

Crime stats hint at work ahead for the Justice Center

Opens March 15 though voters didn't want it

BY HEIDI SWILLINGER

THE Tenderloin's 2008 crime statistics are out, and there's some good news. Compared with 2007, there were fewer homicides. Robbery was down. So was aggravated assault, drunk driving, prostitution and even vandalism. Reports of rape didn't decrease, but as least they didn't go up – 13 each year.

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

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

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

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

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

Drugs are by far the Tenderloin's biggest, most pernicious law-enforcement problem. They not only accounted for 3,042 of the neighborhood's 7,876 nonviolent felony and misdemeanor complaints in 2008, drugs magnetize other criminal behavior. Women sell themselves. Men break into cars. Kids settle drug turf wars with guns. People get too high, lie in the street and defecate in doorways, which doesn't seem like much of a crime, unless it's the doorway to a shop you own and you have to clean it up.

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

People who commit drug-related misdemeanors or nonviolent felonies are most likely to be slapped with citations. They aren't well tracked, and no one has measured their deterrent effect. But, even in the best of economies, there's not enough city staff to ensure that those cited actually appear in court. "Our officers submit their citations knowing they're a useless piece of paper," says Jimenez.

The Community Justice Center is

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CENTRAL CITY

EXTRA

SAN FRANCISCO

'MY PARACHUTE'



Itzhak Volansky, musician and bookstore owner, wrote a song in 1979 that briefly resurfaced recently. This shot is from a DVD shown on YouTube.

5 minutes of fame

Long, strange trip: TL to Hollywood, Warfield to YouTube and back to Turk St.

BY TOM CARTER

SEATED on a stool where the ramshackle bookcases start, California Red, a neighborhood drop-in at McDonald's bookstore on Turk Street, softly strums his guitar for storeowner Itzhak "Isaac" Volansky, who occupies a chair across from Red.

Volansky, short, balding and 58, wears a

weak smile as the aimless chords wash over him. He's an island in the dead sea of derelict books, ancient magazines, battered boxes and other trash on the floor around him. It's approaching noon on a workday in December and the store is closed.

"I'm a musician trapped in a bookseller's body," Volansky says, his stock quip that suggests another standup occupation that eluded him.

But, recently, Volansky broke out. After agonizing years of dreaming of becoming a comic/composer/singer, it just happened. Volansky became a hot item and even answered his age-old riddle — "I always knew I'd be an overnight sensation, I just didn't know the night." A radio station asked a young rock band to take his dormant signature song, "My Parachute Won't Open," and shape the quirky thing their way. That done, it created a ripple of excitement.

"Now I have fame," Volansky said. "I just need fortune."

The group that raised Volansky up is Dizzy Balloon, five pop-rockers from tony Piedmont. They sound like the early Beatles and demonstrated that under pressure they can make lemonade when lobbed a lemon.

The fallout for Volansky was that after dwelling the better part of three decades in obscurity — fitfully trapped — he was invited to perform "My Parachute," solo, at Oracle Arena on Dec. 11. He did so before a sold-out concert crowd of 14,000. He claims he was all but mobbed by affectionate fans as he left the building, but we saw his tongue drift into his cheek when he said it.

An unlikely road led to his Volansky's latest fling with of fame.



Volansky, guitar in hand, parachute on back, sings at the Warfield.

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GOOD NEWS for...

A CORNER OF THE TL Work starts this month on Mona Caron's mural at the northeast corner of Golden Gate and Jones. Lisa Ruth Elliott, project manager, says she's looking for volunteers from the community. "We'll need help in the next month with basic nondecorative painting, priming areas for detail work, varnishing and creating grids for plotting details," Elliott wrote in an email. Volunteers also need to be expert at cleaning brushes, using a plumb line and "painting cleanly," she added. Funding for the \$63,000 project of the Tenderloin/North of Market Community Benefit District is from a Community Challenge Grant and the Mayor's Office of Economic and Workforce Development. Info: lisaruth.elliott@gmail.com

THE LOCAL WINNER Angela Au, a 17-year-old who attends Washington High School, was named the Tenderloin Clubhouse 2009 Youth of the Year. The honor — the Boys & Girls Clubs of San Francisco's highest award — entitled Au to compete with youth from the other eight city clubhouses to represent San Francisco in regional and national Boys & Girls Clubs competitions sponsored by Charles Schwab & Co. The citywide winner, announced Jan. 29, was Lowell High School student Diamond Davis, a member of the Excelsior Clubhouse. Local finalists like Au get a plaque, lapel pin and one-time \$500 scholarship; if they advance, they're eligible for \$1,000-a-year scholarships as well as "recognition and leadership opportunities," said TL Clubhouse Executive Director Patricia Zamora. Au, who has been coming to the Clubhouse since she was 7, is a youth leader, athlete and artist, Zamora added. She was feted Feb. 5 at a Youth of the Year celebration at the 201 Turk St. Community Room. For more information: pzamora@kidsclub.org or 351-2582 (Clubhouse office).

BROWN BAGGERS Looking for a new place to sit in the sun to eat your sandwich? This just in from embyrne@attglobal.net: A new plaza, on Ninth Street just off Market, is open to the public from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. Park benches, attractive landscaping, even lunchtime concerts when weather permits are some of the amenities. The plaza is just north of the Quaker Meeting Hall, next to the State Compensation Insurance Fund building.

