

SEPT 15, 2000

SEATTLE PUBLIC LIBRARY

SEP 18 2000

MNGP

Change

Puget Sound's Newspaper of the Poor and Homeless • Volume 7, No. 18

\$1

Sept. 15, 2000
Please buy from
badged vendors only

Virtual Girl

Writer Amy Thomson on science, fiction, and poverty

Books Issue:

**Doris Lessing's Horrid Son • Al Gore, Tool •
Get Rich, Stupid! • Breathtaking Poetry**

**Also Inside: Safe Harbor's Fantastic Future •
Exposed in Auburn • One Writer's Progress**



PHOTO BY GEORGE HICKEY. COVER DESIGNED BY TIM HARRIS.

Interview by Anitra Freeman

While I was researching an article on homeless people in science fiction, a woman down at Elliott Bay Books told me about Amy Thomson. Thomson's first novel, *Virtual Girl*, features a homeless woman robot. It won the John W. Campbell Award in 1994 for the best new sci-fi writer. To research the book, Thomson did volunteer work at Angeline's Day Center in 1989. This was intriguing, so we scheduled Amy Thomson as our featured interview for this book issue.

Real Change: Tell me about your first book, *Virtual Girl*. How did a robot end up homeless, and how did you end up telling her story?

Thomson: Way back in 1984, I was in the Wallingford Taco Time, and there was this very peculiar fellow taking electrical parts from a sack and sorting them into jar lids. He looked like he lived under a bridge; he was dressed in about three layers of long johns, felted together and miscellaneous other clothing. I was intrigued. I asked myself what he was doing. "He must be building a robot bag lady." So I asked myself "Why?" and I thought, "Because he's lonely." "So if he can build a robot, why is he living on the street?" I kept asking myself questions and the idea kept growing. That started the snowball rolling down hill on a very long, strange journey that eventually became *Virtual Girl*.

RC: How did you start volunteering at Angeline's?

Thomson: I workshoped a very early version of the book at Clarion, a national science-fiction writer's workshop held annually at Seattle Central Community College. It got ripped up. That was good, really. I learned a valuable lesson, that I am not my fiction; I can write a bad story and that doesn't mean I am a bad person. One of the things I was told, by J. T. Stewart [a local poet and one of the editors of Blue Heron Press, publishers of the Left Bank Books series], was that I needed to learn more about real homeless people. So I eventually volunteered at Angeline's.

RC: What did you do at Angeline's?

Thomson: I read poetry. The first time any of the women said something to me was after I read Robert Frost's "Acquainted with the Night." One of the women came up and said, "Wow. That was great."

RC: What did you learn at Angeline's?

Thomson: A lot. I learned how many homeless people are invisible because they're clean and well-groomed. A homeless woman could look like your grandmother. I saw the ravages and loneliness of mental illness. I saw how much the homeless women looked out after

each other. I saw incredible acts of generosity between people who had nothing. I learned how many different ways there are into being homeless and how hard it can be to get out of poverty once you've lost everything.

One woman came into the shelter with her hair slicked down with dirt, lice visible in her hair. She sat all alone, all day; she'd flinch away if anyone tried to approach her or talk to her. But after I left I stayed in touch, I got reports of her progress. She finally started talking, got help, got medication, cleaned up, got a job, got an apartment. It does happen. People do make it.

RC: One of the things that I was impressed with in *Virtual Girl* was the homeless mother that Maggie and Arnold meet in their travels. She is such a strong, warm, and caring mother — far different than the common stereotype of mothers who are homeless.

Thomson: I do try to create female characters that are the kind of woman I strive to be. And as a feminist, I strongly believe that our culture fails to provide much real support for parenting. One of the things I learned at Angeline's was that homeless women can be good mothers, too. Raising the next generation of human beings should be the most important work humans do. Instead, people who provide child care barely make minimum wage, when they do get paid, and full-time mothers and fathers are belittled for not having a "real" job. Given the lack of respect we have for the work of caring for our children, is it any wonder that so many of them grow up broken?

RC: What do you see as the trend(s) in homelessness in today's society?

For Virtual Girl, I spent a lot of time talking to homeless women, so that I had a sense of what the world looked like from their point of view. I knew through fiction, I could reach people who might not otherwise think about homelessness.

Amy Thomson
Sci-Fi Writer

Continued on Page 12

Change

Puget Sound's Voice of the
Poor and Homeless

Real Change is published the first and fifteenth of each month and is sold by the poor and homeless of Seattle. Annual subscriptions are available for \$35. All material is copyrighted to the authors. Submissions are encouraged and should be mailed to "Real Change," 2129 2nd Ave., Seattle, WA 98121. Tel. (206) 441-3247.

On the Web at
<http://www.realchangenews.org>
Email rchange@speakeasy.org
ISSN 1085-729X

Real Change vendors receive 70¢ of the \$1.00 paid for this paper.

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.



Wanting More

Dear Real Change,

I am a fifth grade teacher in North Carolina. This week we are participating in a program to raise awareness of homelessness. My students have enjoyed reading the poems in your files written by Faith Ann Trust. Her poetry has left them wanting to know more.

They want to know if she sold enough papers to keep her apartment, and how she is doing now. We would appreciate any background or current information that you could email us.

Your publication is a wonderful resource. Thank you so very much for the work that you do.

Sonya Vannoy, via email
West Jefferson Elementary School

Dear Sonya,

Thank you for asking. I haven't seen Faith for about a year, but last time I saw her, she had moved to a better low-income housing apartment, was enrolled in a GED program, and was working to gain an education.

When Faith first got into an apartment, she, like many women who have been homeless for some time, at first missed having the company of others. She found it very isolating to come

home, close the door of her apartment and be alone. Eventually she found friends, improved her situation, and stabilized in housing.

One of the things that cheered her was the response she received to her writing. Several people read her poems and were touched by the simplicity of her wishes. They dropped off a few boxes of things to make her new apartment more of a home.

If I see Faith again, I'll be sure to tell her you asked how she was.

Best,
Timothy Harris
Director, Real Change

Correctional Correspondent

Dear Real Change,

I am writing you from the Idaho Correctional Institute of Orofino.

I have recently been given a copy of your newspaper, which I found interesting as I have been homeless since my divorce in '85. I should say I developed a homeless-by-choice attitude, and fully intend on returning to my lifestyle of riding the rails nonstop — which I did for the seven years prior to my arrest for aggravated assault.

If you are interested, I would be happy to correspond with you in regards to the realities of tramping, from my viewpoint. I have been steadily on

the road for about 100,000 miles and through nearly every major city in the lower 48 states and Canada.

Thank you, Brian Peterson
A.K.A., Virgil Fox Cyrus
(Tramp)

Shelter Shuffle

Dear Real Change,

Imagine that you are a single mother of two for the moment. Then that you are homeless and taking job-training at Farestart. Now, add the fact that your shelter has put the boot to you because your time there expired. That's exactly what happened to Monica McClaski: forced out of the shelter at the same exact time she was in the process of improving her life.

Now when is the proper time to move someone along and out the door? Do you move someone out when they are at the point of just getting off the street? Is it right to put the boot to anyone when they are ready to move forward?

What has happened to the sense of morality in this city, that when a person is ready to help themselves, we quit helping? This is the most critical point of time, when the person needs more help than ever. What kind of services won't help when help is most needed? Just a question for all the readers out there to ponder.

Sincerely, Sean Smith

Staff, Board & Advisers

Executive Director

Timothy Harris

Associate Director, RCHEP

Bob Kubiniec

Managing Editor

Adam Holdorf

Production Manager

Molly Rhodes

Vendor/Volunteer Manager

Megan Farley

MacWorkshop Coordinator

Matt Crichton, VISTA Volunteer

Interns

Kristen Alexander, Shannon McCarville

Board of Directors

Wes Browning (VP), Susan Forshey, Carole Frisell (Sec.), Luis Garcia, Jon Gould (Pres.), Al Poole, Marie McCaffrey, Scott Nodland, Robert Siegel, JoJo Tran, Bruce Wirth

Editorial Committee

Wes Browning, Stan Burris, Ruth Fox, Anitra Freeman, Michele Marchand

Contributing Writers

Peter Bloch Garcia, David Bloom, Delilah Jean Williams, George Winn, Ruth Fox, Liz Smith, Chris Gordon Owen, Kristine Wong, Shauna Curphey, Angel Djambazov, K. Peterson, Joe Martin, Margaret King, Michele Marchand, T. Britton, Mark Gardner, Rita Peterson, Rahul Gupta, John Shaw, Anitra Freeman, Kristen Blum, Eric Detzer, Brian Goedde, Matt Lynch, Jim Pennington, Shauna Curphey, Janice Price, Bob Redmond, Melissa Wall, Scott Winn, Brenna Wolf, Koon Woon, Susan Friedrich, Michael Hood

Photographers

Daniel Caplan, George Hickey, Sabine Koschorreck, Christina Larson, Josh Root, Lisa Waldo, Chris La Roche

Volunteers This Issue

Carole Frisell, Brianna Morgan, Jenny Jacyszyn, Brian Quinn, Jenny Van West, Bruce Wirth, Chris Gordon Owen. Special thanks to Tim, Ryan and Brian Quinn for their work on the website.

Advisory Board

Nancy Amidei, U District-University Partnership for Youth
Bob Barnes, King County Rainbow Coalition
David Bloom, Community Activist
Juan Bocanegra, Downtown Human Services Council
Jean Colman, Welfare Rights Organizing Coalition
Walt Crowley, HistoryLink.org
Ishbel Dickens, John Fox, Seattle Displacement Coal.
Curt Firestone, Community Activist
Matthew Fox, Community Activist
Neil Fox, National Lawyer's Guild
Larry Gossett, County Councilmember, Dist. 10
Bill Hallerman, Archdiocesan Housing Authority
Bill Hobson, Downtown Emergency Service Center
Erin Katz, Homelessness Project
Mike Lowry, The Fairness Project
Paola Maranan, The Children's Alliance
Joe Martin, Pike Market Medical Clinic
Camille Monzon, Seattle Indian Center
Lonnie Nelson, Coalition of Labor Union Women
Trisha Ready, The Zine Project
Siobhan Ring, Tenants Union
Mary Robinson-Smith, Denny Regrade Planning Org.
Aiko Schaefer, WA Welfare Reform Coalition
Silja Talvi, Freelance Journalist
Jim Theofelis
Tamara Turner, Radical Women
Velma Veloria, State Representative, 11th District
Harriet Walden, Mothers for Police Accountability

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.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY / STATE / ZIP _____

PHONE _____

☐ Patron · \$100 or more

☐ Member · \$35

☐ Friend · \$50 or more

☐ Supporter · Any amount

☐ Call me about volunteering my time and energy.

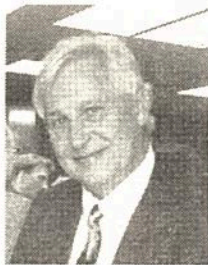
If you donate \$35 or more, please indicate whether you want a subscription mailed to you. ☐ Yes ☐ No

Mail to: Real Change, 2129 2nd Ave, Seattle, WA 98121

Dear Mister Mayor

A wish list for the next two years

By Adam Holdorf



Let the horse-trading begin.

On Monday, September 25, Mayor Paul Schell releases his biennial budget to the Seattle city council. For two months, councilmembers have a chance to mount their own counter-proposals and hash out a compromise by Thanksgiving.

When the city council begins reworking Schell's proposal, a few allies will lead the way on human needs. Councilmember Peter Steinbrueck has promised to plump for transitional and emergency shelter and services for homeless people. His \$15 million goal, which would come from the city's property tax increase, undoubtedly has little chance of gaining majority approval. According to staff, his colleagues might support an allocation of half that.

If anyone needed another reason to believe the money is necessary, here's one: the \$40 million Gates Foundation grant for transitional housing in the Puget Sound area will inflate the private sector's contribution to meeting the housing crisis. In order to get money, grant applicants will need matching funds. But so far, the money's not out there.

Advocates and city officials have expressed doubt that enough city, state or federal funding can be found to use the Gates grant effectively. Even if a new city Housing Levy were passed and the entire \$65 million state Housing Trust Fund pot went to supplemented Gates grant recipients, it wouldn't be enough.

Unless it's spent wisely, all the money in the world is no good to anyone. In light of that, watch out for City Hall's policy priorities. On two key issues, there's been some positive signs lately.

On September 13th, Steinbrueck and fellow councilmember Richard Conlin voted down a proposal from the Office of Housing to subsidize rents for people who can already afford to pay market rate. The city office wanted to change the 2001-2002 Consolidated Plan, the document that sets spending priorities, to make more funds available to nonprofits serving moderate-income tenants.

The city's own calculations show that even in this renter's hell, a moderate-income household (a three-person family making around \$50,000 a year) can well afford the standard two-bedroom, unsubsidized apartment. The change would have helped about 20 percent

of the tenants who find themselves paying more than one-third of their income for rent; but it would have drained scarce money away from poorer people. Kudos to Conlin and Steinbrueck for shooting it down.

A significant part of any new millions for shelter and services will probably go to Safe Harbors, the new computerized system for social services. If it presses a cookie-cutter intake and outreach process on clients and breaks confidentiality, the system will undermine the dignity of people in need.

Earlier this month, the Safe Harbors consultants' latest report, entitled "What We Heard," acknowledged major objections from participants in the planning process. But it remains to be seen exactly how Safe Harbors will surface in city council. Will increased funding for services come at a price?

Schell has a fair amount of budget requests on his table already. In July, nine member organizations of the Seattle Human Services Coalition brought forward their proposals. Annual budget proposals include:

- \$250,000 for community health clinics to see thousands of people who can't afford to pay for fillings, drillings, and other routine dental care.
- \$15,000 to keep food banks in operation after the city underfunded a food transportation program this year.
- \$90,000 for hot meals in underserved neighborhoods in West, north and southeast Seattle.
- Creation of a capital fund for child care facilities, to meet the needs of 4,600 kids in need of care as their parents go to work.
- Money to sustain community arts, recreation, youth, and employment programs at Seattle Housing Authority's Holly Park, where federal money runs out next year.

● A new \$150,000 grant for small refugee/immigrant aid agencies that help their clients in culturally appropriate ways.

Exactly what, among all of this, is within Schell's budget is anybody's guess. When the budget grappling begins, you can be sure we'll be watching closely. ■

Mark your calendars!

The city council will hold two public hearings on the proposed budget: 5:30 p.m. Wednesday Oct. 11th and Monday November 6th. Each meeting is preceded by an hour-long opportunity to phone in or email your budget wishes. You can call (206)684-8821 or email budget@ci.seattle.wa.us.

