

SRO organizers' next big thing — desk clerks

Hottest topic at the annual convention

BY TOM CARTER

WHAT make SRO residents feel safe are good desk clerks. What make them feel unsafe are bad ones.

Clerks are undertrained, underpaid, surly, threatening and inattentive. Or they're not.

These were the dominant feelings that surfaced June 25 at the annual Tenant Convention. As 100 SRO residents scrutinized a dozen quality-of-life topics, desk clerks emerged as the residents' primary safety and security concern.

Desk clerk training and hiring will be a focus of activists in 2009, if the complaints are heeded.

Desk clerks, perched just inside an SRO front door, are a hotel's immediate monitoring authority with a wide range of responsibilities. They make low wages and their effectiveness seems to ride almost entirely on the strength of their personality and attitude. They rule in the city's 500 SROs.

"The buildings are great from 9 to 5," said Peter Masiak, the neighborhood organizer leading the discussion for the sponsoring Central City SRO Collaborative. "I

hear that all the time. After that, they (the clerks) are stretched too thin."

Loitering and drug dealing are common complaints, made worse when the night people get inside an SRO.

"But the Board of Supervisors can't legislate the many

things that make you feel safe," Masiak said.

The aim of the convention was to help plan tenant activism for next year. It was held in a crowded ground-floor room at 259 Hyde St., the collaborative headquarters. Created seven years ago by the Tenderloin Housing Clinic, the collaborative is composed of 25 tenant representatives and four staff members who work to enforce and improve laws that affect the SRO community and to empower the residents. But collaborative staff said it faces a \$40,000 budget cut, which would limit its organizing work.

Dissecting the clerk conundrum enlivened the session. When Masiak compiled "safe" and "unsafe" responses on an easel in front, it seemed everyone had experiences to fill out both categories.

The main thing that made residents feel safe was dealing with understanding clerks who knew about "street justice" and were communicative. At the top of the unsafe column was lack of surveillance cameras and staff with low standards and inferior training. But people loitering outside the building at night were highly undesirable, too, and just beyond the purview of the desk clerks.

Masiak detailed the factors responsible for bad staff. "Good work equals good money," he said. Desk clerks make about \$9 an hour on the graveyard shift, "and that won't do it." Imagine, he said, if they

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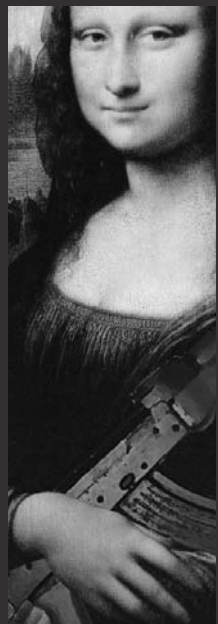
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CENTRAL CITY

EXTRA

SAN FRANCISCO

EXCEPTIONAL EATERY



PHOTOS BY LENNY LIMJOCO

Manor House owner Mimi Yee celebrated 12 years in business on Jones Street on June 25, after learning the hard way the tough ways of the Tenderloin.

Jones Street gem

Manor House: good food and a fair shake

BY TOM CARTER

IF there was a prize for America's best skid row eatery, Manor House restaurant, famous among its in-crowd, would be the heavy favorite. Its dedicated management who survived a rocky beginning to win over the neighbor-

hood celebrated the exceptional eatery's 12th anniversary on June 25. And it continues to improve.

It's a small, clean, well-lit place and easy to miss. Its name outside is in small black letters above the door, and it's forgettable as a pale green storefront at the back of Antonia Manor, a 10-story, TNDC hotel.

It's on Jones Street next to the Pink Diamonds strip club, and less than 100 yards from the Tenderloin Police Station on the Eddy Street corner. Earlier this year, the police connected five nighttime shootings in four months to the strip joint. But Manor House, open at 7 a.m. Sunday through Friday, closes at 4:30 p.m.

Daytime, it's comfort food and chit chat. The neighborhood changes after dark.

Breakfast and lunch menus are on the door and on weathered pages taped to a small sandwich board on the sidewalk. This Thursday, the lunch specials are corned beef and cabbage, ½ spring chicken, ½ barbecue chicken, or fried fish sticks (eight). Homemade mashed potatoes and gravy come with it, and corn. You also get a choice of salad or soup — today it's cream of cauliflower. Dessert's included, ice cream or homemade custard. \$4.95.

Welcome to the tail end of the restaurant food chain, and the poor people's bountiful choice in the city's poorest and sketchiest neighborhood. When you get to know Manor House, you can see that it is the heart of the Tenderloin.

Manor House is unsurpassed in the hood but hardly known outside of it. It's respected, even revered, by steadfast regulars for whom the bottom is the top. The measuring stick goes well beyond food.



Three-year regulars Robert Mathena (foreground) and Johnny Martin find the restaurant their egalitarian home away from home.

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GOOD NEWS for...

TENDERLOIN HEALTH'S DROP-IN CENTER, a haven for the neighborhood's homeless, dodged a lethal bullet. The bulk of its budget — \$797,446 — originally redlined in the mayor's 2008-09 spending plan, was restored just in time to prevent it from closing, said Colm Hegarty, director of development and public relations. The drop-in center at 187 Golden Gate Ave. enables homeless people to access city shelters, provides a bathroom, hygiene supplies, coffee and snacks from 7-11:30 a.m. and 5-11:30 p.m. daily, and serves as a social center and information clearinghouse for the neighborhood. Center staff organized a letter-writing campaign, and clients gathered signatures for a petition to keep the center open. Hegarty said he was relieved that the doors will stay open for another year but lamented the annual uproar generated by the city's budget process. "The city is paying us to spend two or three weeks a year to fight them," he said. "It doesn't make sense."

SOMASIDE **SOMA RESIDENTS** After a year and a half of delays, nonprofit partners South of Market Health Center and Mercy Housing California will break ground in August for their new combo project — Westbrook Plaza — on Seventh Street between Howard and Folsom. The Redevelopment Agency-owned lot will include the \$14.4 million health center and \$30 million worth of affordable housing. When completed, the health center will be triple the size of the converted warehouse at 551 Minna from which it has served SoMa residents for 35 years. With double the number of exam rooms, five dental rooms, an X-ray lab and pharmacy, the new center will be able to serve 10,000 people a year, twice today's number. Marilyn Griffin, South of Market Health Center's director of planning and development, expects Westbrook Plaza to open early in 2010.

