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OF THOSE LIVING IN POVERTY IN SAN  
FRANCISCO.

# STREET SHEET



## POETRY ISSUE 2\*0\*2\*1





# THE DIFFERENCE Is Now I Am

slane delarge

for too long,  
I doubted my own wisdom,  
let my visions be clouded by criticism,  
left my decisions to my egotism.

I saw no escape, my mind in a prison,  
I was going insane finding my rhythm.

again & again losing myself in women,  
I have hurt more than I have forgiven.

I am writing when I should just listen  
knowing words are all I hear in visions.

the difference is now I am

growing to accept infinite transitions,  
rising & falling like the sky's process,  
hoping for nothing, expecting less.

power is in loving & loving to no extent.  
reinvent yourself time & time again!

remain in the moment, now is always when  
the flowing of love is the most potent.

no more reaching & hoping  
for what I deserve to come by floating.

coping with what I thought was worthwhile,  
knowing now it was not still brings a smile.

passion lives in me until my last breath,  
I will bring flowers for my final dance with death,  
take her hand in mine & let life end.

until then I will simply be because  
the difference is now I am.

# UNTITLED

Rodney McClain

Dont be stupid  
Man you see Kamala in the Whitehouse.  
That opportunity is there for you and me all of us.  
Blacks, whites, Asians, Mexicans, Native Americans etc.  
Dont be stupid get your education.  
The world is yours, sea to shining sea.  
Just face it guys  
Women are just as smart or smarter as you and me.

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SCAN ME

coalition.networkforgood.com

# 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 agendas to us.

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## CONTACT:

STREETSHHEET@GMAIL.COM

# 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.

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# WRITE FOR STREET SHEET

join our writing team. paid  
opportunities available  
for homeless & formerly  
homeless contributors.  
email us at [qwatts@cohshf.org](mailto:qwatts@cohshf.org)

# LIVIN' AN DYING ON DEM COLD CONCRETE STREETS

Judy Joy Jones

livin an dyin on dem cold concrete streets  
virus ragin on  
no place to  
sit stand or pee  
not even  
a garbage can  
so i can eat

tonite may be  
my last  
on dem cold  
concrete streets

virus rages on  
no place  
to sit stand or pee  
not even a garbage can  
so i can eat

livin an dyin  
on dem  
cold concrete streets

# THE UTOPIANS

Jess Right James

## The Utopians

The season of giving has come to everyone  
In the Kingdom of Heaven,  
As keepers of the  
Garden around us there is a glow, here is peace harmony  
And love,  
We give praise for deliverance and the abundance from  
Above,  
Wide open is Heaven's mandate titanic hope is at hand  
Promising salvation to women and men,  
Filling cups promised and granted, salvation has come to  
The planet.

Words of the prophets are in the light, daily praising of god's creations  
Key's our delight. We praise the despairing, the poor, and the blind be  
Lifted, up. Praise the water, praise the leaders providing for us, praise the sky and  
Earth giving us substance, Praise nurses and doctors in the Pandemic, praise  
Food workers devoted to the mission. Praise the legislators giving stimulus  
To the needy, praise the rich to be morally engaged, praise law men for doing  
Their duty, praise employers setting aside discrimination. Let those  
Around you enjoy the magnificent gift of praise, to lift minds and hearts to heaven  
where all prayers are answered. There are no shortages praise is the answer,  
come join with us in the luxuries. For thine is the kingdom, the power, the love,  
the peace, and the light of the world.

# HUMANITY

Tammy Martin

## Being a Human

Not necessarily saying all people  
but the status quo.  
Not just have to, *want* to exist a  
person in a functional individual  
in society.