Inside:

Opinion

Dear Mister Mayor
by Adam Holdorf 3

Regular Features

This Just In
by Bob Redmond 3

News You Can Use
by Rahul Gupta, Adam Holdorf, Molly Rhodes 4

The Marginal Lifestyle
by Sticky AI 10

Tenant Talk
by Mark Chattin 15

Notes from the Kitchen: An Apple a Day...
by Liz Smith 16

Street Watch 17

Seattle Timeline
from the files of HistoryLink 18

Classics Corner
by Timothy Harris 18

Calendar
compiled by Kristen Alexander 19

News

Lone Ranger: Auburn's only help
by Delilah Jean Williams 5

Features

Book reviews and essays
by Anitra Freeman, Timothy Harris, Adam Holdorf, Doug Hobkirk, Molly Rhodes 6-7

Allegory, Metaphor, Memoir
by Michele Marchand 8

Homeless Handmaid's Tale
by Anitra Freeman and Michele Marchand 9

People

Amy Thomson, Virtual Girl
by Anitra Freeman 1

Poetry

Insights and surprises from Stan Burriss, Anitra Freeman, Rick Giombetti, Carol Leno, Reneene Robertson, Earle Thompson 10-11

Activism

Citizen Participation Project 20



If you thought the Russians were out of the superpower race, think again. A source in the Pentagon has confirmed that the Russians are finishing development of the Electromagnaton, a device that, once detonated, can delete memory.

Memory, that is, in people's brains.

Besides wiping the hard drive of the collective consciousness, the Electromagnaton will also destroy computer systems, bank records, and the stock exchange. What's more, the device itself is programmable — it can erase all memory for a specified period, to a specified degree.

With no direct physical violence, the Electromagnaton will create a country of mentally neutered workers, with all the riches of America laid open to new colonialism.

Independent scientific research suggests the Electromagnaton will arrive via radio wave or fiber-optic broadcast, or by satellite, or even old-fashioned ballistic missile. In any case, neither the scientists nor the Pentagon will deny that the device — unless they can stop it — will hit on New Year's eve, 2001. So fasten your cyber belts, and grab a #2 pencil. ■

— Bob Redmond

Go figure

As the city Department of Design, Construction and Land Use fines El Centro de la Raza for hosting the SHARE/WHEEL homeless camp now called Tent Village 3, the Human Services Department is preparing its annual emergency shelter operation.

The city's "Winter Response" entails opening several publicly owned halls in the downtown area on October 1. Each provides a bare-bones escape from the weather: a spot on the floor, mats, and a bathroom. It will cost the city about \$93,000 to house 50 men a night in the Municipal Building for the next six months.

Meanwhile, if fines for Tent Village cannot be successfully waived, the city will eventually collect about \$9,000 from its host, El Centro, for the camp's six-month stay.

Let's see: the city collects \$9,000 from one shelter and pays out ten times that amount for another shelter. The first one houses 100 people. The second houses 50. Who's doing the math here? ■

— Adam Holdorf

Proof positive

You could feel the love in the conference room of the Jefferson Community Center on Tuesday, September 12th, as the North Beacon Hill Community Council met to discuss El Centro's hosting of Tent Village.

Juan Miranda, a resident with grandchildren enrolled in El Centro's day care center, told the room of 100 neighbors, Tent Village residents, and city officials, "One of the kids at Tent Village plays with my grandsons. I asked [my grandsons], 'Are you o.k. with playing with those kids?' And they said yes."

Roberto Maestas effectively de-fused any accusations that the camp causes crime, prostitution or drug dealing: "anti-social behavior didn't come to Beacon Hill when Tent City arrived," he said. "It has hurt me to see Tent City residents evicted for doing what they're doing, but as the residents' code of conduct states, they will willingly leave the premises if they can't behave."

Another woman thanked Tent Village cleaning patrols for picking up cast-off junk-food containers on her street, where litter's been dumped for years. The patrols have "made a difference," she said before an applauding audience.

"I'm really proud of Beacon Hill. I've seen a lot of open hearts. We are showing that we don't have to be afraid of one another; we are one community," said Frederico Merrell, who also cited the 1998 Jungle encampment on the west edge of the neighborhood. "A lot of other neighborhoods wouldn't do this. There are people out there scared to death of what they do not know."

Vince Matulionis of the United Way commended Tent City residents "for the amazing work they've done."

Earlier that week, Tent Village residents made good on their plan to apply for a land-use permit, submitting a check for \$2,533 to city staff. The review process should take at least a month, probably longer, says DCLU. ■

— Adam Holdorf

Conjugal bliss

Staff of the Seattle Housing Authority and members of the Coalition to Save the Morrison have not only met face-to-face, but they actually came to agreement on something: the city needs to pay \$200,000 for security and case management at the Pioneer Square building before money runs out in March. This fall, the two groups will ask the city council to add the item to the biennial budget.

That's where the consensus ends. John Fox of the Seattle Displacement Coalition, a member of COSM, says no city money should be granted without SHA's promise to turn over the building's management to another agency. SHA will wait for a new task force to recommend a long-range plan for the Morrison's management. "If they recommend another manager, and the board agrees, we'll do it," says SHA's Virginia Felton.

SHA has added two more full-time staff positions to the front-desk security, but Felton says the manager has had a tough time filling the job openings.

"Part of that is the job market," says Felton, "and part of that is just the job." ■

— Adam Holdorf

Cut off from care

For two years, the state Department of Social and Health Services wrongly cut off the medical benefits of 80,000 people leaving welfare. Since this spring, the state's been trying to locate and reinstate them before the September 30 deadline. But tens of thousands of people are still missing.

Some advocates estimate the number of people wrongly dropped to be as



high as 100,000. About 50,000 have been reinstated.

The process of reinstatement began early this year with mailings to the old addresses of every former client, according to DSHS's David Hanig.

"This happened pretty much across the country," in the wake of the 1996 welfare reform law, he says. "Provisions in the law said medical benefits can be de-linked from cash benefits, and our automatic eligibility system was modified."

"It's really difficult to make a firm estimate" of the number of people cut off from coverage wrongly, says Cecilia Erin Walsh of the Children's Alliance. She estimates that as many as 100,000 were cut off. The Children's Alliance has been troubleshooting the reinstatement process with outreach workers around the state. Walsh says DSHS has released no figures on the number of people reinstated since it stepped up outreach efforts in May.

If you were cut off from Medicaid between August 1997 and August 1999, call DSHS at 1-888-844-2892 to see if you're eligible for reinstatement. ■

— Adam Holdorf

Need under the Needle

A Queen Anne church has begun looking into turning a temporary shelter into a permanent resting place.

Yet before Sacred Heart Catholic Church will be able to open the new shelter doors beneath the church, church officials will not only have to overhaul the current shelter space, but also assuage local residents' fears over having homeless living in their neighborhood.

Since March, the church, on the west side of the Seattle Center, has been hosting two SHARE shelters — Bethel Hall and Veterans Hall, after the shelter's original spaces were demolished.

Originally, Sacred Heart had stepped in to offer temporary relief to more than 60 men who found themselves sleeping on the streets. Yet over the months, church officials have warmed to the idea of raising the money and making the needed improvements to turn the makeshift space into a permanent shelter home. The church already has its own transitional housing facility for families and single women, the Sacred Heart Shelter, next door to the church.

However, it remains to be seen whether local businesses will accept the idea of having a shelter become a permanent fixture. Some balked at the temporary shelter, equating it with a halfway house or a home for sexual predators, remembers Seattle Police Crime Prevention Coordinator Terrie Johnston.

"There are a lot of crimes committed *against* the homeless," says Johnston, who spends part of her time trying to debunk the myths about what homeless people are like, "but people don't think about that."

SHARE members are aware of the past opposition and the massive repairs needed in the space before it becomes permanently livable. Yet they also acknowledge the efforts the church has made to reach out to the community.

"We know the space needs to be renovated extensively," says Pastoral Assistant for Administration Nancy Dorchester, "yet we knew we needed another shelter in this area. We have this space, maybe we can make this work." ■

— Molly Rhodes

Rainier Valley, awash in money

In the end, buildings and businesses get moved and the trains come in. But residents of south Seattle are getting a say in how to spend over \$50 million to mitigate the effects of surface rail down the middle of their neighborhood. Early this week, they came out to vote for representatives to steer the Rainier Valley Community Fund.

Sound Transit created the \$50 million fund to compensate for building the light rail system. The neighborhood group Save Our Valley estimates that upwards of 150 businesses, 200 residences and 20 community centers will be adversely affected by the new at-grade, street level transit system.

The Steering Committee elections seat 10 neighborhood representatives and two Sound Transit representatives on a 15-member panel. These fifteen people will ultimately decide how and where the \$50 million will be spent. Possibilities include new development or improvements to existing businesses, streets or public spaces.

Candidates elected on September 11th, will be reviewed by a Sound Transit nominations committee and get a final okay in early October.

The candidate pool included members of community organizations, foundations, business and merchant associations, and at-large residents taking part in the process. The first-round winners are a diverse collection of Vietnamese, Filipino, African-American and white people at all different income levels. ■

— Rahul Gupta

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

Lone Ranger

Auburn's only street ministry provides hope and a lift

By Delilah Jean Williams

You'd think people at Veteran's Memorial Park would be enjoying the delights of nature on a late summer day. But some men and women were gathered only for a hot meal. Afterwards, they would retreat back to the streets, nowhere safe to sleep that night. The park is in Auburn, the south King County city with not a single emergency shelter. And it was Monday; the cooks, Jerry and Jan Larson, wouldn't be back for two days.

The Larsons have fed and counseled homeless people since 1998, when they began their mom-and-pop operation. HIS Ministry is the only source of basic help for the estimated 100-150 people living on the streets in and around the Auburn area. And when they make their dream come true, build a homeless shelter and job-training site for homeless people, they do so pretty much alone.

In addition to hot meals, Jerry and Jan give rides to people who need to get to drug rehab, find medical help, or apply for benefits. In the two-and-a-half years since starting HIS Ministry, the Larsons have helped 32 individuals, including families, leave the streets for a better life.

About 300 meals are prepared by the couple each month and served to the needy at 2 p.m. every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday year-round. Whether they

find a few people or a large crowd, Jerry and Jan come prepared to meet as many needs as possible — rain or shine.

The Larsons left a secure life in construction and insurance to pursue their calling. Now, funding for their cause is a daily battle. But Jerry and Jan have an unwavering belief in their mission. As they put it, once homeless people find faith in God, they find faith in themselves and start to seek out a better life.

Some are stuck in a vicious cycle. "I used to work as a casino security guard," says Frank Hoptowit, one man meeting the Larsons in the park that day. "Then my car broke down over here about eight months ago. I have been trying to get back to Yakima ever since, but I got no money. I do a little work for Labor Ready now and again, but they don't pay much and there isn't always work available."

"If these people had a way to get regular meals, take a shower, brush their teeth, shave, and get clean clothes, they would have a much better chance of getting a job," says Jerry. For many of the men he works with, "employment is the key to getting off the streets."

Jerry says it is true that some people — hard-core alcoholics, with mental and physical problems — might prefer the streets. However, most of the people he has worked with do want something better and a few, with a little help from HIS Ministry, have managed to get back on their feet. One unidentified man last year almost lost his children, until Jerry helped him get clean and sober. The man then found a job and a small apartment. Three months later, when he was able to demonstrate to a judge that he could responsibly care for his children, he was granted full custody.

"If these people had a way to get regular meals, take a shower, and get clean clothes, they would have a much better chance of getting a job. Employment is the key to getting off the streets."

Jerry Larson

HIS Ministry Co-founder

There have been other success stories, but there would be many more if Jerry and Jan and their small organization could find a shelter. Jerry envisions a two-story building with sleeping areas for men on one side and women and children partitioned on another. Caseworkers would provide medical and dental care, meals, job training, job placement help, and transitional housing. Jerry would also set up a system where tokens could be earned to operate the shelter's shower and laundry facilities.

The Larsons are realistic; they know their vision has many obstacles. Even if the land were donated, the cost to build the shelter would still run about \$4 million.

One convenience store manager says she would support a homeless shelter in

her town. She wonders why Kent has one shelter, Renton has two, but Auburn has none.

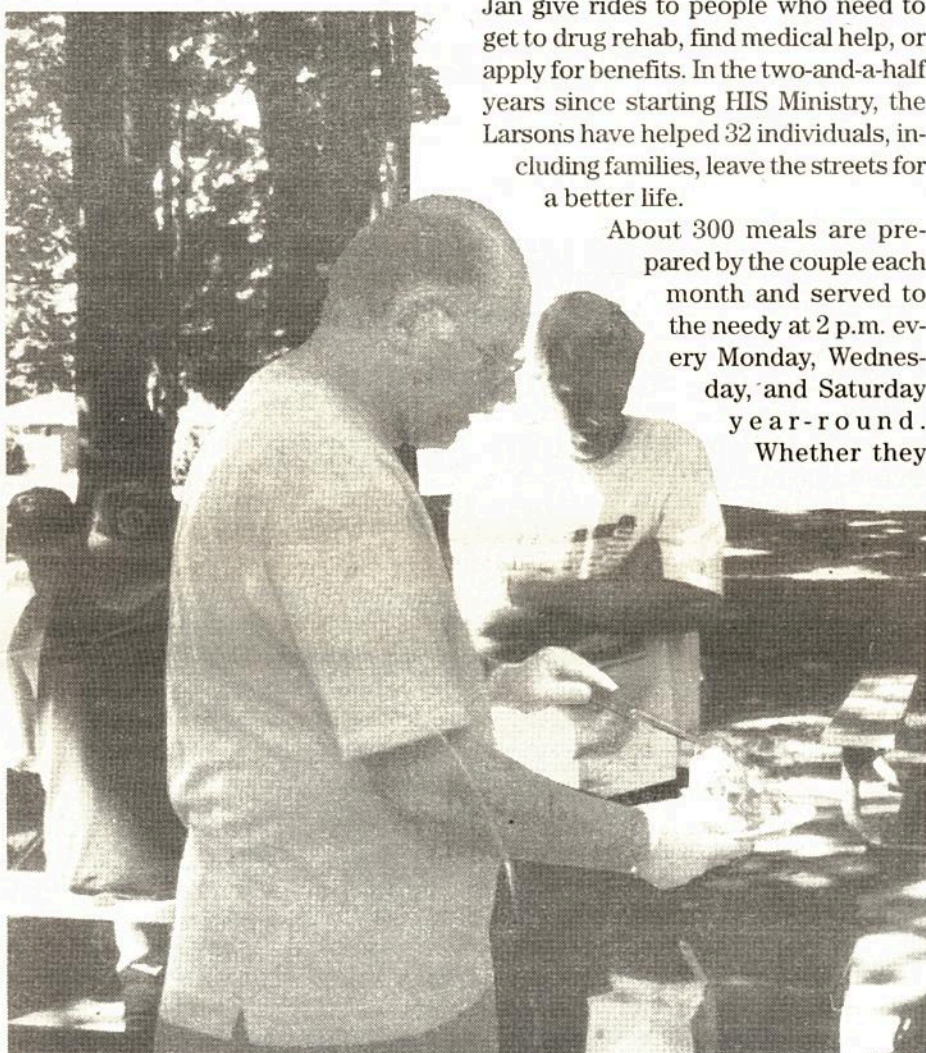
"I would rather see these people have the option of being in a shelter than sleeping under a bridge somewhere," she says.

Jerry has talked to Auburn mayor Chuck Booth about one possible site, an empty J.C. Penney building in the middle of downtown. Booth, citing land-use code, didn't warm to the idea.

"I do not oppose any facility to be used as a homeless shelter," says Booth, "as long as it is in the appropriate zoning region. That would not include the immediate downtown area. Perhaps something midway between Auburn and Kent, which would cover a greater area."

