



MINIMUM SUGGESTED DONATION TWO DOLLARS.

STREET SHEET IS SOLD BY HOMELESS AND LOW-INCOME VENDORS WHO KEEP 100% OF THE PROCEEDS.

VENDORS RECEIVE UP TO 75 PAPERS PER DAY FOR FREE.

STREET SHEET IS READER SUPPORTED, ADVERTISING FREE, AND AIMS TO LIFT UP THE VOICES OF THOSE LIVING IN POVERTY IN SAN FRANCISCO.



REMEMBERING DON JONES, CELEBRATED VENDOR

3

HOW TO BE A HOUSING ALLY

4

RACISM IN SAN FRANCISCO HOUSING DISCRIMINATION

4

QUALITY OF LIFE CITATIONS ARDUOUS COURT PROCESS

6

SAN FRANCISCO SHERIFF SEEKS \$2 MILLION

8

IN MEMORY OF STREET SHEET VENDOR DON JONES

NEW CALIFORNIA STATE LEGISLATION HONORS THE DIGNITY OF TRANSGENDER PRISONERS

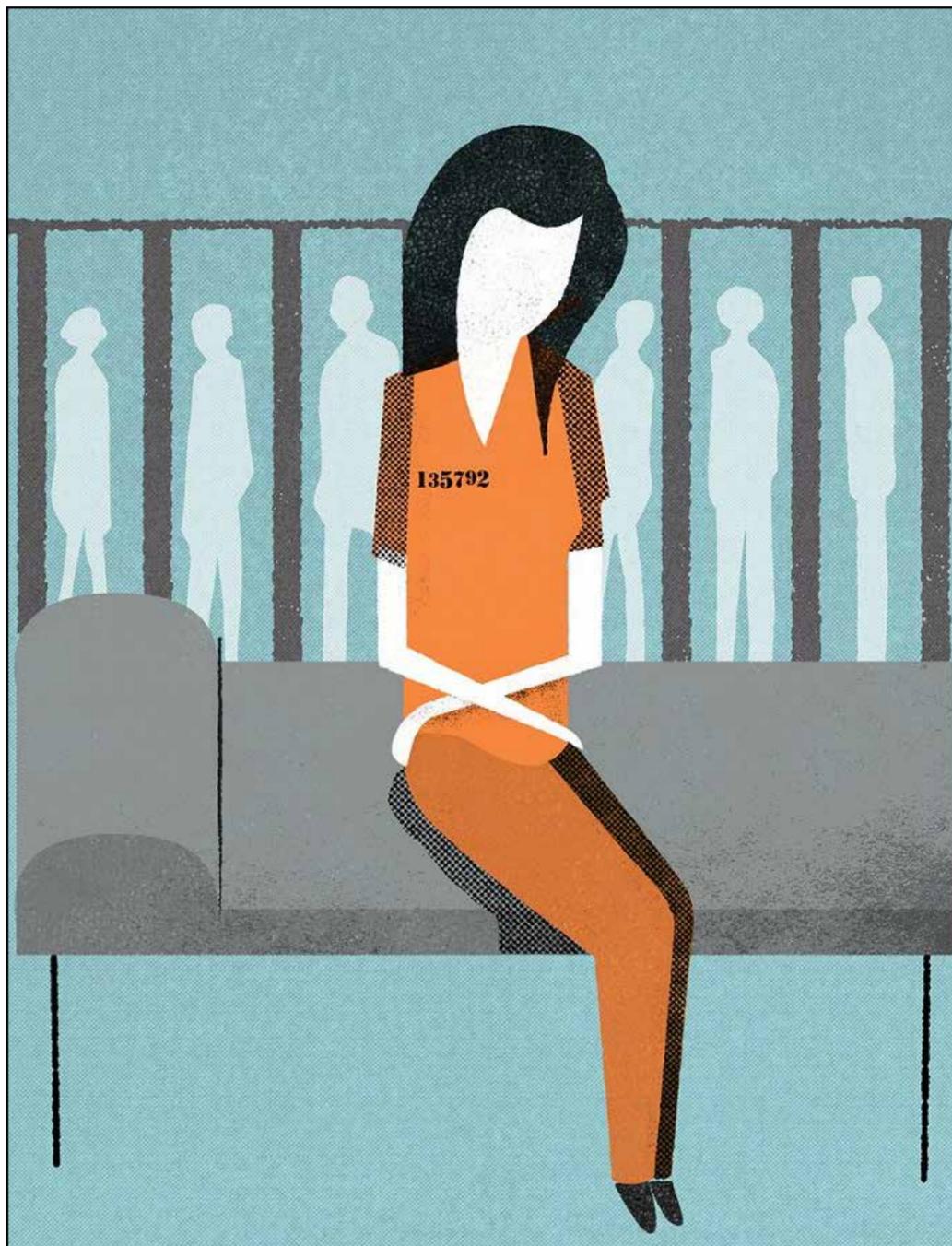
CORAL FEIGIN & SASHA BUCHERT

Despite the fact that transgender and gender non-conforming people have recently become more visible in the media and popular culture, the realities for street-based, poor, black and brown and disabled trans women remain the same. Trans people continue to face discrimination from traditional housing, employment and healthcare forcing many trans people into alternative street economies like sex work, drug sales and whatever other work people can find. As a result of being pushed out of these traditional systems, trans people, especially trans women of color, become easy targets for police violence and criminalization.

Across California, and nationally, trans people are funneled into state prisons, detention centers and county jails—often criminalized for our survival in a world that does not want us to exist. While incarceration is violent and unsafe for everyone, trans people face extreme conditions while locked up, including unsafe housing, physical/emotional/sexual assault, lack of access to basic transition health care and a refusal to be recognized by our chosen names and genders.

To address some of these issues and provide relief for our trans and gender non-conforming loved ones inside, a coalition has formed to work on legislation benefiting trans prisoners between the Transgender, Gendervariant, Intersex Justice Project (TGIJP), the St. James Infirmary, the Transgender Law Center (TLC) and the Western Regional Advocacy Project (WRAP). This year, the coalition is running SB 310: the Name and Dignity Act for Incarcerated Trans People. This bill authored by Sen. Toni Atkins (D San Diego), if passed, would make it possible for trans people in custody to file for a legal name and/or gender marker change on their identification documents and would ensure that they are recognized as such while incarcerated. While this is only one small step

in demanding safety and liberation for trans people inside and outside of prison walls, it will offer some respite by forcing the prison system to refer to trans people by their true name and gender.



Currently, trans people in prison must have a legal name and/or gender marker change request approved by the warden. Trans people trying to use the current process are either sent through so many administrative circles that they give up or they are flat-out denied. Even if it were actually possible for an incarcerated trans person to change

their name and gender, they would still be referred to as their original name and their new name as an “AKA.” Only one trans person has been approved for a legal name and gender marker change and that was due to a lawsuit,

not through the existing process. “As of now, these incarcerated men use my first name as a weapon to try to belittle and embarrass me.” An anonymous trans woman currently incarcerated in California who has not been able to access a legal name and gender marker change, protected for her own safety from retaliation.