Not just being, but functioning  
in a humane way. It's okay to say  
have a nice day, it won't hurt you  
That's called being a human

Makonnen Collier

# THE CONCRETE

I am not afraid of poverty  
I learned at the age of three that oxygen wasn't free  
And the expense of life was madness  
That would forever be submerged  
In a ice cold bathtub

If I watched my brother die would I freeze?  
Without feeling powerless  
I try to escape my right to frost  
By submitting to the inevitable

I hugged the ocean's waves  
But I lost my mind at night  
Survival is for the unfortunate  
For sordid dreams to collapse by a broken family

I collected my whims in jars  
And the moon captured my fears of governance  
To be disregarded in history  
Man without a home  
A misery

# 555 FOLSOM, COLOURBLIND, CA, 94105

Audrey Benson

the sun did start setting this mourning  
Awake a wake tumbled in from the  
gritty shores of yesterday. or next year ?  
i replaced the filament but brilliant tungsten  
could not rival the peculiar light  
of orange beams sprinting out of sky  
rubber soul hit pavement  
iron from behind lazily screeched. then slammed  
the gray air beckoned albeit too absent  
and I felt it. the whispers of trembling Pacific  
the salty residue palpable in cracked lips  
the men at the gate. they couldn't understand it so  
they asked me: are your nipples hard  
fuck you, i replied but gray is basically blue  
and I think I remembered  
because the brassy notes did fill my scorched lungs  
and I saw you there on the shore. with them  
Mystics Vallie-gurls Surfers Cat-walkers Sinners  
Airpods Scott Sourdough Chesa Ahsha  
Ventriloquists a real-estate Lord plus  
other dead ones , too  
the whole sage-waving orchestra. seductively naive  
at first they were so . polite  
a few strokes to the left please. one squeaked  
can you please just give me five fucking minutes  
but see that glorious wave it: wanted my body  
he wanted my body. so sure i let that egyptian cotton  
thread count 500 sit on my boyish breasts  
head was cool too like the room it had  
no floors. just stars and s cribb les on pages  
but he dared tell me it was Dec 2020. even I  
understand how tacky time can be  
everyone stumbling around in the half light  
chins lifted ever so slightly towards  
the heavens? still gray. all this talk of Camus' Plague  
parchment unscratched whole peoples dis placed see  
you & me were set to exchange whispers mighty  
enough to tempt San Andreas, electricity . palpable  
enough to implicate PG&E in the next disaster  
but none of that happened so here we are a  
pop-up merchant who with a sublime treasure display  
as the foreground for Ronnie's mural (power)  
sees my lens he wants a snap. suspends his body dotty  
behind the shutter (only he knows I'm dead)  
remnants of memory at 16, Mission  
the seafoam quivered. a YIMBY did actually cry --- one  
less avocado for you. the shore people fidgeted  
with crumpled prayers from ripped pockets  
a valiant effort to upcycle wrappers and scattered lint  
come back! they yelled you too can eat duck confit. we shall  
Upzone the pacific with a side of Crêpes Juliennes  
all you need is 40 pixels for streaming live try SFGOVTV  
a terry cloth mask and some much-furrowed eyebrows  
they believed that water could be dug up too. that the silken  
sheets could be pulled off in layers. a tissue box!  
the whole performance was truly quite flattering  
but who knew? slight empathy cannot unsheath  
the drowned who've already been drowned  
and as my brittle bones sunk down down down in frigid  
indifference i did regret that it would necessitate a sky of gray  
but the ocean gets  
what the ocean wants naughty Coriolis  
I have been dead since dot com. did you not  
leave a voicemail? Being ohlone down here is hard  
but thank god.  
more room. for even more spectators.  
to mock my jettisoned corpse (should it appear)  
as Zillow points them towards pearly Austin  
all because:  
they decided that  
now they miss  
the color orange



# CHEAP

Alexander Gray

*“Oh, God! that bread should be so dear. And flesh and blood so cheap!” [Thomas Hood, 1843]*

I have 15 cents and the landlord with two beamers says it would be a hardship to reduce the rent.  
I have 15 cents and the shirtless man holding a crystal to the bodega window needs cereal and milk (and a Mug Root Beer would be nice).  
I have 15 cents and Mayor Breed’s aide laughs at me open heartedly over the telephone line. I have 15 cents and the girl on the Golden Gate Bridge runs towards the brink to forget a band of tricolore cloth thrown by the wind.  
I have 15 cents and know where the Mayor lives but lying on the asphalt seems cliché.  
I have 15 cents and didn’t know you could eat heroin until I walked down Hyde Street.  
I have 15 cents and give a man my Muni token on Harvey Milk Plaza.  
I have 15 cents and wonder if the baby in the pram has had more money spent on its short existence than the entire life of the man air drying his junk in the Dolores Park bathroom.  
I have 15 cents and wish Mark, Jack, and Elon would jump in a lake.  
I have 15 cents and where I come from we drove Fords and Toyotas, people knew the names of their upstairs neighbors and the houses are made of brick.  
I have 15 cents and two lovers who killed themselves after an eviction.

