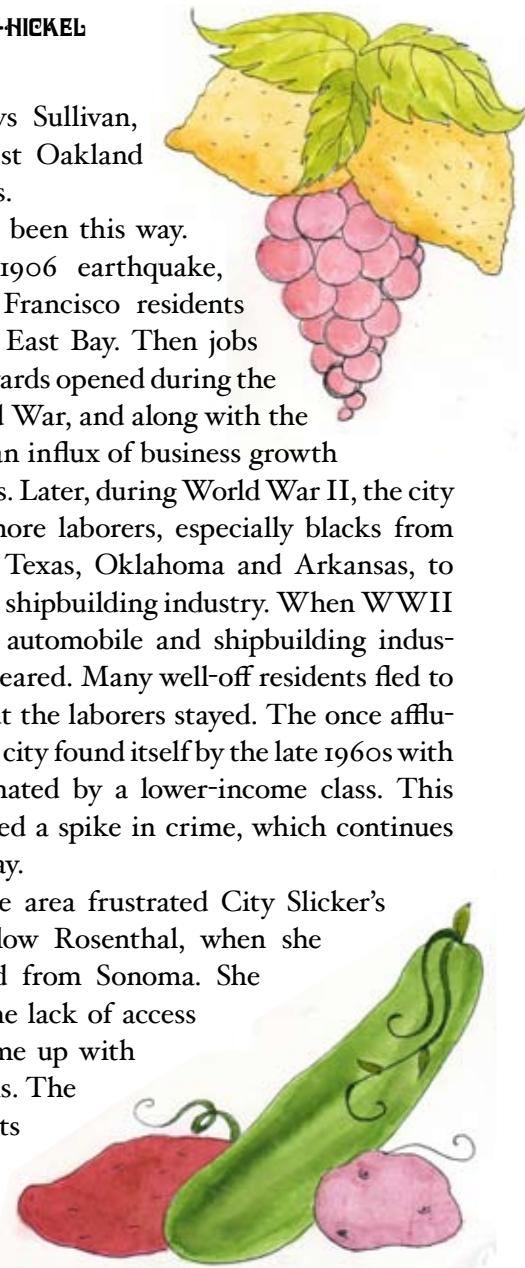
But it hasn't always been this way.

After the 1906 earthquake, many San Francisco residents fled to the East Bay. Then jobs in the shipyards opened during the First World War, and along with the jobs came an influx of business growth and workers. Later, during World War II, the city attracted more laborers, especially blacks from places like Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas, to work in the shipbuilding industry. When WWII ended, the automobile and shipbuilding industries disappeared. Many well-off residents fled to the suburbs, but the laborers stayed. The once affluent and prosperous city found itself by the late 1960s with a population dominated by a lower-income class. This transformation created a spike in crime, which continues to plague the area today.

Challenges facing the area frustrated City Slicker's founding director, Willow Rosenthal, when she moved to West Oakland from Sonoma. She

was especially disturbed by the lack of access

to fresh produce. In 2001, she came up with the concept behind City Slicker Farms. The group started transforming empty lots into rows of carrots, turnips, squash, basil, cilantro, parsley and thyme. There are now a handful of farms full of edibles including collard





Artist and gardener Monica Canilao

greens, kale, herbs and fruit. Sullivan says they use bio-intensive methods of farming to get the most nutritional output from their small spaces. Volunteers and several apprentices tend to the gardens, some of which have composting stations, chicken coops and beehives.

Some of the food is sold at farm stands on neighborhood sidewalks. Men who cluster on the same corner daily from dawn to dusk visit the stand to get produce, which is offered on a donation basis. Many of the men are homeless and only take things like cucumbers and tomatoes that they can eat on the street,

Sullivan said.

"There's no other options here," Sullivan says about getting fresh produce in the 4-square-mile area of West Oakland surrounded by freeways. For residents with homes, City Slickers offers the Backyard Garden program. Since the program started in 2005, 70 backyard gardens have been installed, 52 of which remained active as of this winter, Sullivan said. Residents apply and get evaluated based on their income and ability to participate. Their soil is tested for lead and a garden mentor works with them to develop plans to build and harvest the produce. A garden is created within hours. Participants get soil, seedlings, seeds, a fruit tree, planter boxes and mulch. Mentors follow up with participants several times a year.

ONE OF THE program's recipients is Monica Canilao, an artist with glittery gold fingernails and a ring through her lip. She lives in a Victorian in the area of West Oakland lowest and closest to sea level. Runoff from rain carries soil sediment to her neighborhood making it rich in nutrients. But that's unfortunately one of the only welcoming aspects.

"Everyone dumps across the street from our house – that includes paint,



Canilao's hands and an earthworm



Monica's West Oakland garden

oil and waste. It's the same on every corner really – some of the trash gets used, but more often added to, and the rest eventually gets picked up by the city," says Canilao. "The huge, block-long empty lot that sits across the street from our house hasn't been built on yet because it's too toxic."

Efforts are being made to curb air pollutants generated by the cargo handling equipment, trains, trucks and ships from the Port of Oakland, the fourth largest container port in the U.S. Last spring, the U.S. En-

vironmental Protection Agency awarded \$223,675 to a local agency to continue its effort to reduce the community's exposure to diesel pollution. Other issues like exposure to lead paint still exist. Like with most buildings in West Oakland, lead from the paint on Canilao's Victorian has leaked into the soil, something that was tested for when she and her five roommates first got involved with City Slickers in 2006. Garden mentors helped them build raised beds with better soil—something they do when lead test results are positive but not terribly high—and provided them with starts.

In January, Sullivan visited Canilao to discuss results from recent lead tests and to see how their garden was doing. During winter, the garden produces kale, collard greens, bok choy, broccoli, celery and beets. When it's warmer, they harvest snap peas, eggplants, okra, strawberries, dill and mint.

"When the garden is in full swing we use produce from it daily as often as possible," says Canilao, who admits that before she had the garden she didn't eat as well. Even with food stamps she couldn't buy adequate food. "We have to bike way out of the way to get to Pak'n Save, on the Emeryville border, which is the closest. Otherwise we take BART to go to the Berkeley



City Slickers apprentice Leslie Outhier

Bowl on the other side of town if we want good produce and healthier options. I don't think the city cares much about West Oakland. No one wants to put money into it or police its streets. Most of the community efforts are ... run by folks that live around here."

Canilao is one of an increasing number of artists moving into the area, a move pushing it a bit toward the trendy, prosperous vibe West Oakland had decades ago when groceries and entertainment were easy to come by. While it used to be filled with jazz and blues clubs, one of the only bars still bumping is Ester's Orbit Room, where Sly & the Family Stone, a soul, funk and rock band from San Francisco that had

hits like "Everyday People," played long ago. The cultural roots go way back. In the late 1800s, writer Jack London lived, and set his novel "Valley of the Moon," in West Oakland.

Returning to such prosperous times, when blues vibrated the streets, famous writers let their creativity take root, residents had access to grocery stores and asthma from diesel emissions and malnutrition were not center stage, will take work and time. "It's really hard," Sullivan says, emphasizing that for many residents their main goal is survival. "A lot of people don't have time to prioritize change."

TALES FROM THE CITY: AN INTRODUCTION

A JOURNALIST LOOKS FOR ANSWERS

BY: ERIN FEHER ART BY: RACHEL STYER

I AM USUALLY opposed to first-person narratives popping up in a journalistic context. And as the editor-in-chief of this publication, that's just what I've aspired for this magazine to provide—a journalistic context, not a series of narratives or a collection of personal essays.

Yet here I am, throwing around "I think" and "I believe" just like the self-important crowds crammed into the new media blogosphere or the dusty old columnist from the fast-receding days of the printed dailies. I should've known a navel-gazing essay would result when I assigned myself a story based on a personal ethical stalemate. Let's just get on with it....

