

Real CHANGE

VOL. 6, NO. 21, NOVEMBER, 1993

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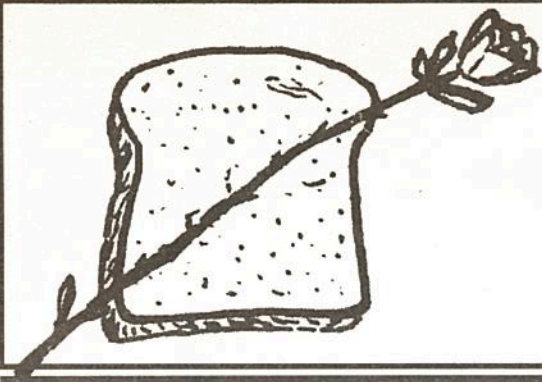
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Puget Sound's Newspaper of the Poor and Homeless



Real CHANGE

Puget Sound's
Newspaper of the Poor
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UDnow 3

The superagencies have split up the UDYC. Do homeless kids win or lose?

BY TODD MATTHEWS

When Thomas was 17 years old, he left his home in Alaska because his family was broke. His future in the last frontier promised long hours working for a low wage in one of the many canneries. He tried to join the Army, but didn't have the proper qualifications. Eventually, Thomas received his General Equivalency Degree and moved to Seattle, where he found himself poor and, at times, homeless.

Thomas turned to the University District Youth Center (UDYC) for help. He found a job through The Working Zone — a service provided at the time through UDYC. Thomas was pleased with his experience at UDYC. He had found work and was inspired.

That was three years ago.

The face of homeless youth services in Seattle has changed greatly since.

Earlier this year, the non-profit Center for Human Services (CHS) alerted their funders that they would no longer run UDYC. After heading UDYC for nearly a decade, CHS decided to focus its energies on areas further north, in addition to other human service issues, according to Eric Anderson, Youth Services Manager at Division of Family & Youth Services (DFYS) — the city agency that su-

pervised the change in leadership at UDYC.

A bid was posted in late July to many human service organizations in Seattle, soliciting interest to run UDYC after the CHS departure. The selection process lasted several months; last month, services once provided solely by UDYC were assigned to various agencies. Namely, Youthcare was awarded the Street Outreach Program; The Working Zone was awarded to the YWCA; and what was left of UDYC was awarded to the Catholic Community Services.

In many respects, the decision made sense. YWCA's long-standing employment experience was appealing. And Youthcare has worked with homeless youth in Seattle for nearly three decades.

However, it was the decision process that confused some area agencies.

The bid solicitation for UDYC was advertised as a "package deal," according to several smaller youth service agencies. The agency selected would receive UDYC as a whole, they were told. This left out many agencies, simply because they did not have the resources, staff, or funding to support a facility as large as UDYC. Several agencies interviewed indicated that they would have been interested in the bid if they had known the services at UDYC were to be divvied up. When the announcement was made, several smaller organizations were very surprised.

Continued to page 11

In the Den of the Dragon

An interview with
Colleen J. McElroy

INTERVIEW BY JOAN PLIEGO

Professor, writer, scholar, traveler, Colleen J. McElroy graced us with her words during a hectic week of readings and signings following the release of her newest book, *Over the Lip of the World: Among the Storytellers of Madagascar*. Granted a Fulbright Fellowship to research Malagasy oral traditions and myths, McElroy traveled throughout Madagascar, one of her many, many travel destinations from which she draws her poetry and prose.

Over the Lip of the World follows closely on the heels of *Travelling Music* and *A Long Way from St. Louie*. McElroy has written 15 books, including poetry, fiction, and non-fiction, and is widely published in literary journals and magazines, including two Pushcart Prize collections. She has received two National Endowment for the Arts Fellowships, a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship, two Fulbright Fellowships, the Before Columbus American Book Award, and a Jesse Ball DuPont distinguished Black Scholar Fellowship.

As anyone who attends her readings will find, her warm voice, her unwavering and quick response to questions, and her robust laughter create an open atmosphere of learning and sharing. After several days of emails between myself and the "dragon lady" (her email address reflects her totem, the "dragon"), we shared this conversation:

RC: What brought you to Seattle?

McELROY: I was in Kansas and I had lived through a terrible winter of snow blizzards, and a spring of tornadoes, and a summer of heat waves, and I am not Dorothy (laughter). I needed to get away. I came to the University of Washington to finish my Ph.D. 28 years ago, and I'm still here.

RC: Other than the fact that you are a beloved professor of English and creative writing at the University of Washington...

McELROY: (laughter) Who told you that?

Continued to page 5

AMY, LIZ, AND LEECH HOPE
FOR THE BEST AT UDYC.
PHOTO BY ERIK CASTRO



Real CHANGE

Puget Sound's Voice of the Poor and Homeless

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Mission Statements:

Real Change organizes, educates, and builds alliances to find community-based solutions to homelessness and poverty.

Goals

- Provide a foundation for grassroots organizing.
- Publish the views of marginalized communities.
- Create direct economic opportunity.
- Build bridges with a broad range of allies in the struggle against poverty.

The Real Change Homeless Empowerment Project is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization that sponsors the StreetLife Gallery, StreetWrites, and the Homeless Speakers Bureau. The RCHEP raises the voices of the poor by supporting cultural, artistic, and literary expression to place a human face on homelessness and poverty. All donations to the RCHEP support these programs and are tax-deductible to the full extent of the law.

Editorial Policy

Articles appearing in *Real Change* reflect the opinions and perspectives of the authors. We encourage the submission of journalism, opinion, fiction, poetry, and artwork, and hope to create a forum where the many perspectives on 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.

MAILBAG

2129 2nd Ave., 98121
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Dear *Real Change*,

I was saddened by the article on Naturopathic clinics in the Oct 15th, 1999 *Real Change* ["And Naturopaths for All," Vol. 6, No. 20]. Investigation into "alternative medicines" will [reveal] that there is no scientific proof that [alternative medicine] does any good. The following is a quote from the Journal of the American Medical Association: "There is no alternative medicine. There is only scientifically proven, evidence-based medicine supported by solid data or unproven medicine, for which scientific evidence is lacking. Whether a therapeutic practice is 'Eastern' or 'Western,' is unconventional or mainstream, or involves mind-body techniques or molecular genetics is largely irrelevant except for historical purposes and cultural interest. We recognize that there are vastly different types of practitioners and proponents of the various forms of alternative medicine and conventional medicine, and that there are vast differences in the skills, capabilities, and beliefs of individuals within them and the nature of their actual practices. Moreover, the economic and political forces in these fields are large and increasingly complex and have the capability for being highly contentious. Nonetheless, as believers in science and evidence, we must focus on fundamental issues — namely, the patient, the target disease or condition, the proposed or practiced treatment, and the need for convincing data on safety and therapeutic efficacy."

I am not opposed to experimental drugs, such as those for HIV and cancer. What I am opposed to is the on-going treatment of real diseases/ailments with "remedies" that have, time and time again, failed to prove any worth when tested in controlled environments. I hate the idea of people, especially the poor, being ripped off (even on a sliding scale) by these charlatans.

I am sad to learn, from your article, that there is a government-

funded clinic in Kent. Hopefully this clinic will be shut down, and that money can go towards funding a clinic that will actually help the sick.

Richard O'Reilly
 Seattle



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WORLD TRADE ORG. or DEMOCRATIC ALTERNATIVES?

Ruth Caplan, speaker Co-Chair-Corporate Globalization/Democratic Alternative Campaign of the Alliance for Democracy (DC)
 Coordinator - Economic Working Group of the Tides Center
 Author **OUR EARTH, OURSELVES** Bantam 1990

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- 2) The Common Agreement on Investment in Society, an alternative to MAI.

The WTO model places free trade above all other values, has weakened environmental and labor laws and has increased the gap between rich and poor throughout the world. The MAI, Multilateral Agreement on Investment, gives corporations the right to sue local, state and national governments if an environment or labor law intrudes with profits. Some governments want the MAI to be included in the WTO this fall.

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Size Matters

This November, support your independent bookseller

Independent bookstores and public libraries are the viable options to chain bookstores. A strong relationship between independent bookstores and public libraries has long existed: Libraries have benefited from the donations of individuals who wanted a safe repository for their collections; independent bookstores historically carry newer titles, and often trade in used and antiquarian books.

The Left Bank Collective

Left Bank Books, located in Pike Place Market, is the oldest anarchists collective in North America. We have never had a boss, and the collective runs the store. There is no single person with sole equity in the store. We are a unique bookstore because, while we do sell books, the books we sell aren't simply consumer products. Unlike chain bookstores, our books are not solely on the shelves for retail consumption. Rather, our selection is meant to provoke thought and promote social change.

How do we differ from other bookstores?

Our bookstore retains an egalitarian feel. Whereas larger, chain bookstores may view customers and books as commodities, our role as a collective directly impacts how we interact with customers and each other. We try to provide a wide variety of very specific interests — namely, books that represent the collective and its desire for social awareness. True, we are very much like other bookstores, in that we sell books. One could argue that we are a retail outlet, similar

to any other bookstore. But the collective has a vision that extends beyond cash register receipts. We see an importance in getting radical information to the masses. We want to support free-thinking individuals trying to spread their message.

The staff at Left Bank Books is also unique. The books we carry often reflect the interests of the staff. Traditionally, we have had collective members who specialize in specific interests. One member has a passion for Latin America and Spain, so we stock books related to those topics. Another member is disabled, so we are building a selection of books about various disabilities.

Left Bank Books, like many independent bookstores, tries to reflect the marginalized community as well. Ideally, the collective would like to see the bookstore as a community library of sorts — an "information shop," really. Of course, all of us would like to have a bigger and better space that would have more input from the outside, and would better service the community. Money, of course, is an issue in trying to establish a larger presence for Left Bank Books. In the United States, it is "sink or swim," and if you can't make money, you can't stick around. No matter how radical we are at this point, financially we have been on the defensive for quite some time.

One of the most important and precedent-setting projects Left Bank Books is involved in is "Books To Prisoners" — a non-profit project, run entirely by volunteers, whose purpose is to fulfill the reading needs of prisoners. Prisoners send book requests to Left Bank Books, and we try

to fill those requests free of charge. Since its inception in 1979, "Books To Prisoners" has seen a steady increase in requests. Currently we work through 600 to 800 requests a month. We offer a wide variety of subjects from which prisoners may choose. Popular non-fiction requests are dictionaries and thesauruses, African American history, Native American studies, GED materials, vocational-technology, politics (particularly anarchism), philosophy, art and drawing, psychology, languages (particularly Spanish), and health and fitness. A similarly wide range of fiction styles is requested.

"Books To Prisoners" obtains these books primarily through donations from private sources and donated overstock & damaged titles from publishers. Volunteers also purchase materials from yard sales, library sales, and used bookstores. Funding for "Books To Prisoners" comes from a variety of sources, including yard sales, benefit concerts, art auctions, and donation jars at local bookstores. We strongly believe in the idea of books as learning, mind-opening tools, enabling people to explore new possibilities in their lives. Our hope is that prisoners will benefit from our program by raising their political and cultural awareness and making their time on the inside more productive.

Left Bank Books and other independent bookstores are im-

portant elements of the larger bookstore environment — both locally and nationally. Historically, Seattle has seen a number of bookstores that support marginalized causes. The smaller, independent bookstores in Seattle regularly work together regardless of ideological differences. These bookstores provide a larger message, and are a welcome alternative to larger, chain bookstores.

Corporate bookstores are by nature predatory. It's free-market ideology. It's capitalism. Profit. Appropriation. They extract surplus value from their employees, of course, like any other capitalist enterprise. But they have amassed a great deal of power through this predatory behavior. It's not a level playing field. Chain bookstores can order and warehouse a great number of titles, enabling them to get enormous discounts that small bookstores could never get."