I have 15 cents and think I shouldn’t have to resort to these poetic tactics to make you care.

# MISS ME BUT LET ME GO

Rodney McClain

When I come to the end of the road.  
Here on Earth  
Please give me no rites in a gloom filled room.  
Why cry for a soul set free :)

Miss me a little but no too long please,  
Please don't bow your heads to Low.

Remember the love that we all shared.  
Miss me but let me go.

This is a journey worth remembering and  
we must all take someday hopefully I'll see  
you again  
miss me but let me go.

*This was written for my Dad I Love and miss him. He taught me to work hard at anything you do it will pay out. He always had a smile and was a people person. We did a lot together I would not be as well traveled without home or well mannered if it wasn't for him. He taught me how to fish and hunt. We spent a lot of time fishing and brought a fish market. My Dad loved my special batter I'd make. My Dad out BBQed me all the time. But that's the only thing he had over me. A lot of the Poetry you'll be reading has my Dad's personality in them.*

# LIVING FOR THE LOVE OF YOU

Rodney McClain

*Jan 28th 2020*

I know I'm living for the love you  
Each and everyday I'm living for all your love.  
I can feel it everywhere I go through things  
And still Feel your love.  
Nothing can stop me from Living For the love of You  
No matter what the would goes through  
I'm Living For the love of You.  
When I leave this world and join you in the next one  
I'll still be living for the Love of You!  
We all should be living for the love of You  
For I am you and you are me  
Thank you for your Love. GOD



# No Room

Tommi Avicolli Mecca

there's suddenly no room  
at the inn  
the shelter in place hotels  
no room for  
2,400 homeless people  
high risk seniors  
sheltered for months  
no room  
not even a stable  
only a vague promise  
of permanent housing  
that always ends  
up broken like treaties  
no room  
for 2,400 homeless people  
now housed  
but soon to be back  
out on the streets  
in the dead of winter  
during the rainy season  
just before Xmas  
in the midst of  
a pandemic  
no room  
in far too many hearts

# AMERICA IS STARVING

Tommi Avicolli Mecca

America's hungry  
it's always been hungry  
it stands every day  
bundled up against the cold  
masked and socially  
distanced in lines  
as far as the eagle  
can see  
outside food banks  
and soup kitchens  
hands always extended  
on the cold callous street  
there's little change  
trickling into the cup  
little compassion in the air  
America's food stamps  
have been cut  
there's no relief check in the mail  
unemployment's running out  
America's always been hungry  
these days  
it's starving

# IRVING AND 5TH

Paolo Bicchieri

There's a magistrate in the fridge:  
It's time to get rid of these old ass tamales.

Freezer burn babies of beef and cheese and I step into quiet wasteland.  
Not a desperate land for Mad Max. Just cold emptiness like Gravity.

Big, Snorlax man outside the market. Beard like Klaus. Finger nails that pulled flowers from Golden Gate Park.

N95 masks headed in and out as though tear gas wailed around like the Kashmir Valley. I've microwaved the leaf-wrapped vessels of my heritage – this nomadic neighbor will be ecstatic.

When I offer, he takes the folded brown paper bag, rubber banded like a deck of cards, and asks: "Do you have room?"

I pause.  
"Do you have a room? For me?"

he spreads his hands up & down the street like a sultan's claim.  
"I see so much but so quiet."

I tell him I rent, that my land lord is not nice.

His prayer-soaked, ball-player mitt hands collect rain-wet magazines written in Chinese from near his shoes.

"Do you want these papers?"

I nod & thank him. I go home and I'm sitting inside and I'm thinking about all the birthday cake I ate just a week ago, purple frosting on a fish shaped chocolate cake, and all the strangers who came to my home for the birthday party, room enough there for anyone who might praise me, and all the White-claw in the recycling bin the next morning, and the drugs those strangers gave me that I put up my nose like snowballs balancing on brass, til they melt, and I'm feeling like an idiot.

