

*Dollar Donation*

DECEMBER, 1995

# *Real* CHANGE

*Seattle's Homeless Newspaper*

**HOMELESS  
WOMEN SPEAK!**

**Quantum States of Mary**  
**A Mother's Letter from the Heart**  
**Through the Looking Glass**  
**Women's Day at Streetlife**

**A Rock in the Woods**  
**A Seattle Christmas Story**

**The Battle of the Pacific: Part 2**

**ART, POETRY, STUFF THAT MATTERS**





**Real Change**  
is a  
non-profit organization  
and  
is a project of  
**The Pike Market Senior  
Center/Downtown  
Food Bank.**

Real Change is published the 1st of each month, and is sold by the poor and homeless of Seattle. Submissions are encouraged and should be mailed to "Real Change," 2129 Second Ave, Seattle, WA 98121. Tel. (206) 441-3247. Email rchange@speakeasy.org ISSN 1085-729X  
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Real Change vendors receive 75¢ of the \$1.00 paid for this paper.

**MISSION STATEMENT**

Organize, educate, and build alliances to find community-based solutions to homelessness and poverty.

**Goals**

- 1.) provide a foundation for grassroots organizing.
- 2.) publish the views of marginalized communities.
- 3.) create direct economic opportunity.
- 4.) build bridges with a broad range of allies in the struggle against poverty.

**Editorial Policy**

Articles appearing in Real Change reflect the opinion and perspective of the author. We encourage the submission of journalism, opinion, fiction, poetry and artwork, and hope to create a forum where the many perspectives that exist regarding poverty and homelessness can find expression. The editorial committee reserves the right to edit any material for length and style. Articles considered libelous or which encourage violence, sexism, homophobia, or racism will not be considered for publication.

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# Power Lunch Perspectives

## Homeless Women Speak on November Forum

For once, a "Power Lunch" with a healing power. The event November 15th at Plymouth Congregational Church makes women's homelessness a voice to be heard and a presence to be seen and witnessed by Seattle's organizational "elites."

### Monique King

This Homeless Women's Forum - Through the Looking Glass - deserves city-to-city, nation-wide, replication immediately.

The burden and struggle of homeless women in Seattle was honored at this discussion. I want to thank the healing and supportive artisans and speakers. I'm also grateful for the availability of distinguished city leaders intent on gathering information.

On this day they gave birth, suggestion-by-suggestion, to Task Forces intended to alleviate and eventually eliminate Seattle's women's homelessness, indefinitely.

The women will do it for themselves- they have skills amongst their own- and they will continue to. The shelter and advocacy service organization providers, at this event, were

present to supportive "the homeless voice" as "Silent Witnesses".

In Seattle and the rest of America a homeless woman on any given day will face a life of no personal security and low or no self-esteem. There is no blue print to follow for steps to prosperity and living arrangements.

Homelessness cannot be considered a living arrangement; it is a bare existence - most of you know that. Daily, clients are under "In-by" and "Out-by" time rules. Underdeveloped or soon-demolished realty space goes un-used while "police-arrestable" public perches are bedded overnight by independent-thinking homeless.

Lugging belongings around all day due to shelter rules keeps a shelter woman no better off than the outside woman. Clients face full capacity temporary and/or group sleeping amounting to "warehousing". Still other rules or adversities experienced are: "No single women allowed," "One gender allowed but not as a couple," "No children allowed."

Preening charity workers are wryly nick-named "Do-Gooders." And middle-and upper-class passerby evidence mixtures of "At least I feel

good" self-righteousness, quiet curiosity, unnecessary alarm, teasing and contempt, and discomfort; that barely conscious fear that they will possibly fail and taste this themselves.

The creator's of the Forum, the Women's Housing Equality and Enhancement League embody Sisterhood-in-a-cause. This cause is worth having homeless women and well-scheduled committee-level figures not avoiding each other for once.

The list of endorsers included the

heads of the Seattle Police Department and King County TASK, as well as the leaders of Seattle's Chapter of NOW, and the Church Council of Greater Seattle.

As of this Forum, "to put a face on homelessness" will no longer be cliché. The Forum's arrangement drew people together into a balance without personal confrontation. Regardless of the presence of people in positions of power, no advocate spoke for the homeless and the formerly homeless - now more successful - women.

### Girlfriends are Talking!

I would like to thank all the courageous sisters who crossed the threshold of the Homeless Women's Forum. I would like to thank everyone who signed up for the Task Forces. I thank soul-sister Catherine Condeff for the inspiration of her poetry, son, late-night telephone talk and laughter. Lastly, I thank Marion Sue Fischer for her infinite love of humankind. Everywhere I go, girlfriends are talking!

On any given night there are 650 homeless women on the streets of Seattle. God-only-knows-how-many formerly homeless there are and together, we are on the move. Although homelessness has become the warp and woof of the tapestry of all Americana, it is not acceptable! There is simply no way to guesstimate how many of us are out there in the countryside or in tents, cars, shelters, alleys, grates and doorways. How many of us recover from the bludgeoned half-

lives of having been there? How many never exit the open grave of prolonged exposure?

Enough! Our mantra need be HOMELESSNESS IS NOT ACCEPTABLE! All-America needs a shakedown of truth as our weapon. Each of us needs to exit our subterranean self-esteem long enough to become visible to ourselves again. Only then will we become visible to others.

Our country is dangerously asleep at the wheel of her denial. She needs a wake-up call! Organize and enter the battlefield as a Spiritual Warrior armored only with your truth. Dare to confront the Gospel of Greed that contaminates every aspect of our existence - financially, institutionally, culturally, and spiritually. This is not about homelessness...this is about our very humanity!

Come out! Come out wherever you are! Ole Ole Home In Free.

—Joy Graybill

**"In Seattle and the rest of America a homeless woman on any given day will face a life of no personal security and low or no self-esteem. There is no blue print to follow for steps to prosperity and living arrangements."**

### MAILBAG

2129 2nd Ave., 98121

Dear Real Change,

Just the other day I got your newspaper from a lovely man outside Westlake Mall. I wish I had known to ask for his badge number or look for his name, but I was too caught up in a glow.

I read a couple of the stories on my way home on the bus and really felt something.

The story "One Night of Our Lives" made me feel sorry that Bruce and Rainee had to go through so much trouble to be together, but at the same time I felt love because they would go through that much. I had to ask myself if I would do the same to be with the man I profess to love - I decided yes, I would.

"The Battle of the Pacific" was another really great story. It shows unity and strength. Hope for a better future for poor and homeless people is prominent in this writing and makes me look at these people with even greater faith. I hope to hear of more positive activities like this happening.

I will definitely continue to support *Real Change*, especially if I see that darling man again.

Wendy Durant  
Federal Way

Dear Real Change,

While on vacation in Seattle, we purchased *Real Change* from a vendor. Reluctant, but happy about it now, I realize it is a homeless person putting in a day's work. I

work in downtown Los Angeles, and I get real tired of "Can I have..." and "Can you spare..."

Most look able-bodied as I. I work for what they ask for. If they would spend eight hours of that same day (as do I) working, they wouldn't have to panhandle. God help us all, and I know he will if we honestly try.

Thank you, *Real Change*, for giving the homeless an opportunity to work again. I believe what you all are doing is a great thing. I'd wish more cities would take on something like that. Please keep it up. You are all a terrific example to all metropolitan cities combating homelessness. Not just meeting the need, but solving the problem.

John Ruff  
Los Angeles

Dear Real Change,

I really liked Wes Browning's art and story in your October issue. Made me sad for the hard times and happy for the renewal. I was particularly touched by the words about Street Life Gallery in the last paragraph. "I can do for other people what those Hawaiian guys did for me. They gave me a place to retire to everyday where I could be a human being and not be afraid."

Wow. That is such a big thing and so hard to come by for some of us. There is lots of wisdom in his story and I think many who read it will be inspired to recover their lost & buried wisdom. My favorite stuff in *Real Change* is always the poetry (& vendors).

Donna Manor  
Grand Rapids, MI



# 'tis the Season to Support Real Change

**A**s we go to press in late-November with this issue, *Real Change* is less than one-third of the way toward raising the \$10,000 in grassroots support that we need this holiday season.

We are one of the most cost-effective projects around. On a budget of about \$70,000 a year, we have created the opportunity for hundreds of poor and homeless people to earn a total of over \$300,000 for themselves.

This has not been a hand out. People have earned their money working as advocates in a larger cause. Each issue has first-hand

stories, opinion, poetry, art and journalism to clarify the issues and remind us who homeless people really are. In these times, when poor people are often portrayed as undeserving criminals, the importance of this can't be underestimated.

But this project doesn't stop at just providing employment. Our mission is to be a foundation for activism, and we have several new initiatives to accomplish this.

- We are working with the National Coalition for the Homeless Street Newspaper Project to promote papers such as this in other cities. Our "How To" guide is posted at our

website: <http://www.speakeasy.org/realchange>

- We are beginning a Homeless Speakers Bureau to bring homeless folks out to businesses, schools, churches, and civic organizations to address the issues from their own experience. This project helps to break down damaging stereotypes while it builds leadership for action.

- We are initiating a Legislative Action Project, which will identify key issues locally and nationally, and will let people know how they can best spend their time and energy to create change.

- We are working with members of the Street Life Gallery to create a monthly homeless-run TV show on public-access cable, in another effort to give direct voice to the poor and

homeless.

It takes resources to make all this happen. Our annual budget is only about \$70,000, and about half of that goes directly to the printer. Your grass-roots support is critical to this project's success. We receive very little foundation support, and no government funding at all.

We know we can count on you, our readers, to do your share. With your help, *Real Change* will continue and will grow. We are still a long way from raising our goal of \$10,000 in grass-roots support this holiday season.

Please make a generous contribution today. *Real Change* is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization, and all donations are tax-deductible to the full extent of the law.

## Purpose

I still have two hands  
 All my fingers, my thumbs  
 Although they seem rather useless to me  
 When they go totally numb.  
 Yet, still, I have two legs, two feet  
 I can walk to wherever I'm going  
 —Guess I'll walk to that next street  
 I could push a shopping basket  
 Or else carry my stuff on my back  
 Or stash it in a dumpster  
 Still, I'm always in fear of attack  
 Why don't I just leave it here  
 And hope it stays put until I get back

I never thought life could be so cruel  
 That I would be so excluded  
 so discarded  
 so alone  
 But now that I'm here, I realize  
 I'm not the only one who doesn't have a home.

People's pets  
 fare better than I do  
 Better loved, better housed, better fed  
 And the way some of these self-righteous city-slickers  
 Look at me  
 Well, it looks like I'd be better off dead.  
 Still, I know in my soul  
 I'm a good person  
 I can't stand to see the scorn in their eyes  
 So, for now, I will hide in the shadows  
 of The Wall that still separates  
 our lives.

I have no qualms about walking down the alleys  
 If you'll let me sleep I'll stay hidden in your parks  
 But I want you to know  
 This does not let you off the hook  
 That in Gods eyes  
 No deeds are undone in the dark.

Save me from my lack of faith  
 Give me hope when there is no reason  
 Let me have a place to call home  
 Don't expose me to another winter season  
 You'll have your Christmas  
 With your presents and your tree  
 But don't block out the homeless  
**PLEASE DON'T IGNORE ME!**  
 It doesn't have to be much  
 I just need somewhere to call my own  
 To have a place I can truly call  
 Home.

—Catherine Condeff

### Real Change Matters. Here's What I Can Do.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

- |                                    |               |  |
|------------------------------------|---------------|--|
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Friend    | \$50 or more  | volunteering my                        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Member    | \$35          | time and energy.                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Supporter | Any amount    |  |

If you donate \$35 or more, please indicate whether you want a subscription mailed to you Yes  No

### Articulate Homeless People

#### The Real Change Speaker's Bureau Wants to Talk to Your Group!

- **Businesses**
- **Church Groups**
- **Schools (all levels)**
- **Civic Organizations**

#### Help Break Down the Stereotypes and Myths. See Who Homeless People Really Are.

\$25 honorarium and one week's notice requested.  
 Call 441-3247 for more information.

### Attention Journalists:

Do you know an inverted pyramid from a double-helix? Does your experience go beyond editing your High School Year Book? If so, we desperately need you to write occasional stories on assignment. No Money. Just lots of gratitude and a by-line. Call 441-3247.



# Quantum States of Mary

Mary,  
     holding your baby;  
 did you see a shadow fall  
     on the stable wall?  
 When the shepherds came to pray,  
     what *had* they heard the angels say?  
 Did the wise men dare to tell you *all* they knew?

Mary,  
     who are you?

Frightened child bride,  
     towed by an angry Joseph  
     through the swirl of history,  
     shouting prophets  
     thundering over your huddled form...

Untouched maiden  
     meekly kneeling  
     to the Master of the Universe,  
     raising one cuckoo  
     and a flock of sparrows,  
     never losing serenity  
     or innocence...

Conniving seductress  
     foisting her bastard off on God,  
     hoaxing Joseph to raise it,  
     muddling the boy into visions,  
     all to mask your own guilt...

Daughter of the prophets  
     poised in ancient wisdom,  
     cuddling the sweetest infant  
     to the tenderest breast,  
     nursing him to sacrifice and glory...

Mary,  
     who are you?

Mary,  
     did you ever fear?  
 Joseph,  
     cuckold of God -  
     did he take it out on you?

Or was he so kind and noble  
     you felt unworthy,  
     distrusting any moment  
     of anger  
     or any human weakness?

Your child-man  
     who never cried at night,  
     or begged for toys  
     then broke them,  
     who never raided the cookie jar,  
     or rubbed dirt in his best friend's hair -  
     did you know how weird he was,  
     before you raised the other boys?

Did you ever lie awake  
     with some deep grief;  
 did he come hold your hand,  
     wisdom far too ancient in his eyes?

When you found him  
     lecturing the scholars,  
 did you see a cross-shaped shadow  
     on his path?

Did you fear for him, Mary?  
 Did you fear Him?

Mary,  
     I am afraid.

To fall,  
     to fail,  
     to feel...

I am afraid of pain  
 and of the long slow numbing dark  
     without pain...