Yet, despite their claims, most books at chain bookstores are highly priced. Frequently the discounts are not passed on to the consumer but, rather, are applied toward store overhead, further expansion/assimilation of stores, and inflated executive salaries. Labor is disposable at chain bookstores, and unions are dealt with by force. Despite deep pockets, chain bookstores cannot maintain the vibrant social environment inherent in independent bookstores. [E]

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This little paper, which now publishes twice a month, receives no foundation or government support, and your donations matter a lot. *Real Change* depends upon the grassroots support of our readers to do a lot with very little money. Your contribution goes beyond simple charity. *Real Change* helps people help themselves while they work for a more just world for everyone. Donations to the Real Change Homeless Empowerment Project (RCHEP) are tax deductible and support our work with StreetWrites, StreetLife Gallery, the Macworkshop computer lab, and the Homeless Speakers Bureau. Checks written to *Real Change* are not tax deductible, and support the newspaper itself.

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Hunger Amid Plenty

GRAB YOUR CALCULATOR AND TRY TO DO THE MATH ON THIS: The unemployment rate in Washington State is presently less than five percent. Yet, Washington State is doing one of the worst jobs in the nation of feeding its poor and hungry. According to a report released in mid-October by the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), Washington is the eighth worst state in providing for its hungry, and twelve out of every 100 Washington families are "hungry or on the brink of hunger." Pretty grim statistics, especially considering some of the largest employers (i.e., Boeing and Microsoft) are in our own backyard. The three-year USDA survey also revealed that nearly one-fifth of the state's population used food banks in Washington in the last fiscal year (alarming, 42% were children). Moreover, federal eligibility standards don't take the Puget Sound region's high cost of living into account.

Any good news out of the USDA's survey?

Yes and no.

Since 1997 the number of Washington State residents receiving food stamps has dropped 29 percent. Sounds good, right? Not really. Critics pointed at several alarming causes for this drop: Many working poor people do not realize they are eligible for food stamps; also, would-be recipients believe food stamps are similar to cash assistance, and the stamps will expire if not used; and still others blame bureaucracy and tough restrictions when trying to acquire the stamps (on average, a single family spends five hours filling out paperwork and applying for food stamps). Food Lifeline's Bob Cooper recently told a reporter, "This should not be a top-10 hunger state. If the food stamp rolls keep dropping like this, there is no way food banks are going to be able to keep up."

—all briefs by Todd Matthews unless noted

Nordstrom Told "Free Mumia"

ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1999, Governor Tom Ridge of Pennsylvania signed the death warrant for African American political prisoner and death row inmate Mumia Abu-Jamal. He set an execution date of December 2, 1999. Abu-Jamal was convicted of killing a white cop in 1982 in a trial deemed unfair by thousands of people from all over the world. Ridge is the first Governor to sign the death warrants on 100 African American men.

In response to the Abu-Jamal death warrant, 25 supporters of Mumia Abu-Jamal descended on the Federal Court House in downtown Seattle on Thursday, October 14, 1999, demanding Abu-Jamal receive a new and fair trial. After securing the backdoors with bikelocks, three people attempted to lock themselves to the front doors. "We are shutting the Federal Court House and demanding that there be no trials 'til Mumia gets a trial," exclaimed Callie Shanafelt, who was later arrested.

Federal agents reacted violently, assaulting some and in the end detaining five people. At the end of the day four people were arrested and charged with a misdemeanor of unreasonably blocking an entrance to a federal building. Their court date is December 17, 1999.

On Saturday, October 16, 1999, 150 people marched demanding a new trial for Mumia. The marchers left the streets and the police behind and headed into Nordstrom in downtown Seattle. Shoppers and workers were visibly confused as shouts to "Free Mumia" echoed through the store.

A follow-up email to the head of Nordstrom demanded that if Nordstrom did not commit money to the legal team of Mumia Abu-Jamal and write a letter on his behalf, they would be back. It reminded Nordstrom that the demands were fair compensation for the \$20 million in federal public money intended for low-income housing, money they took which was used to build a parking garage.

Two weeks after the death warrant was signed, U-S District Judge William Yohn issued a stay of execution. Abu-Jamal's lawyers will continue to seek a new trial, as they believe their client's constitutional rights were violated in the original 1982 trial.

—Scott Winn

City: Yes to Vets Hall, No on Tents for the Rest

NEARLY THREE DOZEN HOMELESS SHARE/WHEEL MEMBERS met with Deputy Mayor Tom Byers and other city staff on Wednesday, October 13, to get financial support for the Veterans Hall shelter — a facility that would serve approximately 50 men and women in Seattle.

SHARE/WHEEL requested \$35,000 to fund the shelter,

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which the group took on as a project at the end of the Winter Response season in April 1999. The shelter operated last winter at the Seattle Center Veterans Hall (now demolished), and then outside near a vacant Antioch University retail space — until Sacred Heart Shelter donated space in late April. Shortly after the meeting, Alan Painter, Manager of Community Services at the Department of Human Services, confirmed that the city would provide the requested funding, as long as the shelter remains inside.

While the Vets Hall item was a success of sorts for SHARE/WHEEL, they were met with opposition regarding a proposed Tent City during WTO. At the same meeting, the city initially agreed to work with SHARE/WHEEL on said Tent City — assigning Theresa Fujiwara, Special Assistant to the Mayor, to meet with SHARE/WHEEL to negotiate details. However, two weeks later Byers and Fujiwara met again with SHARE/WHEEL and indicated Tent City would not happen. Security concerns and setting a precedent that would invite future Tent Cities were cited as reasons for the city's decision.

As an aside, Byers and SHARE/WHEEL discussed the Safe Harbors resolution — a program described by many as "a computerized system to track the homeless." The city committed to nothing other than extending an "open invitation" to SHARE/WHEEL members to participate in the design process. "A computer is a tool, just as a hammer is a tool," said Byers, commenting on Safe Harbors.

"Yes, but you don't use a hammer to fix fine china," responded SHARE/WHEEL member Anita Freeman.

Street Count Breaks Records

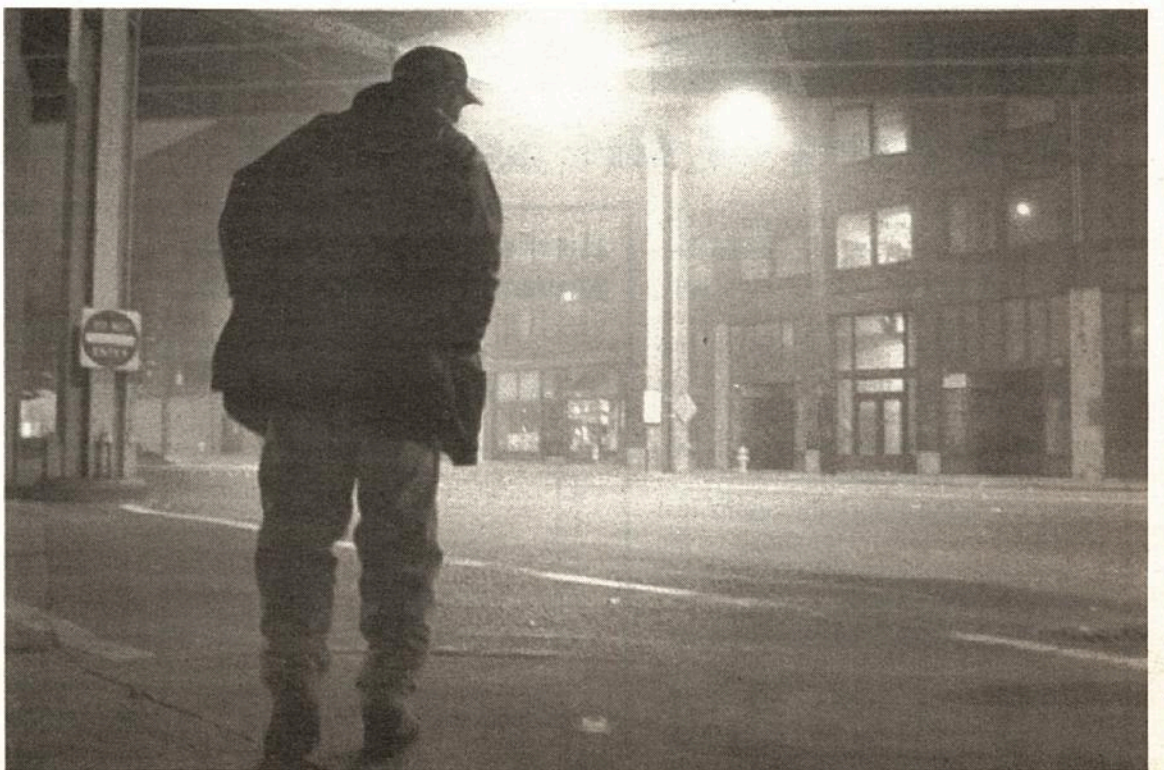
HOMELESS ADVOCATES, BUSINESS PEOPLE, MINISTERS, LOCAL POLITICIANS, AND SOCIAL WORKERS FANNED OUT OVER DOWNTOWN NEIGHBORHOODS starting at 2:30 a.m. on Friday, October 22, 1999, as part of an overnight count of the homeless coordinated by Operation Nightwatch and the Seattle King County Coalition for the Homeless. There were more homeless people found this year than any year since the count began in 1982 — a total of 1,019 compared to 784 in 1998.

"People are moving to Seattle looking for economic opportunity. But apartments are expensive. Entry-level workers are barely getting by. Shelters become the alternative, and it is clear we haven't done enough as a community," said Rev. Rick Reynolds, executive director of Operation Nightwatch.

These figures do not include people who are staying in shelters, transitional housing, or voucher programs. The Coalition for the Homeless is also conducting a survey of these locations, with numbers to be released later this month. There are 2,356 shelter beds in Seattle, and 370 in the rest of King County. While the count focus is on downtown Seattle, there is growing evidence that more homeless people are staying in the suburbs and rural King County.

"[During the count] I spoke with one guy who had been living for two years near North Bend. A neighbor reported him, and the police brought him to downtown Seattle and dropped him near a mission in Pioneer Square," Reynolds said. Northwest Harvest Director Ruth Velozo also reported an increase in homeless people using food banks throughout King County. "It saddens me that after 33 years working with people in need, we have not prioritized to meet those needs most effectively," Velozo said.

Street count participants found many people sleeping in cars and campers, huddled under bridges, and curled up in doorways. The count numbers are used to track trends by the City of Seattle and homeless agencies.



ONE OF MORE THAN A THOUSAND WITH NOWHERE TO GO AT 4 A.M. PHOTO BY ERIK CASTRO.



McELROY, CONT. FROM P. 1

RC: ...what keeps you in Seattle? Surely, you would be welcome to teach on any campus.

McELROY: I've had offers to go to other places, but Seattle suits me. It has the kind of variety of landscape and people and cultures and art that I need, so it's my home base. When I travel, by the time the plane gets to Olympia and I start to see the green, I know I'm home.

RC: Was there a particular person or author who inspired you to start writing?

McELROY: Well, actually I started writing after I had gone to a number of poetry readings. What triggered my own poetry was the fact that they were writing and reading poems that supposedly included me and our African American culture. And I thought, "You're sort of off base, you're not getting it." I said, "I can do better than this." I said that because I've always had this love of language. I grew up in a family of storytellers. I listened to my mother and her sisters tell stories. I used stories to make friends when we would go to a new town, when I traveled with my father to a new post.

RC: What is your writing method? Do you write at a certain time every day, or can you write anywhere, anytime?

