

Muni's new Clipper card signals end of cash fares

But youth, senior passes come with much rigamarole

BY JONATHAN NEWMAN

THE way to pay fares is changing, Muni proclaims. The riding public groans.

Which one of the near 700,000 daily Muni transactions doesn't hold the horrifying potential of The Ride From Hell? If you go Muni, you know.

So, when Muni decreed that the payment of fares was shifting to an electronic system, riders braced for trouble. Will the Muni-imposed deadline of November 1 for full electronic fare payment compliance bring chaos? Would the arrival of plastic card payment for transit simplify the traveler's life, or would Muni once again be dope-slapped by commuters and politicians for strewing defeat in the path of victory?

Enter Clipper — a credit card-size piece of plastic linked to Bay Area regional transit systems — valid on Muni, BART, AC Transit, Caltrain, Golden Gate Transit and Ferry and soon on SamTrans and Valley Transit Authority.

The majority of Muni riders — over 18 but not yet 65 — will need an Adult Clipper, available at all Muni Metro station ticket vending machines and 88 retail outlets in the

city. The Adult Clipper card is free. Muni will start charging \$5 for one in June. Free is good, but the Clipper must be obtained with at least a \$2 minimum loaded fee — fare for one ride and timely transfers (within 90 minutes of initial use). Clipper can be loaded at the station ticket vending machines, the retailers and even by phone. Cash loads are recognized by Clipper immediately. Credit card loads take three days to kick in. For \$60 you get the equivalent of the

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PHOTO BY LENNY LIMJOCO

Clipper is read electronically, opening the fare gate.

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CENTRAL CITY

EXTRA

SAN FRANCISCO

YELLOW GREASE



ILLUSTRATION BY AKIKO SMITH

The TL, with 7% of San Francisco's food service establishments, has the potential to be a significant supplier of FOG — raw material for converting to biodiesel.

TENDERLOIN GUSHER!

Cooking oil from 216 eateries could become a steady source for biodiesel

BY JONATHAN NEWMAN AND MARJORIE BEGGS

TWO centuries ago, the discovery of gold in the Sierra and the visionary forging of the railroads helped transform Yerba Buena, a sleepy coastal fishing village, into metropolitan San Francisco.

Today, the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission is poised to mine a new resource — fats, cooking oil and grease (FOG) systematically gleaned from the city's 3,100 food service establishments. About 7% of those eateries are in the Tenderloin, making our little corner of the city a potentially rich strike, if not a gusher.

SFGreasecycle, PUC's 3-year-old program of free pickup of FOG from restaurants, has two big designs: It wants to cut the city's \$3.5 million annual tab for clearing clogged sewers by collecting and recycling greasy food preparation byproducts. Otherwise, eateries tend to dump them down the nearest drain where they don't always slide to oblivion through the elaborate, interconnected 1,000 miles of pipes beneath city streets. The greasy stuff hardens, sometimes to a concrete consistency, blocking pipes, attracting rodents and roaches, and raising a powerful stink.

The other purpose is also green — as in

dollars and environmental sustainability. Captured FOG, once filtered, refined and processed, can be converted into biodiesel fuel or biomethane, then funneled back to the city's fleet of vehicles, fire trucks and Muni buses at half the current cost of a gallon of commercial crude oil diesel fuel, or used as a catalyst in the production of electrical power.

SFGreasecycle has been lobbying food service establishments to set aside old cooking oil — called yellow grease — for free city pickup since 2007. So far, 980 have signed on, last year generating 212,000 of the yellow stuff. Of those 980, only 27 are in the Tenderloin, leaving untapped a possible 45,000 gallons of FOG a year in the central city. It might not compare with BP's gulf gusher, but the Tenderloin sustainable contribution could be more like that pumping, pumping, pumping action you see around Bakersfield, the slow but steady kind that made Beryl Buck a big fortune.

The city, getting serious about reducing gunk in the sewers, wants to make it illegal not to clean up. Sept. 14 a unanimous PUC authorized General Manager Ed Harrington to submit an ordinance to the Board of Supervisors requiring all restaurants and commercial kitchens in San Francisco to have grease-capturing devices tough enough to trap FOG. Current regulations limit how much oil and grease commercial kitchens can pour down the drain but, says the ordinance, in bureaucratic understatement, the limit "has not been completely effective" in keeping FOG out of the sewers. Also, grease-capturing devices, even if installed, often aren't well-maintained.

The devices won't be cheap, but the city is offering restaurants a 14% cut in their

► CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

TENDERLOIN PEOPLE'S GARDEN

San Francisco Beautiful awarded the 8-month-old vegetable garden a \$3,800 grant in September to expand its burgeoning plot at the corner of Larkin and McAllister. The gift was celebrated Oct. 14 with a Grand Re-Opening. About 40 people gathered in the hot morning sun to acknowledge the grant, then formed teams to hoe and plant while two guitarists strummed in the background. The grant paid for three 10-by-3½ foot, wood-bordered plots with new soil on the Larkin side, some tools, and five terraced planters behind the older garden section on the McAllister side. The new plots were planted with cauliflower, cabbage and lettuce on ground unused for more than 50 years, according to the Department of Real Estate. "It's always been such a terrible mess," said Jim Chappell, S.F. Beautiful's interim executive director. "I never imagined it could be a garden. But it's fabulous." The har-

vest is divvied the first Wednesday of the month. ■

PARK REGULARS Open-park weekends resume this month at Boeddeker, along with free tai chi classes starting Nov. 4 and continuing every Thursday from 11 a.m. to noon through February. Friends of Boeddeker Park has received a \$937 Innovator Award from the S.F. Parks Trust to continue the classes and to pay staff to open the park on weekends, when it's usually closed. During the rainy Sunday Streets in the Tenderloin on Oct. 24, tai chi instructor Chris Sequeira moved his group inside the clubhouse for their exercise, and Melvin and the Mellotones jazz group came in, too, for the "great acoustics." Friends Chair Betty Traynor said she hoped "other friends" can help hire music groups to perform, rain or shine, one Sunday afternoon a month when the Innovator money opens the park. ■