Like during a pandemic is when I finally bake blueberry coffee cake for somebody who isn't my high school girlfriend. Like I could take all the preserves on my family farm a few states north and dump them into the street and let the Sunset run rhubarb pink and it wouldn't be enough. Like freezer burn pieces of my abuela aren't even close.

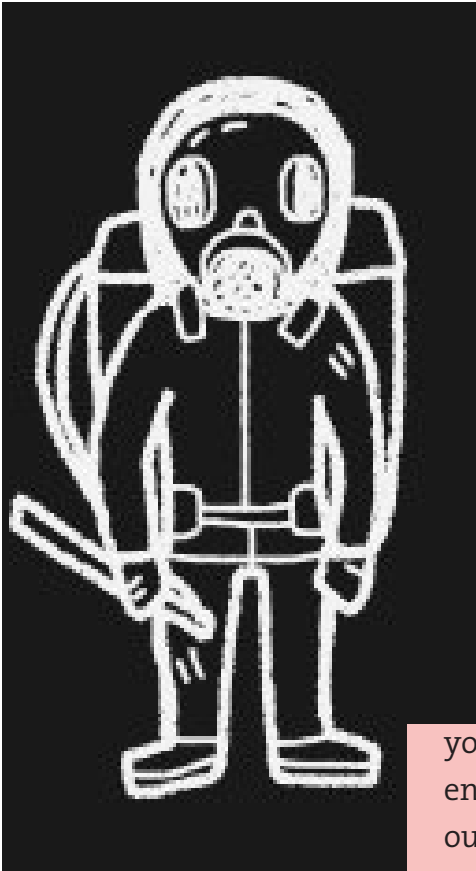
By Ilya Grigorik



# THE SMILE

Rodney McClain

The Smile has a radiance of Power.  
It can change the course of your life  
and others as well.  
A Smile can be healing, I believe  
that it's an indicator of love and happiness.  
I'd like to see a day when the whole  
world smiles at the same time all  
over the world.  
I think it's the cure for just about  
everything in existence we suffer from  
in this world.  
I'm positive that the smile can bring  
us all together  
It is the key to unity & Love and  
compassion to one another  
We can all make this world a better  
place by smiling



## man on a bench

Tommi Avicolli Mecca

you were sitting at the other  
end of the wooden bench  
outside the café  
I was waiting for a friend  
checking my phone  
every couple minutes  
a small framed old man  
with bruises on your cheeks  
and forehead  
you picked at a scab  
as you commented on the weather  
a man suddenly turned  
the corner swinging his  
bag at your face  
then spit on you  
calling you a "homeless  
piece of shit"  
I yelled at him  
told him to leave you alone  
he hurried across the street  
through the heavy traffic  
a waiter came out  
told you to move on  
I asked why  
he said customers had  
complained  
you got up and left  
so did I

# METAL

Awa

Shadows of great metal walls have got me stuck in the maze.  
I look in the east and see warm mountains, where does that light come from?  
How did I wander into rain and fog and cold?  
I remember a day when I looked out from a high hill in the morning,  
Thirsting for water, my bones and muscles and senses broken, I stood there.  
Then I sang from my heart “come, Spirit, come” and my heart became the living sun.  
There came to me a great knowledge then, saying, “Look for Me always.  
When you go down into the valley do not forget but feel Me there always,  
And I will raise you up.” So I put on my torn, soaked coverings and went among the people.  
For many months I carried a blessed memory, my heart on fire,  
Saying, “Peace up here with Me, and peace down here for Us.”  
Everywhere I went, in everyone I passed, my father and mother smiled at me,  
I saw my brother and sister and cousin. Inside my chest a sacred flame:  
On every busy street and trail, one candle lights a thousand candles.  
But now in my hunger, the coldest month still before me, I ask  
And wonder and cry, “Where did I come from, which way is correct?”  
Where is the one Mind that touched me and brightened up the sky?

# WATER

Awa

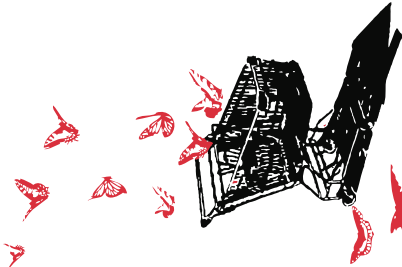
The Lord has heard my prayers, my fears and worry rise like smoke, He heard —  
And bids me walk on, down to the water, daylight thinking on the clouds.  
I have a mother on this earth, her name is Mar; a long month ends, I seek her,  
The moving, turning, quiet glass.

