Justice Center: opt for help or go to the Hall of Justice.

Budget cuts are forcing the Central City Justice Center to open in three months, though voters didn’t want it.

By Heidi Swilling

The Tenderloin’s 2008 crime statistics are out, and there’s some good news. Compared with 2007, there were fewer homicides. Robbery was down. So was aggravated assault, drunk driving, prostitution and even vandalism.

Reports of rape didn’t decrease, but as least they didn’t go up — 13 each year.

On the other hand, burglaries reports increased, as did weapons charges, liquor law violations and sex offenses that didn’t involve force. Disorderly conduct jumped, but drug offenses were through the roof, soaring 22%.

Tenderloin police responded by making 6,500 arrests — 500 more than in 2007 — including all suspects in the neighborhood’s four murders. They also issued hundreds of citations — Capt. Gary Jimenez says the department doesn’t know the actual number — for misdeandemors and nonviolent felonies.

That’s the good news — depending on which side of the law you’re on, of course.

The bad news is that the bulk of the drug bust efforts wasted time and taxpayers’ money. Jail doesn’t cure drug addiction, so offenders tend to cycle in and out of the justice system. Many don’t even make it into the system — it’s virtually impossible for law enforcement to follow through on citations issued in less serious crimes.

Drugs are by far the Tenderloin’s biggest, most pernicious law-enforcement problem. They not only accounted for 3,042 of the neighborhood’s 7,876 nonviolent felony and misdemeanor complaints in 2008, drugs magnetize other criminal behavior. Women sell them themselves. Men break into cars. Kids set-fleed in doorways, which doesn’t seem like much of a crime, unless it’s the doorway to a shop you own and you have to clean it up.

Police make arrests in serious cases, but more than two-thirds of the people who collar on drug charges will end up back in custody within two years, according to a 2008 report by the Judicial Council of California.

People who commit drug-related misdemeanors or nonviolent felonies are most likely to be slapped with citations. They aren’t well tracked, and no one has measured their deterrent effect. But, even in the best of economies, there’s not enough city staff to ensure that those cited actually appear in court.

“Our officers submit their citations knowing they’re a useless piece of paper,” says Jimenez.

The Community Justice Center is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7
Cen TRAL CITY EXTRA is a vibrant community newspaper. We value the people, places and events that make the community unique. Within that framework, we are committed to providing the kind of news coverage that's missing from other newspapers. We cover newsworthy local issues, tell the stories of people and groups who are making a difference in our neighborhoods, and provide a welcoming environment for diverse voices and opinions.

Raymond Currie, in a wheelchair, managed to get to an ambulance that happened to be waiting outside. He died but died before he reached S.F. General.

At the Kroc Center, two outside cameras caught the stabbing suspect fleeting.

“What was he thinking?” a police officer asked after the stabbing. “He was thinking of his family, his kids, and his mother. He just wanted to leave and go home.”

“Smoke, suspect caught on candid cameras”

BY MARJORIE BEGGS
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 hypebolize 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 workaday life in the Tenderloin, which, when I walk down the street at any time of the day or night appears to be a Concentration Camp Hell Where brain-mangled P.T.S.D. people have been reduced, in a society where the rich spend $1,000 a day a wine to sleeping on the streets like crazed mongrel dogs.

Hell is a run-on sentence. I exist paycheck to paycheck, guarding a condo-minium where rich people live, so I can easily under-stan-ded this. 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 screwy, 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 home-less, 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 snoot 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 fully 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 as Charlie’s homey old hound dog babb- ling to a brick wall.

My idea will reduce the big letters of the HOME-less problem in San Francisco. There’s a variety of people sleeping on the streets like crazed mongrel dogs. They could get jobs like me, guarding condominiums.

Some of the others could be hand-fed pit bull outfits. But it would all come out in the wash. People love dogs, and recently I have been studying histo-ry, and one thing is for certain; people don’t love people, they love sex, money and power, and any-thing that props up their glorious, insignificant, per-sonal lives. But that’s about it.

Well, I can’t do anything about that. It’s none of my business, I can only suggest that 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 rea-sons 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, neutralizing their 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 citi-zen’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 home-less people into cute dogs, and their filthy pathetic image will mystically be-come a God, or a Rock Star, or whatever the next soon-to-be-forgetten starlet 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 adop-tion agency the S.P.C.P., the Society for the Prevention of Human Cruelty.

What a novel idea.

Adopt a homeless human dog.