San Francisco is a study in contrasts. I'm not going to bore you with the cliche visual storytelling concerning all the ways our wealth and our poverty collide within this devastatingly unique landscape—regal buildings propping up homeless encampments and so on. I will tell you that I've had some moments recently, as conscientious SF citizen,

where I've felt like I was being forced to pick a side. Here's a rundown: I co-habitated. I got a full-time job in a well appointed office with an SF-based design magazine. I bought a condo (speaking of cliches). Before the irony could sink in I was both heading up a magazine on social justice and calling the cops every time I found someone slumbering in my Civic Center-facing doorway.

WHAT MAKES this publication exceptional (if I do say so myself) is that, thanks to the dedicated collaboration of social workers and journalists, we have access to sources and stories that other publications would kill for. So when I was invited to ride along with the Mayor's San Francisco Homeless Outreach Team (SF HOT), my enthusiasm was twofold: I could finally write that nuanced, award-winning piece that takes the coverage of homelessness in SF to the next level, and, thanks to the intimate experience that would accompany it, I would narrowly escape

becoming a hateful, heartless land-owner, ruthless in my dealings with anything and anyone that comes between me and my property value.

I began by sitting in on the regular Wednesday check-in of SF HOT at their offices at 15th and Mission. The first observation that I scribbled in my reporter's notebook was that their office space was shockingly lacking—in charm, basic supplies, etc. The relevance of that observation soon collapsed under the facts that followed. After rattling off the administrative necessities the six person crew were lacking (proper uniforms, a comprehensible system for filing paperwork, any sort of supplies to offer the homeless that they reach out to on a daily basis) each staff member discussed, in explicit detail, their current roster of clients.

One outreach case manager began: Janelle* is 37-year-old black male-to-female transgender with a long history of sex work and drug abuse. That honestly didn't move me—I'd brushed passed those "la-

dies" a dozen times as I trudged to my boyfriend's house blocks away—but then she brought out Janelle's Mental Health Service sheet. See, social workers have the ability to pull this document from some all-powerful LexisNexis of government, police and medical records and print out a person's complete psychiatric treatment history going back to the hospital they were born in. Well, at least to the point where their mental health treatment began. Janelle's record started at age 4, when she (a he back then) was logged into the system as a victim of sexual abuse. Her file now ran eight pages. The realization that Janelle, hoochie-shorts-clad and high on meth, stumbling down Post street in clear heels, was once a four-year-old boy about to be tossed into a cyclone of dysfunction thanks to some fucked-up uncle or stepmother or whatever was potent. Turns out misery has a paper trail. I had to wonder—what string of tragedies could I find out about whoever the hell was sleeping in my doorway?



Monica's West Oakland garden

cies alike across the Bay Area. All the while I racked my consciousness for a moral transformation, for answers to my own ethical questions. Philip captivated me with his tragic story—shot in the spine while defending his finance, years camping out in Golden Gate Park—and confounded me with many of his views; he seemed to hold a grudge against SF HOT and insisted they had little or nothing to do with him ending up indoors, and some of the responses I believed wholeheartedly were refuted by those who worked closely with him. When I met Nevius for coffee I found myself equally under his spell—the man that SF HOT members railed against was, while a self-admitted cage rattler, also a thoughtful journalist who simply called it like he saw it and then braced himself for the eminent public thrashing. One realization: how relative and elusive truth really is.

My connection, my main source throughout this process was Jason Albertson. He supervises the SF HOT crew I trailed. Like many of the team members, he logged his own personal experiences with homelessness. He leads with equal parts evangelism and realism. We spent considerable time in Outer Mission bars and Tenderloin coffee shops figuring

And moreover, should that make me care more about them and less about the waste they often leave behind day in and day out?

During the next few months I trailed behind SF HOT members as they did outreach in my own backyard, Civic Center Plaza, amazed at their ability to approach and connect with the same people who shouted maniacal nonsense to real and invisible audiences alike. I spent

afternoons with a Philip, a formerly homeless guy my own age who had taken all the steps, jumped through all the hoops and now enjoyed the simple pleasure of a place to call his own—a phone line, a kitchen to cook meals, a bed. I interviewed the Chronicle's C.W. Nevius, a controversial media pundit who waxes poetic on all things homeless in San Francisco, firing up the ire of homeless advocates and government agen-

out how to make the most of this thing, this rare dream team of introspective journalist and overworked government agency worker. I found out he was at work on a manuscript documenting his own experiences as a social worker dealing daily with the most vulnerable members of our society. His most complete chapter so far revealed his experiences with a homeless, crack-addicted paraplegic bilateral amputee. Yet another personal narrative, I thought, just what the world needs.

After more than a few requests, he finally sent me the draft, with the disclaimer that it was still very much a work in progress. I started reading it over dinner in my lovely new condo, three stories up, safe, sound and oblivious to the goings-on out in the windy streets below.

I'm not going to bore you with flowery descriptions about all the ways his story took up residence in my brain, making me feel at once enlightened and completely clueless about the issues within the story I had hoped to capture, comprehend and write. But when I finished reading Jason's chapter I realized immediately that his was the story I had imagined telling; his the insight I had hoped to gain. So, be it a cop-out or an act of journalist humility, I'm going to bow out and let him tell it himself...

TALES FROM THE CITY: HARD DAYS WORK

FROM THE FRONT LINES OF THE CITY'S DECADES-OLD BATTLE WITH HOMELESSNESS, A SOCIAL WORKER SHARES HIS STORY.

BY: JASON ALBERTSON ART BY: RACHEL STYER AND RICHARD NYHAGEN

RANN PARKER, the operations manager of the San Francisco Homeless Outreach Team (SF HOT) calls me. "He's at the county jail on D-pod, sweetie. Bilateral amputee, paraplegic. Supposed to be released soon—could you go and see what's up, try and find out what he's in for? His lawyer won't tell me."

That was it. Brief phone calls often start big things. Parker usually calls me "sweetie." When she doesn't call me sweetie, she calls me "bud," which almost-but-not-quite rubs me the wrong way.

Keith Markly* is in the San Francisco County jail. I flash a laminated jail medical identification at the window, sign in and get buzzed in through the double doors, via airlock-style remote control. The sheriffs in the control room are dependably grim, their uniforms often marked with crossed rifles for sharpshooter awards, and Emergency Service Unit (ESU) badges. The rough-stuff boys. The whole place always reminds me of "Westworld," that

film with the robot Yul Brynner and the control room running it all. At orientation for service providers they tell you that policy is to not negotiate with prisoner hostage takers. You are on your own and we won't come and save your ass, they want you to know.

"D-Pod," where Markly is held, is jail/medical facility, for those with severe medical and/or psychiatric conditions.

I interview Markly in his cell. A 44-year-old Native American male, he is alert and engaging. He changes his colostomy bag in front of me, then sprays a room deodorizer in the air after he is done, which reassures me that he can take care of himself. He tells me that he feels free when he is out in public in his powered wheelchair, where he can smoke crack cocaine and socialize with people. He is not interested in drug treatment. He refuses to tell me why he is in jail, but when I talk with the staff they tell me he'd fallen asleep with a lit cigarette on an air support mattress and

set an SRO hotel room on fire. He's been on narcotic medications, 2500 milligrams of morphine a day, prescribed by his doctor. Probably he'd dozed off under the drug's influence with the cigarette still burning.