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

Smile, suspect caught on candid cameras

BY MARJORIE BEGGS

POLICE Capt. Gary Jimenez dropped by the January Tenderloin Futures Collaborative meeting unannounced. It's something he does periodically, not because he's on the agenda but as just another interested community provider.

This time, when two of the three presenters didn't show, Jimenez filled the remaining half-hour answering questions from the dozen people around the table.

"Can you give us an update on Adam's camera?" asked Michael Nulty, Alliance for a Better District 6 president.

(In early December, TL resident Adam Jackson aimed a live-streaming Web cam and microphone out the window of his Ellis and Taylor apartment and captured life six stories below, including some crimes, that then aired on his Website. Within weeks, Jackson pulled the plug on the camera, the result of harassment and death threats, according to the Chronicle and sf.curbed.com, a Website covering the news in San Francisco neighborhoods.)

"I'm not really sure what happened to [Adam Jackson]," Jimenez said, "but I think he's moved out of the neighborhood."

Cameras have become a touchy subject. Just five days before this Collaborative meeting, the UC Center for Information Technology Research in the Interest of Society released a 184-page report on the city's 55 surveillance cameras, installed between 2005 and 2007 at a cost of \$12,500 each. In the central city, they're operating at O'Farrell and Jones, U.N. Plaza and Hallidie Plaza.

Mayor Newsom fought for the cameras, impressed by Chicago's success with 2,300 cameras monitored by police in real time. Supervisor Chris Daly fought against them, calling them a waste of money and an invasion of privacy. Then-TL police Capt. Kathryn Brown called the inclusion of U.N. Plaza "brilliant." She also had wanted a camera at Turk and Taylor.

The report said the cameras may be deterring purse-snatchers and pickpockets citywide but do nothing to

prevent or reduce violent crimes or drug dealing. The reasons are numerous: Cameras operate 24/7, but police aren't allowed to monitor the cameras in real time — too big-brotherish, even Newsom agreed. If police think a specific camera may have captured something useful, they have to request image copies from it within 14 days; after that, images are erased because data storage is limited. Frames per second are so low that images are choppy, hampering identification of perps and license plates. And no one oversees the camera program, the report said.

Jimenez offered mild apologies. "The cameras aren't as good as they could be," he said, but he remains a fan. "Cameras are great — they tell the truth."

He turned out to be prescient.

Seven hours after the Collaborative meeting, 31-year-old Darnell Curry was stabbed to death on the sidewalk in front of 201 Turk St., and two cameras caught at least part of the crime. But they weren't the much-maligned city cameras. One was at the City Radio/MetroPCS store at 401B Turk, the other at Salvation Army's Kroc Center across the street, at 240 Turk.

Jimenez told The Extra by email, "The quality of the video was not all that great but was very instrumental in the arrest of the murderer. Metro PCS ... captured the stabbing in front of their store, and the Kroc Center ... caught the suspect in flight from the area."

Peter Azar, a City Radio employee, says the police couldn't have seen the act.

High on the back wall of the store, which is jammed with myriad electronic and digital gizmos, a monitor displays the angles picked up by the store's two cameras, both inside. One is aimed out the door toward the sidewalk, the other trained on the middle counter where a customer might be standing.

The police came to see what City Radio's cameras caught, Azar said, but it wasn't much. "Through the open front door they could see an argument outside, people moving, the victim hitting someone with the outdoor plastic ad sign, but they didn't capture the stabbing."

Curry, in a wheelchair, managed

to get to an ambulance that happened to be parked nearby on Jones Street, but died before he reached S.F. General.

Over at the Kroc Center, two outside cameras caught the stabbing suspect fleeing.

"The police came after the stabbing to see if they could identify the man, and they downloaded the images from our DVR," said Shelton Yee, the center's director of operations. He doubts that police could have seen the man's face, but they saw enough to place him at the scene.

The night of the crime, Capt. Jimenez clarified what happened in a special police crime bulletin sent by email to community groups: "Initially, the police could not find a witness nor the crime scene, but through viewing the video cameras ... were able to locate where the incident occurred and images of the stabbing and escaping suspect."

"Plainclothes officers located a man matching the description of the suspect who was found to be in possession of a bloody knife."

The Kroc Center camera — a ProVideo CVC-7MWTDV — is one of four near the front door, two inside and two outside, and are part of an arsenal of 59 security cameras throughout the building. Yee said center staff monitor the images in real time "casually, as part of their work during the day," but no one was watching when the stabbing suspect fled.

Like the new center, its cameras are state of the art and produce smooth, seamless 29.97 frames-per-second images. The Chronicle reported that city cameras can go up to only 12 frames per second and, worse, often are set to a quarter of that or less to save storage space.

Jimenez said the assailant was arrested within 45 minutes and that the Kroc Center video may become important to the case.

"We've gathered enough evidence to have the district attorney accept the case and prosecute it," the captain said. "The video was booked into evidence — it'll be discovered to the defendant's attorney and possibly used against him." ■

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

CENTRAL City Extra has a responsibility to reflect the community it serves. Within that parameter are decisions based on fact. Information is given placement based on priority. In many ways, those decisions are determined by the pulse, the climate and the daily struggles of your readers. Central City Extra also chooses how it will acknowledge individuals, some while they live, others when they die.