PHOTO BY TOM CARTER

Volunteers plant vegetables on one of three new plots at Larkin and McAllister.

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Tenderloin a potential gusher for biodiesel

▶ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

monthly Water Department sewer bill, a reduction that's expected, in one to five years, to offset the cost to buy and install, depending on the size of the device.

A Central City Extra walking survey found 216 food service establishments in the 49 blocks of the Tenderloin, ranging from the minuscule Kien Thanh Donut Shop on Eddy Street to the bustling urban tavern in the Hilton Hotel on O'Farrell Street.

Kashi Serhaan has owned Little Delhi at 83 Eddy St. for five years. About a year ago, he signed on with SFGreasecycle. Before pickup began, the city inspected his grease trap to ensure it was in working order — it was — and now the city comes by once a month to haul away the 25 to 30 gallons of cooking oil generated by Little Delhi's 12 hour-a-day seven-days-a-week operation.

A SKEPTICAL RESTAURATEUR

To meet the city's pending ordinance, Sehaan has looked into the purchase of sophisticated grease-removal devices — some costing up to \$7,000 — but he wonders what it's all about.

"I understand the sewers are old and we need to keep everything clean," he said. "I know what I'm doing, but so many rules and requirements here for small business. Sometimes the city makes regulations just to make money."

SFGreasecycle's grease-into-biodiesel efforts are beginning to pay off but can increase only if it can grab business away from private collection agencies. Food service establishments that aren't using the city's cooking oil pickup service are either pouring it down the drain or, in many cases, paying private firms 91¢ a gallon to haul it away. On top of that, they're also paying to get their grease traps cleaned out.

The Extra polled nine private companies that pick up in San Francisco. Two, GotGrease in San Francisco and Bay Pumping in Salinas, don't charge. Those that charge wouldn't say how much; one, Liquid Environmental Solutions, a huge, San Diego-based waste management company that collects in 2,000 cities, refused, citing "the competitive nature of our business."

In the private sector, GotGrease, a family-owned S.F. waste cooking oil and grease collector, has eliminated fees for pickup betting its profit will come

from the sale to bulk processors of waste oil and brown grease — a mixture of vegetable oil, animal fat and other grease found in grease interceptors — for conversion to biodiesel fuel, or electrical power.

With more than 600 restaurants and caterers signed on in San Francisco, GotGrease collects the old cooking oil, filters and cleans it by a heat settling process, then biodiesel-powered trucks haul the purified product — free from contaminants and water — to Bentley Biofuel in Nevada where it is mixed with methanol and sodium or potassium hydroxide. The resulting chemical reaction, known as transesterification, separates glycerin from the waste oil to be reborn in soaps and lotions, and creates methylesters — biodiesel fuel. Ten gallons of purified product can produce nine gallons of biodiesel fuel, according to Bentley General Manager Carlo Luri.

Brown grease, more solid than liquid, is sold off by GotGrease to East Bay Municipal Utility District, which uses it to make biomethane, a key component in the production of electricity. The price paid for the waste products is set on a national commodities market.

Soluna Cafe & Lounge at 272 McAllister St. uses GotGrease. But, says owner Rene Denis, he used to have SFGreasecycle haul away his yellow grease.

WHY SOLUNA DROPPED CITY PROGRAM

"We signed up with the city program 2½ years ago, then switched about eight months ago," Denis said. "GotGrease was already cleaning our grease traps and then they offered to take the yellow grease for no extra charge."

Soluna pays \$125 a month to have GotGrease empty its 10-gallon grease trap, he said. "There were two reasons I switched: GotGrease comes on a regular schedule, but the city required us to call when our [cooking oil] barrel was filled. Also, I wanted to give the business to the little guy."

Like GotGrease, the yellow grease — 530,000 gallons collected by SFGreasecycle since 2007 — also travels far on its transforming journey into biodiesel. About 22,000 gallons a month are trucked to PUC's Southeast Water Pollution Control Plant in Hunters Point, then are sold to three biodiesel manufacturers in California and one in Nevada. After processing, PUC buys back biodiesel — 6,800 gallons through May 2010 — from People's Fuel Cooperative, a dis-

tributor in San Rafael.

Steve Hunter, spokesman for Project Open Hand, the nonprofit that prepares and delivers thousands of meals a month to homebound people, reports that it once was part of SFGreasecycle, but dropped out, because it doesn't generate enough waste cooking oil.