The DA hit him with an arson charge; the fire destroyed the hotel unit, the bed, and the electric wheelchair. He is going to be released in the next day or so, but the sheriffs have no release plan other than dropping him, sans manual chair (it is city property), at the SF General Hospital emergency room. In four hours he'd be climbing the walls from withdrawal and without supplies—the urostomy/colostomy bags—he'd be soiled. He has stage-four decubitus ulcers in his butt, fist-size holes deep in the flesh. The ulcers will not heal, ever. His is a chronic infection that goes deep into his pelvis, exposing the bones and needing daily wound care, dressing changes and packing in the holes to keep the bacteria counts down. Markly became paralyzed eight years ago when he fell off

the low metal railing into the Powell Street BART Plaza and severed his spinal cord. Then he dragged his feet while in the wheelchair and took the skin down to the bone. He developed an infection, osteomyelitis, that resulted in mid-thigh amputation of both legs. Despite the amputation, the infection was not curable, and it spread to the bones in his pelvis. He developed the large non-healing ulcers from sitting in the wheelchair and not moving. Wound care keeps his bacteria counts down and allows him to survive.

How do people get referred to SF HOT? People may get referred from other non-profits, the police, and occasionally by citizens when their conduct or deterioration in public becomes disturbing. We also outreach on the street to find the most vulnerable. SF HOT is tasked with assisting homeless individuals and families. We provide short-term, intensive case management. It lasts 90 days and focuses on specific outcomes: financial benefits, permanent

housing, health care, behavioral treatment, temporary shelter and medical insurance. From a public health perspective, as providers of a scarce resource, we make sure the decision to accept a specific client is the result of a reasoned process; it is important that they need our services and can't get them elsewhere—can't make it in shelters, haven't been able to get the health care, or the mental health treatment, that will enable them to thrive or, simply, to not die.

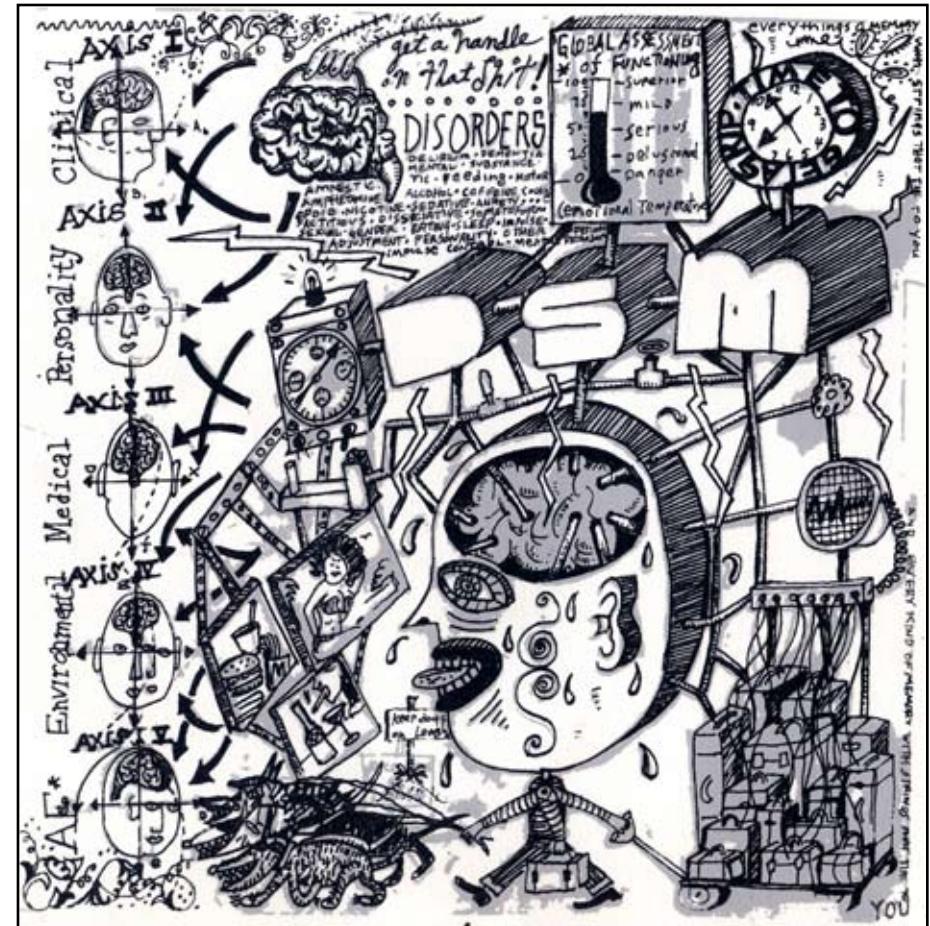
The services are necessary for our clients' survival. The way we provide that help—the direct hands-on we-drive-the-car-and-solve-the-problems-en-route—is the scarcest and most unavailable service for homeless people in SF. For example, we might make an appointment with the right person for a particular problem, then take our client to that appointment, sit with him or her, help them to understand the work at hand and assist in planning next steps. This is called providing wraparound services, services that wrap around the person so they can get what they need. A co-worker of mine, at her retirement party, called them "scrap-around" services, ruefully noting their unavailability.

But this time is different. We don't make a careful assessment of Markly's needs, we don't find out who he'd worked with before, we don't talk to

the folks who knew him. We take Markly because we have to, because there is no one else, because we want to think about our program as one which has ethics. We are not going to allow a paraplegic, bilateral mid-thigh amputee be discharged to the streets from jail.

After I leave the initial meeting with Markly I work his assessment: gathering information, talking with his primary care physician, determining his needs for care, organizing his prescriptions. I make a list of what would have to be done for him—he would come out of jail without his supplemental security income (SSI) and without medical insurance. I know how to get both reinstated. There's a Medi-Cal analyst in Sacramento who can adjust a person's insurance status from the computer in front of her. I guard her phone number and don't give it out. Markly's doctor seems unusually responsive, advising me in detail about Markly's medication regimen. It is clear that he isn't just another patient, but is someone he knew well and perhaps even liked.

When we agree to take him it's because we aren't yet privy to the nature of the charges. He has more than one hotel room fire to his credit and the public defender hasn't told us the details out of fear. No agency wants a person with an arson conviction.



The safety issue is paramount: hotel fires can kill a lot of people. But now he is ours. Markly is released on a plea agreement and I go to the county jail to pick him up. Markly and I fill out the agreements that a person signs to enter our program with an addition—any careless use of fire will result in his being told to leave the hotel unit that we are going to give him. No ifs, ands, or buts.

UNTITLED
Richard Nyhagen

He agrees not to smoke in bed. I put him in a van equipped with a wheelchair lift and bring him to the hotel, one of the few buildings with a working elevator in which we have units. His Health-at-Home nurse visits and does the wound care for the deep ulcers. I do applications for a new pow-

er wheelchair, get his SSI and medical benefits turned on, and work on getting him ID so he can eventually qualify for permanent housing.

He's been in the piss-in-the-sink hotel room for three weeks when I get a call from the nurse about a burn in the mattress. I check and there it is, through the quilted blanket and down to the stuffing. We pull the hotel room out from under him that day, a Friday in mid-July. I help him pack a few things, take his key and put him on the street. Team leader Dr. Rajesh Parekh isn't buying my idea that a big ashtray Markly could rest his hand in would fix the problem. There are liability issues a social worker is held accountable for. The "did you know or should you have known" questions lawyers ask after a client burns up a hotel room leased to the Department of Public Health (DPH). So I do what I can: I get appointments for Markly to get wound care at the hospital—Health-at-Home doesn't treat people if they are homeless—and I give him medication to last the weekend.