Public opposition more commonly targets people on the street. Local police officials say retail business owners call them complaining about homeless people on their property. Police can then cite them for trespassing.

Jerry and Jan Larson would like to be a part of the solution to homelessness in Auburn and south King County. They have faith that God will eventually provide a way to make their vision a reality. Meanwhile, as part of a lifelong commitment to helping people in need, they will continue their weekly meal service crusade, in good weather and bad. ■



JERRY LARSON OF HIS MINISTRY PROVIDES FOOD AS ONE MEANS OF HELPING HOMELESS PEOPLE IN THE AUBURN AREA OFF THE STREETS. PHOTO BY DELILAH JEAN WILLIAMS.

The CoHo Team
of Windermere Real Estate Agents

www.cohorealty.com

Working Assets is your long distance company.
Ben and Jerry created your ice cream.
You read Real Change.



Who is your real estate agent?

For an agent who will donate 1/3 of his commission to the Seattle Foundation call 234-7009 or visit us online.

Participating agents are licensed Windermere Real Estate NW Inc. agents.

VOLUNTEER TUTORS

Help at-risk youth succeed in school by volunteering with Catholic Community Service's Youth Tutoring Program.

Tutor elementary, middle or high school youth living in low-income public housing.

Help with skill building in reading & math, assist with homework/computer activities, play educational games, and encourage children to succeed. 6 tutoring centers located in NE, central, SE and SW Seattle.

Centers are managed by qualified teaching staff & are equipped with lots of learning resources. Tutor 2 hours a week for 6 months. Initial orientation/training provided. (This is a non-religious program). For more info., call Karen at (206) 328-5659. Visit our website at www.ytpseattle.org



Free College for Adults!

Take classes in literature, art, history, philosophy and earn college credits!

Are you 17-35, able to read English & live on a low income?

Call 206.682.1770 x 3003 to apply for the Clemente Course in the Humanities.

The Bard College Clemente Course in the Humanities is a program of



Washington Commission for the Humanities

Book Reviews

Oedipus Wrecks

Al Gore: A User's Manual

By Alexander Cockburn and Jeffrey St. Clair
Verso, 2000

284 pages, \$23.00

Review by Adam Holdorf

My earliest political opponent was Tipper Gore. In 1985, the senator's wife helped found the Parents Music Resource Center and convened a Senate inquiry into the wicked lyrics of bands like KISS, Ozzy Osborne, Twisted Sister, and others. As a result of a hysterically pitched hearing and a groundswell from the Christian right, they got the music industry to slap "parental advisory" labels on album covers. Tipper's prurience opened up a cultural divide that kept me in the metalheads' camp for years to come. Suddenly, inside most any tarred album cover could be the new soundtrack to my salad days.

Now, having decided that a false liberal would make a less evil president than a true conservative, I'm secretly, sullenly rooting for Tipper and her husband. In this new book, *Al Gore: A User's Manual*, Alexander Cockburn and Jeffrey St. Clair show how much lesser the lesser-evil really is.

Who has voted consistently against abortion rights, supporting the Hyde Amendment to end federal funding for abortions for poor women? Senator Al Gore, in the early '80s. Who first conjured up the specter of Willie Horton in order to scuttle Mike Dukakis' 1988 presidential campaign? Candidate Al Gore, in a primary debate. Who torpedoed Jesse Jackson's presidential race that same year, catering to Jewish New Yorkers' fears of a president soft on Palestine? Gore again. Whose fault is the 1996 welfare reform law? Al Gore's.

The record is all part of Gore's groping after the presidency. He was bred to do it. In the 1968 election his father, Tennessee Sen. Albert Gore, Sr., got whipped for being against the Vietnam War, school prayer, and Strom Thurmond's movement to resegregate the South. Leaving Washington in defeat, he said into the television cameras, "The truth shall rise again." Like a Danish prince, Al went off to exile in Vietnam to bide his time, smoking pot, playing basketball, and plotting revenge. He learned one thing, write the authors: "Al Jr. was never going to get caught exposed as a liberal, or as a dove."

As Prince Albert has striven to avenge his father's ghost, he'll turn every personal setback into a public melo-

drama. When his six-year-old son was hit by a car, Al pledged to be a better husband and father. He went to therapy, pushed tomes of psychobabble on his staff, and experienced a "life-change" that made him "ever more impatient with the status quo, with conventional wisdom, with the lazy assumption that we can always muddle through." The natural conclusion was clear: he had

to write a book. *Earth in the Balance* describes global warming as a coming environmental catastrophe spurred by our "psychic numbness" to Nature's cries for help. Meanwhile, he misses another dinner at home.

Gore's numbness has unleashed catastrophes on the rest of us. Contrary to the counsel of Clinton's entire cabinet, even treasury secretary

Robert Rubin, he single-handedly persuaded the president to sign the Gingrich Congress's repeal of welfare in 1996. It was cynical election-year politicking at its worst: Clinton could tell liberals how much he was needed for four more years, to undo the effects of the bill he'd just signed. And just in case Dole won, Gore could begin his 2000 presidential bid by touting the tough-on-welfare stance against rival Dick Gephardt.

What do we do with a guy like this? Consider George W. Bush. Then cross your fingers. Whoever wins, keep your fingers crossed. We'll need all the luck we can get. ■

Al Gore: A User's Manual
Alexander Cockburn and Jeffrey St. Clair



Why Aren't You Wealthy?

Rich Dad Poor Dad:

What the Rich Teach Their Kids About Money — That the Poor and Middle Class Do Not!

By Robert Kiyosaki, with Sharon L. Lechter
Warner Books, May 2000

197 pages, \$15.95 paperback

Review by Molly Rhodes

The investment guide *Rich Dad Poor Dad* was ranked number four on the New York Times best-seller list for weeks, topped only by the Harry Potter phenomenon. It is currently the 12th-best-selling book on Amazon.com. The author, Robert Kiyosaki, has even been on Oprah.

Sure, critics have pointed out the poor writing style, the simplistic construction, the repetition, the lack of detailed specifics in a book that claims to help people make money. Yet to dismiss the book as literary fluff is to ignore the affinity people have found with Kiyosaki's opinion of those who have money, and those who don't.

The central premise to the book is that people who are poor spend all their money on expenses or liabilities — for example, a house or a car that has to be maintained as it depreciates in value. Rich people are those who invest in assets — real estate or businesses they

own but have someone else pay to maintain.

"Financially, with every dollar we get in our hands, we hold the power to choose our future to be rich, poor or middle class," he writes. "Our spending habits reflect who we are. Poor people simply have poor spending habits."

It's not a new idea — the poor have, throughout history, been accused of being lazy, as if, as Kiyosaki claims, "the real world is simply waiting for you to get rich. Only a person's doubts keep them poor."

However, it is the doubt and fear that Kiyosaki captures in the middle class — who, at least financially speaking, are only a step above the poor to him — that picks up on the already existing divide between the poor and the main body of people who still provide the means to help them.

"Some people say I exploit them. I say people exploit themselves," said Kiyosaki, through the voice of his "Rich Dad," a money mentor he first met in his youth. "It's their fear, not mine.... They get up

and go to work, hoping that the paycheck will kill that fear gnawing at their soul. Money is running their lives, and they refuse to tell the truth about that. Money is in control of their emotions and hence their lives."

The middle class are, in fact, being

"It's self-inflicted fear and ignorance that keeps people trapped. They get up and go to work, hoping that the paycheck will kill that fear gnawing at their soul. Money is in control of their emotions and hence their lives."

Robert Kiyosaki in
Rich Dad Poor Dad

Hard Boiled in the Raw Northwest

The Deader the Better

By G.M. Ford

Avon Books, 2000

343 pp, \$22.00

Review by Doug Hobkirk

So why does anyone read a "mystery?" Especially the hard-boiled sort?

To spend a little time with the characters. See how they're doing. Go where they go. Maybe just see what brand of beer your hero opens next. Leo Waterman is G.M. Ford's Seattle private eye, and he has no brand loyalties in *The Deader the Better*.

The first line is a keeper: "Nowadays he was just a pimp with a limp."

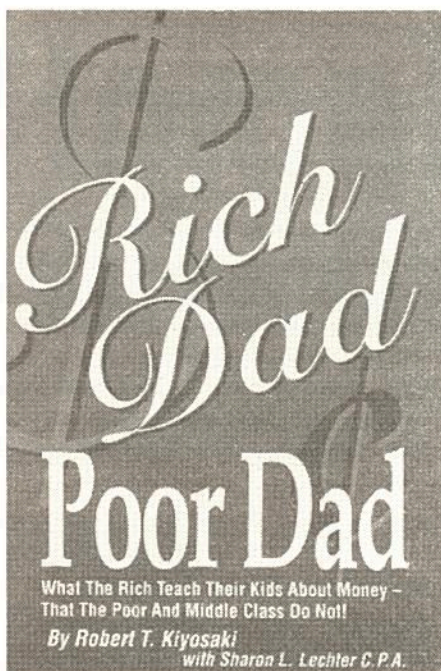
And off you go. With people you know, with people you don't. Somebody's

in a jam, and you can care about them, but you're riding in this hardboiled head, watching through eyes that have seen it all. Your host is not the victim here. Or so you think.

This time you're going to a cabin on the Hoh River and a played-out timber town in the rainforest. Locals. Bar fights. Real estate. Conspiracy. Murder. Righteous revenge. It's like *Mission: Impossible* on the Olympic Peninsula, with Leo's skilled team of unrecovering alcoholics from these streets we know and love.

When the trip is over, the friends you've spent the time with have moved their lives along. That's the point, and *The Deader the Better* does it nicely. You should read it. ■





duped by the system according to Kiyosaki — paying the brunt of taxes that support the poor, buying homes or running businesses they have to maintain that are bleeding them dry.

It's an argument that must ring true to a lot of people, especially in this time of overall economic prosperity, when they hear President Clinton proclaim at the Democratic National Convention that the number of people owning stock has increased by 40 percent under his administration. The only reason someone can't get their piece of the pie is "fear and ignorance," writes Kiyosaki, "not the economy or the government or the rich. It's self-inflicted fear and ignorance that keeps people trapped."

The only way out of this trap is to buy assets, businesses, or real estate rentals that make you money without your involvement or investment of anything beyond the initial money needed to take it off the hands of someone who was desperate to sell. Renters then take all the financial burdens of real estate; businesses are made more efficient by keeping wages low or docking workers all together. Behind the "fun" of "shopping at the bankruptcy attorney's office, or the courthouse steps" are the people who lost their homes and businesses; behind newly streamlined companies are people who have lost their jobs.

"But the price of stock usually goes up," explains Kiyosaki. "And when stock prices go up, people like me, the shareholders, get richer. That is what I mean by a different set of rules. Employees lose; owners and investors win."

These rules don't question the morality or humanity of any given financial choice. The market is treated like a neutral entity, and people can either play the "game," as the business of trading on other people's losses or hard work is often described, or continue to live with the "fear gnawing at their soul."

And as everything becomes bigger and brighter — and it is easy for someone to see his glass as half empty relative to all the other glasses that appear to runneth over with wealth — this fear also becomes bigger and brighter than any simple care of mankind could ever hope to be. ■

Take Your Breath Away

Blues for Unemployed Secret Police

By Doug Anderson
Curbstone Press, 2000
78 pages, \$12.95

Review by Timothy Harris

Bad poetry, like crack in Pioneer Square, is easy to find. It has the sound of a high, annoying whine, like a mosquito tunneling toward your brain. It feels like a wet swimsuit on a cool day. Or perhaps it doesn't feel at all. Maybe it just sits there, complaining, pretending to be something it's not.

Good poetry, on the other hand, makes you forget to breathe.

Doug Anderson's *Blues for Unemployed Secret Police*, which manages to be dark, funny, surprising, and revealing, all without the self-absorption that gives poetry a bad name, passes the stopped-breathing test.

Anderson's feelings about ugly poetry mirror my own. His "ars poetica" describes life both as a poem and as a poet, and contains the lines, *I can no longer abide the self-serious/the voice that says/My pain is important/and probably deeper than yours/so listen up.*

A few lines later, he reveals his own ideal: *Help me, please/to the place where the best of me/culminates in a wave/and becomes a word. Or the worst,/whatever makes the poem.*

This is Anderson's second book of poems. His first, *The Moon Reflected Fire*, was published in 1994 and won the Kate Tufts Discovery Award for poetry. This latest book is published with the support of an award from the Academy of American Poets. Anderson teaches creative writing at a number of universities, including the William Joiner Center at UMass Boston, a

veteran's program that has supported several excellent writers also published by Curbstone — authors like Wayne Karlin, whose outstanding *Prisoners* has just been released in paperback, and *Shopping Cart Soldiers* author John Mulligan.

Blues for Unemployed Secret Police is a diverse work, concerned with Anderson's own good-humored ambivalence about aging, the banality of

Town Meeting

*They were defecating in public, he said,
And someone else said,
copulating, too,
And I thought, how many, a thousand?
All the homeless there are, copulating in public? What a vision.
And then someone said,
not all the homeless
And we breathed easier,
only fifteen or so, and I thought
That's still a lot of them to be doing that in public
And by the time we were done
It was apparent
There had only been one each:
One copulation, one defecation,
And then someone said,
you don't have to be homeless to do that.*

— DOUG ANDERSON, FROM *BLUES FOR UNEMPLOYED SECRET POLICE*

evil and the secrets we'd rather keep, and the necessity of living as best we can, even when our courage runs short. There is nothing tidy or satisfied about Anderson's poetry. He is accustomed to his imperfections, and amusedly mocks his own darkness.

In "New Woman Blues," he describes himself to a potential lover: *When I open my mouth to say I love you/spiders run over my lower lip and down into my beard. / There is a mouse-tail hanging out of the corner of my mouth. / I want our first moments alone to be messy.*

His own experience as a field medical corpsman in Vietnam, always just below the surface of his work, defines a sensibility where the world has been knocked out of place and never found a way back

to wholeness. His nightmares never stopped. They just became familiar.

In "Itinerary," a poem about his post-Vietnam wild years, he wonders at the woman who wants to be with him: *a man who had dreams so bad he would stay awake for days/ until the dreams started to bleed through into real time/ then he had to go back the other way into sleep to escape them.*

Vietnam has made Anderson who he is. In "History Blues," he acknowledges this: *Death knows where I live./ So what? I don't go to bed with nobody/ don't know who Ho Chi Minh was.*

I found myself reading one of his longer, darker poems, "Blues for Unemployed Mercenaries," over and over, much as in earlier years I was fascinated by Caro-lyn Forché's "The Colonel."

Like Forché's well-known prose poem, Anderson's vignette illumines a moment in history where humanity is at its lowest. But in this poem, you are not the horrified outsider; you become the mercenary, a wisecracking Vietnam veteran who's

worked for Pinochet and the South African secret police. He has made his own shell as hard as the world itself. This world, he tells his mother, is a place where *in Pakistan/they take orphans and break/their legs/and the people/ who take their money at the end of the day/go home to fine houses/That's what kind of a world it is, Mama.*

Yet, for all its darkness, Anderson's poetry is also filled with humor and hope. In "Answering Adorno," Anderson rebuts the critical theorist who once uttered that, "To write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric." Anderson replies that yes, the world can be horrible, but that's not all there is. *Adorno, your words are like snow lingering/ where shade and wind hold out against the sun.* ■

Future Imperfect: A catalog of homeless people in science-fiction

By Anitra Freeman

As in mystery novels, homeless people are used in science fiction as a symptom of a system gone wrong. Short stories, especially, can be poignant vignettes of humanity in the midst of chaos. One of the most important uses of fiction is to show us what we have in common. Science fiction, on the other hand, helps us imagine new ways of being — as individuals or in a community.