Mary,  
     I do not know  
     who I am.  
 With no home and no money  
     am I helpless,  
     hopeless,  
     sick and pitiful?

Am I angry,  
     robbed and ruined  
     by the System,  
     Them,  
     the Others,  
     Mother,  
     Men?

Am I stupid,  
     wrong,  
     a wicked woman,  
     reaping the returns  
     of evil ways?

Am I the player,  
     one strike down  
     but grinning,  
     setting my feet  
     to jump back in the game?

Mary,  
     am I your child?  
 Will you hold and warm me  
     until I am ready  
     for my destiny?

Mary,  
     am I your sister?

Mary,  
     where are you?

Have you found your ground  
     beyond the swirl of history,  
     cascading quantum images  
     others painted for you;  
     have you made a place  
     to be your self?

Mary,  
     show me.

—Anitra Freeman



# Through The Looking Glass

## Reflections on the Homeless Women's Forum



ON NOVEMBER 15, MORE THAN 300 PEOPLE—HOMELESS AND FORMERLY HOMELESS WOMEN, AGENCY DIRECTORS AND STAFF, GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AND OTHER SUPPORTERS—GATHERED FOR THE FIRST-EVER HOMELESS WOMEN'S FORUM: THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. PHOTO BY FLO BEAUMON.

November's Homeless Women's forum was an inspirational beginning to a homeless-led process that will bring increased attention to the plight of homeless women in Seattle. Homeless and formerly homeless women shared their stories, and established inclusive Task Forces in specific areas designed to alleviate and then eliminate homelessness among women. The Forum, was sponsored by WHEEL (the Women's Housing, Equality and Enhancement League, sister organizing effort to SHARE).

The following reflections were gathered by Joy Graybill of WHEEL.

"The major message was women speaking for themselves and our understanding what they face on a daily basis. The bottom line is—we're all women and we have common stories, and, unfortunately, barriers are created to try to separate us—whether classism, racism, sexism. All "isms" perpetuate that separation. It was a profound experience for everyone. The women organizers creatively threw the challenge out there. It's for us to listen."

—Vivian Luna, Office for Women's Rights



CINDY MEYER, WHO STAYS AT DESC, SPEAKS OF HER DREAM TO CREATE A SHELTER FOR HANDI-CAPPED WOMEN. PHOTO BY FLO BEAUMON.

"It was very moving, very emotional. I'd like to see it happen again. In my gut, I felt hope. I hope the Task Forces will be equally effective."

—Delores Beamon, SHARE shelter

"I was very impressed by the large turnout and the eye-opening quality of individuals speaking at the tables, both homeless and formerly homeless. I saw women who had had misfortunes and was especially impressed with the sincerity and insights of the speakers. The Forum motivated people to offer help and resources and, I think, assisted homeless women to have hope that help is on the way."

—Captain Brent Wingstrand, Commander of the Domestic Violence/Sex Crimes/Child Abuse Section of the Seattle Police Department

"I felt really good about a group of intelligent women coming from a diversity of backgrounds and situations leading to homelessness, shoving aside the shame of being homeless by going public and telling it like it is. I admired them."

—Angela Pavlik, Rose of Lima House

"What was most powerful was the personal stories from the women currently and formerly homeless. The power came from sharing their challenges and their strength to meet those challenges. Most reassuring to me was the tone of the discussion—not as the strong there to help the weak but that all of us bring strengths. Together we can work on these challenges. I'm looking forward to the Task Forces to meet the need not only for shelter but the need to break the cycle. I was extremely impressed with the whole thing."

MADLINE LEWIS, WHO IS FORMERLY HOMELESS, EMCEEING THE FORUM. PHOTO BY FLO BEAUMON



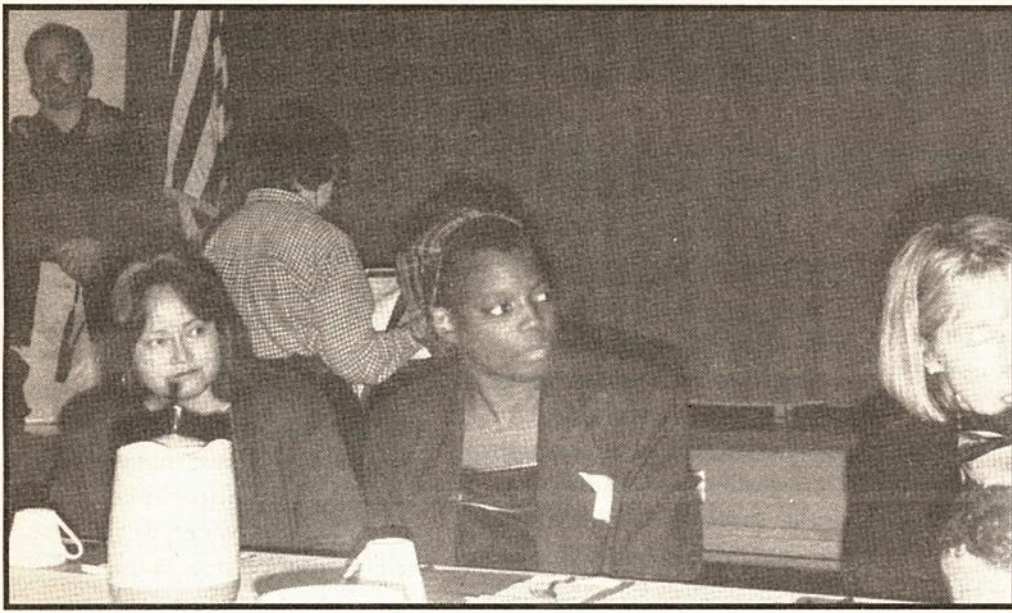
—Kathryn Williams, Senior Vice President, Continental Savings Bank

"What a thrill it was! I mean a soul-chilling, spine-tingling, heart-warming, mind-boggling sense of excitement to stand before a banquet room full of people who actually care enough about the plight of the homeless to attend our luncheon. If my songs, words and presence are helpful to those without homes and to those who endeavor to help them, you are welcome to call on me to speak or sing at any event...until there are homes for everyone—even baby Jesus!"

—Catherine Condeff, formerly homeless poet/songwriter/musician



# Forum



ALINE CRETEN AND MONIQUE KING AT THE SPEAKER'S TABLE. PHOTO BY FLO BEAUMON—Lisa Cunningham-Roberts, Mental Health Practitioner, Health Care for the Homeless

"I was moved by the integrity that each woman came forth with. It is hard to have integrity when one is so pushed down. I had goosebumps as each woman spoke. Homeless and formerly homeless women are leading the way and inviting us to be part of that vision—every homeless person should have a home."

—Nikki Coyote, Director, Jubilee Women's Center

"I was happy—for the only time in my life so far—to see something I and other disadvantaged people wanted turned into potential policy practically before my eyes. This was the event in a nutshell."

—Monique King, Noel House

"It was a beautifully emotional event and tapped into that which was the best in all of us. There were tears in many eyes and that speaks to how profoundly the message was received."

—Lisa Cunningham-Roberts, Mental Health Practitioner, Health Care for the Homeless

"We celebrated the conviction and commitment of homeless women attending the Forum. It was one of those times when I felt humbled by the experience. These are people who have rights as human beings. These are people who are part of "one nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all." As I listened to the testimony of all the women who participated in the Forum I was wondering where the justice was. These are my sisters. We are part of the human family. Where is the sharing and supporting? I was thinking of how much I take for granted at times. I have been given much. I want to continue to share more."

—Mary Wilson, Sister of Providence, Director of Sojourner Place

"I thought the testimonies were remarkable. The strength of these women dispelled the myth that homeless women are all bag ladies. Homeless women have diverse backgrounds and, because of circumstances, are put in this position and it's sad that this country allows this to happen."

—Nancy Buchanan, Legislative Aide to County Councilmember Larry Gossett

"The Forum was a force of togetherness and unity. We need more people who have the audacity to go out and reach people to stop the pain, stop the suffering."

—Cindy Meyer, DESC

"I was very encouraged to find that our community is so willing to now play a part in the plight of homeless women. At the Forum I learned that there are a number of professionals in the mental health field and staff with the shelter system who would be pleased to offer their volunteer time. It seems that those two fields should make such a needed difference."

—Sandra Rogers, Noel House



CHERYL BARLIA, PHD, SHARES HER HOMELESS EXPERIENCE. PHOTO BY JULIE EAGLETON

"What an event—the very first in Seattle history, maybe in the history of this country. For many homeless women an event that may change the structure of their lives forever. Where else would you hear people who have homes making such comments as "How do I tell the homeless women from the regular women?" (Our thanks to all of those who donate clothing to homeless shelters.) "I understand better what it must be like to be homeless." If we got our concerns to only a few who have never walked in our shoes then we have done our job. Let's now work together on the Task Forces with one thought in mind—ending homelessness in Seattle."

—Wanda Phares, Noel House

For more information about the Forum or how to get involved with a Task Force contact WHEEL at #448-7889. Copies of "Through the Looking Glass," a chapbook of poetry by homeless women in Seattle, are still available. See the review and advertisement in this issue.



CATHERINE CONDEFF GATHERS PEOPLE IN WITH SONG. PHOTO BY JULIE EAGLETON

## Homeless Women Speak

WHEEL (homeless and formerly homeless women) has started a speakers' bureau to bring information and education on homelessness to the broader community. Through the bureau, we hope to de-stigmatize the homeless, stimulate thought, and generate ideas for change.

For more info, contact WHEEL at 448-7889  
Internet: wheel@scn.org



# My Dearest Daughter

## A Mother's Letter from the Heart

IT IS CHRISTMAS TIME AGAIN and we are far apart. I miss you so much. Not so long ago, you were my best friend as well as my daughter. We always had so much to talk about.

Do you remember Christmas of 1990? Only five years ago. How could so much change? You had a beautiful apartment and an incredible Christmas tree with all the decorations I'd given you when we moved to Missouri. You had a credit card at Nordstroms and cupboards full of yuppie kitchen equipment to make dinner.

You were so beautiful, with your long, glistening hair, perfect skin (remember those Noxema treatments?), professionally manicured nails and salon-tanned body.

Now, you are homeless, and most of your friends from back then would not recognize you, you've lost so much weight. But inside, where it counts, you are still beautiful.

This will be the fourth Christmas since your illness took over your life. Maybe you don't have cancer or multiple sclerosis, but your disease is real nonetheless.

What a perfect little girl I had! You could charm the birds out of the trees. And you were so smart! I remember when my sister discovered you could read at age five, before kindergarten or anyone trying to teach you.

Although you were incredibly intelligent, you were so tender-hearted and sensitive and fearful that you were unable to deal with the emotional environment you lived in. Your father was so involved with his own battle with alcoholism he couldn't be a father.

His frequent rages terrorized you so much you never learned to deal with normal unpleasantness, for fear it would escalate into violence. And I was unable to help you, because I was focused on just staying alive, just surviving it somehow, because I believed so strongly that your dad would win his battle and it would all be worth it. And he has, and it is! If only you and your brother can win your battles too.

From the time you were 13 you were being stalked by your schizophrenic step-uncle, terrified of him for years because he was constantly appearing out of nowhere at the strangest times and places. You couldn't feel secure anywhere.

No wonder you developed chronic headaches when you were 13! But you seemed so together! You had such a zany sense of humor. You were always able to socialize with adults and loved to meet new people. You were so good with all

your little cousins. You are a gifted photographer, and used to correspond with all the relatives, keeping everyone up to date with pictures.

Remember the time you sent Grandma a letter with a photo of her face affixed to the body of a bikini-clad 20-year-old? On the *outside* of the envelope! There was always something silly arriving in the mail, and you never missed a birthday, anniversary, Valentine's Day - you'd even send Easter and Thanksgiving cards sometimes. You were the star of the whole extended family and everyone loved to hear from you and be with you!

I believe that life is about relationships and love and forgiveness. And your life, in spite of what it looks like on the surface - physically ill, impoverished, homeless, emotionally and spiritually bankrupt - is nevertheless a beautiful process unfolding. You are learning not only to survive in the most difficult circumstances imaginable, but you are learning how to love in spite of it all, and especially how to forgive.

Recently you were able to forgive and feel compassion for the pitiful uncle who stalked you all of those years. Because of your own illness you have even become his friend.

Watching this incredible process has convinced me there is truly a higher purpose in your struggle, that your suffering is not in vain but will bear fruit just as your father's has. *You will win*, and your experience will help others.

Your Dad and I try to be pleasant and kind to each other. We try not to talk about you very often, because we never know when the fear is so near the surface that one of us may react in a way that will hurt the other. We pretend to each other that all is well. But I know he is thinking of you constantly, just as I am.

Yes, the "poor choices" you have made have been every mother's worst nightmare. Trying to learn to control my fear thoughts has been the greatest challenge of my life. When your father was drinking, my feelings were so mixed up with anger at the ugly person he became when he drank that it tempered my suffering. I would read books about the Jews in German concentration camps and it would make my misery seem inconsequential by comparison.

But that doesn't work for me now. Your illness is so different from alcoholism. There is nothing I can do except to constantly pray to "let go and let God." The things that helped me with your father do not help now. Except the Bible. A lot of the promises I held onto then help

me now to have faith for you.

I am a person who thinks in words. Night after night not knowing if you were safe or warm, (knowing you were probably in danger and cold) I would manage to fall asleep only to awaken shortly with the words "UNREMITTING HORROR," (where did I get that?) or, "Oh thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted," (from my favorite Bible passage). I'd fall asleep thinking of you and on each

**"We try not to talk about you very often,  
because we never know when the fear is so near  
the surface that one of us may react in a  
way that will hurt the other.**

**We pretend to each other that all is well."**

awakening realize you were in my dreams.

Every day I'd go through the motions of my life, doing what needed to be done, even swimming laps most days as I've done for 15 years. Often I'd find myself having to stop at the end of the pool and weep, my heart so full of grief that any time of solitary reflection would bring it to the surface. Sometimes I'd go on cheesecake binges. Sometimes I'd eat cheesecake and bawl at the same time. That fact should tickle your funny bone.