200 HYDE TRANSFORMED Tenderloin Community Benefit District Manager Elaine Zamora got a surprise call June 7 from Astrid Haryati, the mayor's new director of city greening, giving her the good news: the parking lot at 200 Hyde at Turk was finally going to be cleaned up. Nine years ago, the now-defunct Adopt-a-Block and 40 neighborhood plaintiffs, led by Michael Nulty, of Alliance for a Better District 6, sued the lot's property owners, SEIU Union Local 87. The 22-car lot was a public nuisance, they claimed, rife with code violations: drug-dealing, illegal street vendors and sidewalks constantly blocked by idlers. The suit resulted in lights being mounted on the building next door to illuminate the lot, but little else. In just the last year, formal complaints from the CBD, TNT and Tenderloin Housing Clinic reached the city attorney's code enforcement team and the mayor's green gal. The result, all paid for by the union: Within a couple of weeks, a decorative, 6-foot-tall, dark green metal fence went up around the lot; parking meters were removed; curbs on both sides of the lot were painted red to discourage drug sales from parked cars. On June 25, workers were busy replacing four diseased trees with nine new cherry trees and African iris plants, all inside the fence so they won't become a dumping ground for discarded needles, formerly a major problem.

DAMAGED EARS Sen. Barbara Boxer is cosponsoring the Hearing Aid Assistance Tax Credit Act, SB 1410, which aims to give senior citizens and parents of hearing-impaired children a tax credit, once every five years, of up to \$500 to help in the purchase of any hearing aid that qualifies under the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. While the tax benefit will not pay the full cost of any hearing aid, it is a step in the right direction for seniors and parents of hearing-impaired kids to make a life-enhancing purchase. Could be a boon for siren-damaged denizens of the central city.

If you have some good news, send it to marjorie@studycenter.org or tom@studycenter.org.

FUTURES COLLABORATIVE

Tenderloin fantasy — a colorful vision of neighborhood's future

\$63,000 mural for Golden Gate and Jones

BY MARJORIE BEGGS

IF there's one corner in the Tenderloin that cries out for transformation, it's gotta be Golden Gate and Jones: On the southeast corner, sidewalk-seated homeless people and drug dealers use the parking lot's chain link fence as a backrest. Across Jones is St. Anthony's dining room, anchor of a drab off-white building scheduled for the wrecking ball, perhaps within the year.

The spiffy, modern 111 Jones apartment building sits at the northeast corner, but across the street is another pale, undistinguished three-story structure, fully gated at the ground-floor entrance to K & P Sewing Co. That building will spring to life sometime this year when artist Mona Caron starts painting a wraparound mural on it.

"The Tenderloin Community Benefit District has two grants to fund the mural," CBD Manager Elaine Zamora announced at the June Collaborative meeting. "Mona will be working closely with the community so it really will represent the Tenderloin."

The \$63,000 project is being funded by a Community Challenge Grant (formerly the Neighborhood Beautification Fund) and the Mayor's Office of Economic and Workforce Development.

Among Caron's impressive portfolio of murals she's designed, the best known is the Duboce Bikeway Mural on Duboce between Church and Market, a 340-foot-long, undulating portrayal of the city, Bay to ocean, that stretches the entire length of Safeway's north-west wall.

Her Tenderloin canvas will be considerably smaller, but she's hoping for impressive results.

"Situated at eye level on the Jones Street side . . . [will be] the narrative part of the mural," she wrote in an artist's concept statement, reprinted in the CBD May newsletter. "It will depict a fantasy of a transformed Tenderloin neighborhood, set in the future . . .

carefully designed to imply an elevation and emancipation of the current, extant population [but] steering clear from any connotation with gentrification."

She promised to "playfully entertain the viewer, and to inspire and provoke people to envision change in daring, radical terms."

The Collaborative meeting was the first of many she plans to have with people who work and live in the neighborhood.

"What do you have in mind for the subject matter?" asked David Villa-Lobos, Community Leadership Alliance director.

"Nothing," she said. Her design won't take shape until she's talked with lots of neighborhood folks.

"What about defacement?" asked resident Ed Evans. "We have a big problem with graffiti everywhere."

Caron said the painting will be covered with a clear, protective varnish that allows graffiti to be washed off. Her Website describes the Duboce Bikeway Mural varnish as a water-based, acrylic co-polymer called Graffiti Defenz Sheercoat.

What will her project timeline be? wondered Dina Hilliard, Safety Network community organizer.

"There probably will be meetings throughout the summer," Caron said. "Then I'll do sketches and there will be more meetings. The painting itself might start in late August or early September."

And how long will it take to complete? The Extra reporter asked.

"I am one of the slowest-working muralists," she confessed. "It's part of the way I work. Basically, it's going to take a long time — months."

What she wants from her mural, she wrote in her concept statement, is to have the viewer "slow down and step closer," which will bring about "a neighborly way of inhabiting that street corner, one that is conducive to conversation and conviviality amongst residents."

Caron's Website is monacaron.com. ■



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A meditation on guns and art in the Tenderloin

BY ED BOWERS

THE Tenderloin is a tiny town in a small city. It's practically invisible to most who exist under the holy nomenclature of St. Francis, who put dirt in his food and was loved by wild animals.

In the Sixties, San Francisco was advertised as a den of tolerance, and many whose mind-sets and appearances were not up to par with the majority of middle-class Americans flocked here for refuge. They included a lot of dirt-poor artists.

It was a spiritual journey to a dead end. They found speed, heroin and tainted acid. Now the rents have gone sky high and a poor artist in this town is out of luck if he tries to prop himself up with the job of bicycle messenger where he can dress like a slob and drink quarts of beer out of brown paper bags. He is reduced to working as a security guard, guarding space while other people watch his every action and he tries to stay out of their way and pass drug tests.

The Tenderloin is a tiny ghetto full of brain damage and crime and life and death, a zone where those who are unbecoming to tourists and entrepreneurs are exiled. There are no sentimental tears shed when someone dies or disappears here, and no desire to do anything but make money by any means necessary. The word "no" comes to mind repeatedly.

I was sitting in a Korean hustler bar, sipping a vodka-cranberry. This bar is in the heart of the Tenderloin and one of two whose reputation is glamorous for those who only read about it on the Internet, and rather boring for those who actually show up in person.

The goal of the owners of this bar is to go back in time to the Korean War, or the Vietnam War, where barmaids in the local taverns wanted to survive at any cost so they hustled servicemen hired to kill their people, flirted with them and asked, "Would you buy me a drink?" which, of course, as generous, desperately lonely Americans, they were willing to do, ulterior motives notwithstanding.

The barmaid would pour tea out of a whiskey bottle into her glass and appear to be so drunk that there was a chance, if she were to be purchased another shot, that the serviceman could have a few hours of service between the sheets before he got his head blown off by her brother, uncle or father.

The reason I was sitting in this Korean hustler bar was simple: I was keeping a friend of mine company on her first day as a barmaid. Veronica was nervous on her debut as a member of the service personnel class. She'd gone from Yale to the Tenderloin, a rough ride by anybody's standards.

I've been in service for 25 years. I'm a security guard. My first job was at the Pepsi Cola plant in Emeryville. I worked with an African American named Chad and an Australian named Tad. They were close friends.