As I began examining how various science fiction authors treated homeless people, I noticed how closely their attitudes corresponded to real-life, contemporary opinions. Here's a pan-

theon of sci-fi, from a homelessness perspective:

Fathers of Invention

Several early science fiction writers — H.G. Wells, Jack London, and Edward Bellamy — used science fiction for social criticism, with a strong socialist bias. To modern tastes, most of these books are long on diatribe and short on character development.

Heroes and Losers

The Golden Years of sci-fi — the 40's and 50's — primarily featured one narrative: the Rational Man conquers

the universe. The heroes who repaired their own spaceships, cured the plague on suffering planets, and cooked gourmet meals from plankton didn't have a lot of sympathy for people who couldn't overcome their own obstacles. These novels usually ignored homeless people, unless they were portraying either the Evils of Tyranny or the Evils of Drugs.

"We Are All Homeless"

Whole cities, countries, or everyone on the planet may become homeless as the result of natural disaster or war.

Continued on Page 13

Book Reviews

Allegory, Metaphor, Memoir

Ben, In the World
Doris Lessing
HarperCollins, 2000
178 pages, \$23

Lying: A Metaphorical Memoir
Lauren Slater
Random House, 2000
221 pages, \$21.95

Review by Michele Marchand

"It is by the failures and misfits of a civilization that one can best judge its weaknesses," writes British writer and iconoclast Doris Lessing in the epigraph to her first novel, *The Grass Is Singing*. Lessing's oeuvre, which spans half a century, explores the relationships and realities of outcasts, misfits, failure — people who are at home neither in themselves nor the world. Often, Lessing uses characters who have mental health diagnoses or breakdowns to carry forward her metaphors and messages.

In just the past five years, psychologist Lauren Slater has written a small but impressive collection of memoirs, which explore her experience as a therapist and as someone with many and varied mental health diagnoses.

Style aside, similarities in the explorations of these two writers are striking. Each uses allegory, metaphor, memoir, and different, sometimes controversial writing methodologies to parse out their points. Both are suspicious of orthodoxies and authorities. Each argues against reductivism and points out both the complexities of any theory and the flawed nature of human memory. Finally, each sees the treatment of those with mental health issues as society's canary in the mineshaft, the means by which we should measure our collective health, with changing etiologies and elusive truths.

By the Misfits and Failures...

Lessing's new book, *Ben, In the World* is a sequel to her acclaimed, allegorical *The Fifth Child*, and follows the story of Ben, whose basic craven impulses — and society's reaction to them — destroy his family in the first book and himself in the second.

From his birth in *The Fifth Child*, Ben is described as a "throwback," Neanderthal, or hobgoblin. His mother, Harriet, feels the difference from pregnancy, when her unborn child violently pushes in the womb. Ben's violence — killing dogs, cats, hurting his siblings — escalates, and creates fear in this

otherwise happy family. Prior to Ben's birth, Harriet and her husband, against the norms of their time (the '60s) attempted to create a perfect, harmonious, large family. They wonder: is this their payback for wanting perfection?

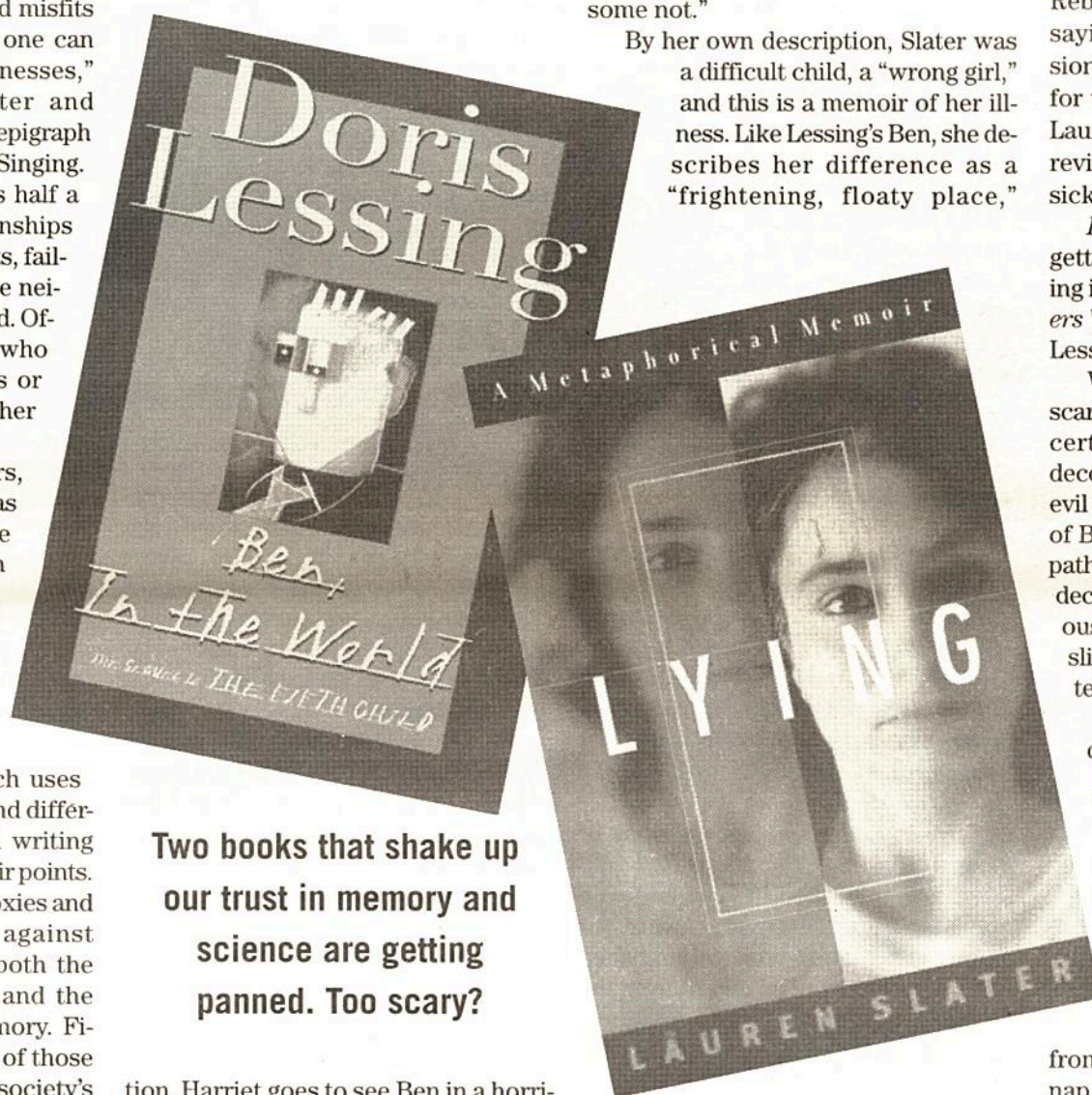
Harriet is desperate for some official acknowledgment of his difference, her difficulties; an unfulfilled longing. Doctors, experts, family members either ignore the problem or simply push for Ben's institutionaliza-

this director soon loses interest in Ben.

A compassionate Brazilian woman, who had been homeless herself, ends up caring for Ben and saving him from the evil scientists who kidnap and cage him, hoping to find the key to the past in his throwback genes. With broad brushstrokes, Lessing paints a horrifying picture of the attempt of a mad scientist to deconstruct Ben and control him. Although he is rescued, Ben later realizes he's been betrayed even by those who attempted to protect him. There is no happy ending here.

Slater's memoir *Lying* begins with otherworldly experiences. Starting when she was ten, Slater sensed auras, at first in the form of odd smells: "That was one world, and I called it the jasmine world. I didn't know, then, that epilepsy often begins with strange smells, some of which are pleasant, some not."

By her own description, Slater was a difficult child, a "wrong girl," and this is a memoir of her illness. Like Lessing's Ben, she describes her difference as a "frightening, floaty place,"



Two books that shake up our trust in memory and science are getting panned. Too scary?

tion. Harriet goes to see Ben in a horrifyingly tortuous institution, and ultimately saves him from certain death there, even though it means the equally certain death of a previously perfect family life. Heartrending to Harriet, those are the only choices available.

Ben, In the World is written from Ben's point of view, with Lessing's characteristic spare prose style. In this book, Ben is homeless both physically and emotionally: "He had no home in this world. He was feeling so loose and weightless and unbelonging he could drop through the floor or float about the room."

A few kind-hearted women take care of Ben, but he is used by shady characters to go to the south of France as a drug runner. He later travels to Rio de Janeiro, manipulated by a film director who imagines producing a film about the Neanderthals. As most others have,

marked by a deep feeling of displacement, disconnect. Her sickness is characterized by auras and seizures. "I have epilepsy," she writes. "Or I feel I have epilepsy. Or I wish I had epilepsy, so I could find a way of explaining the dirty, spastic place I had in my mother's heart. Epilepsy is a fascinating disease because some epileptics are liars, exaggerators, makers of myths, and high-flying stories."

The first chapter, in its entirety, reads: "I exaggerate." Sometimes annoyingly, always interestingly, Slater asserts her authorial voice throughout the book to question the notion of truth in memoir. Does she have epilepsy? Maybe Munchausen's? Is she trustworthy at all, is she trustworthy because she admits she might be lying?

Slater describes years of therapies, support groups, lessons in how to fall

(given by Midwestern nuns), years of disconnect, and an experimental surgery that splits her brain but stops, in large part, the occurrence of seizures — a change in her brain chemistry she both celebrates and mourns.

Slater's prose is anything but spare; it's gorgeous, poetic. Her way with words has been described by readers as "shockingly beautiful." In this book she is consistent to the myth she creates, the metaphor she uses. Like Lessing, with her literary devices she calls into question all of the certainties of science.

The Subversive Uncertainty of Memory and Science

Slater's *Lying, A Metaphorical Memoir* has been pilloried by the press. In *The New York Times Book Review* Rebecca Mead begins her review by saying, "Sickness demands compassion, but even so, one can be forgiven for wanting to throttle the narrator of Lauren Slater's latest book." And the review ends with this dismissal: "It's a sick book, metaphorically speaking."

Ben, In the World, also has been getting its share of bad reviews: decrying its "soap operatic ending" (*Publishers Weekly*), dismissing it as a book "for Lessing followers only" (*Booklist*).

What is it about these books? Too scary? In both, the notion of truth and certainty is deconstructed. Lessing deconstructs with her broad portrait of evil science and equally broad portrayal of Ben as a Neanderthal, a sort of sympathetic Frankenstein's monster. Slater deconstructs her very self, with her various potential diagnoses in *Lying*: "a slippery, playful, impish, exasperating text, shaped... like a question mark."

In this way, both writers call into question two of the things we would like to rely upon as objective. Memory is suspect, a story we create. Lessing agrees with and has presaged Slater's take on this: "Memory in any case is a lying record: we choose to remember this and not that," she wrote in her memoir, *African Laughter*.

Science is equally suspect: from the scientists who lie to and kidnap Ben, to the seemingly benevolent doctors in *Lying*. "Illness, medicine itself is the ultimate narrative; there is no truth there, as diagnoses come in and out of vogue as fast as yearly fashions... DSMs have radically altered from decade to decade depending on the Zeitgeist... For me, the authority is illusory, the etiologies constructed."

Perhaps this is just too subversive for our modern sensibilities. Lessing and Slater are asking for empathy beyond the certainties, for compassion beyond even what we know to be our own truth. As Slater says in *Lying*, "I am toying with you, yes, but for a real reason. I am asking you to enter the confusion with me, because sometimes that frightening floaty place is really the truest of all. Kierkegaard says, 'The greatest lie of all is the feeling of firmness beneath our feet. We are at our most honest when we are lost.'" ■

Homeless Handmaid's Tale

Tracking down the near future

by Michele Marchand
and Anitra Freeman

This morning 10 of the old ones were gone; 10 new people in their bunks. I've been here longer than anyone else. I remember before the compound was built, before we stayed in the barracks, when we could still walk outside. I know they will be coming for me soon, too, but today I will indulge myself with my memories, I will tell you everything I know except my name. That is the last thing I own that is mine alone.

I talk to all the new ones, so I know what it's like outside now. I know that what they call personal computers are keeping track of daily schedules, diets, finances, medications, who you associate with, what groups you belong to, what you read. That sort of thing began even before anyone thought of computers as anything other than a convenience that they controlled.

It's as convenient as that little microchip in your palm, that you can wave past the entry and exit points, the public data terminals. You can't get lost—any data terminal will tell you where you are. You can't even get sick without a doctor showing up on your doorstep. Any surge of adrenaline and some public safety worker will check up on you.

And of course, if the public health or public safety people have to check on you too often, then you end up here, at the Safe Harbor.

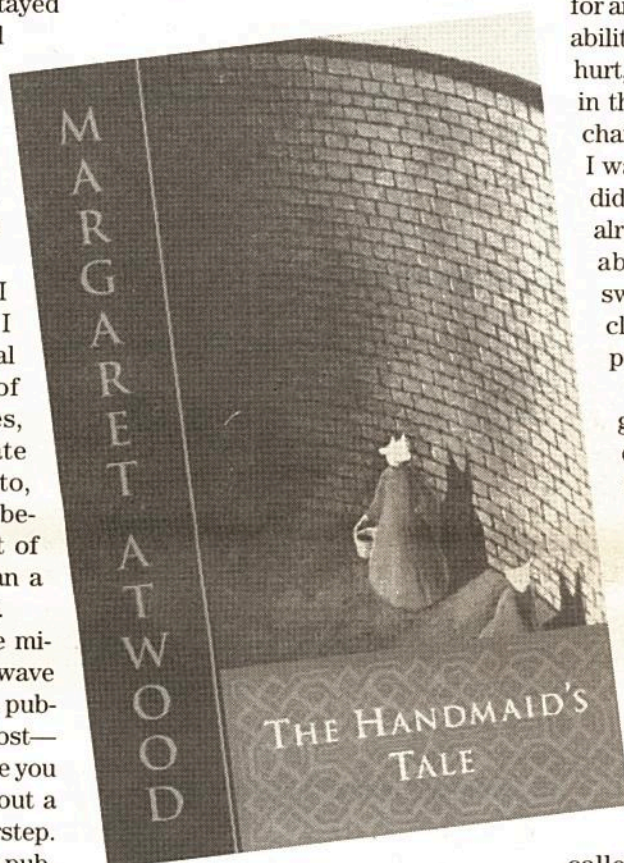
Here, the video pickups are very visible. Why should we feel ashamed being watched, even going to the bathroom? It's because they are taking care of us, and we've shown we can't take care of ourselves, right? You might be upset at first, but you've gotten your first medications, right? You seem quiet now. In time, the medications will help you accept the routine.