It didn't seem appropriate to go on anti-depressants, as if lessening my pain would be an invalidation of yours, disloyal in some way. (I finally did get some anti-depressants. They gave me diarrhea. Being a thrifty person, I'm hanging onto them to use as laxatives).

It's especially hard on your father because his feelings for you are all mixed up with guilt. Of course he feels responsible for his children's problems. But he has almost ten years of sobriety now. Yet I know he will never fully heal until you and your brother are in recovery also.

You know that his mother was drinking up until shortly before you were born. And even though she quit drinking, she never did any recovery work. So Dad has a lot of unresolved issues with her too. This is a family disease that goes way back, and maybe we'll need a few more lifetimes to work on it. We are all doing the very best we can with what we know now.

I love you so much. I have always tried to make everything right for you but it has never worked. It's as if you slowly and inexorably slid down into a slimy pit, and though your cries for help were always

answered to the best of everyone's responsibility, with all the rope you were thrown you could never hang on long enough, or the rope would break, before you could be pulled out of the hole.

You know your father and I have tried to help you, but it was never the help you needed. You know we would go into debt to the limit of our credit experimenting with ways to "help" you, but you won't let us, and we have to trust that you are discovering the help you need in your own way. We know you are helping yourself now in the best way that you can. Our job is to trust.

In Rilke's *Letters to a Young Poet*, this passage spoke to my heart:

*We have no reason to mistrust our world, for it is not against us. Has it terrors, they are our terrors; has it abysses, those abysses belong to us; are dangers at hand, we must try to love them. And if we always hold to what is difficult, then that which now seems to us the most hostile, will become what we most trust and find most faithful. How should we be able to forget those ancient myths that are the beginning of all peoples, the myths about dragons that, at the last moment, become princesses. Perhaps all the dragons in our lives are princesses who are only waiting to see us once beautiful and brave. Perhaps everything terrible is, in its deepest sense, something helpless that wants help from us.*

I know it would be only for my own selfish comfort that I would wish your life back the way it was five years ago. I believe you are where you are because you are forcing yourself to deal with your dragons, and make friends of them.

The thing that gives me the most hope is your selling the *Real Change* newspaper. Right after you found the paper, you sent me a letter and in two places you said, "I LOVE the *Real Change* paper." It was the first time you'd expressed a positive response to anything in so long. It gave me such hope!

And my hopes are coming true. You have been able to buy shelter, build relationships, and I believe you are beginning to climb out of the pit. Thanks to this paper, your life is no longer "unremitting horror," and I can sleep at night.

Remember, I love you more than you can know.

—Your Mom in Missouri



# Through the Looking Glass

## Homeless Women's Chapbook Speaks from Experience

REVIEW BY ANITRA FREEMAN

In one argument I had with my sister Adrienne, one of our arguments about poetry (I have had many arguments with my sister, and more than one about poetry), I said that a poem had to be personal to be valid. Adrienne disagreed; she said a true poet is "the voice of the tribe", noticing and putting into words what others have not noticed or cannot express.

I claimed that the best poetry does both; anyone reaching deeply inside touches the universal; whoever speaks their soul, speaks for us all.

I cite *Through the Looking Glass* as evidence. This is a booklet of poetry written, collected, and published by homeless women; specifically, the women of WHEEL, who have banded together to do something positive to address the multiple problems of all homeless women.

These women speak of intensely personal moments, details of their individual lives, and the intimate cry of their hearts. And they become the voice of our tribe.

Some of these pieces - like "Genesis and Exodus" by a woman who signs herself only as TC, are ready for printing in *The New Yorker*; most are far less polished in terms of poetic craft. A few talk "about" homelessness. But most show it.

It is one thing to say - "Look, there are five thousand people in Seattle with too little food, not enough clothing, inadequate shelter, and no medical care." This is the Lecturer's Voice.

But Catherine Condeff says "38° and Raining" in the Poet's Voice, and I remember feeling cold rain down the back of my neck, with no place to go get dry. Carol Fallman's "Saturday Eve" reminds me how upset I was the first time I saw an elderly lady with arthritis sleeping on a mat next to me in a church basement.

Many of these writings are inspiring, hope-filled, life-affirming, like "A New Kind of Resurrection" by Tammy Z. Others are anguished, angry, despairing - and disturbing, like "Anna" - Jean Dawson's tribute to a woman who died in Yesler Park one night in June, 1992. In "African Queen", Marion Sue Fischer recognizes how one homeless woman maintains her pride.

Let me tell another story.

One of my favorite authors is Harlan Ellison. Harlan Ellison's idea of an upbeat ending for a story is to have a man who has led a tragic life wake up to find that he is released from Earth - he was only here as a reward, because the rest of the universe is so much worse.

One summer day I came back to my room to find my roommate

huddled on her bed, wedged into one corner of the wall, with *Death-bird Stories*, by Harlan Ellison, lying on the opposite corner of the bed, as far from her as she could get it without committing the crime of knocking a book on the floor.

Her first words to me were, "God, how can you stand to read that stuff!"

I sat down and told her about a letter Harlan Ellison received from a psychiatric nurse. Trying to calm a wild, suicidal patient, and open up communication, the nurse read a Harlan Ellison story out loud. Halfway through, she had a moment of panic; she remembered that in this story, the main character commits suicide. But she finished reading the story. The patient was quiet for a moment. Then she said, "He does know that it hurts, doesn't he."

These women know about hurt.

Marion spoke to the Women's Forum about her experience with manic depression and schizophrenia. Catherine, also "manic expressive" as she prefers to put it, read her poem of screaming in the Metro Tunnel. As Catherine says, "If you have no mental problems to begin with, living on the street will

make you crazy."

The homeless community is not all mentally ill, as some stereotype it. But I have spoken to many women among the homeless who have felt, like me, like Marion, like Catherine, the rebellion of one's own body and mind, the chaos it makes of life, the rift in communication and relationships.

The women in *Through the Looking Glass* do not describe our experience clinically, pityingly, or tragically. They describe it with reality and with hope. Our Street Bards have forged art and song from their lives; we follow them like the Pied Piper, leading us from the "Tragedy of mental illness" that social workers would paint us into, out to the new lands that we can paint for ourselves.

We have our bards. Now let's find them a megaphone.



POET/ARTIST MARION SUE FISCHER HOLDS "THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS." PHOTO BY FLO BEAUMAN

## Living up to the Challenge

When I was asked to write this article with the theme "no room in the inn," I remembered my own old story. In the midst of the Korean war, in the winter of 1950, we had to escape from the Communist's re-

### Rev. Jean Kim

invasion into the capitol city. When we got off the train in the city of Pusan, the farthest south end of the nation, there was no room in the inn for us because the city was so crowded.

We had to sleep on the train station parking lot for three nights. And an old man invited us to sleep in his yard where we made a tent and lived there for three years until we were allowed to come back home. Our homelessness was full of hunger, cold, frustration, fear, longing, grief, uncertainty, and smashed pride and dignity.

When the Mary was ready to deliver the baby Jesus, there was no room in the inn in the land of Judea because too many people were

crowded in to register. It always shocks me to read in the story that no one offered a little space in someone's house for Mary's emergency in the land of God. So Jesus was born as a homeless child in a barn perhaps accompanying animals as witnesses of Mary's painful experience.

It is always heart-breaking to hear that there is no room for many women in Seattle. I meet women who sleep outside somewhere under a bush because they could not handle the stress of sleeping with other women at a shelter. For these women, "there is no room in the inn."

Some women have been suffering from chronic emotional troubles or physical injuries. They neither can work nor maintain independent living. For these women, "there is no room in the inn."

Many women share frustration, stress and anger in their homeless life. At times these emotions overflow and get out of hand. Apartments, shelters and even churches send them away for fear of

hurting others. For these women, "there is no room in the inn."

"I was so happy to get a room in a low cost hotel," one woman exclaimed with a bright smile on her face. But a month later she was back on the street. She told me she drank in her room and was evicted. For many women who have alcohol or drug problems, "there is no room in the inn."

Many women have to struggle to make a living with their welfare or SSI check. Shelters are always full. Motels are too expensive. There is not enough low-income housing. The waiting list is too long. They cannot afford to rent a regular apartment. With their checks in their hands they have to sleep outside. For these women, "there is no room in the inn."

Some women owe rent money to or are evicted from the previous apartment. They carry poor rental history. Quite often they are not welcomed by other apartments. For these women, "there is no room in the inn."

Many women are neither sick

enough to get public assistance nor healthy enough to work. Some are neither sick enough to go to the hospital nor healthy enough to run around the street. They are left on the street even when they are sick. For these women, "there is no room in the inn."

I have seen some women stop abusing substances, gain part-time employment and struggle to stabilize their life. Without ongoing emotional and spiritual support some go through the revolving door syndrome. For these women, "there is no room in the inn."

Many people think that lazy people become homeless. I haven't met one single woman who is unwilling to work or is lazy. They all want to work but there are not enough employers who are willing to tolerate their limitations.

Personal crises (divorce, domestic violence and unemployment) often force women into homelessness. There are not enough resources. For these women, "there is no room in the inn."

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## The Battle of the Pacific Hotel, Part 2

October of this year brought the grand opening of the Pacific Hotel, 112 units of low-income housing in a renovated hotel at the corner of 4th & Marion. Developed by Plymouth Housing Group with a broad array of government and community support, the building is a model for what can be accomplished when people work together.

In 1992, the Pacific Hotel was on the market, priced to become a luxury development, and the building's future as low-income housing was in serious jeopardy. The following is the second installment of Operation Homestead's Campaign Diary, documenting the occupation of the Pacific.

Last month, Part One covered the planning process leading to the occupation, early negotiations with the City, and the beginnings of community among the hundreds of homeless involved in the occupation.

BY JON GOULD

### Day Four: Friday, Sept. 25, 1992

On Friday morning, Operation Homestead's (OH) takeover of the Pacific Hotel entered its fourth day. What began as a rally and march to an abandoned building at 317 Marion Street had quickly become Seattle's newest and largest squat.

Our negotiations with the building's owner, Seafirst Bank, had broken down the day before. We wanted a guarantee that the building would be used as a temporary shelter and eventually permanent housing. Seafirst refused and threatened to evict us. When dawn came on Friday, though, we were still there. By this time "we" had grown from almost a hundred to almost five hundred, including people who were sleeping in one of the building's 106 rooms and supporters.

### *Demands and More Negotiations*

Chris, one of the leaders of the occupation, told me that some homeless people were becoming disillusioned with the occupation. They feared that when the occupation ended they would see no real improvement in their situation. Chris said that the homeless occupants of the Pacific were more concerned about having a roof over their heads than about whether the

building was sold to a non-profit housing developer.

With the rise of this sentiment, our demands began to shift to reflect the immediate concerns of the homeless in the building. More and more homeless people asserted themselves in the different aspects of the occupation.

Planned by activists, the takeover was now being defined by those who are hurt most by the tragedy of abandoned buildings—the homeless. A sign of this change was that Tico, another leader, and Chris now facilitated general meetings, replacing the OH members who had planned the occupation.

Among the several hundred people in the Pacific there were many different ethnic groups represented. At least half of the residents were Latino. The other half were Native American, African-American, Asian or white. In order for the Negotiating Committee (the group of residents communicating with Seafirst and City officials) to have the confidence of the growing group of residents, the committee needed to contain more leaders from the different ethnic communities of homeless people in the building. New members were appointed and approved at general meetings. Growth caused change.

The Negotiating Committee began to consider its responsibility

for providing shelter for the many occupants who would be out in the cold when we got evicted. We brainstormed about sources of shelter space and came up with the City and County, shelter providers, and churches.

On Friday we developed a new proposition: We would vacate the Pacific Hotel if we could obtain another building or location. Members of the Negotiating Committee spent the day talking to residents of the building to test this new negotiating position. People agreed with the idea.

Later in the day, the Negotiating Committee went to Mayor Rice's office with a written promise to vacate the Pacific if the Mayor found another location to house us. The Mayor's assistant, Andy Lofton, met us in the lobby and showed us into the Mayor's conference room.

Ever have trouble getting a meeting with an elected official? Next time, try seizing a building. It gets their attention.

We presented our conditional promise to vacate, a few sentences followed by hundreds of signatures. Lofton refused and said the City was not willing to find us another shelter space. What about all the vacant

property that the City owns, we challenged. We even cited examples of property located only a few blocks from the Pacific.

No means no, we were told. We rose from the table, for it was clear the City was not feeling the need to negotiate an end to the takeover. On our way out, Lofton tried in vain to persuade us to leave the Pacific.

### *Internal Problems*

By Friday, at least 300 people were sleeping in the Pacific. During the week of the takeover, the covered entrances to the Public Library and City and County buildings, usually crowded with sleeping bodies at night, were empty.

Self-management was at once beautiful and challenging. People of different races, languages, abilities and backgrounds worked together to manage their own shelter under the constant threat of eviction.

By cooperating with one another, the occupants were proving that homeless people are not helpless. They were running the city's largest and most economical shelter: no private or public funds, no staffing, dozens of volunteers, and loads of donations.

Nights at the Pacific tested our ability to maintain order. While the excitement and challenge of political action may have empowered many desperate and oppressed people, it did not cure the many problems of life on the streets. Alcoholism,



Homeless man, evicted from Pacific Hotel dss

**“Some homeless people were becoming disillusioned with the occupation. They feared that when the occupation ended they would see no real improvement in their situation....occupants of the Pacific were more concerned about having a roof over their heads than about whether the building was sold to a non-profit housing developer.”**



# DIARY

violence, prejudice and mental health needs existed in the Pacific just as these problems exist nightly in the shelters, alleys, doorways (not to mention office buildings and condominiums) of Seattle.

Despite rules posted everywhere, a certain number of the residents did not respect the guidelines. The constant growth of the group meant that newcomers were not always involved in the process of making rules, a vital element of successful self-management.

The challenge of keeping order was so great that at times it seemed as if we might break down internally before the police evicted us. Many of the OHers who planned the occupation, and never imagined it would be ongoing, were exhausted. We had planned for a two-hour action and we were in our fourth day.

