

Real Change

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Puget Sound's Newspaper of the Poor and Homeless • Volume 7, No. 13

Genius

The Life and Times of © Dr. Wes Browning

Inside: Jailed Writers • Cooked
Goose • Modern Parables • Smart Politics



Wes Browning, Self-portrait, 1996.

By Chris Gordon Owen

Before Dr. Wesley Browning vanished from the professional math world, he sent out 50 copies of several unpublished papers—"to anyone I thought might be interested," he says, "like someone giving everything away before committing suicide."

Wes (University of Washington '71, Cornell University '79) obviously didn't commit suicide. If he had, he wouldn't be bubbling over about the Cascade Topology Seminar, the Portland math conference he attended in May, where he rubbed shoulders with other mathematicians for the first time in about 20 years.

It's the first time the rub has been so enjoyable. Even after he dropped out of academia, Wes haunted the University of Washington math library until 1989, vainly perusing journals for signs that his work lived on. "They kicked me out because I looked too homeless. Said [the library] was only for students and faculty, even though I had a UW Alumni Association card," he says. He whips out the card, which identifies him as "An

Active Life Member," guaranteeing lifetime library privileges.

"Put that in," Wes says, in a rare burst of bitterness. But he quickly shrugs it off: "I was losing interest anyway."

Six months ago, after finding a reference to "the Browning Invariant" on the internet, Wes regained interest. He has re-entered the math world, joining a group of mathematicians who have spent their careers exploring his work.

**"Thanks for the
career you
helped create
for me."**

**Paul Latiolais, math
professor**

Wes says that he likes "tying together disparate things." He's talking about his mathematical activities, but then he says he does the same thing in the *Real Change* column he has been writing since August 1995. He could

also be talking about his whole life.

After post-traumatic stress disorder caused him to leave teaching for driving taxis, a co-worker introduced him to the Homeless Art Gallery, as StreetLife was originally called, where

he not only became artistically active — providing artwork for 12 *Real Change* covers, among other things — but soon rose (or sank, as he might say) to the presidency. In that important position, he presided over two Bad Art Shows, where people competed to display the worst art. Wes explains that as gallery president, he couldn't submit his own paintings, and besides, he adds matter-of-factly, "My paintings are serious, and good." So he submitted bad poems instead. The first year, he delivered his "Ode to My Penis," which contains 37 references to that body part. By the time of the second show, StreetWrites had been launched, and Anitra Freeman was urging workshop participants to write poems without "and." Wes used it 52 times in his "Ode to And," which he then submitted as a bad art specimen.

Having discovered that he liked writing (especially goofy writing), Wes went on to win acclaim at haiku slams, and he started writing "Adventures in Poetry," his *Real Change* eruptions of humor, satire, compassion, and even (dare I say practical?) writing advice.

Through StreetWrites, Wes and Anitra became good friends; Wes

wound up sleeping on Anitra's kitchen floor during one of his homeless periods; and then, having given up smoking at her request, he graduated to sharing other horizontal surfaces. Being his Significant Other, Anitra relishes Wes's enthusiasm for math, even though she doesn't know what he's talking about.

Whiz Wes

Asked whether a non-mathematician could understand and explain his work, Wes replied, "One of the truisms of research mathematics is that even the people who do it don't generally understand it."

He does use such apparently simple words as balloons, sheets, donuts, trees, teacups, and surgery—but appearances are misleading. Open a book on homotopy, and there's nary a tree nor a balloon to be seen, though you'll see nice squiggles and lots of letters, dots, and brackets. Paul Latiolais has told Wes that he thinks there are only about three people in the world who understand his work. A professor at Portland State University, Latiolais also told Wes: "Thanks for the career you

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Real Change

Puget Sound's Voice of the
Poor and Homeless

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On the Web at

<http://www.realchangenews.org>
Email rchange@speakeasy.org
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Mission Statement:

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 MacWorkshop, 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.



Rotten Deal

Dear *Real Change*,

I am writing to thank you and reporter Adam Holdorf for a fine report on the dismal state of dental care for the impoverished community of this city. Anyone who has been homeless, or who has worked closely with members of the homeless community, knows that poor people suffer inordinately due to the egregious lack of accessible dental services. Holdorf's reference to the man who actually threw himself against a wall in order to divert his attention away from the excruciating pain in his mouth was particularly heartwrenching. How many other indigent adults who must suffer all manner of dental distress because authorities fail repeatedly to provide the adequate services?

Only two years ago, King County Health officials attempted to shut down the dental facility at Fourth Avenue and Blanchard downtown. In light of the crying need for adult dental services, this proposal was a cruel and vicious plan, and it was met with widespread outrage from decent people throughout this city. Thanks to them, the clinic is still there.

If county officials were truly interested in the dental care of low-income adults, they would be less concerned about increasing the number of patients that a limited staff treats, and more concerned about figuring out ways to increase the number of dentists and other necessary practitioners who could then adequately meet the growing needs of indigent adults. Surely no dentist can properly treat a patient with severe problems in short order. Time and care go hand in hand. People with no teeth, few teeth, or multiple decayed teeth are going to take more time to attend than younger and healthier patients.

Alonzo Plough and others at King County Health Department should make a public commitment to ensure that comprehensive dental care will be available to *all* citizens in need of it. They should do all they can to publicize this crisis, and they should do all they can to procure funding and staffing commensurate with such a comprehensive dental program. If they cannot or will not make such a commitment, they should step aside and let others who are willing to make it take over the reins. Silence, secrecy, and other bureaucratic shenanigans have no place in this crucial mission.

Sincerely,
John V. Fox

Seattle Displacement Coalition

Woody Guthrie's rolling in his grave

Dear *Real Change*,

Got them replacement housing blues. I'm gonna spread the woeful news.

They're tearing public housing down. They're bringing a new rule into town.

It's just a-o.k., or so they say, to move the poor folks outta the way.

Just hand 'em a Section 8, and tell 'em don't be late.

There's a train heading north,
There's a bus going south,
You can hitch a ride to the east,
or maybe beat your feet to the west.

It don't matter at all,
as long as yer gone by fall,
when the 'dozers come 'round
to build us (and you when you're rich) — a new town.

Got them replacement housing blues,
Gonna spread the low down news.

Sincerely,
John McLaren

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Beyond Charity

Support justice and dignity for all

You don't have to read very far into this newspaper to find some of the best poetry, photography, and journalism that you will find anywhere. All of this is brought to you by a host of volunteers and a small dedicated staff, without foundation or government grants. The StreetLife Gallery, StreetWrites, a bustling computer lab, and the Homeless Speakers Bureau, all projects of the Real Change Homeless Empowerment Project (RCHEP), are supported equally through contributions and grants. Make Sid the cat happy and help ensure our future by donating time or energy. Checks written to *Real Change* are not tax-deductible, and support the newspaper itself; checks to RCHEP are tax-deductible.

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

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Where the Power Is

An open letter to the activists under 30

by Michael Hood

After the blame-storm from WTO passed over Seattle, we woke up to the realization that a political threshold was crossed. I'm from a generation where no one's name is Jason. I've been in some days of rage myself, and I hope you'll listen to someone who's been here before.

I was on the streets and I saw you: the "Whatever Generation" in full throat, at last. Herds of twenty- and thirty-somethings marching next to tens of thousands of hard-hats, bringing a bunch of issues to the table and jerking the American public to attention.

You give a damn after all. I'm delighted. Just when I thought we'd raised a pack of apathetic, cynical, and materialistic existentialists, you showed us that you not only care about stuff, but can also articulate your views and organize people.

Only 15 percent to 17 percent — the most conservative among you — actually vote. By default, you've left the real decisions to those you probably most vociferously disagree with—like right-wingers or those whose votes are based on little else than television images.

While many of you squander your power by not voting or by wasting organizing energy on unelectable third-parties and arcane issues, those elected without your participation are making *real* decisions that make *real* impact on your daily life.

Like making laws, or appointing Supreme Court justices that dismantle the gains we've made in women's rights, social programs, environmental laws, and civil liberties.

Reactionary initiatives like I-200, which decimated minority enrollment at the University of Washington, or "Three Strikes You're Out," which recently locked up a woman for life for sticking up a 7-Eleven with a perfume bottle, were passed without much participation of the young and the left.

The two parties may seem identical from the distance you've put yourself from them. But there are huge differences between them. Yes, they're both in the pockets of giant corporations who donate huge sums of money simultaneously to both. Campaign finance reform would make a gigantic impact on that but it hasn't because the public doesn't care about it.

For all its warts — like its lack of new ideas and debate — the Democratic Party comes closest to representing the views you demonstrated during WTO. The apparatus of real power is there, and its reins are waiting to be taken back.

Your presence is woefully lacking and cordially requested.

Meanwhile, the religious right gets up in the morning and gets out the vote. Just by showing up, they took the grass roots of the Republican Party, jerked its establishment up by the short hairs, and won legislatures, governorships, and Congress. They were nearly successful in pushing their agenda on all of us and they did it precinct by precinct, while less than half of the rest of us bothered to vote.

Successful movements like civil rights, the environment, and the labor movement whose ideals are now embedded into our laws and national morality, started in the streets, then went into the two-party system. They found that to succeed, they needed first to win the hearts and minds of the white middle-class majority. This majority always ultimately does the right thing, and without them your causes will be but youthquakes remembered fondly for their audaciousness but with little other than nostalgic significance.

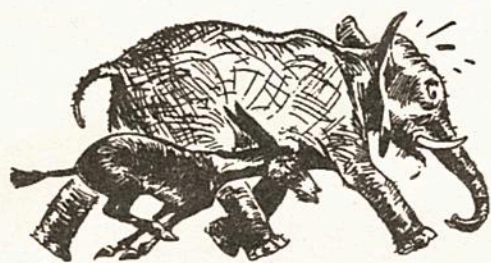
Don't get me wrong: your work in the streets is not done, but you must take the next step. Please.

It's boring, I know. It's all tedious meetings, compromise, and delayed gratification — things that have run off many idealists before you.

I'm a journalist and not a member of any political party, but I've come to realize that the two-party system is a fact, it's a good thing, and above all, it's responsive and waiting for you.

You shun it at your political peril. ■

Michael Hood, Seattle, is a political journalist, commentator for National Public Radio, stringer for Agence France-Presse, and a freelance writer.



Outside of the two-party system, your causes will be but youthquakes remembered fondly for their audaciousness but with little other than nostalgic significance.

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If you hear choppers at night, don't bother adjusting your baffles or calling in an alarm. State-sanctioned helicopters are indeed flying through the city each night at 11:30 p.m. In a very short time, they will be so familiar you will not even notice them. If they suddenly were to disappear, you would feel unsafe. It has become convenient to perform spot searches on blighted neighborhoods, to capture video of prowlers, marauders, gangs, neighborhood thieves. If you do nothing wrong, you have nothing to worry about.

—Bob Redmond

Mega-cause

When heavy metal band Megadeth rocks the crowds this summer, bandleader Dave Mustaine will be preaching about homelessness too.

Fifty cents of the price of every ticket at Megadeth's Washington, D.C. show will go to the National Coalition for the Homeless, an advocacy group that will distribute information at each venue on the cross-country tour. Megadeth's also produced a made-for-TV public service announcement playing its new song, "Breadline."

Lead guitarist and singer Dave Mustaine spent more than a year living in a van in the Bay Area in 1983 and 1984, after leaving his former band, Metallica. "I went from having a very lucrative

business, selling drugs, to following my dream as a musician," he told *Real Change* on the phone from a recording studio. "It was a trying time."

What he needed most of all, back then, was "someone to believe in me. The housing, the food, the money — all that would have come, once someone saw past the exterior."

Mustaine says everyone — from homeless people to recovering addicts to the terminally ill — need the same thing. None of them choose a lifestyle — they meet with a calamity. To argue otherwise "is like saying to someone with cancer: 'Oh, come on, you pussy.'"