How much do we spend on human mutts compared to what we spend on sup-porting 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 manu-facture 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, uncondi-tional love being the great myth in our soci-ety, 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 into a Darwinian paradise.

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

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

Plus, this would be great for Tourism.

The kids would love it. Readers can email Ed Bowers at centralcityextra@studycenter.org.
LEGENDARY McDonald's Bookstore, king of the overstuffed, moldering used book emporiums, was evicted from 46 Turk St. in December by TNDC for not paying rent, thereby ending its 80-year run.

Owner Itzhak Volansky, 58, says he may reopen a block away. But if his track record is an indication, it won't be soon. Organizing the store's jumbled sea of publications, some of it predating the 1920s, would be monumental. And Volansky would face similar daunting business conditions that led to his downfall.

A notice posted on the door in late November from the Sheriff's Department said he and his material had to be out by Dec. 3, 6:01 a.m. But TNDC generously gave him more time.

In late January, Volansky was still removing the bulk of more than a million books and magazines, by his estimate. There was no end in sight. He was sending the collection by U-Haul to a two-story building at 116-118 Turk St. that he inherited 30 years ago from his father. It houses Youth Hostel Central and has vast storage space.

“We could open there,” said Volansky, whose comments vacillate between fact and fiction, poor business judgment and stabs at humor. “And maybe I should thank TNDC. I can concentrate on music now, not dusty books. It could be a blessing in disguise.”

Book and magazine competition on the Internet, the chaos of his own business for the last three years and the miles on possibly the Tenderloin’s roughest block killed his business, he says.

“After I lost the store, I was sent to a program. They call him ‘Issac’ and know him as a kind man who’s good for a handout. His hand-written A-frame board, usually outside, stood forlornly in sight. He was sending the collection by U-Haul to a two-story building at 116-118 Turk St. that he inherited 30 years ago from his father. It houses Youth Hostel Central and has vast storage space.

Volansky didn’t have the chops of Tiny Tim or the garish hollowness of Nervous Norvus (of ‘Transfusion’ and ‘Ape Call’ fame) in his sparest Space, he still planked away on his guitar and dreamed of what might have been. He let his skewed humor work its wonders, spoofs being his delight. ‘I Shot the Lawyer, but I Did Not Shoot the Secretary’ was one. ‘Love is a Cure. No Yoko’ was another.

He puts them right down there, with ‘Fifty Ways to Bomba LaLa’ and ‘The Weight Watchers Theme Song’ (the TAO/TAO theme). One cute title after another. But ‘My Parachute’ had legs. So he made a video of himself singing it, using as background some aerial footage from Bay Area sky-diving company. The result shows him singing and strumming his guitar, then suddenly in a fireball past fluffy white clouds as he sings hollowly of his breakup and the malfunctioning chute.

In 2005, SF Weekly declared it Video of the Year. On Oct. 20, Volansky closed McDonald’s early, dressed up in his olive drab jambu, put on the parachute harness and chute package he got in 1979 for $100, and walked over one block to the Warfield Theater to accept the award on stage.

Six months ago he put the video on YouTube. For the first few months, it received maybe 100 hits. Volansky guessed. Then participation popped up.

In November, the CBS-owned FM station Live 105 announced a contest to find an opening band for its annual Not So Silent Night, six-band concert at Oracle Arena on Dec. 11. Volansky had nothing to lose by throwing his ‘My Parachute’ out into the mix, perhaps his talent would be rediscovered and fate would smile again.

His demo was among 116 that Live 105 had received. The station selected 25 to put online. ‘My Parachute’ wasn’t among them, although its sheer quirkiness had raised the eyebrows of music station director Aaron Axelsen. He and other insiders considered it one of the five worst entries. And for Axelsen, it was way too bad to pass up.

Over one week, Live 105 fans voted for their top five bands to compete Dec. 8 at Cafe du Nord. The result shows him singing and strumming his guitar, then suddenly in a fireball past fluffy white clouds as he sings hollowly of his breakup and the malfunctioning chute.

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Bookstore evicted by TNDC

Parachute’ to 5 minutes of fame

PHOTOS BY MEDEI SWILLINGER

shot. The group prides itself on writing most of its songs, and it’s working for them. “I had 15 gigs lined up from Chico to San Diego in January.”

