
David D. Butler
”Shut Up:  Pay More:  This Is What You Voted For:”
Why you do not see me at San Francisco's Hall of Justice

In December of 1970, I turned twenty-five.  Seven years earlier, I could have made war fighting the Viet-Cong.  With my twenty-fifth birthday, the City and County of San Francisco thought I was now old enough to drive for the San Francisco Municipal Railway [“MUNI”].  Some months after my birthday, I began driving trolley cars for MUNI.  I drove run 21 on the 30 Stockton line.

The 30 Stockton left its southern terminal then located at the Southern Pacific Depot.  The operator fought his way across Market Street, turned west on to Sutter Street and then turned right or north through the Stockton Street Tunnel.  Going North, the trolley passed under Bush, Pine, and California Streets.  It passed under Burritt Alley, where Miles Archer, Sam Spade's partner in the Maltese Falcon, got hit with two bullets fired by Brigid O'Shaughnessy in the words of the San Francisco police detective, “right in the pump.”  At 17, I had an efficiency apartment on Burritt Alley.  My apartment was Spartan, at best:  Now the building
has been turned into condominia.

I had a MUNI pass to take me to work in the morning and home again late afternoon. By then, I lived in a third story Victorian flat with oak floors and walls at the corner of John Locke's 18th Century ideal, Liberty Street, and the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V's 16th Century ideal, Our Lady of Sorrows (Dolores) Street. My flat's electricity was produced by turbines located in Yosemite (probably Miwok for Grizzly Bear) Valley's damned twin, Hetch-Hetchy (probably Miwok for a wild grass with edible seeds) Valley, so my electric bill never exceeded $15.00 a month. MUNI lore said that some of the Hetch-Hetchy electricity output and requirements contracts were still priced in early Franklin Roosevelt gold dollars per kilowatt, and that almost free electric power was why San Francisco had kept its cable cars, trolley cars and streetcars when the other American cities went to gas buses after World War II. In any case, in my 1970's flat on Dolores, there was always plenty of light to read or to make love by.

After lighting my flat, the water from Hetch-Hetchy crossed California's Central Valley flowing unseen through giant culverts. Then the water flowed into a man-made reservoir in San Mateo County called Crystal Springs Lake. In Crystal Springs Lake, billions of gallons of water lay waiting (civil for lurking) on top of the San Andreas Fault. Finally, San Francisco drank the water from Crystal Springs Lake.
But the 1970's were a dark time for a white worker out on San Francisco's streets: The Zebra killers were one armed branch of the Nation of Islam. Young readers may have only a dim memory of the Nation of Islam, then known as Black Muslims. Now led by Louis Farrakhan (Arabic for “charmer,” Farrakhan's stage name when he was a nightclub musician), the group continues to flourish in Detroit, Chicago, New York, and paradoxically the Nation blossoms like orange trees behind the razor wire of San Quentin or Pelican Island in the warm California sun. In the 1970's in San Francisco, the Zebra killers were stalking white prey.

Even today, the Nation of Islam still has at least one paramilitary group, the Fruit of Islam. All young men, the Fruit of Islam stand shoulder to shoulder, surrounding the speaker's platform at Nation of Islam gatherings. Tastefully habilimented in matching uniforms, their eyes ablaze as they glare at the faithful from beneath identical kepis, they have modeled their semi-public demeanor and costume on the Third Reich's Brown Shirts.

The Nation of Islam still commands allegiance among America's black prisoners. A corresponding group, the Aryan Nation, commands allegiance among America's white prisoners. Incarcerated Aryan Nation clients tell me that Aryan Nation field marshals have a royal blue and gold Pour le Merite ** ribbon and medal tattooed around their neck. In his *Tour of Greece*, the second Century writer Pausanias tells of seeing the Delphic Sybil with his own eyes. To date, I
have not yet seen a Pour le Merite tattoo with my own eyes. Ernest Juenger, the
author of *On the Marble Cliffs* and *The Glass Bees*, was the last knight of the
Prussian order. He died on February 17, 1998.

Often, I took a taxi home. First, anonymous whites were shot. Then future
mayor Art Agnos almost died, shot twice in the back at the entrance of the Potero
Community Center, just across Carolina Street from the one-time grocery store
where I had lived two years earlier.

Briefly, the City initiated a stop and frisk policy, like New York City's recent
stop and frisk policy, both (1) intentionally targeting and (2) unintentionally
protecting young black males. In those pre-9/11 days, however, such a policy had
a half life approaching that of some sub atomic particles. A federal judge left San
Francisco's young - and old - white workers to protect themselves as best they
could.

I knew that I was going to law school: But by early 1974, I knew I was not
going to Golden Gate in San Francisco which had accepted me early in the process.
One did not have to be a Weatherman to know which way the racial wind blew. I
joined the White diaspora from California. I went to law school in Oregon. Now,
I practice in Iowa. I have done good work in Iowa:

By a decision of a unanimous Supreme Court of Iowa sitting *en banc*, I won a
new trial for a public school bus driver convicted of felony sexual abuse of a child
passenger with Down's Syndrome. On the day of my client's supposed crime, when he returned to the bus barn, he told school administrators that he had caught three of his child passengers fooling around. My client's story was initially corroborated by each of the three children. Then three separate government social workers interviewed the three children. Again, the children told identical stories, only this time my client was a participant in the fooling around. After days of deliberation, the twelve person jury came back with what is known in the United States as a quotient verdict: The jury found my client guilty of felony sex abuse of one of the three Down's Syndrome children, not guilty of sexual abuse of the other two children.