McELROY: I'm very undisciplined. I've been known to write in odd places. I was once starting a poem while I was driving on the freeway and I just had to stop because it was coming so fast, that draft of it. So I pulled over and put on my blinkers and I was furiously writing. Suddenly there was this tap at the window and it was the highway patrolman who wanted to know if I was in trouble and I said, "Get away from me, I'm writing a poem!" He just had this startled look on his face. (Laughter)

RC: You've published 15 books now. Which of your books is closest to your heart?

McELROY: Always the last one. The last one always seems more complicated, more difficult, more of a surprise than the others. Publishing takes awhile. Each book takes me three to five years, which is why I'm usually working on more than one book at a time. In the case of my new one, *Over the Lip of the World*, I started it in '93 when I was in Madagascar — and now it's '99.

RC: In my opinion, *Over the Lip of the World* looks like a work of ethnography with the pleasant addition of your personal insights, not as dry as some other scholarly books.

McELROY: That's what I was aiming for. It is ethnographic in that it deals with the stories of the country, but it is also field notes. I wanted a book that gave us the place as well as the story.

RC: Do you see a resemblance between the oral traditions of the Malagasy and those of Native Americans or African Americans?

McELROY: Yes. And that's one thing that I decided not to do: a comparison. I wanted the stories to stand on their own. But yes, there's definitely a resemblance.

RC: Do the Malagasy seem positive or hopeful of retaining their cultural traditions, where Native Americans feel somewhat desperate to hold onto their history and culture?

McELROY: At this point, Malagasy traditions are so much intertwined with the culture that there isn't that desperation. But I think as

technology invades, that might change. It may not ever reach the point where it is with Native American cultures, but that is primarily because the colonial period is over in Madagascar, and they're not occupied. They're not an occupied country. For Native Americans, they're in the country of their origin, but it's an occupied country.

RC: Have you experienced discrimination as a woman or as an African American in publishing, in receiving grants or awards? Or do you feel that being a recognized professor and writer has shielded you from that discrimination?

McELROY: I don't think you can be completely shielded from that kind of discrimination, that kind of persecution,

that obsession with lines of demarcation. I think that's one of the things that I'll face with this book: it's a book about another culture, a culture that is Malayo-Polynesian, as well as African in origin. But I'm a black American writing about it, where traditionally ethnographers and anthropologists and archaeologists have been white males. I'm aware that, for some people, there's that strangeness that a black woman would go somewhere else and write about that place. But there aren't that many books written by black women exploring other cultures, and I think that that is where I will feel the brunt of discrimination.

RC: Do you sometimes feel that because of your self-confidence, and because you know you've researched this so thoroughly, and because you know that the discrimination is so ridiculous and ignorant, that sometimes it doesn't bother you?

McELROY: Oh, it always bothers me to some degree. I let that anger work in my favor. Because I know it's going to be there, and I can somewhat predict the form it will take, what I try to do is not give them reason to question the writing. They may question the content, but they can never say it was badly written. And they can't say there was no information, and that the images weren't vivid, and that the people weren't real, whether it's fiction or non-fiction. So I keep that in mind. I don't leave certain doors ajar, because I know other doors are going to be opened regardless of what I do.

RC: Do you feel the world of book publishing is becoming more equal with time?

McELROY: No. I think it's becoming more marketplace.

RC: So, less equal for women than before?

McELROY: I think that there's a crisis in publishing as we go into the 21st century—a crisis of technology. I think that discrimination will be there, but will be there in a completely different way—it will wear a different face. It will be the control of intellectual property rights, and copyright, and issues that go along with that. I think once the millennium terror subsides, it will be easier to answer that question. Right now I think it's difficult to answer because there is hysteria over the millennium. Everything from the end of the world to "The End of Civilization As We Know It." □

Colleen J. McElroy will speak at the Northwest Bookfest on Sunday, November 14, at 10:30 a.m. as part of the "Out of Mouths, Onto Pages" presentation on the KPLU/KUOW Stage.

**Sprung Sonnet
for Dorothy Dandridge
1923 - 1965**

A woman unadorned stands out in a crowd of otherwise
Camouflaged women, and takes from her shelf all manner
Of potions and powers, the oils and slick pots of colors
That hold electricity and confusion of mimicry
That test the ties that bind deception to reality
A woman in sundappled skin can mislead with mad
Confusion and tricks that others would give an eyetooth for
These are the women who step away from themselves
Who know elaboration gives us our most handsome species
Who teach us disguised animals need not dissolve
Into surroundings when anonymity is not our destiny
Who know to understand the zebra's stripes, you must get down
On your hands and knees where the vertical whites vanish
Into the sky and the blacks take on a shape so indistinct
The world's a blurred kaleidoscope of the mundane and bizarre

Where Whites say white with black/Blacks say black with white

—by Colleen J. McElroy, from *Travelling Music*, © 1998

A FEW GOOD BOOKS

Free Peltier

PRISON WRITINGS
MY LIFE IS MY SUN DANCE
BY LEONARD PELTIER
ST. MARTINS PRESS, 1999

REVIEW BY TIMOTHY HARRIS

South Dakota was to Indians of the '70s what Mississippi was to Blacks of the '50s and '60s: deeply racist and dangerous as all hell—a place of pick-up trucks with gun-racks, scary bars, and random violence. Dakota's Pine Ridge Indian Reservation is to this day one of the most grindingly impoverished few square miles anywhere on the planet.

I grew up in Sioux Falls, down in the eastern corner of the state, next to Iowa, Minnesota, and Nebraska. I learned that Indians were dirty, dishonest, and dangerous, not that I actually knew any. Some of them, like the ones on TV, were even terrorists. American Indian Movement leaders Dennis Banks, Clyde Bellecourt, Russell Means, and Leonard Peltier were nearly as familiar to me as Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern, except that these Indians would never, ever, come close to being President. They were going to jail, where they belonged.

In 1978, I left South Dakota to join the Air Force and never went back. I got older, went to college, and rethought wrong ideas. I read *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*, Peter Matthiessen's 600-page tome on the Pine Ridge shootings and the trial and imprisonment of AIM activist Leonard Peltier. I read

some more — *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, *Indian Givers*, *Facing West* — and decided I'd grown up disgusted with the wrong people.

More revelations were in store. For a time, I wore my hair long, tied in a single braid. Indians started asking about my tribe on the street. I'd say I wasn't Indian, and they'd insist I was. It made me think. I was adopted as a baby in North Dakota and know nothing about my birth

parents. I have dark brown eyes and a slight olive tint to my skin.

It dawned on me why, when I was a kid, I'd always hated to see photos of myself. I looked sort of Indian, not Nordic like the other kids. My own racism was based partly in self-loathing. That was when I finally gained some perspective on race in America.

Leonard Peltier became a symbol to me of all that was wrong with an America that, in poet and performance artist Karen Finley's words, "keeps its victims ready." I was not alone in that. Peltier is a symbol to many. He has, as symbols do, become larger than life. The importance of his autobiographical *Prison Writings* is that we are finally able to get beyond the image on the T-shirt to see the ordinary man, locked in a cage, whose life, he says, is "an extended agony."

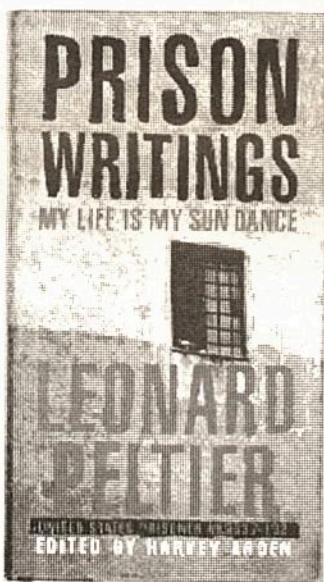
Peltier has been in prison nearly 25 years for shooting two FBI agents in June of 1975 during a government-led war on the Pine Ridge Reservation. Anyone who knows the facts of the case also knows the evidence against him fell apart 15 years ago. But there has been no retrial and probably never will be.

An introduction by former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark, Peltier's primary defense lawyer, describes the specifics of Peltier's case for those who are unfamiliar. Peltier describes why he joined AIM, what happened on that fateful day at Pine Ridge, and his subsequent arrest and trial. For the most part, however, he refers the reader to Matthiessen for details. It's almost

like he's tired of the whole subject.

The true core of this brief book of essays is the reflections upon growing up Indian, the meaning of his life and struggle, the tedium of his imprisonment and development of his rich inner life, and the struggle to stay strong within a system bent upon his own physical and spiritual annihilation.

This is equal parts spiritual and political biography. Peltier presents



"We are finally able to get beyond the image on the T-shirt to see the ordinary man, locked in a cage, whose life, he says, is 'an extended agony.'"

himself as someone whose suffering has, like the pain of the Oglala sun dance ritual, made him stronger and led him inward to a deeper understanding of himself. In sharp contrast to another recent AIM autobiography, *Where White Men Fear to Tread*, by Russell Means, Peltier clearly knows who he is, and has moved beyond bitterness to a place of understanding. Means, sadly, comes across as a dry drunk who needs to justify the unjustifiable, and has not yet come to terms with his own hard life.

Peltier is hopeful, and has a political vision that demands justice but allows for forgiveness and reconciliation. "Compassion is our own highest possibility," he says.

President Clinton might atone for a great number of sins, both of omission and commission, by the simple act of pardoning Peltier before leaving office. If not, one more decent and innocent man will die in prison. That's an injustice that we could all live without.

... And Cages For All

if i know anything at all,
it's that a wall is just a wall
and nothing more at all.
it can be broken down.

—assata shakur

LOCKDOWN AMERICA:
POLICE AND PRISONS IN THE
AGE OF CRISIS
BY CHRISTIAN PARENTI
VERSO, 1999

REVIEW BY SCOTT WINN

Christian Parenti, in *Lockdown America*, details how the ever-expanding system of policing and prisons in the United States has criminalized and incarcerated 1.8 million people, largely people of color. He explains that the overwhelming majority of prisoners are in for non-violent crimes, mostly associated with the war on drugs. In the book he takes on the main contradiction of a market-driven society: that "capitalism creates and needs poverty, yet it is simultaneously threatened by the poor."

Parenti argues that the United States has restructured its economy and criminal justice system in order to save itself from social chaos in the form of political rebellion and the economic crisis in capitalism that occurred in the late 1960's and 1970's. The criminal justice system has been retooled to crush dissent, real and potential, and to cage those who have been pushed through the cracks of economic restructuring.

Republican Barry Goldwater, invoking the fear of crime in 1964 for the first time in a presidential election, is quoted as saying "security from domestic violence...is the most elementary form and fundamental purpose of any government." Thus, the ultimate purpose of any government is to preserve itself at all costs, blind to the people in its way. Parenti details the militarization of the police force, the sealing of the borders, and the successive federal crime bills which have served to legalize the nationwide lockdown.

Parenti links expanding prison populations with initial contact with

police, acting in part on zero tolerance/quality of life laws and the "war on drugs." The 'civility' laws, as we know them in Seattle, are local versions of the nation-wide phenomenon exemplified in Giuliani's New York City. Civility laws accelerate entrance into the criminal justice system. They build up the criminal records of the people most vulnerable under late capitalism, making them targets for incarceration. They allow a hyper-policing of communities as they criminalize behavior often associated with living in poverty.

These laws are part of the alarming rate of gentrification created by the development of what Parenti calls "theme park" cities. These cities are the playgrounds of young urban professionals with surplus incomes who seek ever-exciting ways to entertain themselves. Products of the suburbs, they seek communities nearer their entertainment and professional jobs. They want the thrill of city life without the realities of poverty their lifestyles have created. *Lockdown America* details the process of gentrification linking it inextricably with policing and prisons.