I am an old man, along the river my little things I take; at the end I lay myself down right where I began.  
From me my sorrow empties out, into the sound of her swaying.  
In the silence, she shows me the new man.  
His eyes reopen, he is filled with love, the mother shares a gentle word: this is what it means for tears to overflow.



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RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



**Coalition on  
Homelessness  
San Francisco**

**On living in a car and “on” the street**  
**Kelly:** Probably, for me personally, it’s accepting the fact that I’m living in a car. That’s really hard for me. I didn’t see that happening. Luckily, I have a truck so we can lay-down but it’s difficult because we have all of our stuff in it and then we try and fit ourselves in it too. That’s a challenge and then you have people breaking into the car trying to take your stuff, that’s too much. Having to use a restroom when you don’t have a restroom, that’s hard. You have to put in work to get to a restroom.

**Frank:** Literately the hardest thing about living in a car, is not letting anyone know you’re living in it. That’s the hardest thing. That’s what we have to focus on, we don’t want people to know that we are living in it because then security will tell you to move. So the hardest thing is to make sure people don’t see you living in your car. We do our errands all day, leave our car alone, go there to sleep.

**Kelly:** We go back there to sleep and that’s it. We’re not there all day like hanging out, we wake up early, try and accomplish our goals that we have daily and then we go back to sleep, and that’s it.

**What you carry with you?**

**Kelly:** I have mostly like my paperwork, I carry with me my important documents or whatever I’m working on, for example like a housing application. I also carry like gloves,

a sweater, stuff that you put on, it gets cold out here pretty early. A change of clothes, or a poncho if it rains. And sometimes food, like snack food, and toiletries.

**Frank:** I carry the same thing: paperwork, toothbrush, now a skateboard, cellphone, deodorant, pens, notepad for writing down plans and stuff.

**Worst thing about being without a place:**  
**Kelly:** You have no place to relax or feel comfortable. There’s no place to look forward to, it’s just like an emptiness that you have, you’re just there.

**Frank:** Weather can be the worst thing. When it rains, that’s not fun and sometimes it can be too hot too. You get looked at some type of way when you say that you’re homeless. People judge you but they don’t realize that you’re people like everyone else.

**Hopes and dreams:**

**Kelly:** I’m hoping that this situation doesn’t last too long and that we find a home that we are happy with and that we have our children together and that we can maintain our life and not ever worry about being in this position again.

**Frank:** All of our own stuff, our own cars. A good bank account, both of us have a good job. And I want us to have a baby once we get settled. And I want us to get married, that’s my hope.

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**STREET  
SHEETS**

JAN 1, 2021

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**SUMMONS**

*(CITACION JUDICIAL)*

NOTICE TO DEFENDANT:

*(AVISO AL DEMANDADO):*

CBS CORPORATION, f/k/a VIACOM INC., successor by merger with CBS CORPORATION, f/k/a WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION; CERTAIN-TEED CORPORATION; CROWN CORIC & SEAL COMPANY, INC., individually and as successor-in interest to MIND ET CORK CORPORATION; FOSTER WHEELER ENERGY CORPORATION; GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY; INDUSTRIAL HOLDINGS CORPORATION f/k/a THE CARBORUNDUM COMP ANY; INGERSOLL-RAND COMPANY; JOHN CRANE INC.; KELLY MOORE PAINT COMPANY, INC.; METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMP ANY; SOCO WEST, JNC.; UNION CARBIDE CORPORATION; And DOES 1-850, INCLUSIVE, Defendants.

AND

JAMES BENSCHOTER,

Nominal Defendant.

YOU ARE BEING SUED BY PLAINTIFF:

*(LO ESTA DEMANDANDO EL DEMANDANTE):*

THEA HANSEN, individually and as successor in interest to AMOS T.

BENSCHOTER, deceased.

NOTICE! You have been sued. The court may decide against you without your being heard unless you respond within 30 days. Read the information below.