Some of us suspected that the Seafirst security guards, who maintained an office in the basement of the Pacific, were communicating our internal problems to their superiors. We imagined Seafirst's Hal Greene waiting for a disaster that would justify evicting us.

Despite our internal challenges, our public image did not suffer. The longer we held the building the more positive press, donations, and public support we received.

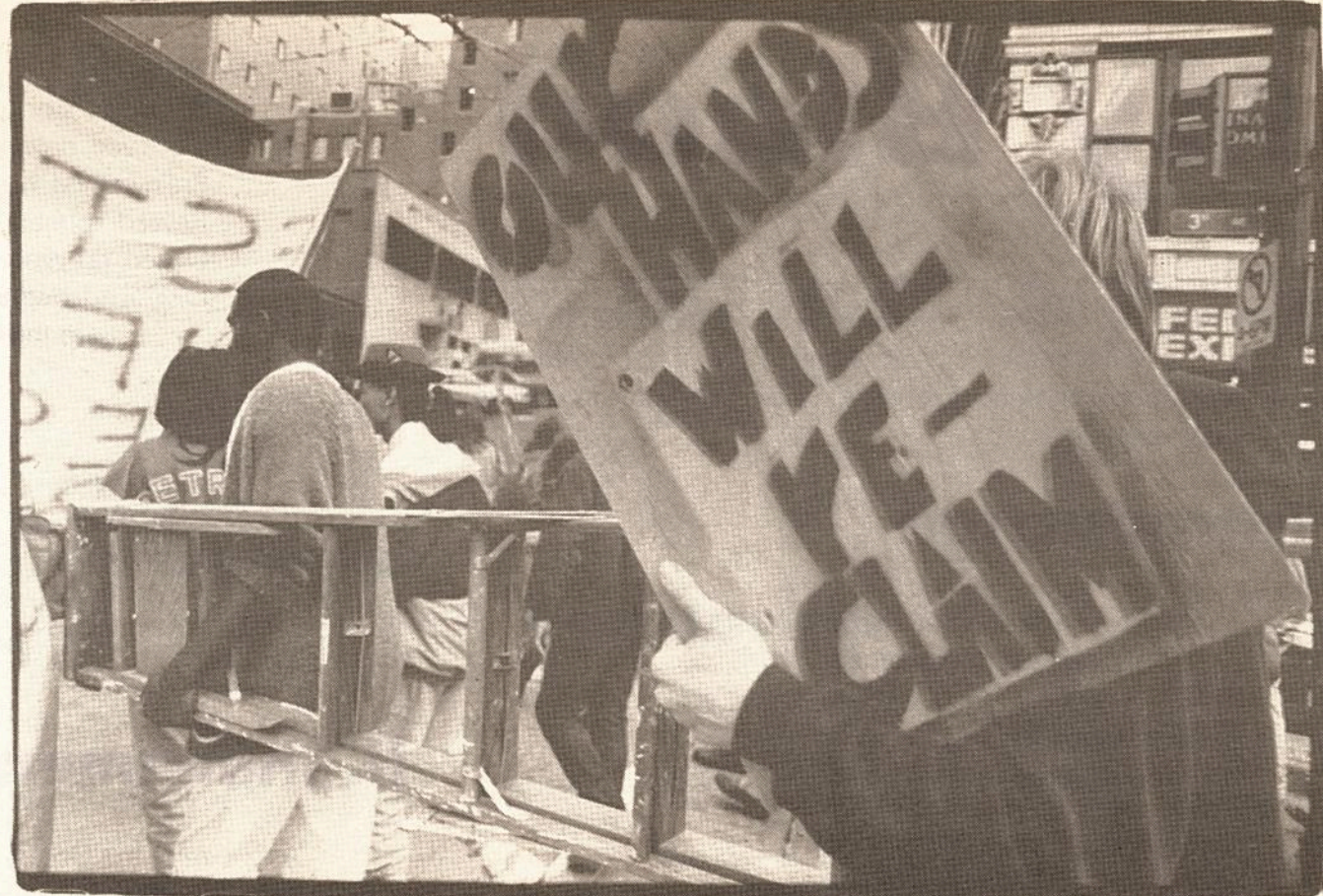
## Committees Find Solutions

Various committees of residents rose to the many challenges of the occupation and made changes to rectify the problems at the Pacific. We moved the front desk to the main lobby and scheduled around-the-clock staffing by members of the Security Committee.

Everyone who entered or exited had to sign in and out. One centrally located entrance enabled us to have more control over who came in the hotel. An important reason for this change was that by Friday several people had been permanently barred from the Pacific for rule violations. The Security Committee needed some way of ensuring that these people would not find their way back into the building.

Someone made a large poster board for the lobby showing the names of the occupants of each of the 106 rooms. Many rooms had three to five names. The Office Committee changed the office into a storage room and made a schedule for residents to staff the room in four-hour shifts. The Renovation Committee gathered tools and fixed the building's plumbing problems.

Latino residents began to hold meetings to discuss issues important to them. To eliminate arguments over food, the Food Committee decided to have two meals a day, one at 6am and one at 6pm. Scott, the food server, posted notices announcing the meal times and consistently



Operation Homestead marches to the Pacific Hotel

dss

lead a group of residents in placing donated food on tables in the lobby.

## Enforcement

If there is any consistent measure of the effectiveness of self-management, it might be the ability of a group to enforce the rules the members of the group create. The people who created the rules in the Pacific did not even know each other before the occupation.

Agreement in words is easier than agreement in action. At the Pacific, enforcement alone did not mean that self-management was effective, but enforcement initiated and led by homeless residents themselves was a step in the right direction. It signified that the homeless were taking responsibility for and ownership of the occupation.

One sign of progress in this direction occurred on Friday night when the Security Committee asked several people who were drinking alcohol to leave the building. The rule breakers left peacefully.

## Day Five: Saturday, Sept. 26, 1992 Allies Offer Help

By the weekend, several local non-profit developers, including Chuck Berry (Plymouth Housing Group), Jim Reitz (Archdiocesan Housing Authority), and Sharon Lee (Fremont Public Association) got involved in the occupation.

On Saturday morning, Jim and Chuck met with leaders of the occupation and proposed offering Seafirst a lease agreement that would keep us in the building under the sponsorship of a non-profit agency. Under the plan, OH would co-manage the building and we would have to decrease our size to 100 occupants.

Meanwhile, Mayor Rice's office

sent us a message saying he wanted us to make a public statement by Sunday at 3pm promising to vacate on Monday. From the message, we figured that we were safe until Monday. We set a general meeting for Sunday night to discuss the proposal.

## Public Involvement and Reaction to the Takeover

The general public participated in the occupation by making phone calls, writing letters and providing food and material donations. The Flyer Committee made flyers asking Seafirst customers to tell the bank executives to keep the Pacific open for the homeless. "Write a note on your deposit slip, keep the Pacific open!" read the posters. Groups of residents went to Seafirst branches and distributed leaflets to customers.

Whether it was food, clothing, or other goods, donations were a constant source of material and emotional sustenance for the occupation. A woman from West Seattle who arrived in a taxi and unloaded bag after bag of groceries provided a boost to our morale after a tough night. The television news crew loved her, too.

One day, a woman with two kids holding lunch bags walked into the building. She asked me if she could donate some food. I said yes and directed her to the storage room. She said the kids wanted to give the bags personally to the homeless people. With a nod of approval from their mother, the kids, looking at once frightened and excited, entered the lobby. One afternoon, a church group served a hot meal in the lobby and sang hymns.

As donations of food and clothing increased, managing the goods we received became a challenge in itself. Someone suggested we put up a sign on the building saying, "No

more food or clothes, please. Got any abandoned buildings?"

## Day Six: Sunday, Sept. 27, 1992 Football and Haircuts

Knowing that we were not going to be evicted on Sunday, people relaxed. This was a needed respite from the tension of bouncing from crisis to crisis. We experienced leisure, as every community should.

A few people tossing a football in the building's courtyard turned into a full-blown football game, with men and women and boys and girls. A woman from Mexico set up two chairs in the courtyard and gave haircuts while a radio perched in a windowsill above provided music.

My fondest memories of the occupation come from Sunday, for on this day I got to know many of the people whose tireless work made the takeover possible.

There was Jimmy who always made press calls when we faxed news releases. I talked with Jack of "Jack in the Box," the man who stood for hours in front of the Pacific wearing a cardboard box with four sides of our propaganda for passersby to see. Tico told me stories from his life in Argentina. I talked about music with Dante, who became homeless during the occupation because he got evicted from his apartment. Sixto and Eulogio taught me Spanish while we talked about the natural beauty of Mexico. As night fell, I talked with Steve and Dee Dee while they staffed the front desk.

## Last Offer to Seafirst

At our Sunday evening meeting, Jim Reitz and Chuck Berry proposed to us that they meet with Seafirst and City officials on our behalf on Monday morning. Their written proposal stated what they had

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# My Blood

Street Life Gallery maven and Real Change Editorial Committee member Marion Sue Fischer received a long overdue standing ovation after reading "My Blood" at the Homeless Women's Forum last month. This most recent poem of Marion's is printed below, along with introductory and closing remarks.

## Introduction

My name is Marion Sue Fisher  
and I am not ashamed.

I was born a Jew  
and I am not ashamed.

I have been "Homeless"  
and I am not ashamed

I am diagnosed as schizophrenic  
and I am not ashamed.

I am poor  
and I am not ashamed.

I am a woman  
and I am not ashamed.

I AM  
AN AMARIKAN.

## MY BLOOD:

**A work in six  
movements (one more to follow . . .)**

IN THE NAME OF  
ME  
WOMAN  
OPPRESSED PEOPLES  
EARTH

GOD (if i may . . .)

## I. LITANY

\*nod to Bob Dylan

I HAVE BEEN  
Hated, abused, neglected, feared  
Corrupted, co-opted, coerced  
Delayed, denied, defused  
Disbelieved, discredited, suspected  
Off-ended, outraged, outcast  
Accused, evicted, indicted  
... all but predicted

I HAVE BEEN  
Lied to, lied for, lied about, relied upon to lie  
Injected, infected, disrespected  
Misunderstood, misrepresented, mis-appropriated  
Dishonored, ignored, attacked, insulted  
Brutalized, beaten, abandoned  
Entrapped, ensnared, tortured, imprisoned  
... in the Land of Liberty

I HAVE BEEN  
Spit upon, stoned, shamed  
Deceived, defamed, defiled  
Brainwashed, hustled, manipulated  
Reviled, robbed, raped  
Dosed, drugged, devalued  
Disgraced, displaced, deprived  
...in the Land of Plenty

I HAVE BEEN  
POISONED  
THREATENED  
ASSAULTED  
by your Machines  
EVERY DAY in this "Modern Life"

## II. Indictment

As we defile the Dream  
IN THE NAME OF  
POWER  
PROFIT  
PROGRESS  
SCIENCE

As we despoil the Dream  
IN THE NAME OF  
MONEY  
CONVENIENCE  
EFFICIENCY  
INDUSTRY

IN THE NAME OF GOD, ITSELF

... in the Land of the Free,  
Home of the Brave

AND YET I GO ON  
... wondering WHY

## III. Broken Heart

And you ask WHY

MY HEART IS BROKEN

WHY  
I am in pain  
I sometimes HATE,  
have no patience

WHY  
I cry,  
"get hysterical"  
I am not always kind  
or gentle

WHY  
I am sometimes angry,  
"unreasonable"

WHY  
I AM sometimes HEARTLESS!



WHY

I give up

THROW UP

my hands  
my guts!  
my CHILD  
my Lovers  
my Friends

...ALL BUT MY LIFE!

### IV. MIRACLES: to mankind

I FIND IT AMAZING that

I still HAVE a Heart  
I can still BREATHE  
I can (sometimes) SMILE  
take/GIVE a shit  
Get out of bed  
(MOST) every morning

PERSEVERE

Nurture you  
(whenever possible)  
Forgive you  
(once in a while)

LOVE you  
(as I must...)

AMAZING that I

Find Glory  
in your Name  
Beauty  
in your Works  
Inspiration  
in your Streets

Take Joy  
In your Glitter...

Find Music in your Words  
Hope (EVEN) in your Lies  
And Love

in  
your  
Hearts

AMAZING that I

FIND PEACE (sometimes)  
in my Soul  
and FEEL BLESSED  
by My GOD

WHOM I LOVE ABOVE ALL ELSE...

### V. Confession

I am an Amarikan

With a WELLSPRING of hope  
(on a good day)

THAT

WILL

NOT

FADE!

### VI. Gratitude and Plea

THANK YOU,  
MY GOOD FRIENDS

IF you  
KNOW MY BLOOD

Heal YOURSELVES  
IF YOU WOULD

HEAL ME

### Conclusion

Look THROUGH the Looking-Glass  
and See who you REALLY are.  
Look THROUGH the Looking-Glass  
and see what is REALLY happening here.  
Therein lies your LIBERATION and the  
LIBERATION of ALL of us.

You may not ALWAYS have the choice  
of refusing to BE abused, but  
I beg you, pray for the strength  
of character to Refuse TO Abuse

—Marion Sue Fischer



POET MARION SUE FISCHER AT THE HOMELESS WOMEN'S FORUM.  
PHOTO BY JULIE EAGLETON



# Day of Creation

## Women Claim Time and Space at Streetlife Gallery

BY PAULA REYNOLDS

Among the window-displayed works attempting to lure passersby inside Seattle's Streetlife Gallery are the paintings and poems of Patience Kellogg. Her work is not unlike that of the many other artists who use gallery space and materials to create art, which although individually unique, is universally enriched from the artists' experiences as members of Seattle's homeless community.

Kellogg's art differs in one way, though, in that the majority of art on display at the gallery is created by male artists, a fact revealed by walking around the gallery and surveying the names attached to the displays.

In November, Streetlife took a step toward changing the male-created to female-created ratio by opening its doors on Thursdays from noon to 5 p.m., and designating the day as "women's day."

"It is meant to create a woman-only space—a safe place for women to do art, learn art, and experiment with art" says Anitra Freeman, a gallery artist and member of the gallery's unpaid artist-staff.