You'll have work. It might not be the work you're used to. But we have to do what's needed, right?

We all eat together, even the children. They've said that the meals are nutritionally perfect, although I have to confess they taste as if they'd boiled up stale foodbank beans and rice with no meat or spice. And I miss potato chips and cheeseburgers.

You'll see the slow ones; the ones who can't talk or move their hands. But you won't see them for very long. The ones who can sit in a wheelchair, who can solder parts or work with their hands last longer. You might be sur-

prised how early a child can be useful; how long an old person can be useful, especially when those who aren't useful disappear.



What did you say? You wonder why we're here, when the Officials are telling you on the outside that Safe Harbor is only for the drunks, mentally ill, criminals? Well, of course, at first, it was just the scariest people, the hard-to-help cases who wound up here. But when the roughest parts of a board get sanded away, then the parts that are only a little bit rough start to stand out. Then you sand the board down really fine, 'til it's totally smooth. You must've been just a little bit rough.

Me, I always liked the boards with knots and eyeholes and rough parts. I was pretty rough myself, at one time, when that meant survival when I was homeless. For a long time I lived in my car, after I got injured on the job and lost my place. My children were taken from me.

Whenever I went to the foodbank or a free meal, or went in to get something for a cold I caught, the social workers tried to get me to come into a shelter, to get into what they called "supportive housing," where they know when you come and go and check your bags at the door. I was having none of that, but soon I couldn't even use the foodbanks because they said I had to show ID so they

could make sure I didn't exceed my limit. I didn't have ID—can you imagine?—and I wasn't about to tell them my name.

I was parked by the reservoir, and the police came by to move me along. They threatened to tow my car. I guess the neighbors had complained that I was taking up space in an area where I didn't live. The Public Safety Ordinances said that I couldn't be in the parks at night, so my only choice was to walk around all night. I watched the Detox vans come around and pick up people passed out on the sidewalk.

It was a lot tougher after Welfare Reform for anyone to get on disability. I tried, after I got hurt, to get help. Sitting in those stoop-backed chairs for hours, when I was hurting already, didn't help. Hell, I was already crabby, and those uncomfortable chairs didn't make me any sweeter. Never did get along with the clerks. Seems I never did get my paperwork right.

One of my friends managed to get her paperwork right, and got her disability. It bothered me a bit when her case manager set up a diet for her and sent her to a doctor telling her what meds to ask for. It really scared me when they wouldn't let her into her shelter if she resisted taking her meds, when they told her what shelter to go to because she had a fight with another woman, and when they started limiting her times with me because I was a bad influence.

There was also a thing called Welfare to Work. She'd been an engineer, but they told her she had to work at whatever she could right now, and that was cleaning up in an office building. With the medications she'd been put on, it was hard to start studying up on her engineering again. After awhile, she seemed to lose interest.

That was when they brought out the first Safe Harbors proposal.

One day when I went to the foodbank they said I'd have to fill out a form and get an identification number. They'd started keeping track of every service I used; they said it was to make sure I got what I needed better. I threw their form back and walked out. My friend stayed and got her number.

Safe Harbors didn't work like they hoped. There were still lots of homeless people on the streets and hungry children, and the government convinced voters it was because not everybody was cooperating. First, services couldn't get any funds unless they shared information on everybody. Then, services that ran without government funds got fined. The ones that wouldn't pay the fines

were shut down, their staff arrested.

And once everybody was in the system, they *told* you what you needed, and if you didn't take it you didn't get anything. At all.

Then it was, "Let's track all the services the kids are using, so we can help our children better;" "Let's track all the services the senior citizens are using, so we can help our senior citizens better." Soon, it spread out to include everybody. And once you were in the system, they helped you exactly the way they thought was best.

The hardest-to-help people started disappearing. Then the next-hardest. The guy who pushed through the federal legislation to register all the old people came in last week. His son sent him. And who was it, do you know, who sent you?

Welcome to Safe Harbor. ■

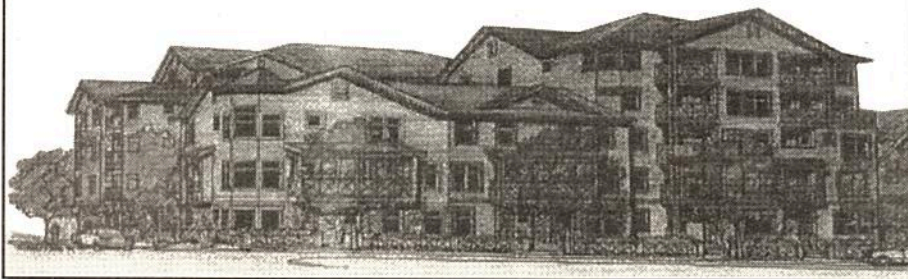
With apologies to Margaret Atwood and her dystopian classic The Handmaid's Tale, and thanks to members of WHEEL's Women's Empowerment Center for conceptual help. We encourage the mayor and city council to read the book before voting on Safe Harbors. WHEEL has lots of extra copies.

Well, of course, at first, Safe Harbors was just for the scariest people, the hard-to-help cases. But when the roughest parts of a board get sanded away, the parts that are only a little rough stand out.

Low Income Housing Institute

Affordable housing for low income families, seniors, singles, disabled and homeless people. Building located in downtown Seattle, 1170 Harrison. New studios, one and two bedroom apartments are available this fall at the Lakeview Apartments in the Cascade Neighborhood.

For an application, see our website at www.lihi.org, call (206) 443-9935 x127, or stop by the office at 2407 1st Ave, in the Belltown neighborhood of Seattle.



Goin' Fishin'?

Read this like you're in a dank, thick fog. Everything that was once, mere seconds ago, interesting and even literary, has now been subsumed by a Sticky Al column. You came to Seattle with 20 cents and a will to bust out fishin' in Alaska. While you read this in a dank, thick fog, flail your arms around like you are lost in a wild and stormy sea.

If you came to Seattle to exploit the riches of the frontier for your own personal gain, you have placed yourself directly in the historical shoes of thousands who showed up here bedazzled, bemused, and bemildred for the exact same reason. Now go stand in the sun and read this like a single tree in a vast forest. You have blended into the huge fabric of the crazy quilt of Seattle's glory.

Unfortunately all the pioneers got most of the goodies. The forests are gone, the salmon are gone, but the shores are teeming with

The coming back to Seattle dream, just like a slow bleeder at the slaughterhouse, still kicking at the cutting boards.

enterprising people, strong folks, willing to work for money and respect. The best business in Seattle has always been skinning the suckers bent on Alaska.

If anybody ever got to Alaska from Seattle with a damn dime it was a sad mistake. Don't be surprised if we extend the same courtesy to you.

Like pedophiles scouting for children at the bus station, Seattle merchants spread their awnings and mark up the old stuff when another gaggle of glow-eyed lonelies shows up talking about fishin'. Read this like you have a bag over your head and money falling out of your pockets. Look, save yourself some trouble and just throw your last twenty cents on the counter unspent. They're going to get it anyway, and it falls to Sticky Al, once again, to deliver a bullet to the head of your fishy dream.

Hold this column upside down and read it backwards from the beginning, and if you get the feeling someone's funnin' you while going through your pockets, you might already be on your way to a fishin' dream of your own. The first step is to find shelter and food. But in a city where someone has to die on the street before we do anything to help, get ready to find a little side work here and there, day labor, for a while. The shelters are stuffy and staffed for compliance, so you might as well blow a wad and get a room.

Then if the fishin' company likes you, you have to get medical clearances. These services are not free or convenient. You will wind up borrowing the money for your dental work from a loan shark who shouldn't be able to live so far north. Now you sold everything including the wife and kids, and you're still in Seattle! How did the dream get so smoggy? You're still in yuppie land, where you're not wanted but your money is! Roll over, you're done on that side.

Once you get accepted by a fishin' company, the average person finds themselves with all that free time to wait for arrangements, and believe it or not, they'll sell you time right at the checkstand here. Ain't nothing free except yuppie dust in Jet City. They even charge you for *doing* time. You got to be cool in the city for a few WEEKS (Hello!?) with no money and no family around. In these days of quick fixes you'll do the daily job thang for dime on your self-respect. Then you'll be gone to Alaska and everybody will start counting the take.

The flip side of the Alaska dream is the coming back to Seattle dream. This is a different dream than the Alaska dream, and inevitable. It's just like a slow bleeder at the slaughterhouse, still kicking at the cutting boards. You suffered the indignity of being broke in Seattle (a sin) before and now you come back to Seattle — BROKE! Hey! Wait a minute! Wha, What? SAY WHAT? Sorry to wake you with the ice pick! Walk, don't run, to the nearest shelter and do a random poll among the folks and BINGO! How many fish in the sea of fishin' folks went fishin' and came back broke? They're waiting for their check, of course! And waiting, and waiting. Sooooo, when you do get the check — finally! — the loan sharks come snapping around, the store people smile. People talk to you! Your money is once more welcome to Seattle. Welcome to Seattle.

Pretend you're at the end of another Sticky Al diatribe. Pretend you'll know what to do tomorrow, next week, mañana, till we meet again. Pretend to be yourself and make choices. Don't pretend you're going fishing. ■

Nightmare

in the shelter last night amid
swearing, snoring
and sleeping
i dreamt of hunting with my brother
who died last september of a drug overdose
in a toilet and after we left mountains
in a music-filled tavern
he admitted smoking a cigarette
he didn't want to kill bambi
the imaginary cute little fawn
and he shot a fallen tree instead
like rambo in the movies
he said he had always wanted to do that
somehow i became lost in the dark goya canyons
and blue forests
i fell and stumbled
sweating
closing my salted eyes in the black
i came upon bones of fallen deer
they had remnants of torn fur
bleached bone protruded
darkened flesh
brown marbled eyes glistened
in the night
i sought and climbed the walls they elongated
and curved to a faint glow
i crawled upward my breathing burned
i wiped my nose on the sweatshirt
shouted help me
i'm alive
a helicopter entered and spotlighted me
i prayed my eyes turned red
so they could find me
i felt warmth and the outline of the logging road
a arm reached out my brother had helped me
he was alright and the fluorescent lights
came on time to wake up
the staff said it was time to leave.

-EARLE THOMPSON

In Honor of Sid

Eternity has a new symbol:
Cat half-way through a door.

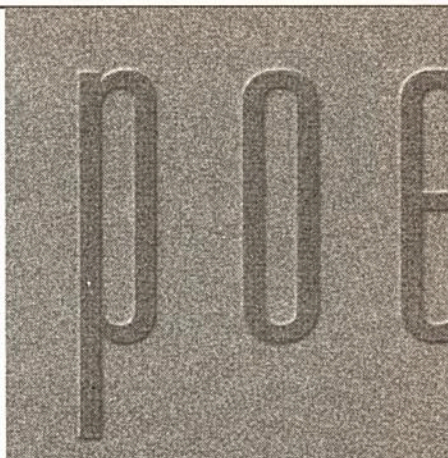
Ultimate expression of cat disdain:
I loved that food
yesterday.

How to describe cat
curled contented in chair
as I perch on milk carton
in front of keyboard.

Holidays that never happen:
Nordstrom's Buy Nothing Day;
Feline Thanksgiving.

Fail to pet me when I want it and you die.
Pet me when I don't want you and you die.
Don't ask. I'll tell you when you're dead.

— ANITRA FREEMAN



Turnstile

There are others.
Light,
is the same. If y
re
vo
cold,
if you turn from
What
can you say? Di
you?
S
from your voice
to fall where your
you will! if
alone. A
you will

Nightmare

in the shelter last night amid
swearing, snoring
and sleeping
i dreamt of hunting with my brother
who died last september of a drug overdose
in a toilet and after we left mountains
in a music-filled tavern
he admitted smoking a cigarette
he didn't want to kill bambi
the imaginary cute little fawn
and he shot a fallen tree instead
like rambo in the movies
he said he had always wanted to do that
somehow i became lost in the dark goya canyons
and blue forests
i fell and stumbled
sweating
closing my salted eyes in the black
i came upon bones of fallen deer
they had remnants of torn fur
bleached bone protruded
darkened flesh
brown marbled eyes glistened
in the night
i sought and climbed the walls they elongated
and curved to a faint glow
i crawled upward my breathing burned
i wiped my nose on the sweatshirt
shouted help me
i'm alive
a helicopter entered and spotlighted me
i prayed my eyes turned red
so they could find me
i felt warmth and the outline of the logging road
a arm reached out my brother had helped me
he was alright and the fluorescent lights
came on time to wake up
the staff said it was time to leave.

-EARLE THOMPSON

In Honor of Sid

Eternity has a new symbol:
Cat half-way through a door.

Ultimate expression of cat disdain:
I loved that food
yesterday.

How to describe cat
curled contented in chair
as I perch on milk carton
in front of keyboard.

Holidays that never happen:
Nordstrom's Buy Nothing Day;
Feline Thanksgiving.

Fail to pet me when I want it and you die.
Pet me when I don't want you and you die.
Don't ask. I'll tell you when you're dead.

— ANITRA FREEMAN



Turnstile

There are others.
Light,
is the same. If you never
return it —
your own
voice
cold,
if you turn from it.
What
can you say? Did
you?
Sounds
from your voice are not enough,
yet,
to fall where your hand
rests.
Where
you will! if
alone. And
you will, if you're left
here.
— STAN BURRISS

Emerald City Flop Flight

I shall rise one day and depart this depressed
This Lower Queen Anne drop-out drug den
Emerald City blight
Owned and operated by some acid-dropper

This flop I shall flee
For my own downtown pad
And re-embrace my lost solitude
As the past two months now seems a century
My escape from cramped confinement
A room for which only I shall have the keys
Piece of mind
Return of many an absent amenity

I shall rise and flee early one Thursday
To First between Blanchard and Bell
And find peace in my no frills dwelling
Home away from somewhere between Puget and the Sound

How I Know That I Was We

And that I had my three-sided garage,
in and out all day and night, and then

What was the concern?

During the daytime local restrooms are
(with liquor bottles, cans, wet newspapers)
and far between "public" restrooms

"No pot to wet in or a window to throw

If you go outside, the police can give you

"What to do, when outside is all you have

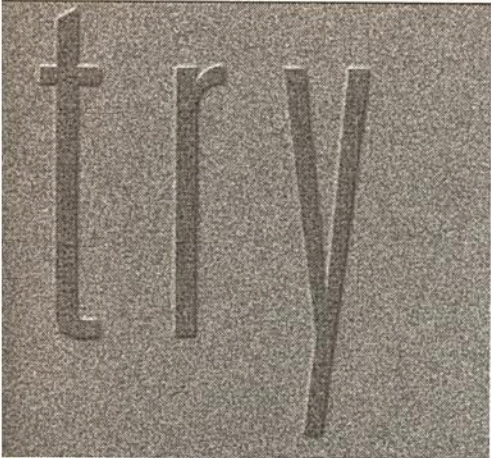
I used a bucket, and flushed contents of

Attention was called to what I did each

It wasn't my fault the number of times

Now that I am in transitional housing,
seen with master keys coming into my

AND JESUS IS STILL WITH ME (SPIRIT)
HIS WONDERFUL NAME!