"The SFGreasecycle program focuses on larger amounts of waste oil — ideally oil from deep fat fryers — and we don't prepare our foods that way," Hunter noted. He added that Open Hand pays Darling International, the nation's largest refiner, with a San Francisco office, to clean traps and haul away that grease. ■



NEWS IS A COMMUNITY SERVICE

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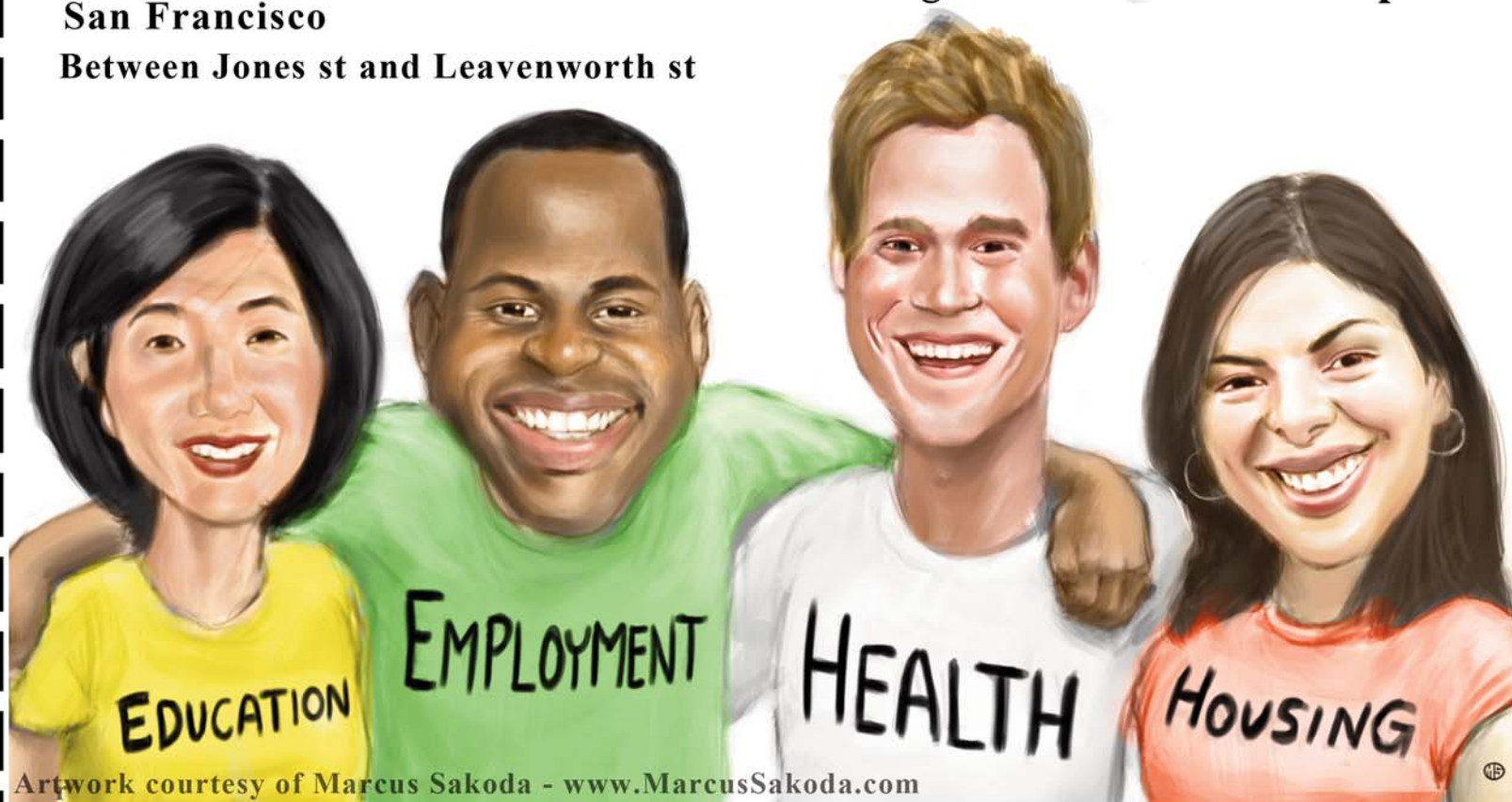
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Between Jones st and Leavenworth st

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Bring in this ad for a free prize



Artwork courtesy of Marcus Sakoda - www.MarcusSakoda.com

Honing the edge in the city —

BY TOM CARTER

THE door's wide open for poetry on a hot Wednesday night in October at the 21 Club, where strange things are seen and heard.

Tenderloin poet Ed Bowers, who runs the open mic show, says he never knows what's going to happen at the "most chaotic and edgiest" reading in town. It's held at the city's most famous skid row bar at Turk and Taylor, twice mentioned for its charms in Esquire magazine.

Poetry night kicked off in July 2009 and has been repeated the second Wednesday of every month since, thus joining a long list of open mic sites, with Sacred Grounds Cafe on Hayes Street claiming to be the oldest with a 30-year run.

Since Kenneth Rexroth spearheaded the city's poetry renaissance in the 1950s, the open mic scene has evolved to well over two dozen sites. Sessions range from weekly to twice a month to monthly. One occurs outdoors, Thursdays, at 16th and Mission. Another is in a laundry, Brain Wash Cafe on Folsom Street.