SB 310 is crucial to the safety and well being of trans people for two major reasons. First, this bill is a re-entry concern. When trans people try to apply for jobs, housing, health care or government subsidies and have identification

documents that does not match their gender presentation they are subject to discrimination, refusal of service and sometimes violence. Nearly one-third of respondents in a 2015 report by the National Center for Transgender Equality, “The U.S. Trans Survey,” of 25,000 trans people across the country who have shown an ID with a name or gender that did not match their gender presentation were verbally harassed, denied benefits or service, asked to leave or were assaulted. People coming out of prison already have added barriers in accessing their basic needs, and this bill would greatly reduce some of those barriers. Second, this bill is integral to honoring trans people’s dignity while incarcerated. Trans people face immense daily violence inside prisons. Nearly one in six transgender people report having been incarcerated and transgender people are 13 times more likely to be assaulted by other prisoners than non-transgender prisoners. If passed, SB 310 would give dignity to people experiencing extreme dehumanization.

We know that there is a hard fight ahead of us to ensure that SB 310 passes this year and we need all the help we can get. You can support this crucial legislation by contacting your state legislator and asking them to vote YES on SB 310. You can also talk to people in your community about the need for more protections of trans people’s rights inside and outside of prison. Even though the future looks grim for oppressed people these days, together we will win. ■

VENDOR PROFILE: DEREK WILLIAMS



PHOTO BY ROBERT GUMPERT.

HAYLEY KAY

Derek Williams is a writer and vendor for the Street Sheet. Recently he's been working on an article about homelessness in the Castro. Many of the homeless community have moved into the Castro and he sought out to find out how this was affecting both the homeless and the residents of the Castro. He was surprised in finding that most residents of the Castro really don't mind. He described to me how residents seem to care more about how homelessness is affecting the homeless rather than how they are affecting the neighborhood. Many residents expressed concern and a desire to help.

Derek gave me his own insights on the matter.

"I was really surprised by the Castro being upper-class white neighborhood really cared for them. More than they cared for the neighborhood. It's like a utopian feeling. The LGBTQ community understands the ways in which a people can be marginalized. So rather than treat them poorly they try to understand because they do understand in a way. Not part of the mainstream parts of societies."

Derek is originally from Inglewood, California, in Los Angeles coun-

ty. However, he grew up in San Francisco after being adopted by distant relatives. As a young adult, he worked many different types of jobs from painting to data entry to financial services. He worked an office job right out of high school and describes it as the best job he ever had. He had a special relationship to his boss there who fell ill and gave Derek the responsibility of keeping the office open and running. Despite having so many jobs, he has struggled with consistent housing over the years and is able to empathize with so many of the members of the homeless community. Understanding the hardships of financial instability is part of what makes Derek a good writer for the Street Sheet. He enjoys writing for the Street Sheet.

"I feel passionate about what I write, and I feel like it does in fact make an impact. It's a good feeling," he says.

In addition to writing for the Street Sheet, Derek is also a musician. He started out playing guitar and bass. He describes his style as a mix between rock and jazz. He has taken up the keyboard recently though, and hopes to try his hand at gospel music. I asked Derek to reflect on some of the lessons he's learned over the years and what he would pass on to others.

"One of the things I learned from living on the streets is you can never really trust somebody to help you," he says. "Never trust people to back you up all the way. You have to trust yourself. If you trust somebody to have you as their primary concern, it's really their choice to do that so when somebody does do it, you can trust that person. But you have to wait for somebody to show you that. It has to be proven. You are in control. It's all about being independent but still accepting of help and love when it's warranted." ■

COALITION ON HOMELESSNESS

The STREET SHEET is a project of the Coalition on Homelessness. The Coalition on Homelessness organizes poor and homeless people to create permanent solutions to poverty while protecting the civil and human rights of those forced to remain on the streets.

Our organizing is based on extensive peer outreach, and the information gathered directly drives the Coalition's work. We do not bring our agenda to poor and homeless people: They bring their agenda to us. We then turn that agenda into powerful campaigns that are fleshed out at our work group meetings, where homeless people come together with their other community allies to win housing and human rights for all homeless and poor people.

WORKGROUP MEETINGS

AT 468 TURK STREET

HOUSING JUSTICE WORK GROUP Every Tuesday at noon

The Housing Justice Workgroup is working toward a San Francisco in which every human being can have and maintain decent, habitable, safe, and secure housing. This meeting is in English and Spanish and open to everyone! Contact: Miguel Carrera, mcarrera@cohsf.org

HUMAN RIGHTS WORK GROUP Every Wednesday at 12:30 p.m.

The Human Rights Workgroup has been doing some serious heavy lifting on these issues: conducting direct research, outreach to people on the streets, running multiple campaigns, developing policy, staging direct actions, capturing media attention, and so much more. All those down for the cause are welcome to join! Contact: Dayton Andrews: dandrews@cohsf.org

To learn more about COH workgroup meetings, contact us at : 415-346-3740, or go at : www.cohsf.org

STREET SHEET STAFF

The Street Sheet is a publication of the Coalition on Homelessness. Some stories are collectively written, and some stories have individual authors. But whoever sets fingers to keyboard, all stories are formed by the collective work of dozens of volunteers, and our outreach to hundreds of homeless people.

Editor, Sam Lew

Assistant Editor, TJ Johnston

Vendor Coordinator, Scott Nelson

Our contributors include:

Lisa Marie Alatorre, Bob Offer-Westort, Jennifer Friendbach, Lesley Haddock, Jason Law, Jesus Perez, Miguel Carrera, Vlad K., Mike Russo, Arendse Skovmoller, Julia D'Antonio, Chance Martin, Irma Núñez, Paul Boden, Lydia Ely, Will Daley, Nicholas Kimura, Matthew Gerring, Jim Beller, Robert Gumpert, Art Hazelwood, the Ghostlines Collective, Dayton Andrews, Kelley Cutler, Raúl Fernández-Berriozabel, Jacquelynn Evans

SOCIAL JUSTICE CALENDAR MARCH 2017

This is a calendar of free events concerning poverty, homelessness, and social justice in San Francisco and the wider Bay Area. If you would like your event included in the next issue, please send information to: StreetSheet@cohsf.org.

4 SATURDAY

BAY RESISTANCE MASS MEETING & TRAININGS.
1:30 - 5:30 PM
MISSION HIGH SCHOOL
3750 18TH ST., SF.
Join us for our first mass in-person meeting on March 4th! Trainings will include how to participate in direct action, immigration raid response, how to be a legal observer and introduction to organizing. Meet with your fellow Bay Area activists to build a strong community of resistance and justice!

8 WEDNESDAY

OAKLAND WOMEN'S DAY DEMONSTRATION
5PM - 9PM
OSCAR GRANT PLAZA, OAKLAND
Let us use the occasion of this international day of action to be done with lean-in feminism and to build in its place a feminism for the 99%, a grassroots, anti-capitalist feminism - a feminism in solidarity with working women, their families and their allies throughout the world.

15 WEDNESDAY

SENIOR DISABILITY ACTION HOUSING COLLABORATIVE MEETING
1PM - 3PM
1360 MISSION ST. 4TH FLOOR
For more information, about Senior Disability Action's monthly housing collaborative meeting, call Theresa at 415-546-1333.

HOMELESSNESS 101 WORKSHOP

In this FREE homeless people-led workshop, we will be covering the fundamentals of homelessness in San Francisco, busting myths about homelessness, and discussing the city's current housing crisis. Learn how you can be an advocate and ally for homeless San Franciscans and fight for the housing justice for all!