Megadeth, Anthrax,



BANG YOUR HEAD FOR HOUSING: METAL STARS DAVE MUSTAINE AND DAVID ELLEFSON.

and Mötley Crüe play July 3rd at the Gorge Amphitheater. Look for four *Real Change* vendors to be there too, hawking the paper among the crowd. ■

— Adam Holdorf

Waste not, want not, get cancer

The U.S. Department of Agriculture wants to kill thousands of Canadian Geese thriving on the emerald lawns of greater Puget Sound. USDA Wildlife Services officials promise to conduct the "lethal removal" with care, euthanizing the animals "in the most humane manner available." Then, so all this gooseflesh doesn't go to waste, the meat will be fed to poor people.

That's the plan, at least. So far, two Seattle-area food banks say they won't accept the meat, citing reports that the gamey red breast meat could be chock full of cancer-causing PCBs and other chemicals.

Giving away gooseflesh is "something the public wanted" two years ago, when the USDA first considered killing the birds, says Wildlife Services staffer Roger Woodruff. "People said that, if we were going to do this, we might as well not let [the meat] go to waste."

True to the public's mandate, the USDA's been looking for takers, but without being solicited, food distributors Northwest Harvest and Food Lifeline have said they wouldn't take the meat.

The USDA has begun testing for PCBs or heavy metals in the meat of geese already killed in the metropolitan area, says Woodruff. The agency won't test each and every goose butchered for meat to see if it has contaminants — instead, it'll take the "sample" as representative of the rest of the supply.

The *Seattle Times* reported in May that the bodies of nearly 10 percent of geese killed in Ohio, in a similar case, contained high amounts of PCBs and other hazardous chemicals.

The USDA says it won't reveal which food banks accept gooseflesh, just as it keeps the names of property owners that have geese taken off their property a secret. According to a court injunction, the identities of groups connected to the "lethal removal" must be kept from animal rights protestors.

Rebecca Brislain, of the Washington Food Coalition, says she believes most of the butchered meat will go to feeding programs for Native American tribes. ■

— Adam Holdorf



The wanderers

SHARE/WHEEL's Tent City, now beginning its third month, has become so institutionalized it turned up recently in a *Seattle Times* humor column, in which author Mitchell Fox heard an odd noise emanating from his bathroom fan and thought it could be "a squirrel in the duct or a relocated Tent City."

On June 25th Tent City moved for the 11th time. Star Bethel Missionary Baptist Church, at 5922 Rainier Avenue South, invited the group back for a one- or two-week stay. Since its stay at St. Mark's Episcopal Cathedral in early June, Tent City has lived for a few days each at Northgate Baptist Church and Capitol Hill's Seattle Advent Christian Church. Habitat for Humanity continues to delay deciding whether to let residents move to a vacant one-acre lot in West Seattle.

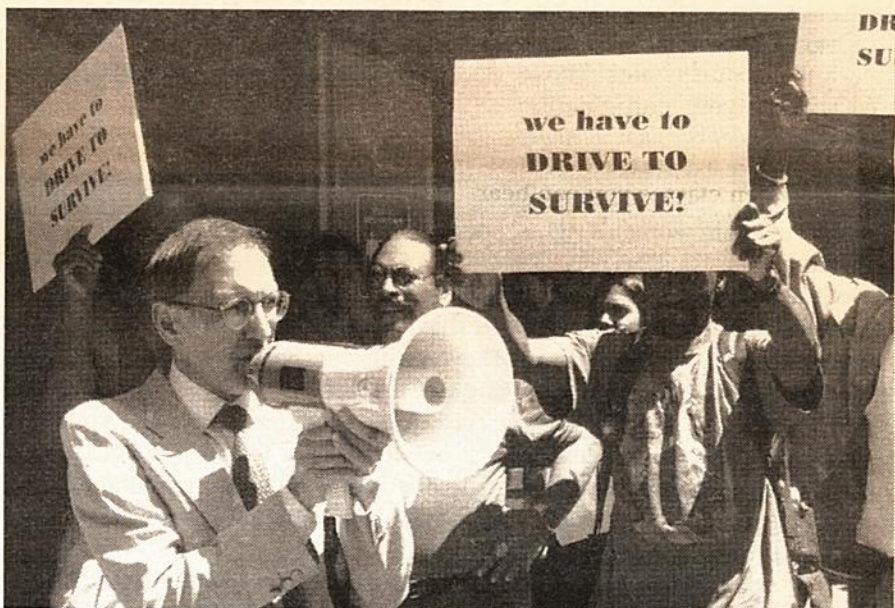
Habitat is asking the city Department of Design, Construction and Land Use to approve construction of a high-density housing project on the lot. Director Linda Murfeldt says if Habitat chooses to host Tent City, neighbors unhappy with the decision could ask DCLU to reject construction plans.

"If we do something wrong here, and alienate the neighbors, they won't let us do the demonstration project," she says. "I don't know how much say DCLU will give the neighborhood, but [the city] wants this project to work."

Murfeldt also says Tent City probably couldn't reside at the lot more than two months, since Habitat plans to begin construction in October. Residents are looking for a place to stay at least six months.

Moving so frequently has forced many residents to miss work. When asked what will happen when the group finally finds its six-month site, Ron, who has stayed at Tent City for the past several weeks, says that "we could make it more of a home. Right now we should put up a sign: 'The Wanderers.'"

Who runs this town?



COUNCILMEMBER NICK LICATA PREACHES AGAINST THE IMPOUND ORDINANCE, WHICH HE HAS PUSHED TO REPEAL. PHOTO BY GEORGE HICKEY.

When the city council shot down a repeal of the city's car impoundment law last week, it was partly due to city attorney Mark Sidran's "announcement" that if he couldn't impound cars driven by people so poor they can't pay their traffic fines, he would resume throwing them in jail.

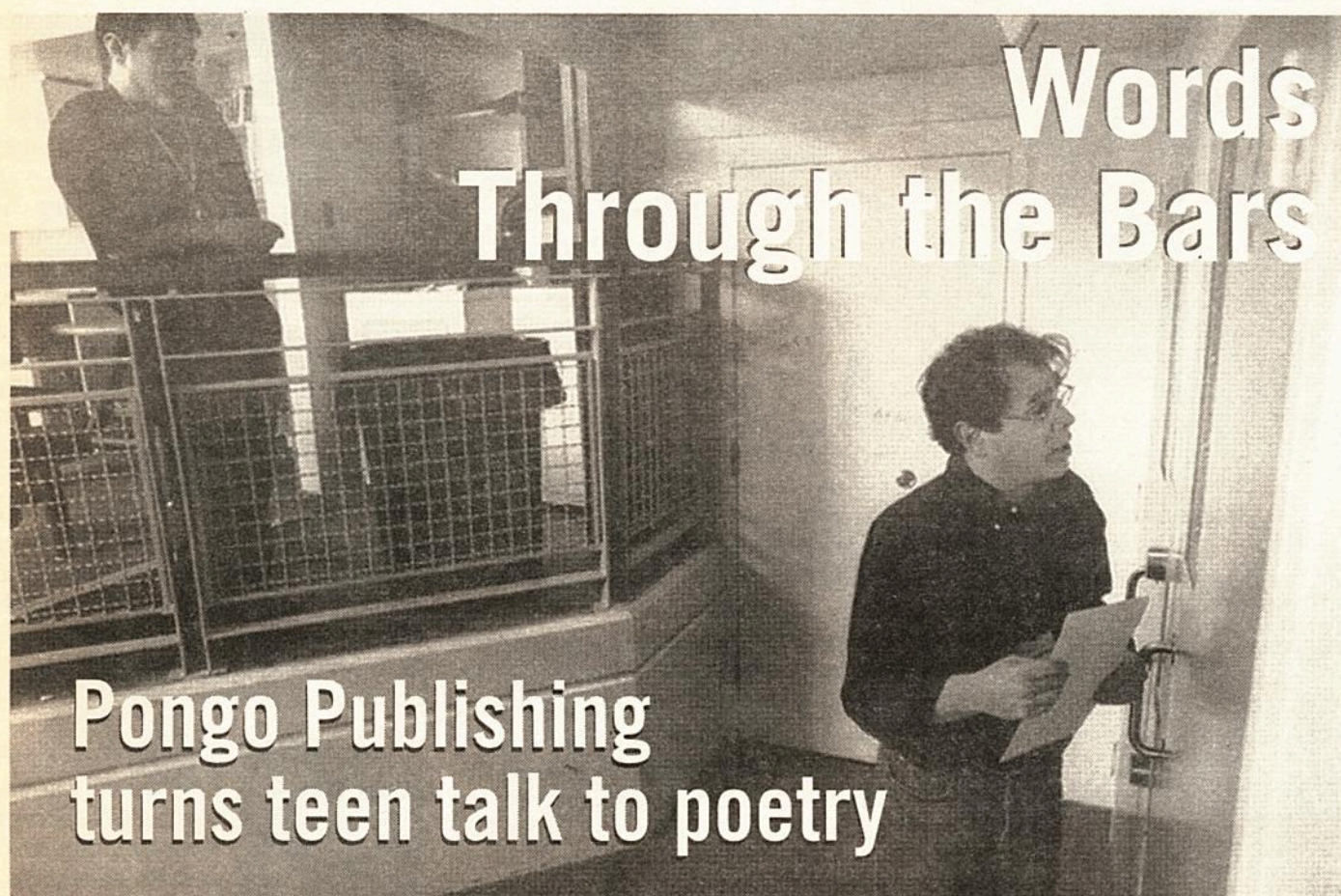
Councilmember Heidi Wills duly jumped into the pro-impoundment camp. Saying she loathed sending suspended drivers to jail more than taking their cars, Wills says she chose between "the lesser of two evils."

Wills didn't acknowledge what was on the minds of proponents of the reform: Sidran had overstepped his bounds and influenced a councilmember's decision. She did point out that Sidran has been asked nicely to comply with the intent of the council's wishes; he certainly doesn't have to.

"The city attorney has the authority, from the state legislature, to pursue prosecution" for driving with a license suspended due to unpaid fines, she says. So reforming the impound law is really Olympia's business: "We really need to ask whether [under state law] drivers' licenses should be suspended for failing to pay tickets."

Councilmembers got one thing right last week: Peter Steinbrueck sponsored a successful bill to ensure emergency shelters and meal programs remain open at six local nonprofits. The \$339,000 sum also includes \$58,000 to operate the 50-bed Municipal Building men's shelter from June to September, extending the city's "Winter Response" program year-round. ■

Do you have a story we should look into? Call Adam Holdorf at 441-8143, and just maybe we will.



Words Through the Bars

Pongo Publishing turns teen talk to poetry

RICHARD GOLD RETURNS A POEM TO A YOUNG INMATE AT THE KING COUNTY JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER. PHOTO BY ERIK CASTRO.

By Angel Djambazov

At a glance, one might mistake this place for any high school. There are banners in the hallway of the teens' artwork. There are books and computers inside neat little classrooms. Between classes you can hear voices bantering back and forth.

This is where the similarity ends.

At the King County Juvenile Detention Center, the teens don't go home after class. Teens are in for crimes like theft, assault, drugs, and prostitution. They pass single file in the halls, heading from their cells to class, wearing boxy blue scrubs with the name of the jail emblazoned upon the back.

Among volunteers at the detention center are two men, Richard Gold and Jim Molnar, who want to provide kids with more than book learning. They want these young people to hear their own voices.

"Children feel responsible for the pain that they experience," says Richard, founder of Pongo Publishing. "I think when teens write about their lives, they realize they have been through a terribly unfair trauma."

When Richard first started working with homeless and troubled teens in the Seattle area, he did not envision releasing their work. Now, he's published two books of writing by teens at the King County Juvenile Detention Center.

"I want people to read these books to understand teens better — to make people aware of the circumstances of their lives," he says. "They are human beings and have been through terrible trauma."