You have 30 CALENDAR DAYS after this summons and legal papers are served on you to file a written response at this court and have a copy served on the plaintiff. A letter or phone call will not protect you. Your written response must be in proper legal form if you want the court to hear your case. There may be a court form that you can use for your response. You can find these court forms and more information at the California Courts Online Self-Help Center ([www.courtinfo.ca.gov/selfhelp](http://www.courtinfo.ca.gov/selfhelp)), your county law library, or the courthouse nearest you. If you cannot pay the filing fee, ask the court clerk for a fee waiver form. If you do not file your response on time, you may lose the case by default, and your wages, money, and property may be taken without further warning from the court.

There are other legal requirements. You may want to call an attorney right away. If you do not know an attorney, you may want to call an attorney referral service. If you cannot afford an attorney, you may be eligible for free legal services from a nonprofit legal services program. You can locate these nonprofit groups at the California Legal Services Web site ([www.lawhelpcalifornia.org](http://www.lawhelpcalifornia.org)), the California Courts Online Self-Help Center ([www.courtinfo.ca.gov/selfhelp](http://www.courtinfo.ca.gov/selfhelp)), or by contacting your local court or county bar association. NOTE: The court has a statutory lien for waived fees and costs on any settlement or arbitration award of \$10,000 or more in a civil case. The court’s lien must be paid before the court will dismiss the case.

**¡AVISO!** Lo han demandado. Si no responde dentro de 30 días, la corte puede decidir en su contra sin escuchar su versión. Lea la información a continuación. Tiene 30 DÍAS DE CALENDARIO después de que le entreguen esta citación y papeles legales para presentar una respuesta por escrito en esta corte y hacer que se entregue una copia al demandante. Una carta o una llamada telefónica no lo protegen. Su respuesta por escrito tiene que estar en formato legal correcto si desea que procesen su caso en la corte. Es posible que haya un formulario que usted pueda usar para su respuesta. Puede encontrar estos formularios de la corte y más información en el Centro de Ayuda de las Cortes de California ([www.sucorte.ca.gov](http://www.sucorte.ca.gov)), en la biblioteca de leyes de su condado o en la corte que le quede más cerca. Si no puede pagar la cuota de presentación, pida al secretario de la corte que le dé un formulario de exención de pago de cuotas. Si no presenta su respuesta a tiempo, puede perder el caso por incumplimiento y la corte le podrá quitar su sueldo, dinero y bienes sin más advertencia.

Hay otros requisitos legales. Es recomendable que llame a un abogado inmediatamente. Si no conoce a un abogado, puede llamar a un servicio de remisión a abogados. Si no puede pagar a un abogado, es posible que cumpla con los requisitos para obtener servicios legales gratuitos de un programa de servicios legales sin fines de lucro. Puede encontrar estos grupos sin fines de lucro en el sitio web de California Legal Services, ([www.lawhelpcalifornia.org](http://www.lawhelpcalifornia.org)), en el Centro de Ayuda de las Cortes de California, ([www.sucorte.ca.gov](http://www.sucorte.ca.gov)) o poniéndose en contacto con la corte o el colegio de abogados locales. AVISO: Por ley, la corte tiene derecho a reclamar las cuotas y los costos eventos por imponer un gravamen sobre cualquier recuperación de \$10,000 ó más de valor recibida mediante un acuerdo o una concesión de arbitraje en un caso de derecho civil. Tiene que pagar el gravamen de la corte antes de que la corte pueda desechar el caso.

CASE NUMBER: (Número del caso): 18STCV02307

The name and address of the court is:

*(El nombre y dirección de la corte es):* Stanley Mosk 111 N. Hill Street Los Angeles, CA 90012

The name, address, and telephone number of plaintiff’s attorney, or plaintiff without an attorney, is: (El nombre, la dirección y el número de teléfono del abogado del demandante, o del demandante que no tiene abogado, es):

BENJAMIN D. GOLDSTEIN (SEN 231699) CRYSTAL G. FOLEY (SEN 224627) NICHOLAS J. ANGELIDES (SEN 250127)

**SUMMONS HANLY CONROY**

100 N. Pacific Coast Highway, Suite 1350

El Segundo, California 90245

Tel: (310) 322-3555

DATE: Oct. 25, 2018

*(Fecha)*

Clerk, by

*(Secretario)*

STEVEN DREW

Deputy

*(Adjunto J)*