Unleashing poetry at his favorite bar was Bowers' idea. Frank, the barkeep, gave his blessing, and Central City Extra, where Bowers is Art Beat reporter, sponsored the Ground Zero Poetry Readings, giving \$5 to the first 15 poets who read their stuff. But what was intended as a modest honorarium for a moment of creativity didn't pay artistic dividends, because some folks hardly tried. They just wanted the bread. After a few sessions, Frank, who handles signups and payouts, scotched the stipend. Still, if Frank really likes something, he'll hand the poet a drink and a buck.

Over on Chestnut Street, the winner of Bistro Yoffi's monthly Word Up! open mic got \$100 — then the bistro went belly up. Pizza for poetry is rare, but Escape from New York Pizza on Bush Street used to give away slices after a \$5 donation. But, 10 years later, they discontinued the practice in July.

"We started getting put on 'cheap things to do in San Francisco' lists on Websites," says Manager Adam Levin. "The money went to a charity the poets picked. Well, it got to be more about pizza than poetry. People were just sucking up as much pizza as they could."

Environment plays a part in being edgy, too. The 21 Club is in a hot spot of the poorest and roughest neighborhood in town. After some late night murders at the Taylor-Turk intersection, the media called it "ground zero" for drugs and violence, the poetry event's name. Across Taylor from the club is an ex-con halfway house, and on the street, prostitutes come and go, oblivious to Michelangelo. Others call this the Tenderloin Arts Corridor.

**Popular
Ground Zero
readings
showcase
emerging
poets, turn
dive bar into
art venue**

At 8 p.m., a dozen people are milling about on the corner. Inside, in the bar's dim light, the jukebox is going full tilt, the soundless TV nobody's watching is showing "Pirates of the Caribbean," and two whirring fans are bothering the paper ads pinned to the walls.

From six to as many as 30 poets read. Frank was happy about last month.

"Some poems were really good," he says. "Some new people with talent."

One was Jessie, a hooker. She had sidled up to hustle Bowers, not knowing he was in a foul mood. "Fuck off," he growled. She left, went to her hotel and returned with a thin gray and black scarf her mother had knitted. She gave it to Bowers. He

warmed up, and they talked about poetry. She said Bowers was an inspiration to her, then wrote a poem about her life and her sister hookers, and read it.

"A good poem," Bowers says. "But she got busted and sent back to New York. She's in the women's house of detention now."

Tonight, wearing a baseball cap and lived-in sport-coat, Bowers, 62, is looking much the poet, and with the scarf around his neck he seems immune to the heat. In his briefcase on the bar next to his wine glass are poems he'll read tonight. He's anxiously awaiting Charlie Getter, a poet in his 30s, before starting.

Duo Dagate, 28, from Chicago is sitting next to the window. He's a veteran of the 16th and Mission readings. "A lot of great energy here," he says.

Getter, a husky 6-footer, arrives with a young brunette, Shye Powers. Getter runs the extemporaneous outdoor poetry sessions near the 16th and Mission BART Station, Thursdays at 10 p.m. And he's known for initiating the annual poetry reading under the City Hall dome about five years ago, events now arranged by Diamond Dave Whitaker.

Soon Charles Kruger — short, bald, gray-bearded, in a Hawaiian shirt — arrives carrying a folder.

Just as things are about to get under way, a short woman in bejeweled denims swaggers in saying, "Fuck that shit. Fuck that shit." She sees a \$10 bill on the bar, grabs it and runs out. The bar is momentarily stunned. Then Frank hustles around the counter and out the door, joined by three customers yelling for her to stop.

"A prostitute," someone says.

The posse corners the woman a half block away in front of the Curran House apartments. She's loud and defiant, and a couple of bystanders stick up for her. After some yelling, Frank is back. Dagate lingers to shout a parting shot at her: "You gotta work for money!"



Frank the barkeep, a one-man show himself, acts as bouncer — and poetry critic.

Honoring the homeless dead — poignant 2009 ritual presage

BY TOM CARTER

DOZENS of mourners will gather across from City Hall for the annual memorial recognizing the homeless who have died during the year on the streets. The grim and, many say, strangely elating ceremony will be 20 years old on Dec. 21 at 5:30 p.m.

"This started in 1990," says Rev. Glenda Hope. "It was a bitter early winter like last season. The paper had reported that 16 people had frozen to death.

"We were just becoming aware of it. But 16 of us got together and walked to every spot — all in the Tenderloin — where some-

one had died. And we stopped there and were silent and someone slowly beat a drum. No one had a name. And then we moved on to the next place.

"At the end, I said a prayer and that was it."

Over the years the ceremony has changed, grown larger, even added a bell, and remains a somber, dramatic statement. It's held at dusk, rain or shine, or in whatever brutal weather prevails, a reminder, Hope says, of what the homeless endure. But just where homeless die outdoors is nearly impossible to find out now, unless it is in a daily newspaper story, she says, "or if it's anecdotal. But they (the city) don't want these figures out — and Newsom doesn't want them out there."

More than 60 bundled-up mourners gathered in Civic Center Park on the longest night of the year to pay their respects to the homeless who died on city streets in 2009. A brisk wind pestered them and darkened skies threatened rain, a potential misery that, Hope assured everyone, would not stop the ceremony. Most were from the city, others came from Berkeley, Concord, Hayward and San Mateo.