BEGINNING OF THE END

But TNDC wanted to seismically retrofit and renovate the then-97-year-old building that also houses the Dalt Hotel and Edwards Tuxedo Limousines. The nonprofit, which owns or manages 24 properties, hired Delancy Street Movers to remove the entire McDonald’s inventory and put it in storage. For two weeks, 11 movers, who Volansky refers to as “Curly, Long hair and friends,” worked full days moving everything into 800 boxes that were piled into a large truck. Half of the stuff was stored at Volansky’s 116-118 Turk St. apartment and the rest elsewhere.

“When we renovated, we offered to upgrade this store space,” Falk said. “But his choice was to keep it a lot as it is. And afterwards it became hazardous.”

The retrofit took three years. During that time, TNDC paid Volansky and he whaled away the days with his wife in their Sunset District home.

“I said it was the best time of my life,” Volansky said. “They paid me not to work.”

TNDC extensively renovated the Dalt and its 178 units. McDonald’s was retrofitted and got a new façade, as did the cleaners. They reopened March 8, 2005.

Volansky admits he had only casually supervised the cleaning removal and return. Movers put the unmarked boxes back haphazardly on the shelves. Downstairs, thousands of publications remained packed in boxes. Worse, Volansky said, the inventory stored in the next block wasn’t returned.

“This is the first I’ve heard of it,” Falk said. “And where would you put them, anyway?”

When McDonald’s reopened, buttressed by giant diagonal steel girders, it was a poor shadow of its former hodgepodge. Compounding Volansky’s woes was a leaky ceiling under the Dalt. In December, two publicans’ quick and curtled covers in one of his National Geographic sections were mute evidence.

“They promised a waterproof ceiling with the retrofit,” Volansky said, “and I was happy to hear it because books and water don’t mix. I went to see the Dalt manager about it many times. No, I forgot his name.”

Falk hadn’t heard about this complaint either. “It’s likely it did leak,” Falk said. “We have 30,000 square feet and those things happen. Our operations people would handle it.”

CHAO INSIDE, VIOLENCE OUTSIDE

Clearly, McDonald’s was fading away before the sheriff’s eviction notice arrived. Volansky says sometimes it was too depressed for days or weeks to come to work.

One customer, a baseball fan who discovered the store in the 1970s and still buys old copies of Sports Illustrated, in a review on the store’s Website said that it was “even more impossible” since the retrofit to find even “hazardous with all the boxes and stacks in the aisles.”

Soul-mouthed drunks outside offended another reviewer. But he said that with help from the congenial owner, who gave him a student price break, he revealed in finding Life magazines from the 1930s for an art project.

The Turk Street scene is intolerable for any business, Volansky says. Dope dealers and sprawling drinks cluster in front of the string of hotels on the north side. The Dalt, Aranda Residence, the Dahlia Hotel and Hotel Winston Arms fail to control their side streets, and debits are parked outside for many days at a time.

The block is among the most violent in the city. Murders have been committed outside the 22 Club at the Turk-Taylor corner. Stabbings and fistfights are common in front of the Aranda. And the Dalt still carries the stigma of John Bravard, described by residents as “a ticking time bomb,” fatally shot three men in the lobby, then killed himself in his fourth-floor room.

“I know of a man walking his child to Edwards but do nothing about the crowd,” Volansky said. “They walk right by it. The potential good foot traffic from Market Street takes one look at the street and doesn’t want to come here.”

In the end, nothing was left to redeem the city’s prized junkyard bookstore. Volansky’s sign on the door says “moved to 120 Turk.” According to the assessor’s office, there is no such address.

Unl

Until six years ago, McDonald’s stayed profitable. Old porn, he said, was the top seller. A hot item was the magazine called Chicks Profitable. Old porn, he said, was the top seller.

January 15 gigs lined up from Chico to San Diego in its songs, and it’s working for them. They had a professional pose.

In assessing “My Parachute’s” impact, Volansky said, “But I don’t care. I need all the covers I can get.”

In assessing “My Parachute’s” impact, Dizzy Balloon’s band members struck a professional pose.

“We talked about it,” said Petros. “I’m proud of it. It’s fun-sounding. And we’ve got to give people what they want. For the time being, we’ll do it. You know, it turned new people on to our songs. It was definitely pret-

Over the Christmas holidays the Live 105 station receptionist put the episode in perspec-

“Hey, the dude has heart and balls.”

So who knows, maybe yet another time “My Parachute Won’t Open” will get tossed out into the universe and Itzhak Volansky will fly again.