On the streets there are stereotypes kids mimic, whether the kids are in gangs or with friends. In the Center, there are expectations of a self-consciousness and remorse for past actions. For Pongo Publishing,

what is important is to help teens develop their own sense of self by listening to them.

"Expression is one of the great human needs," says Jim. Jim joined the project this year and is taking over the detention center for Richard. "Without a means of expression, there is nothing but frustration and pain. It'll eventually be expressed in a negative way."

Discussion

It is fifth period and this particular group of girls is talkative. Instead of asking for volunteers for the poetry program, Richard and Jim allow an impromptu discussion to take place. The teens seem to have a need to grab the spotlight.

Jen is confident, speaking loudly and fidgeting with her hands. She is pregnant with her second child. She talks about being there for her children.

"I get home and my mom's just been beaten up by her pimp," says Jen. "If I was in that situation I would have to get away. Not for my sake but for my kids'."

Perhaps the most surprising is how aware they are of their situation. Although most are quick to say they don't belong here, no one thinks of themselves as victims.

"There is hell at 12," says Tisha. "How I look at all of that situation now is that you don't have to be around it. You might be scared but you need to tell somebody."

Tisha sits in the center of the group and is very outspoken. She is a repeat offender. She talks about how there needs to be a change within herself before she can change her lifestyle.

If there is a veteran of the system among the group, it's Star, who is returning on prostitution charges. Her first trip to the detention center was at age twelve for assault. This time around she is also pregnant.

"I think everybody's full of it," says Star. "You can't just suddenly change their whole lifestyle. Being addicted to some drug isn't the only high. There is a high just being out there."

Tisha fears that, once back on the street, she'd be back doing the same things: "It's sad, you know, how much I love money."

There are murmurs of agreement at these statements. One girl points out that if she has a child to feed, she'll feed it anyway she can.

The talk then shifts to how difficult it is to overcome societal prejudices around them. They feel stigmatized with a permanent label.

"Ain't no job going to take me," says Tisha, "not with a felony on my record."

Jen feels there should be more jobs for youth. She points out that there is no community center near her neighborhood, and says there should be easier access to youth programs.

They all seem to realize any real change has to come from inside.

"Kids have to believe in what they do or what they feel," says Tisha. "There's no future for kids if they don't have faith in themselves."

The Writing Process

Watching Richard and Jim work with the kids is a unique experience. They are working with two new boys. The process they use is an interview technique that gets the teens talking about their lives. During the session Richard and Jim use the answers they

receive to structure a poem.

Richard is working with Al, a soft-spoken young white man with blond hair that hangs over his face. He seems nervous. Quickly they bang out the first poem. Al talks mostly with bravado about the things he has seen and done. The second poem is more personal: he talks about the walls he puts up to get him through the day.

The other kid, Allen, is thin and somber. He avoids eye contact and is constantly looking down. At first he doesn't want to answer questions. His replies are stilted and he seems frustrated. The story he tells is sobering, and his voice lacks the bravado of Al's first poem. Under Jim's prompting, he tentatively begins to open up.

"Sometimes you have to let the silence go on as long as possible," says Jim, afterwards. "Like with Allen: if you wait long enough, they will begin talking. There was a look of surprise on his face at what he was saying."

Jim feels there is a danger in romanticizing this work. He says people imagine one session with a kid will somehow turn them around.

"We are not trying to change their lives," says Richard. "We are not trying to mold them in a particular way. We are simply here to bear witness."

After the session Richard and Jim type up copies of the poems, then they visit the teens. Knocking on Al and Allen's cell, they slide the poems underneath the door.

The detention center suddenly seems strangely quiet. Several faces peer out the window slot in the various cell doors, straining to see what's going on.

"There is this deep, deep sense of longing among these teens," said Jim. "For life, for security, for meaning, for kindness, to somehow emerge into something else." ■

"There is this deep, deep sense of longing among these teens ... to somehow emerge into something else."

Jim Molnar, Pongo Publishing

For poetry by Al, Allen, Rosie, and Star, please

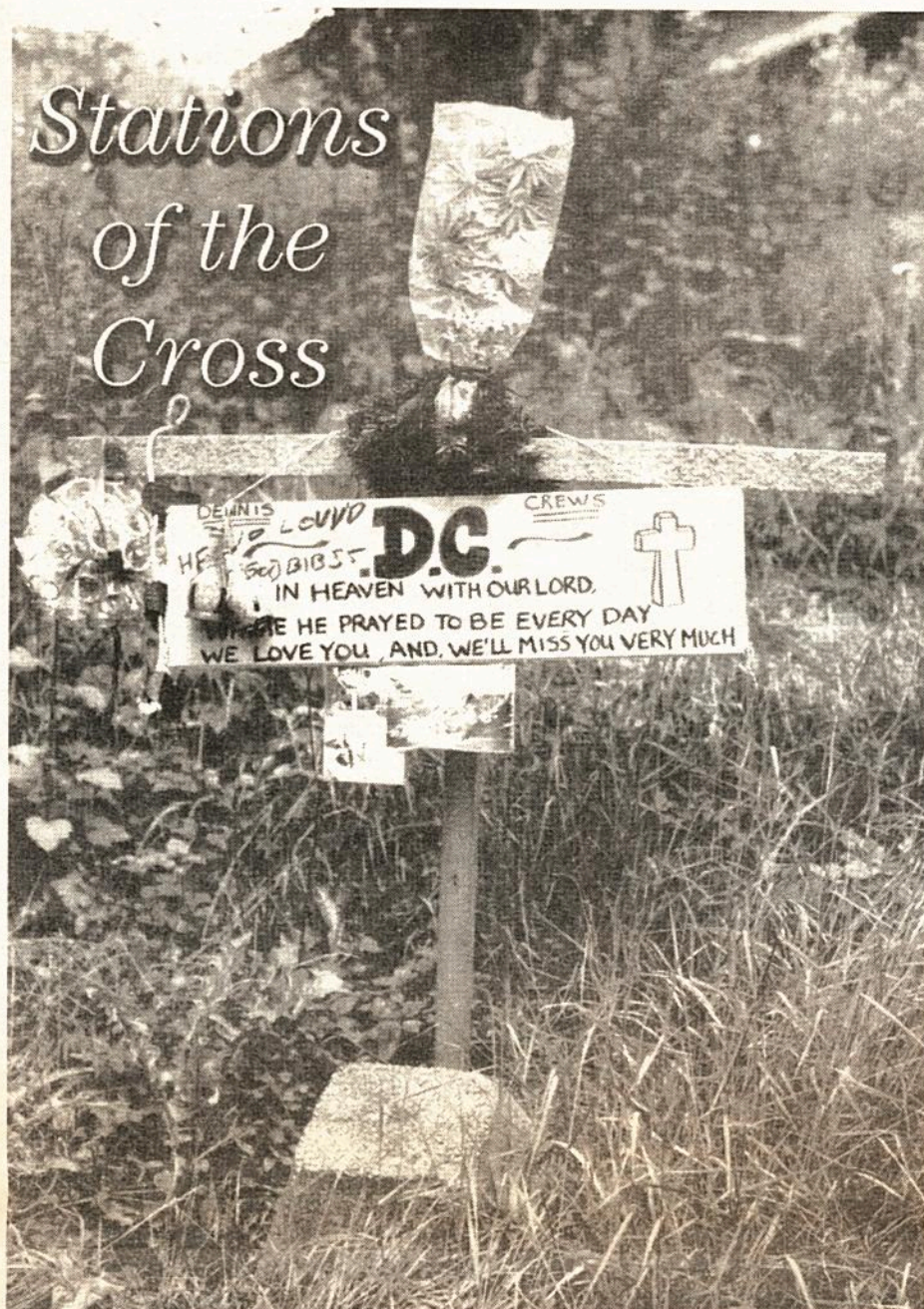
turn to pages 8 and 9. The latest book from the juvenile detention center will be available in August 2000 and will be sold at the Pongo Publishing booths at Bumbershoot Book Fair over Labor Day weekend and at Northwest Bookfest in October. For more information write to Pongo Publishing at PMB 155, 2701 California Ave. SW, Seattle, WA 98116.

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ABOVE, STATION 12: NEARLY A YEAR AFTER THE MURDER OF DAVID BALLENGER UNDER THE I-5 OVERPASS NEAR GREEN LAKE, A ROADSIDE MEMORIAL MARKS ANOTHER DEATH. BELOW, STATION 6: PIONEER SQUARE'S OCCIDENTAL PARK IS ONE OF THE CITY'S MAIN GATHERING PLACES FOR HOMELESS PEOPLE.

PHOTOS BY DAN CAPLAN



by Michele Marchand and Anitra Freeman

*"When I took up the cross,
I recognized its meaning....
The cross is something that you bear,
and ultimately that you die on."*

— Martin Luther King, Jr.,
Frogmore, South Carolina, May 22, 1967

At a recent Editorial Committee meeting, editor Stan Burriss spoke of gentrification happening "neighborhood by neighborhood, block by block, bum by bum." Seattle's gentrification obscures but does not relieve pockets of poverty and misery — under viaducts, in alleys and doorways, everywhere.

Only because it is our personal faith tradition, we began to meditate on the parallels between the plight of poor, homeless and forgotten people and the traditional Christian Stations of the Cross — the last road of suffering for Jesus Christ. Throughout Christian history, these Stations have been used to symbolize the human trail of tears, the path we all follow to death, the mysteries of suffering and dying.

We looked around at Seattle's spiritual geography, and selected some of the places that, together, tell a more modern story of oppression and neglect.



Station 1: Jesus is condemned to death. The Municipal Building

How many people in power wash their hands of the consequences of their own inaction? Seattle has 2,500 shelter beds for 5,500 homeless people. City officials talk about "long-term solutions," but refuse to discuss where people will go tonight for immediate shelter and safety.



Station 2: Jesus carries the cross. The Wall at the Public Safety Building

The Wall is a memorial to our war dead, and a gathering place for the casualties of the modern economic war. It is the only location the City sanctions for free outdoor meal programs.



Station 3: Jesus falls the first time. Under the I-5 viaduct at James Street

Sleeping "under the bridge" is the introduction to homelessness for many people. This site is home to a few people who crash nightly on a bare mattress, but who have adorned their "shelter" with a beribboned Christmas wreath.



Station 4: Jesus meets his mother. SOS (Street Outreach Services) and the Needle Exchange

Doing what we think is right has consequences for ourselves and for our loved ones. SOS and the Needle Exchange, which are located on "The Blade," one of the toughest blocks in town, offer harm reduction services but are perceived by many in the community as encouraging drug users.



Station 5: Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus carry the cross. Under the I-5 viaduct off Airport Way

In mid-May a homeless woman gave birth here, assisted only by another homeless woman.



Station 6: Veronica wipes the face of Jesus. Occidental Park

Occidental Park is still one of the main gathering places for homeless Native Americans and African Americans. Food Not Bombs serves a free meal here every Sunday at 5 p.m., despite occasional threats from the city and the police.



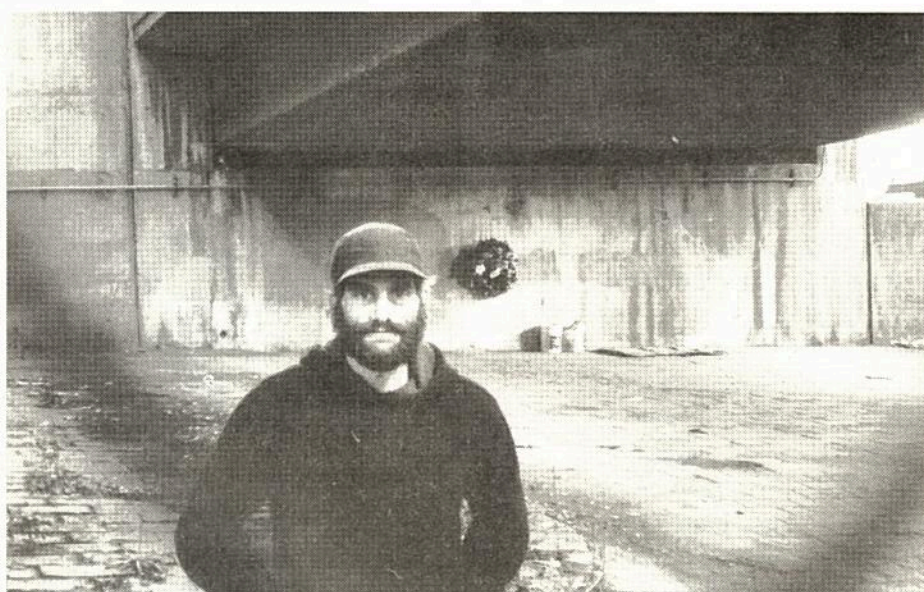
Station 7: Jesus falls the second time. Under the I-5 viaduct at Jackson and 9th

Debbie Cashio, a homeless woman, was killed here. Her body was found May 28th.