Freeman says the "safe space" is meant particularly for "women who might be intimidated in a more crowded space with men around. They can have a space to do work without the established male artists around to critique them."

Streetlife Gallery not only displays the work of homeless and formerly homeless artists, but also provides space and materials for the

artists to use. It is as much a workshop as a gallery. Money from any works sold goes directly to the artists.

For much of its three-and-a-half-year existence, the gallery has been closed to both patrons and artists on Wednesdays and Thursdays. On November 17, the women-only Thursdays policy took effect in an effort to give more women the chance to take advantage of the gallery's opportunities.

Freeman says the male-dominance at the gallery results from the fact that "the gallery so far has been used mostly by men," but she is quick to point out that the situation

is not unique to Streetlife. "In the art and literary fields in general, it is mostly men," she says. "We are trying to encourage more female artists to come out of the closet."

Katy Keenan, gallery coordinator and one of its few paid staff members, also recognizes the gender

imbalance in gallery participation. "I'd say if you looked at the roster of artists here, it's maybe 25 percent women at most," Keenan says. She says many women may shy away from the gallery because of the number of men who use it.

"I think a lot of homeless women come from battered situations or abusive situations," she says. "Some of them are a little afraid of guys, and they want some place to sit and not be bugged."

The women who do frequent the gallery have a tendency to "keep to themselves," Keenan says. "A lot of the women who do come here are

not vocal at meetings. Anitra is one of the first women to get involved as staff." To become a gallery staff member, an artist must become fairly established at the gallery and complete specialized training. The artist-staff help administrate the gallery.

Freeman knows from firsthand experience how beneficial just having space and materials available can be to women interested in art. When she first came to the gallery, she thought she "could only write, not draw and paint." Now she does all three, and more.

On the first woman's day she worked on making her own paper, while swapping stories and ideas with Kellogg. Kellogg, a poet, painter, and self-described "Christian worker, counselor, and friend," took advantage of the women's day to continue a desert-landscape painting she had been working on for about three weeks. The right side of the painting features an arc which Jesus is walking through.

Kellogg says: "I like to do message paintings. We need to have some messages. That's why I do these pictures; to keep people going, to show them that there is a light at the end."

More than just art was being created this Thursday. The women use their time at the gallery to relax and share experiences. Kellogg talked about how she often prefers sleeping outside to spending the night at shelters which she says have too many rules.

Freeman recited a short list of luxuries she would like to have: being able to sleep-in in the morning, eating off a "real plate" with a fork and spoon, and silence.

Together, the two put together a quick wish-list for the gallery as a whole: more sewing machines, typewriters, computers, frames, and monetary donations. They would also like to see gallery artists' work at more restaurants, offices, and churches — "any group that has wall space to put



ALL PHOTOS BY EMMA QUINN

NEEDLE CRAFT CREATION BY GLORIA

up a display."

Jessie Ventaloro, a recent newcomer to the gallery, came in later and joined the conversation. She lamented the lack of storage space homeless people have for their belongings and the difficulty in getting nutritious food.

She pulled out a sketch she made for a daytime drop-in center she would like to see established for "men and women of all ages."

"I'm having such a difficult time getting breakfast in the morning," Ventaloro says. "We should have a kitchen with groceries where we could pretty much take care of ourselves." Her proposed center would also have a quiet reading room, a recreation room, showers, and storage space.

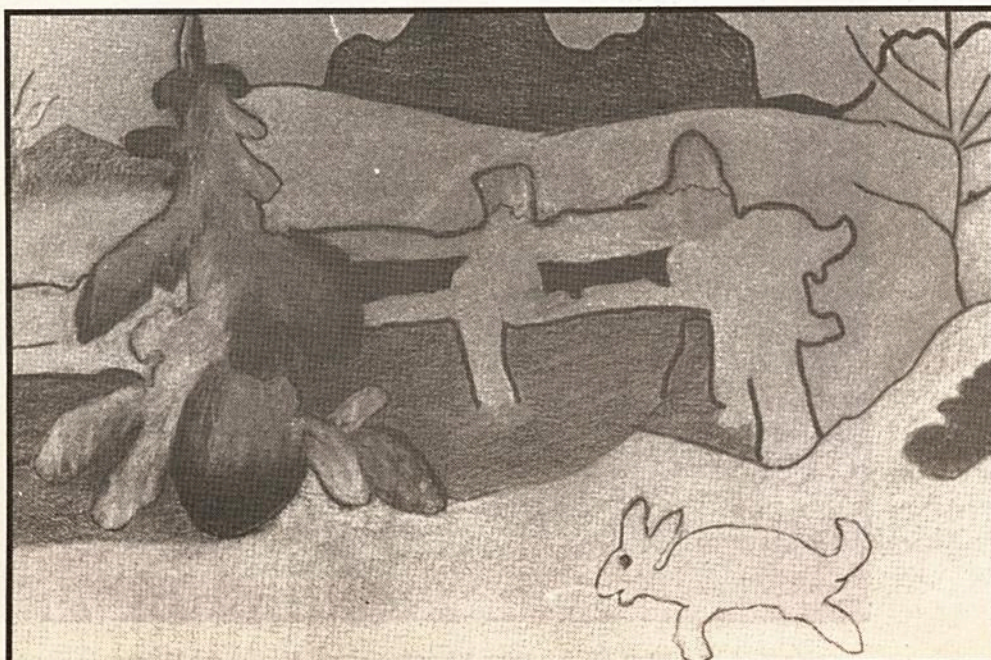
Ventaloro has started to do drawings at the gallery, but she is primarily a writer. Not physically able to carry around books and notebooks, her writing is interrupted during the periods she is homeless. Eventually, she wants to write a book on "how to solve the homeless problem," but "it's so difficult without having a place to live."

One thing that all the women are hoping for is that women-only Thursdays at the gallery will encourage, as Freeman says, "more female artists to come out of the closet." They also hope women who have not previously been involved in art will take a try at it.

Continued to page 22



PASTEL BY TARA BELLA



PRAIRIE SCENE IN COLORED PENCIL BY PATIENCE KELLOGG

Streetlife Gallery is located at 2301 2nd Avenue in Belltown. Donations of funds, materials, and volunteer time are always appreciated. Call 328-5637 for gallery hours or other information.



# Out of Control

## A Homeless Woman's Life

In 1953 I started college in Spokane, Washington. I thought college was supposed to prepare me for adult life, teach me to do something. In two and one-half years I only learned a lot of things that couldn't be applied anywhere. I was prepared for nothing.

### Jessie Ventaloro

So I got discouraged and quit.

I went to New York city and married a man named Vincent Ventaloro. Vince had graduated from high school in Brooklyn. He then graduated from trade school. Vince loved airplanes. He became an airplane engine mechanic. He made a good living, and he provided well for me and the three children that he and I brought into the world.

In 1961, a lot of things happened. Our marriage fell apart and Vince ran away with another woman. As far as I know he is still living with her in the hills of Pennsylvania.

After Vince left us, I went through many years where life did not make any sense, and my life got out of control.

My son was taken away from me when he was about three years old. He will be about thirty-seven years old now. Communication has been difficult.

I was homeless for four years in Portland, Oregon in the early 1980's.

The shelter for the homeless in Portland, Oregon, (name), had plenty of volunteer work to do for those who stayed there. I have found that most of the homeless do want to work and feel useful. I kept myself busy. It seemed to me there were about a hundred homeless men around - and five or six women.

The food was plentiful at the shelter. There were other places we could go for meals, too. You could go to the mission, but you had a one-hour sermon before food, even at breakfast. I had to be very hungry before I would go there. And there were almost no other women.

There was a cafe on Sixth Street called "The Sisters of the Road." where homeless people washed dishes, washed windows, or did other work in exchange for a ticket that bought two meals. It got so popular that they bought the building next door, knocked out some walls, and expanded. I believe it is still there.

Blanchet House served a free breakfast at 6:00 AM. You had to get in line at 5:00 AM. The guys called me "Shorty", and sympathized with me when the weather was freezing. The ones in the front of the line would say, "Come on Shorty, you get up in front." But one morning some guy in the back started a fight with the ones in front who were letting me go to the head of the line, and I had to go all the way to the back - and that line was almost two blocks long.

Most of the homeless men I knew were polite, sober, and hospitable. There were a few who were drunk, a few who behaved badly, cussed and started fights, some who were mentally ill. But most of the homeless I have met just had some circumstances in their life get out of control, so that they ended up without the money for their basic needs.

In the late 1980's, I was in a wheelchair for three years. I got out of the wheelchair, but my legs still hurt me a lot. Medicaid ran out on me, and I can't get any kind of medical help now. I got SSI for awhile, but no-one can live on \$486 a month.

I'm back in a homeless shelter now. But I want to find some work I can do to make some money. I am not useless; there are things I can do.

I drew a design for a new kind of drop-in center. It would be for all ages, men and women both. There would be a place with food supplies where people could fix their own meals. Especially breakfast. It seems like breakfast is the hardest meal for me to find.

There are homeless people who have been laid off of construction jobs. I believe there are things many of us could do, to build this kind of a place for ourselves, if we had a bit of help with materials and such.

I want to find a place to live that I can afford, where I can take a bath and I don't have to sleep on the floor. I want to have a cup of coffee in the morning, and eat a good breakfast, and get some lunch somewhere that I don't have to walk up and down a hill to get to. I want to be able to get some medical care.

I've written a whole lot about homelessness, and about how the government pays us this little SSI check to stay out of the way and out of sight. They treat us like disposable people.

Don't throw me away.

## Hungry People

As a homeless person, I have been without employment and have received far too many employment rejections. In my lifetime of over 42 years of employment I have been fired a minimum of 23 times. Although I was bitter at first, my future employment always provided more financial security and personal satisfaction.

I am a journeyman baker. When not one single restaurant, bakery or catering service would hire me, I was disappointed. I was told, among other things, that I did not have enough experience, "recent or otherwise".

I am creating my own opportunities. I began feeding other homeless and low-income people. I knew I had a never-ending commitment when I heard statements like, "... you remind me of my own grandmother. ... you cook just like she did."

My biggest fear was I would

never have enough food, and after all, I had cooked for very few people, outside of my own family, relatives and neighbors.

My self confidence is enforced by my strong passion for cooking and feeding others.

Hungry people connected immediately to me and I have become known as the lady who never says "no" to a request for something to eat.

I had a choice. I know one choice was to let the rejections of employers effect my golden years. Instead, this is actually what surged me on to a life-time commitment of providing the necessary requirement of life-nutritional healthy food.

I radiate a positive friendly attitude which I hope inspires others to "hang in there", connect with something satisfying, and enjoy life.

—Anonymous

## Thank You, Seattle

This is the experience of a formerly "homeless" person who is trained in Psychology at the Master's level and worked as a School Psychologist for 17 years before the onset of her mental illness which forced her into destitution.

The colleagues who I had counted on to help and understand me were not to be found. Indeed, I was something of a pariah to my colleagues. Bitterly humiliated and angry, I left my home state to find answers elsewhere. I went to the East Coast and was confronted with two realities,

I was trying to get my illness under control and searching for suitable employment. For whatever the reasons I was unable to find work. The shelters on the East Coast are few and poorly kept. Social work is out of the question. Just bussing the "homeless" on a daily basis to other parts of the city was all their budgets would allow.

Exhausted from the never-ending search for sleeping areas, meals served at different junctions, and carrying the few possessions I had, I realized the state of "homelessness" could become a full-time job in and of itself. Who has the time or care to sort out those THAT Shunned you while you panhandle. And those that helped with a bit of change in their pockets. But you did, even if it was unconsciously.

Self-esteem? Who has the time for that now, but each day it weighs you down more than your few possessions. Its insidious nature is

like gravity. After a time, you just want to roll up anywhere and find peace in sleep. But you can't, it's cold and you need food.

I came to Seattle ostensibly to find two old friends who no longer live in this area. I was astonished to find in place a "homeless" network that offered everything that I would need almost immediately. Friends, though Seattle is not perfect, and is still reaching out to the disenfranchised, I want to thank any and all of you for finding and helping me. I have access to all the agencies I need to be independent now.

Will I return to psychology? No, I am absorbed in the issues of the "homeless" and am donating my skills to the effort of finding each individual that can and wants help.

Eventually I plan to go back to Graduate School in social work.

**"After a time, you just want to roll up anywhere and find peace in sleep. But you can't, it's cold and you need food."**



# NEW on the NET

## GOP Wants \$80B

### Cuts In Anti-Poverty Programs

Despite promise of a Presidential Veto, Republicans in Congress propose to curb spending on anti-poverty programs by more than \$80 billion over the next seven years as part of their plan to overhaul the welfare system.

Negotiators also have yet to spell out how they will solve two of the most contentious issues: whether to ban use of federal welfare dollars to support unmarried teen-age mothers and to aid children born into welfare-dependent families. Also on the table was a proposal to require state legislatures to specifically approve such programs if they wanted to continue them.

Lawmakers also must decide whether - and how - the federal food stamp and school lunch programs should be turned over to the states in bulk as block grants, said Republicans involved in the negotiations.

Senators favor a food stamp block grant but want to keep school lunches a federal program. House members are pushing for child nutrition block grants to the states with tight rules on food stamp block grants, said a congressional Republican who requested anonymity.

The compromise plan reached Friday would reduce spending on welfare by \$81.5 billion, and reap an additional \$32.5 billion from the earned income tax credit for the working poor, negotiators said. Both the House and Senate welfare bills abolish Aid to Families with Dependent Children, require welfare recipients to work after two years and cut off their benefits after five years.

The compromise would require states to contribute some of their own money - 75 percent of their current spending level - to receive their full share of the federal block grant designed to replace the AFDC program, which now benefits about 5 million families.

The Senate wanted to make states continue spending 80 percent of what they now allot from their own coffers for AFDC payments; the House bill required no state funds.

The final bill would keep \$2.5 billion of the \$3 billion on child care set aside by the Senate. It also would tighten eligibility rules for disabled children who receive Supplemental Security Income, or SSI, while allowing cash payments to continue for those who remain in the welfare program.