FEBRUARY 2009 / CENTRAL CITY EXTRA
CHRISTOPHER MARCUS HEVEY  

"Painfully shy"  

Christopher Marcus Hevey stroked plenty of curiosity when he moved into the Empress Hotel three years ago. Two beds had to be sold together to accommodate his 6-foot-8, 300-pound body. Then, for the longest time, the young man hardly spoke to anyone.

He buried himself in his computer programs. Eventually, the residents connected and found him to be "truly a nice person," "a gentle giant who never complained about things" and, as one mourner said at Mr. Hevey's memorial, "a good person."

He was bright. He once worked for Time Warner as a computer expert, according to his mother's request, they found his body. "I felt so bad. But it was her decision. She had a heart of a lion," said desk clerk Jasmine Gillette. "But she had the heart of a lion."

LOUIS O. GUZMAN,  

A troubled man  

A troubled man named Mr. Guzman worked in construction at one time, "a good servant," and someone "who had few connections with him since they didn't want, like the two old bicycles in his room.

LOS ANGELES TIMES  

CHRISTINE CANTROVICH  

"I told him once, 'Mr. Guzman you can't go out on the street talking that way to people — you'll get shot,' " he said. "But on the way out, a nurse said to me maybe he weighed 70 pounds," Gardner said.

Mr. Guzman left Hawaii 59 years ago. He has a sister there and a brother in the East Bay. It's believed Mr. Guzman worked in construction at one time. He raised against government and disliked handouts but drew SSI and Social Security, totaling barely $900 monthly. Still, on a few occasions he sent his sister $250, Gardner said.

"Not many saw that side of him," said the Rev. Glenda Hope, who conducted the memorial. "He used to apologize with the Queen of Sheba," Gardner said. "And sometimes he'd buy me little cakes, because he had a sweet tooth. I'd accept them for the first time, Mr. Guzman, you can't go out on the street talking that way to people — you'll get shot," he said. "But on the way out, a nurse said to me maybe he weighed 70 pounds," Gardner said.

Seven residents from the 20 occupied apartment buildings managed by the Organization of the Housing Authority of the City of Los Angeles were toughened for life by Ms. Cantrovich's suffering. Gardner knew the only way he could get assistance from her was to tell her to stop (paying)."

"She used to call for her. But she said, "Maybe he weighed 70 pounds," Gardner said.

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Supervision to spend $2.6 million – including roughly $1 million in federal grants – for start-up costs and operations. To seal the deal, Newsom set it before the voters in November as Measure L. It was a gamble that failed, defeated by 57% of the voters. The election results, coupled with a collapsing economy, prompted the supervisors to propose defunding the center in January, a move Newsom vetoed.

At this point, the CJC is going full speed ahead, although how far it will get is up for debate. How will it be funded in the future when the city is already drowning in red ink? Will it duplicate existing city services, or worse, overwhelm services in departments already facing cuts? Who will police CJC participants who don’t make the grade? What will ensure that those who graduate stay on track?

Jimenez has been on the force since 1970 and Tenderloin captain since 2006. He reflected on his freshly minted 2008 crime stats report, noting with frustration that many of those arrested last year were repeat offenders. I think (the CJC) will give a motivation and an opportunity to many (offenders) to address the cause for their behavior. We do not presently do that effectively in the system we have now."

Albers’ office at the Hall of Justice overlooks I-80, which funnels ever-increasing flow of traffic onto the Bay Bridge. It’s an in-your-face metaphor for the endless stream of drug offenders he’s seen cycle out and back in to the court system over the years.

Albers got an opportunity to staunch the flow five years ago, when he began presiding over the city’s drug court. He now has binders full of stats showing that his tactics reduce recidivism, save money, and most importantly to him, change lives. He’s the workhorse who’s there.

He’ll bring all his experience to bear when he moves to his new quarters on Polk Street, and he’s clear on how he’ll measure its success: In addition to reducing the rate of repeat offenses, he expects to see a big change in the dismal perception of public safety in the area.

Opponents may be right: The Community Justice Center may turn out to be Newsom’s folly.