They stood in a circle around the diminutive Presbyterian minister, who was dressed in black clerical garb, her white collar and silver hair vivid in the darkness. Francine Braae sat on the ground at her feet, ready to strike the black Tibetan bell in front of her when each name of a deceased homeless person was read.

Francisco Aviles, a hand-

some young guitarist, sang "You Lift Me Up" in a sweet operatic tenor, the electronically amplified chords filling the night air. When he stopped, the silence magnified the sound of the wind whipping at people's clothes, and the papers with the deceased's names rustling impatiently in Hope's hands.

"This is our 19th year doing this," she announced. The memorial wasn't meant to be just religious, she said, but a time for anyone who felt compassion for the homeless. There would be opportunity later for anyone to add a name of a friend or acquaintance.

"It's complicated to get names from the authorities these days," she said. "We also have some people here from Hayward with their list. As a name is read, Francine will ring the bell."

Rev. John Wichman, a Presbyterian minister from Hayward, has been a regular at the ritual for years. The other community representatives were a surprise to Hope, but welcome nonetheless.

Hope had distributed the list of names to be read to a half dozen people, some had volunteered, others she asked. One by one they stepped to the microphone, read a dozen names, then stepped back into the crowd.

Between readings, Hope introduced religious people who spoke briefly, or prayed, or read poems or scriptures — a Catholic priest, a Buddhist monk, a Unitarian, a rabbi. Carmen Barsody of Faithful Fools read a poem in English, then Spanish. Hindu and the matriarchal goddess worship speakers weren't present last year, nor was the Islam representative who, in a miscommunication, went to the wrong place.

Each reader raised his or her head to recite a name distinctly and with finality. The style and tone aroused a sadness over the lost

life. After each name was read, Hope rang the bell. It rang loud and clear in the stillness and interlarded with the plaintive bell tone died and quivered before trailing into the night. The wind lapped at their sad, staring eyes. A

"John Doe 71, 92 and 93," she said.

Hope could get only a list of names from the Department of Public Health, "unclaimed bodies that are not claimed by anyone." But they came from fiscal year, July 1 through June 30. Other names from two other years won't divulge for fear they would be publicized.

From the city's records, Hope could get only a list of names from the Department of Public Health, "unclaimed bodies that are not claimed by anyone." But they came from fiscal year, July 1 through June 30. Other names from two other years won't divulge for fear they would be publicized.

At least two people who read were not homeless, though they probably had been. Luke Smith, for example, had been homeless at Hotel and Hope had paid for him there.

The rabbi read from the Scriptures.

"Anyone have any questions?" Hope asked.

A half dozen names were read to the crowd. Someone yelled out the name of a person who died in SROs and Braae struck a riff.

Aviles sang and played guitar. He chanted, "Veni Sancte Spiritus."

Now, Hope said, it is



PHOTO BY TOM CARTER

The burning of the lists of names of people who died on the streets has become a tradition at Rev. Glenda Hope's annual memorial. Last year, 95 names went up in smoke.

poetry at Tenderloin's 21 Club

Poetry bargain

"21 Poems done at the 21 Club," by Ed Bowers, photographs by Lenny Limjoco. 32 pages. Full-color and colorful. \$5 at the 21 Club, Turk and Taylor. Published by Study Center Press. A central city extra. www.studycenter.org

Frank resumes his spot behind the bar. "She had the \$10 bill stuck in her pants — behind," he tells two customers. "I wasn't going to reach down there for it."

Kruger asks for "a tonic water for a poem," apologizing that he's broke. Frank slides a glass to him.

Bowers checks the keyboard on the bench next to the mic. Poetry finally seems imminent.

"This is the 108th poetry reading," the hyperbolic Bowers announces as the jukebox falls silent a little after 9 p.m. "So write it on a cocktail napkin if you have to, and come make an asshole out of yourself like I am."

Somebody plays soft note progressions as Bowers begins reading, "Why I Commit Suicide at 13," timely because of the news of bullied gay teenagers taking their own lives.

It's a long, meandering poem. Here and there a bar patron yelps "yes" after such phrases as: "to avoid killing you," "this world is not my lover," "God didn't help me," "destined to be desperate," "I am trash, you'll never understand me," "my music will seduce you after I'm dead."

"Watch out," Bowers reads on, "just because I'm dead doesn't mean I'm not alive; just because you're alive doesn't mean you're not dead."

"Amazing poem," Kruger says to him. Kruger takes the mic and begins reading his long poem, "We Take What There Is to Take," mentioning many penises and "pools of tropical sweat." It ends: "And somehow we live." His "Nitty Gritty Haiku" lays some dysfunctional blame on parents, and Frank likes it so much that he pushes another tonic water at Kruger with two \$1 bills stuck to the damp glass.

Dagiate stands and speaks extemporaneously, something about being in a car trunk and a "shadow that's skin tight like cheesecloth," but ends it: "I'm not strong and will never be, trapped in the trunk of your goddamn car."

Getter kicks it up a notch. Eighteen are in the little bar now, eager for more edge. He speaks loudly in sort of free association rap style that doesn't need the mic's volume, repeats phrasing, arm-waves and steps forward and back — "I can't preach, I can't reach" — and it sounds pretty good. He ends with a loud flourish. Getter gets a beer and a buck.