Emerald City Flop Flight

I shall rise one day and depart this depressing sight
This Lower Queen Anne drop-out drug den
Emerald City blight
Owned and operated by some acid-dropping, counter-culture has-been

This flop I shall flee
For my own downtown pad
And re-embrace my lost solitude
As the past two months now seems a century

My escape from cramped confinement
A room for which only I shall have the key
Piece of mind
Return of many an absent amenity

I shall rise and flee early one Thursday
To First between Blanchard and Bell
And find peace in my no frills dwelling
Home away from somewhere between Purgatory and Hell

— RICK GIOMBETTI

Head Trip

Hop on... take a ride
Take a ride deep down inside
Round and round and down we go
To the psyche far below

Down below the street facade
Where things are real, where things are odd
Down where all the true selves dwell
Where each one has a tale to tell

Down below the painful shells
Of Pain and Fear and private hells
To the glowing central core
Where Peace and Love bathe every shore

And in that loving peaceful tide
A quiet place where we can bide
A place to rest awhile and then
We'll spiral up and out again

To face once more the world outside
Strengthened by our inner guide
Knowing we can go below
Whene'er we need our peace to flow

— RENEENE ROBERTSON

How I Know That I Was Welcome

And that I had my three-sided garage, with a roof on it; to sleep in for quite a while, was quite a find. The city workers were in and out all day and night, and there were no restrictions as to my volunteer working hours or sleeping hours.

What was the concern?

During the daytime local restrooms are available to me. At 6 p.m.; what is available are: 3rd and James — the porta-potty (with liquor bottles, cans, wet newspapers, and persons waiting for a private room to drink, sleep, or whatever) and few and far between “public” restrooms at the discretion of indwelling security.

“No pot to wet in or a window to throw it out of.”

If you go outside, the police can give you a ticket.

“What to do, when outside is all you have?”

I used a bucket, and flushed contents down the toilet in the morning first thing.

Attention was called to what I did each time. And the only work I was referred to as having done is using my potty bucket.

It wasn't my fault the number of times persons dumped my bucket over or carried a little of the contents elsewhere.

Now that I am in transitional housing, quite a few think that, “like wow,” “all is resolved.” As long as I don't mind persons seen with master keys coming into my room and assaulting me. (I did lock the door, including the deadbolt lock.)

AND JESUS IS STILL WITH ME (SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY CAN BE SEEN BY SPECIAL CAMERAS). I WILL STILL PROCLAIM HIS WONDERFUL NAME!

— CAROL LENO



The Seattle Housing Authority would like to invite you to make The Morrison your home.

- studio & one-bedroom apartments are available immediately
- conveniently located downtown
- easy access to social services
- clean studios and one bedroom apartments

Furnishings in Apartments include:

- wheelchair accessibility
- bathrooms
- shower or bathtubs
- bed, lamp and nightstand
- kitchenette (stove, refrigerator/freezer)
- some units with view of city

We welcome

- people 62 or older
- people with disabilities
- formerly homeless people
- people in transition

Applications for The Morrison can be picked up from Seattle Housing Authority at 120 Sixth Avenue North, Seattle WA 98109

For directions or assistance, please call (206) 615-3340.

Seattle Housing Authority

THOMSON Cont. from P.1

Thomson: *I wish I could say it was getting better. But housing prices are increasing drastically here, the welfare safety net is frayed and rotten, there's still no real access to good, low-cost health care, no good provision for independent living for the mentally ill, and very little help for drug addicts. It*

must be a whole lot harder for the people who are stuck at the bottom of the poverty ladder now. Nobody seems to be thinking about the public health risk of having such a large number of people homeless. It's not a problem that's going to be solved by harassing them and blaming them for being poor.

I think the next serious downturn in the economy is going to come as a real shock to a lot of people who think they're doing all right now.

RC: What have you written, besides *Virtual Girl*?

Thomson: *I have two books currently in print: The Color of Distance and Through Alien Eyes. The two books tell the story of the meeting of two cultures, one human, the other alien, and how they transform each other. I was inspired by a comment by Octavia Butler: that a novel is about how an individual changes, and a series is about how a culture changes. The aliens live in a very natural, apparently primitive state, but gradually one discovers that they have a very advanced biological technology, and that they essentially run the ecosystem. I was playing very deliberately with the whole idea that natural equals primitive. I read a lot of anthropology, biographies and travel books, from books on the Yanomamo Indians of Brazil to The Seven Pillars of Wisdom by T. E. Lawrence. And it struck me that the Yanomamo have a technology, it just isn't our technology. If you dropped Bill Gates into the Brazilian jungle, he'd be helpless. He'd have to learn from the Yanomamo how to survive there.*

RC: Do you find it possible (in what you have read, or what you have written) to effectively combine social commentary or criticism with "tell me a good story"?

Thomson: *Absolutely. The trick is that the story has to come first, or else it's just preaching. You have to tell the story through compelling characters that the readers care about. And those characters have to deal with the issues that you want your readers to face. The trick is making it all flow together naturally, and that requires a strong sense of balance.*

NOMINATED FOR THE PHILIP K. DICK AWARD
THE COLOR OF DISTANCE
"AN OFF-WORLD TALE OF FIRST CONTACT AND DISCOVERY (LOVING, IMPASSIONED, HUMAN)"
—WASHINGTON POST BOOK WORLD



AMY THOMSON

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD-WINNING
AUTHOR OF VIRTUAL GIRL

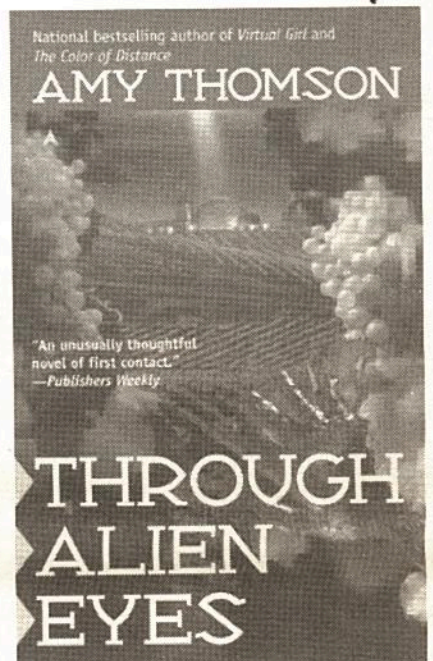
Angeline's and spent a lot of time talking to homeless women, so that I had a sense of what the world looked like from their point of view. I knew that this was a chance to get people to walk in the shoes of homeless people, and that through fiction, I could reach people who might not otherwise think about homelessness. ■

Acquainted with the Night

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain — and back in rain.
I have outwalked the farthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

— ROBERT FROST,
READ BY THOMPSON AT ANGELINE'S



SCI-FI Continued from Page 7

John Varley even projects a future in which the human race has been exiled from the solar system by aliens who favor the survival of dolphins and whales.

A disaster in which everyone is caught up in, however, is very different from being “on the outside looking in.”

One interesting twist on the disaster novel is *The Jericho Iteration*, by Allen Steele. Eight months later, most of the Federal disaster relief has gone to rebuilding the business district and rich people’s houses and the poorer citizens are still living in tents. Federal troops are starting to harass them. Poli-

ticians are starting to say, “Anyone who really wanted a job or housing could have found it by now.” Those displaced people have begun to be regarded as permanently homeless.

A Breed Apart

Some sci-fi authors, however, did help us see the outsiders among us by using the analogies made possible by fantasy. Cordwainer Smith wrote a series of mythic-quality stories about the Underpeople, genetically-engineered humanoids exploited by a corrupt society. Among today’s writers, Charles de Lint is one of the strongest

creators of “urban fantasy,” in which street-people and the creatures of myth deal together with the problems of life, meaning, and relationships.

The Revenge of the Nerd

A sci-fi theme as common as “The Rational Man Conquers the Universe” is “The Outsider Hero”: the despised misfit turns out to found a better race of humans, or stake his rightful claim to the Galactic throne. This is a pleasant fantasy for most readers, who often grew up “nerds” or “geeks.” With homeless people in the starring role, however, it can lead to the myth of “the

good homeless people” and “the bad homeless people” – the attitude that most homeless deserve their lot, but some are special.

The Quest

Sci-fi has many characters – like Edgar Pangborn’s Davy, or Harty in Theodore Sturgeon’s *The Dreaming Jewels* – who use the vagabond life as a means of discovery. Any of us can use our circumstances for growth, whatever they are, but that’s a far cry from saying that homelessness is always beneficial, or even personally chosen. ■

[DESTINATION 2030]
Regional Local Personal

OUR CHOICES:

DESTINATION 2030



The Puget Sound Regional Council is preparing to adopt an integrated transportation plan called **Destination 2030**. It is about **regional, local and personal** transportation choices. The plan will provide a road map for big regional projects and important local solutions to reduce congestion in key areas. We need a “comprehensive solution”. **No more transit versus roads**. It can’t be the suburban dwellers versus the big city people. **Destination 2030** will include roads, transit, ferries, bikeways, options to walk and other creative solutions to improve our regional mobility. We have a long way to go. Let’s get started.

OUR VOICES:

DESTINATION 2030



Your personal advice and suggestions are essential to help shape **Destination 2030**. It is up to each of us to choose a preferred mix of transportation services and a method to pay for them. Let us know what you think.

Come to a community meeting.

Info: 206.464.7532 Fax: 206.587.4825

TDD/TYY: 206.464.5409 Website: www.psrc.org

E-mail: Destination2030@psrc.org

Join us for a Community Meeting

Bellevue

September 21st
7 - 10pm
Tillicum Middle School
16020 Southeast
16th Street

Everett Snohomish County

September 25th
7 - 10pm
Evergreen Middle School
7621 Beverly Lane

Seattle

September 26th
7 - 10pm
Miller Community Center
301 20th Avenue East

Bremerton Kitsap County

September 26th
7 - 10pm
Mountain View Middle School
2400 Perry Avenue

Tacoma Pierce County

September 28th
7 - 10pm
Gault Middle School
1115 East Division Lane

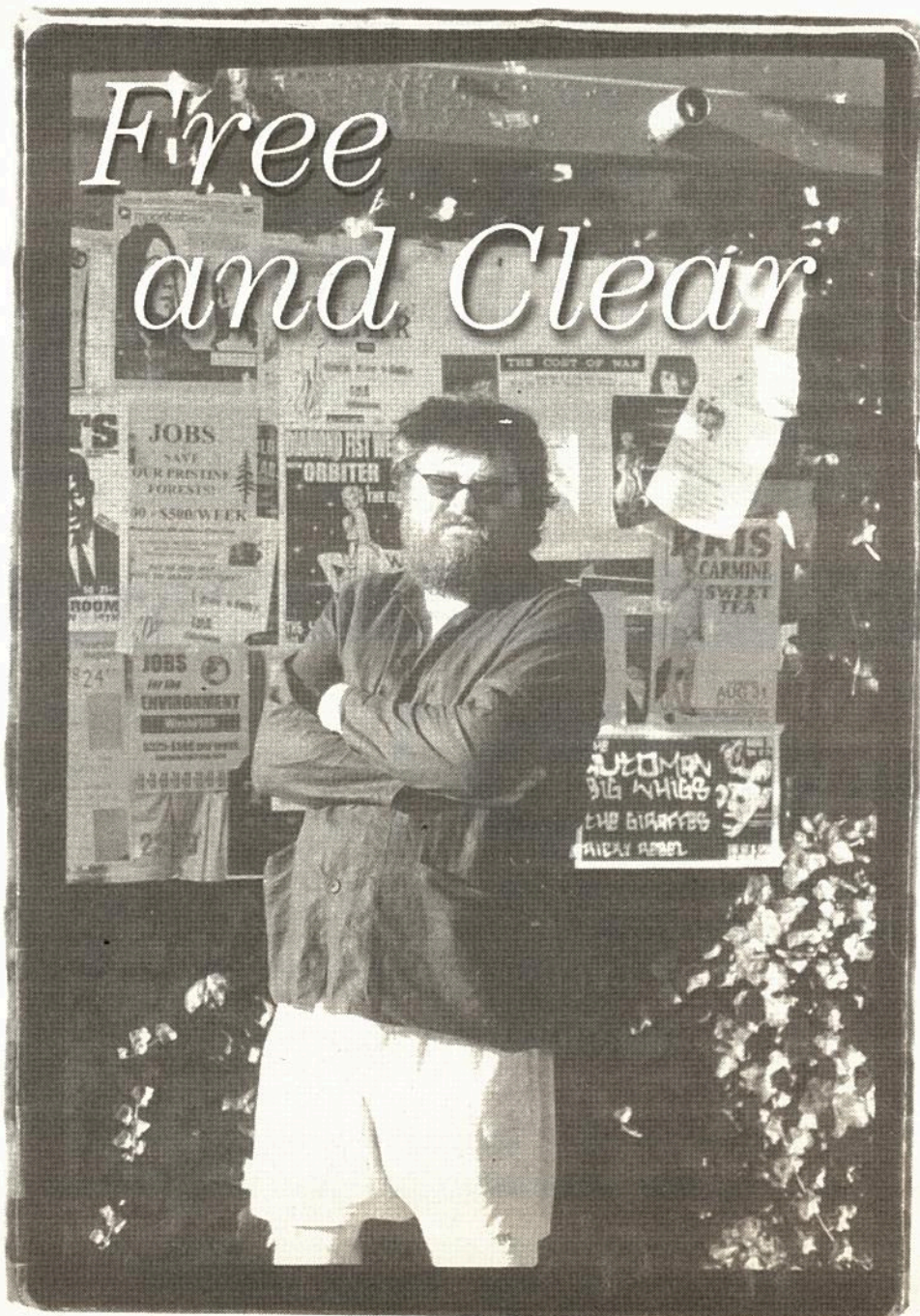


PHOTO BY GEORGE HICKEY

After alcoholism, crime, and unemployment, notes of a writer at peace

by Patrick Bissell

I started experiencing mental illness as a child, and much of my boyhood was confusing for me. I grew up reading, writing poems or songs, playing drums, and drawing pictures. I was a good student, but experienced many social problems. Usually withdrawn as a boy, even within my own family, things were difficult for me to relate to. Today there is a shroud cast over those days and their memories. I have memories of certain things like snapshots or still photographs, but I don't recall the big picture. Things I do recall are mostly the bad experiences: being ridiculed for being confused and regarded to be stupid.

My sense of being mentally imprisoned followed me through much of my school years. As I grew up, I did not want to experience the challenge of becoming a young man; I wanted to stay back within the shelter of my boyhood. I had no direct guide of mature experience to awaken me. By some awareness of my own, I chose to pursue classes in journalism. This became my only direct link to a sense of being a citizen. I was briefly a reporter for the school newspaper, but much of my own foolishness kept me from facing re-

sponsibility, and I eventually lost interest in being a good student.

I retreated into my own fantasies of being an eccentric writer and created a new world, inspired by my imagination, which I brought forward through characters in my own independent newspaper, *The Aspirin*. It was a new world which I could control, unlike the unpredictable world of being a high school student. Wonderfully enough, my eccentricity was accepted by my peers, who respected my creativity. A world that I'd created for my own protection was now making me a high school celebrity. I was making myself known to people through my odd poems and stories, but often I was running away from my responsibilities.