Markly's on a lot of medication, to control pain and to help with depression. He gets 2700 milligrams of morphine a day and 150 milligrams of oxycodone for breakthrough pain and Neurontin for the phantom pain from the nerves that don't hook up to anything anymore. The doctors

drove his tolerance high when they figured, three years ago, that he had only six months to live. The hospice dose they gave him didn't concern itself with addiction. He takes 27 morphine pills a day, which downs him considerably. So he smokes crack to feel powerful and free, to be part of his social scene at Fifth and Market streets, by the chessboards, right where he fell. People like Markly—he's friendly, available. When he falls asleep in his wheelchair out on the street, leaning over, face down on his thighs, his narcotics are available in his pockets. "I'm a fruit tree," he says, "They just pick off me." When he smokes crack and stays up all night he doesn't change the urine and colostomy bags and becomes soiled. There are no showers he can use—none at the hotel, and the one at the homeless resource center is broken and not suitable for a double amputee.

Over the next nine weeks, I support Markly on the street. I see him every day to provide him his medications. Often he gets tired after staying awake all night, falls out of his chair, and ends up at the hospital when a passerby or friend calls 911. I try to get him held against his will on an involuntary psychiatric detention under welfare and institution code section 5150, which permits the detention of those who are gravely

disabled, after he says he would get a weapon and use it if anyone else tried to bring him to the hospital against his will. "I'll jeopardize my health for my freedom," he tells me. The hospital doesn't hold him. I repair our relationship after that, but it takes a while. Markly doesn't remember things for very long—even how angry he'd gotten. And three times a week I transport him to wound care at SF General where the nurses who work on that unit put up with the smell, my occasional lateness, and his intransigence. Finally, I find fireproof bedding and flame-resistant mattresses, the kind sold to the Navy for use in submarines and to corrections departments for prisons. I get clearance to put him back into the hotel unit from DPH program directors—the risk is now reduced. Once I get him back inside, I breathe easier. He's taken 40 to 60 percent of my time—I've been ignoring other clients. I am ready to have less Markly during my working day, fewer trips to the hospital.

But getting placed back into the hotel this past week doesn't help Markly as much as I hope. The Health-at-Home nurse finds maggots in his wounds. Markly says the maggots eat the dead tissue and help him, but maggots make a toxin that helps tissue die. Health-at-Home is ready to drop him. If they stop

working with him, he'll need to be institutionalized. Because it will be against his will, it will be a complex legal process that could take a long time. Parekh, Parker and I had a talk about not helping him get wound care until he becomes septic and at risk of death. Then, we'll place him on a 5150 hold and apply for conservatorship, removing Markly's ability to stay out of the institution. There are obstacles—we aren't sure we could convince a judge and it's cruel to let someone sit in their own waste to prove a legal point. We go back and forth but never finalize a plan.

I go to the hotel to get Markly for a scheduled appointment with a physical therapist from Wheelchairs of Berkeley, the company that will provide him with a new power chair. Markly isn't at the hotel when I get there. He isn't anywhere around Fifth and Market, or near the Powell Street cable car turnaround. I take the white city van down Sixth Street to Folsom, and slowly drive the Embarcadero, the other place he likes to go. He'd have been out all night, I think, as I drive, scanning the street. I find him at the corner of Mason and Embarcadero, slumped over in the chair, no urostomy or colostomy bag, urine flowing onto the pavement under him. He is leaning on the footrests of the chair when I come up.

"Keith," I say, taking a seat on the

wall in front of him. "How you doing?"

He looks up at me. There are crack burns on his lips and that's when I realize that the job isn't to get him back inside and then back down his support, after all; we are going to keep riding him until he decides to do things differently or we go the whole route—we take away his ability to manage his money, request a judge appoint a guardian and place him in a locked unit.

He's bleary. "I just woke up" he says. "We didn't get down here until midnight, and then Billy-boy over there (he points to his friend, who sometimes pushes him around and was clearly there for the party) didn't wake me, so here I am with the sun on my back. I couldn't imagine I could sleep out here until three in the afternoon with the sun on my back, could you?" He's asking for absolution, but I don't give in that easy.

"Keith," I say, and on cue the BlackBerry phone the city hangs on my hip rings; it's the woman from the wheelchair company calling to say she's going to back out for today, call and reschedule. "Keith, you missed the appointment with Elizabeth from the wheelchair place."

He says, calmly enough, "You'll reschedule?"

"No," I say, "You'll reschedule. You can call her tomorrow."

I load Markly and his friend into the truck and take him back to the hotel, where I talk to him about the fact he is going to be conserved and live his life in an institution, with little access to funds or freedom. He takes it all in, I think, and agrees that from now on we won't hand him more than \$100 of his money at one time. At the end I straighten up his room, and take the dirty sheets to launder at the drop-in center where they extend me the privilege. Markly thanks me for all the work on his behalf. I tell him I will see him tomorrow, to help him shower at our clinic but that I want him ready when I show up. I'll be surprised if he is.

Two weeks after Markly's freedom run down to the Embarcadero I stop by his hotel room. His ulcers took a hit from the run. His Health-at-Home nurse has upped her visits to five or six times a week and she reports that they aren't getting better. And a few times he hasn't been there for wound care, forgetting that she hasn't come yet, or what time she is supposed to come, or just not caring and ducking out for a cup of coffee.

She's thinking about dropping him. If they do too many dry runs, they don't get paid. If they stop coming, there isn't much choice; in a few days Markly will be septic. Parker and I talk, and decide that we'll pull the plug on the effort to keep him in

the community, prepare the report for the judge who will place him in conservatorship, taking away his right to make decisions about his health care because of physical and mental inability. We no longer can transport him for wound care to SF General three to five times a week.

We argue about these decisions, Parker and I. We talk about what the moral and ethical responsibility is, to the client, to the program, to the staff. We know that even if we do begin to pursue conservatorship, it's not all cut-and-dry—it will take appearance before the judge and possibly break the relationship with Markly. We decide that it will be Markly who has brought the consequences on himself. There aren't any great answers in these cases, in the complex intersection of the California law that mandates treatment in the "least restrictive alternative," specifying an individual's rights in contrast with what SF HOT is able to do for someone. Taking away a person's civil rights because of their inability to care for themselves, or live in the community with available support is a tricky process. Nobody wants to take away Markly's rights to determine his own future—but we can't let him suffer. It's frustrating to have put so much emotional energy, physical resources, and time into helping someone live in the

community and then have them sabotage the effort. This poses one of the more difficult challenges that we encounter in this work. How far do people have the right to go to hell in their own handbasket? We don't hospitalize diabetics for not taking insulin.

After we have these discussions, I go to his room to discuss our decisions with him. I find him sitting on his bed. I tell him that if he keeps getting worse with the support we have provided then he will be conserved and placed at a nursing facility. I mention one for difficult patients, known as Mar-tic, in Modesto, a flat, dry, dusty town in the central valley. I tell Markly about the risks he's running, that each refusal of care from his nurses, each unnecessary ambu-

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Rachel Styer



lance ride to the ER, is something that can be brought into an evidentiary hearing before an administrative law judge. I'm surprised by his reaction: he begins to cry. This isn't a grown man's silent tears. This is deep sobbing, coming from the half-man on the bed. He says that he will leave, go back to Minnesota where he hasn't been for twenty years, where he doesn't know anyone. Despite having a phone he hasn't tried to contact his family there. I sit in the chair in his room and consider what to do, what to say, how to say it. I think about flipping the conversation, accommodating his distress with de-escalating and soothing techniques. In the chart, I'd call it "provided emotional support." But I decide not to. Markly is being unrealistic about what he can do and what is available to him, saying that he believes services are better in Minnesota, that as a Native American he knows that when it gets to be hard winter his people go into state-paid rehab. I can support emotional distress—but I can't assist someone to have unrealistic ideas because that means I am not helping them.