Powers is next up. She's scribbled her 36-word poem, "Waking Up," on the back of a midterm history test on Gender and Sexuality in Pre-Modern Europe. But it doesn't hold the interest that her next poem does, a typewritten two-pager called "Cabin Plotting," a love story about a fling in the woods with the fallout written and remaindered on Post-Its in the cabin hallway.

But her poem gets short shrift because of a commotion at the front door. People inside are saying the thieving hooker's pimp is out there with his shirt off and wants to fight somebody. However, no blows are struck, the scene diffuses in just minutes, and the troublemaker leaves.

The attention turns back to Bowers at the mic. He begins, "How to Get Shot," accompanied by faint notes from the electronic piano. It's another long one, a tragi-comedy that tells about Bowers as a youngster seeing so many murders on TV news in the 1960s. The poem strings them together in an assassination frenzy, an awful run of gut-wrenching news that TV mined like precious metal.

Powers gives another short reading; Getter repeats, too. Then, sensing break time, the poets and half the crowd drift toward the door to stand outside and take



PHOTOS BY LENNY LIMJOCO

Poet Charles Kruger maintains the edge at the 21 Club's Ground Zero open mic, with Ed Bowers on keyboards and Charlie Getter and Shye Powers on deck.

the cooler air, smoke, laugh and kill time, satisfied, while sealing a memory full of edges and worth repeating.

The poets were like kids who just bust out running. Open mic, with its generous offer of freedom of expression, in front of a receptive audience, does that to people. ■

**Next Ground Zero
Poetry Reading
Wed. Nov. 10, 8 p.m.
21 Club, Turk and Taylor streets**

Names tradition's 20th year

was called, Braae struck bright, galvanizing and simplifying the grief. As finished, it warmed and led off into nothingness on the solemn faces with a few people sobbed.

"95," announced one

by 10 names from the Health last year — included the John from less than half the in November. She got her agencies that she they'd stop cooperating

ands it's hard to deter-truly homeless, she's have pressed for a to determine home-to do that is prohibi-

whose names were ss when they died, had been homeless. was living at the Elm performed a memorial

from the Hebrew

other names?" Rev.

were barked out from ed, "And all the peo-and weren't reported."

ed again. The crowd spiritus," come, Holy

time to burn the lists

of names. The first year, city officials made her promise she'd not allow the names to be published anywhere. So she decided to burn them on the spot. It became tradition. "We release our brothers and sisters into the hands of the loving God," she says, "and it rekindles our fires to work for the homeless."

The papers were set afire and the names became smoke that danced momentarily for the crowd, then wafted upward, pointing like crooked fingers that eerily disappeared in the starry bed of black above.

Ninety-five names had been read.

Aviles sang another song. Then Hope asked everyone to commit to "the work of peace" and "grant us safe lodging." A misty rain began to fall but people were smiling now and ignored it.

"Now, turn and give your neighbor the sign of peace," she said, sealing the closure the way she does for every memorial she leads. The people turned and gave each other hugs, lingering then before wandering into the night toward their havens of warmth.

The bountiful city's lights glistened in the puddles, the uncomfortable 47-degree temperature persisted, but the wind was dying. ■

Homeless Memorial

Date: Tuesday, Dec. 21

Time: 5:30 p.m.

Place: Outdoors, across from City Hall

Who: Everyone welcome

Sponsors: Network Ministries, Coalition on Homelessness

Information: (415) 928-6209

Muni's Clipper ends cash fares

► CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Muni "A" Fast Pass — unlimited Muni use in the month. For \$70 you can add unlimited BART use within city limits to the Muni monthly package. Easy, no?

But wait. You can't get a Youth Clipper (under 18) or a Senior Clipper (over 65) from a ticket vending machine, a retailer or by phone. You (or your parent or guardian) must appear in person with ID and a completed request form proving your entitlement to age-based discounts. Two months ago, that meant traipsing to the SFMTA Customer Service Center on South Van Ness Avenue and waiting in a long line. In October, Muni ramped up the venues to submit senior applications by designating 17 senior centers throughout the city as drop-off sites.

South East Asian Senior Meal Program at 315 Turk St. accepts senior applications Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.; SF Senior Center at 481 O'Farrell accepts them Thursdays from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. (with assistance in Cantonese and Mandarin) and the first Wednesday of the month from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. (with assistance in Russian). Plus, Muni staged 18 days of senior and youth in-person application drop-offs at various Muni Metro stations. It takes about a week after the application is submitted to receive a Youth or Senior Clipper in the mail.

More drop-off venues have been promised by Muni, because, shockingly, conversion to Clipper has encountered problems. Enough fumbles to prompt Supervisors President David Chiu to sponsor a hearing on Clipper before the Board's City Operations and Neighborhood Services Committee on Oct. 25, when he voiced his concerns to assorted Muni and Metropolitan Transportation Council bureaucrats that perhaps they had failed to prepare for the "more than

small amount of work necessary for millions to change how they get around."

With only 25% of riders in possession of Clipper, Chiu questioned the timing and staging of the transition to electronic fare payment, highlighted the paucity of information available to non-English-speaking patrons, noted the technical difficulties already evident in the electronic fare gate system — you can open the fare gate from the outside without paying — and deplored Muni's initial decision to surcharge 25 cents for a MultiUse Ticket vended from machines.