Chad was a business major and Tad majored in biology. I already had my degree in English from Harpur College. I didn't know what I wanted to be. The only thing I knew how to do was write, and everybody knows how to do that.

One Sunday, Chad and Tad decided to further my education. They both loved guns and desired that I do, too. On their day off, while I was working a swing shift, they brought in a .357 Magnum, which is equivalent to the power of a Great American Novel.

Before I knew what was happening, Chad and Tad stuck a target with a bull's-eye on the president of the Pepsi Cola plant's office door and began shooting blanks at it. Most people are not artists. They do not have the patience to sit and stare into space long enough to construct weird ideas and put them on canvas or paper. But anybody with fingers can make a little version of The Big Bang.

My first thought was that a stupid and dangerous action was about to be committed, but I was also attempting to have faith in Chad and Tad's judgment and not put a wet blanket over their intense enthusiasm for the Magnum. Their hands were shaking!

I held the gun and when I shot at the door and felt the force of the explosion, I was really impressed by its power. This was a hell of a lot easier than writing a poem or going to work.

Technology is so sexy. In the future, lecherous men in the Tenderloin will prefer to have sex with robots who are disease-free and less financially draining than toothless crack whores. Technological art will have replaced prostitution.

But one of the main squeezes now is the clean, pure power of a gun as it explodes like an orgasm

in the hand on the corner of Taylor and Turk at 2:30 in the morning and some stupid kid who never graduated from high school is dead.

Of course, when Chad and Tad took the target off the Pepsi president's office door, there were indentations from the blanks on its surface, and I saw a look of concern in their eyes, which revealed a secret: No matter how much you like to play with weapons of destruction, there will eventually come a time when those weapons will play with you.

Monday, I was on the day shift, scheduled to patrol the plant, but my main job was to cover the tracks of Chad and Tad for committing an idiotic impulse inspired by the love of guns that might bring the wrath of Pepsi Cola down on our heads.

The president of Pepsi Cola was an alcoholic. He came in hung-over and half-drunk that Monday, approached his door, and noticed the indentations. Then he turned to me as I was sitting at my desk,



ILLUSTRATION BY MYRDA MONASTERIAL

filling out forms, getting ready for work, and appeared momentarily concerned.

"Where did these come from?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied.

In a stress-filled situation, I have found that, in spite of myself, I can act better than any of the Hollywood boys. It's not that I want to lie. But in a society based on lies, if you tell the truth to people who make a living out of lies, you will be punished.

The president of the Pepsi factory shrugged his shoulders and entered his office. He didn't care. All he wanted to do was to leave by noon and get drunk. He was a good guy. He knew about lies and truth and didn't want to bother himself with either.

The Korean hustler bar in the Tenderloin where my friend Veronica got a job as barmaid depended on lies that were believed by its customers in order to make money. Lying there is an art form. Making money is all that counts in America, or the world. Anyone who doesn't believe that is going to be a starving artist. Lying makes money.

So I was sitting on a bar stool next to an African American woman who was sipping an expensive shot of something that tastes like cough syrup, and talking to Veronica.

The bar had obviously been taken over by a handful of African American drug dealers. All were sour-faced women, except the head man whose name was Omar, an African American in his 30s who looked prematurely tired and sad and resigned to the fact that he was capable of killing anyone who even resembled the part of him that was now dead inside.

Poetic justice! The Korean hustler bar was being hustled by African American professionals. They owned the place now. Between the hours of 10 a.m. and 7 p.m., few barflies came in here when they noticed Omar's crew, unless they wanted to buy heroin, crack or speed. The vibe here was hard drugs, not cocktails for two.

Bar owners don't have a chance to prop up their overhead if their clientele is nothing but a handful

of drug dealers who purchase one shot of high-end cough syrup every two hours and whose aura is saying, "Get the hell away from me, you alcoholic bums. We have business to do!"

I just wanted to have a quiet day and mind my own business and do a good deed for my friend. I didn't care about Omar or his gang. I had enough problems of my own. If Omar and his gang killed me, that was their problem. My soul would haunt them. At the time, I had finished with a marriage of 18 years and was half dead anyway.

Then this kid came into the bar, an African American pretty boy carrying his coat in his arms like it was a baby.

I was bored, but it is at moments like this, when boredom sets in, that often something happens that is enchanting. Sometimes life mimics art and is better than a movie, especially in the Tenderloin.

"Give me a shot of Jack," said the young African American kid to the debuting barmaid.

"I have to see your ID," she replied.

The kid showed her his ID and the truth was revealed in a clear laminated light: He was under age.

"I'm sorry, I can't serve you. You're too young."

"Okay, then give me a Coke." The kid kept looking behind him like his mother was about to show up and drag him out by his ear.

"I'm sorry," replied Veronica, "but you're too young to drink anything in this bar."

A bolt of lightning hit the kid, and he appeared terrified, as though he'd glimpsed the face of God and didn't like what he saw. He tossed his coat down to the floor and fled the scene like a rabbit in heat. It happens like that in this neighborhood. One second it's quiet as death, the next it's a run-for-your-life scenario. Life here is a transvestite drama queen full of surprises.

"What the hell is going on now?" I wondered to myself. Now I was inside of a plot.

Veronica stared at me with her big green eyes and said, "Look at that! He dropped an Uzi! He had an Uzi in his coat!" Ah, explanation and epiphany.

A few minutes later the cops came into the bar and told me not to leave. They didn't have to worry about that because I didn't have anywhere to go.

The cops entered breathing heavily, in a state of great excitement, and appeared to be having an adrenaline rush equivalent to any drug high purchased on the street. I felt sorry for them having to make a living nabbing losers.

So I sat in the bar and waited. Nothing else happened. The play ended before it began. It was still-born. The whole incident was like a pigeon having sex in less than a second. It was over like every moment in the eternal now is over now. The curtain was down.

But I wanted an explanation, something I could remember, interpret, and discuss, and I got it from Omar the Drug Lord, who came over to me and spilled the beans. A lot of people spill their beans to me, perhaps perceiving that I am so insignificant that it doesn't matter what I know. Sometimes I feel like a secretary taking dictation in hell.

"That kid mugged an old black dude who was a good man," explained Omar. "He'd loan folks money when they needed it. I hope he goes to jail for a long time."

Omar, seller of poison to those who wish they were never born, was a moral man. He should have been a judge.

Then I finished my drink and left the bar. I don't remember where I went. All I know is that I am still alive and that this particular play is over.

Veronica was fired a week later for refusing to hustle fake drinks to horny drunks.

I wonder if the indentations are still on the president of the Pepsi Cola factory's office door. The president probably drank himself to death. He was a nice guy.

My beat is art in the Tenderloin, so I'd better explain why I am writing about guns.