To devote over two pages to the life of Hank Wilson was more than just a tribute to him. Readers discovered how he encouraged others to understand their own role in raising the quality of life for themselves, their neighbors and their friends.

Many lives were transformed by Hank Wilson. In turn, many whose life he changed responded by reach-

ing out to help others. This was the world of Hank Wilson and this clearly defines what we call community.

Hank Wilson was a person who understood education. He knew how to teach and he set an example for many. Central City Extra captured the layer upon layer of lives he changed. When you honored Hank Wilson, you also honored many who make San Francisco a better city, the Tenderloin a more vibrant community and you let us all know that, like Hank Wilson, we have the opportunity to make our world a better place.

Now the time has come to say thanks for the important and responsible coverage you, Tom Carter, and other Central City Extra staff have given to the life of Hank Wilson.

Allen White
San Francisco

ERRATA In Issue 85, the Futures Collaborative story contained errors: The TL police captain was holding meetings seven years ago, and the Safety Network has never held regular public meetings. Also, the 220 Golden Gate efficiency kitchenettes will have two built-in electric burners. Our report on Proposition L said the Community Justice Center will address quality-of-life violations; it will prosecute nonviolent felonies and misdemeanors.



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

BY ED BOWERS

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

Hell is a run-on sentence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bay having a lot of fun, and me too.

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

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

A R T **CENTRAL CITY EXTRA!** B E A T



PHOTOS BY CHAD E. XAVIER

It was like the pope had just arrived at a wine bar in Italy in a dog suit.

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

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

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

America, which is currently going spiritually and monetarily bankrupt.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Adopt a homeless human dog.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Plus, this would be great for Tourism.

The kids would love it.

Readers can email Ed Bowers at centralcityextra@studycenter.org. ■

TL landmark McDonald's B

BY TOM CARTER

LEGENDARY McDonald's Bookstore, king of the overstuffed, moldering used book emporiums, was evicted from 48 Turk St. in December by TNDC for not paying rent, thus ending its 80-year run.

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

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

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

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

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

"A first edition Stephen King novel used to go for \$250," he said. "Now it's \$1."

Hired neighborhood regulars ankle-deep in trash packed books into cardboard boxes one day in December as Volansky spoke. They call him "Isaac" and know him as a kind man who's good for a handout. His hand-written A-frame board, usually outside, stood forlornly nearby. Its now-deflated parody reads, "A dirty, poorly-lit place for books."

"It's sad," said TNDC Executive Director Don Falk. "But we gave him many, many chances and his rent was unbelievably inex-

pensive. For several years he was unable to function as a business."

TNDC's mission is to provide low-cost housing for the neighborhood, and that includes storefront retail and nonprofit businesses to enhance the community. Falk said because McDonald's occupies a commercial space, housing isn't a consideration and TNDC has no plans for it and hasn't tried to market it.

"Ideally, we'd find a community-serving retail use for the space," Falk said. "But I don't know if we can find anyone willing to operate a business there, given the street activity. I think a nonprofit office use is a possibility."

Volansky said he owed \$12,000 in back rent.

"It's maybe double that," said Bailey Williams of Ventura Properties, who handles TNDC's rentals. "I've been trying to work with him for five years. To have a business, you have to stay open and pay rent. He couldn't do either. He's closed for days, weeks on end. It's been a downward spiral for a long time."

Two years ago, Williams said, he met with Volansky and his wife and drew up an agreement.

"He was to pay rent on the first of the month," Williams said. "But he hasn't paid anything since last February. And his lease expired six months ago. He had all sorts of excuses."

HOLLYWOOD PUT ON HOLD

Volansky had won a song-writing contest in 1979 and was on his way to collect his prize in Hollywood and start a career when his father died and left him and his sister McDonald's Bookstore. "And I don't really like books," he says.

His father had bought the store in 1954 from Jock McDonald, who had opened it in 1926. Both men had added voluminously to the material, from 1913 National Geographics to high school yearbooks to 1950s porn to scholarly books in Hebrew and Yiddish and much more.

McDonald's attracted thousands of young and old, rich and poor, famous and homeless. Breathing in the aromatic mustiness, they meandered upstairs and downstairs through the dimly lit 4,000-square-foot acreage, trolling for buried treasures.



In defunct McDonald's, owner Itzhak Volansky

Chris Isaak came for surfer magazines, Larry McMurtry for adventure, George Lucas and Francis Ford Coppola staffers looked for book and magazine movie props, and Michael Jackson — after being driven up in a limousine and asking Volansky to close for him — bought \$250 worth of kids' books.

"I only do it for the people — they love it," Volansky said.

But he and his sister fought continuously. To avoid each other, they alternated days at the store.

"The customers appreciated it," he said. They went to court. He bought her out.

The store nearly closed in the 1990s, but he said a story in the Chronicle helped him launch a successful sale that revived his finances.

How Dizzy Balloon carries 'My

► CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Itzhak Volansky is shown in the aerial dive from his *My Parachute* DVD.

His story actually began in 1979 when he wrote "My Parachute." The lyrics are about a busted love affair and the woes that arise from a sloppy job of packing the parachute as the jilted man falls toward earth from a plane, counting, in feet, his diminishing space.

It's not very musical and not quite droll. But he entered it in a Hollywood song-writing contest and it won. Volansky set off for LaLa Land to collect the prize and ignite his career. But his father, who owned McDonald's, died right then and left him the store (see sidebar).

