

Art Project to Transform Homeless, Despised, Poverty-Ridden Panhandlers into Cute Puppies to Save Them from Being Killed by Their Own Species

BY ED BOWERS

FORGET the hyperbolae in the title of this editorial. Calm down and listen to me. Last week I went with poet Charlie Getter to North Beach, a brief respite from my work-a-day life in the Tenderloin, which, when I walk down the street at any time of the day or night, appears to be a Concrete Hotel Hell where brain-damaged PTSD people have been reduced, in a society where the rich spend \$1,000 a day on wine, to sleeping on the streets like crazed mongrel dogs.

Hell is a run-on sentence.

I exist paycheck to paycheck, guarding a condominium where rich people live, so I can easily understand that if I make ONE mistake that I could end up being a bottom feeder like these creatures sleeping on the street, many of whom are not very nice people, who are screwups, who don't care about you any more than you care about me; still, they are human beings and deserve to be respected for that.

We do celebrate Christmas, right? Jesus was homeless, wasn't he?

Oh, don't let me get on that. I can do nothing about human hypocrisy.

Back to my plan: Charlie Getter had just procured a dog from the S.P.C.A. He named him Tug Boat.

We took Tug Boat to North Beach, where Charlie could turn the pooch into a lover of bohemia and give Tug Boat's snout a contact high from the scent of beer at the Brew Pub served by bartenders who, like me, love the music of Thelonious Monk.

Now I'm going to cut to the quick; in a city which is basically nothing but a cold slice of stress on a cold planet in an infinite indifferent Universe where human beings full of themselves turn their backs on their own species, Charlie and I were sitting outside the Brew Pub drinking like Tenderloin winos with Tug Boat sitting at our feet when I noticed a miracle happen.

Literally dozens and dozens of citizens in full command of their faculties, and usually indifferent to the lives around them, walked up to our table and gave love and attention to Tug Boat. It was like the pope had just arrived at a wine bar in Italy in a dog suit.

Tug Boat is a yellow Labrador with some other genetic configuration slotted into him. I'm a firm believer in intermarriage, because the offspring of diverse genetic strains will then be inspired to hate other people for something other than the superficial horse manure of physical appearance.

One by one these human beings in North Beach walked by, saw Tug Boat, and fell in love with him, bestowing their affection on him and relieving their pent-up fear of giving attention to strangers by petting him, cuddling him, and praising him as though he were Elvis Presley risen from the dead singing, "You ain't nothin' but a hound dog!" with a halo around his head!

That's when I got an idea. Nobody listens to me so it doesn't matter. But I'm still going to express myself much like a crazed homeless person babbling to a brick wall.

My idea will reduce the big letters of the HOMELESS PROBLEM in San Francisco and turn them into small caps. Isn't that wonderful? Of course that would put a lot of useless social workers out of work, but they could get jobs like me, guarding condominiums.

Plus, and this is the most important thing to me, since I love pleasure and get very little of it, this idea will result in everybody in Baghdad by the

Bay having a lot of fun, and me too.

Here it is: I want to issue every authentically homeless person in San Francisco a designer dog suit. There would be a variety of species; in a politically correct city like San Francisco we shouldn't leave any minorities out.

A homeless old man with one lung who lost his cootie room in a cheesy Tenderloin hotel because he got sick gave me a pair of pretty designer sneakers the other day, and he could be issued a cute fuzzy dog outfit.

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Some of the others could be handed pit bull outfits. But it would all come out in the wash. People love dogs, and recently I have been studying history, and one thing is for certain; people don't love people; they love sex, money and power, and anything that props up their glorious, insignificant, personal lives. But that's about it.

Well, I can't do anything about that. It's none of my business. But I can suggest how we can have some fun before dropping off the evolutionary grid into the deep blue sea of stupidity.

Many of the people I work with insist that the homeless people are the embodiment of evil, that they don't want to work, and that they are the reason that evil incarnate is sucking the life out of

America, which is currently going spiritually and monetarily bankrupt.

Human beings always demonize the weakest of their species when they feel vulnerable from higher powers beyond their control that they once had full faith in. It's apparently normal. Don't blame me. I'm crazy. Read about Nazi Germany if you want further details. The Gypsies didn't have a good vacation there.

But with my plan, the homeless losers, who are demonized, would disappear. They would go beyond the beyond.

In my plan they would be issued cute dog suits, neutralizing the average citizen's fear of them.

Then they would be given treats by people all day like Tug Boat, petted, and praised, and revered. People would even compete for their affection. The homeless dog suits would get them more love than Hugh Hefner.

Does any scared, stressed-out human being love another human being unconditionally like he does a dog?

Obviously this is not the case. The 20th century was a history of genocide. We are now starting into a new century, onward and upward.

So transform the homeless people into cute dogs, and their filthy pathetic image will mystically become a God, or a Rock Star, or whatever the next soon-to-be-forgotten marvel is, and they will be fed and given really fine shelter in the loving arms of the HUMAN RACE.

People love to feed dogs. Tug Boat was getting fat sitting on the street.

After awhile, a new S.P.C.A. could even be started. Charlie got Tug Boat from the S.P.C.A. for only \$180. Many of these cute homeless dogs could be had for much less; after all, as human-dogs, their worth is less than the real thing. We could call this adoption agency the S.P.C.P., the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to People. What a novel idea.

Adopt a homeless human dog.

How much do we spend on human mutts compared to what we spend on supporting the lives of cute dogs? If you know, please send me a letter. I cannot afford e-mail.

But I would like my own art project for a change, and this homeless puppy project is it. All I need is a nice rich person who's tired of wasting money on meaningless pleasures, and who would be inspired to donate money to this project for the manufacture of dog suits.

Specifically, the dog suits must have a mechanical device enabling their tails to wag. That's a detail that must be respected. Unless the human being thinks that the dog loves him or her for no reason, unconditional love being the great myth in our society, then some skeptic might think that the whole routine is a con game to fool people into loving other people. The human dogs must appear to be happy dogs.

So support my project. Transform San Francisco from a Darwinist Jungle into a Happy Zoo.

Let's get this San Francisco Homeless Dog Project going.

We need to save human lives. But the only way to do that is turn the homeless humans into something cuter than people.

Plus, this would be great for Tourism.

The kids would love it.

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