He's remembering Sass Lake, where he grew up, remembering himself when he had legs, and when he drank heavily. He tells me again that he's a vet, and Monday is Veterans Day and I should have some

respect. I don't mention that he got thrown out of the military during basic training because of his refusal to obey orders. He's wearing a bandana and a black t-shirt with a screaming eagle in bright colors, looking very much the Native warrior, sitting on the bed. The tears are gone. Now he's angry. I let his anger wash over me and tell him that if he wants to go to Minnesota and we can find someone who will accept him on the other end, after his birth certificate comes and he gets some ID, I'll help him on the plane. Hell, I say, if I can get permission to be the escort, I will.

He doesn't respond and I know he knows I've called his bluff. He isn't going anywhere and the services here are the best. He knows it. He runs down, the anger evaporates, and I get up to leave. I realize what he needs and give it to him. "Keith," I say, "You're a hell of a guy and a pain in the ass when you decide to get angry and play asshole. But you're OK." He looks up at me, extends his powerful, muscled arm, fist clenched and I do the fist-to-fist tap thing, put his meds on the bed, and go. "When do I see you next?" he asks, as he always does.

"You'll see me after the holiday. Come to the clinic and take a shower on Wednesday. I'll expect your call." He agrees and I leave. He was my

last stop of the day, his the last room in a Tenderloin SRO I was going to be working in for four whole days. I get into the wheelchair van and take it back to our office parking lot and get on my motorcycle. Heading for the lot, I turn the radio up to an alt-rock station. Loud.

WHY SHOULD Markly get this level of support when many people might benefit from having intensive case management? In fact, the question is even broader than that. Why should we, as a society, agree to put so much of our resources toward caring for and assisting in the survival of people like Markly? Other life-saving interventions are rationed by the health care system. A 15-year-old who needs a kidney is more likely to get one than a 65-year-old alcoholic. The transplant review boards make decisions all the time about who is worthy, or likely to succeed after transplant. And Markly, with his substance abuse, his stubborn refusal to submit to indignity, is not a compliant client. There might be some physiological reasons for this—organic brain damage from alcoholism, remnant injury from his spinal-cord break, a pre-existing personality disorder. From my perspective, the three, all together, are likely causes. Does organic injury make the denial of care more, or less, ethical? Is sub-

stance abuse an at-fault condition that people need to be penalized for?

How we make decisions to provide—or withhold—care isn't clear-cut, but it has a lot to do with how we see ourselves, how we wish to be seen, and how we support our society to be a society that provides care for those who need it.

One answer is that Markly needs—and deserves—care from the medical system, from social workers like myself because he is vulnerable. Our society is as just as the care we provide to the most vulnerable and the neediest, a standard of care that we often fall short of. In other places, it is different. There, the shortage of resources forces the decision. Here, in the richest nation in the world, we have the luxury to provide care for someone like Markly. Parekh told me that in Mumbai Markly would be dead or in chains in short order. But we are not in Mumbai. We are the richest nation in the world, with more resources thrown away each day than can be counted or believed. We have the resources to take care of people like Markly. But The City does not take care of all the people like Markly at the same level.

In the end, it can seem an expression of the cruel randomness of the universe: Person A gets the care he or she needs because someone knows

MY FIRST TRIP TO South San Francisco's True Light Church of God was a sleepy Sunday morning. I almost missed the ministry's unassuming tan stucco storefront appended to a larger shipping supply complex. The doors were wide open pouring out blessings and music to the empty wide lanes on the Daly City side of Mission Street. I was a bit nervous to enter this unfamiliar house of worship, but in my case there exists no familiar venue.

Inside, a half dozen blue-cushioned rows of chairs were arranged

I was welcomed and blessed five times over, each time my elbow and arm were cradled and squeezed affectionately.

I entered just as a middle-aged woman with short-cropped hair in a woven tan suit moved from her seat on the edge of the third row to the center aisle. The musicians hushed as she began a testimony of her struggles: she admitted to her pain, her suffering. She emitted a cry to Jesus, "Help me lord, Help me Jesus!" She continued to cry His name as four well-dressed women of various ages descend-

own struggles and challenges. People held each other and sang soggy snotty while the music picked back up the and hymns rose in volume around this healing circle, the grief was palpable, drenching.

This is the ministry of Yul Dorn Jr., lifelong resident of Bayview Hunters Point in SF, second-generation preacher, father, and co-founder of the Crisis Response Team (CRT), a division of the San Francisco Department of Public Health (SFDPH). The CRT, founded by Lynn Westry and

wounded patients arrived in the ER, often with dozens of friends and family, Westry and Dorn were always close behind. Both African American and in their late forties, Dorn sports a close cropped salt-and-pepper beard over his dark skin and designer eyeglass frames, Lynn arrives in professional pumps and a pearly grin under a cosmic constellation of reddish freckles. Their uniforms are white zip-up windbreakers with 'DPH' in black vinyl on the back. Their approach and backgrounds in healing are potent tonic to the toxicity of the vi-

Healing on High

Community-based response to gun violence has help from above

By: Eve Ekman

Art by: Kari Orvik

on either side of a wide aisle facing the simple wood pulpit on a raised wooden stage. The fire marshal deigned capacity could not be over 80 and it was about a quarter full. A largely female contingent of African American churchgoers and their children were swaying to the sounds of young men in smart suits playing organ, keyboards, drums and singing hymns. Before I could settle in to a chair near the back

ed upon her and placed hands upon her torso, head and arms. With their eyes closed and heads bowed, prayers were emptied over her, she let it all go, her chest heaved with sobs and now these hands were holding her up to fortify her. The entire attention in the room was focused on this woman's suffering. Her tears incited tears by others, each remembering their own loss, their

Dorn, comprise the spine, heart and lungs of an incredible community-based service run by the city that provides immediate onsite grief counseling to the families of victims of violence. I met this duo working as a medical social worker at SF General Hospital's Emergency Room. When gun shot

violence. Westry and Dorn are from, and live in, Bayview Hunters Point where the majority of the gun violence that comes to the ER is relegated as though by some invisible force field away from the rest of the city. The first thing I knew about these two was they were there because they too had been one of those family members crowding the ER entrance while a loved one was dying of gun violence inside.





Pastor Yul Dorn

Back at church, Dorn was at the front of the room in a well-tailored suit, his eyes closed, swaying and adsorbing the prayers of his parishioners. As the woman who had received the prayers settled back into a seat, cradling her grief, another middle-aged woman dressed in all white with a radiant smile, who I later find out is Dorn's sister, raised to testify.

"I thought when I lost my son to violence 10 years ago that I would not be able to survive. I lost my self to addiction; I had to find myself, to come back. I did not know there would still be more challenges in my life and that I would struggle so hard. I tell myself either you are going to get bitter or you are going to get better. Because, this—everything—is so much bigger than me. None of it is personal. I am working on myself and I have to say: Thank you Jesus. Thank you!" Her voice raised goose bumps all over my skin, a blossom of warmth spread across my chest. The death of her son, Dorn's nephew, irreversibly changed the course of their lives.

During my first summer at what is familiarly abbreviated to 'General,' by all who frequent the hospital, felt like I was going to war each day, a war that very few people knew was raging. Summers are brutal in

the ER, as there is a marked rise in violence and death. During an average non-summer week working at the hospital there would be maybe one or two shootings. In the summer it was not uncommon to

selves or be attacked, this and many mistaken-identity shootings create endless fear for youth and families from these neighborhood. This wealthy, progressive, peace-loving city of SF, in which I had

violence but it inevitably involved being as far away as possible from any hint of the hospital and removing my mind and heart from that reality.