WED, MARCH 22 FROM 6-7:30PM
SAN FRANCISCO MAIN LIBRARY HISPANIC/LATINO ROOM
100 LARKIN STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

RSVP: HOMELESSNESSWORKSHOP.EVENTBRITE.COM

VOLUNTEER WITH US!

PHOTOGRAPHERS
VIDEOGRAPHERS
ILLUSTRATORS
COMIC ARTISTS
NEWSPAPER LAYOUT
WEBSITE
MAINTENANCE
GRAPHIC
DESIGNERS
JOURNALISTS
INTERNS
WRITERS
POETS

CONTACT:

STREETSHEET@COHSF.ORG

TWITTER:

@STREETSHEETSF

@THECOALITIONSF

FACEBOOK:

FACEBOOK.COM/
STREETSHEETSF

WEBSITE:

STREETSHEET.ORG



DON JONES

One of our dear vendors, Don Jones, passed away on January 30 at the St. Francis Hospital. He will be very much missed and was loved by many, including his Street Sheet customers. We received many calls and Facebook comments about how much Don meant to people.

2014 STREET SHEET VENDOR INTERVIEW

"I'm native to San Francisco but since me and my fiance separated, I landed in the Tenderloin. When I landed there, it was a new experience, but mostly a bad experience. I had to figure out a way to come up out of there. I had a couple jobs but when my son got killed, you know, it was a life changing experience. My son was born and raised in San Francisco and he went down to Compton to live with his grandmother. He got affiliated with the Bloods and became a Blood. He was 15 at the time...got killed by a twelve year old, got shot. That was a turning point in my life. That's when I started doing this professionally, like a job, to not sleep on the street and take care of myself. I stay in contact with my daughters too—I have four.

This is my only income, so if I treat it as a job, I might get some positivity out of it, which I have. It makes my life a lot easier. Especially [because I'm] not living in the Tenderloin. I've been robbed and beaten up, I have no teeth, I have steel plates in both my jaws from living in the Tenderloin. I use this as income to keep a place to stay out of the Tenderloin.

I conduct myself professionally, I treat everyone nice and respectfully. If I'm not there, people ask me, "Where were you?" That's a good feeling, you know, to know that people care. And there are a lot of compassionate people that care about me genuinely and I really respect and admire that.

I wanna thank and appreciate all the people that have helped me in the Russian Hill area. All of the people who have been behind me through all my turmoil."

REMEMBERING DON JONES

"Hi, Lady!", is how Don would greet me as I would pass his block during my daily errands. He would ask how I was doing. Don was always polite, neatly dressed, a such a warm presence in Russian hill neighborhood. He welcomed everyone who passed with a friendly greeting. He could often be seen chatting with the men who hung out at Pete's, or watching the dogs of neighbors who were shopping at Real Foods. In a city where people often are in a hurry, or are looking down at their phone, Don provided that much needed human connection. His death was so sudden and unexpected, and the block is a little less warm without him there. Don will be sorely missed. - Ivi

Don always had a smile and was quick with his signature laugh (ha HAAaa). He was a friendly face during my 7AM walks on Polk street. Condolences to friends and family. - Pete & Bumper

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Those who live in the neighborhood Don (sometimes known as "The Concierge of Polk Street") most comprehensively occupied will be holding a memorial gathering for him this Saturday, March 4th, 2017, 4:00 pm, at the Peet's coffee shop at 2139 Polk St (west side of Polk between Broadway and Vallejo). Peet's graciously agreed to provide the space as well as light refreshments (including steamy sweet hot chocolate, Don's favorite am beverage). Drop by and share a thought about or memory of Don. ■

TANEA LYNX

"You know what we call you guys, right?"

I knew immediately that this was heading in a direction that I wanted no parts of. Before I could decide if I wanted to play dead in the backseat, he answered to amuse himself.

"Unicorns."

I was in an Uber. I had spent hours at my friend's house in Lake View, a small community in San Francisco, where my parents grew up and where I was raised. I was taking an Uber from her house to Balboa Bart station where I would take the last train home to Oakland.

My driver was from a place he had to mumble the name of. I had just told him that I was born in San Francisco. Before I could say my usual "and so were my parents and my parent's parents," he'd interrupted me to say the unicorn shit. I felt anger building in my chest when I realized that they call us unicorns because there are so few people who were born here, still here. Still being visible. So rarely seen that a sighting of us is considered mythical.

I could have kicked something if I weren't being conscious of my budding non-violence practice (which is still deeply under construction, so please don't test the infrastructure heavily, I am still a student of the "my Mama ain't raise no punk" school).

Don't get me wrong—I'm totally a unicorn. I'm quite queer. I'm Black, fiercely. I live a colorful life (not just as revenge). I enjoy frolicking and being magical as hell. And I give myself permission to marvel in the benefits of my work toward self-actualization. But I ain't your unicorn.

And I damn sure ain't going to be called no cute little name while my people are violently being disappeared from our homes. I won't let the process of gentrification and police violence (that literally erases my community) be formed into a process of myth-making and laughed away.

Long before anyone in my family arrived here, this Ohlone land was called Yelamu. It would be invaded and colonized by the Spanish. It would go on to be called Yerba Buena. In 1847 it would be named San Francisco.

My grandmother grew up in San Francisco. In Hunter's Point. She was 10 or 11 when she first saw a white person that wasn't on television. It was the first time she had gone downtown in the City. She said it felt like she was in a dream. Her grandmother had come over from Port Arthur, Texas. She'd moved to San Francisco to join other family members working at the naval shipyard in Hunter's Point. She migrated for a better life for her children. If you'd called any of them "unicorns" today, you might surely be backhanded.

When I was growing up in this place, the trains turned from orange to silver one day on my walk home from school. As I got older they only let us in five at a time at the 7-Eleven on Ocean St. When I was in high school I happened upon white neighborhoods that looked like houses made for dolls and couldn't believe this was the same city I

I AIN'T YOUR UNICORN

lived in. I experienced the losses of first Capone, then years later, Antwanisha and so many more becoming mourned younger and younger as I somehow managed to get older each year. When I was growing up in this place I danced in African print to gospel music for school assemblies and performed the Huki Lau in first grade. I went on a field trip to Alcatraz when my dad was fresh out of prison and my belly felt afraid the entire time I was there. I played a slave in a school play and didn't know, until I was older and saw a picture of myself, that the repetitive motion I was taught to do simulated to the audience that I was picking cotton.

San Francisco has the highest displacement rate of Black families since post-Katrina New Orleans.

There's an estimated 3-5.8% of us left in the City. This sometimes looks like tightly hugging people (whom I didn't get along with in middle school) because I am glad to know that they are still alive. This looks like driving through my old neighborhood past certain houses and remembering that someone who used to live there had a mother who passed away some years ago. Then remembering, with greater devastation, that they themselves had been killed not long afterward. This looks like being the third generation to organize for a goddamn grocery store that sells affordable fruits and vegetables that aren't rotten anywhere in District 10. ANYWHERE. This looks like a very sad dating pool, 'cause I literally know everybody. And their mama. This means that when I remember my city—the place where I learned me before forgetting, I am remembering a place that no longer exists.