Station 8: Jesus stops to comfort the women of Jerusalem. The alley behind Noel House

Homeless women help and comfort each other as they wait for the shelter doors to open.



Station 9: Jesus falls a third time. The alley at 3rd and Virginia

A woman named Vera lost her legs here when she was run over by a recycling truck in 1995. As is true today, most shelters were full.



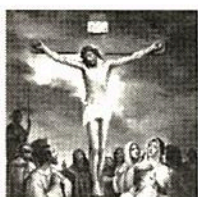
Station 10: Jesus is stripped of his garments. 2nd and Yesler

The public image of homeless people as derelicts continues to sabotage efforts of men, women and children in poverty to improve their lives. The city's Safe Harbors computerized tracking system threatens further to strip homeless people of their precious privacy, dignity, and identity.



Station 11: Jesus is nailed to the cross. Western Avenue at Bell

Men wait all day for work. Many never get hired.



Station 12: Jesus dies. Northeast Ravenna Boulevard under I-5

David Ballenger was stabbed repeatedly by teenagers and died here, where he often camped. Afterward, one of the arrested youth was heard to brag to a friend: "Let's just say there's one less bum on the face of the earth."



Station 13: The body of Jesus taken down from the cross. Kingdome rubble

This was the location of SHARE's first Tent City, set up on Thanksgiving in 1990. This was the birthplace of the Aloha Inn, Noel House, and SHARE's overflow shelter system.



Station 14: The body of Jesus is laid in the tomb. Tent City 3

Like the nomads of the Old Testament, 100 members of Tent City have moved nine times in search of a permanent site. They have stayed together through incredible hardships, and have stood firm in the face of the City and police department's threats. And when will their Resurrection be?

You might ask yourself, so why don't Michele and Anitra just get morbidly depressed thinking about these things all day?

Sometimes we do.

But contemplating death and suffering does not make us want to give up. It instead brings an ever-greater sense of the value of human life; a drive to ACT to reaffirm that value, to rise above the death and suffering. In effect, it renews our faith in a better reality when we find ourselves outraged by shameful things, shameful acts, shameful neglect.

In meditating on these Stations of the Cross, we came to believe that people of faith truly is the key to change — those who use empathy, remembrance, belief, and action to live out the Biblical mandates to welcome the wanderers and love others as we love ourselves. ■



ABOVE, STATION 2: TAKING REFUGE AT THE WALL, COMMEMORATING SEATTLE'S CASUALTIES OF WAR, MEN WAIT FOR A MEAL. TOP LEFT, STATION 3: A MAN MAKES HIS BED BY THE WREATH ADORNING ONE CEMENT WALL UNDER I-5 NEAR JAMES STREET. BELOW, STATION 7: THE BODY OF HOMELESS WOMAN DEBBIE CASHIO WAS FOUND HERE, UNDER I-5 AT JACKSON STREET, IN LATE MAY.

PHOTOS BY DAN CAPLAN



Adventures in Poetry with ©Dr. Wes Browning

A Poem Regarding Humor's Essence, Or, Opus I Lost Count, Can I Get Back to You on That?

*Some say the essence of humor is hostility.
I say it's clown squeezings.
Extra virgin clown, first cold press.*

*Some say comedy is always ultimately cruel.
I say, here, have some grated Bozo.
Or, clown-ka-bob, made from tenderized
marinated clown.*

*Or, crushed clown with chives, clown croutons,
or filet of clown, minced mime,
chipped clown on toast,
mime pâté, or clown à la mode*

*Yes, these are all excellent, I admit,
but I still say the essence of humor is
clown squeezings.*

I think it is high time to give credit where credit is due to some of the many wonderful people who help make this paper the constantly changing reality that it is. I don't know what that has to do with the poem above.

No, wait! Yes I do! I wouldn't feel so generous if the *Real Change* weren't "featuring" me this month. I am feeling heartily squeezed! And look out, I am about to squeeze back! I'm a little garlic, and I've got some juices!

I'm being "featured" because I went to Portland. Imagine that. Think what would have happened if I had went all the way to Walla Walla! Or Boise. Or San Jose! Especially since I don't know where San Jose is. Do you know where San Jose is? Never mind.

As usual I digress. I also exaggerate. I had another reason to think of talking about other people besides me — Stan Burriss, glorious editor person, remarked in his official editorial capacity last Wednesday, at an official meeting, that he didn't have a clue where Tent City 3 is anymore, and hadn't for *four days*.

Let me put this in perspective: we are talking about *Stan Burriss*, former president of SHARE (Seattle Housing And I forget what the R and the E stand for. SHARE. You know. Look them up in the phone book. Homeless organization. Runs self-managed shelters, Tent Cities, stuff like that. We've written about them 300 times).

This is the man who for the last five years, every time there has been a Tent City, of any number, has said to me, "Say, Wes, you know, it wouldn't hurt you to go up to Tent City and look around. You just might learn something. And you could write about it, and educate people."

Every time he has said that, I have said, "What? I'm a teacher now? I'm writing a humor column! Knock, knock, is anyone home?"

So do you all see what an amazing turn of events we have witnessed here? If Tent City has had to move so often that Stan Burriss, of all people, can't keep track of where it is, surely the foundation has moved under our blush and highlight, so to speak, hasn't it? Or anyway, that's how I feel about it.

There is another man who is deeply involved with the *Real Change* whom I'd like to talk about. I am speaking of a man who I have known for many, many minutes, nay, days, Scott "SXN" Nodland, *Real Change* Boardmember, once and probably future Treasurer of the Board, and *Real Change* Landlord.

Scott once told me (this is an exact quote) "I want all the money!" which explains why we at the *Real Change* affectionately refer to Scott as "our *Real Change* Yuppy-Scum Landlord."

Don't misunderstand, we love our landlord. The expression Yuppy-Scum is just our way of acknowledging that Scott makes both Frazier and Niles Crane look like trailer trash. If there's a Yuppy in Seattle who can kick Crane butt, it's our Scott! You want to talk Brie? You better know your French provinces buddy, 'cause our guy is fully armed!

Anyway I've gotten carried away again, and have failed to explain that the reason I should be calling attention to Mr. Nodland is that he has somehow managed to become some kind of housing director or other at the Low Income Housing Institute, a.k.a. LIHI, a.k.a., some other organization we've written about a half zillion or hundred times.

The way I see it, I live in the best of all possible worlds. Tent City keeps finding places to move to, not only faster than the city can follow, but also even faster than Stan can follow. The *Real Change* maintains a presence on LIHI. Meanwhile, space-time retains its shape, as I was sure it would. ■

What Every Guy Tells Me

I am a hooker,
I like the streets.
And I don't know
Why, but I like getting
Beat. But not too much,
Or I might not get picked
Up. Or I'll just put on
A mini-skirt to cover
The bruises on my face
Up. Do I really like all
That? No, I lied, I don't.
But that's how I get
Treated 'cause I am a ho'.
That's what every guy
tells me, that's all I'll
ever be. They say that they
love me, but in the same
sentence, it's get on the
street.

— STAR

THAT'S WHEN I WAS GONE

I was born addicted to crack cocaine
My dad was always in and out of penitentiary
His family was always in and out of penitentiary
When I was 2, my mom and dad caught a case,
Were in jail for almost a year
I was in a foster home
And later with my grandparents

When my mom got out she got me back
She was a user, alcohol and crack
Next thing I remember
I was 11, my dad had got out, and I found some
Needles in my dad's bag
I broke the needles
Cause I grew up watching him do that stuff

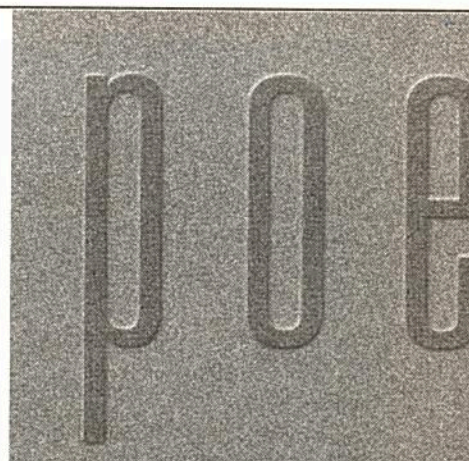
I ran away from home when I was 12
Living on the streets
Because my mom got remarried when I was 6
And he beat on me for six years

I started prostituting when I was 15
I went to a hotel and a guy handed me a pipe
With crack cocaine
That's when I was gone
Smoked it
And I was gone

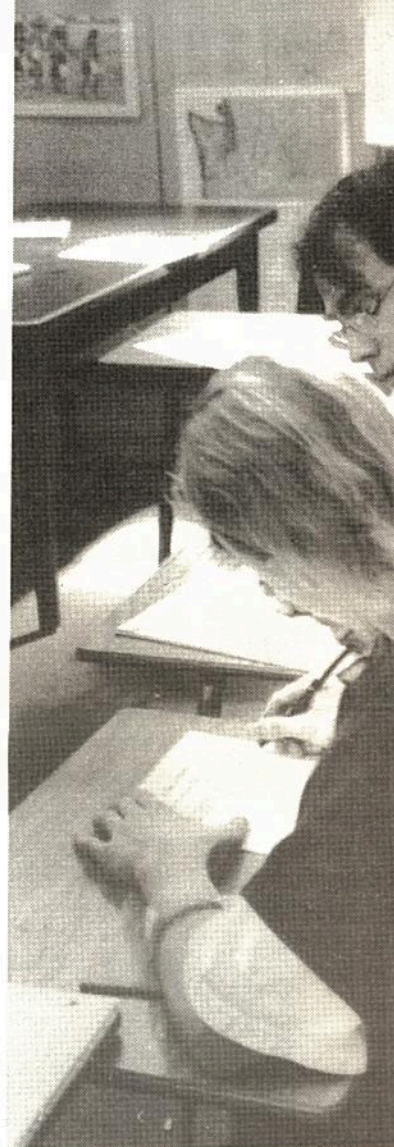
Then when I was 16 I caught a case
And was sent to Echo Glen for a year
Was released to a group home
Ran away, met my boyfriend
Started smoking again, prostituting again
Caught again

Now I'm here
Wanting to get out, get married, have kids
I wish life was that way

— Rosie



Sampling of Pongo Pul youth in the King County



MY LIFE

I make a wall in front
That nobody can break
So nobody can get to
Nobody can make me
I put that wall there
So that it protects me
My fears, my sorrow
Make me forget about
Makes me feel that I
That no one can get

No one understands
What I've seen, what

If the wall was to fall
I'd have a nervous break
And try to build a new

I need to break it down
But make it stronger
To turn my life around

What Every Guy Tells Me

I am a hooker,
I like the streets.
And I don't know
Why, but I like getting
Beat. But not too much,
Or I might not get picked
Up. Or I'll just put on
A mini-skirt to cover
The bruises on my face
Up. Do I really like all
That? No, I lied, I don't.
But that's how I get
Treated 'cause I am a ho'.
That's what every guy
tells me, that's all I'll
ever be. They say that they
love me, but in the same
sentence, it's get on the
street.