While acknowledged by Parenti, *Lockdown* is "short on tales of protest and long on the story of repression." Though at times tangled in academic language, the book remains accessible. *Lockdown America* is essential to anyone working on issues of poverty and homelessness, immigration, police accountability, and the effects of the expanding prison system. It is a required text for anyone working on creating a just world.

"Civility laws ... build up the criminal records of the people most vulnerable under late capitalism, making them targets for incarceration."

Poetry Ain't Pretty

ERRATIC SLEEP IN A COLD HOTEL
BY MARIE KAZALIA
PHONY LID PUBLICATIONS, 1999

REVIEW BY KOON WOON

Marie Kazalia wrote her first collection of poems, *Erratic Sleep in a Cold Hotel*, during a time of deep depression, when the author returned to the U.S. after spending four expatriate years in Asia only to find near Third-World conditions in a poverty hotel in the Mission District of San Francisco.

Kazalia takes the reader through a tour of the cheap hustles of drug addicts, schizoids, the disturbed and dejected rejects in this poverty hotel where the steam heat is erratic, where the poet's sleep was disturbed, waking in the middle of night to light a candle in order to scribble down a few lines, while the cockroaches scurry back into the darkness, because of "Noise in the hall."

"I'm tense about the sound of this typewriter.
There is so much noise in the hall.
Other people don't seem to care how much they disturb —
but Sholey says, "I want to be invisible."

The poet says sometimes her voice and language reflect the protective attitude of self-survival she was forced to adopt as a woman living under such conditions. At other times, her voice reflects a freedom of having nothing to lose, as at the end of the same poem:

and the toilets up here are still leaking on them
down there trying to open up a health food store —

Kazalia's language is direct, and spares the reader little of the sensory details of her world, as evidenced in the poem "tampon,"

have I ever smelled that smell before?
a tampon pushed way up during intercourse forgotten
days later works itself out rotten and putrid
worse than dead fish rotting on a cold water beach.

Beyond the jargons, styles, and definitions of poetry, a unique narrative voice is the foundation of Kazalia's craft. In these poems we find obese women grunting on the toilet, someone snoring in the communal bathtub after shooting up, people fucking in the Broadway Tunnel standing up, transvestite prostitutes beaten because they are mistaken for women, and the poet herself constantly accosted as a prostitute. In spite of all this, this engaging collection of 46 poems presents the vivid reality of a disengaged life through disturbing and intriguing images of a woman immersed in the urban struggle. Yet, through it all, Kazalia keeps a bemused sense of humor to stay sane, as evidenced in the following poem:

Inspection

knock on
my door 10 a.m.
HEALTH INSPECTOR
roll
out of bed grumbling
open up
weird for me to see
an Asian man
hearing him speak perfect
American English
he's the first I've encountered
since returning from Hong Kong
he comes in
asks if the sink leaks —
if I've seen any mice —
eyes sweep up and down

my red silk nightgown
his thoughts nervous suddenly
glance catches my blow-dryer
on the floor
partially covered by paper & books —
he steps closer to get a look
disappointed it's only a blow dryer
and not an electric vibrating dildo

Marie Kazalia was born in Toledo, Ohio, but has lived most of her adult life in the San Francisco bay area. She has a BFA degree from California College of Arts and Crafts. Her poetry and fiction have appeared in countless literary journals worldwide. *Erratic Sleep in a Cold Hotel* is available from Phony Lid Publications, Post Office Box 2153, Rosemead, CA 91770.

Koon Woon is author of the poetry collection *The Truth in Rented Rooms*, Kaya, NY, NY 1998.

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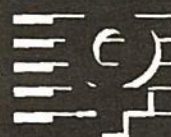
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Guilty Pleasure

THE HABITS OF HIGHLY DECEPTIVE MEDIA
BY NORMAN SOLOMON
COMMON COURAGE PRESS, 1999

REVIEWED BY TODD MATTHEWS

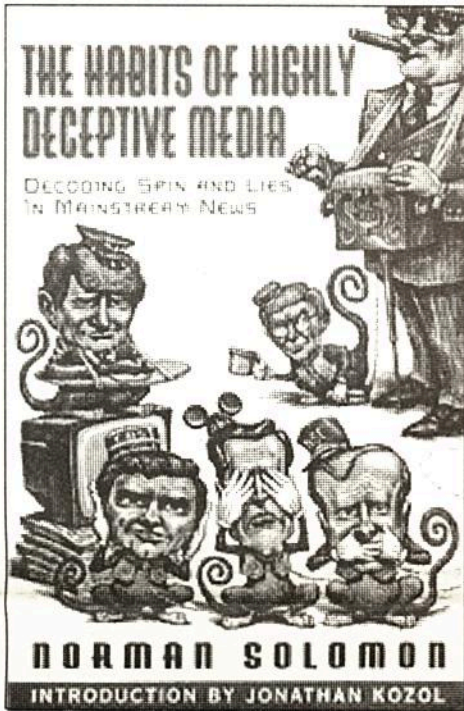
This is my guilty pleasure: I watch the 11:00 p.m. news. I know. It's horrible. I sit there and watch a frosty female anchor with frosted hair "earnestly" tell me about the crisis in East Timor and babies being thrown off Canadian bridges and stolen nuclear codes, and it's strange because (a) she seems so serious about relaying the news to me, while (b) she also appears to have absolutely no idea what she's talking about.

Let's face it, the evening news is insulting. I watch the 11:00 p.m. news more out of habit than anything else—something to do before I go to bed. I'm not the only one with a media habit. It seems that the media have a habit of their own, and no one has pointed that out more clearly than Norman Solomon, author of the book *The Habits of Highly Deceptive Media: Decoding Spin and Lies in Mainstream News*.

Solomon is widely known as the Media Beat columnist, a hard-hitting weekly syndicated column on media and politics. What's most amazing about Solomon is his ability to toe the line between harsh media critic and guest writer for mainstream newspapers such as the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Miami Herald*, and the *Boston Globe*.

The Habits of Highly Deceptive Media is a collection of Solomon's Media Beat columns, and he deftly tackles everything from the consolidation of media power to the working class to the homeless to spin doctors. Solomon lays his ground in this book with punchy, fearless writing that is delivered to readers without necessarily hitting them over the head with rants and raves about media deception.

Solomon isn't carrying any protest pickets or screaming into a bullhorn. Rather, he skillfully and successfully points out the habits of mass media and politics that are both deceptive and insulting ("Wading Through a Flood of Cliches" and "A Pop Quiz About News Judgement" are particularly illustrative of this). Sure, Solomon may not appear on the 11:00 p.m. news seated next to a frosty anchor with frosted hair, but I'd be willing to change my habits for more honest reportage like that featured in *The Habits of Highly Deceptive Media*.



Passion Unbound

THE PRISONER'S WIFE
BY ASHA BANDELE
SIMON & SCHUSTER, 1999

REVIEW BY SCOTT WINN

Inside this ever-expanding prison industrial complex sits Rashid, and visiting him, marrying him, and telling her (their) story is poet Asha Bandele. With a million African American men expected to be incarcerated in the United States prison gulag by the end of 2000, *The Prisoner's Wife* tells a story that is all too common. It is a story we need to hear.

Bandele met Rashid as a poet reading at a Black History Month program at the Eastern Correctional Facility in New York State. Rashid was a decade through a 20-year sentence for murder. An unfortunately typical murder, one associated with gangstering, street crime, and the reality of poverty.

Hearing Bandele read her poetry, anthologized and collected in *Absence in the Palms of My Hands*, is an experience. It is, in fact, her experience: that is where she takes you. She captivates a crowd and lures them into her world. As a novelist, Bandele is also able to wrap you into her experience. She holds you there for a book's length.

With prison containing the focus of her heart and mind, Bandele uses the language of barriers, of walls, and of distance, to describe "a love story like every love story I have ever known, like no love story I could ever imagine." Her language surrounds the book in a delicate layer of razor wire. Her metaphors are all dragged

toward the language of violence, repression, and war. Being separated from Rashid is "like an enemy tank barreling over the land, except that we are the land. We are the battleground. We are the after-effects of a scorched earth policy."

Bandele describes the struggles of being in love with a prisoner. It forces her towards honest communication in a relationship that in the initial stages lacks a physical com-

ponent. It forces her to take on her childhood demons, explore them, and begin to heal. She struggles with the question of why her God would send her "the love I always wanted, the love I always needed, only to position it behind an unscalable wall."

Transformation is a central theme of her book. Bandele writes of the hope of transformation for herself, Rashid, prisons, and society. She shares her pain surrounding the nagging presence in her mind of the wife of the man Rashid murdered. She writes of repeating constantly her mantra, to combat her doubts and repel the questions of her friends and family: "I am not crazy...It is right for me to love him...It is."

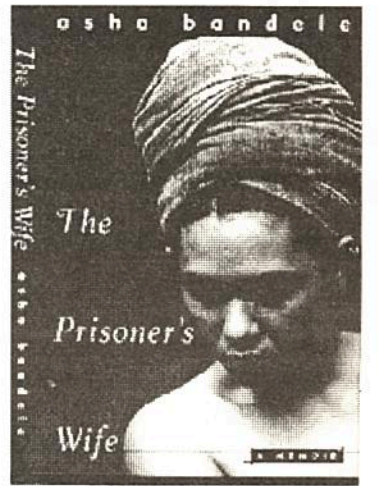
At times, the intimacy of her sharing and the intensity of her expression feels sentimental and dramatic. But how else can falling in love with a man in prison feel? The reader questions being in her intimate space, but you believe you know the meaning behind her words. It compels you deeper into the novel.

African American theorist and author bell hooks, in *Wounds of Passion: A Writers Life*, writes of the sad scarcity of African American writers who intimately share their lives with readers. "While there is a tremendous frankness in fiction by and about Black people," she writes, "our autobiographical narratives are often marked by a stern control and reserve."

hooks asks for Black people to produce confessional writings that do not evade subjects deemed taboo, particularly sexuality. Bandele offers herself. She loses control in her writing, she seemingly lacks reservation. Bandele has placed in the hands of literature a complex and intimate story about the love between a Black woman and man. She seems to hide nothing, baring her soul for the world to devour and honor.

No matter whether one is cynical or hopeful about love's possibilities, *The Prisoner's Wife* will make you long to love and it will leave you desiring solitude. Bandele has captured her experience, made it universal, and released it.

scott winn is a local writer and part of the Washington Prison Project (for more information call 206-324-8165).



Steinbeck's Call to Action

THE GRAPES OF WRATH
BY JOHN STEINBECK
PENGUIN EDITION

REVIEW BY MICHELE MARCHAND

"If it was the law they was workin' with, we could take it. But it ain't the law. They're a-workin' away at our spirits." Tom Joad in *The Grapes of Wrath*

"They were basically rather religious people who thought this was just God's way of doing things," says Horace Bristol, a LIFE magazine photographer, of the migrant workers—"Okies"—of 1930s California. Bristol travelled with John Steinbeck during the two years Steinbeck was researching migrant worker camps before writing *The Grapes of Wrath*. After those two years of research, the 600-page novel burned its way out of

Steinbeck in less than 100 days.

Steinbeck got the passion to write about migrant workers out of research he was doing for a seven-part series entitled "The Harvest Gypsies" — a project he was commissioned to write for the *San Francisco News* in 1936. In his work journals he described his quest to write a completely honest book about the plight of 150,000 homeless people in California in the late-1930s. He wanted *The Grapes of Wrath* to move people. "Is this the way God does business?" and "What spirit keeps people going, what will save us?" were the questions he grappled with.