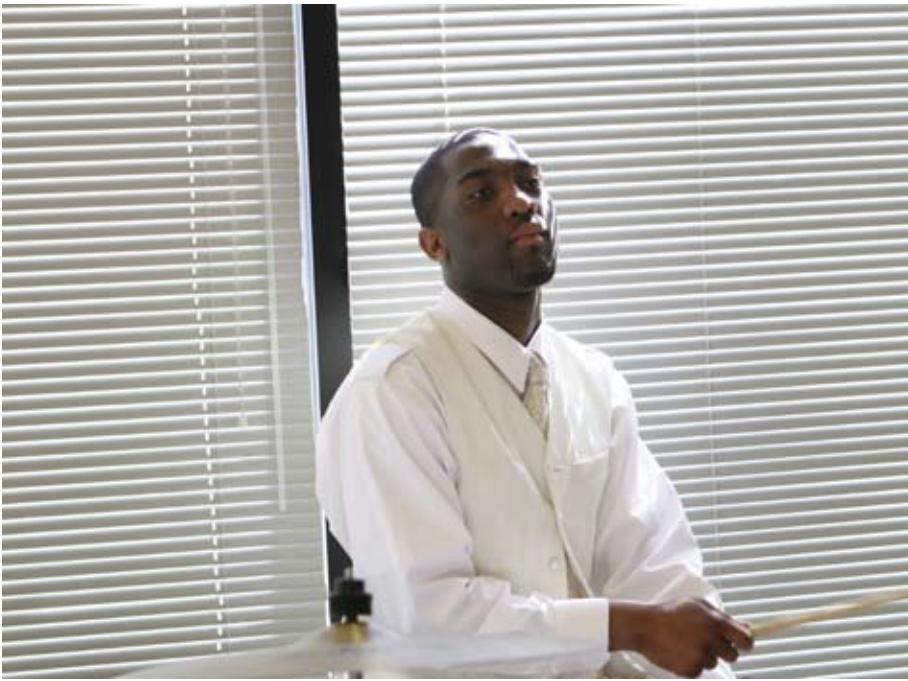
The peer based counseling model that CRT uses has long been a successful technique for those struggling with addiction. Groups like Alcoholics Anonymous provide addicts with people in recovery who can relate to the specific experiences of addiction. The loss of a loved one to violence creates a grief beyond comparison, it makes sense why Dorn and Westry's experiences would help be able to relate to this havoc. Their faith is one of their most potent tools to provide support because it is a well of strength that runs deep, enabling that radical leap between an often-brutal reality and hope. "One things you can offer people is Christ, when they are going through a traumatic situation. Prayer is always in order. My job is to help families to cope with the eventual loss or loss of a love done by any means necessary," Dorn says.

My very first night of work in the emergency room at San Francisco General Hospital I shadowed a co-worker as he told the mother of a 14-year-old boy that her son had died from gun shot wounds after hours of attempted surgical magic.

*If I could keep another
mother from having
that look in her eyes
then everything I do
would be worth it.
—Pastor Yul Dorn*

have as many as three and even up to eight in one day. In summers the youth are out of school and have far too much time to breed resentments and defend allegiances to geographical blocks that get played out in gun violence. The violence is not relegated to those who affiliate themselves with gangs, simply being from one block or another can require young men to defend them-

been born and raised, was host to a virulent epidemic of violence I never had conceived. At the end of my shift as I headed home I often wondered how these two were able to return back to their neighborhoods, where violence not only occurs without end in sight, but where this violence has taken the lives of those they love. I found ways to recover after evenings of



A member of Dorn's church

The woman stared at her feet appearing to implode prior to emitting a chilling wail raising and her arms to the sky above the hospital ceilings. I could not feel my feet and thought I might totally disintegrate under the weight of this woman's grief. This happened many nights, and sometimes multiple times during an eight-hour shift. Westry and Dorn describe the violence as a public health concern and believe it needs to be brought to public awareness as such to create real change. "Look how much publicity Bird Flu got, and how many people have died from bird flu?" Dorn asks.

There is occasional media coverage following particularly gruesome killings, or one that happens to occur outside the invisible triangle of Bayview, the Potrero Hill housing projects and the Mission. (This triangle formerly morphed its shape across the Western Addition, however the displacement of the low-and-middle-income African American community has made this territory more susceptible to boutiques than gangs.) It can feel as though this war is being purposefully repressed from

the media, another part of the geographical, social and financial isolation that produces a near quarantine of the community. I would scour morning papers following a harrowing night of loss and grief and the ER and would rarely find even 50 words "Two 18-year-olds and one 16-year-old shot last night in the Bayview neighborhood, one died in the ER and the other two remain in critical condition at the hospital." One of the least covered aspects of the community violence is the community response, the

work being done to address the wounds within families, friends and community.

IN 2002, following a particularly disturbing triple homicide where three young men were killed around the corner from Dorn's home; there was an outcry from the community. Dorn and Westry were both health workers for the city at the time and participated in a series of meetings to address

Pastor Ronald Westry



the wounds this violence was wrenching within the community with SFDPH. From these meetings emerged the CRT. Lynn and Yul are old school; they grew up in a Bayview that was a tight community. "I knew Lynn before Lynn knew herself." Dorn jokes. Westry describes immense change in her community in the last 43 years: "All of Hunters Point used to be nothing but projects but it was like that proverb—"it takes a village to raise a child," everyone knew everyone and took care." This was also at a time when there were strong civil movements for the 'beautification' of Bayview. There was movement and power and, as Westry puts it, "Black folks were not taking no for an answer, they were pushing for change. Now there is a hopelessness and it is passed along to the kids."

Dorn agrees times have drastically changed in his lifetime. "This level of violence is too much. My son is 20 and my daughter is 18 and they both know 10 or 12 people who have been gunned down. It is unfathomable the level of violence they are exposed to day after day after day." Now that the community is fractured by economic hardships, drugs and hopelessness, it is the city agencies which must act as "the village," explains Westry. The

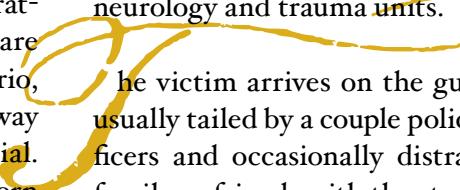
city did not hire strangers to heal this village from the violence; both Dorn and Westry attribute their personal experience with loss and lifelong Bayview residency as critical for their work with families.

The work begins with a police dispatch, and the CRT arrive to the scene of the shooting alongside police. God willing, they follow the victim(s) to the ER, the operating room and/or the intensive care unit. In the worst-case scenario, they follow the family all the way to the cemeteries for the burial. Throughout this process Dorn and Westry provide support, information and try to set the stage for healing. "People need you to meet them where they are in order to take them where you want them to go. That is why I like to be on the scene so I can walk with them, I call it "walking through the fire." When you are crying and slanging snot you are doing it with me," Dorn explains.

The responsibility these two feel to their work is personal: it is about survival and holding out hope for more. "I keep hearing this description that the African American community is so resilient and I wonder, is it resilience or is it just doing what you have to do to survive? I think it is a thin line between resilience and survival,"

Westry says flatly, even though her youthful voice is usually lined with optimism and encouragement.

For gun violence there is a set of specific procedures in the ER: the police tighten security, all visitors are ordered out of the ER, I call Dorn and Westry to see if they are on their way, teams of doctors descend from surgery, orthopedics, neurology and trauma units.


The victim arrives on the gurney, usually tailed by a couple police officers and occasionally distraught family or friends with the startling streaks of blood on their clothes. I sit with the friends and or family in the family room and go in the trauma room to try to find out from the patient if there is anyone else I need to call and get a sense of the severity of the injuries. If the victim is unconscious and came alone I look for their cell phone, a wallet, even a receipt in order to identify them and find family. By this time Dorn and/or Westry has arrived at the ER. We quickly debrief as I try to reach family and they comfort who is there. Thus begins what can be a 20-minute or 12-month struggle for life. Throughout the grueling first hour, Dorn and Westry bring their presence, their experience and their compassion to the families.