The bureaucrats voiced their mea culpas and countered that they had already dropped the surcharge idea, Clipper use had exceeded 225,000 transactions a day and was growing 10% a week, and new Customer Service Centers would be operating at the Embarcadero West Metro station and the Ferry Building in November. When Chiu questioned the wisdom of placing the service centers so close to each other, he was told that the beauty of that plan rested in the fact that if the line was long at the Embarcadero Station, one didn't have to walk too far to get in line at the Ferry Building.

Muni Lifeline passes will not move to the Clipper until 2011 and the cable cars won't be equipped for electronic fare payment until October of next year, although you can ride "halfway to the stars" till then by showing the operator your Clipper! If you're a candidate for Adult Clipper, don't worry about Muni's prior announced Oct. 31 change over from Fast Pass deadline. The old 180 retailers in the city will sell pre-loaded \$60 Clipper monthly passes through November, and with 50% of Clipper users selecting autoloading payments from credit card and bank accounts, those monthly trips to the corner store for a new pass may soon be history. ■

LOGAN 'CITO' KAUSMAN
Sidewalk memorial

A dozen self-described brothers mourned the mysterious death of a fallen Tenderloin neighborhood son at a Sept. 1 memorial held on a Leavenworth sidewalk, a hangout spot in front of an apartment building where some of the young mourners live.

Grim and silent, most wore the uniform of street youth — oversized white T-shirt, baggy pants and baseball cap askew. Next to the building, they had created a shrine of candles, bottles, bouquets and small paper images from cell phone photos of the dead man, Logan "Cito" Kausman. He was 20. A few photos showed him holding his year-old son, Jeremiah Cito Kausman. "Cito" had been scrawled on the wall in several places.

Mr. Kausman died of a gunshot wound Aug. 27 at 9:58 p.m., his friends said. But details were hard to glean.

"He didn't die in the Tenderloin," said Capt. Joe Garrity the next day. "It was in the Northern (police) district, in a side alley, and we don't know if it was a homicide or suicide."

Sgt. Troy Dangerfield of SFPD media relations said there was no police report.



FAMILY PHOTO

Logan Kausman and son.

The medical examiner's office said it is investigating the cause of death.

Rev. Glenda Hope conducted the memorial at the behest of a neighborhood woman, she said. Traffic and other street noises practically drowned out her words as she faced the crowd, her back to the wall. She had been told erroneously that the young man had grown up there at 245 Leavenworth St. and had died at that spot on the sidewalk. But Mr. Kausman had grown up around the corner near Eddy and Hyde, his friends later said, and as an adult had acquired his own apartment in the same building.

Hope asked the mourners to share any memories. A black woman said she didn't know the deceased as well as the young men had but concluded he was "a passionate young man" and thanked them for letting her "celebrate" with them.

No one else spoke. The black woman hurried away. The young men lingered, looking lost, some leaning on cars.

Michael Viera, 21, said he was Mr. Kausman's best friend and had known him all his life. Mr. Kausman had gone to Los Angeles in 2006 and earned a welding certificate and a high school diploma, Viera said.

"He said it changed his life," Viera said.

Mr. Kausman had a job with DPW through stimulus money and worked at Glen Park, another said. He had been employed since his son was born. His girlfriend, the mother, took care of the child during the day.

"Yeah," said one young man, "he had his own apartment, a car, a job, a kid — he was cutting it pretty good, doing better than the rest of us."

They said he was always smiling, had good vibes, never argued, always wanted to do things for people — "about the best person you could ever meet, a brother," said Ty, a tall, thin black man who kept lighting votive candles even after the memorial was over.

Mr. Kausman was laid to rest Sept. 9 at Holy Cross cemetery in Daly City. The next day his friends were back at the patch hanging out. The shrine, which had become a mess, had been removed by the police. ■

— TOM CARTER



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"Any Door Is the Right Door"

Mental health consumers and substance users can go to any Community Behavioral Health Service provider in the Tenderloin and be assured of being welcomed and helped. All these service providers operate under a Harm Reduction policy, so you don't have to be clean or sober to get help.


Office of Self Help is a Wellness and Recovery Center. All of our staff are consumers, peers with those we serve. Drop in or call us. Check us out.

Other programs in the neighborhood also can be the Right Door for you:

<p>Bay Area Addiction Research and Treatment 1111 Market St., 1st Fl., 863-3883</p> <p>CATS (Community Awareness Treatment Services) 1171 Mission St., 2nd Fl., 241-1199</p> <p>Central City Hospitality House 290 Turk St., 749-2100</p> <p>Community Vocational Enterprises 818 Mission St., 3rd Fl., 544-0424</p> <p>Family Service Agency — Full Circle Family Program 1010 Gough St., 474-7310, Ext. 315</p> <p>Hyde Street Community Services 134 Golden Gate Ave., 673-5700</p> <p>Independent Living Resource Center 649 Mission St., 3rd Fl., 543-6222</p>	<p>Larkin Street Youth Services Youth Clinic 1138 Sutter St., 673-0911, Ext. 259</p> <p>S.F. Mental Health Clients' Rights Advocates 1095 Market St., Suite 618, 552-8100 or (800) 729-7727</p> <p>SAGE (Standing Against Global Exploitation) 1385 Mission St., Suite 300, 358-2719</p> <p>Swords to Plowshares 1060 Howard St., 252-4788</p> <p>Tenderloin Health 255 Golden Gate Ave., 437-2900</p> <p>Westside Crisis 245 Eleventh St., 355-0311</p>
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Office of Self-Help Drop-In Center, 1095 Market Street, Suite 202
This behavioral health education message is underwritten by Bank of the West.