This novel was first published 60 years ago, and caused a firestorm of praise and criticism. *The New York Times Book Review* in 1939 said, "The novel ends on a minor and sentimental note." Other reviewers dismissed its symbolism as heavy-handed. Its

publication angered field owners, and so alienated the town of Monterey/Salinas that it took them 50 years after *The Grapes of Wrath* to honor their native son. Yet the Roosevelts defended and praised the novel for its power, integrity, and accuracy.

The most universal criticism of *The Grapes of Wrath* has been that it is overly sentimental. But has it stood the test of time? Does this book still have a message for us 60 years later, with 2,500 homeless people without shelter in Seattle alone, and 70,000 homeless migrant workers statewide during the picking seasons?

Anger, Action, and Faith

Even now, the novel sings, with alternating short lyrical chapters jump-cut to the straightforward narration of the journey of the Joad family from their tenant farm in Dust

Bowl Oklahoma to the promised land and verdant fields of California. In the simplest terms, it is the story of one faith-filled family following the American dream to a better life, even after the dream turns nightmarish.

Early in the novel, Steinbeck shows the anger that moved people to action. In one of the short lyrical chapters, a nameless tenant farmer argues with a tractor-driver who is bulldozing his farm: "There's some way to stop this. It's not like lightning or earthquakes. We've got a bad thing made by men, and by God that's something we can change." Another farmer, on the road, says, "I'm not going to stay in place and watch my children starve."

The Joads, too, refuse to stay in place and starve to death. They sell their meager belongings, buy a jalopy, and start out to California, which they have heard has enough picking jobs for everyone. They are joined by Casy, a preacher who has lost his faith. Casy refires his faith along the road, and starts organizing workers once they reach California. "The people in flight from the terror behind—strange things happen to them, some bitterly cruel and some so beautiful that the faith is refired forever," wrote Steinbeck.

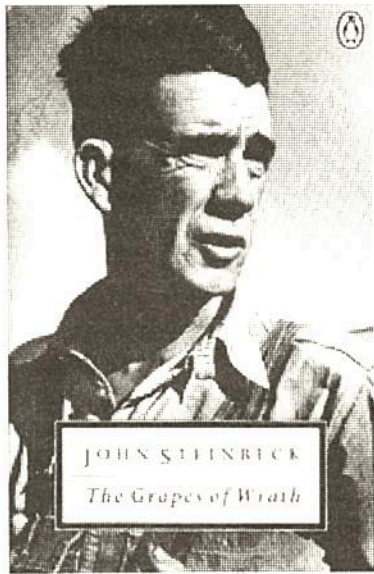
Late 20th Century Analogies—Hoovervilles in 1939, 1999

There are many chapters that provide gritty details of the filth and squalor of the California Hoovervilles. These camps were consistently burned out by the authorities. Camps along the Columbia in Washington State, or camps in Seattle's Jungle today, are modern equivalents. Instead of verdant fields, the Joads land in these squalid camps, with thousands of other families who have been drawn to California with false promises of jobs. After one such camp is burned out, the Joads are lucky enough to get into the government-funded, self-managed Weedpatch camp.

In the 1930s the federal government, led by progressives, was attempting a systematic response to massive poverty. This progressive, New Deal agenda was based on the principle that cooperation, not competition (unfettered capitalism) would save us. Part of the systematic response of that era's Resettlement Administration was the establish-

ment of several self-managed camps for the workers.

Steinbeck learned about these camps while writing *The Harvest Gypsies*. "The Federal Government, realizing that the miserable condition of the California migrant agricultural



worker constitutes an immediate and vital problem, has set up two camps and contemplates eight more," he wrote. "The intent of management has been to restore the dignity and decency that had been kicked out of the migrants by their intolerable way of life." Each camp accommodated 200 families, and each was an example of "natural and democratic self-gov-

ernment" unique in the United States. SHARE/WHEEL's proposed 1999 encampment is another modern mirror image of this potential response.

The period the Joads spent in the Weedpatch camp was their only respite; after they leave the government camp their situation gets steadily worse.

The Hope of a Common Soul

In a lot of ways, the novel is about forming and re-forming family, and firing and re-firing faith. Grandpa and Grandma Joad die early on, unable to withstand the rigors of the road. Daughter Rose of Sharon's husband leaves. Son Noah walks down the riverbank once they reach California and never returns. Casy the preacher is murdered by strikebreakers for trying to organize workers. And finally, Tom Joad himself is forced underground for inadvertently killing Casy's murderer.

But at every point the Joad family is torn apart, another family forms: On the road, in makeshift camps, "in the evening a strange thing happened: the twenty families became one family, the children were children of all." At an owner-provided camp, as unknowing scabworkers, Ma prevails upon the company store clerk to lend a little sugar for the men's coffee. Their daily wages, combined, would not cover the cost of their supper. The clerk finally relents. Ma says, "If you're in trouble go to poor people. They're the only ones who will help."

This is kind of a microcosm of the macrocosm: cooperation, not competition, will save us. "Well, maybe like Casy says a man ain't got a soul of his own, but on'y a piece of a big one," says Tom, whose spirit stays unbro-

ken even as he is forced to leave his family. "Then it don't matter. Then I'll be everywhereWherever they's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever they's a cop beating up a guy, I'll be there..."

"The Sorrow that Weeping Cannot Symbolize"

One of the most powerful images in the book is that of field owners poisoning oranges, dumping potatoes in creeks, and otherwise destroying crops to keep produce prices up. This while picking families starved to death on the banks, or were beaten for trying to rescue the food. This really happened, and Steinbeck responded with "a sorrow weeping cannot symbolize," called it "a crime beyond denunciation."

But Steinbeck wasn't a radical. According to Bristol (the photographer), he was terrified of being labelled a Communist by farmers. His call to action, hymn-like, in *The Grapes of Wrath* was less a radical's inciting people to organize, and more an appeal to human emotion to affect change through faith and empathy. In this way, the novel still burns with a passionate call to action as much as the source of its title, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The "minor and sentimental ending" illustrates this: At the end of the

picking season with no income and no prospects in sight, the Joads are camped with another family in a boxcar. Rose of Sharon, who has been sick and worried for her pregnancy, still-births her child while rains rage around them. Despite group efforts to shore up the nearby river, floods begin and the families—sick, terrified, hungry—are forced to seek higher ground. They find respite, and another starving man, in a nearby barn. There, in a modern manger scene, Rose of Sharon, encouraged by Ma, ends up feeding the man with her own mother's milk.

"Sentiment," according to my friend Anitra, "is cathartic without a call to action. It plays on a cliched and cheap response. Emotions, in literature, are caused by specific deep imagery that challenge you to respond." How can you not be moved to action with this ending, a mother losing her child to stillbirth, starving, grief-struck, and still feeding a dying man with her own mother's milk?

"Hatred of the stranger occurs in the whole range of human history," Steinbeck wrote in part one of *The Harvest Gypsies*. How heroic it is, then, to form and reform family despite the worst possible forms of man-made deprivation, to reach out and feed each other still. Isn't that call enough to action for any of us?

KidLit for the P.C.

THE STORY OF COLORS/ LA HISTORIA DE LOS COLORES

STORY TOLD BY SUBCOMMANDANTE MARCOS

ILLUSTRATED BY DOMITILA DOMÍNGUEZ

TRANSLATED BY ANNE BAR DIN

EL PASO: CINCO PUNTOS PRESS, 1999
40 PAGES

GRANDMA FINA AND HER WONDERFUL UMBRELLAS/ ABUELITA FINA Y SUS SOMBRILLAS MARAVILLOSAS

STORY BY BENJAMIN ALIRE SÁENZ

ILLUSTRATED BY GERONIMO GARCIA

TRANSLATED BY PILAR HERRERA
EL PASO: CINCO PUNTOS PRESS, 1999
40 PAGES

DO YOU WANT TO PLAY?

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY BOB KOLAR

NY: DUTTON, 1999

32 PAGES

REVIEW BY BOB REDMOND

Once upon a time there was a niece named Katie Kate. She was eight, and loved to read and get books from her Uncle Bob.

One fine holiday, Uncle Bob got Katie Kate a present. A book! She was so surprised. She tore off the wrapping paper and opened it eagerly. The book was *The Story of Colors*, by Subcommandante Marcos, the leader of the Zapatista uprising in Chiapas, Mexico.

Katie Kate read. The story told, in Spanish and English,

about how the gods found all the colors and why, and where they are now. The world used to be black and white, you see... well here's how the Subcommandante put it:

The gods were fighting. They were always fighting. They were very quarrelsome, these gods, not like the first ones, the seven gods who gave birth to the world, the very first ones. And the gods were fighting because the world was very boring with only two colors to paint it.

"What?" said Katie Kate.

"You must understand," said Uncle Bob. "This is a very important story. It tells about how there are different colors and ways of thinking and why that's important. The colors signify ideas. The jungle signifies their purity."

Katie started to cry.

"I don't like it," she said. "The pictures are scary!"

The pictures were beautiful, thought Uncle Bob, but maybe they were scary. If Goya had his way with Matisse's cut-outs, they might look like these.

But what about the lesson? Right on the cover it said, "This wonderful folktale reveals some of the wisdom



Cont. to page 14

"There's some way to stop this.

It's not like lightning or earthquakes. We've got a bad thing made by men, and by God that's something we can change."

Tenant farmer, *Grapes of Wrath*

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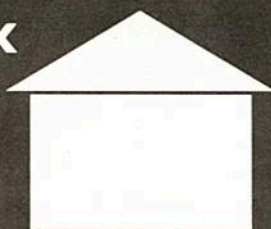
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By TU Staff



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The Politics of Power

So you graduated Organizing 101 (RC, vol. 6, number 17). You mobilized around an issue that got people motivated. You doorknocked, passed out fliers, met, and decided you want to work together to solve your problem. You sent an organizing letter to the others in the building, got them to sign on, and educated them about the issue. In your meeting you delegated responsibilities to get folks invested in the campaign and to build leadership.

The next thing you've got to do is figure out who is in a position of power. Management is a buffer between you and the person who calls the shots. You may have to research who the property owner is. Don't be surprised if the manager won't tell you. The Tenants Union is a great resource for information about researching landlords. A good step you can take on your own is calling the King County Assessors office (206-296-7300). You simply give them the address of the apartment building or house and they'll tell you who pays the property taxes (typically, the owner pays the property taxes). You don't have to feel funny about calling; operators work all day answering questions from people who are researching property ownership for a whole host of reasons.

Now that you know who your owner is, what do you do with that information? Your landlord is your target; now you have to let your target know you exist. How you do this should be approached strategically and with the group's comfort level in mind. Rarely do tenants make their first contact a picket at the landlord's fancy shoreline estate on Mercer Island. There aren't that many cases where this is a strategically effective first contact, nor is it an action most groups new to political action are comfortable taking. A good approach is a letter demanding a meeting. Don't be overly polite in your letter.

That doesn't mean that you need to be rude. But you want to send the message that you mean business.

Don't let your landlord send the property manager to the meeting. The manager may be able to make an offer, but if that offer isn't acceptable, management won't be able to negotiate. Before you meet with your target, the group should resolve crucial questions. What are your demands? Who are your negotiators? Exactly how far can they diverge from your demands in negotiating? What is your leverage? How are you going to let your landlord know you are willing to use that leverage? You'll need a facilitator, a note taker (butcher paper is great for recording com-

mitments), people to give personal testimony about the impact the landlord's action or inaction is having on their lives, and observers who don't have speaking roles but whose job it is to catch things that the negotiators or facilitators may miss. There's fun for everyone! Don't forget to prepare an agenda (with time limits). It'll help move the meeting along and you'll look organized and professional. Have a role-playing session to prepare; brainstorm retorts to excuses you'll likely get.