The career, and his pursuit of it, dissolved. Time passed. Lots of it.

Volansky didn't have the chops of Tiny Tim or the garulous rhyming of Nervous Norvus (of "Transfusion" and "Ape Call" fame). But in his spare time he still plunked away on his guitar and dreamed of what might have been. He let his skewed humor work its wonders, spoofs being his delight. "I Shot the Lawyer, but I Did Not Shoot the Secretary" was one. "Imagine There's No Yoko" was another.

He puts them right down there with "Fifty Ways to Bomb Sadaam" and "The Weight Watchers Theme Song (Every Bite You Take)." One cute title after another.

But "My Parachute" had legs. So he made a video of himself singing it, using as background some aerial footage from an East Bay sky-diving company. The result shows him singing and strumming his guitar, then

suddenly in a freefall past fluffy white clouds as he sings hollowly of his breakup and the malfunctioning chute.

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

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

In November, the CBS-owned FM station Live 105 announced a contest to find an opening band for its annual Not So Silent Night, six-band concert at Oracle Arena on Dec. 11.

Volansky had nothing to lose by throwing "My Parachute" out into the mix; perhaps his talent would be rediscovered and fate would smile again.

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

Over one week, Live 105 fans voted for their top five bands to compete Dec. 8 at Cafe du Nord and be judged by a panel. Among the finalists was Dizzy Balloon. The lads had cooked together at Piedmont High School and now as college sophomores they were shucking a year of school to give performing a full



Bookstore evicted by TNDC



PHOTO BY TOM CARTER

holds an item once popular before life changed.

piled into a large truck. Half of the stuff was stored at Volansky's 116-118 Turk St. building and the rest elsewhere.

"When we renovated, we offered to upgrade (his store space)," Falk said. "But his choice was to keep it grungy. And (afterward) it became hazardous."

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

"It was the best time of my life," Volansky said. "They paid me not to work. I wrote songs."

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

Volansky admits he had only casually supervised the book removal and return. Movers put the unmarked boxes back haphazardly on the shelves. Downstairs, thousands of publications

remained packed in boxes. Worse, Volansky said, the inventory stored in the next block wasn't returned.

"This is the first I've heard of it," Falk said. "And where would he put them, anyway?"

When McDonald's reopened, buttressed with giant diagonal steel girders, it was a poor shadow of its former hodgepodge. Compounding Volansky's woes was a leaky ceiling under the Dalt. In December, two puddles on the floor in back and curled covers in one of his National Geographic sections were mute evidence.

"They promised a waterproof ceiling with the retrofit," Volansky said, "and I was happy to hear it because books and water don't mix. I went to see the Dalt manager about it many

times. No, I forgot his name."

Falk hadn't heard about this complaint either. "It's likely it did leak," Falk said. "We have 80,000 square feet and those things happen. Our operations people would handle it."

CHAOS INSIDE, VIOLENCE OUTSIDE

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

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

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

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

The block is among the most violent in the city. Murders have been committed outside the 21 Club at the Turk-Taylor corner. Stabbings and fistfights are common in front of the Aranda. And the Dalt still carries the stigma of June 28, 2003, when John Bravard, described by residents as "a ticking time bomb," fatally shot three men in the lobby, then killed himself in his fourth-floor room.

"The police bring their cleaning to Edwards but do nothing about the crowd," Volansky said. "They walk right by it. The potential good foot traffic from Market Street takes one look at the street and doesn't want to come here."

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

Parachute' to 5 minutes of fame

PHOTOS BY HEIDI SWILLINGER

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

But before the Cafe du Nord showdown, Axelsen wrote to A.P. Petros, a guitarist and singer with Dizzy Balloon.

"He suggested we cover 'My Parachute Won't Open,'" Petros told The Extra. "I'd never heard of it (the song). But the station has done us some favors and we owed them so I said, sure. And then I heard it and said, 'Oh my god, we have to cover that?' I wouldn't have believed a year ago that we'd be covering a YouTube song."

Petros and band member Jonny Flannes spent five hours crafting Dizzy Balloon's rendition. They recorded it and sent it to Axelsen, not sure what he had in mind.

Later, at the Cafe du Nord contest, Dizzy Balloon swayed the industry judges and won the playoff. They played five songs, including the energetic "Raise A Glass," the group's tour de force and top vote-getter among the fans. They didn't play "My Parachute" and the song wasn't in their plans.

But the next day, "The Woody Show" — Live 105's popular 5:30 to 10 a.m. rock program — played Dizzy Balloon's cover. A video on the program's Website shows the staff whooping it up and keeping time with waving hands as Dizzy Balloon plays. So catchy and Beatles-like, it's a silk purse.

The day after, Volansky was a guest on "The Woody Show" and was invited to play the piece himself on stage at the Not So Silent Night show.

So, on Dec. 11, the intrepid bookstore owner appeared with his guitar on an Oracle Arena side stage. He was in full voice and wearing the parachute harness and a bright orange jumpsuit — "I don't like to be seen in the same one all the time." Before him was a sold-out youngish crowd of 14,000, primed for a night of sweaty rock music.

In offering up arguably the worst of their contestants, the radio people were hanging Volansky out to dry. They expected some booing, maybe a lot.