— STAR



Sampling of Pongo Publishing poetry written by youth in the King County Juvenile Detention Center



PHOTO BY EIK CASTRO

THAT'S WHEN I WAS GONE

I was born addicted to crack cocaine
My dad was always in and out of penitentiary
His family was always in and out of penitentiary
When I was 2, my mom and dad caught a case,
Were in jail for almost a year
I was in a foster home
And later with my grandparents

When my mom got out she got me back
She was a user, alcohol and crack
Next thing I remember
I was 11, my dad had got out, and I found some
Needles in my dad's bag
I broke the needles
Cause I grew up watching him do that stuff

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Because my mom got remarried when I was 6
And he beat on me for six years

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I went to a hotel and a guy handed me a pipe
With crack cocaine
That's when I was gone
Smoked it
And I was gone

Then when I was 16 I caught a case
And was sent to Echo Glen for a year
Was released to a group home
Ran away, met my boyfriend
Started smoking again, prostituting again
Caught again

Now I'm here
Wanting to get out, get married, have kids
I wish life was that way

— Rosie

MY LIFE

I make a wall in front of me
That nobody can break down
So nobody can get to me
Nobody can make me cry
I put that wall there
So that it protects me against
My fears, my sorrows
Make me forget about my past
Makes me feel that no one could harm me
That no one can get through.

No one understand what I've been through
What I've seen, what I've heard.

If the wall was to fall
I'd have a nervous breakdown
And try to build a new wall

I *need* to break it down, though
But make it stronger
To turn my life around.

— AL

LIFE AFTER DEATH

(Richard Gold's edit)

I've had best friends come and go sir
That's the theme in my life:

We all have to go sometime,
Party hearty while you're young.
Before you die.
It's the only possibility for my life no
I've already fucked up,
Fucked up bad,
It's too late to change.
There's a swastika tattooed on my ba

In third grade, me and some of my fri
Neo-Nazis, we were Neo-Nazis ar
And there was this other gang, bl
That jumped one of us, and

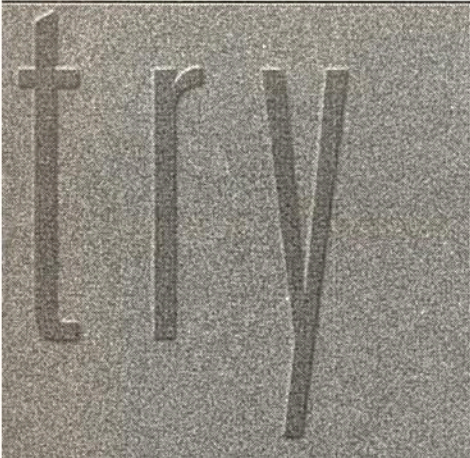
We went looking for revenge.
It started out with throwin' some fist
Then guns were bein' pulled out and
I don't know, man –
I'm bein' pushed and
My friend's in front of me
With his face bein' blown off.

It was my bullet and he took it.
Why did he do that for me?
I was just a little kid and he was grow
Had a good life,
Had a kid of his own,
Had a lot to live for.

I heard him say my name. "Allen," he
Then he was pushin' me out of the wa
Next thing I know he was dead.
I'm only 16 now.
Life's just an instant,
There's no time to change.

People out there,
People out there,
Stay in school,
Don't get locked up.
Don't get fucked up.

— ALLEN



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— AL

LIFE AFTER DEATH

(Richard Gold's edit)

I've had best friends come and go since third grade.
That's the theme in my life:
 We all have to go sometime,
 Party hearty while you're young —
Before you die.
It's the only possibility for my life now.
I've already fucked up,
 Fucked up bad,
 It's too late to change.
There's a swastika tattooed on my back.

In third grade, me and some of my friends,
 Neo-Nazis, we were Neo-Nazis and stuff,
 And there was this other gang, black people,
 That jumped one of us, and
We went looking for revenge.
It started out with throwin' some fists.
Then guns were bein' pulled out and —
 I don't know, man —
I'm bein' pushed and
My friend's in front of me
With his face bein' blown off.

It was my bullet and he took it.
Why did he do that for me?
I was just a little kid and he was grown up,
 Had a good life,
 Had a kid of his own,
 Had a lot to live for.
I heard him say my name. "Allen," he said.
Then he was pushin' me out of the way.
Next thing I know he was dead.
I'm only 16 now.
Life's just an instant,
There's no time to change.

People out there,
People out there,
 Stay in school,
 Don't get locked up.
Don't get fucked up.

— ALLEN

LIFE AFTER DEATH

(original version)

I've seen best friends come and go since third grade.
That's the theme in my life:
 We all have to go sometime.
 Party hearty while you're young —
 Before you die.
It's the only possibility for my life now.
I've already fucked up,
 Fucked up bad.
 It's too late to change.
Life's just an instant
And there's no time to change.
Anyway, if I could go back to before,
I'd live my life the same way.
No point in changing it.
The world is a cold, dark place.

In third grade —
 My mom doesn't know this
 My mom doesn't know much about me.
 I don't tell her much about my real life.
 Why put her through stress? —
In third grade me and some of my friends,
 Neo-Nazis, we were Neo-Nazis and stuff,
 And there was this other gang, some black people,
 That jumped my friend, and
We went looking for revenge.
It started out with throwin' some fists.
Then some guns were bein' pulled out and —
 I don't know, man —
I'm bein' pushed and
My friend's in front of me
With his face bein' blown off.
It was my bullet and he took it.
Why did he do it for me?
My life was more fucked up than his
 I was just a little kid and he was grown up,
 Had a good life,
 Had a kid of his own,
 Had a lot to live for.
I heard him say my name.
 "Allen," he said,
Then he was pushin' me out of the way.
Next thing I know he was dead.

I care about a few people,
 Not many, not many at all, but some,
Some I'd do the same thing for,
 I think.
I don't know, man,
I'm only 16 now.

People out there,
People out there,
 Stay in school.
 Don't get locked up.
 Don't get fucked up.

— ALLEN

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June 20, 15:30: A woman made a complaint against a man who had harassed her by telephone while he was attempting to locate his wife. The suspect was concerned that his wife had left their home without taking any clothes. The victim advised officers that the man has a history of domestic violence and that the wife was currently staying at a shelter. No arrest was made.

June 20, 17:55: Undercover officers made contact with two transient men in Occidental Park for the purpose of purchasing narcotics. The suspects agreed to the transaction and \$20 was exchanged for one piece of rock cocaine. The officers then leave the scene signaling to the arrest team that a narcotic transaction had occurred. The suspects were secured without incident.

June 20, 18:30: Officers responded to a disturbance call at the Seattle Children's Home. A male occupant was directed to go to his room after being disruptive; he subsequently threatened violence against the staff. Staff members attempted to isolate the suspect in order to prevent a physical attack, but the suspect was able to swing a yo-yo at a female staff member that wrapped around her arm, causing bruising and broken skin. The suspect repeatedly punched the female staff member with a closed fist, followed by a bite that broke through her skin, drew blood, and caused a major bruise. The suspect was taken into custody, and the staff member was transported to Swedish Hospital for her injuries.

June 21, 00:36: An officer observed a transient male sleeping on a park bench in the middle of Westlake Park during closed hours. The officer asked the suspect for his name in order to issue a trespass report. The suspect gave a false name and stated he was from Pennsylvania. The officer found the information to be incorrect, and the suspect immediately advised the officer of his untruth. The suspect was taken into custody and booked for false reporting and trespassing in the park after hours. The suspect stated that he was sorry he had given the officer a false name.

June 22, 13:30: Officers responded to a disturbance call resulting from an argument a transient man had with a woman who refused to give him money to use the public pay telephone. The man became upset after the woman insulted him so he began yelling at her in order to defend himself. No arrest was made.

June 23, 08:21: A transient man was taken to jail after an officer observed him attempting to tamper with a newspaper vending machine. The suspect advised the officer that he did not intend to hurt the machine in any way — he was simply looking for leftover change someone might have mistakenly left. The suspect was placed under arrest and booked into the King County Jail. ■

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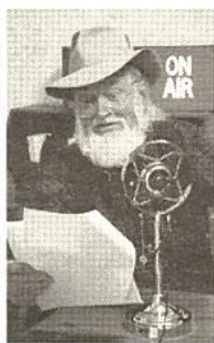
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Oyate Ta Olowan

Songs of the People

Fridays, 6:30 pm

A rare and authentic collection of Native American music.



U. UTAH PHILLIPS

Loafer's Glory:

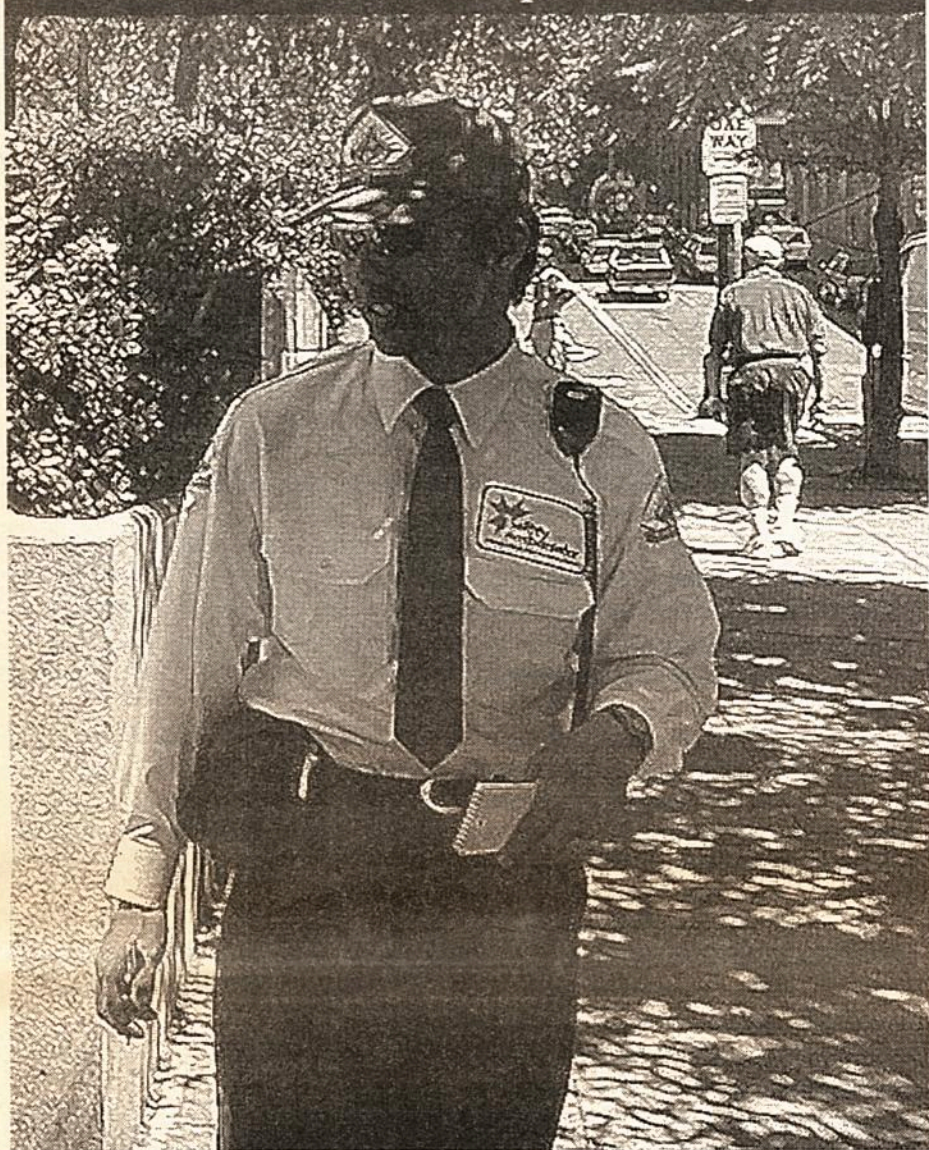
Hobo Jungle of the Mind

Sundays, Midnight

A patchwork of tall tales, labor songs and stories, tramping and railroad lore, and a general and often comic assessment of the passing parade.