If you've gotten this far, your chances are good. The hardest part about negotiating with your landlord is getting the meeting. Always meet on your turf. Don't worry if you don't have a meeting room. Often meeting in an apartment can be an advantage. The group will feel at home there and your landlord won't. It's important that you get good attendance at your negotiation. It will speak volumes about your power. After all, this whole process is about shifting the balance of power.

Before the guest of honor arrives, review the agenda and go over the ground rules. Once the owner arrives, do it again for their sake, then get right to the point. Describe the problem, allow people to speak about how the problem personally affects them. Use facts, figures, and visual aids like pictures of repair problems. Describe the demands one at a time and wait for a yes or no answer before moving on. Every demand should be negotiable. Your landlord may offer a compromise that you haven't discussed. A really fun thing to do is to use the caucus. Ask the landlord to leave the room so you can talk about the offer. A group of tenants I once worked with made their landlord go stand outside in the rain THREE times while they discussed his offers.

"Management is a buffer between you and the person who calls the shots."

To avoid making commitments to the group, the landlord will try to divide and conquer. Don't let offers to individual tenants weaken your collective resolve. Remember to focus on your common demands. The landlord may try and convince you that the solution is out of their hands. It's appropriate for people to show controlled outrage and let the target know in no

uncertain terms what your response will be to inaction. Other tactics your landlord may use include agreeing, even sympathizing, with you. Make sure those agreements are followed up with commitments. Write commitments and deadlines down as you get them. At the end of your meeting summarize the results and get your landlord's signature as a pledge. Follow up letters and press releases are good to publicize your victory.

Last, but certainly not least, have a party. The strength of your victory is a result of your collective power, your ability to organize and compel your landlord to fulfill her/his obligations. That strength deserves to be celebrated. ☐

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CLASSICS CORNER



BY PERFESS'R HARRIS

It happens all the time. People come up to me on the street and ask, "How might I too clutter my feeble brain with useless ideas no one cares about?" Well, wonder no more. Here is the official Perfess'r Harris classics reading list for beginners.

Despite the fact that Homer is the best writer ever and his epics are perfect in every way, except for that weirdness in Book Twenty-four of the *Odyssey*, I won't be recommending him.

Instead, I'd advise you to begin with that high school favorite, *The Last Days of Socrates*, available from Penguin for next to nothing in nearly every used book store in the world. Highlights include a series of smartass remarks to a hostile jury (The person who defends himself in court has a fool for a lawyer) and a somewhat unconvincing set of proofs for the existence of an after-life.

Then, as an antidote, read I. F. Stone's brilliant *Trial of Socrates*. Stone argues that the charges of corrupting youth and denying the Gods were a front for the real issue: contempt for democracy. After Stone, Plato begins to sound a lot like an apologist for his class, and all those Socrates/Christ comparisons lose their appeal.

Once you're done with Plato, move right along to Saint Socrates' other biographer, Xenophon. His *Conversations* is pretty much universally dismissed as complete BS, but is interesting for the contention that Socrates was done with life and wanted to die. Read instead Xenophon's *Anabasis*, a rip-roaring tale of mercenary fun. This is the story that gave Alexander the Great the notion that those pesky Persians might not be so tough after all.

My 1959 Mentor paperback edition looks more like a true crime novel than a classic, and that's exactly what's so cool about this little book. It's about as close as classics come to pulp fiction.

And what would a classics reading list be without the playwright Aristophanes? With Aristophanes, you come for the fart jokes, but you stay for the politics. While *The Clouds* is a fun little jab at Socrates and all the other sophists of his day, *The Knights* is more courageous. This political satire takes on Cleon the tanner, a demagogic Pat Buchanan sort, who, according to Aristotle, always appeared on the rostrum dressed as a worker. This arch-enemy of Pericles is also the target of Thucydides' dry wit in *The History of the Peloponnesian War*, and remains a recognizable political type, even from a distance of 2,400 years.

If you're in a Roman mood, you can't go wrong with Seutonius. His *Twelve Lives* documents the life and times of those who gave new meaning to the word "excess." These wry observations on the early days of Roman empire will amuse anyone interested in a time when it was truly dangerous to be rich and powerful.

Well, that's about it, classics fans. Join us again in time for Thanksgiving, when we'll discuss gluttony in the ancient world. ☞

Be an armchair classicist. The Northwest Society for Classical Studies seeks fellow freaks. Call 325-1787 or

UDYC, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Gigi Srajer, staff person at UDYC, commented that the transition has been smooth. "We still provide case management, youth housing, and employment services," she said. "We are still a drop-in center offering respite from the outdoors. There is still a Working Zone employment counselor on-site. And we still offer health referrals."

But what happens when a homeless, pregnant teen turns to the UDYC (which has been awarded to the Catholic Community Services) for help? And what sort of direction will the Catholic Community Services give UDYC with regard to teens and drug use? Does a conflict of interest exist? Srajer doesn't believe so. She commented that a strong relationship with the 45th Street Clinic and various health agencies provides the needed services — a relationship long established before CHS backed out of UDYC and the Catholic Community Service entered.

Derek Harris, the Director at UDYC, commented that he wants to provide as many services to youth, and still keep in line with the vision of the Catholic church. And what happens when a homeless, pregnant teen turns to the UDYC for help? Harris indicated that that individual would be referred to a medical provider — most likely the 45th Street Clinic. Harris is confident that his staff (which includes an on-staff health nurse) can handle harm reduction concerns.

Harm Reduction under the direction of Catholic Community Services at UDYC is an important concern, indeed. However, Debra Boyer, Director of Community Services, Training and Research at Youthcare, indicated that Youthcare will continue to provide such services to youth in the University District, and at UDYC. "We will make sure that the youth will have the choices available to them," said Boyer.

However, that decision is not Boyer's or Youthcare. The decision ultimately belongs to Catholic Community Services.

Boyer is excited about the new alliances at UDYC. She believes that youth services in the University District will increase tremendously as a result of the reorganization. "Homeless youth are going to get more services, and more specific services," Boyer commented. "They will get more attention because of the different agencies that are focusing attention [at UDYC]." Boyer also remarked that YWCA has been running youth employment programs very well for many years. As a result, YWCA's involvement in The Working Zone will greatly benefit homeless youth in Seattle. Moreover, Boyer said, Catholic Community Services has a long, dis-

tinguished history with social work."

Eric Anderson at DFYS furthered much of Srajer's and Boyer's comments. DFYS fostered much of the discussion between UDYC and the various agencies, and created a panel that would decide which agency would be awarded the UDYC program. He indicated there are guidelines that monitor religious influence on how money is spent at UDYC. Moreover, churches in the University District area have been stepping forward with housing, and staying open for shelter late at night, Anderson said. Anderson is also pleased with the panel's decision to choose Catholic Community Services as the UDYC operator. "The model of services was effective at UDYC. That's why the panel selected strong partnership via the Catholic Community Services."

Greg McCormack is the Manager of Youth Outreach Services at Seattle Children's Alliance — his charge is the SafeLinks and StreetLinks programs, which provide mobile medical services, food, and clothing to homeless teens in Seattle. When asked about the reorganization of services at UDYC, McCormack was enthusiastically supportive. "I am excited about the prospect of a collaboration of services for homeless youth," he said. McCormack indicated that there was much concern by homeless youth during the bid process — namely, would UDYC cease to exist? "UDYC provides a good service," he added. "[The Center] is very much needed by homeless youth in the University District."

And what do the kids think about all this reorganization?

I hit the streets in the University District with another *Real Change* staffer, and began asking the homeless youth. Sitting on the steps of the University Heights Center, Amy told *Real Change* she often called upon the UDYC for services such as community outreach, schooling, housing, and food. She also praised the Teen Feed at the 45th Street Clinic, Street Links, and the Needle Exchange. She had a positive experience with services for homeless youth in Seattle, though she squatted regularly and told countless stories of getting high in the University District.

What impact the reorganization of services at UDYC has on the homeless youth in Seattle will be interesting to watch. Elaine Simons, Community Program Coordinator at Peace for the Streets by Kids from the Streets, is reasonably optimistic, and sums up the Center's potential well. According to Simons, in order for the split to be successful, the different agencies must recognize their combined strengths, rather than try and compete against one another over which agency is receiving the most kids and,

ultimately, the most funding.

Boyer at Youthcare admitted there was much work to be done as a result of the re-shuffle. "There are things to work out in terms of scheduling and coordinating services," Boyer said. "But that will be done, and the process is moving along fine." ☞

Erik Castro contributed to this report.

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Mr. Ondo

one afternoon as I came home
to the building where I lived alone
I met an old man on the stairs
as he paused to catch his breath there

his face was drawn and pale
his hand was clenched to grip the rail
he had a long way to go
and his name was Mr. Ondo

I offered him my helping hand
my steady legs to help him stand
"my room's upstairs and straight ahead
I'm not feeling very well" he said

we reached the door; he turned the key
he turned around to look at me
and I saw myself in years to come
"thank you" he said, I said "you're welcome"

and we all have so far to go
don't we, Mr. Ondo

time passed by and all too soon
there came another afternoon
when I was home alone once more
with some one rapping at my door

it was Mr. Ondo looking well
holding out a dollar bill
as so eagerly he bowed his head
"this is for your help" he said

I refused but he would not relent
and then I saw how much it meant
a dollar for the man inside
for that was how he wore his pride

and pride is all that you've got left
when they've all gone and you've been left
at home alone in a winter's chill
so I took his dollar bill

and we all have so far to go
don't we, Mr. Ondo

I never saw him after that
the place was sold and that was that
we all had to pack up and leave
and he's passed on I do believe

but sometimes when all is said and done
and I see myself in years to come
I think how fragile this humanity
I hope some one does the same for me

and we all have so far to go
don't we, Mr. Ondo

—Jim Page

**Thoughts,
Dreams, and Nightmares**

There is a certain, sweet, almost
sickening kind of laughter.
You hear it only inside of yourself
and it scares you. and it hurts you
and it always takes control.
It is a black and white pain that
engulfs your breath and sucks every
last drop of air from your brain.
Blindness, Darkness, and slow despair
are your only memories. We become
submerged in an emotional drowning,
and then we are grasped by a bony hand
to be slowly drawn and quartered, and
set on display.

There is a certain, sweet definitely
sickening kind of laughter. And it will
slap you in the head and turn your
face quite pale. We are struck with a
social withdrawal and a solitude so
loud it will deafen you to the Sounds
of life. And then there is nothing.

—Holly Littlejohn

An Encounter

My footprints dampen the cement,
they quietly stalk me, it is fall.
My fingers grip, twist the brown bag
around the
cold
can and watch the street.
A cat mixture of Siamese and calico
leaps on the park bench
I perch on the pocked grey wood
we eye each other
like adversaries
in a melodramatic scene
of a B-movie.
She now is on the street
and I recent from the
country.
My drink leans against my lips
as she purrs. Our eyes are tarnished
by serrated veins reflecting rain
that creates rivers and lakes
on littered pavement

—Earle Thompson

I Refuse To Give Up

I stayed at the shelters.
It was hard having to stay there.
Getting out of there wasn't easy.
Thank God for those shelters.
It gave me a place to stay.
I struggled to get on my feet.
At times it seemed to be only a pipe dream.
My dreams gave me strength to survive.
The effort was worth the struggle.
I believed in my dreams and it kept me going.
Sometimes all you have are your dreams.
Now I struggle to keep my roof over my head.
I work hard selling my papers.
I stand on the corner of First and Main.
I go out every day trying to afford this dream.
I wish for sells to happen.
Sometimes I just stand there and wait.
I go home thinking I need more than luck.
I'm not making it out there.
I struggle trying not to give up.
I can't afford this dream.
After you get out of the shelters
You try to keep yourself from going back.
I'm not the only one out here working trying to do this
dream.
You can't sell papers if nobody buys them.
You can't keep your place if you're unable to pay the rent.
If I don't pay my rent I will end up having to go back.
I don't want to go back to the shelters.
I want to keep my place.