On the other hand, by this time next year, Capt. Jimenez’s Tenderloin crime stats report may really be something to crow about.
SPECIAL EVENTS
NERT training in the Tenderloin, Feb. 17 and 24, 8:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m., 220 Golden Gate. S.F. Fire Department’s free hands-on disaster preparedness and response training. Participants must attend both days. RSVP to sfnert@sfgov.org or leave a message at 970-2024. More NERT info: http://www.stgov.org/site/stinfo_form.asp?id=42118

“The Dragon’s Gift: The Sacred Arts of Bhutan” opening at the Asian Art Museum, Fri., Feb. 20, 10:15 a.m. Ceremonial ribbon-cutting and a 15-minute puja (ritual worship and consecration) by two monks visiting from Bhutan to perform daily prayers for the gallery’s sacred objects. Free with museum admission.

Cookout, Feb. 5-8, Phoenix Theatre, 414 Mason St. World premiere of the play by Madison Creek, her story of living with multiple personalities, produced by Jump! Theatre. For information, including tickets: www.jumptheatre.org.

Black History Month Celebration at Audre Lorde, Thu., Feb. 26, 7 p.m., New Valencian Hall, 625 Larkin St., Suite 202. Radical Women shows A Litany for Survival, a film about poet and lesbian writer Audre Lorde. Caribbean supper at 6:15 p.m. for a $7 donation. For more information or child care: 684-1279 or email baraculatewomen@berklinink.com.

Tenant Leadership Training series. Mar. 4 - Apr. 15. Training for supportive housing tenants in leadership skills to build community, support tenant councils, improve the quality of life in their buildings. Wed. nights, 5:30-8 p.m. in the SOMA neighborhood (location tba). Includes light dinner. Info: 241-2926 ext. 304.

COMMUNITY: REGULAR SCHEDULE

COMMUNITY: SUPPORTIVE HOUSING
Supportive Housing Network, 3rd Thursday of the month, 3-5 p.m., location TBA. Contact: Kendra Fuller, 421-2926 x304.

Tenant Associations Coalition of San Francisco. 1st Wednesday of the month. noon, 201 Turk, Community Room. Contact Michael Nulty, 339-8327. Resident unity, leadership training, facilitation communicate.

HEALTH AND MENTAL HEALTH
CHB Consumer Council, 3rd Tuesday of the month, 3-5 p.m., CHBS, 1380 Howard, room 537. Call: 255-3695. Advisory group of consumer self-help organizations and other mental health consumer advocates. Open to the public.

Health & Wellness Action Advocates. 1st Tuesday of the month, 5-7 p.m., Mental Health Association, 870 Market, Suite 928. Call: 421-2925 x306.

Healthcare Action Team. 2nd Wednesday of the month, Quaker Center, 65 Ninth St., noon-1:30 p.m. Focus on increasing supportive home and community-based services, expanded eligibility for home care and improved discharge planning. Light lunch served. Call Jamie Chiossini, 701-0189 x304.

Hoarders and Clutterers Support Group, 870 Market, Suite 928. Call for dates and times: 421-2925 x306.

Mental Health Board, 2nd Wednesday of the month, 6:30-8:30 p.m., City Hall, room 278. CHBS advisory committee, open to the public. Call: 255-3474.

National Alliance for the Mentally Ill- S.F., 3rd Wednesday of the month, 6:30-8:30 p.m., Family Service Agency, 1010 Sough, 5th Fl. Call: 905-6264. Family member group, open to the public.

SAFETY
Safety for Women in the Tenderloin, every 3rd Wednesday, Central City SRO Collaborative, 269 Hyde St., 4-6 p.m. Informal, friendly environment, refreshments, gender sensitive to LGBTQ community and sex workers. Discusses how to make Tenderloin SROs safer for women. Information: Alexandra Goldman, volunteer campaign coordinator, 775-1100 x102.

Neighborhood Emergency Response Team Training (NERT), Central city residents can take the S.F. Fire Department’s free disaster preparedness and response training at any neighborhood location. See Website for schedule and training locations, www.stgov.org/hsfnet, or call Lt. Arteseros, 970-2022.

SRO Police Community Relations Forum, 4th Monday of the month, 6-7:30 p.m. Location changes monthly. To receive monthly information by e-mail, contact Mental Amills, 538-8100 x201 or mainlist@sro.org.

Tenderloin Police Station Community Meeting, last Tuesday of the month, 6 p.m., police station Community Room, 301 Eddy. Contact Susan Black, 339-7503. Neighborhood safety.

Neighborhood Improvement
Alliance for a Better District 6, 2nd Tuesday of the month, 6 p.m., 220 Eddy. Contact Michael Nulty, 920-1560 or st_district6@yahoo.com, a districtwide improvement association.