There is a small 'family room' in the ER but it only fits five to eight people, and often there are over two dozen family members waiting in the parking lot outside, desperate for information. Family room use quickly can become acrimonious among the many relatives and friends who want to be as close as possible to their loved one. The ambulance bay and parking lot becomes an overflow waiting area of concerned friends and family. The police gang task force often want to talk to family and friends who often do not want to talk to them, lost in grief or otherwise. Many times there are people in the family who do not get along, estranged sisters, ex-wives, and friends mom doesn't like, who arrive together and the tension worsens. If the victim dies in the ER things become absolutely devastating for the families. The shock and violence, all too common for many of those in Bayview, is not any easier due to its frequency. In fact, this makes it worse. "What happens is no one has time to heal. What happens is just as the wound is healing the scab is broken with more violence. And you know what happens if you pull a scab off before it is time. It can hurt more than the original wound, so what you have is a whole community who is hurting and nobody paying attention to it,"



says Dorn.

THERE IS AN increasing awareness about the existence of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) from veterans returning from Iraq. However when violence is ongoing there is no “post”—there is persistent exposure to danger and this changes how treatment can occur. The primary symptoms associated with PTSD are a lack of feeling safe in the world, leading to paranoia, fear, hypervigilance, and difficulty with concentration and high levels of irritation. This can turn to a chronic condition, one that is redoubled with each new incident of violence. Depression, stress, substance abuse and more violence are ways in which these symptoms manifest. Hope becomes scarce. “I want to educate communities about PTSD. We have whole communities suffering from PTSD and they do not even realize it, they do not realize why they do not want to wake up in the morning, why they have a substance abuse problem,” says Dorn.

A common question I get about working with families who lose loved ones are in the ER is this: What do you say? It is actually simple. There are no tricks. You

Members of Dorn's church

say nothing, or you say the obvious, but what you do not do is ignore the suffering. Being able to sit with that suffering is an incredible force. Is this a quote?

“You have to recognize the wreckage and say, ‘I know that there is that hurt, but you do not have to stay there. All hope is not lost, there is still hope.’” says Dorn. “There is a difference in the counseling work I do as a social worker with these families, and with the families of non-violent accidents. I am a crisis clinician, a medical social worker; I operate on the medical model. The limitations of this model are glaringly apparent for the families and victims who live in persistent violence. Once the victim and family leave the hospital, I cannot continue to provide support. Organizing the strong spiritual community around this violence is the future hope for CRT. I would like a stronger approach when it comes from a spiritual context. To really connect with these individuals, to bring that spiritual perspective to the family with the help of many local ministers.”

WESTRY'S BROTHER, Minister Ronald Westry, is another prime example of a minister creating this network of support for the community. His own church is in



Lynn Westry

again. During that time, when things happen you did not really talk about it. quote? what does that mean?" I had never dealt with pain. I went from one thing to the next. I did not even tell my family about things," says Westry. She thinks that now there is a tendency to reach out to those resources whether we choose to use them or not. Vague - I feel like stuff was cut from this graf and now it doesn't make sense.

By the time Westry had emotionally recovered she was dealing with raising her oldest daughter, who was an everyday challenge. Her daughter was wild, outside the home and in. Westry tried to call on every resource possible, therapy appointments her daughter would not show up to, setting limits she would not listen to. Westry felt powerless and afraid. Living in Bayview and out of control teenage girls is a dangerous combination.

Westry's daughter was fatally shot in 2000. Westry was not sure she would be able to survive this loss: "It is the most terrible thing anyone could ever imagine to lose your child."

Dorn has his own history of violence in his family; he lost his

the heart of Bayview, facing the T line on third street and flanked by the neighborhood's many small shops and bars. Inside this ministry another universe of healing is also taking place. The minister and his wife run food programs, provide after school care and are hoping to even open some residential services for their community members in need. "The church is called New Beginnings, because here anyone can find one. We have brought a crack head in from right off the street and nursed her spirit

and body back to health, back to God, and now she is studying to be a nurse and has her daughter back," says minister Westry, who is also a chaplain for the San Francisco Sheriff's Department, allowing him to see the wreckage from both sides.

Lynn Westry has had a long history of violence in her own life, one that she draws upon to help relate to her clients. At 17 she was raped and both her legs were broken. She was in the hospital over a month and had to learn to walk

young nephew, an up-and-coming hip-hop star on New Years Day. Both Dorn and Westry state that their experience with loss is pivotal to their ability to connect, build relationships and start the healing process with their clients. Not only do they understand the immediate shock of violence, they understand healing is a long process, one that is never complete. That no matter how much time has passed there will still be those days when the sadness and loss returns.

As we finish our interview in the office of his church, Dorn talks about the hardest part of the work. "The thing that gets to me the most, and I can describe it exactly, is the a look that a mother gets when she has lost her son or daughter." Dorn has to pause here. I feel my own body going numb, blood rushing to my head and the tides of my eyes rising with the sense memory of this same look. " If I could keep another mother from having that look in her eyes then everything I do would be worth it. Realistically I know that I will encounter another mother with that look, but I do not focus on that. I believe that one day another mother will not have her son or daughter lost to community violence. I really believe that. If I did not, I would not keep doing this. There is a light at the end of the tunnel."

THE MOMENT

INTIMATE PORTRAITS FROM SIXTH STREET

BY: ZACHARY TAYLOR MEERS ART BY: SHAM SAENZ

Surrounded by million-dollar homes and some of the wealthiest financial institutions in the world, the Sixth Street corridor between Mission and Market streets is a world of its own. Notorious for its crumbling SROs and vivid homeless and drug culture, nights and days meld into an endless reel of drugs and fights. Within this three-block radius, objective reality is fluid.

Virtually unrecognized and willfully avoided by everyone but the cops, Sham Saenz began to capture that reality through the truth of lens and selenium. Saenz, who puts in work at the popular music, art and dancing venue Club Six, occasionally offers photos gratis or cheap to passersby, locals and friends. "On a whim one day I asked one of the local crackheads to hop in the photo booth." The booth is situated in the front of the club as a nostalgic way for nightclub kids to preserve the night with friends and lovers. "For the small fee of two dollars we had a deal. He dusted off his clothing, patted his head, then rubbed his teeth with his finger as if to brush 'em and

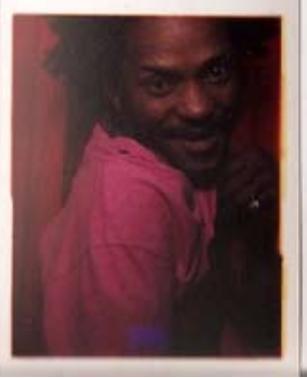
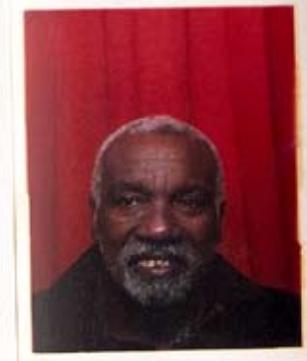
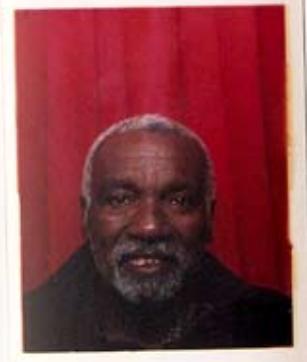
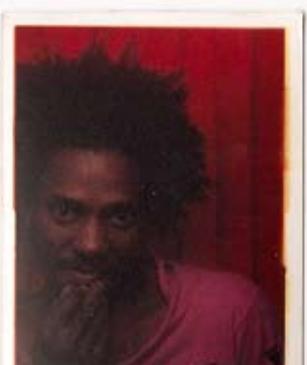
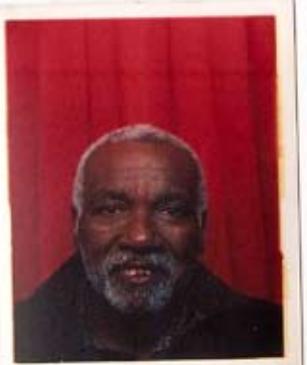
stepped into the photo booth," Saenz says of that first portrait session. He has been inviting Sixth Street locals to come into the photo booth ever since.