## Businesses Oppose Immigrant Bill

Business groups asked Congress on Monday to reject a Republican plan to slash the number of non-refugee immigrants admitted into the United States.

The groups said the bill, written by Sen. Alan Simpson, R-Wyo., would reduce by at least one-fifth the number of such immigrants and

also would limit their ability to hire the best available talent for high-tech jobs.

"In a quick rush to judgment, Senator Simpson is intent on pushing through a bill which would cripple American competitiveness," said Paul Huard, senior vice president of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Under the Simpson bill, the number of immigrants who come here at the behest of companies to fill jobs for which U.S. workers cannot be found would be reduced from the 123,291 who entered last year to 90,000.

Other groups participating in a news conference Monday including the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the Business Software Alliance, the American Council of International Personnel, Information Technology Association of America, the Electronic Industries Association and the American Electronics Association.

## Koop Slams Healthcare Cuts

Former U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop lashed out Monday at President Clinton and Congress for cutbacks in health care, saying the climate in Washington is "down-right hostile to health."

"Health care decisions are increasingly being made by businessmen, not doctors," Koop said. "In my career, I have never seen such discouragement among public health professionals or physicians. And I get around. I would say the term 'rage' describes how I feel most of the time."

Koop said neither the Democratic president nor the Republican Congress is giving any consideration to the primary cause of America's public health problems - "the appalling prevalence of poverty."

"When I take a look at what's wrong around us, I see three things: the abrogation of personal responsibility, greed and racism," Koop said. Koop also denounced the attack on the nation's public health programs but said the situation will not change until doctors and public health workers "stand up for our professions, not ourselves."

**Welfare Bill To Hurt Children**  
A White House-endorsed Senate blueprint to overhaul the welfare system could plunge a million children into poverty, according to an early estimate by the Department of Health and Human Services.

The HHS estimates surfaced Friday, after Sen. Daniel Patrick

Moynihan, D-N.Y., accused the White House of refusing to release an HHS report describing the impact of the Senate legislation on children.

"Those involved will take this disgrace to their graves," the Senate's foremost welfare expert said earlier this week in a scathing attack on the administration. "Just how many millions of infants we will put to the sword is not yet clear."

In an interview Friday, Moynihan said the HHS numbers are on the "conservative side" and noted that the administration's analysis of the House bill found that 4.8 million children would be hurt by a five-year time limit on cash benefits.

The Center on Budget and Policy Priorities also said the HHS numbers are more likely to understate the increase in poverty than to overstate it. Changes in the Senate bill, made after the HHS analysis, would have only a small impact on the department's bottom-line findings, the center said.

## MA Superior Court Upholds "Right to Shelter"

In a major victory for homeless families, a Massachusetts Superior Court judge struck down a rule that denied shelter to families evicted from public or subsidized housing for falling behind in rent, reports the Boston Globe.

The ruling in the class-action case - by reaffirming a 1983 Massachusetts law giving homeless families a "right to shelter" - could set a precedent with broad implications and pave the way for overturning nearly a dozen recent regulations that deny emergency shelter to families deemed to have caused their own homelessness.

Under the reasoning of the decision, none of the Weld administration regulations that deny shelter to families deemed responsible for being homeless would be legal, said Steven Valero, an attorney with Greater Boston Legal Services who filed the case on behalf of the homeless families.

"If any judge followed this decision, none of those other regulations could stand," Valero said. "It implies that any regulation that denies shelter to somebody because 'you got yourself in this fix' is illegal."

The Travelers Aid Society of Boston, which saw a six-fold increase over the last year in the number of families denied shelter by DTA, estimated that 25 percent of the families they have seen were refused shelter under the now-overturned rule.

## U.S. Far From Education Goals

A panel of governors and lawmakers says America's schools have made little progress toward meeting the ambitious education goals set five years ago by the nation's governors.

"If we're serious about preparing every child for success and good citizenship in the 21st century, we're going to have to redouble our efforts," said Education Secretary Richard Riley.

High school completion rates have not improved since 1990, according to the group's annual study. Reading achievement has remained flat in grades 4 and 8 and has fallen among high school seniors. And a large gap still exists between white and minority students' rates of college enrollment and completion, the study found.

On the bright side, both elementary and high school students' achievement in math and science has improved, and more college students are earning degrees in those disciplines.

## Working Poor Need Earned-Income Tax Credit

Tax relief for Jill Dotson and millions of other people who supplement slender paychecks with the Earned Income Tax Credit would be reduced or eliminated under Republican budget-balancing measures.

To buy her four boys Christmas presents and school clothes, Dotson lets some bills slide at the end of year, knowing she can count on her tax credit in the spring to catch up on her debts.

"I'll have to go looking for places that give away toys or something for kids," said Dotson, 38, who doesn't know how she would adjust to reduced aid. "I damn sure won't be able to have Christmas."

Under the current program, Dotson would receive more than \$1,800 for the 1996 tax season, according to the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities, which analyzed her return. The Senate Republican plan would cut her credit to about \$1,450 in 1996, the center said, and over the measure's seven years, she'd lose a total of \$4,300.

The tax credit was created 20 years ago during the Ford administration and hailed by President Reagan as "the best anti-poverty, the best pro-family, the best job creation measure to come out of Congress."

Republicans said Dotson's 1996 tax credit would be slightly higher than the center's estimate, and that any difference in the earned income credit she receives could be offset by a \$500 per-child credit proposed by the GOP.

—from *Handsnet News & Blues*

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# From the Women at Angeline's

Well the holidays are upon us once more and yes we are still out here - rushing to food banks - searching for plastic bags - trading bags of rice for salad dressing and jars of spice - when we get lucky pumpkin pies and even better fruit pies, blessing the people who eat rice instead of ice cream.

It's a good time when you have good friends. With people who are your friends there isn't any poor me attitude; it's a time when things are all right.

Oh yes, and thanks to the Asian man at the public market who let me swipe two plastic bags off of his store front - he pretended not to see me the day a friend and I had our food wrapped up in our jackets because we didn't have bags to carry it in from the Market Food Bank.

She was feeling embarrassed but still dealing with it. I couldn't see her having to deal with Metro with her jacket as a grocery bag. So I lifted two bags. What can I say? We're friends and it was a way to make things a little less obvious to the world. Sometimes it's a little much being a part of Seattle's visible poor, especially during the holidays.

But it sure gets funny too, like the time I had all my clothes and food, books in a big back pack, straps tight, fully in control, stepped up onto the Metro step, smiling at everyone, lost it and found myself rocking like a turtle on my back, legs thrashing in the air, had to be helped up by three laughing, squealing

friends. Oh yes the holidays are fun.

We have laughed at ourselves out here because we have kept the laughter and it helps you through a lot of the tough times.

Let's talk winter gardens, Okay? Community gardens are a wondrous glory to us. We had a two plot garden space two years ago. We women found it and the homeless women's church paid for it. They were great to do that for us. We were asked to break up asphalt, dig up a gas tank, old gas station was the site, where the garden was to be. Pour concrete, build a fence, break up the ground, dig up the rocks, prepare the soil, help build a fence and yes, have a chance to have a space to garden for the winter.

Of course we would have been on crutches, walkers, wearing neck braces. Face it, we are not a healthy bunch. But we would have our garden space. The hours of the shelters do not allow you the time to garden in the evening. You would end up sitting at the Nightwatch waiting to get a bed for the night. So... the way we get our vegetables and fresh fruits, we go to the women's center on third avenue, Angeline's.

For several years a manager of QFC has sent fruits and veggies to the women. This is our chance to say thanks to Marty and the crew at the QFC for sending the fruits and veggies. We thank you every week and hope you know this is our way of saying thank you from all of us women out here.

**I know you have seen us out there... in the doorways or propped against walls, reciting our views of the world, loudly to the public, and it can be a cheery sight during this holiday season, ribbons tied to our bags, pretty candies stuffed into our many pockets, fast food packets of sugar, and napkins stuffed into every space of pocket.**

**Oh yes, the season to be jolly.**

We hope you are feeling at peace with your world. We are keeping strong with our friends and humor is always with us. Now this sounds all very good and self-reliant in the face of great woes, but I know you have seen us out there.

Oh yes you have. It's okay to say it. Some of us celebrate in a very liquid style. So much that we end up in a puddle - a people puddle - in the doorways or propped against walls, reciting our views of the world, loudly to the public, and it can be a cheery sight during this holiday season, ribbons tied to our bags, pretty candies stuffed into our many pockets, fast food packets of sugar, and napkins stuffed into every space of pocket. Oh yes, the season to be jolly.

During the Christmas season we

all like to go into the stores and get holiday shopping bags. It's the time of the year when the ladies of society and we have something in common: we carry the same bags out in the street. You have your Christmas shopping in yours; but we have everything we own in ours.

Our gift to you, dear Seattle, is the answer to homeless, contained in two little magic words, spoken with hope and imagination:

*Abra Kadabra*

*Written by the women of Angeline's, we sang, we yelled, we wrote, we spelled every word out of our own memory banks. Seattle, we are still here and we are still strong in ourselves, together.*

*Merry Christmas Seattle from the Women at Angeline's.*

*And God Bless You.*

## CHALLENGE, CONT. FROM 7

Life without a place to live is degrading, hurting, broken, depressing and an outrageous experience. Life on the street will make a healthy person sick. Many women are on the street because they are not well in the first place. They can get sicker in the street life. Where is our pride as a superior nation when we abandon our sick citizens on the cold wet street?

Homeless women are our sisters. They breathe the same air we breathe; they are members of our community as we are. It is everyone's problem. We all together created homelessness and we all are responsible for overcoming the problem together.

The Church of Mary Magdalene, while we painfully admit that we have been as powerless as others in solving the problem, dares to do something with homeless sisters individually and collectively; we dare to witness that God created and blessed all human beings equally in her/his image; we dare to witness the positive, loving and forgiving God and help restore their pride and dignity.

We dare to walk with them through the dark valley of homeless life. We dare to join them to cry, struggle and work together and help strengthen their inner energy to cope with the ever-hurting street life and to uplift their hope until the day of healing comes.

We dare to preach that when they are broken we are broken and God is broken; that when someone is homeless God is also homeless, neither do we have a home in his/her heart; we dare to preach that God is suffering in them and with them; We dare to preach that homelessness is an unforgivable sin we all are committing together; that liberation and salvation for homeless women will come with "a room in the inn;" We dare to urge us to work together to end the homelessness in our society transcending the difference of ideology, theology and ethnicity if we ever want to claim to be the people of God.

We dare to ask ourselves what do we celebrate this Christmas for with extravagant lights and gifts when we leave our God and our sisters in the cold wet streets?

## Wanting Only

To be with MyGod  
I am exiled

In a land  
strange and wonderful  
ugly and beautiful

ON THE EDGE  
Of Eternity ... Time folding

IN  
On itself  
Like butter  
into  
batter ...

—Marion Sue Fischer

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# A Rock in the Woods

## A Seattle Christmas Story

BY J. A. BEAMAN

It was one of those nights in downtown Seattle. You know the kind. Friday night, ten o'clock, everyone got their checks and the Coast Guard is in town.

Jay arrived after a thirty hour bus time. You know the kind. Life's a bitch and then you die, and then you go Greyhound.

He had never been to Seattle or the Northwest, and was admiring the night sights of the city. The bars and bistros of Pioneer Square. A crippled whore with more tracks on her arms than the Union Pacific. You know the kind.

Jay was not intimidated by the streets of Seattle, for he had just come from Los Angeles. His burden was carried on his back and his fortune \$150.00, in his pocket.

It is hard to come to a new place. Never been before; don't know anyone. Jay was just glad to be out of that sewer called Los Angeles. I know what Kennedy said: "Ask not what your country can do for you..." But would you make your bed in a burning building?

Jay figured if he was going to be homeless, he might as well do it in a place with trees instead of telephone poles.

Lets face it, L.A. is a basket case, both economically and emotionally. Maybe God will come back and level

it, if discontent doesn't beat it to it.

Seattle is worlds apart from Los Angeles in many respects. It has its problems like any big city, but if you must have a big city you could do worse. Jay had picked a satisfying place to make his new home although he did not know that yet.

A friend he met on the bus ride was escorting Jay around the city. They were searching for a mission that was not full, for they were weary travelers and needed a place to lay their heads.

After an hour of searching, they were admitted into the Union Gospel Mission upon showing Their bus tickets and a genuine need to rest after the long journey. Each man was given a mat to lay downstairs. Jay slept soundly. The snoring of the others could not keep him awake, for he had come many miles the hard way.

In the Mission, they wake you at 6.00 a.m. so you will get off your ass and find work. God helps those who help themselves. Jay was up at 5:30. He went to the shower area, needing one after the long journey.

Another man was rinsing his socks in the wash basin. Jay turned on the shower and waited for the hot water that would never come. The man at the sink was named Andy. He was from Poland. Jay Befriended Andy.

**"Beer and poverty have a way of bringing people together. Poverty to make us brothers. Beer to drown our mutual sorrow."**

They left the Mission and walked down Second Avenue. Jay decided to buy his new friend a beer. Andy could speak English well, but was still fuzzy on American slang. Jay explained "you can "drag" something on the ground. A man dressed as a woman is in drag. Give me a "drag" off your cigarette. Life can be a "drag". Life can be a bitch. A bitch is a female dog. A bitch is a woman you don't like. A son of a bitch is a man you don't like. Quit your bitching. Andy tried to understand but could not remove the puzzled look from his face.

Beer and poverty have a way of bringing people together. Poverty to make us brothers. Beer to drown our mutual sorrow.

Andy showed Jay the Downtown ropes. They sat by the Westlake Mall to watch the girls go by and discuss their aspirations. Jay would have termed it "shooting the shit" but he did not want to draw such an unusual picture in his friend's mind.

Andy wanted to get on a fishing boat, and eventually save enough to buy his own big rig truck. Jay wanted to get job in electronics, but for now would settle for any job. Andy was tired of his dish washing job at a downtown hotel and offered it to Jay.