I went on to attend community college, worked as a photographer, and wrote articles for the student newspaper. I'd been living with my parents, and my dad helped me with my after-school job as a photographer for a real estate magazine. After this time I made the transition to sharing an apartment with an aspiring actor who was attending the community college, who did not have my same difficulties with alcohol and undiagnosed mental illness.

But life became increasingly difficult for me to handle and cope with; a criminal life was cropping up. I began shoplifting, and made the poor choice of trying to purchase beer, insisting I was of legal age. I ran out of the store clutching cans of beer, but left my driver's license with the store clerk. It was a foolish, incriminating blunder, which later cost me 60 days in jail, although I was allowed to serve the time in a rehabilitation facility.

My relationship with my college roommate went poorly. I eventually moved away from the area and got a little rathole apartment on Capitol Hill. Because of my struggle with mental illness and unemployment, I had more problems. I was arrested for stealing clocks out of the back of an antique store. Its back entrance was in the alleyway, and its door was open, so with my thief mentality I took a look inside and discovered some old clocks, which I turned around and sold to the neighboring shop. I was discovered, and the owner of the antique store smacked me on the head with his fist and called me a thief.

Once I'd made the mistake of reporting this assault to the police, they came to my house and took me away. They got kind of rough with me when they arrived because I ducked back to reach into my closet to grab my coat and they thought I was reaching for a weapon. They rushed into my small room, brought me to the floor, and cuffed me.

Life was completely unmanageable, and I retreated into excessive alcohol use. Although only 19, I bought liquor, mostly scotch whiskey, and bourbon, and I used these to quell the firestorm that was taking control of my brain. At this time I understood life to be cruel and chaotic.

I experienced a relapse of my schizophrenia while trying to maintain my sobriety through attending AA meetings. I subsequently experienced a span of about two years when I became "stupefied" by a sense of being locked up both mentally and socially.

Ironically, the thing that brought me out of this was my descent into alcoholism, which brought me down to street level. Pioneer Square became my place to be, and as a means of both earning money to pay for my drinking, and as a way of gaining some local notoriety for my writing, I began self-promoting my self-published books on the streets of Pioneer Square.

I was an emerging writer, and although I'd been excluded from the local poetry circuit, I was making a big splash of it in Pioneer Square, where the energy and enthusiasm I displayed gave me a colorful persona. I published some of my earlier poems and stories in small journals of good standing and circulation. I had a certain amount of

self-confidence that my writing was worthy of receiving some recognition, but apparently the local County Arts Commission didn't agree, so instead I paraded myself and sold my stories in the Square, not far from the offices of the commission itself.

Ultimately the chaos and unmanageability of my life demanded my attention and brought me out of my two-and-a-half year seclusion and schizophrenic depression. I admitted myself into a chemical dependency hos-

pital, and tried to straighten out my troubled life.

That was then, this is now. Today I have a good-sized apartment, in a good building, in a good neighborhood. Because I am considered mentally ill, I receive assistance from the U.S. government, and I also receive help from my folks. I manage to earn an income; I am a vendor for *Real Change*. Aside from this I have other contacts for earning a little extra cash and these means are legitimate and law-abiding.

Today, at 36, I try to stand by what I do. I enjoy being a poet and a writer, and find a better life is always just at hand. I'm grateful for *Real Change* because it has given me the opportunity to be a contributing citizen and work at a job that I can handle. ■

Patrick Bissell sells *Real Change* on Broadway.

"At 19, I was using scotch whiskey and bourbon to quell the firestorm in my brain. I understood life to be cruel and chaotic."

Patrick Bissell



UNIQUE imported eyewear
GREAT vintage glasses!
MODERATE prices!
206-634-3375
 4254 Fremont Ave. N.
 Seattle, WA 98103
eye exams available

Advertise in
Real Change.
It's a great
deal for a
great cause.
Call
441-8847

Buyer Beware: Each individual tenant situation involves factors that cannot be addressed and people who may react differently. My responses are based on a general application of the law to the questions raised, and it cannot be assumed that following these responses will resolve the issues in the way that the law would seem to indicate. I have gone to court on many occasions feeling that I had a sure thing and come out a loser, and I have even gone to court with a case that I thought was a dead loser and ended up winning. Hopefully the responses will give you an idea of how to proceed to protect your rights.



Tenant Talk Educate Agitate Organize

Vengeance Is His

Dear Tenant Talk,

The manager does drugs and sells drugs to some of the tenants in my Auburn apartment building. Each month the manager gives one person a no-cause notice to vacate. I know there is no just-cause protection outside of Seattle, but how can this be legal? He just picks someone each month, usually someone he's having some sort of personal dispute with. What can we do?

Sincerely,
Outraged in
Auburn

Dear Outraged,

The problem with No Cause evictions is that it gives a manager almost complete discretion to terminate anyone's tenancy. If the manager takes a personal dislike to someone, there is no legal defense that can stop the termination. The only valid defenses against a No Cause eviction are discrimination or retaliation. Discrimination is only a defense if a tenant is a member of a protected class — race, familial status, etc. If a tenant gets on the bad side of the manager because he is making complaints about repairs and he does so in writing, then the tenant has a valid defense that the termi-

nation notice was issued in response to the written complaints.

Sometimes tenants band together and approach the owner about the abuses of the manager. Occasionally this works, but all too frequently the owner is only interested in getting the rent and is unlikely to replace a manager because of disgruntled tenants. The owner might just turn over any correspondence to the manager and tell him to deal with it.

With No Cause evictions, if the manager takes a personal dislike to someone, there is no legal defense.

This could result in a new rash of termination notices.

The main problem appears to be the illegal activities that are going on in the apartment complex. It seems that the best action to take is for a group of tenants who have

personal knowledge of the illegal activities, and specifically the dealing, to go to the police and make a complaint. Hopefully, the police would then initiate an investigation. If they discovered that the manager was dealing drugs, they could serve the owner with a notice for abatement, which would require the owner to get rid of the manager. This could solve both problems.

But don't make allegations of drug dealing to the police unless you have personal knowledge to back it up. If the allegations end up being unsubstanti-

ated, the manager is going to terminate the tenancies of anyone he believes may have been involved. The risk might be high, but if you are living in a situation where your housing is dependent upon a drug-dealing control freak, it may be worth it.

Washed Out

Dear Tenant Talk,

Two months ago, there was a flood in my apartment while the owner was replacing the roof of my building. The workers didn't seal it up right and my whole bedroom was flooded. They came in and dried the carpets but then they wouldn't replace them. Since then I've started getting allergies and a cough. I've complained to the manager but he says he can't do anything about it. Don't they have to replace the carpet? Also, they damaged some of my furniture and they said they don't have to compensate me for it. Is that true?

Sincerely,
Soaked in Bellevue

Dear Soaked,

A landlord is required to provide you with an apartment free of defects that might adversely affect your health. The fact that the soaked carpet may be contributing to these respiratory problems should make it incumbent upon the apartment complex to replace the carpet.

If you have any medical records that

support your position that the carpeting is causing medical problems, include those with a letter to the landlord requesting that the carpet be replaced. Once the landlord is put on notice that the carpet is causing health problems, he is left with the choice of replacing the carpet or subjecting himself to potential liability for medical bills and other associated damages.

Can you hold the landlord liable for the damages you suffered to your personal property? Generally, a landlord is not responsible for damages to a tenant's property unless the landlord was aware of the condition that caused the damages and did not warn the tenant. The landlord would also be liable if he failed to fix the condition if it was one of the enumerated responsibilities under the Residential Landlord-Tenant Act.

In this situation, the landlord's workers negligently performed repairs, which resulted in damage to your property. If you had renter's insurance, your insurance company would have covered your losses and pursued the landlord if they felt that his workers' negligence could be established. If you don't have renter's insurance, you may be able to demand compensation for your losses. You may run into some resistance; however, if you can establish that the negligent repairs caused the flooding, you should be able to recover for your losses. The landlord clearly has the responsibility of providing you with housing that is weather-tight. ■

(206) 623-7777

All Major Brands: NEW, USED & CLOSEOUTS

- Office Systems
- Chairs
- Bookcases
- Computer Furniture
- Desks
- Files

Low, low prices, huge selection & the friendliest staff!

Ducky's Office Furniture

Open 6 Days a Week • 1111 Mercer Street • Easy Freeway Access • Free Parking

Donate Your Vehicle

- Free Pickup
- Tax Deduction
- We Handle All The Paperwork
- Donation Benefits Seattle's Homeless

(206) 728-JOBS

Ask about our vehicle donation program



MILLIONAIRE CLUB CHARITY
Changing lives through jobs since 1921

NOTES FROM THE KITCHEN

An apple a day keeps the doldrums at bay

By Elizabeth Smith

On a cold fall evening, when darkness streams down along with the rain, it's a temptation to give in to feelings of gloominess. Along with autumn, though, comes the apple harvest. No other fruit satisfies all the senses like a newly minted apple. They also have such great names: Pink Lady, Cox's Orange Pippin, Roxbury Russet, Mutsu, Ashmead's Kernel, Northern Spy, Golden Delicious, Westfield Seek-No-Further.

A few years ago, some friends and I took our children to go pick apples. We made our way by ferry through the fog to Vashon Island. When we got off our small bus, we strolled down a little country lane past grazing horses and cows. Roosters crowed in the distance. As we approached the small farm where the orchards were located, we saw the owner raising a barn with a group of men. His young daughter ran up to show us her new baby bunny. It was engagingly bucolic.

We were directed to the dwarf apple trees and spent a few pleasant hours among the heavily laden branches. The kids had a wonderful time running around, breathing in all that fragrant air while they chased each other up and down the rows. When we left, we were practically staggering beneath way too many apples. We had succumbed to the siren song of all that luscious fruit, like the daughters of Eve that we were.

Apples, more than any other fruit, get an honorable mention in the Bible, in literature, in ancient myths, in folk tales, and in figures of speech. There's Eve, calling out to Adam with an apple in her hand. In *Lolita*, Humbert Humbert meets Dolores Hayes as she is innocently eating an apple. Hippomenes saves his own life and wins a footrace against the imperious Atalanta by means of three golden apples given to him by Aphrodite.

As a counterbalance against all these bad women, there's the story of John Chapman, also known to schoolchildren as Johnny Appleseed. He was a real person, and a follower of Emanuel Swedenborg, a Rasputin-like Swedish mystic, theologian, and philosopher.

After Chapman went Swedenborgian in 1795, he decided to dedicate his life to propagating apples and lecturing people. For 50 years, he was a shoeless wandering vegetarian orchardist, visiting isolated cabins throughout the Midwest and giving out seeds and advice to any settler who would let him in the door. Trees bearing sour hard little apples, descendants of his own seeds, can still be seen today. Pruning and grafting are the usual and reliable methods of obtaining fruit that you would actually want to eat, but he believed these methods were sinful.

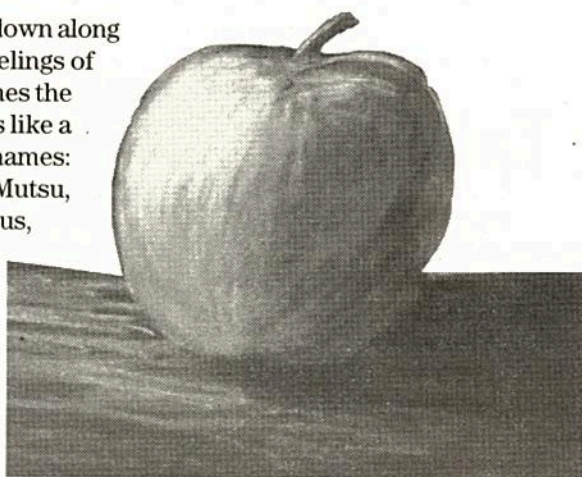
Mr. Chapman and his misguided fervor never made it as far west as Washington. Our growers are the best in the country, producing over 70 million bushels of apples yearly, more than any other state and more than many countries. This, in plain numbers, is more than 7.8 billion apples, most of which are picked by hand.

Apples pair well with all types of food. Maybe you have never tried them with poultry; the following recipe is delicious. While the white wine isn't crucial to this dish, it will deepen the flavors and balance the sweetness of the apple juice.

Cornish Hen with Apples and Onions

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1 TB oil | 1 tsp salt |
| 1 TB butter | 1 tsp pepper |
| 3 ribs celery | 1/4 cup frozen apple juice concentrate |
| 1 small white onion | 1/4 cup good quality white wine (optional) |
| 2 apples | 2 cornish hens |
| 1 14.5-ounce can chicken stock | |

1. Wash, peel, and trim the fruits and vegetables.
2. Mince celery very finely.
3. Heat oil and butter in a deep, heavy skillet, add celery, cook on medium-high heat.
4. Chop onion in quarter-inch dice and add to pan; stir pretty frequently.
5. Chop apple in half-inch dice and add to pan. Cook 2-3 more minutes.
6. Add white wine, if desired.
7. Add chicken stock, salt, and pepper. Bring to a full boil, add Cornish hens and apple juice. Lower heat.
8. Simmer on medium-low heat, covered, for about 45 minutes, turning the hens over once.
9. Turn hens over once more and cook about 15-20 more minutes, uncovered.
10. To serve, place one hen in the center of a heated plate. Spoon rice around it, top with some of the cooking liquid, then some fruit and vegetables. Serves two hungry football players or four regular people, if you've got dessert. ■



Real Change 100

Puget Sound's Newspaper of the Poor and Homeless

Celebrating 100 issues of *Real Change*. Raising funds to support quality journalism and organizing for change.

Friday, October 6, 2000, 6-8 p.m.
At the Phinney Ridge home of
Walt Crowley and Marie McCaffrey
Event Sponsors, \$150
Attendance, \$35

RSVP to Jon Gould, (206) 328-8310 or
jongould@u.washington.edu



• Carpets dry in 60 minutes

• Virtually residue free

• Non-toxic

• Deodorizing

• Stain protection

• Prevacuuming and pretreatment included

• Pet stain removal

• Furniture is carefully moved

• No hidden costs

• Satisfaction guaranteed

Service Carpet & Upholstery Cleaners
(206) 841-9021



DISCRIMINATION STILL EXISTS. SO DO THE LAWS THAT PROTECT YOU.

We All Belong!
STOP DISCRIMINATION

CALL US.

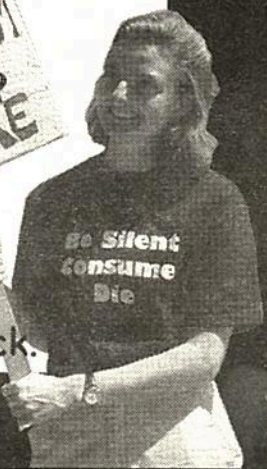
Seattle Office for Civil Rights
(206) 684-4500 voice (206) 684-4503 tty

radical chic made simple.



It's basic.
It's black.
Our Real Change logo's on the back.
It beats a burlap sack.