But that's not what happened. There was something about the wistful tune and forlorn singer that stunned the audience into silence. Why, he could have been some dude's dad who took a wrong door into the place. There was no booing and, at the end, respectful applause.

"Afterward in the hallway, people were shaking my hand and wanting photos taken with me," Volansky said. Then he added with a smile, "The women wanted to rip my clothes off. They didn't care about the music. They just wanted to fuck the musician."

Reaction on YouTube varied. Some samples: "Why is such a horrible song so awesome?" "Pure genius." "He's like a comedian/singer/librarian." "This guy is retarded, this song is retarded." "Suck it." "I'm proud to say I saw him play this song last night at NSSN."

And, "Hey, the dude has heart and balls." Statistically, Volansky's creation was a success. His "My Parachute" version on YouTube that had limped along six months ago with very few hits, soared during a few weeks in December to 22,000 hits, the result of the radio

show's publicity, the magic night and the band. Dizzy Balloon's Website showed that "Raise A Glass" was the band's No. 1 song, with 30,600 requested plays, and its newly added "My Parachute" had jumped into fifth place with 3,800 hits. The video begins by showing Volansky strumming his guitar — a snippet from his video — then fades to show the band performing on stage while the cover plays in the background.

"A copyright infringement," Volansky says. "But I don't care. I need all the covers I can get."

In assessing "My Parachute's" impact, Dizzy Balloon's band members struck a professional pose.

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

Over the Christmas holidays the Live 105 station receptionist put the episode in perspective, but preferred anonymity.

The "goof" song that was "so bad it was okay" had already fallen out of playing rotation. "It was not something of quality," he said, "and it's not like we don't appreciate him (Volansky) or admire him — it was worthwhile spending time on it. But it's here today, gone tomorrow. It happens to legitimate artists, too."

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

CHRISTOPHER MARCUS HEVEY
'Painfully shy'

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

He buried himself in his computer programs. Eventually, the residents connected and found him to be "truly a nice person," "a gentle giant who never complained about things" and, as one mourner said at Mr. Hevey's memorial Jan. 13, "the most tolerant person I've ever known."

On a table near a spread of apples and pound cake were framed pictures of Mr. Hevey that his mother had sent, a half dozen lighted candles and his emblazoned blue T-shirt that was found in his closet and nicely summed up his personality with, "Just shy not anti-social (you can talk to me!)."



Mr. Hevey died in a Palm Springs hotel on Christmas Day of unknown causes. He was 39. He had been visiting his mother, a nurse, who lives there. She had gotten him a hotel room, according to Roberta Goodman, manager of the Empress. Mr. Hevey hadn't responded to knocking on his door and when staff went inside, at the mother's request, they found his body.

"It's not clear what he died of," Goodman said. "And it takes weeks to find out causes."

Mr. Hevey, who used a cane, told his nurse that he had chronic pain but she didn't know why, she said.

Mr. Hevey was bright. He once worked for Time Warner as a computer expert, according to his mother, Goodman said. He was born in Australia and at 9 moved to the United States. He attended a Quaker school in the East and a military school in South Carolina. He had college scholarship offers, but turned them down because he wanted to go to flight school, though the family couldn't afford that.

The residents, though, knew him as a science fiction movie buff with oodles of state-of-the-art computer programs — yet he preferred wearing beaten-up earphones. He was a Trekkie and had all the episodes of the television show "The Prisoner," too, plus other collections that cluttered his sixth-floor room.

Mr. Hevey loved shopping for bargains, then telling the residents about them. But most often the stuff didn't interest them.

"He was painfully shy, but not impolite," said Robert Abate, who lived across the hall from Mr. Hevey. "I miss him."

Dorothy Streutker of Network Ministries conducted the memorial and at the end sang "Soft as the Voice of an Angel." ■

—TOM CARTER

RAUL VASQUEZ
'Loved his big family'

On the table at the front of the Camelot Hotel's community room were candles, a photo of Raul Vasquez and his wife, Benita, and a bright red T-shirt. Screened on it was "Rest in Peace Raul 1959-2008" with a photo of Mr. Vasquez as a dashing young man.

"The T-shirt was a Christmas gift from my son-in-law," said Benita Vasquez tearfully.

Mr. Vasquez died of alcohol-related complications right before Christmas in the hotel where he'd



Benita and Raul Vasquez

lived for three years. He was about a month shy of his 50th birthday.

At a Jan. 8 memorial, friends, hotel residents and staff gathered to remember Mr. Vasquez, who was born in Mexico.

"I met Raul and his wife here in San Francisco," said Edwin Valez. "I got to love him in a short time — I hope he understood my love."

Others said Mr. Vasquez was cheerful all the time, "a good servant," and someone "who had few words of English but was a very good person — I admired him."

Hotel Case Manager Sherman Woods got to know Mr. Vasquez quite well, he said. "Raul was a quiet man, but he was interesting. He had a big heart and he loved his big family."

Woods recalled that he didn't want to worry people. "When he was getting sick, I'd see him and before I even asked, he'd say, 'I'm fine, I'm fine.'"

Another Camelot resident said that Raul was nice to everyone. "That goes a long way here. I don't usually come to these memorials, but I'm here today to support Benita."