They walked over to the water. It was a nice day by the Pier in Seattle. Jay felt lucky. Here he was in a strange place for a day, and already had a friend and a job. Jay was glad he came to this place.

When a restaurant needs a dishwasher they do not care about a person's skills, training experience or politics. They would take a man with a bad disposition, tattoos covering his arms and open festering sores on his face. As long as the dishes get done.

They hired Jay and showed him his duties. The pay was \$35.00 per night cash. Jay earned every penny of it. Free food was one of the perks and Jay enjoyed this as any homeless would. Seattle was good to him.

In a few days he had a small income, a few friends, the only thing missing was a place to live. If Jay could find this he would no longer be homeless. He didn't care if he had a place where the roaches were eating, the rats were eating the cats, and the floor had two inches of standing water, as long as it was shelter. Just a place were he could collect his thoughts, start to put his life back together, and perhaps find a little happiness again.

Sometimes Jay would be sitting at a bus stop watching the suburban commuters driving by in their Lexuses and BMWs on their way home. "Look at all these people. Everyone of them has a home to go to. God, isn't there room for just one more.?"

On one of his days off he answered an ad in the paper seeking an electronics technician. This was more in line with Jay's skills. Besides, \$9.00 an hour beats hell out of minimum wage. Instead of washing dishes he could afford to dirty a few. So he took the bus to the interview. The job never came through, but along the way he saw a section of woods. "It looks like a man could live in there."

Jay rode the bus back to the woods the next day to look over the terrain. The woods brought many delights that only they could provide. A creek split the woods with clear cool water. There were a number of trees left from the old growth. Deer tracks in the sand along the creek. A wood pecker. Jay had never seen one before.

He sat beside the creek for a while casting stones in the ever running waters. He made up his mind that his place would become his home. His woods.

That night Jay lay his tarp on the ground and curled up in his blankets. The rains of fall had not yet arrived in Seattle. Dark and silent, the woods provided the peaceful solitude lonely souls have sought

Cont. to page 23



ILLUSTRATION BY LIN LUCAS



# Where Are You?

(After becoming homeless)

Where are you, I cry,  
In the dark of the night,  
My brother, my friend, my  
spirit soul?

You were with me in  
The morning light of  
My youth, like a vine entwining  
My heart,  
Touching, caressing and gently  
Kissing the dew from  
My rose lips,

Where are you, I cry,  
In the ark of the night?

Like rustling leaves that fall  
In Autumn, I see you slipping  
Through the woods,  
In a gray shadowy mist,  
Then you are gone,

And I am left alone,  
In the twilight of my life.

—Irene Bacon

# Homelessness

No, I'm not homeless.  
Do away with that!  
We have the golden sun  
warming our backs.

we live at the post office  
When the doors left unlocked  
Drinking tea at Nordstroms.  
And managing to talk.

The second cup is free  
So my bags stay in sight.  
.we can watch the traffic  
Speed by every Saturday nite.

No I'm not homeless.  
As business people tell us.  
we play checkers at McDonalds  
Until the security get us.

No I'm not Homeless.  
Not here anyway!  
we sleep at the library.  
Never in the way.

Don't call me Homeless.  
For we work very hard.  
To stay undercover —  
while camping in someone's yard.

Yes, we're called Home-less.  
But we are still around.  
We cover the streets in numbers.  
Practically owning this whole busy town.

—Patches Kellogg



## Adventures in Poetry

with © Dr. Wes Browning

### A Lyric Playlet in One Scene or Opus 15, My First Contribution to the Christmas Tradition.

© Dr. Wes Browning

Joseph (J.) (soon-to-be step-father of God) and his old lady Mary (M.), who is majorly preggers in every way, both in rags, approach a door. The words "Ye Last Chance Inn" appear above it. After a few knocks the Innkeeper (I.) appears and this conversation ensues.

J.: Innkeeper - please don't let us down -  
We've tried every other inn in town!!  
As you see my wife is miles around  
And soon her Son'll drop to the ground!

I.: What, are you nuts? Haven't you yet been  
Made aware that "there's no room at the inn"?

J.: But Sir, though, our taxes paid, now we are poor,  
Couldn't you just let us crash 'hind your door?

I.: I'd like to be kind but the rich folks have said  
"Don't be lettin' no poor folks have a bed."  
And the rich folks pay the bills - so it is -  
You know we've got to look out after our biz.

M.: Oh - Ohhh - Ah - Ahhh - Oh - Ohhh - Ohhh - Ohhh!  
Oh - Ohhh - Ah - Ahhh - Oh - Ohhh - Ohhh - Ohhh!

High-pitched Voice from Mary's Stomach:  
Oh let me be born in a warm room Sir!  
I won't even mind if it's only a manGER!

J.: Oh no! My wife Mary is about to give birth  
to a most important Baby for all planet Earth!  
I'll ask one more time, for whatever it's worth  
Can you give me, her, and your God a berth?  
Else we'll be homeless all the night long  
And to do that to God would surely be wrong.

I.: You're "homeless"? Why didn't you say so before?  
I had presumed you just disgustingly poor!  
Our company policy says there are enough  
Grounds for me to offer you free stuff.  
So what'll it be: T-shirts, chips, fuzzy dice?  
Travel mugs, baseball caps, boxes of instant rice?  
Ash trays, fanny packs, hand-painted coasters?  
No folks I'm sorry we don't carry toasters.  
You want the chips? Here you go and from me  
a couple of cigs.  
Now both of you get jobs if you really  
want good digs.

Offstage Voice:  
And so it might have been if then were now.  
They say times are better but I'm not sure how.

Finis

—Merry Christmas! - © Dr. Wes Browning



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Seattle, WA 98109

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TDD 206/615-3401

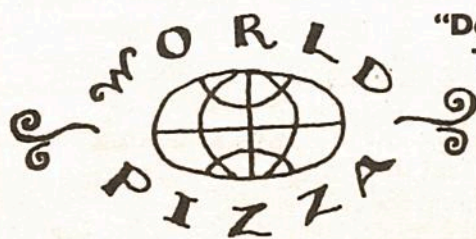
### LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO CALL HOME?

Plymouth Housing Group provides permanent housing for single adults in downtown Seattle. Rents range from

Lewiston Hotel \$155 to \$350 per month. William Tell Hotel  
2201 1/2 First Ave. 2327 Second Ave.

St. Charles Hotel Scargo Hotel The Gatewood  
619 Third Ave. 2205 1/2 First Ave. 107 Pine St.

The Pacific Please call 343-7838 for application information.  
317 Marion



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—Steve Dickinson

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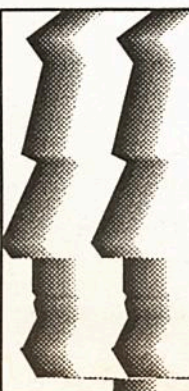
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## Christmas Dinner

for Seattle's homeless & hungry

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Monday, Dec. 25, 1995 • Noon - 2 p.m.  
The William Booth Center, 811 Maynard Avenue S., Seattle

### Comida de Navidad Para los destituidos de Seattle

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### Youth Peer Outreach Worker

10 hrs/wk. work on street and in other settings as part of Community Clinic team to contact and connect with homeless and at-risk youth. Provide information and referral services. Personal experience of homelessness or intense familiarity with people in this situation a plus. People of color and other minorities encouraged to apply.

Send letters of interest/resumes to:  
Youth Clinic Coordinator, 45th Street Clinic  
1629 N 45th St. Seattle, WA 98103

### Millionair Club Volunteers needed for the Holidays -- Can you

collect food or toys for us? This is the time when we serve hundreds of men and women special Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's meals. It is also the season when we play Santa to the children of our clients. Last year 425 children enjoyed refreshments, listened to live music and left with a wrapped gift and a picture of themselves with Santa.

We also prepare over 125 Christmas food boxes that are distributed to families through churches all over the greater Seattle area. Each box is lovingly assembled by a staff member with colored cellophane and candy canes.

- The boxes contain:
- 1 fully cooked 3 to 4 pound ham
  - 1 pound of ground coffee
  - Instant potatoes and/or stuffing mix
  - 2 cans of vegetables
  - Assorted goodies from our warehouse

#### If you would like to collect or donate food, we need:

- |                                    |                            |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Frozen or canned peas or beans     | Hams                       |
| Turkeys (we use hundreds of these) | Fresh or instant potatoes  |
| Candy canes                        | Canned sweet potatoes      |
| Stuffing mix                       | Juice; orange or pineapple |
| Cooked pies                        | Rice                       |
| Eggs                               |                            |
| Oatmeal                            |                            |

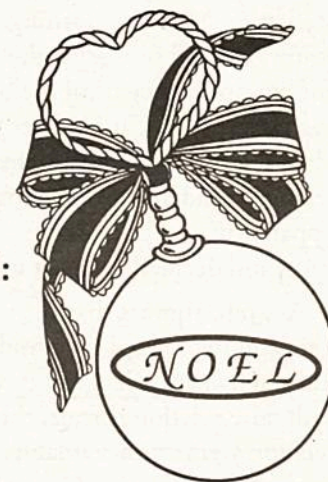
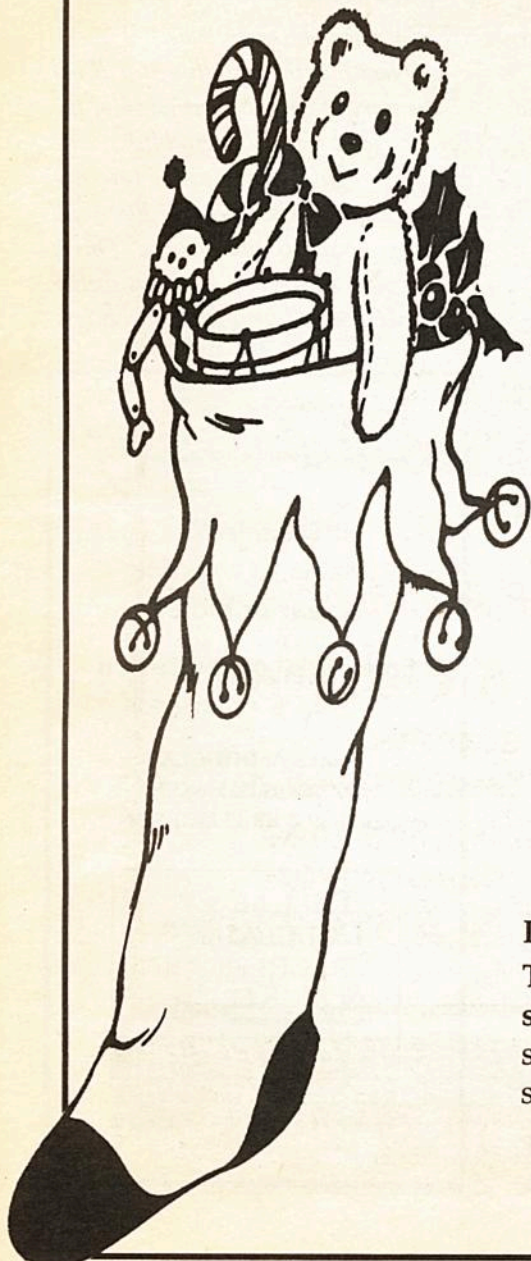
If you are donating hams or pies, please be sure they are fully cooked.

The Millionair Club Charity has provided food and employment for people in need since 1921. Come to the Club for any of our holiday events. You'll see for yourself that the spirit of giving is alive and well and that "kindness" truly is the language everyone understands.

For more information, call 728-5600 and ask for Renee.

### Millionair Club Charity

2515 Western Ave. (between Wall & Vine) Seattle, WA 98121





**PACIFIC, CONT. FROM P. 9**

proposed to us previously: they would ask Seafirst to keep the building open and ask the City to cooperate with funds. The residents approved the proposal and the meeting ended, giving way to a quiet night.

Sleeping people filled the lobby of the Pacific on Sunday night. Over 300 people now were using the Pacific for shelter. At the end of the sixth day of the takeover, downtown Seattle had been visibly transformed.

All the familiar places where homeless people sleep outside were empty. Far from perfect, the Pacific takeover was a step in the right direction toward a solution to the crisis of homelessness.

**Day Seven:****Monday, Sept 28, 1992****Power**

Everything was riding on Monday morning. We had exercised almost all of the power that we had over Seafirst and the Mayor. Without more time to research, plan and implement a strategy, we were running out of ways to influence those who controlled our fate.

We had the support of some of the most respected and capable people in Seattle's non-profit housing world. Community support was still with us and seemed to be growing, as we targeted Seafirst through the bank's customers. Internally, we were only getting stronger after resolution of previous difficulties.

On Monday morning, the best thing we had going for us was our control over the Pacific. We decided who came in and who went out. We decided our rules. We decided times and agendas of meetings. We controlled the Pacific Hotel and only the police could take that away from us.

**Negotiations**

When our advocates met with Seafirst on Monday morning, Seafirst refused to discuss the issue of interim occupancy until the building was vacant. We learned later that Mayor Rice made a telephone call to Seafirst President Luke Helms. Apparently Rice and Helms closed ranks and decided to reject our offer.

At 1pm, rumors that the police were coming started to spread. Although Seafirst had lost credibility with false eviction threats, this time eviction seemed unavoidable. At 3pm, the Negotiating Committee (now composed of about 14 residents) met in room #39.

While we were discussing our next step, someone entered the room to urge us to hurry up because he had heard that the police were on their way to the Pacific. We talked for about three more minutes before the police arrived and surrounded

the building. With that, the meeting ended. The Pacific occupation was coming to a close.

**Eviction**

Just like the 1991 eviction of Operation Homestead from the Arion Court Apartments, the police arrived in force. They sealed the building, allowed people to exit, but not to enter. There were about 50 officers, shoulder to shoulder in riot gear.

Most of the residents of the Pacific vacated the building within 15 minutes of the police's arrival. The presence of Immigration and Naturalization Service agents wearing bright yellow jackets marked INS created a panic among the non-U.S. citizens. Cops in the building stationed themselves at doorways and shuffled people outside. We, too, stationed people at the exits in order to observe the police.