Guns and art have a lot in common. Both can express humans' deepest, darkest passions. One creates, the other destroys. Both are dangerous.

Art does not need to be viewed from a safe distance. The Tenderloin is a 24/7 creation. It is jazz and Jackson Pollock painting crazy strokes on a giant canvas with the sound of a .357 Magnum pounding holes in an office door and scotch flowing like cyanide.

Please support art in the Tenderloin and stop being so violent. The guns out here create unhappy endings and are not shooting blanks. ■

'It's a place you can trust and

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A random poll of people walking by one Friday afternoon confirmed the restaurant's niche.

"It's good, very reasonable, and a lot of retired people go there," said Larry Sheppard, 65, a retired hotel clerk who lives in a nearby SRO. "I don't know anything bad about it."

A 30-year TL resident, Sheppard said he didn't eat out until he retired two years ago. After discovering Manor House, he eats there a couple of times a week, packing home half his spaghetti if it's lunch. He praises owner Mimi Yee and the other waitresses as "good people." Only once has he seen any trouble inside — a man arguing loudly with his girlfriend.

"She (Mimi) put her foot down, kicked him out," Sheppard said, leaning on his cane. "She doesn't allow any trouble. And I don't think she gets any guff anymore. Most people respect her. And if you're short of money, she'll help you out. It's one of the better places in the TL."

"It's a fantastic restaurant, food and service," said Ann Williams, passing by on a visit to her old neighborhood. She lived here from 1979 to 2003 and ate at Manor House five times a week before moving to Berkeley.

"I'd recommend it to anyone," Williams said.

Sherry White is a recent convert. She's lived in the neighborhood four years but only discovered Manor House three months ago when she got a job at the Rescue Mission store around the corner on Turk. Now she's a daily regular and esteems the menu's fruit salad.

"Everything's fresh," White said on her way to work. "It's thoroughly good, with an enjoyable, friendly atmosphere. They know people by their first names. It's a wonderful place to visit. And I've never seen any trouble in there."

A look at its Department of Public Health record shows Manor rising and just short of excellent, a designation given when health inspectors issue a grade of 90 or more out of a possible 100 points. In 2006, Manor got 79, in '07 it was 85 and this year 88. Two blocks away, Original Joe's, closed by a fire since October, scored 79 on its last inspection in February '07.

Manor has 14 formica tables and nine seats at the counter. Maximum seating is 49. The front of the counter is a foot lower than the main counter to accommodate up to three wheelchairs, a change that came five years ago, along with a front door buzzer for the disabled.

I slip in at a vacant table in front near the counter. A young Chinese waitress arrives in

two minutes to take my order. Corned beef seems a good test. You figure a cheap restaurant buys fatty and tough meat. If anything sets a tone, this will be it. The soup would be a curiosity. I picked that, too, plus decaf coffee.

Just salt, pepper and hot sauce are on the brown formica table. There's no napkin container — a smart move, I figure. The clientele is mostly black and white single pensioners, welfare recipients from SROs, some neighborhood workers. Street people with dicey behavior come and go, too. Who would take a napkin container?

It's fairly quiet. Many single men sit alone eating. Maybe 1 in 4 has a cane or walker or battery-operated wheelchair. Only two women are seated at tables. One is a waitress on her lunch break. The other is a regular who orders a chocolate shake to go.

Four minutes later, the waitress brings my soup with three packets of crackers. The soup is hot, thick with pieces of potato and celery, a little bland, but salt helps.

As people pass the cash register to leave, head waitress Mimi Yee, co-owner with her husband, John, who runs the kitchen, never fails to say goodbye. She calls them by their first name and wishes them a good day. If she doesn't, another nearby waitress does. The customers answer back.

Everybody knows Mimi. In September, the neighborhood's Tenant Associations Coalition gave her its Unsung Hero award for having good food and maintaining a pleasant atmosphere.

The main course arrives, hugely filling the plate, suitable for a recruit in basic training. The waitress leaves a serrated knife, a likely sign of the struggle to come.

The mound of potatoes has a good texture — with a few lumps which I like as assurance it was made from scratch — and the brown gravy the cook makes is passable. The canned corn is a generous helping. And the four thick strips of corned beef over boiled cabbage is fork-tender, fairly tasty and neither too fatty nor salty. I've had tougher and less of it at \$19.

A workman in blue uniform arrives for takeout. Another woman comes in. People at the counter talk among themselves and to the waitresses.

Mimi comes to my table, my third waitress in 15 minutes. She recommends the custard over the ice cream and I go with it.

"Whipped cream on it?"

"Sure."

She takes the coffee cup and returns it filled, along with the white-capped dessert. The coffee goes down okay. The custard is a thick, dull-yellow rectangle, and not bad tasting as a poor but respectable cousin to flan.

On the wall, signs announce Pie! \$1.95 a slice, with ice cream \$2.95, and T-bone steak with the usual extras for \$11.95, the most expensive meal on the menu. Tables empty and get reoccupied with a steady flow of customers who always find a seat.

"That was fast," a smiling man two tables away says to the waitress who brings his lunch.

"Hi, my friend," Mimi says to a man lingering at the cash register to chat with a man on a counter stool. "Thank you," she yells after someone. "Have a good day — get some rest!"

The bill is \$6.25. I leave \$7.50. When I ask a waitress for a receipt, she hands me back the bill.

MIMI Yee came here from China in 1982. Her husband John, whose parents were already here, preceded her. She was 23. They left a very simple life, but weren't poor, in a city bigger than San Francisco outside of Hong Kong.

"Everybody was the same," she says.

She learned a little English in school.

After high school, she worked in a clock factory. There was no pressure. Things were manageable. They went to movies on weekends and relaxed.

Arriving in the United States was a shock.

"Here we were like newborn baby," she says.

She got a waitressing job at the Bashful Bull restaurant on Noriega near 19th Avenue. The customers were nice people who worked at museums, schools and hospitals, she says. John worked hard at various Chinese restaurants.

Their daughter was born here. With no time for school for herself, Mimi learned more English from customers and her daughter. Her daughter thinks what she sees and reads now about China is the way it is. Not so, Mimi tells her. "We thought Americans were what we saw in movies," Mimi says, "very nice and beautiful, not people standing around asking for money."

But that was one of many jarring revelations to come.

After 10 years at the Bashful Bull someone told Mimi about an opportunity. The owner for 25 years of Manor House restaurant downtown wanted to sell because his wife was terminally ill. Mimi and John took a look.

The place had been empty for eight months and was filthy. Mimi didn't know how they did business. But she and John made the gutsy leap and signed their lives away to get the Tenderloin restaurant. Three people worked a week to clean it up. She figured the neighborhood might be a little rough, but she couldn't have imagined what it turned out to be like.

She wanted to quit after the first month, and 12 years later still can't find the words to describe the dimension of the ordeal.