Sometimes, it's like walking through a hologram.

We have history here. We are not unicorns. We are in danger. Erasure does not make us into myth.

** If you were born and raised in San Francisco and you find yourself to be in the back of an Uber, approaching your destination and feel anger rising in your throat, remember this: 1) you ain't nobody's unicorn. 2) if you choose to be your own unicorn, then know this—unicorns are not easily defeated. They get to be beautiful and have a sword on their heads to protect their magic from anyone who dare come too close. ■*

This was originally published on January 14, 2017 at Tanea's blog: <https://tanea-lunfordlynx.squarespace.com/>

REST IN POWER

HOW TO BE A HOUSING ALLY

(OR, WHY I'M NOT YIMBY)



ERIN REEVES

There's a new battle around housing gaining attention in the media: the YIMBYs vs. the so-called NIMBYs. The YIMBYs, or the "Yes in My Backyard" folks, declare themselves to be "pro-housing"—that is, pro-development of any and every type of housing. And the NIMBYs are, apparently, everyone else—including affordable housing activists, tenant rights advocates, and everyday people struggling with gentrification and displacement in their neighborhoods.

The term "NIMBY," or "Not in My Backyard," is commonly heard these days, used as a pejorative for people who are presumably resistant to change in their neighborhood (particularly in the form of development) in favor of their own self-interest. Recently, NIMBY has become shorthand for anyone who is set in their ways, who is old and outdated. And since the arrival of the YIMBYs, it's become a simple one-word way to dismiss any disagreement about development, no matter the basis.

What media outlets from San Francisco Magazine to Forbes to The New York Times are responding to as new and sexy and exciting in this story is the term "YIMBY." This creative turn of phrase seems to be a taking back, a positive declaration of acceptance and welcoming. To top it off, the YIMBY movement is being led by young people, by millennials, who are saying something new to our brains that are tired of the same old negative messaging around San Francisco's affordable housing crisis. According to YIMBYs, we can say yes to new market-rate housing AND fight displacement, all at the same time and all by the same simple philosophy—by welcoming any and every new housing development with open arms. The YIMBY solution to the housing crisis is simple: stop fighting market-rate development wherever it's happening and just build, baby, build.

Let me be real for a second. I am a millennial. My aesthetic is hipster simplicity and my personal brand is positivity. I love sans serif fonts. Every time Google makes one more effort to streamline its homepage, I think, "Well done, Google, we really didn't need that extra line around that box." I stand with Amy Poehler in loudly saying, "Yes, please!" every chance I get. And I am a part of the generation that

is excited by innovation, that has been raised to believe that we can make any change we can imagine—supposedly by ourselves, with just our own intelligence and creativity and determination, and probably through technology.

But while I am a millennial and I am an affordable housing activist who supports dense housing development, I am not a YIMBY. Their simple messaging misses the point: that solidarity with vulnerable communities is about actions, not words, and that working to address the affordable housing crisis must start from the place of affordability.

In some ways, this is a battle over how economics works: will building more market-rate (i.e., very high-end) housing in San Francisco actually help or hurt? Can we simplify housing economics in a

Always come back to one question: Who are we really building for? And, as a follow-up: Who stands to get hurt, and who stands to benefit?

hot market to basic principles of supply and demand? Does an unregulated real estate market actually benefit everyone? I have data and figures to battle theirs, like the recent report by the UC Berkeley Urban Displacement Project that shows that market-rate housing can take DECADES to become affordable to middle- and low-income residents—a timeline that is far too long for the people and communities that are being displaced right in this moment.

But though data is useful, this is ultimately an ideological battle, and at its heart, a psychological one. What does it mean to be a progressive today in the Bay Area? How can I be a true housing ally, standing with impacted communities against displacement and gentrification—and still get mine, too?

Without assuming too much or making ad hominem attacks, I don't think it's a coincidence that YIMBYism is appealing to young folks who are relatively new to San Francisco, who maybe aren't rich but who don't appear to be poor either. Or, if they happen to be tech workers or part

of the financial sector, maybe are rich by many people's standards, but still see themselves as progressive and very much want to be a part of this city.

I understand the appeal of YIMBYism, because I feel it, too. I am a young, well-educated, white woman who was raised by comfortably middle-class parents, and I currently earn a living wage. I identify as liberal and progressive. I moved to the Bay Area five years ago and feel like I have a stake here—and yet at the same time, I am a relative newcomer with privilege who wants access to a city that is telling me that it is hurting, and that I, and my partner (a tech worker), and my friends (many of whom are tech workers), are contributing to this hurt. Isn't saying yes to all housing development also saying yes to change, to newcomers—to me?

steamrolls communities, I can just open my arms, and say "Yes, please!" and embrace the changes that are happening in this city, the changes that feel inevitable and that in some ways I am bringing and that frankly, benefit me and the folks that I know. Maybe it would still be a hard fight against NIMBYs, but it wouldn't be such a hard fight against myself, and my own privilege.

Some days that sounds nice.

Unfortunately, as is always the case, things aren't that easy. But just because they aren't that easy doesn't mean that I—and you, potential YIMBYer out there—can't be good housing allies, fighting for affordability for others and ourselves at the same time. It just looks different than the current version of YIMBYism.

Here is what I think true housing allyship looks like, and why I am neither a NIMBY nor a YIMBY:

I. Listen to and stand with vulnerable communities.

More and more people are feeling the impact of the affordable housing crisis these days, including, increasingly, people like me and other middle-class folks. Every single person deserves housing they can afford. And at the same time, this crisis is impacting some people and some communities in more devastating ways than others, namely low-income people and people of color. These are the same communities that have historically been displaced or excluded time and time again and who now are experiencing the housing crisis as threatening their very survival. Being a housing ally, particularly as someone with race or class privilege, means listening to the experiences of people from these communities and the ways they see their communities being impacted by development, and standing with them. This doesn't mean that your own struggle to find housing isn't important, or that every community pushback against development should ultimately win out. But it does mean prioritizing the voices and experiences of the folks who are most vulnerable, and following their lead. And residents from these communities, like the Mission District in San Francisco, are saying that luxury market-rate housing development isn't meeting their needs, and is in fact making the situation in their immediate neighborhoods

worse (and studies like that report from UC Berkeley's Urban Displacement Project back them up).

2. To that end, always come back to one question: Who are we really building for?

And, as a follow-up: Who stands to get hurt, and who stands to benefit? The YIMBY desire to support any and all housing development sounds great, and I'd support all market-rate development, too, if it really resulted in housing for everyone, at every income level (or even at most income levels). In reality, though, the housing market in San Francisco only builds for the highest income earner. And in our global economy, the highest income earner doesn't even have to be someone looking for a real place to live in San Francisco, but could easily be an investor who sees that home as a good place to park some capital (like the billionaire investor from China who just purchased the multi-unit building next to mine). I don't think it meets my needs, or the needs of anyone who is impacted by the affordable housing crisis, to simply build an endless amount of luxury units and call that an affordable housing "solution." In fact, as it currently stands, only about 1/5 of apartments on the market are affordable for someone making San Francisco's median income (which is still a whopping \$71,000 for a single person). So, it's important to always ask the question: whose needs does this development project serve? And if it doesn't seem to meet the needs of everyday people who work and live in San Francisco, then it's important to join community organizing efforts to push for more affordable housing and community benefits from that project.