Move Along

"We're here to help. Go away."



A SAFETY AMBASSADOR MAKES THE ROUNDS IN DOWNTOWN SEATTLE.
PHOTO BY ADAM HOLDORF.

By Rick Giombetti

It's an early evening in June, and George Johnson, a homeless man, is lying against a gate near the corner of First and Lenora, in Belltown. Two Safety Ambassadors are bent over him. They ask him to leave. After identifying myself as a reporter with *Real Change*, I ask one of the Safety Ambassadors if they are going to call the po-

lice. She is conversing with her supervisor via radio.

"Eventually," she answers.

I ask the Safety Ambassadors for their names. They won't identify themselves. I ask whether calling the police when they see homeless people sitting on the sidewalks is standard procedure. They say if I want to know about standard procedure, I'll have to call the offices of their employer, the Metropoli-

tan Improvement District (MID).

The MID is what is known as a Business Improvement District. Created to hire street cleaners and security guards — people to perform jobs that the city can't or won't do — BIDs are seen by homeless advocates as a way to push the homeless out of town, and by labor groups as threats to unionized government jobs. BIDs are nothing new: San Diego boasts having created the first one in 1970. Today there are more than 1,200 BIDs nationwide.

The city authorized the creation of the MID last August; it's been in operation since September. Its boundaries include all of downtown, from Union Station to Seattle Center, excluding a portion of Belltown.

Welcome to Downtown

If the boundaries of MID are the ratepayers's kingdom, the Safety Ambassadors are its roaming knights. Part security guards, part tour guides, their stated purpose is to promote civility by intervening when they see a homeless individual panhandling too aggressively, for example, or providing assistance to tourists and referral services to homeless people.

MID spokespeople say they've worked to address homeless advocates' concerns about the Safety Ambassadors' work. Safety Ambassadors are trained with help from Downtown Emergency Service Center, which provides free lodging for men and women and clinical services. The Safety Ambassadors, as well as the MID street cleaners called Maintenance Ambassadors, are overseen by the MID's Clean and Safe program manager, Brenda Peters.

"What our program does is hire people," Peters tells me. "It's not designed to push the homeless out of downtown."

Is what I observed on that evening

consistent with the Safety Ambassador's mission?

"It is not standard procedure for our Safety Ambassadors to call the police in a situation where a homeless individual is merely sitting on the sidewalk," responded MID director William Dietrich, who manages the MID through the Downtown Seattle Association. "If we called the SPD every time that happened, on a daily basis, they would quit responding."

Dietrich identified the two Safety Ambassadors who asked George Johnson to leave the area of the First and Lenora building as Brit and Reyna. The Ambassador I spoke with was Brit. Dietrich said she misspoke when she told me that they would eventually call the police if Johnson refused to move along. Johnson was approached by Brit and Reyna while passed out, said Dietrich. After they woke him he responded with expletives, said Dietrich. They then reminded him that he was sitting on a sidewalk in violation of the city's no-sitting ordinance.

Was Johnson being harassed, or was he merely persuaded to leave the area?

"Our Safety Ambassadors have no more authority than the average citizen," said Dietrich. "In addition to making service referrals for the homeless, they do make contact with downtown's homeless population in cases of public drunkenness and sitting."

Sitting on the sidewalk from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. is a violation of city ordinance; Dietrich says the Safety Ambassadors

remind those homeless people who are violating the ordinance to move along. "If a homeless individual refuses to stop sitting on the sidewalk, our Safety Ambassadors will talk to them until they do, and then move

"If a homeless individual refuses to stop sitting on the sidewalk, our Safety Ambassadors will talk to them until they do."

**Bill Dietrich,
Downtown Seattle
Association**

Continued on Page 14

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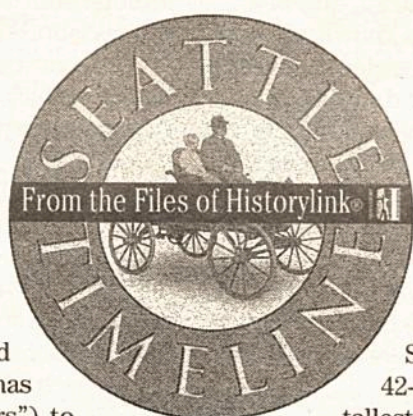
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In 1854, most of Seattle's few hundred residents gathered near a lake called "tenas Chuck" ("little waters") to celebrate the Fourth of July. Speaking to the crowd, Thomas Mercer proposed renaming the larger lake to the east

(known variously as hyas Chuck, Geneva, and D'wamish) Lake Washington. He also proposed renaming tenas Chuck Lake Union because he believed that a canal would ultimately connect it to



THE FIRST SHIP TRAVELS THROUGH THE LAKE-JOINING SHIP CANAL.

Lake Washington and Puget Sound. Villagers approved of the new names, which were formally adopted a few weeks later.

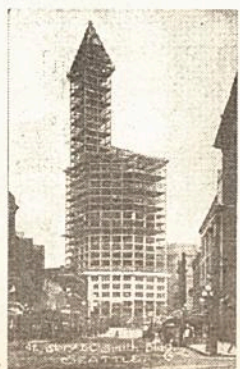
On July 4, 1876, the Grand Lottery of Washington winners were supposed to be drawn. Yesler Sawmill was advertised as Grand Prize. But then, Henry Yesler (1810-1892), the organizer, canceled the drawing and kept about 90 percent of the estimated \$30,000 (\$1,122,000 in 1996 dollars) collected. For this fraud Yesler was assessed a \$25 fine (worth close to \$1,000 dollars today).



HENRY YESLER AS A YOUNG MAN.

On July 14, 1890, Seattle became the first city in Washington to use the "Australian Ballot System" for elections. This requires voters to personally appear at the polls to cast their ballots. The most noticeable change from prior elections was "the absence of ticket-peddlers, stickers, smoothbores, challengers, swearing-in votes, healers, bull-dozing and bribery at the polls."

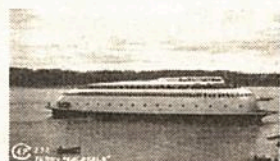
On July 4, 1914, the 522-foot-high Smith Tower was dedicated. The building took three and a half years to construct. The architect was Gaggin and Gaggin of Syracuse, New York



SMITH TOWER UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

and the owner was Lyman Cornelius Smith. At the time, the 42-story building was the tallest building in the world outside of New York City.

The ferry *Kalakala* was launched from the Lake Washington Shipyards, in Kirkland, on July 2, 1935. Between 1935 and 1967, the streamlined ferry plied the waters of Puget Sound, carrying commuting workers between Seattle and the naval shipyard in Bremerton. Auctioned off in 1967, the *Kalakala* spent the next 31 years in Alaska, serving as a fish processing plant. The *Kalakala* returned to Seattle on November 6, 1998.



THE FERRY KALAKALA.

On July 8, 1968, the Seattle School District announced its plan to convert Garfield High School into the city's first "magnet school" to promote integration.

On July 7, 1969, the Dorian House opened. Its purpose was "to provide counseling and employment help to homosexuals in the Seattle area." Located in Seattle in the Capitol Hill neighborhood, the Dorian House was the first of its kind in the United States.

On July 15, 1982, two teenage boys, who lived in nearby Kent, spotted a body in the Green River floating against the Meeker Street Bridge. The body was recovered and the cause of death was determined to be murder by



POLICE TAKE THE BODY OF WENDY LEE COFFIELD FROM THE GREEN RIVER.

strangulation using the victim's own clothes. The body was identified as that of Wendy Lee Coffield (1966-1982). This was the first of 49 bodies found that were suspected victims of a serial killer. ■

To learn more about these and other events and benchmarks in Seattle and King County history, visit www.historylink.org. All photos are courtesy of historylink. Copyright ©2000 History Ink. HistoryLink is a registered trademark of History Ink.

NOTES FROM THE KITCHEN

To Market, to Market

Summer is a season of innocent pleasures. Birdwatchers amble under brilliant sapphire skies, gardeners sip cooling drinks while tending plants, and children leave sticky ice cream trails on their way to the swimming pool. All these people are going to come home and want their dinner.

So, before you cook, you must shop. An agreeable place to buy your groceries is at one of Seattle's five farmer's markets.

When you buy goods from a farmer's market, you're also doing good. You're helping to strengthen small family farms. The money you spend stays in our area, instead of being shipped in great vats to some multinational conglomeration. You can purchase hard-to-grow vegetables, like carrots or golden bell peppers. You get to meet the farmers, ask advice about growing plant starts, and get recipe ideas for using the ingredients you purchase. Best of all, the produce you buy is absolutely fresh and seasonal. It hasn't endured a long boat trip from Chile; it's enjoyed a short ride in the car.

Last week, I went comparison shopping — first at my local store, then at a farmer's market. Here's what \$20 buys at my grocery store: one pound of broccoli crowns, another pound of sugar snap peas, six ears of corn, one bunch of beets, a pound of green beans, two cucumbers, two heads of garlic, one bunch of spinach, one dry pint of strawberries, a head of romaine lettuce, half a pound of mushrooms.

It buys much more at the farmer's market: a pound of late-season asparagus, one bunch of baby bok choy, a pint of strawberries, a big bunch of mint, two pounds of Lambert cherries, three zucchini, a bunch of rainbow chard, a big bag of sweet onions, one bunch of baby golden beets, one pound of Carrie Blue potatoes, a bunch of baby white turnips, two kinds of lettuces, one bunch of fresh garlic, and four baby artichokes. All fresh, all local.

It's ironic that low-income families can no longer use food stamps to take advantage of all these bargains. None of the farmers have the electronic equipment required to access the Quest card, which has replaced the old-fashioned paper coupons most farmers happily accepted.

Market directors say they're still wading through the paperwork required to set up a system that accepts the card.

The following is a list of local farmer's markets. All of them offer a wide variety of seasonal vegetables, fruits, herbs, jams, honey, and flowers, along with grain and dairy products. Added features are listed below:

Columbia City Farmer's Market

4801 Rainier Ave. S., at Edmunds St.
Every Wednesday, 3-7 p.m., until October 18
On bus routes 7, 9, 39 and 48.

Added feature: Cooking demos, live music, kid's tent, crepes, tamales.

Fremont Farmer's Market

N. 34th St. and Fremont Avenue
Sundays 10 a.m.-4 p.m. until October 31
On bus routes 26, 28

Added feature: Medicinal oils, dried herbs, hand-formed soaps. Crafts and a second-hand market are adjacent.

Pike Place Farmer's Market

First Avenue and Pike St.
Primary Farm Season: April 1 - November 30
Organic Farmer Days: Wednesdays and Sundays 10 a.m.-4 p.m. until November 1
Buses: most routes within 3-4 blocks
Added feature: seafood, crafts, 60 restaurants — a little bit of everything.

University District Farmer's Market

NE 50th and University Way NE
Every Saturday, 9 a.m. to 2 p.m., until November 4
Bus routes 7, 9, 48, 71, 72, 73
Parking: One hour free at U-District lots (ask for a token)
On-street parking within easy walking distance
Added feature: chef demos, live music. A Master Gardener is on hand, with composting advice.

West Seattle Farmer's Market

Sundays 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. until October 29
Reachable by buses 22, 51, 54, 55, 128.
Added feature: Tastings, cooking demos, live music. A Master Gardener is on hand, with composting advice. ■

GENIUS: continued from Page 1

helped create for me.”

“Many well-known mathematicians [have] commented to me that they were unable to understand [your] work,” Latiolais wrote.