We told the Police Captain we needed until 6pm to get belongings out of the building. He agreed to this demand. The people remaining in the building spent the next two hours moving belongings from the building to people on Marion street.

As we leaned out of windows, people on the street called out their room numbers and tossed us their keys. We went from room to room, packing bags and passing them out the front door, through the police barrier to evicted residents. One of the rooms I went into contained a neatly made bed, family pictures on the walls, clothes hanging in the closet and curtains in the window.

**Final Meeting**

By nightfall, only thirty people remained in the building. We gathered in the courtyard for our final meeting in the Pacific Hotel. Fourteen of us refused to leave the Pacific and prepared for the inevitable arrest by writing down our names for our lawyer. We did not know that he had just been arrested on Fourth Avenue for blocking the police van waiting to take us to jail. What a lawyer!

The police took their time arresting us. They had more trouble than they could handle on the outside, where the crowd had swelled to several hundred. People staying in the Pacific returned from day jobs to find a sealed building. Supporters gathered in front of the building to protest the eviction.

Fearing loss of control, the 100 police became aggressive, and three officers on motorcycles rode into the crowd. Hidden from the view of the street, we had no idea of the events outside until several cops brought a bloody-faced man upstairs. They placed him next to us in the third floor hallway.

He had resisted arrest and was beaten by the police. We remained

**"As we leaned out of windows,  
people on the street called out their room  
numbers and tossed us their keys.  
We went from room to room, packing  
bags and passing them out the front door  
through the police barrier. One of the  
rooms contained a neatly made bed, family  
pictures on the walls, clothes hanging  
in the closet and curtains in the window."**

in the hallway for a few hours and when the cops were ready, they sneaked us out the alley on the West side of the building.

**Outside the Building**

On the street, the end of the occupation brought the cruel injustice of homelessness into sharp focus. A long line of persons sat on the sidewalk. Exhausted from working day and night to demonstrate that they could manage themselves, many people slumped against their sleeping rolls. Soon after dark, the group marched to City Hall with the Operation Homestead banner. Once there, the police dispersed the crowd with threats to arrest the leaders.

Twenty-six people got arrested that night: thirteen in the building and thirteen on the street. The media portrayed the eviction as a riot, a "clash" between homeless and police. Such descriptions distracted attention from the fact that 300 people were unnecessarily out in the cold.

The confrontation with police that took place on the street was a natural outcome of the anger and frustration of the former occupants. The police were the most visible, immediate target for people's anger.

**STREETLIFE, CONT. FROM 14**

"It's an outlet," Kellogg says. "Everybody should have the joy of creating."

Freeman adds: "Some of the women I've talked to in the shelters have said people should be out trying to get a job and that stuff like this is a waste of time. But, whenever I see people doing art, they are more alive, they interact with each other better. In the long run, they get more done."

"People are made to create. Whether it's a paint-by-numbers drawing or a painting at the top of the Sistine Chapel, it is invigorating."

**A Beginning, Not an Ending**

The eviction from the Pacific was a bitter reminder of the power we were up against. Committed to non-violence, we were no match for police in riot gear.

But the eviction was not the end of our campaign to save the Pacific Hotel and create shelter for those forced to sleep outside due to our City's overcrowded shelter system. Although we no longer controlled the Pacific Hotel, seven days of common struggle had left a deep impression on those who participated.

There was no doubt that the campaign would survive the eviction. We had built only a foundation, but our sights were set much higher. We had unity, identity, a sense of purpose, and the bonds created by surviving adversity. The police may have handcuffed the people, but they could not handcuff the cause.

*Next month's installment will tell the story of how the occupants of the Pacific Hotel worked to establish a self-managed nightly shelter at the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers Local 46 auditorium. This is believed to be the first homeless shelter in the U.S. provided by a labor union.*

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# Boyd McLaughlin

## Artists Death Leaves A Hole at Street Life

People come into the Street Life Gallery located at the NW corner of 2nd and Bell for one of two reasons — they are homeless or they want to help the homeless. Boyd McLaughlin wandered into the Gallery with his best friend Tim “Merlin” Parker, fresh off a greyhound from Montana, just over a year ago.

In the past year Boyd went from homeless and searching, to housed and working as a prolific artist offering inspiration, instruction, love and generosity to the hundreds of artists looking to the Gallery for healing and answers.

On November 2nd Boyd died unexpectedly, leaving behind a Gallery full of friends all touched in some way by his efforts. An amazing, self-taught pen and ink artist, Boyd managed to complete three or four detailed renderings each week in between his duties as Gallery

Space Outreach Coordinator, working on graphic design commissions and selling his work on the streets of Seattle.

In reference to the Gallery, Boyd said, “It’s a real community here. We share everything we’ve got. I feel close to every person that comes in here. And I feel their loss when they leave.” And his friends at the Gallery say to Boyd, “We will miss you too Boyd, now that you have left.”

Boyd was forty four years old and is survived by his father, Skip, stepmother, Shirley, three siblings, a son, his best friend Harwood T. Parker (AKA Merlin), and a galaxy of Street Life artists working now and those that wander into the Street Life Gallery fresh off the next Greyhound.

## For Boyd

NOVEMBER-

A Time of Shoes dropping  
A Time of leaves falling

A time of scudding clouds  
AND Storms

My  
COMPLICITY in Endings

death/upon/death  
Awaiting Spring’s renewal

—Marion Sue Fischer

### ROCK, CONT FROM P. 18

since the old trees were young. A karma of security and familiarity.

Each night, after work Jay would return to his woods. Few other people were seen in the months he lived there. These woods had become so familiar to him that he could navigate the winding trails in pitch darkness. This gave him peace of mind that no cop would likely come to harass him in the middle of the night.

Christmas time was drawing near. Jay went to purchase cigarettes at the Safeway that was attached to a shopping mall near the woods. Jay walked through the mall to escape the cold of the Northwest December. The mall was alight with the trimmings and wares of a commercial Christmas.

Jay could not participate in the spending spree enjoyed by the many shoppers. He could only observe the custom while they purchased their

gifts. Gifts selected with thought and care for fathers, mothers, spouses and of course the children.

Jay was alone in the crowd. It was a sad and lonely time in the mist of a happy occasion. No money to buy presents and what’s worse nobody to buy presents for. He was alone in this world. Nothing drove this point home further than the Christmas season.

Jay had purchased his cigarettes and was near to exiting when he saw a man and his young son. The man was tall and looked respectable. His son could have not been more than three years old and was drinking in the splendor and spectacles.

Jay held the door open for the man while his little son drove on his father’s shoulders. The man said thank you and Jay turned so the man could not see his eyes well up. The skies were clear and cloudless but a rain of tears fell where Jay walked.

## I. Nothing Much to Say

The world seems cruel  
in the face of pain.  
A suffocation of silences.  
When if we tried to speak  
we would scream.  
then we are silent.  
When what we feel  
fills our throat  
then we are silent.  
When what we should feel  
is not what we do feel,  
then we are silent.  
When we don't feel  
and we don't know how  
then we are silent.

People die curled around their pain  
unable to say what hurts.  
We cannot find the words  
to make it right.  
Helpless to help,  
we turn away.

Nothing much to say . . .

## II. Nothing Much to Say

When an artist dies  
what can you say  
to equal the art  
that's gone out of the world?

## III. Nothing Much to Say

Rub someone's shoulders.  
Drink gingerale. Eat pizza.  
Make more art.

What else can you do?

—In honor of Boyd McLaughlin,  
11/3/95, Anitra L. Freeman

A man’s sadness will make him talk to himself out loud. “What do I have, Lord? I have no family. I have no home. The Lord will answer such sadness. “What do you have? You have no family. You have a Father, my son. As for a home you have these woods. They are your rock.

They will be your home as long as you need them”.

Jay walked back to his home while his Father dried his crying eyes. As Jay approached his rock he knew there was a God in Heaven. Especially in this season.

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Call Mary at  
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New Site Opening Soon  
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## December

2

Saturday, noon - 5 p.m., "Beijing To Bainbridge" report back from women's conference with a focus on youth, Bainbridge Island High School, info 842-3745

2:30 p.m., Seattle women act for peace annual fun and fundraising auction, potluck dinner, entertainment, lots of valuable goods and services, Melrose Terrace, 308 E Republican, \$5, children free, info 522-6789 or 523-1127

7 p.m., Hands Off Washington and the Anne Frank & Friends Coalition sponsor "Love Against the Odds: The Incredible Story of Stefan K.", the only openly Gay holocaust survivor willing to speak out about his experience under nazism, Temple DeHirsch Sinai, 1511 E Pike, tickets \$10-12, info 323-5191

7:30 p.m., Album Release House Concert of "Fight No More Forever" featuring folksinging peace activists Mike Stern and Men II Geezers (Mike Stern, Tom Rawson, Paul Robb, Eric Smith, and Jeff Povel), 2724 Mount St. Helens Place S, \$7, [compilers remark: it's a wonderful album!], info 633-3647 or 725-5501

6:30 p.m. reception and buffet, 8 p.m. program, 9:30 p.m. dancing, ACLU of Washington Bill of Rights celebration with keynote speaker columnist Molly Ivins, William O. Douglas Award to Justice Robert Utter, dinner reservations \$30 by Nov 29, program only free, Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Hotel, 1113 6th Ave downtown, info 624-2184

6

Wednesday, 7:30 p.m., Mumia Defense Committee sponsors an educational program on prison conditions in Washington state, 2129 2nd Ave. in Belltown, info 781-6725

7

Thursday, details TBA, demonstration commemorating the invasion of East

Timor by Indonesia

7 p.m., Institute of Seattle presents a benefit for Rise & Shine, organization helping children affected by HIV/AIDS, featuring performance by peace activist, musical healer, flutist Esther "Little Dove" John, reception at 6:30 for those buying \$20 tickets, Museum of History and Industry, 2700 24th E, Art info 322-8892

7 - 10 p.m., Skagit Peace Education Fund Fundraiser "Wearable Art" Fashion Show & Sale, Skagit Valley College Cafeteria, info 360-466-3645 or 360-724-6631

7:30 p.m., New Freeway Hall, 5018 Rainier S, Radical Women, a socialist feminist organization, business meeting, 6:30 dinner \$6 donation, program follows, info 722-2453 or 722-6057

8

Friday, 7:30 p.m., Red & Black Books presents political analyst Michael Parenti on "Fascism: The False Revolution", University of Washington Kane Hall, \$10 tickets available Red & Black, Bailey/Coy, etc., info 322-READ

9-10

Saturday, 8 p.m., Seattle Men's Choir "Don We Now" Holiday Gala, with comedian Julie Halston, Sunday, 2 & 7 p.m., University of Washington Meany Theatre, info 323-2992

10

Sunday, Church Council of Greater Seattle "Day of Dialogue on Race" area churches participating to set up study circles using "Why Can't We All Just Get Along?" text from Study Circles resource center, all welcome including those without religious affiliation, info 525-1213

United Nations Human Rights Day

9:30 a.m., Impact Forum with Frank Chopp, Representative from the 43rd Legislative District and Director, Fremont Public Association, on "Racial and Economic Justice: How Do

We Get There?", University Unitarian Church, 6556 35th NE, info 522-9384

7:30 p.m., John Gilbert in a one man reading from Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" with a talk by Nancy Amadei, originator of the Decency Principles Project with a commitment to ending poverty, on "Poverty Now and Poverty Then: Who Are the Scrooges Among Us Now?", University Unitarian Church, 6556 35th NE, \$5 - 10, info 522-9384

12

Tuesday, 7 p.m. potluck, 8:30 meeting, Seattle Central Community College rm 1110, Broadway near Pine, Seattle NOW (National Organization for Women) annual meeting, info 632-8547

13

Wednesday, 7:30 p.m., 2129 2nd Ave. in Belltown, general meeting of the Seattle Mumia Defense Committee, Public welcome, info 781-6725

14-16

Thursday 6 p.m., African American/Jewish Coalition for Justice dinner, info 323-0534

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 8 p.m., SAT 2 p.m., University of Washington Meany Theatre, Seattle Men's Choir "Don We Now" Holiday Gala, with comedian Julie Halston, info 323-2992

17

Sunday, 5 - 8 p.m., Fellowship of Reconciliation, holiday party, potluck meal, singing, dancing, everyone is welcome regardless of faith or holiday traditions, Woodland Park Presbyterian Church, 225 North 70th at Greenwood, Seattle Chapter info 789-5565

21

Thursday, and subsequent 3rd Thursdays, International Women's Day Committee informal community building and networking meetings, 7:30 A.M., Elliott Bay Bookstore Cafe, 1st South at Main, info Lexie 587-3854 or Louise 632-8547.

## January

7

Sunday, details TBA, Seattle Chapter fellowship of reconciliation film and discussion series with showing of "Paths of Glory" about World War I, popcorn, donation, info 789-5565

## Ongoing

Support the Boeing Strikers, up-to-date strike information call the recorded hotline: 1-800-763-1310, to Volunteer to work at the food bank, picket duty, phone bank: 763-1300, see events Nov 20, 21, 24

Through Dec, Bigot Busters, (Decline to Sign Discriminatory Petitions 166 or 167), Hotline number to report Signature Gathering 767-2457 (SOS-2457) - put this number in your wallet!

Through Dec 3, Wing Luke Asian Museum, 407 Seventh Ave S, exhibit "Visas for Life: The Remarkable Story of Chiune and Yukiko Sugihara and the rescue of more than 6000 Jews from the holocaust", endorsers include Japanese American Citizens League and American Jewish Committee, info 623-5124

Through Dec 17, "Not In Our Town" week, prevent hate crimes in our community, for how-to guide, buttons, ads, etc, 510-547-8484

Through Dec 20, Delegation to Haiti, Witness for Peace Presidential Election Watch, info Rev. Anne Hall 324-0159 or 632-5188

Through Jan 18, Seattle Center Pavilion, exhibit "Anne Frank in the World 1929 - 1945", free, info 282-4142

Special Thanks to Jean at buskin@u.washington.edu. Please send notices regarding homeless, housing, poverty related, or other progressive events to Real Change, 2129 2nd Ave., 948121, 441-3247. Confirmation of listed events is advised.