Raul and Benita Vasquez were not living together when he died, but they had had a long, productive marriage, she said: "We were married for 23 years and had eight children. We always had a couple of problems, but he was a good, good person." ■

—MARJORIE BEGGS

RAM NARAYAN

When Ram Narayan and his wife left Fiji and moved to San Francisco in 1994, they lived at the Helen Hotel at 166 Turk. Mr. Narayan soon began to manage the hotel, then rented an apartment across the street at 165 Turk, a 27-unit building owned by TNDC, where he lived for two years.

In November, Mr. Narayan spent three weeks in St. Mary's Hospital with a terminal illness, and on Dec. 14, he died in Fiji. Her was 71.

"His family knew he was close to death, and wanted to take him back to Fiji," said Patsy Gardner, 165 Turk's general manager.

At a Jan. 27 memorial for Mr. Narayan at 165 Turk, Gardner talked about how she felt a connection with him since they were both building managers.

"Ram was a big, strong man — proud, gracious, kind to all of us," she said. "And he also was a caring and giving man who loved his three sons and his wife."

One son also rents an apartment at 165 Turk. He and his mother had just returned from the funeral in Fiji. They attended the memorial and sat sadly, silently dabbing at their eyes, as Gardner spoke and the Rev. Glenda Hope officiated at the brief ceremony. A second son lives in Fiji with his wife, and a third son lives in Australia.

Mr. Narayan often attended social events at 165 Turk, Gardner said, but he always attended memorials. "Always — and he had a way of uplifting others." ■

—MARJORIE BEGGS



CHRISTINE CANTROVICH
'The heart of a lion'

Christine Cantrovich was toughened for life by her abusive marriage and divorce 40 years ago but it couldn't hide her gentle streak of goodness, her friends said at her Dec. 6 memorial.

A half dozen mourners recalled the ways the 5-foot-1 redhead who weighed barely 100 pounds left an endearing footprint at the Ambassador Hotel where she lived since June 2005. Ms. Cantrovich was found dead in her fifth floor room on Oct. 27 during a welfare check. She was 60. Cause of death is pending.

Ms. Cantrovich told several residents in intimate conversations about her failed marriage that had hardened her. Yet she went out of her way to bring residents groceries and give them cards on holidays, efforts, one resident said, that ensured she had friends.

"I used to call her Sunshine, because that's what she was to me," said one man. "But she was feisty and I never knew where I stood with her. She'd go weeks without talking to me. She was a strong woman, though, and she wasn't scared of anything."

Intestinal problems hospitalized Ms. Cantrovich several times this year, according to Porter Davis. He said a contentious neighbor she fought with didn't help her condition. The person vacated the hotel earlier this year and she improved. But Ms. Cantrovich's health continued to decline.

"She used to start every conversation with 'Please don't be angry,'" said Cecil Baker. "She called me the Thursday before she died and said she had blood in her stool. I advised her to go to the hospital and offered to call for her. But she said no, it was just the heat."



"I felt so bad. But it was her decision. She had a problem with reality. She had been abused a long time. She was a very good woman who did things for a lot of people."

Assistant manager Garland Hall said in his two years at the Ambassador, during which he'd witnessed more than a dozen deaths, no one's passing had matched the outpouring of flowers, cards, notes and post-its that amassed outside Ms. Cantrovich's door.

"She was frail and birdlike," said desk clerk Jasmine Gillette. "But she had the heart of a lion." ■

—TOM CARTER

LOUIS O. GUZMAN,
A troubled man

Temperamental Louis O. Guzman likely got more respect at his memorial than he got in his 14 years living in the Turk Eddy Preservation Apartments. Cantankerous and combative, he was difficult to be around. He constantly complained and swore and tried to hustle his fellow residents for money.

"I told him once, 'Mr. Guzman you can't go out on the street talking that way to people — you'll get beat up or killed,'" said manager Patsy Gardner. She said he shot back, "That's why I've got this cane!"

Mr. Guzman died Nov. 1 at St. Francis Hospital two weeks before his 84th birthday. In declining health for a year, he shed weight his slim 5-foot-6 frame could ill afford. But he had refused to see a doctor and ate less and less, and only sweets, Gardner said. When he was too weak to leave his room, an ambulance crew came and carefully lifted him out of bed. "Maybe he weighed 70 pounds," Gardner said.

Seven residents from the 20 occupied apartments paid their respects at Mr. Guzman's Nov. 12 memorial. A few recalled he had asked them for cash and others said he wanted to sell them things they didn't want, like the two old bicycles in his room. He was always trying to make some money, they said.

Ten years ago he introduced himself to Betty Dominguez, a 24-year resident, as "Antonio."

"So that's what I called him — it was my husband's name," she said. "I just learned he was Louis. He was a handsome man. But when I last saw him, one side of his face had atrophied."

Gardner spent more time with Mr. Guzman than anyone because of his complaining and the problem his filthy room became. He ranted that people continually knocked on his door, and "no one did" Gardner said. "We had our fights." No matter what room he occupied, she said, he had trouble with his neighbors.

He irritably nagged Gardner about when rent was due — "It's always the first, Mr. Guzman," she'd say. "Once he got three months ahead with payments. I had to tell him to stop (paying)."

Mr. Guzman left Hawaii 59 years ago. He has a sister there and a brother in the East Bay. It's believed Mr. Guzman worked in construction at one time. He railed against government and disliked handouts but drew SSI and Social Security, totaling barely \$900 monthly. Still, on a few occasions he sent his sister \$75 money orders, Gardner said.