575-1400



COMMUNITY CALENDAR

SPECIAL EVENTS

3rd Annual Market Street Snowflake Lighting Ceremony, Nov. 18, 6:30 p.m., Powell and Market streets at the cable car turnaround, organized by the Market Street Association. Event kicks off the downtown holiday season with 142 snowflake decorations on Market Street's historic Path of Gold lampposts from Second to Sixth streets. "Snowflakes" from the S.F. Ballet will be on hand to help with the countdown to the official lighting. Info: carolyn@marketstreetassociation.org.

Santa Sightings and annual Safe Streets Festival, Dec. 11, Jones Street between McAllister and Golden Gate, which will be closed to traffic. TL CBD's holiday event includes free raffle of toys, books, school supplies and family-type gifts for neighborhood families. To donate raffle gifts, contact Dina, 292-4812 or dinanomtlcbd@att.net.

COMMUNITY: REGULAR SCHEDULE HOUSING

Supportive Housing Network, 3rd Thursday of the month, 3-5 p.m., Dorothy Day Community, 54 McAllister. Call: 421-2926 x304.

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

HEALTH AND MENTAL HEALTH

CBHS Consumer Council, 3rd Thursday of the month, 5-7 p.m., CBHS, 1380 Howard St., room 537. Call: 255-3695. Advisory group of consumers from 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 St., Suite 928. 421-2926 x306.

Healthcare Action Team, 2nd Wednesday of the month, 1010 Mission St., Bayanihan Community Center, 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. Focus on increasing supportive home and community-based services, expanded eligibility for home care and improved discharge planning. Light lunch served. Call James Chionsini, 703-0188 x304.

Mental Health Board, 2nd Wednesday of the month, 6:30-8:30

p.m., City Hall, room 278. CBHS 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 Gough St., 5th Fl. Call: 905-6264. Family member group, open to the public.

SAFETY

Neighborhood Emergency Response Team Training (NERT). Central city residents can take the S.F. Fire Department's free disaster preparedness and response training at neighborhood locations. www.sfgov.org/sffdnert, or Lt. Arteseros, 970-2022.

SoMa Police Community Relations Forum, 4th Monday of the month, 6-7:30 p.m. Location varies. To receive monthly email info: Meital Amitai, 538-8100 x202 or mamitai@iisf.org.

Tenderloin Police Station Community Meeting, last Tuesday of the month, 6 p.m., police station Community Room, 301 Eddy St. Call Susa Black, 345-7300. Neighborhood safety.

NEIGHBORHOOD IMPROVEMENT

Alliance for a Better District 6, 2nd Tuesday of the month, 6 p.m., 230 Eddy St. Contact Michael Nulty, 820-1560 or sf_district6@yahoo.com, a districtwide improvement association.

Central Market Community Benefit District, board meets 2nd Tuesday of the month, Hotel Whitcomb, 1231 Market St., 3 p.m. Information: 882-3088, <http://central-market.org>.

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

Gene Friend Recreation Center Advisory Board, 3rd Thursday of the month, 5 p.m. Board works to protect SoMa resources for children, youth, families and adults. Gene Friend Recreation Center, 270 Sixth St. Information: Tim Figueras, 554-9532.

North of Market/Tenderloin Community Benefit District. Full board meets 3rd Monday of every other month, 5:30 p.m., 134 Golden Gate Ave., 292-4812.

SoMa Community Stabilization Fund Community Advisory Committee meets 3rd Thursday of the month, 5:30 p.m., 1 South Van Ness, 2nd floor atrium. Info: Claudine del Rosario 749-2519.

South of Market Project Area Committee, 3rd Monday of the month, 6 p.m., 1035 Folsom St. Health, Safety and Human Services Committee meets monthly on the 1st Tuesday after the 1st Monday, 1035 Folsom, noon. 487-2166 or www.sompac.com.

Tenderloin Futures Collaborative, 3rd Wednesday of the month, 11 a.m.-noon, Tenderloin Police Community Room, 301 Eddy. Presentations on issues of interest to neighborhood residents, nonprofits and businesses. Information: tifutures.org, 820-3989.

Tenderloin Neighborhood Association, 2nd Friday of the month, 842 Geary St., 5 p.m. Nonprofit focuses on health and wellness activities to promote neighborly interactions. Info: tenderloinneighborhood@yahoo.com.

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, 2nd Thursday of the month, 9 a.m.-noon, Universal Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin St. Monthly programs, 965 Mission St. #700: Senior Housing Action Committee, 3rd Wednesday, 1:30 p.m. Call for health program and Senior University: 546-1333 and www.sfsan.org.

RESEARCH PARTICIPANTS AGE 65+ WANTED

UCSF is currently offering the opportunity to participate in research on depression and aging. You may be eligible to participate if you are:

- 65+ years of age
- Experiencing symptoms of depression
- Have someone who knows you well to answer questions about how you complete tasks in your daily life

As part of our project, you will be asked to take tests of memory and attention, answer questions about your medical history, and have an MRI scan of your brain.

All participants will be financially compensated for their participation. Please contact UCSF's Over 60 Program: (415) 476-7046.



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