An important note: Just like trickle down doesn't work for taxes, it doesn't work for housing in San Francisco—giving developers and investors more opportunities for profit doesn't necessarily result in cheaper housing. As affordable housing allies, we need to work for housing and regulations that directly benefit everyday people and communities—not just fall back on an approach that gives more profit to development with the hope that it will trickle down to residents. Again, the simple question, "For whom?" seems to do the trick here.

3. Be pro-housing.

I am most definitely pro-housing! Just because I don't support all market-rate development equally doesn't mean I don't support new development. I am pro-housing that meets the needs of real San Franciscans now (not after 30 years)—poor people's needs, low-income people's needs, middle-income people's needs, and heck—even units needed for wealthy folks.

As for the recent trend to call YIMBYs "pro-growth" and others "no-growth" or "slow-growth"—the "no-growth" finger-pointing is straight-up wrong as far as I (and most housing activists I know) go. And for "slow-growth"—this seems to be another term that's used to discredit any community expectations of development.

I'm not about doing things slowly, but I am for inclusive growth that allows us to ask "Who does this serve?" that is based on intelligent and community-based planning, that makes sure vulnerable groups aren't left out of the conversation, and that ensures amenities and infrastructure like transit and pedestrian improvements keep up with development. "Slow-growth" is even more of an ill-fitting misnomer when you consider that unfettered market-rate development is always fast—until the market turns. When profits drop (as they do when housing prices go down), then market-rate development slows down, sometimes even to a halt—making it the real slow growth. Ironically, the type of building that continues chugging along through the inevitable swings in real estate development is one-hundred percent affordable projects built by nonprofits.

4. Don't write everyone off as NIMBYs.

Increasingly, the word "NIMBY" is being used to discount and delegitimize anyone who questions development—no matter the reason. This is a deceptive oversimplification, and we can challenge it by asking two simple questions before writing people off: 1) who is opposed to a particular development? and 2) why? (remember Housing Ally Rule #1). The problem of exclusive suburbs and NIMBY communities definitely impedes housing development in some parts of the Bay Area and needs to be addressed. But someone who thinks homeless folks are child-molesters and so is opposed to low-income housing in their neighborhood is very different from someone who is opposed to a new development because million-dollar condos don't meet the needs of their working-class community. Part and parcel of this is the recent YIMBY attempt to discredit housing activists who challenge market-rate development by portraying them as old, white, paternalistic homeowners who are in it for their own egos and financial interest. This description certainly doesn't fit me, and doesn't fit the majority of the housing activists I know.

5. Learn the history of the housing movement.

The first step to becoming a housing ally? Learn about the work that is already being done and find out how you can best support that existing work. Too often, when we see a problem, we assume that nothing is being done and start from scratch (instead of assuming that there may be a more complex story behind the issue or that power, money, and political resistance are to blame). This is at best inefficient and ineffective, and at worst divisive and filled with hubris. There is a long, active, and accomplished housing movement in the Bay Area—particularly in San Francisco. That's not to say that there aren't gaps or places where innovation is needed and could create new organizing opportunities—just that often the best way to fill those gaps is to start from a place of learning from and talking with those who are already doing the work. (And trust me, they'll be glad for the help!). If you're looking for something

to read, a few resources to start with are "From Urban Renewal and Displacement to Economic Inclusion: San Francisco Affordable Housing Policy 1978–2012" by Marcia Rosen and Wendy Sullivan, *Left Coast City: Progressive Politics in San Francisco* by Richard Edward DeLeon, and *Building Community, Chinatown Style* by Gordon Chin.

YIMBYism might feel fresh and new, but it's following the favorite old line of free-market capitalism: don't hamper the market too much, because ultimately it

will solve our social problems. Well frankly, left to its own devices, the real estate market won't solve San Francisco's affordable housing crisis, and neither will YIMBYism in its current form. Instead, we need to operate from the framework of true housing allyship - though it's not always comfortable or easy, it's the real way to fight for the inclusive, equitable city that we all want. ■

Erin Reeves is Communications Director at the Council of Community Housing Organizations.

8 THINGS TO DO WHEN YOU SEE HOMELESS PEOPLE IN SAN FRANCISCO

1

BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR.

Introduce yourself. Offer cash, a sandwich, a new pair of socks, if it seems like these are useful.

2

IF THE PERSON IS IN IMMEDIATE PSYCHIATRIC CRISIS

Check in with them before calling the Mobile Crisis Hotline: (415) 970-4000.

3

IF THE PERSON REQUESTS MEDICAL HELP OR IS UNCONSCIOUS

Call 911. Make it clear that this is a **medical** and not a police emergency.

4

CALL YOUR SUPERVISOR.

Call your Supervisor and the Mayor's Office and pressure them to double the number of homeless units in their affordable housing pipeline.

5

EDUCATE YOURSELF.

Read the *Street Sheet* and make sure you know the basic facts: There are not enough shelter beds, most homeless people were San Franciscans before they were homeless San Franciscans, and the reason we have mass homelessness is that the federal government gutted housing budgets for poor people!

6

LEARN ABOUT HOMELESS SERVICES IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

Support their work by volunteering time or by donating money. Find out how you can get involved with the Coalition on Homelessness at cohsof.org.

7

IF YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD IS SHORT ON PUBLIC RESTROOMS

(And it is), call the Department of Public Works and pressure them to put in "Pit Stops."

8

DO NOT CALL THE POLICE.

NEVER call the police on people who aren't threats. Thousands of homeless people end up cited and often incarcerated every year for no offense greater than sleeping. Police contact can actually prolong a person's homelessness.

HOMELESS PEOPLE WITH QUALITY OF LIFE VIOLATIONS FACE ARDUOUS COURT PROCESS

PHILLIP O'DONNELL

After chasing off a rat by smacking a stick against my favorite bush and yelling, "Get out of here!" multiple times, I snuggled up in my sleeping bag, pulled my beanie over my eyes, and drifted off to a blissful sleep. Well, blissful until two large figures roused me from my slumber with car headlights shining in my direction, casting their ominous shadows on me. One of them said something, but I couldn't make it out. In my frustration and my apathy towards whatever righteous cause these men had to wake me, I grumbled, "What do you want?!" Two park rangers wanted to cite me for illegal camping, which they did on a cold November night that I didn't think could get any colder.

They assured me, "This is not a punitive action, we just want to make sure you receive the services you need. You are young; you don't deserve to be homeless." I was already receiving services, but that didn't stop them from citing me.

I had until January to actually schedule a court date, so I put this citation, which I thought was asinine, in the back of my mind, as I continued to work with youth service providers to get off the

street. Once I received a Single Room Occupancy through Taking It To The Streets in January—which is fortunately only a 10 minute walk from the court house—I finally made my way down to schedule a court date for January 18th. The clerk cautioned me that if I missed the court date, I would be fined \$300!

"We just want to make sure you receive the services you need." I remembered those words, and a bitter taste filled my mouth. This bitter taste was matched by frustration as I learned how ridiculous the court process is—was—to be. The first court appearance was simply to allow the judge to assess if this case was truly a matter for the District Attorney. In other words, to evaluate if I really am homeless, I think. This took the judge less than five minutes to reach a decision, and I was sent on my way to come back at a later date to speak with someone from the DA's office.