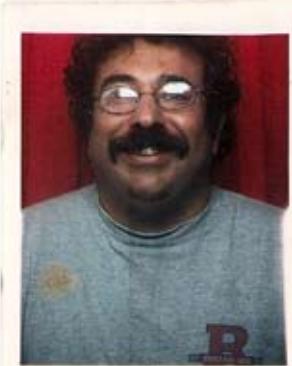
Each release of the shutter captures a precise moment on film: the sequence of four creates motion that adds life to still images, unlike a Polaroid, digital camera or traditional film (RIP). Inside the photo booth, alone, with the attentive audience of the lens, you become free. You're free from outside oppression, free from addiction or debt, past, present or future. Even if only for the moment.

WITHOUT discrimination, the photo booth routinely transports the people who go behind its curtain away from reality. In this case, it allows the people of Sixth Street to take a break from the veracity of the block and rockets them to a place of their own imagination, maybe a better place. Privacy, flashing lights and exclusive attention are the fuel for the quick trip. The booth wants nothing more from them than to

take their picture. And after the last flash explodes, more often than not they leave with something rarely seen on that block between Mission and Market—a smile.









MEDICINE WHEEL
Juliette Oken

THE ONLY WORK THAT
WILL ULTIMATELY
BRING ANY GOOD TO
ANY OF US IS THE WORK
OF CONTRIBUTING
TO THE HEALING
OF THE WORLD.

—MARIANNE WILLIAMSON



EVE EKMAN FOUNDER, ART DIRECTOR

is the founder and art director of Eth6 magazine. A San Francisco native, she has been writing, making art and exploring the invisible sides of myriad cities since 1996. Currently Eve is a social worker, freelance journalist, artist, teacher and reacher towards stars.



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Erin is a San Francisco-based journalist who covers art, architecture and interior design throughout the state for California Home + Design magazine. ("Tales From the City," p. TK)



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is a San Francisco-based writer, editor, reader and general leximaven. Her work can be found in California Home + Design, 7x7, SF Weekly and online at Spin.com, Groundcontrolmag.com and Citysearch.com. ("SF 8," p. TK)



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Eth6 editor Yael Martinez is a bilingual social worker and visual artist. She has a background in Sociology, Social Work, Visual Arts, and Humanities. Yael has shown her work in various exhibitions in the Bay Area.



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has been working with poor and homeless people in San Francisco since 1992, when he began to work at the Multi-Service Center North Shelter. From New York City, he enjoys his motorcycle, 4-year-old son and photography. ("Hard Day's Work," p. TK)

BERT BERGEN

was born in Coupeville, Washington. Currently he is working on screen-printed wallpaper and enameled sculptures that depict the mythology of humanity's relation to nature. More of his work can be seen at bertbergen.com.



BRIAN CARAWAY

Much of my process involves modular building blocks; smaller units used to comprise the whole, singular object. I find that often the greatest elements and textures are created during the making of art pieces. I look to the design of both botany and architecture for reference.



SAM DEVINE

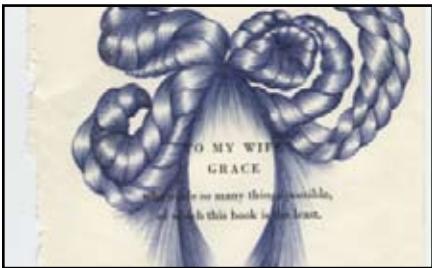
is a Bay Area journalist, musician, and artist. He regularly contributes to the San Francisco Bay Guardian and OhDangMag.com. A collection of his published writings may be found at SamDevine.com. ("San Quentin for the Soul," p. TK)



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lives in West Oakland. He is an Administrator for Alameda County, board member of EveryOneHome.com and founder of TheWoozy.com. ("The Chains Remain the Same," p. TK)





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originally from New York City's L.E.S, has been living and working in San Francisco for six years. She currently teaches art to the greatest group of teens on the planet at Southern Exposure Gallery.



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Timoni Grone is a graphic designer living and working on the Bay Area. She's fond of music and is snobbish about coffee.



MICHELLE HUGHES

taught High School Special Education in the Bay Area. Currently, she is the Director of Teacher Selection for a national non-profit committed to retaining effective teachers in public schools serving low-income communities. ("Files Before Faces," p. TK)



KRISTINA LOVATO-HERMANN

is a San Francisco social worker. She has collaborated on many Bay Area murals and serves on the Board of Directors for Pre-cita Eyes and believes that art is a tool for transformation both personal & political. ("Writing on the Wall," p. TK)



SARAH JIMENEZ

is a Child Welfare Worker (MSW) for the City and County of San Francisco currently pursuing her doctorate in Social and Cultural Anthropology at California Institute of Integral Studies. ("SF 8," p. TK)



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lives and works in san francisco califonia. she likes to draw, bake banana muffins, and sleep in the sun.



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KARI ORVIK

Her work in low-income housing led her to start creating public portraiture projects. Like a portable JC Penney, she sets up on-site photo studios where community members can get formal portraits. www.kariorvik.com



PESKADOR

Pescador is a self-taught artist born and raised in Chile. He has participated in various group shows both nationally and internationally. He currently lives in Oakland, CA where he creates, as he calls it, “visual guerrillas” expressed in mediums such as paintings, drawings, prints, collages and mixed media.



ALLISON RUBY REID-CUNNINGHAM

is pursuing a PhD in Social Welfare at Berkeley, concentrating on interventions for disasters, wars, and genocide.

To her, social work is not a job, it is a way of life, a faith, and a daily practice.
("Postcards From the Edge," p. TK)



EMILY ROBERTS

A recent graduate of the MSW MPH program at UC Berkeley, Emily is attempting to reintegrate into mainstream society after three years of studying. Thanks to those who shared their experiences and have undeniably enriched her journey.



BRION NUDA ROSCH

is an artist and curator living in San Francisco. He occasionally enjoys reflecting on his youth while eating ice cream and having day dreams of his bright future.

SHAM SAENZ

was deeply influenced by the lessons of growing up in Oakland in the 1970s. Sham is interested in understanding the present by examining history; how etymology and mythology reveal the origins of power structures .



SUMMER SEWELL

journalist, likes mariachi bands, lighting candles in the daytime, and old school love poems. She found her most frequent (and oh-so-eloquent) response to the tales of trauma revealed during her group interview with the five social workers was “What!” (“We Bear Witness,” p. TK)



JACOB SIMAS

spent part of the last decade working on behalf of community & youth as a counselor & director at Horizons Unlimited. He honed his skills as a graduate of KPFA’s First Voice program, continuing his education in Documentary at the Grad School of Journalism at UC Berkeley. (“Beyond Bars,” p. TK)



ANADA SHOREY

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RACHEL STYER

lives and photographs in San Francisco. www.thehaighter.com.
("Tales From the City," p. TK)



INVISIBLE CITY
Bert Bergen