"It's hard to explain how hard it was in the beginning," she said. "I didn't know how to handle these people. They don't know me and they give me hard time. I didn't know about the things they did — why do they do these things? I was very scared. I wanted to quit. But I couldn't."

Her section of the Tenderloin in the mid-'90s was the equal of any skid row. Customers were rude and threatening. The few friendly ones couldn't make up for the many abuses. Customers left without paying. Many demanded credit, which she gave and, consequently, lost a lot of money.

One day, drug dealers blocked her door and she couldn't get past them to open. She called the police four times that day. Some customers, she recalls, put their drug paraphernalia on the table and said it was part of their medicine. She didn't know any better. Customers mysteriously disappeared for long periods in the bathroom.

"I learned later why people were in the bathroom so long. Before, I never knew. I never thought about it."

One day, while cleaning a table, she realized nothing was on it. Everything had been stolen. Losing five pairs of salt and pepper shakers a day then was average.

"I lost money the first year," she said. "I knew it would be rough, but not this rough. I had no experience. The second year was a little better. Customers complained, but they'd come back."

"I don't know how I made it and paid all the bills. It's not easy to survive in San Francisco."

The neighborhood frightened customers from the Bashful Bull who came by to visit.

Waitress May Ling takes an order while a customer behind her picks up takeout food.



PHOTOS BY LENNY LIMJOCO

it's so cheap you can afford it'

"Oh, Mimi," they'd say, "why did you do this?" On a recent trip to the Bashful Bull, where prices are notably higher, this reporter found that she's remembered fondly.

Mimi has a handsome, wide face and dark eyes that look directly, innocently, without judgment. She speaks calmly, with little inflection. When she's moved to smile, she lights up the restaurant.

Her ability to deal squarely with people to earn their trust and confidence is as key to the restaurant's success as two major developments in the neighborhood in 2000. That October, the Tenderloin Police Station opened, and in December, TNDC bought the Antonia Manor.

Drug dealing outside dried up — Mimi could "feel" the difference — and TNDC's hotel renovation included the restaurant. When it reopened four years ago after being closed eight months, it sparkled. It was lean and functional and cheery. Old customers gleefully announced in neighborhood meetings that Manor House was back. They returned in force, and as the word spread, even "better" customers started showing up.

Part of Mimi's self-education was learning the difference between customers' personalities in the Sunset and those in the Tenderloin, and how to adapt.

As she speaks, a glassy-eyed young woman eating alone at a table behind her yells, "I'm going to the bathroom when I finish. And nobody's gonna stop me!" A young man across the room taunts back, "I can go to the bathroom any time."

Apparently, the woman's waitress told her the bathroom was being used and she couldn't get in. Mimi turned at once and assured the woman she could go to a second bathroom anytime and asked her to keep the noise down.

"You got to learn to say no sometimes," Mimi says. "You can't be too nice to certain people. They'll push you two steps back."

"But everything has changed. Now the people know me. I do business. I don't give them hard time. But anything happen, I pick up the phone and call police."

"They respect me. I respect them. Very important. I used to get mad. It's no use. You hurt yourself."

She no longer gets stiffed now for extending credit. She has a "pay ahead" policy. She arranged for case workers to send more than 20 clients' checks to her at the beginning of every month for clients who request it. Mimi meticulously keeps their bank tabs, going over the balance with the customer at every visit, even advising economic shortcuts that will keep them solvent through a month of dining at Manor House.

She still works 60-plus hours a week, shopping for deals in her off hours with her husband at Costco, Restaurant Depot and Cash & Carry. Every day, he peels 30 pounds of potatoes and makes mashed potatoes, potato salad and American fries, but they buy the French fries out.

There is no time for recreation. She's tired at the end of the day. She's 47, John is 58. Her idea of having a good time is sitting down to listen to the older customers' life stories. Otherwise, she remains cautious, ready, alert.

When customers ask how it's going, her pat answer is "so far, so good — because you never know from one moment to the next."

Things are better than ever, though, she says. She and John talk about what the neighborhood changes will bring, the new Salvation Army and St. Anthony buildings, for example. It'll be more and better business, she thinks, and hopefully the right kind of customers.

"Customers are like friends. Feelings all have changed. A lot of regulars don't have kitchens and treat it like home. They say it's like a community room here. I know the feeling."



ON a Tuesday in June, I slip into a seat at 10:15 a.m. The place is two-thirds full.

Service is a little slower today for no reason. At a table behind me a fat man belches rapidly three times and an amused man and a woman nearby turn to him. The smiling man nods and says, "That means it's good, it's good." The couple resume their own breakfasts.

You can get two eggs any style, potatoes or rice and toast for \$2.95. But I ask Mimi what's the most popular breakfast. She says biscuits and gravy or grits and eggs, because people say they usually can't get them at other places. Both are \$3.50.

I choose biscuits with scrambled eggs and sausage. Adding decaf coffee pushes the bill to \$4.65, and I get ice water in a plastic glass with a straw and coffee refills.

When it arrives, the eggs are a good color and tasty, the sausage is good quality, and half the plate has a thick, gray gravy swimming over two floury biscuits. The gravy appears flecked with ground beef, redolent of mess-hall SOS. The taste is passable. And this is a load to last four hours.

At the register two men in painter's clothes pay and leave, and Mimi explains figures on a notepad to a woman and tells her how much meal money she has left.

The clean white walls and pale aqua south wall, and the red spin stools at the counter keep the place from being dingy yet give it an old-timey feeling. Mimi put children's drawings, from a City Hall art project, on a back wall. "Customers need to know what kids are doing," she says.

More women are in today.

"May, May!" a lady calls to a waitress who comes over to her table immediately. A woman and her daughter slip into counter seats. And it seems a ground rule that when a customer sneezes, the nearest waitress does the blessing.

A man comes in, uncertain if he's going to stay, eyes darting, saying to no one in particular that he wants to sell his hat for \$2 and buy some crack.

At the counter, LeAuthry Carpenter has just ordered a \$1.75 bowl of oatmeal. When it arrives, he'll douse it with brown sugar. He's lived in the neighborhood since 1979 and has a disability. Right now he's in a shelter, waiting

for an SRO room. He seems happy and younger than his 46 years. Carpenter says he gives half his SSI check to Mimi every month. He eats here twice a day, every day, having chicken and turkey at least four times a week.

"I run a tab," he says. "It's easier that way. I always have a place to eat."

It was 10 years ago on the street that a stranger leaving the restaurant with fish and chips told Carpenter how good they were. So Lee, as his friends call him, walked in and basically never left.

"I love the place," Carpenter says. "They treat us like family. They won't beat you out of your money. It's a place you can trust, and it's so cheap you can afford it."

He pauses to order hot water and lemon for tea.

"They were closed for remodeling eight months," he says. "I came right back. Nothing here compares with it. It's the best restaurant in the country."