Boedeker Park cleanup, 3rd Saturday of the month, 9-noon, organized by the Friends of Boedeker Park. To RSVP to work or for information, call Betty Traynor, 931-1126.

Central City Democrats, meets four times a year, 301 Eddy St. Community Room. Focuses on local, state, and national political issues and business concerns, voter education forums. Information: 339-VOTE (8683) or centralcitydemocrats@yahoo.com.


Community Leadership Alliance. CA Community Advocacy Commission monthly meeting, City Hall, Room 34. Subcommittees meetings and informational forums held monthly at the Tenderloin Police Station Community Room. Information: David Villa-Lobos, admin@CommunityLeadershipAlliance.net.

Friends of Boedeker Park, 2nd Thursday of the month, 3:30 p.m., Boedeker Rec Center, 240 Eddy. Plan park events, activities and improvements. Contact Betty Traynor, 931-1126.

Gene Friend Recreation Center Advocacy Board, 3rd Thursday of the month, 6 p.m. Board works to protect SROs resources for children, youth, families and adults. Gene Friend Recreation Center, 270 Sixth St. Information: 538-8100 x202.

North of Market Planning Coalition, 3rd Wednesday of the month, 6:30 p.m., 301 Eddy. Call 820-1412. Neighborhood planning.

North of Market/Tenderloin Community Benefit District. Call District Manager Elaine Zamora for times and dates, 440-7370.

SF SRO Leadership Council, 3rd Wednesday of the month, 6 p.m., The Arc, 1500 Howard at 11th. Emphasizes good planning and good government to maintain a diverse, vibrant, complete neighborhood. Contact: Jim Melo, 624-4309 or jim.melo@comcast.net.


Tenderloin Futures Collaborative, 2nd Wednesday of the month, 10 a.m., Tenderloin Police Station community room, 301 Eddy. Call 358-3956 for information. Network of residents, nonprofits and businesses acting on neighborhood development issues.

SENIORS AND DISABLED
Mayor’s Disability Council, 3rd Friday of the month, 1-3 p.m., City Hall, room 400. Call: 554-6789. Open to the public.

Senior Action Network, general meeting, second Thursday, 10 a.m.-noon, St. Mary’s Cathedral. Monthly committee meetings, 965 Mission #700, Pedestrian Safety, third Tuesday, 10 a.m.; Senior Housing Action, third Wednesday, 1:30. Information: 546-1333 and www.senioractionnetwork.org.

SUPERVISORS’ COMMITTEES

City Hall, Room 263
Budget and Finance Committee. Avalos, Mirkarimi, Daly, Chiu, Wednesday, 1 p.m.

Land Use Committee. Maxwell, Dar, Chiu, Monday, 1 p.m.

Outreach and Community Events February 2009
Health Promotion Forum
Topic: Hipaa
Speaker: Ovi Igweny, MD
Date/Time: Tuesday, February 24, 11:30 am - 1 pm
Location: 187 Golden Gate

HIV Treatment Forum
Topic: HIV & Mental Health
Speaker: Keith C. Wahlip, Abbott Laboratories
Date/Time: Monday, February 9, 3 pm - 4 pm
Location: 255 Golden Gate

Client Advisory Panel
Come talk with Tenderloin Health Board (Client Representative(s) and program managers about plans for Tenderloin Health. Also provide input on new services and how we can improve.
Date/Time: Monday, February 9, 5 pm - 6 pm at 191 Golden Gate;
Monday, February 23, 1 pm - 2 pm at 255 Golden Gate

Volunteer and Intern for Tenderloin Health
Orientation: Sunday, February 8, 12 pm - 1:30 pm
240 Golden Gate Ave., 3rd Floor

You must register for volunteer trainings.
Stop in or call Emily (415) 437-2900 ext. 234.

For a schedule of our current events or for more information call 415.431.7476 or go to www.tenderloinhedine.org

Creating a Districtwide Safety Platform

When: Tuesday, March 10th @ 6PM
Where: 201 Turk St, Community Room

Meeting open to the Public
Refreshments provided & Door Prizes
Call (415) 820-1560

Organized by: Alliance for a Better District 6

Co-Sponsors: Central City SRO Collaborative, Grand Liquors, La Vos Latina, Market Street Association, Mental Health Association of San Francisco, St. Anthony’s Foundation, Tenderloin Clubhouse, Boys and Girls Clubs of SF, Tenderloin Neighborhood Development Corporation, Tenant Associations Coalition and affiliates (Partial List)