—Faith Ann, vendor # 3231

Henry F. Burr, Jr.

Nov. 8, 1964 — Nov. 1, 1998

Henry F. Burr, Jr. was stabbed to death on the streets of Pioneer Square a year ago. His mother, Mary Merriweather, is sponsoring a memorial service on November 7 at the Matt Talbot Center, to bring together the many lives he

touched, and to show that Henry's memory and loving spirit live on.

Henry was born and raised in Seattle in a large family. He remained close to his seven siblings even after his struggles with addiction began many years ago. According to his

mother, Henry "was a real kind, giving person" who would call her every week no matter what, just to check in and tell her not to worry.

Mary says, "He was hard on himself, and shy of telling people his troubles." Despite that pride, he built a strong family for himself in the homeless community. During the four days he was on life support at Harborview after the stabbing, many of his homeless friends kept vigil there. The doctors at Harborview were struck by the dedication of his friends.

And despite the "rule of the streets," someone went to police on

November 7 last year and gave them the name of the murderer (who was tried and sentenced to 19 years in prison for second degree murder). "People cared about him enough to go and tell," says his mother. "Henry shared two families in his life; the family that he was born into, and the family he made here on earth. His family on earth was made of special people he hand-picked, many of whom he met on the streets of Seattle."



All are invited to Henry's memorial: Sunday November 7, 8:30 a.m. Praise and Worship, 9 a.m. Church Service, with breakfast to follow. The Matt Talbot Center is at 2313 Third Avenue. Call (206) 256-9865 for more information. ☒

—Michele Marchand

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ADVENTURES IN POETRY by © Dr Wes Browning

Fear of Fractions

All this talk by our city council people about giving the homeless identification numbers to keep track of them has me experiencing roaring mathematical flashbacks of the third kind. Assigning numbers to entities — how functional! We may soon be able to establish a one-to-one correspondence between Seattle's homeless and an American ton of rubber chickens!

By further applying Pascal's triangle (in reverse!), we can stack both the homeless and the rubber chickens in two dimensional piles (provided we neglect their thicknesses), then stand back and watch them keel over! More fun than blowing up the Kingdome! (Remember, kids, don't try this at home.)

Speaking of dead French gamblers: when all the homeless in Seattle have their own personal numbers, just think how much easier it will be for them to play the lotto!

I'm hoping that the numbers passed out will include fractions. I don't think fractions get enough attention in our post-modernistic, fast-paced Internet digital world. A lonely, neglected fraction is a vindictive fraction. You've all been warned.

But I know that won't happen because everyone is so keen on the idea of using these numbers to count the homeless, and everyone knows you don't use fractions to count anything, right? You have to use counting numbers, right? That'd be 1, 2, 3, 4, and numbers like those, right?

Wrong. You don't need numbers at all. You need identifiers, and the means to know when to introduce new identifiers (when there is a new homeless person in the city) and the means to know when to retire old identifiers (when someone becomes formerly homeless).

The City of Seattle doesn't know that much. Our city officials can't tell when someone has become homeless, nor can they tell when someone has stopped

being homeless. They don't have a clue.

So the "number" of homeless the city arrives at by passing numerical identifiers out is certain to be meaningless.

In our last issue our esteemed editor god, Timothy Harris, pointed out some immediate objections to what he refers to as Tag n' Trak. For example, the fact that many will not want to cooperate with the system for fear that the police or the INS will be allowed access to the data.

So at the beginning it is certain that the city won't count everyone.

But then, after a year or two have passed, the count will become too large, as the city is unable to know when to retire numbers, because there will be no sure way of spotting those exiting the system.

As the false count piles up it will become blatantly bloated, and the city will have no choice but to resort to the obvious fix: anyone who doesn't try to use the city's services within a certain time period gets their number retired.

So people who have given up on the city will again go uncounted, and we will be back to where we started.

(Actually there are those in the city government — Tom Byers, Peter Steinbrueck, etc. — who say that the purpose of all this is only to count the resources available to the homeless, rather than the homeless themselves. Why then they are not proposing just assigning the numbers to the resources, they don't say.)

At least the proposal only involves passing out finite numbers to the homeless. Because if they were going to pass out infinite numbers I would be really peeved, as the following recycled poem is meant to indicate.

A Finite Rant Against Infinity, in 23 Lines to Be Exact

1. Don't need no body telling me
2. 'bout the 'lleged beauties of infinity.
3. A concept invented for divinity
4. by people with neurotic affinity
5. for passive-aggressive duplicity.
6. Paradox pawned-off as lucidity
7. meeting challenges with contrived absurdity
8. exploiting riddles to extract complicity.
9. THEN there's mathematical infinity.
10. Borrowed tongue-in-cheek from theology
11. and harnessed to Fourier Anal-why-ticity.
12. Hey I got a goddamn math degree
13. so don't even think to try to impress me
14. with your grasp of Cantorian Mystery.
15. Mystery my ass! It's deliberate reductivity.
16. and the fact that infinity squared is infinity
17. has nothing to do with eternity.
18. It is a dodge, a sham, an escape from the complexity
19. engendered by the finite's quirky specificity -
20. a specificity that makes the finite number 23
21. an enigma all too often mistaken for simplicity
22. (and if you really want to make points with me,
23. let's hear you explain the number three).



BOOKS, CONT. FROM PAGE 9

of the indigenous peoples of Chiapas... they fight to conserve their culture and a vision of the world they see flowering with holiness—a holiness that cannot be measured in dollars or defined by politics." In fact, the story was originally written as a communiqué to the Mexican people. It talks about smoking and making love. It was a flower, thought Uncle Bob, in the midst of a revolution.

Katie Kate's tears fell on the book. "It's — too — polemical!" she sobbed.

OK! OK! Let's try another one, said Uncle Bob.

This time, he pulled out another bilingual book, *Grandma Fina and Her Wonderful Umbrellas*. This one had brightly colored pictures and lots of smiling faces.

In it, Grandma Fina walks around with a bright yellow umbrella, smiling on the sunny day like nothing is wrong. And, get this — the umbrella has a hole in it!

"What's wrong with that?" said Katie Kate.

"Well," said Uncle Bob, "you know umbrellas are supposed to be whole, so they can keep the rain off."

"But it's not raining," said Katie Kate.

"Well, yes. But see how people respond to her?" Bob read from page eight:

Grandma Fina greeted Mrs. García, who was sitting on her front porch. "You have a wonderful porch," Grandma Fina said. "Yes," Mrs. García said, "I have a wonderful porch." And then Mrs. García noticed Grandma Fina's torn umbrella. Mrs. García didn't want to hurt Grandma Fina's feelings by telling her she needed a new umbrella, so she smiled and said, "What a beautiful yellow umbrella." "Yes," Grandma Fina said. "A beautiful yellow umbrella." And she kept walking down the street.

Katie Kate yawned. If only it was bedtime, Uncle Bob thought.

"This one's too condescending," said Katie Kate. "I'm bored!"

Well let's try it in Spanish, said Uncle Bob. "Maybe—"

"No!" bellowed Katie Kate.

"OK! OK!" said Uncle Bob. "Here, I have one book left." Bob pulled out of his bag a big square book, decorated with whimsical cartoons, upside down and right side up, wearing funny hats and holding signs. "Do You Want to Play? A Book about Being Friends," read Katie Kate off the cover.

Bob read over Katie Kate's shoulder. There was a lot to look at. Some pages looked like *Where's Waldo*, with dozens of little drawings of smiling houses, cups that talked, inexplicable stamp-sized squares with musical notes or pieces of a map on them.

"Friendly tip #7," read Katie. "Pick your friends, not your nose, and never pick your friend's nose!" "Never pick your friend's nose!" Ha ha! That's gross!"

Uncle Bob realized the book actually told a story: two friends come upon a place called "Friendship Park." In it, they do stuff. There are a million other characters and voices populating the place. It reminded Uncle Bob of when he was a kid, inventing games and adventures with Mickey Appicella's in Mickey's hayloft back in Ohio....

"Hey Uncle Bob! Can we play this game?" Katie Kate was pointing to a board game on one of the pages. "The Friendship Park Adventure Trail," read Bob. "OK!" It was fun. Katie Kate landed on "talk it out instead of fight it out," and got to move ahead four spaces. Bob landed on "call someone stupid" and had to go to the Thinking Spot. Katie Kate won, but Uncle Bob made her read the story on the next page as his consolation.

Katie read the story of "The Big Angry Bear." "I

got to read you one when you're reading me one!" she said. "It's like a story inside a story!"

Uncle Bob was glad she liked the book, since he didn't have any more left. He liked it, too. It got across the lessons of the other two books and stayed fun at the same time.

There were snippets of lots of other languages, tons of little surprises in the text. With lots of little drawings and captions, Katie could read it over and over again and still notice new things.

When she read out loud, Uncle Bob could hear her practicing the lessons of friendship: "Let's hold hands and dance!" "Don't worry, we can build it again!" "So, what so you say after eating a brontosaurus? Burrrp!"

"So, what do you think?" said Uncle Bob.

"This one's just right!" said Katie Kate. "Thank you for bringing me all the books!" She hugged him, and then they sat down at the kitchen table and shared a big piece of cake.

Truth in Sci-Fi

SPACE MERCHANTS
BY FREDERICK POHL AND CYRIL M. KORNBLUTH
ST. MARTIN'S PRESS, 1953 (OUT OF PRINT)

THE MERCHANTS' WAR
FREDERICK POHL
ST. MARTIN'S PRESS, 1984 (OUT OF PRINT)

Why do I write satire? Ask, instead, how can I help it?
—Juvenal

REVIEW BY ANITRA FREEMAN

Science fiction writers are often credited with predicting inventions, as when Arthur C. Clarke originated the idea of communication satellites. But most of science fiction is not about predicting technological developments, but social ones: the impact of science on human life, and the extrapolation of social trends themselves. And some of those predictions can be more amazingly accurate than Clarke's communication network.

In 1909, E.M. Forster wrote a short story called "The Machine Stops," in which he described a society where everyone lived in isolated underground cubicles, totally dependent on a great machine for communication, entertainment, and delivery of all supplies including air. There is now a group in Seattle offering addiction treatment to people who have reached this stage of dependency on the Internet. Tim Harris recently sent me their address.

Frederick Pohl and Cyril Kornbluth, in 1953, wrote a science fiction novel in which great multi-

national advertising companies replace government and most other social institutions. Advertising is the media and the media is advertising: the songs people hum on the streets are ad jingles. "News reports" are straight propaganda and sales messages, and few people stop to analyze them. Corporations take over the personal loyalties that used to go to churches, clubs, clans, or sports teams: most people graduate from school into a corporate job and stay with the same corporation until death. Corporate wars

are passionate and very physical — there may be shootouts on the company steps.

Forster's book features a bright young man named Mitchell Courtenay, who is rising promisingly in the company hierarchy when he stumbles — and in learning the downside of his chrome-plated culture, he becomes involved with the subversive (activist) element seeking to overthrow the corporations.

In the second book, Tennison Tarb, another bright young man rising high in the hierarchy, stumbles when on returning from an assignment on Venus he enters a "Commercial Zone" saturated with intense stimuli that induce an instant, unbreakable addiction to the drink "Mokie-Koke" and he becomes a social pariah. He was supposed to know better. Didn't he read the warning sign?

Tennison becomes involved with both a group trying to take over the corporations and a group trying to overthrow them, and ultimately takes a third way out — telling the people the truth.

Some of the extremes of this satire have been avoided. We don't have physical corporate shootouts yet. We still have some content between commercials. And we managed to derail tobacco marketing to children before we got to the point of issuing Kiddiebutt rations in school lunchpails.