In the interim, I began my involvement with the Coalition on Homelessness and asked about this court process. Scott, a citation defense counselor, explained everything step-by-step and assured me the case would be dismissed as long as I provided the judge with a specific form signed by one of the service providers I had received 20 hours of services from.



PHOTO BY PHILLIP O' DONNELL, TAKEN WHERE HE WOULD SLEEP.

Scott printed the form and handed it to me, but curiosity got the better of me. I didn't have the form signed because I wanted to experience the entirety of the court process. That was a waste of time.

At my next court appearance on January 27th, the DA employee explained three options to me in the hall just outside the courtroom. I could contest the citation and have a trial, plead guilty and pay the fine, or receive 20 hours of services and have the case dismissed. Of course, I chose to receive 20 hours of services since I had already have received two months' worth, and the DA staff handed me the same form that Scott did! Once court was in session, the Quality of Life cases—which included citations for sitting or lying down on the sidewalk—were called first, which is one great thing I can say about their process. When they called my case, the DA employee explained to the judge my decision, and the judge gave his approval and scheduled another court date. This took no more than five minutes, and then I was out the door.

I finally had an outreach counselor from Larkin Street Youth Services sign the form and returned to court on February 10th. Again, Quality of Life cases were called first. As, I presented before the judge, the new DA employee explained I had received services and am now housed. The judge seemed quite pleased and asked how Larkin Street Youth Services had helped me. I briefly explained the referrals, case management, and food I received. In only five minutes I was dismissed. After I left, I began to fear I misled the court to believe my progress was a result due to the judicial process.

Quite the contrary.

The judicial process only added to the chaos of my very busy schedule of traveling from service provider to service provider and mapping out trajectories to the self-sufficiency I envisioned, on top of dealing with the anxiety from the uncertainty of my situation, and my ever-present depression. In the beginning, going to

court exacerbated my anxiety, but afterwards, it left me frustrated and annoyed. And I had it easy! Think of those who don't have a room where they can leave their belongings, and those who have to walk greater distances to the courthouse house.

Think of those who couldn't arrive to their court dates and received \$300 fines. At every one of my court dates, names were called that went unanswered.

The current process for handling Quality of Life cases wastes precious time that should be spent bettering oneself and circumstances, as well as puts an unnecessary burden on the court. These cases seem unnecessary and could be resolved much more efficiently by circumnavigating the court to an entity formed solely for resolving Quality of Life cases. Alternatively, police officers could replace citations with admonishments and refer individuals to service providers. Regardless of the decided solution, citations will remain an ineffective and costly measure. ■

HOW U SEE ME

BY SHERRY MEANS

Ghetto Queen, fried chicken nappy meal eaten, big booty, angry Black Women.

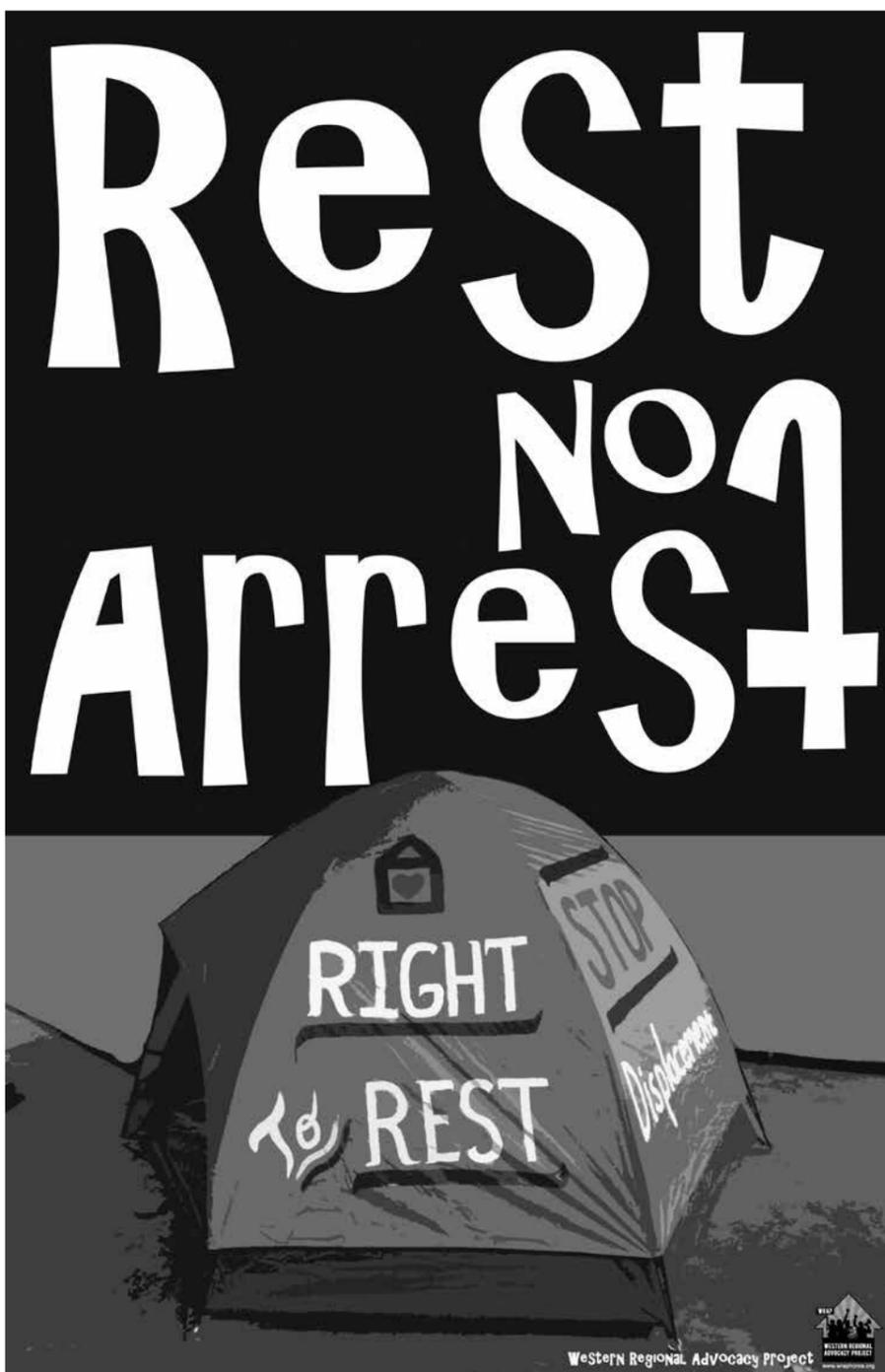
Ignorant, lazy, baby mama, welfare Queen—