According to Wes, his field, low-dimensional homotopy, can be found “at the intersection of low-dimensional topology and algebraic topology” (both of which are concerned with form and shape). In particular he studies 2-complexes: “spaces that are made up of sheets sewn together along curves.” These are “algebraic representations” of sheets because, as Wes puts it, real sheets would be “too complicated” to play with. And of course topologists don’t bother with everyday space either. “Homotopy theory sprang out of an effort to understand qualitatively the ‘shapes’ of dynamic systems,” says Wes, and — well, that’s enough to indicate what we’re up against.

In 1979, when he graduated from Cornell University with a Ph.D., Wes apparently had a fruitful academic life ahead of him. He had gone to Zurich to work; had given talks in Frankfurt in the company of renowned mathematician Wolfgang Metzler; he was producing those papers that he later scattered in his wake.

Then the panic attacks started, “probably precipitated by the death of my father,” he says, adding that the first attack occurred while he was in a Zurich movie theater, watching a funeral scene. Returning to the States, he spent nearly five years teaching math, but the panic attacks got worse, and “there was a six-week manic period [of teaching] when I was having visions.”

Not all his visions were miserable. In later ones, he met his muse, whom he named Cindy Holly and whom he credits with very good writing advice.

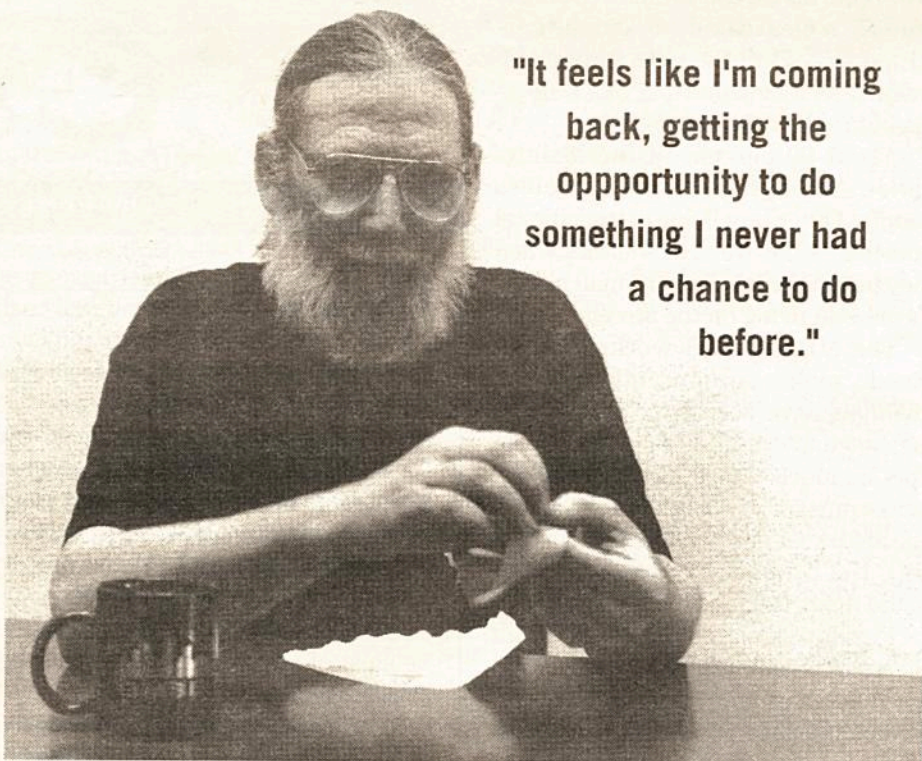
By 1982, he stopped teaching, made what turned out to be his last contact for nearly 20 years with his former academic advisor, and sent out those 50 copies of his papers. Within another year, his marriage ended, and he was out on the streets, driving a cab for the next five years. After wrecking six vehicles during that time, he applied for welfare, and someone in the Vocational Rehabilitation Division decided that a former mathematician who crashed cabs would be less dangerous to himself and everyone else if he became a janitor.

Aloha Wes

During his six janitorial years, he was also in therapy, tying together more of those disparate things — this time, parts of his own self. One day, browsing at a bookstore, he found a key to long-buried, painful memories of abuse — in a Hawaiian language dictionary.

“I found the word ‘hele,’ which means to go. I recognized it, it was such a common word. When I was little I’d talk to myself: ‘I go do this, I go do that.’” After that, Wes says, “Stuff started coming out, [for something] like three weeks. It was like being flooded.”

The memories landed him back in Hawaii, where he had been taken as an



WES BROWNING TRANSFORMS COFFEE FILTERS INTO MATHEMATICAL MODELS. BELOW, HIS THEOREM IN PRINT. PHOTO BY GEORGE HICKEY

“It feels like I’m coming back, getting the opportunity to do something I never had a chance to do before.”

infant and lived until he was four. His father was an Army intelligence officer there. During that time, he was neglected and beaten, and witnessed the violence his father inflicted on his mother, who wound up in the hospital with a miscarriage after one particularly bad beating.

Wes explains that the recovered lan-

guage brought out another personality, Hawaiian-speaking, that he hadn’t been aware of, which had protected him by repressing the memories of abuse and neglect. Fortunately, good memories returned with the bad ones. He recalled two adult brothers, Lono and Lani, who befriended him, taught him his first language (Hawaiian), and showed him better possibilities than his parents, abuse

victims themselves, could offer. Once the memories, good and bad, were brought to the surface — Hawaiian books and recordings helped, as did his therapy sessions — his two sides were integrated into a sturdier whole in 1991.

During the repressed years, math had been a defense against his parents, who tended to leave him alone when

Theorem 2.6 (Browning’s Theorem [Br79₃], [GuLa91]) *Let G be a finite group satisfying Eichler’s condition. Given two (G, d) -complexes K and L with $\chi(K) = \chi(L)$, there exists a homotopy equivalence $g : K \rightarrow L$ which induces $\alpha : \pi(K) \cong \pi(L)$ if and only if $B_\alpha(K, L) = 0$.*

he was studying. But with this breakthrough, he stopped even his solitary math: it was too unhappily associated with escapism. Of course, it didn’t help that until six months ago, he had thought no one had any use for the work he’d begun decades ago.

If you ask Wes how he got to the Portland conference, he’ll turn to the computer and click several times until he gets

to the summary of a paper on 2-complexes planned by Metzler, whose group Wes joined in Zurich, and Latiolais. Reading the citation, you get to the words “Browning obstruction group” — and you probably do what Wes did the first time he saw it: you gasp “Huh?!!”

He contacted his Cornell advisor, Marshall Cohen, who wrote back to confirm that, yes indeed, Wes’s work had been continuing in his absence. (He also indicated that people had been wondering what became of him.) Wes then e-mailed Latiolais, and wound up being invited to the conference. There, he listened to a half-dozen papers, ate, and gossiped. “We spent about half the time talking about math,” he says, “things they’re working on, things they’re stuck on, to get me up-to-date, see if I’d have any ideas — I’m reading some of their papers-in-progress.” He’s now considering participating in projects with Latiolais and his colleagues, Cohen’s group, and a French group. There’s also talk of his attending a conference in Italy next summer.

But Wes remains cautious: he’s determined to continue writing and art projects. And he still depends on disability payments for his main income source (beefed up with the occasional \$25 Homeless Speakers Bureau fee!) and continues to control his anxiety with medication, and only imperfectly at that. The panic can still strike when he gets tired or stressed, though as he now knows, “You just ride it out. Better not to run out of the room screaming.” At this point he can’t imagine lecturing full-time.

All together, what’s happening “feels pretty good,” he says. “It feels like I’m coming back, getting the opportunity to do something I never had a chance to do before.” ■

To enjoy Wes’s stuff, visual and verbal, go to www.speakeasy.org/~Wes or to badartshow.tripod.org. For more details on Wes’s Hawaiian saga, search for the story “Art in Balance” on www.realchangenews.org.



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		Burien			White Center	
Sun., August 13	Mon., August 14	Tues., August 15	Weds., August 16	Thurs., August 17	Fri., August 18	Sat., August 19
		Carnation		Georgetown		
Sun., August 20	Mon., August 21	Tues., August 22	Weds., August 23	Thurs., August 24	Fri., August 25	Sat., August 26
		Kenmore			Renton	
Sun., August 27	Mon., August 28	Tues., August 29	Weds., August 30	Thurs., August 31	Fri., Sept. 1	Sat., Sept. 2

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- RENTON: 2825 Sunset Blvd. NE
- BURIEN: 13445 1st Ave. S.

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MOVE: Continued from Page 11

along. We never call the police unless the individual is drunk or becomes belligerent towards the Ambassadors."

In the face of critics who argue that such work is in line with city attorney Mark Sidran's civility agenda, which includes the controversial no-sitting ordinance, Dietrich prefers to emphasize the more charitable side of the MID's programs.

"We provide employment and transitional housing for about 25 homeless individuals through our maintenance program," says Dietrich. "For every case that a Safety Ambassador asks a homeless individual to move along when they are sitting on the sidewalks, there are hundreds of service referrals made. This is not displacing the homeless population."

The broom boom

"This is what we do for eight hours a day," said Rueben Ramirez as he swept a sidewalk at the intersection of 7th and Virginia. A call came in on his radio from another maintenance worker: a van with a broken window had been found on the waterfront. Ramirez instructed his fellow maintenance employee to call the police and file a report.

These street maintenance workers represent the other half of the MID's Clean and Safe Program. They can be seen each weekday, brooms and dust buckets in hand, cleaning the streets of the downtown area.

Ramirez, 41, has lived in Seattle since he moved from Central California in December 1998. He originally moved in with his brother. He estimates he spent two months on the streets of Seattle, in addition to time in and out of shelters and hotels.

Today Ramirez makes \$7.50/hr and overtime pay when he volunteers for it, gets a full week of vacation, plus full medical and dental benefits. Ramirez has been drug-free since January, and

now rents his own apartment in Shoreline. He hopes to find work in the construction field in the near future. He worked as a cement mixer in California before he moved to Seattle.

About 90 percent of the Maintenance Ambassadors are homeless people. Others are living in transitional housing. Most were in shelters when they began the job. Only a small minority are still living on the streets.

The MID's social worker, Dalila Pineda, makes sure recently hired individuals have access to the services they need in order to hold down a job. This includes things like bus passes, food, translation, health and legal aid. She also must find services to help deal with the problems created by poor rental histories and lack of savings.

Pineda originally made contact with clients of organizations like Street Outreach Services and CASA Latina to fill the maintenance positions. Now, most people come in through word-of-mouth, either from Maintenance Ambassadors or on the street.

The job is flexible; workers aren't fired when they don't show up. "Some may be alcoholic or have another drug problem that causes them to miss work. If that is the case we don't drop them from the program," says Pineda. "We

want them to succeed here. I try to find the treatment they might need, so that they can eventually start coming back."

Meanwhile, Ramirez spends his days thinking about what he might like to do after he leaves his job at the MID.

"I would like to be a welder someday," he says. "I haven't looked into any apprenticeships yet, but I will soon."

No set formula determines when somebody is ready to make the transition to a new, potentially higher-paying job, says Pineda.

"I don't think Rueben is ready for a new job yet," said Pineda. "We have found that our employees know when they are ready to make that transition." ■

"What our program does is hire people. It's not designed to push the homeless out of downtown."

Brenda Peters

CLASSICS CORNER



by Perfess'r Harris

We at Classics Corner have seen the moment of our greatness flicker. We have heard the eternal coatman snicker. Our head (grown slightly bald) has grown older and fatter. It is a disturbing matter.

We try not to dwell upon the fleshly expanse at the center of our head. So long as we need two mirrors to see it, we enjoy the illusion of youth. Our friends know better than to bring it up. Photographic evidence is immediately destroyed.

We fear the day that our thinning crown meets our high forehead and turns us into one of those pathetic old men who comb their three remaining hairs over the shiny area above their eyebrows.

Yet, this can also be seen as one more instance in which advanced age allows one to better appreciate the richness of classical literature.