But we have the WTO, corporations overriding government. We have news run as a marketing project and advertising presented as "news." Have you ever listened to a debate between the followers of Macintosh and the followers of IBM? Or heard a "blame the victim" argument that excuses not doing anything for alcohol or drug rehabilitation?

Maybe telling the people the truth only works to change things in science fiction novels. But we publish *Real Change* because we think otherwise.

And one way to keep your hopes up and be entertained in the process is to dig back through old science fiction novels. Find out how sharply the grand old writers observed our society — and what they thought could be done about it.

Real Change November 1, 1999 www.realchangenews.org

First Annual
Neighborhoods and Communities



Dance Party
...giving thanks for Community!

Saturday Nov. 20
5:30-7:30 pm
Gateway Athletic Club
14th Floor, Key Bank Building
5th & Columbia, downtown Seattle

Including the Dances of Universal Peace from 6:30-7:30 pm.
\$10 donation/adult to benefit the Austin Foundation's Seattle youth projects,
and School for Women & Orphanage, Mahdipur Village, Bangladesh

The NeighborNets Network
<http://www.neighbornets.org> 206-721-0217

General Election, remember to vote! 11/2
Voter's pamphlet online <http://www.metrokc.gov/elections/>

Women's Programs Noon Lecture Series 11/3
presents **Morgan Ahern on women political prisoners**, about the long history of incarcerating political activists including women dissidents in the U.S. Noon, at Seattle Central Community College, room BE 1110, Broadway just north of Pine.

Nonviolent Action Community of Cascadia 11/4
presents an Urban Action School class in the **Activism 102 series Basic Skills for Rabble Rousers** of How to Work Effectively for Change, session 4 "Fundraising: The Awful Hidden Secrets", the art of raising money for your group: from individual donations, major donors, grants, benefits, raffles, and more; Sliding Scale fee \$6.25 - \$25, 6:30 - 9 p.m., at University Baptist Church, 4554 12th Ave NE; info Nonviolent Action Community of Cascadia 206-547-0952, Urban Action School 206-464-9129, waal@toolsforchange.org or <http://www.endgame.org/uas.html>

Every Friday through November, **"Workers and Students for a Walkout"** 11/5
against the WTO will meet at 6:30pm at Roma Espresso (42nd and University Way). Come talk, share your ideas, energy and experience with us. Questions? 706-6250

Peace Between People will hold a basic level alternatives to violence project 11/5-7
workshop on Nonviolent Conflict Resolution, 2 1/2 days of experiential exercises in communication, community building, affirmation of self and others, techniques for conflict resolution, and fun; this is also the first step to becoming an AVP facilitator bringing techniques and philosophy of nonviolence into prison and community workshops; in Capitol Hill neighborhood of Seattle; registration \$20, plus sliding scale workshop donation suggested \$20 to 180, fee may be waived in cases of financial hardship; info 206-517-4047

Red Bandanna: Roma Against Racism is sponsoring the **Fifth Annual International Day Against Racism and Anti-Semitism**. 11/6
Come and Show our solidarity. Noon at Seattle Central Community College between Broadway and Pine. Info: 516-4151.

Aeon presents Visual Art Opening: All Ages, Alternative Art Space, Political Awareness Month; A Benefit for Eat The State, Free Press, Direct Action Network, Art & Revolution, People For Fair Trade, Food Not Bombs, Cease-fire, Green Party of Seattle, Free Radio, Hemp Fest; with The Art of John Black & Troy Gua; Complimentary Plastic Futures; Super Biofidelic Pixilated Retinal Delights; 1999 Series Paintings & Wall Sculptures; Also Live Music & Performance Art By The Building Press & Micheal John; open house 1 - 6 p.m., reception 6 - 10 p.m., at the Aeon Gallery, 1510 12th Ave. Suite #2 at Pike; info 206-323- 8896 or aeongallery@hotmail.com

1st Memorial Service for Henry F. Burr Jr. 11/7
(November 8, 1964 - November 1, 1998). Henry had two families in his life, the family he was born into and the family he made on earth — many of these people he met on the streets of downtown Seattle. All of his family is invited to come together to celebrate his life at the Matt Talbot Center, 2313 3rd Ave. Praise and worship services (which will include breakfast) with begin at 8:30am. More info. 256-9865.

Women's Programs Noon Lecture Series 11/10
presents Simone La Drumma, director of Ladies Don't Drum, a workshop presentation of her travels from behind a desk to behind a drum. Noon at Seattle Central Community College, room BE 1110, Broadway just north of Pine;

911 and Eat The State present at: Chomsky-Thon! 11/12
Two nights of intellectual self-defense with radical political analyst Noam Chomsky, renowned MIT professor and media critic. "Politics, Media And 'Free' Trade:" Chomsky reminds us that in the mid-90s, the US dismissed the WTO as "inappropriate to challenge US policy." Now the WTO is another tool of global capital and US control. "Population Control:" Chomsky reveals mass murder and torture at the heart of US foreign policy in Guatemala, Vietnam and other 3rd world countries. First feature begins at 7 pm and second begins at 9 pm. 911 Media Center, 117 Yale Ave N; \$5/ \$3 911 members, info 682-6552 or 911media@911media.org or <http://www.911media.org>

"RESISTING GLOBALIZATION:" 11/12-14
a film festival benefit for the Industrial Workers of the World and their efforts to organize a global challenge to the WTO and corporate power. On Friday at 5:30, 7:30, & 9:30: "Reclaim The Streets" (1998 90 Minute program, Regular Admission prices). Saturday & Sunday at 3:30 a double feature special matinee: "Malaise Dans La Globalisation" (1997 60 Minute program, with translations, Regular Admission prices) and "The Response to Globalization" (Various, 30 Minutes). Located at: The Little Theatre, 675-2055, 608 19th Ave. E at Mercer. Sponsored by: Puget Sound IWW, 706-6250, <http://iww.org>

First Annual Tenants Union Tenant Convention, 11/13
transportation assistance for members outside Seattle, help build a strong movement to fight for decent affordable housing, launch statewide campaigns for tenants' rights, meet other members, gain skills, take action, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m., at IBEW Hall, 2700 1st Ave; info 206-722- 6848 x102 or 103

911 and Eat The State present: **Chomsky-Thon!** Second night: "Manufacturing Consent" Award-winning Canadian documentary covering the breadth of Chomsky's critical thought, \$5/ \$3 911 members, 8 p.m., at 911 Media Center, 117 Yale Ave N; info 682-6552 or 911media@911media.org or <http://www.911media.org>

Send off for those going to Fort Benning Georgia to protest the School of Americas, 11/16
"School of Assassins" and rally, followed by March to Federal Building, 4 p.m., Westlake Park, 4th & Pine, downtown; info Sheila 206-367- 3567

Queers Fight the WTO will WTO 11/11
hold an educational action conference for queers and our allies. Lesbians, gays, bisexuals and transgendered persons are joining critics and protesters of the World Trade Organization, which is coming to Seattle on Nov. 30. The WTO, established in 1995, is a powerful new global commerce agency. It allows corporate profit to take precedence over all other concerns. During the WTO negotiations here, the pharmaceutical industry will be pushing to expand the Trade-Related Intellectual Property Agreement (TRIPS). This expansion would make it impossible for poor nations to produce AFFORDABLE HIV/AIDS RELATED DRUGS. In 100 cases over the first four years of the WTO, decisions by non-elected trade bureaucrats have favored corporations over labor, corporations over public health, and corporations over the environment. Attend for info about the WTO

NOVEMBER

NOTABLES

and what you can do to work for human rights and environmental protections by fighting the WTO; 12:15 - 4 p.m., Place TBA, call 206-325-4061 for more information.

Urban Action School 11/13
class taught by Non-violent Action Community of Cascadia: **"Nonviolence Training for WTO Protests,"** non-violence in social change and daily life, exercises, role plays, short discussions; includes legal considerations and risking arrests, consensus decision making, facilitation, legal process if arrested, brief history of nonviolent successes; Sliding Scale fee \$17.50 - 70, 10 a.m. - 5 p.m., at University Baptist Church, 4554 12th Ave NE; pre-registration strongly encouraged, info NACC 206-547-0952 or Urban Action School 206-464-9129, waal@toolsforchange.org, or <http://www.endgame.org/uas.html>

Women's International League for Peace and Freedom meeting with report by Caroline Canafax on **"Women Meeting the Challenges Of Globalization"** conference in Tokyo, Japan, and discussion of participation in WTO meetings, 10 a.m., at 1700 15th Ave, #1308; info 206-328-9637

Democratic Alternative to the WTO 11/17
with speaker Ruth Kaplan. Sponsored by North Seattle People for Fair Trade. 7 pm at University Unitarian Church, 6556 35th Ave. NE. Info: 528-8067 or 1-877-STOPWTO.

International Coalition of Free Trade Unions, 11/23-26
sometimes known as the "AFL-CIO of the world" conference; ICFTU will debate and identify policies they want WTO to support or oppose, see Nov 30 - Dec 3 item below; topics of concern include freedom of association; the right to collective bargaining; no forced labor; no discrimination; and the elimination of child labor, in Seattle; info on WTO opposition events 877-STOP-WTO or 877-786-7986

International Forum on Globalization Teach-In on the WTO 11/27
on the World Trade Organization (WTO) with focus on the problems of economic globalization and, specifically, on the activities of the WTO and other international agreements and institutions; speakers include Maude Barlow, Council of Canadians; Walden Bello, Focus on the Global South, Thailand; John Cavanagh, Institute for Policy Studies, U.S.; Tony Clarke, Polaris Institute, Canada; Edward Goldsmith, The Ecologist, U.K.; Randall Hayes, Rainforest Action Network, U.S.; Colin Hines, Protect the Local, Globally, U.K.; Martin Khor, Third World Network, Malaysia; Andrew Kimbrell, International Center for Technological Assessment, U.S.; David Korten, People-Centered Development Forum, U.S.; Tim Lang, Center for Food Policy, U.K.; Sara Larrain, RENACE (Chilean Ecological Action Network), Chile; most events free, at Benaroya Seattle Symphony Hall; info <http://www.ifg.org> or IFG 415-771-3394

ACT NOW!

Reform the Reform

Families and children need your help now

Issue: Improving access to benefits that support work for families and children.

Background: Welfare reform has had an unintended consequence — many families have lost benefits that support work, particularly childcare, food stamps, and Medicaid. The evidence of hardship for families is clear and convincing: Hunger is on the rise in Washington state while food stamp usage is rapidly declining; the Department of Social and Health Services recently acknowledged that as many as 100,000 people in Washington mistakenly lost health insurance; and many families who are eligible for child-care subsidies don't get them, and mistakenly believe that using them would count towards their five-year lifetime limit on cash assistance.

Improving access to benefits that support work for families and children is one of the Children's Alliance's legislative priorities for the 2000 session. Specifically, the Children's Alliance goals are: To secure \$2 million in state funding for

a public education campaign that would inform families of the health, child care, and nutritional benefits they can receive.

The campaign would target families who have left or are diverted from welfare and low-income families struggling to make ends meet. To create new welfare reform performance measures that measure not just caseload reductions but also the number of families receiving support benefits after they leave welfare. New measurements would ensure that DSHS is helping families receive the help they need.

Action Needed: As Children's Alliance prepares for the upcoming legislative campaign, they are looking for advocates to visit their legislators, contact legislators and ask for their early support, and write letters to the editor or visit editorial boards. Please contact Children's Alliance at 172 20th Ave. / Seattle, WA 98122 / (206) 324-0340 phone / (206) 325-6291 fax / email: jon@childrensalliance.org

Real Change/RCHEP
2129 2nd Avenue
Seattle, WA 98121