During the testimony of the children at trial my client had been confined in the judge's chambers and allowed to view the children on television. The Iowa Supreme Court's articulated reason for granting a new trial was denial of confrontation, but having been trial lawyers themselves, the justices did not like the quotient verdict either. Also, the county attorney – himself a trial lawyer – elected not to re-try the case. My client was freed forthwith from the Iowa State Penitentiary in Fort Madison. *State of Iowa versus Iowa District Court for Polk County*, 464 N.W.2d 244 (Iowa, 1990).

I get back to California yearly. When in San Francisco, I buy a MUNI pass at the kiosk at Powell and Market. A week long pass costs $28.00: A single ride on a
cable car costs $6.00. The Europeans shower the cable car conductor with crowns, euros, pounds, yen, and even rubles. I show my MUNI pass. When I drove for MUNI, I had a California commercial drivers license and a United States Department of Transportation medical card. I never got a California law license.

My San Francisco was a different City than now. Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditorium mutated into Muhammad's Black Muslim Mosque Number 26. Muhammad's Mosque Number 26 spawned the Zebra killers. Latter Jim Jones Peoples' Temple metastasized into Jonestown. Jonestown's Black, Brown, and infant inmates clownishly drank the poisoned Kool-Aid and promptly died.

Today some young and some old northern Californians mimic the denizens of Los Angeles dancing on top of a skyscraper to welcome the malevolent space aliens in the film *Independence Day*. The Union thought that it would be in Richmond in six months. The Confederacy believed that it would occupy Washington in six months. In 1914, the German Second Reich thought it would be in Paris in six months. The British Empire thought that it would occupy Berlin in six months. As I write this, only God or Darwin knows about Syria, Afghanistan, or Iran. “So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.” Francis Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby* (last line) (1925).

In the 19th & early 20th Centuries, California was a place other Americans ran to rather than from. Once upon a time, at twenty-six, Mark Twain absconded from
both sides of the Civil War by deserting his Confederate-leaning Missouri unit to run to California. * * * The early American film industry escaped the East Coast's icy, dark winters, Thomas A. Edison's avaricious patent lawyers, and rapacious East Coast Mafia shakedown schemes by fleeing to Southern California.

These final days, however, Tina Turner, having once escaped the loose hands of Ike Turner, escapes the grasping talons and outstretched, tax-hungry claws of of post-Obama America and post-post-Jerry Brown California by fleeing to Switzerland. Now, San Francisco fails even to ring the ancient fund raising chimes in Obama's and the Clintons' dusty belfreys.

Even if only to fight wars, modern, industrialized states such as California need citizens with marketable skills. Whether it be the urban American underclass – for example – the Zebra Killers, the Nation of Islam - or the East German Stasi, any group which is at risk for hurting citizens with marketable skills should not affect surprise when the citizens with marketable skills use one of their marketable skills to get in their automobiles and to run away. This demographic choice has resulted in Detroit's and, possibly very soon, Chicago's bankruptcy. Even Vallejo and Stockton, with California's gift from God or Darwin of climate, the sea, and the mountains, went bankrupt. As Tina Turner sang, long ago on the Pacific, “It's physical./Only Logical.”

My San Francisco was another country. Like tens of thousands of other young
potential tax paying Californians, I had been lavishly educated by California's then taxpayers. But I left and am glad, on balance, that I did leave. Lenin, the terrorist and not the pop star, had a saying, “If a man says 'A,' he says 'B.'” Or, as San Francisco’s Guy Fawkes masked, picturesque, and ill-smelling Occupy lumpen intelligentsia chanted when they shut down Bay Area public transit, “Shut Up. Pay more. This is what you voted for.” I am glad I joined the White diaspora.

For now, a brother California writer sings this essay's last words, “[W]ho drinks the wine ... take[s] the dregs; even ... the bitter dregs and sediment[.]” Robinson Jeffers: Selected Poems, “The Deer Lay Down Their Bones,” 101 (New York, 1963).

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* * Though the order Pour le Merite was the premier honor of the Kingdom of Prussia, it had a French name. Frederick the Great, who founded Pour le Merite, “despised German as the language of boors . . . . He habitually wrote and spoke French . . . .” Encyclopædia Britannica, “Frederick II,” 54 (11th ed., 1910–1911). That is an acceptable (merely civil for palatable) rationale. Perhaps the king also felt the actual Prussian motto, “Gott Mit Uns” (“God With Us”), politically as well as linguistically incorrect because in English it had been a motto placed on the coins of Oliver Cromwell's Commonwealth (1649 – 1660).

* * * Writers variously describe Twain's eventual escape to California, depending on their nationality and region, the date they are writing, their purpose (audience), and this writer suspects, based on 35 years of law practice, their sex and place in their extended or nuclear family order. As the English used to say, “Even a cat would laugh.”

Compare, e.g., Encyclopaedia Britannica, “Twain, Mark,” 490 (11th ed., 1910-1911), (“In 1861, the war broke out, and the pilot's occupation was gone. After a brief period of uncertainty, the young man started West with his brother, who had been appointed lieutenant-governor of Nevada.”) with, e.g., J. D. Hart, The Oxford Companion to American Literature, 162 (4th ed., 1965) (“When the Civil War began, the river boats ceased operation, and after a brief period of soldiering with a group of Confederate volunteers, Clemens went to Nevada with his brother, who had been appointed secretary to the governor.”).