In our youth, for example, we were always puzzled by 2 Kings 2:23-25, which, as most of you will no doubt remember, is a pleasant little story about the Prophet Elisha.

The elder Elisha was on his way from Jericho to Bethel when a number of small boys came out of the city and jeered, "Go up, you baldhead! Go up, you baldhead!" Elisha cursed them in the name of the Lord, and two she-bears came out of the woods and mauled 42 of them.

We used to think this evidence of a cruel, vindictive, and arbitrary God. Now, in our great maturity, we see that the little shits had it coming.

Socrates, with his bald head and pot belly, has rescued our self-respect. He was ugly as a satyr, but through pure force of personality and intellect managed to be the Patrick Stewart of the ancient world. Alcibiades, the heartthrob of Athens, the biggest playboy of the 5th Century B.C., wanted to jump his bones so bad he could barely stand it.

In Plato's *Symposium*, the beautiful, brilliant, desirable Alcibiades details his labors to seduce the old man. He corners him at the gymnasium. He gets him drunk over dinner and crawls under a toga with him afterwards. He openly professes his love. The poor man tries everything.

But Socrates was too good for him. His brilliant, unattainable, bald head had an aphrodisiac quality that was simply irresistible.

As if further evidence of the virtues of baldness were necessary, we also have the testimony of Herodotus, who lived about a generation after the Great Socrates. The far-ranging historian tells of the Argippaei, a people of the north, who lived in the foothills of the Urals in what is once again known as Russia.

These mysterious people lived under trees and evidently thrived upon cherries, which were strained through cloth and then concentrated into cakes.

Herodotus, who leaves the only extant record of this amazing race, says the Argippaei needed no weapons, for they were "accounted sacred" and no one would attack them. They were in fact sought by neighbors for their wisdom in settling disputes.

These tree-sitting, cherry-eating, dispute-resolving holy people were said to be snub nosed and to have large beards. They were also completely bald, from birth, men and women alike.

Kojak was never this cool. One can almost see the Argippaei, sucking on their cherry cakes, saying, "Who loves ya baby?"

"Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?"

I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.

I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each."

Apologies to T.S. Eliot, upon whose poetry we leech. ■

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July Notables

Saturday, 7/1

Tenth Anniversary Walk for Rice, a fun walk to raise money for the Asian Counseling Referral Services Food Bank, King County's 3rd largest food bank that primarily serves Asians and Pacific Islanders, enjoy awards, prizes, food, music, exercise and fun. Endorsers include Gov. Locke and Mayor Schell and a host of others. 8 a.m., at Seward Park, info <http://www.walkforrice.com> or ACRS Coordinator Melody Yoshinaga 206-695-7551.

of the Tenants Union. 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., Independent Media Center, 1415 3rd Avenue (between Pike and Union). For info call 206-722-6848 ext. 103.

Monday, 7/10

Tenant Organizing Meeting sponsored by the Tenants Union, to support the struggle of tenants to save their housing. This and subsequent 2nd Mondays, 6 - 8 p.m., at the Pike Market Senior Center, 1931 1st Ave, enter on the side door on Virginia St, info 206-722-6848 ext. 102.

Saturday, 7/15

Seattle Peace Concert, free, collection of canned food for Northwest Harvest, noon - 6 p.m., at Gas Works Park, info <http://www.seapeace.org>

Attention artists and painters! Donate your **sign-painting** skills to CISPE (Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador) and Jobs with Justice as you make professional-quality banners for local unions and community organizations. This event will raise funds for cross-border labor organizing and women's and labor groups in El Salvador. 8:30 a.m. to 4 p.m., Yesler Community Center, 835 E. Yesler Way. Info 206-325-5494 or seacispes@igc.org.

Ongoing Mondays

Books to Prisoners, a 100% not-for-profit, 100% volunteer, has sent tens of thousands of books to people in prison since 1979, could use your help answering letters & sending books to incarcerated individuals, help wrap packages or choose the books that a prisoner will receive, books also needed, 6 - 10 p.m., at 1004 Turner Way East on 23rd Ave, 2 blocks north of Aloha, Bus lines 43 & 48, info 206-322-2868 or <http://btp.tao.ca/>

Ongoing Wednesdays

Meeting of Resist the List, working to prevent mandatory reporting of HIV positive people, 7:30 p.m., at Cal Anderson House, 400 Broadway, 2 blocks south of Swedish Hospital, info 206-517-2617 or jackman@drizzle.com or <http://www.speakeasy.org/~rtl>

Ongoing Saturdays

Meeting of October 22 Coalition to stop police brutality, repression, and the criminalization of a generation, 1st & 3rd Saturdays, 3 p.m., 1st Saturday at the Speakeasy, 2304 2nd Ave, 3rd Saturday at the Douglass-Truth Library,

23rd & Yesler, info 206-264-5527 or toll-free national line 1-888-NOBRUTALITY or <http://www.unstoppable.com/22>

Ongoing Sundays

Seattle Food Not Bombs collects food and serves free vegetarian meals to the homeless each & every Sunday, noon - 4 p.m., cook, call for summer location, 5:30 p.m. share dinner at Occidental Park, info 206-985-2247 or fnb@scn.org or <http://www.scn.org/activism/foodnotbombs>

Ongoing Daily

Signature gathering campaign for I-725, petitions now available for an initiative creating **Universal Health Care** in Washington state, donations and signature gatherers needed, info Health Care 2000: 206-903-9723 or 1-877-903-9723 <http://www.healthcare2k.org> or info@healthcare2k.org

Call the City Council at 206-684-8888 and tell them to fund **Services for Homeless People**, not lights on bridges, not studies, or tracking systems. When shelters don't turn people away there will be enough of them!

Studio X, a community facility broadcasting to the world on topics such as politics, homeless issues, local news, youth issues, experimental audio, global issues, police brutality from downtown Seattle between 4 p.m. - 2 a.m. (west coast time) on the Internet at <http://www.microradio.net>, connecting you to 'unmediated' voices from Seattle's social movements, including October 22 Coalition, Women's International League for Peace & Freedom, Voices in the Wilderness, The Hemp Coalition, Street Writes/Real Change, Red Bannanna, People's Assembly, and more; please attend our monthly time slot giveaways held monthly on second Sundays at 1 p.m. in the Speakeasy Cafe, backroom, 2304 - 2nd Ave 4 p.m. - 2 a.m., info and to find out how to get your own show 206-736-1400. ■

Special thanks to Jean Buskin for permission to use her fine calendar. For complete listings, with meeting times for local advocacy and peace groups, see <http://www.scn.org/activism/PJ-cal.txt>

Pearl Cahall, icon in the Seattle homeless and provider community, died on June 20th after a struggle with congestive heart and lung problems. She was 87 years old. With wry humor and willingness to fight, Pearl had a huge influence on her many friends, and played a role in the continuance of Noel House shelter (see *Real Change*, March 1, 2000). She is sorely missed. A memorial service — to celebrate Pearl's life and share our many stories — will be held at 1 p.m. on Sunday, July 9th (Pearl's birthday) at Noel House, 2301 Second Avenue, Seattle. All are welcome to attend! For more information call 956-0334.



Sunday, 7/2

Seattle Peace Concert with music by The Manatees, Beecraft, Rai, and High Rise, collection of canned food for Northwest Harvest, free, noon - 6 p.m., at Volunteer Park, info <http://www.seapeace.org>

Thursday, 7/6

Meeting of the Michael Randall Ealy Social Justice Foundation, a non-profit organization for the purpose of bringing justice for the death of Michael Randall Ealy, killed while in custody of the Seattle Police Department as well as all others who have died while being detained or in police custody. This and subsequent 1st Thursdays, 6:30 - 8 p.m., at the A.M.E. Zion Church, Social Hall, 1716 23rd at Olive, info 206-320-7069 or opealy@uswest.net.

Radical Women Meeting, all welcome, dinner at 6:30 for \$6.50, meeting at 7:30 p.m. at 5018 Rainier Ave S, info, rides, or childcare 206-722-6057 or 206-722-2453.

Friday, 7/7

First Friday of Seattle, socializing and networking session for African Americans, "All The Joy You Can Stand" by Debrana Jackson Gandy, 6 - 9 p.m. at The Wellington, 4869 Rainier Ave. S, directions 206-722-8571, info 425-644-1011.

Saturday, July 8

A workshop on organizing in your neighborhood for justice for renters, with Scott Winn and Michele Thomas

Wednesday, 7/12

Homestead Community Land Trust open general meeting, we can help prevent further displacement of lower income families from our neighborhoods, strengthen our neighborhoods through increased access to home ownership, help government to make the most of our limited housing subsidy funds, this and subsequent 2nd Wednesdays, 7 - 9 p.m., at 1307 - 13th Ave S, info 206-324-6822.

Thursday, 7/13

Women's Leadership Circle, an intergenerational, cross-cultural meeting working on women's oppression and racism, this and every other week afterwards, 7 - 8:30 p.m., at (suggest calling to confirm location) American

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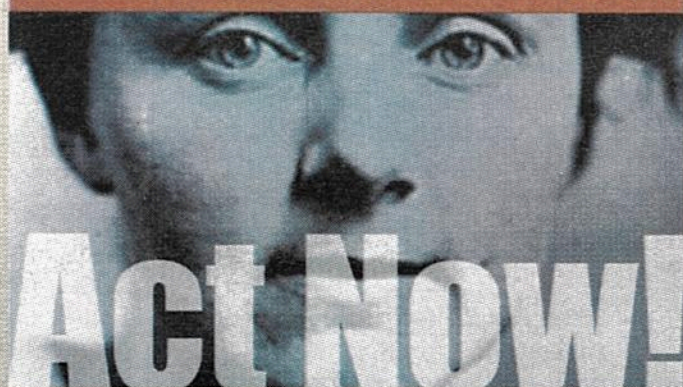
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citizens participation project



No Long Wait for Basic Health Coverage

Issue: New enrollees in Washington's Basic Health Plan (BHP) for low-income citizens would have to wait nine months for coverage of a pre-existing medical condition under a proposed rule that governor Gary Locke is considering this week.

Background:

As it stands, if you get sick or have an accident without the benefit of health insurance, and you enroll in BHP, you'll wait three months to get coverage for medical treatment. Next year, Gov. Locke may extend that wait to nine months.

The governor is in the process of choosing new insurers to contract with the state to administer the BHP. BHP administrator Gary Christensen says these insurers will be more likely to renew their contracts if the waiting period to cover pre-existing medical conditions is extended to nine months. The Health Care Authority has received bids from insurers with both projected costs to administer the BHP with both a three-month and a nine-month waiting period. Of course, insurers project a cost-savings if they're allowed to extend the waiting period to nine months.

Last session, the state legislature did just that for the private market, letting the insurance industry off the hook for new who are already sick. The legislature did not mandate that the waiting period be extended for the subsidized, low-income enrollees of the BHP. Locke doesn't have to, but he'd like to do it anyway: he's letting the private insurance market dictate access to health care for low-income Washingtonians.

While Christensen argues that the savings accrued could help the BHP insure more people, he admits that Locke has not committed to increasing the number of enrollees, which is currently capped at 133,000.

All families need fast access to health care. Without BHP coverage, people who need health treatment could be forced to enroll in welfare to get Medicaid — a more attractive plan, since it has no waiting period and pays up to three months of back bills. The new policy would dissuade people who need care the most from seeking insurance.

Action Needed:

Locke and health officials are set to agree on this new rule within the next two weeks. They need to hear that new customers of the Basic Health Plan shouldn't wait nine months for insured medical care. The private insurance industry shouldn't dictate public health policy. Call the governor's office at (360)902-4111, or email him at governor.locke@governor.wa.gov. Call Basic Health Plan administrator Gary Christensen at (800)826-2444 or email him at gchr107@hca.wa.gov. ■

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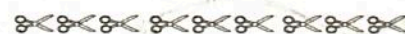


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