"Not many saw that side of him," said the Rev. Glenda Hope, who conducted the memorial.

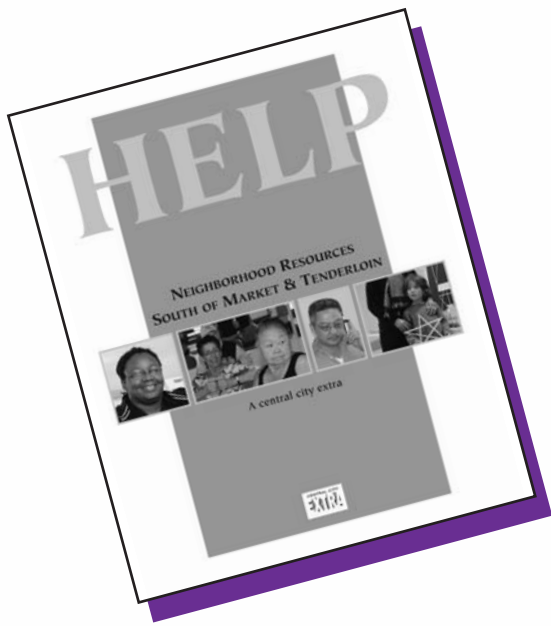
"He used to call me the Queen of Sheba," Gardner said, "And sometimes he'd buy me little cakes, because he had a sweet tooth. I'd accept them but later I gave them away. I don't eat sugar."

Mr. Guzman's filthy room got out of control and was grounds for eviction. And the new rug he was given showed burn holes right away from his smoking. Gardner knew the only way he could get assistance was if he was declared too frail to clean the room himself. So she took a reluctant Mr. Guzman to a doctor.

"And he cursed me the whole way," she said, "but I just ignored him. Then, when we got inside the office he cursed the doctor, and we got thrown out."

"But on the way out, a nurse said to me maybe she could help. And she did. And Mr. Guzman got a house cleaner. I didn't want to evict him." ■

—TOM CARTER



South of Market and Tenderloin HELP

40 pages of neighborhood resources

THIS issue of Central City Extra comes with a bonus insert — a guide, produced by the paper's staff, to resources in our South of Market and Tenderloin neighborhoods. HELP was inspired and funded by the Koshland Program of The San Francisco Foundation.

The guide includes address, phone, hours, Websites and concise annotations for 184 service providers, organized by type of service — Arts, Behavioral Health, Children and Youth, and more — 11 categories in all.

Almost all are private, nonhousing organizations, though we've included a handful of public programs that offer unique or essential services.

HELP also includes 10 feature stories, in-depth coverage of selected organizations and what they offer the neighborhood. The features focus on the back-story — the clients who use the services and the professionals who provide them.

HELP also is online at studycenter.org. ■

Voters say no, mayor says open Justice Center

► CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

supposed to give police an alternative by addressing the underlying causes of crime. If it does, it could change the Tenderloin dramatically.

The Justice Center, which opens for business March 15, will process all misdemeanors and nonviolent felonies committed in the greater Tenderloin, western SoMa and Union Square neighborhoods, an area bounded by Gough, Bush, Kearny, Third and Harrison streets. Except for vehicle-related offenses, this area accounts for a quarter to a third of San Francisco's crime. Roughly 80% of the crimes committed here would be eligible to be addressed at the center, according to a 2008 controller's report, which notes that 55% are drug- and property-related; the rest involve disorderly conduct and miscellaneous offenses. The report also cites a citywide study of arrests showing that, of cases that are charged, arrests in the CJC jurisdiction comprise 28% of all violations.

The Justice Center's overarching mission is to shut the revolving door on repeat offenders by hooking them up with substance abuse treatment, mental health and medical care, shelter, education and job training. The Tenderloin has long been ground zero for such resources, but coordination among those who need the services, the providers and public agencies that mandate them was lacking, says Tomiquia Moss, who oversees logistics and operations for the Justice Center. With its opening, she says, "We have the power of the court to influence people positively."

In other words, opt for help or go to the Hall of Justice.

The center at 555 and 575 Polk St. will be a one-stop shop, with courtrooms on the ground floor and service staff above, accessed by separate entrances. Police will steer eligible offenders — those popped for drug sales or possession or crimes such as theft, prostitution or disorderly conduct — directly to the facility.

San Franciscans who are arrested will be eligible for CJC services.

Nonresidents won't be eligible for services, but will be tried by the court.

Those who opt out will get their traditional day in court at the Hall of Justice.

Statistics aren't kept on the number of drug

offenders from other cities. An informal survey conducted by members of the center's advisory board concluded that roughly 25% are outsiders, and Jimenez says they're a big influence in the Tenderloin. But CJC stakeholders believe there are enough San Franciscans, including plenty who live within the new court's jurisdiction, to keep it hopping. The CJC is expected to handle up to 180 cases a month, more when it gets into full swing.

Working with a district attorney and public defender on site, San Francisco Superior Court Commissioner Ron Albers will tailor intensive treatment and supervision plans for offenders who agree to participate.