At a table behind him an old blind woman with her cane is helped into a seat by a young woman. A waitress comes to the old woman's side and gets introduced as Mimi. But no, the waitress says, she's not Mimi. The old woman gruffly yells, "Mimi, Mimi get over here!" Mimi appears and slips her hand into the old woman's.

With her other hand the old woman gives Mimi a large shopping bag. "Here," she says, "these cookies are for you." Mimi thanks her profusely. The old lady launches into rapid-fire queries about Mimi's family, calling everyone by name. She seems happy then, and announces she's having coffee — "I never eat anything and I say whatever I want" — and is treating her new assistant to breakfast. She lifts her skirt hem to get a folded brown napkin out of her stocking. "Here," she says, handing it to Mimi.

Mimi unfolds it and finds money. "I'm taking a five and a one," Mimi says and hands the packet back. The old woman returns it to her stocking.

Afterward, Mimi says the old woman comes in almost every day and only has coffee.

"She's grouchy if you don't know her," Mimi says. "She's nice. But you have to let her know you."

That's how it works at Manor House. ■

The Manor House's cook and co-owner, John Yee, is even more the unsung hero than his wife, Mimi. His touch keeps customers coming back and the restaurant's ratings rising.

COMMUNITY CALENDAR

SPECIAL EVENTS

Historic district meeting, Thu., July 10, 10 a.m., 259 Hyde St., 2nd Fl. Property owners' informational meeting, presented by Tenderloin Housing Clinic and state Office of Historic Preservation, on the nomination of Upper Tenderloin Historic District for the National Register of Historic Places. Office of Historic Preservation information: Jay Correia, (916) 653-9054.

COMMUNITY: REGULAR SCHEDULE HOUSING

Supportive Housing Network, 2nd 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, facilitate communication.

HEALTH AND MENTAL HEALTH

CBHS Consumer Council, 3rd Tuesday of the month, 3-5 p.m., CBHS, 1380 Howard, Rm. 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, Suite 928. Call: 421-2926 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 James Chionsini, 703-0188 x304.

Hoarders and Clutterers Support Group, 870 Market, Suite 928. Call for dates and times: 421-2926 x306.

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 III-S.F., 3rd Wednesday of the month, 6:30-8:30 p.m., Family Service Agency, 1010 Gough, 5th Fl. Call 905-6264. Family member group, open to consumers and the public.

SAFETY

Safety for Women in the Tenderloin, every 3rd Wednesday, Central City SRO Collaborative, 259 Hyde St., 4-6 p.m. Informal, friendly environment, refreshments, gender sensitive to LGBTQ community and sex workers. Discuss how to make Tenderloin SROs safer for women. Information: Alexandra Goldman, volunteer campaign coordinator, 775-7110 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.sfgov.org/sffdnert, or call Lt. Arteseros, 970-2022.

SoMa 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 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. Call Susan Black, 345-7300. Neighborhood safety.

NEIGHBORHOOD IMPROVEMENT

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

Boeddeker Park cleanup, 3rd Saturday of the month, 9-noon, organized by the Friends of Boeddeker 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. Addresses District 6 residential and business concerns, voter education forums. Information: 339-VOTE (8683) or centralcitydemocrats@yahoo.com.

Central Market Community Benefit District, board meets 2nd Tuesday of the month, 989 Market St., 3rd Fl., 3 p.m. Information: 882-3088, <http://central-market.org>.

Community Leadership Alliance. CLA Community Advocacy Commission monthly meeting, City Hall, Room 034. Subcommittee meetings and informational forums held monthly at the Tenderloin Police Station Community Room. Information: David Villa-Lobos, admin@CommunityLeadershipAlliance.net.

Friends of Boeddeker Park, 2nd Thursday of the month, 3:30 p.m., Boeddeker Rec Center, 240 Eddy. 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: 538-8100 x202.

North of Market Planning Coalition, 3rd Wednesday of the month, 6 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, 440-7570.

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

South of Market Project Area Committee, 3rd Monday of the month, 6 p.m., 1035 Folsom, between 6th & 7th Sts. Health, Safety and Human Services Committee meets monthly on the first Tuesday after the first Monday, 1035 Folsom, noon. Information: 487-2166 or www.sompac.com.

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 sharing information and taking on neighborhood development issues.

SENIORS AND DISABLED

Mayor's Disability Council, 3rd Friday of the month, 1-3 p.m., City Hall, Rm. 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 Wednesday, 10 a.m.; Senior Housing Action, third Wednesday, 1:30; Information: 546-1333 and www.senioractionnetwork.org.

SUPERVISORS' COMMITTEES

Budget and Finance Committee Daly, Duffy, Ammiano, Mirkarimi, Elsbernd, Wednesday, 1 p.m.

Land Use Committee Maxwell, Sandoval, McGoldrick, Monday, 1 p.m.

TENDERLOIN HEALTH

a continuum of care

Outreach and Community Events July 2008

Health Promotion Forum

Topic: Yoga for You

Speaker: Annie Leguennec, Shih Yu-Lang Central YMCA

Date/Time: Tuesday, July 29, 12 pm - 1:30 pm

HIV Treatment Forum

Topic: Adherence and Tolerability

Speaker: Nina Grossman, Tibotec Therapeutics

Date/Time: Monday, July 21, 3 pm - 4 pm

Client Advisory Panel

Come talk with Tenderloin Health's 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: Wednesday, July 9, 11:30 am - 1 pm;

Wednesday, July 23, 11:30 am - 1 pm

Volunteer and Intern for Tenderloin Health

Orientation: Sunday, July 13, 12 pm - 6:30 pm

220 Golden Gate Ave., 3rd Floor

lunch provided

You must register for volunteer trainings.

Stop in/call Emilie (415) 437-2900 ext. 234.

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



Join Us!

You'll Fit Right In

youth day camp
youth fitness
family camp
childwatch
family fun nights
tri-club training
swimming
kick boxing
personal trainers
boot camp
group exercise
strength training

Come in today for your free 7 day pass or visit www.ymca10daypass.com to get your free 10 day pass.

YMCA

Find your local Y at www.ymca.org
For more information, call 415.777.9622
Offer valid through 9.15.08



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Blue Studio: Home of Chad Xavier's saintly pigeons

BY ED BOWERS

I LOVE pigeons. When I worked security at Embarcadero Center in 2001 they were my only friends besides a few guards who eventually had nervous breakdowns or committed a faux pas and got fired.

Chad Xavier, who has been a professional artist for 24 years, specializes in portraying pigeons with halos over their heads. They are saints exposed to everything from knives, Bibles, dead fish, crosses, snakes; one is portrayed exposed to only itself standing hunched over like a lonely Times Square junkie on a sidewalk. The pigeons appear all-accepting, asking nothing from anyone, judging no one.