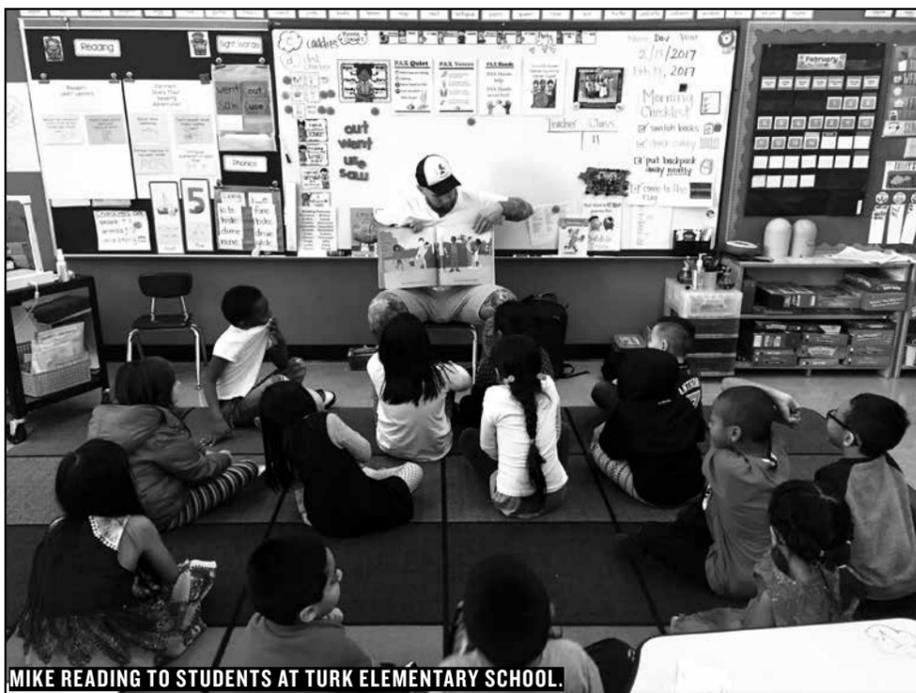
Where da little niglet?

Looking like a buffoon —

Which spear chucker da daddy?

A public enemy that needs to be controlled. A criminal prone to violence, unemployable, disrespectful, nappy head, hood RAT fo sure.





MIKE READING TO STUDENTS AT TURK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

ART STUDENT CREATES CHILDREN'S BOOK ABOUT HOMELESSNESS

AMBER CAVARLEZ

What better way to foster a community of empathetic and understanding individuals than by shaping the perspective of our children, who will one day act as allies, friends, leaders, freethinkers and aware members of society?

This is the question Mike Boyce, a senior at California College of the Arts double majoring in Graphic Design and Illustration, focuses on in his final project—a children's book that tries to make visible what many people intentionally hope remains invisible: homelessness.

Boyce's book, *Who's Homeless?*, provides elementary school kids with an honest and eye-opening perspective of San Francisco's homeless population. While many may be too afraid or too indifferent to engage, Boyce invests his time in creating "art that matters," starting dialogue about empathy and humanity early on in the minds of those who are the most curious and influential.

From Ohio, to New York, to San Diego, and then to San Francisco, Boyce notes his shock at not only the amount of people living on the streets, but also the lack of programs and support provided for them.

"There's a huge lack of support. People take cars through the Tenderloin to avoid it," he says. "The issue stems from the perspectives formed early on ... These are real people, with real lives. I'm trying to break down those preconceived notions."

Boyce's idea to write and illustrate a children's book stemmed from interviews he conducted with those camping out around his school. He asked them various questions about living arrangements and moving to San Francisco, however noted that one difficulty in particular stood out amongst the rest—"the way children

looked at [them] ... with fear. And, who wants to see a kid looking at you like that?"

Boyce went on to note that he also asked parents about how they explain homelessness to their children, stating that many of them "rush their kids away, telling them not to look." Intrigued by the fear of having to explain homelessness on behalf of the parents, he researched existing children's books that touch on encampments and found that many merely put a band-aid on an open wound. "Being homeless can be anyone. Open the doors to dialogue about what these kids are seeing everyday."

Boyce brings his project to fruition by reading to children at Turk Elementary School in order to assess if his targeted audience fully grasps his intention of viewing the experiences of homelessness with empathy, rather than rebuke. He challenges negative preconceived notions of the homeless by portraying scenes that passers-by may not notice. Instead of showing a disheveled, poorly groomed man sitting on the street drinking beer, he shows a veteran standing in line for support services. Instead of showing a woman slouched on the curb with a sign asking for money, he depicts a family, including children, setting up their tent on the sidewalk. By doing this, he portrays individuals and families in a positive light to help dispel potentially harmful stigmas.

Boyce tells the story of those experiencing homelessness from the perspective of someone who has the willingness to sit and listen to their stories. And that is exactly what he hopes to instill in these young minds: sit and listen. Be there and be open. Boyce's conclusion strays from the typical "the end" as many children's stories do; instead he asks a question, "How can you help?" Without a doubt, hands rise. ■

Sheriff Vicki Hennessy has proposed to apply for state funding to renovate San Francisco's County Jail No. 2, located at 425 Seventh St. The grant would provide the Sheriff's office with \$70 million on the condition that San Francisco would pitch in an additional \$12 million, for a total of \$82 million in expenditures.

At the Feb 14th Board of Supervisors meeting, the proposed project gained unanimous support from all eleven supervisors.

The grant, which was due yesterday, is likely to be granted to the City.

Renovations would go towards tightening security and enclosing mezzanines and jail cells as well as providing additional space for programming, remodeling the kitchen and creating eight additional beds that comply with the Americans With Disabilities Act. The Sheriff's office says that the upgrade in housing will reduce stress by providing inmates with a more personal space. Activists argue that these enclosed spaces have been proven to worsen people's mental health conditions.

The renovation would also displace 200 inmates during construction. The Sheriff's office has proposed two options: place them in the vacant jail at the Hall of Justice at a cost of \$3 million or rent space outside San Francisco at a cost of \$13.5 million for 18 months. The office is pushing for the former, but the conditions of the Hall of Justice are far from livable. The building has been cited for asbestos, lead, rodents and inadequate seismic stability, among other dangerous conditions.

Activists at the hearing, including the San Francisco No New Jail Coalition, Critical Resistance and the Housing Rights Committee, argued that the renovations created a more hostile, isolated environment for inmates, might unnecessarily increase the level of security, and strengthen the county jail system.

County Jail No. 2 was originally intended to be a work-furlough facility, but since the day it was built, it has been used as a jail. The facility, which was built in the early 1990s and began operating in 1994, was meant to be a correctional program to allow inmates nearing discharge to work during the daytime but return to the facility at night. A website on the Sheriff's Department history said that the jail houses mainly female inmates and contains an extensive medical facility.

But Mohamed Shehk, a spokesperson from the prison abolition group Critical Resistance, said its main function is still keeping inmates locked up.

"Now, here we are, enshrining it as a maximum security facility," he told the committee during the public comment period.

In December 2015, the Board of Supervisors unanimously voted to turn down \$80 million in state funds to pay for a jail with 384 extra beds. Since then, there has been an eight-month long Work Group to Re-envision the Jail Replacement Project, headed by the Department of Public Health and the Sheriff's office, which ultimately created recommendations to expand housing and social services while curbing jail expansion. ■



PHOTO BY AVA HOSSEINI.