CJC participants will have immediate access to city services, as well as referrals to health, support and education services offered by Glide Memorial United Methodist Church and St. Anthony Foundation. They'll be hooked up by five Department of Public Health staffers and two from the Human Services Agency who will be transferred to the Justice Center. Moss says the move is not expected to affect the workload in either department. "The reality is that a quarter to a half of the work that they're (currently) handling is in the CJC region," she says. "It's not like they'll be getting new work."

The Health Department backs Moss up. Despite two years of planning, and with less than a month to go before the doors open, DPH is still trying to figure out how to realign staff, says Craig Murdock, a point man with the department's Community Behavioral Health Services. But, he adds, "We expect a significant number of (CJC) defendants already have a history with the Department of Public Health. Some may need to be reconnected with DPH services, but we suspect a high percentage of them are people we already know."

Participants will return to court frequently, ranging from daily to monthly, undergo regular and random drug testing and participate in programs designed to address their underlying problems, including trauma recovery, anger management, employment assistance, literacy support and other types of counseling.

Those who relapse, neglect to appear in court or fail to participate in treatment will be required to go to court more often, write essays, attend extra 12-step meetings and perform community service. Albers also has the option of tossing recalcitrants back to the traditional court system.

Offenders who go with the program will be rewarded with gift certificates, less frequent court appearances and more flexible treatment programming. Those who are drug-free for six months will graduate from the program. Along with a new way of living, they'll have another big carrot: The crimes that landed them at the CJC in the first place will never appear on their records.

In addition to \$500,000 in start-up costs, the Justice Center will cost from \$1.7 million to \$2.8 million a year to operate, according to a 2008 controller's report.

Mayor Newsom has been resolute in backing the Justice Center. He convinced the Board of



PHOTOS BY HEIDI SWILLINGER

Tomiquia Moss oversees logistics and operations for the Justice Center. "We have the power of the court to influence people positively."

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

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

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

Albers' office at the Hall of Justice overlooks I-80, which funnels a never-ending flow of traffic onto the Bay Bridge. It's an in-your-face metaphor for the endless stream of drug offenders he's seen cycle out and back in to the court system over the years.

Albers got an opportunity to staunch the flow five years ago, when he began presiding over the city's drug court. He now has binders full of statistics showing that his tactics reduce recidivism, save money and, most importantly to him, change lives. He calls the work "my passion."

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

Opponents may be right: The Community Justice Center may turn out to be Newsom's Folly.

On the other hand, by this time next year, Capt. Jimenez's Tenderloin crime stats report may really be something to crow about. ■



Superior Court Commissioner Ron Albers, presiding judge of Community Justice Center, achieved similar goals as drug court judge.

COMMUNITY CALENDAR

SPECIAL EVENTS

NERT training in the Tenderloin, Feb. 17 and 24, 8:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m., 220 Golden Gate. S.F. Fire Department's free hands-on disaster preparedness and response training. Participants must attend both days. RSVP to sffdnert@sfgov.org or leave a message at 970-2024. More NERT info: http://www.sfgov.org/site/sfnert_form.asp?id=24118

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

Cuckoo, Feb. 5-28, Phoenix Theatre, 414 Mason St. World premiere of the play by Madison Clell, her story of living with multiple personalities, produced by Jump! Theatre. For information, including tickets: www.jumptheatre.org.

Black History Month Homage to Audre Lorde. Thu., Feb. 26, 7 pm., New Valencia Hall, 625 Larkin St., Suite 202. Radical Women shows *A Litany for Survival*, a film about poet and lesbian writer Audre Lorde. Caribbean supper at 6:15 p.m. for a \$7 donation. For more information or child care: 864-1278 or email baradicalwomen@earthlink.net.

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

COMMUNITY: REGULAR SCHEDULE HOUSING

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

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

HEALTH AND MENTAL HEALTH

CBHS Consumer Council, 3rd Tuesday of the month, 3-5 p.m., CBHS, 1380 Howard, 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, 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 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.

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 34. 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 aking on neighborhood development issues.

SENIORS AND DISABLED

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

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

SUPERVISORS' COMMITTEES

City Hall, Room 263

Budget and Finance Committee Avalos, Mirkarimi, Daly, Chu, Wednesday, 1 p.m.

Land Use Committee Maxwell, Mar, Chu, Monday, 1 p.m.

TENDERLOIN HEALTH

a continuum of care

Outreach and Community Events February 2009

Health Promotion Forum

Topic: Hepatitis C

Speaker: Chris Nguyen, MD

Date/Time: Tuesday, February 24, 11:30 am - 1 pm

Location: 187 Golden Gate

HIV Treatment Forum

Topic: HIV & Mental Health

Speaker: Keith C. Waltrip, Abbott Laboratories

Date/Time: Monday, February 9, 3 pm - 4 pm

Location: 255 Golden Gate

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: Monday, February 9, 6 pm - 7 pm at 191 Golden Gate;

Monday, February 23, 1 pm - 2 pm at 255 Golden Gate

Volunteer and Intern for Tenderloin Health

Orientation: Sunday, February 8, 12 pm - 6:30 pm

240 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

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

District 6 Safety Forum

ON

Creating a Districtwide Safety Platform

WHEN:

Tuesday, March 10th @ 6PM

WHERE:

201 Turk St, Community Room

Meeting open to the Public
Refreshments provided & Door Prizes

Call (415) 820-1560

ORGANIZED BY:

Alliance for a Better District 6

CO-SPONSORS:

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



health promotion • social services • housing

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