I remember standing on my balcony two years ago and observing a gull swoop down on a group of pigeons standing on the balcony opposite mine. The gull eviscerated one of the pigeons and ate it. The other pigeons stood there next to the gull and did nothing as it digested one of their own. This was in the Tenderloin. A lot of people in the Tenderloin end up like pigeons, and I found Xavier's portraits of pigeons extremely insightful and accurate. They are on display at Xavier's Blue Studio, 2111 Mission St.

But this is not a one-note samba show. There are portraits of people as well, individuals who, from the intense and searing expressions in their eyes, appear to be fighting for their individuality tooth and nail. I know a lot of people like that; they pay for it. If they fail, they end up on the corner of Taylor and Turk begging for quarters.

One all-acrylic painting is of a

woman looking sideways; her expression seemed to change the longer I stared. She appeared to become increasingly angry, almost psychotic. I suppose if I'd stared at her long enough, we might have made friends, or maybe not. Good art is like that: It opens the mind to infinite possibilities. Those possibilities could lead to Nob Hill or Taylor and Turk: As the old saying goes, "Six to one, half a dozen to the other."

There also are pen-and-ink drawings that are extremely interesting. One is of a sunflower with two bald guys in striped suits looking away; in the background is a stained glass motif. Beauty is frightening. Humans are afraid to look at it straight in the face. Pigeons are not.

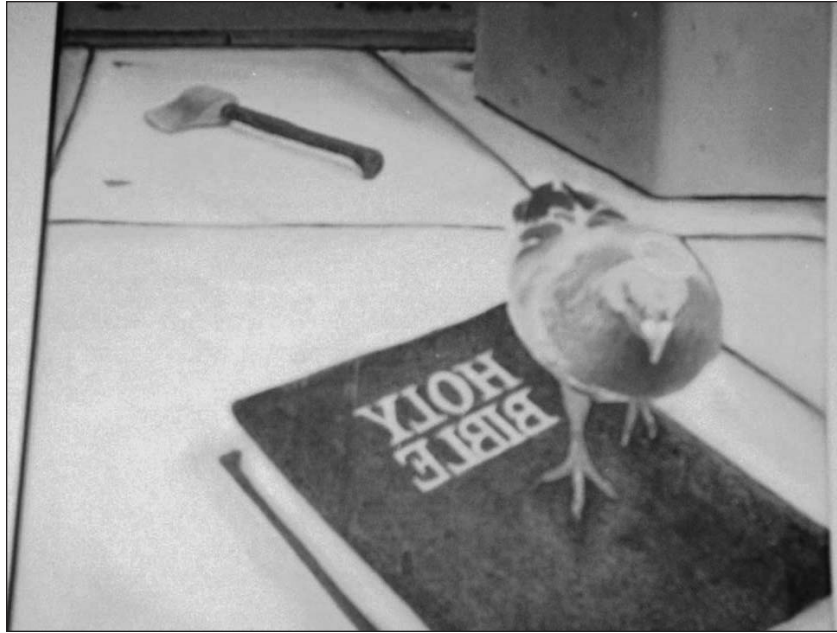


PHOTO BY ED BOWERS

Pigeon with a halo and some heavy reading material at Blue Studio.

Also at this exhibit are three intricate pen-and-ink drawings of Poetry Under The Dome, advertising the annual City Hall event started by poet Charlie Getter where underground poets read their stuff under the rotunda in City Hall. These are beautiful, rather like the Sixties pen-and-inks of rock star events, and I believe they are destined to be extremely valuable. So any of you entrepreneurs out there better get on it now! The April 30 Poem Under the Dome might be the last for quite awhile. I hope so, because there are so many phony exhibitionists in San Francisco congregating to this show to read their rhetoric that it gives poetry and the underground culture a bad name by turning it into a joke.

I was going to do a review of this show in unison with the Blue Studio review but I don't have the stomach for it.

But Xavier's drawings are beautiful, sort of like a lotus rising out of mud. I suggest that anyone with an interest in art go see his work in the Blue Studio. The Blue Studio is a collective where artists who exhibit share the rent and exhibit their pieces without having to get on their hands and knees and beg to be shown in galleries whose bottom line is big money. I believe it needs all the attention it can get.

Xavier is a profound artist and he is doing it himself. I observed visitors to the gallery purchasing his pieces, so get them while they're hot.

Support the Blue Gallery and his work. You will never see pigeons or people the same way again. ■

—Blue Studio is open by appointment only. Call Chad Xavier at 571-7657.

New visitor policy causing problems, tenants say

► CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

made \$25 or \$30 an hour.

"But you also find people doing a shitty job at \$1 million a year," he said.

Managers hire the clerks. Are they making poor choices? Are standards too low?

To get rid of lousy managers, tenants have to "put it on people's radars," he said. The same goes for desk clerks, although he said he realized intimidation and retaliation were sometimes at work. Start documenting instances, talk to other tenants, get tenants together to draft a petition, go to Supervisor Chris Daly's office, he said.

"My building did this," said Bruce Windrem from the audience. "We made the complaints and then put them in writing. But they said it was all confidential, a personnel issue. So people felt frustrated."

"Get louder," Masiak said. "If the problem continues, get louder. Work through the organization to get rid of bad ones and praise the good ones —

report the good ones. I can help with this."

Masiak got a round of applause.

Other topics in breakout groups provided opportunities for venting but often ended with loose ends and no direction for action. The overnight guest policy amended by the Rent Board in October is not posted in many SROs and it's causing problems. Clerks aren't aware of it, or misunderstand that visitors don't have to be present at the time the request is made.

Tenants were concerned about getting a \$40 federal rebate back from a \$50 charge for a converter box to switch their television sets to digital by February. One tenant rep from the Pierre Hotel said 10 people at his hotel got the rebate, but others said they didn't. Collaborative staffer Luis Baharona said he was working to set up a meeting with House Speaker Nancy Pelosi's office to discuss the issue "so that everyone in an SRO gets it."

Baharona chaired the breakout group discussion on safe injection sites, basically a review of what exists in Europe and in Vancouver, Canada. The col-

laborative supports the efforts of the Dope Project and the Drug Policy Alliance to promote safe injection sites in San Francisco. That's an idea that interests Tenderloin police Capt. Gary Jimenez as well. Addicts would have a safe enclosure and individual rooms to fix in, with a nurse on hand and social services available to reduce many problems that addicts cause on the street. Baharona said grassroots volunteers are needed to survey tenants to find what they want to happen, to add to a policy paper that the groups are writing.

A high note of the convocation — before the free dinner was served — was Dean Preston's victory talk. He's a lawyer and executive director of Tenants Together, a group that worked in June to defeat Prop 98, which would have ended rent control in California. As a result of that "trouncing," he said, tenant groups throughout the state got organized like never before.