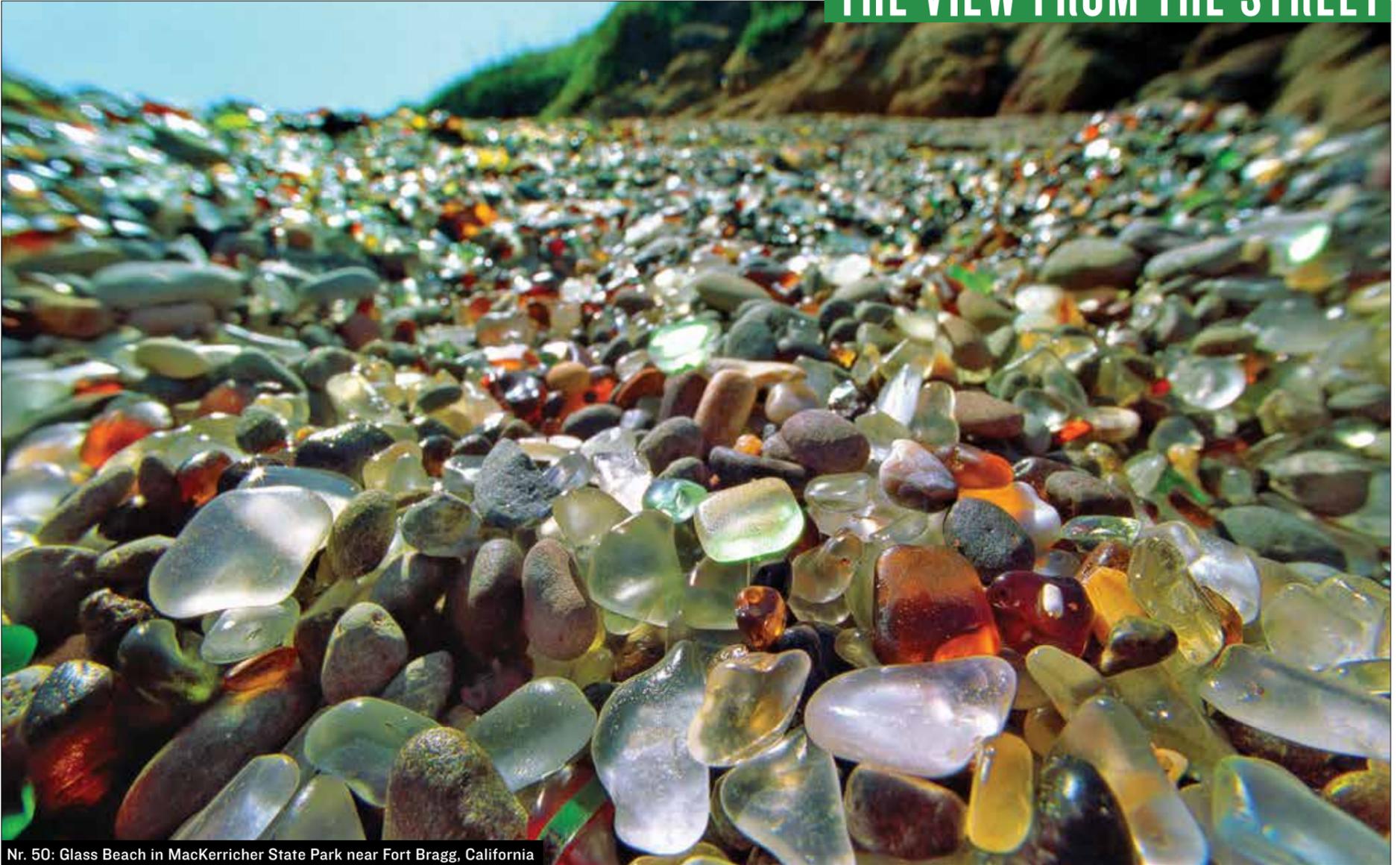
WRITER'S CORNER: THE WRITING PROMPT OF THE STREET SHEET

Write a gift for someone who is in a place of transition. Maybe they're moving away. Or starting school. Or starting over. Or changing jobs. Or dying. Or having a baby. Or looking for an exit. Write something you want to give them while they are still here. Leave nothing unsaid. If you do end up gifting this piece, maybe some things should go unsaid. But try and write them somewhere. What should they know about themselves? What can you tell them about their relationship to you and the world? Do you have any words for them to take to the other side? Maybe they're already gone. Write a poem for them too.

START YOUR POEM WITH THE LINE (OPTIONAL): Your presence feels like...What I meant to say was...Before you go any further, you should know...

This writing prompt is brought to you by **GHOSTLINES**. Ghostlines is a Bay Area collective of poets, artists, and educators comprised of Ariana Weckstein, Gabriel Cortez, Isabella Borgeson, Jade Cho, and Natasha Huey. We are committed to using art to cultivate empathy. To disrupt violent systems and thought. To nurture and challenge ourselves and our communities to rise. WWW.GHOSTLINESCOLLECTIVE.TUMBLR.COM

Want to publish your writing in the Street Sheet? E-mail streetsheet@cohsf.org or Mail to Street Sheet 468 Turk St. San Francisco, CA 94102.



Nr. 50: Glass Beach in MacKerricher State Park near Fort Bragg, California

Helping us to reflect on the daily life of our streets, photographers donate one picture that represents their personal take on urban life.

About the artist: Daniel Furon's images can be seen in advertising, editorial, calendars and online publications. His visual language plays with the light, bringing in a poetic way cityscapes, nature, interiors, and people together. Daniel was the first to start this unique series of images. He is working on an extensive book project, reflecting a lifetime of deep curiosity, and an infinite thirst of transmitting his way to look at things.

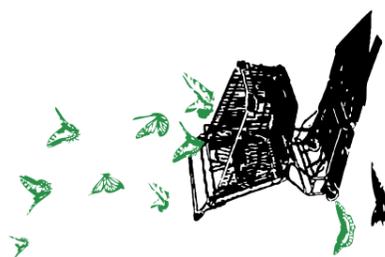
PHOTO: DANIEL FURON WWW.FURON.NET

About the photo: It has been over two years since Street Sheet has modernised its design. Since December 2014, regularly, we have offered you a new image on this back page, bringing with this paper the Photography in the street. This is the 50th image that we publish. Symbolizing all the views given to us, enlightening in many ways our street life. ■

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
PERMIT NO. 3481
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94188

Coalition On Homelessness
468 Turk Street
San Francisco, CA 94102
415-346-3740
www.cohsf.org
streetsheet@cohsf.org

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



Coalition on Homelessness San Francisco

HELP SUPPORT THE COALITION

Name :

Address :

City : State : Zip :

Phone : Email :

UNDERWRITER CONTRIBUTION

I want to become an Underwriter for \$50 or more. \$

MONTHLY CONTRIBUTION

I want to Support the Coalition as a Sustainer at \$ for months.

Please list my name in the STREET SHEET as

SINGLE CONTRIBUTION

I want to support the work of the Coalition on Homelessness with a single tax-deductible contribution in the amount of: (circle amount)

\$25 \$50 \$75 \$100 \$150 \$200 Other \$

PLEASE CHARGE MY CREDIT CARD (MASTERCARD OR VISA)

Card Number :

Expiration Date : /

Name on Card :
(as it appears)

Signature :

All donations are tax-deductible as permitted by law.

The Coalition on Homelessness is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Please make checks payable to: Coalition on Homelessness.

We appreciate your support.

PLEASE CLIP AND MAIL TO:

Coalition on Homelessness
468 Turk Street
San Francisco, CA 94102