Preston said now is an opportunity to continue the momentum and "confront loopholes that are adverse to tenants." ■

Peer Support Line

575-1400

Office of Self-Help

1095 Market St., Suite 202

CITY COLLEGE OF SAN FRANCISCO
FALL SEMESTER BEGINS AUGUST 18TH

Space is still available in many noncredit courses offered this Fall at City College of San Francisco's **Alemany Campus** at 750 Eddy Street and other locations. Instruction begins August 18th. **Noncredit courses are free.** Select the courses you want below and go directly to class. For more information call (415) 561-1020 or visit www.ccsf.edu

FREE NONCREDIT COURSES				
CRN #	Course Title	Days	Times	Room #
85026	VESL Customer Service	Daily	8:30-9:20 am	750 Eddy St.
84874	Windows MS Office (Intro)	Daily	8:15-10:15 am	750 Eddy St.
84241	ESL Literacy A	Daily	8:15-10:15 am	750 Eddy St.
85025	ESL 5/6 Intensive	Daily	10:15 am-12 noon	750 Eddy St.
84331	ESL 5-8 Multilevel	M-Th	6:30-8:35 pm	750 Eddy St.
80109	ESL Beginning High	Daily	8:15-10:15 am	4301 Geary
84744	ESL Beginning 1-4 Multilevel	Daily	8:15-10:15 am	4301 Geary
83741	ESL Speaking Begin High	Daily	12:15-1:15 pm	4301 Geary
84654	ESL Literacy A	M-Th	6:30-8:35 pm	3151 Ortega
84330	ESL 5-8 Multilevel	M-Th	6:30-8:35 pm	3151 Ortega

Fairly positive 6th Street

When the Positively 6th Street Fair returns Aug. 2, there'll be something for everyone — hot dogs and haircuts, balloons and a bouncy house, hip-hop troupes and rock 'n' roll bands, face-painting and free bags of produce. And the giant puppets of

SOUTHSIDE

San Francisco-based Sun and Moon Ensemble. The fair has a practical side, too. Staff

members of more than two dozen government and nonprofit organizations will be there to give fairgoers info and advice on housing, health, safety and employment. The festivities, in Minna Alley a half-block south of Mission Street, will begin at 11 a.m. and run till 4 p.m. ■



PHOTO BY MARK ELLINGER

Bringing Back The Heart of the Presidio

Discover the birthplace of San Francisco at the heart of the Presidio, the historic Main Post. Imagine the once lively center of a military post as a home for history and culture...past, present, and future.

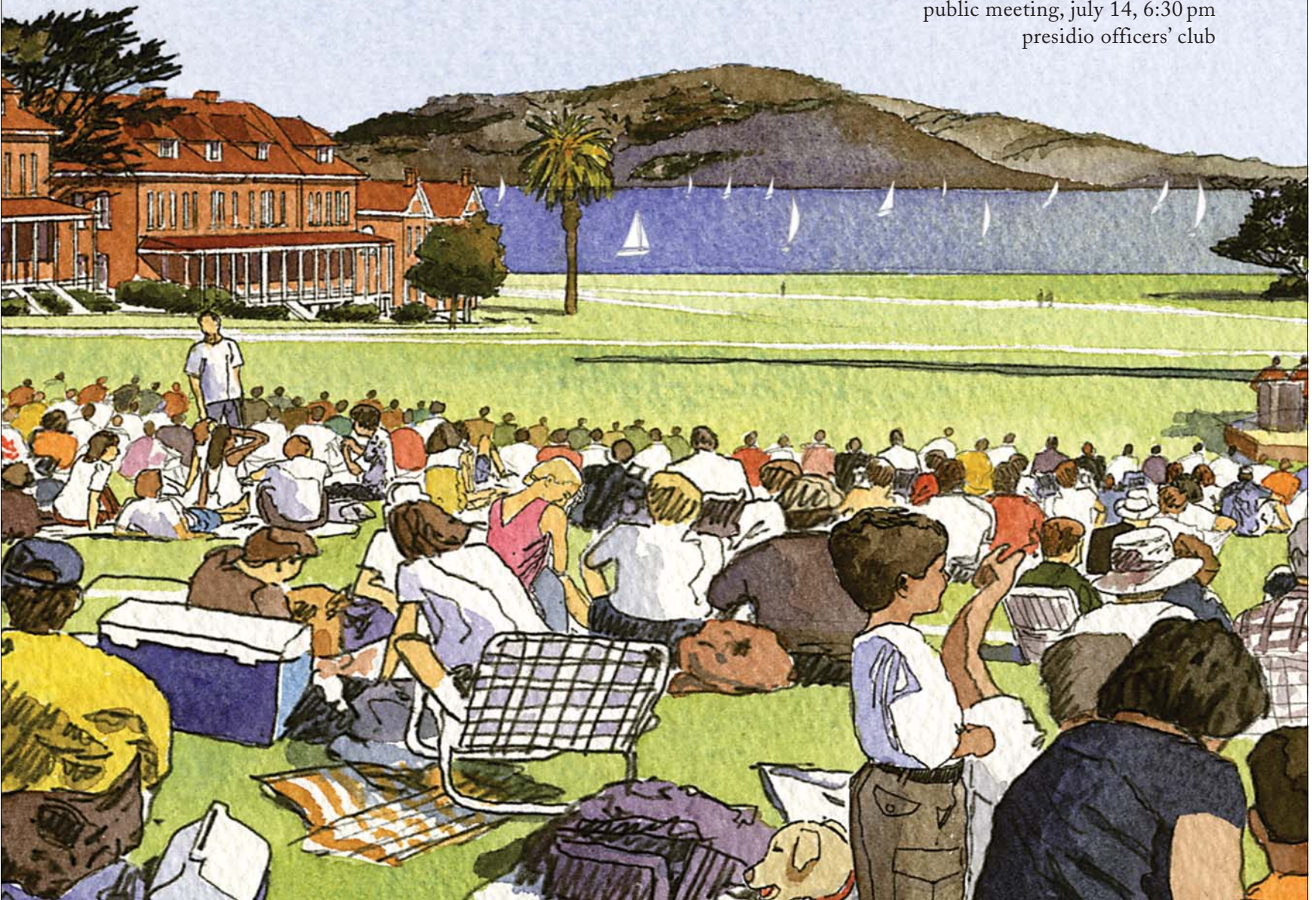
Come for a walk and tell us what you think about proposals for a Presidio heritage center, an archaeology lab, public uses in the iconic brick barracks, a park lodge, and a museum of contemporary art.

**come for a guided walk
every sunday & wednesday**

2–3:30 pm, through July 30
presidio officers' club, 50 Moraga Avenue
*group / special request tours also available

tell us what you think

mainpost@presidiotrust.gov
public meeting, July 14, 6:30 pm
presidio officers' club



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