100% cotton. Available in M, L, XL.
Send \$15 to 2129 2nd Ave., 98121





Julia's
of
WALLINGFORD

is proud to
present
**local Jazz
Piano Artists**
every Thursday - Saturday
7-10pm
no cover, patio seating
4401 Wallingford Ave. N
for reservation call 206-633-1175



**MAMA'S
PIZZA**

FREE DELIVERY
322-6444

700 E Pine
Capitol Hill, Seattle

We Deliver Downtown
Fax # - 322-7884

Homemade hand tossed
We can cater to your downtown business order
\$2 OFF any pizza with this ad



June 27, 10:30: Ricardo Martinez-Amaya, a man living in transitional housing downtown, was arrested on charges of assault. Though the Seattle Police Department could locate no incident report on the crime, *Real Change* has excerpted from Martinez's own account, which he submitted to his lawyer:

"After being treated for allergies at Harborview clinic in Chinatown, I took the medicine given to me, with lots of liquid as prescribed. In downtown (Seattle) I needed to urinate, went to Ross (the clothing store), and asked a clerk for restrooms. She told me they don't have any. I couldn't hold it no more so I urinated behind a dumpster in an alley.

"Two officers came, asked for my ID, and started writing me a ticket.

"I told them it was bullshit (thinking to myself that they could have given me a warning) 'cause I explained to them that I looked for restrooms and there were none to be found. Officer Avery Díaz yelled at me: 'What would you do if I took a shit in the porch of your house?' I replied: 'I would kick your ass.' Then, he yelled back at me, asking the same question. I yelled at him, saying that he didn't have to talk to me raising his voice.

"He began punching and pushing me to the wall. The other officer joined him. They threw me to the ground and continued beating me up. I called out loud for help. They sprayed me with pepper mace (lots of it) and handcuffed me. Officer Díaz whispered in my ear: 'See, you couldn't kick my ass,' in a very sarcastic way. Rubbing it in. I never tried to punch either one, all I did was protect myself.

"The caucasian officer asked me: 'Did you learn your lesson?' I didn't say anything. Officer Díaz told me: 'This is nothing, you'll be out tonight.' The other officer told me: 'You're a good guy, or you seem like a good guy'; I said: 'I know I am.'

"Raising my voice is all I did wrong after peeing. They never gave me the ticket to sign it — how can they say that I refused?

"I paid my bail at about 2:00 p.m. on Wednesday, was released 2:30 a.m. on Thursday.

"I saw a hispanic and a caucasian officer in front of my hotel two days in a row. I'm not sure if they're the same ones, I feel they're after me, looking for me, trying to trick me or something. I don't feel safe no more." ■

Community Hearing on Health Care Justice Tues., Oct. 3rd., 7-9 p.m.

Mt. Zion Baptist Church
19th and Madison, Seattle
Sponsored by: Just Health Care
Coalition of Washington, and
Washington State Jobs With Justice
For more information:
JustHealthCareWA@aol.com
206-784-9695

DONATE YOUR USED CAR, VAN, TRUCK, OR BOAT
to **SEATTLE EMERGENCY HOUSING SERVICE.**
RECEIVE FREE TOWING AND A TAX BREAK
Your donation will help non profit SEHS provide short term emergency shelter and longer term transitional housing to homeless families with children.
CALL (206) 461-3660
905 Spruce St., Suite 111, Seattle, WA 98104
sehs@emergencyhousing.org www.emergencyhousing.org
A member of United Way of King County



To advertise in *Real Change*,
call 441-8847




FARESTART
Job Training and Placement in
the Food Services Industry

1902 Second Ave
Seattle WA 98101
between Stewart & Virginia St.'s
Phone (206) 443-1233

**Because where
you come from
isn't as
important as
where you are
going**

Join us for orientation
on Tuesdays at 9.30am

OLYMPIA FOOD CO-OP



Natural Foods Member-owned!
**Ask about our NEW
Low-Income Membership**

Eastside:
3111 Pacific - Olympia (360) 956-3870
Westside:
921 N. Rogers - Olympia (360) 754-7666

kbc
91.3 fm
Worldwide Jazz & Folk



Every Weekday, 6 pm

The nation's first listener-supported, community-based radio network, bringing you a 1/2 hour of daily news and issues not represented in the mainstream media.

CounterSpin

Tuesdays, 6:30 pm

A weekly radio critique of the news by the media watchdog group, FAIR (Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting).



Making Contact

Wednesdays, 6:30 pm

A weekly program committed to investigative journalism and in-depth critical analysis, focusing on the human realities of politics, and the possibilities for hopeful democratic change.

KBCS 91.3 fm

is listener-supported, public radio for the Seattle area. We bring you the best variety of locally programmed Folk and Jazz music from around the World and around the corner.

For a complete program guide, call or check our website: 425-564-2427 or kbc-fm.org

Your local source for alternative news and public affairs— and great music.

kbc-fm.org

COMMON GROUND RADIO'S WEEKLY PROGRAM ON WORLD AFFAIRS

Thursdays, 6:30 pm

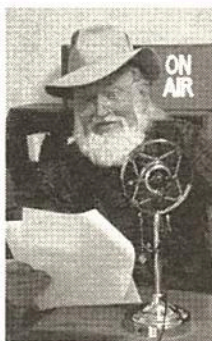
World affairs, featuring the voices of world leaders, thoughtful observers and ordinary citizens doing extraordinary things.

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

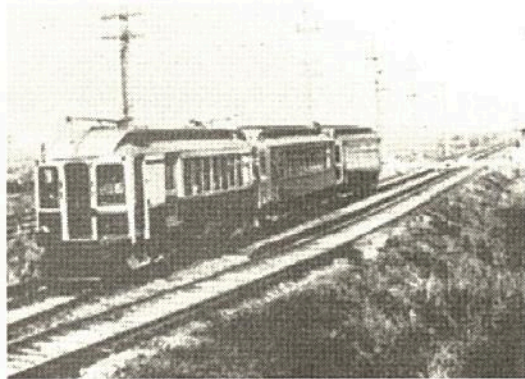
A patchwork of tall tales, labor songs and stories, tramping and railroad lore, and a general and often comic assessment of the passing parade.



Electric passenger rail service between Seattle and downtown Tacoma began running on September 25, 1902.

The wooden cars ran approximately once an hour, and the typical run took 100 minutes. One-way fare cost 60 cents and a round-trip ticket was one dollar.

Later named the Puget Sound Electric Railway, the line was part of a system that also owned the Tacoma City



LIGHT RAIL PREDECESSOR, THE PUGET SOUND ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Railway. It ran on tracks along city streets in Seattle and Tacoma, receiving its power from overhead wires, but most of the line ran on privately owned, fenced right-of-way with an electrified third rail providing power. The base of operations was in Kent. In 1919, the line carried three million passengers. Competition from automobiles speeding over paved roads pushed the interurban to bankruptcy in 1927. The lines were abandoned in 1928.



PROVIDENCE SEATTLE MEDICAL CENTER, OPENED FOR BUSINESS IN 1876

On September 24, 1911, the Sisters of Providence moved from its aging hospital, designed by Mother Joseph in 1876, to their new state-of-the-art building at 17th and Jefferson streets on Seattle's Renton Hill. Today the Sisters continue to serve the community from the facility, now known as Providence Seattle Medical Center.

The first tornado in Western Washington in recorded history hit the Sand Point area of Seattle at about 5:55 p.m. on September 28, 1962. In 15 minutes the raging, 100-m.p.h. winds damaged eight houses in the View Ridge and Sand Point area, formed a 100-foot-high waterspout while cross-

ing Lake Washington, smacked into more homes, and toppled 70 trees in the town of Juanita.

Tacoma Police arrested 60 people during a confrontation over Native American fishing rights on September 9, 1970. When state officers attempted to remove a fishnet set in the river by tribal members, four shots were fired at them. A firebomb then set fire to a wooden railroad and the police moved in with tear gas. Fifty-five adults and five young people were arrested in an encampment that had been established one mile north of Tacoma, where Highway 99 crosses the Puyallup River. Police seized firearms, knives, and fishing nets, but there were no injuries. Two days later, Tacoma Police Chief Lyle Smith ordered the encampment bulldozed.

The fish-in was in protest of the three-day-a-week fishing season imposed by the state on Native American fishers. Native Americans and their supporters asserted that under the treaties with the U.S. Government signed in 1855, they could fish off-reservation without restriction. A little more than a week later, the Nixon Administration's Justice Department filed suit against the State of Washington on behalf of five (later nine) tribes seeking to remove the state restrictions. The suit resulted in the Boldt Decision in February 1974, which granted one half of the salmon and steelhead harvest to the tribes.

Seattle-born rock guitarist Jimi Hendrix died in London at the age of 27 on September 18, 1970. His remains were returned to the United States and interred in Renton.

Hendrix learned his art in numerous Seattle bands and jazz orchestras, but he did not break through to stardom until his appearance at the 1967 Monterey Pops Festival. He later traveled to England,



where he honed his revolutionary guitar style with the encouragement of Paul McCartney. Hendrix made a triumphant return to Seattle in concert on February 12, 1968. ■

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.

CLASSICS CORNER



by Perfess'r Harris

"I think that someone will remember us in another time."
—Sappho of Lesbos, circa 600 BC

It's sad but true. When we read Sappho, the Lesbian poet of seventh century B.C., we find fewer poems than pieces. They are mostly teasing little bits, like "Eros arrived from heaven wrapped in a purple mantle," or "with what eyes?" It's not a lot to go on.

We know that Sappho was born in around 630 to an aristocratic family, was orphaned at six, had a daughter named Kleis, and died about 570. She is said to have been short, dark, and ugly. While her woman-centered poetry was widely known, very little survived the Dark Ages.

But the poet's memory happily lives on at Sappho Junction, a little town in the Olympic Peninsula at the intersection of U.S. 101 and Highway 113.

Here, behind the Texaco, stands one of the more unlikely literary monuments in Washington State: a chainsaw sculpture of a toga-clad, dark-skinned woman with pouty lips and big wide eyes.

"I needed something for the tourists," admits Texaco owner Sam Gaydeski. "I could have had a fish or a bear or something, but Sappho being Sappho, I had her carved instead."

Sappho, population 13, could have been the shipping center of the upper Quillayute Valley, or so hoped town founder Martin Van Buren Lamoreaux, who moved there in 1889. After Seattle's Great Fire, Lamoreaux decided his land near Lake Union was a bust and took a chance on the middle of nowhere.

Lamoreaux, his wife, and their 11 kids took a steamship to the Pysht Indian Village on the Straits of Juan de Fuca, hiked through 20 miles of wilderness, and homesteaded their claim. In Lamoreaux's town, each member of his family had a good job: postmaster, hotel owner, general grocer, hospital administrator, and so forth.

According to several sources, Lamoreaux named the town Sappho because he felt Sappho's poetry, with its "intense but controlled emotion expressed in everyday, down to earth language," struck a nice tone for building a life in the Olympics.

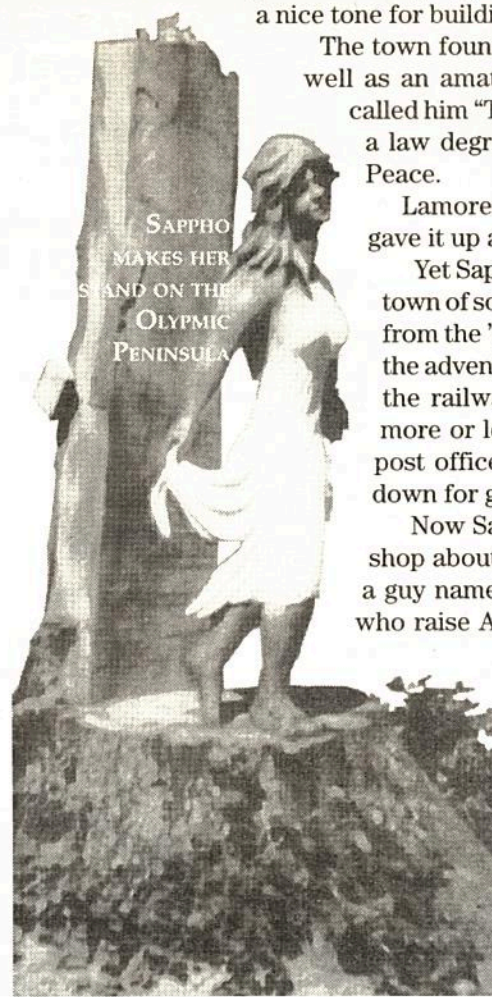
The town founder was a jailhouse lawyer as well as an amateur classics scholar. Locals called him "The Judge." Despite his lack of a law degree, he became Justice of the Peace.

Lamoreaux died in 1901. His family gave it up and split for Vashon in 1909.

Yet Sappho persisted. It was a timber town of sorts, and hosted a logging camp from the '30s forward. By the early '70s, the advent of the logging truck rendered the railway, and the town of Sappho, more or less obsolete. That's when the post office and the town tavern closed down for good.

Now Sappho is Sam's Texaco, a junk shop about a mile down the road run by a guy named Biff, and a nice old couple who raise Australian sheepdogs. "It's not much of a town really," says Sam. "Just a big old name on the map."

But what a name. On any map of the Olympic Peninsula, you'll find Sappho, just as big as Forks, or even Port Angeles. There isn't much left, but we at Classics Corner are happy she's there. ■



WANTED:

writers, photographers, illustrators

Join up with the Real Change Gang.
Fame. Glory. Purpose. Call Adam at 441-8143.

September Notables

Tuesday, 9/19

Washington State Primary Election, remember to vote, 7 a.m. - 8 p.m.

Peace Day Seattle, a celebration of the United Nations International Day of Peace. Thousands of people will be gathering to promote a culture of peace and nonviolence for the children of the world. Performers include Diversity Dance, Marimba Band, Spirit Drums, Raging Grannies, Seattle Children's Theatre, clowns, over 45 organizations & displays, sponsors include Fellowship of Reconciliation and United Nations Association, 6 - 10 p.m., at Seattle Center Flag Pavilion, info Kioni Mount, 206-525-7818 or peaceday2000@yahoo.com or Sandy Fox 206-322-9899 or fox@angelfire.com or <http://www.peacedayseattle.org>

Wednesday, 9/20

Seattle Chapter National Organization for Women presents "Love Your Body Day" with "Stop the Tobacco Train, I Want to Get Off," speakers include Ani Ohara, Free and Clear Program, Lydia Ronan, Hypnotherapist, Chiropractor Dr. Bonnie Verhunce, 7:30 - 9 p.m., at Good Shepherd Center, 4649 Sunnyside Ave N, room 220, info 206-632-8547.

Saturday, 9/23

Benefit Concert for Habitat for Humanity. Poet, singer, songwriter, and housebuilder Mike Stern brings an evening of music about nonviolence and justice both in the world & in our homes, donation \$15, 7:30 p.m., at University Baptist Church, 4554 12th Ave NE; info 206-292-5240 or 206-633-3647.

Seattle Public Theater presents "The Color of Justice," a Theater of Liberation forum featuring stories of people of colors' interactions with police. 7:30 p.m. at the Garfield Community Center, 23rd Avenue and Cherry St. Also at the same time Sunday at the Community Action Network, 115 Prefontaine Place near 3rd and Yesler. Info 206-328-4848.

Sunday, 9/24

Northwest AIDS Walk 2000, raise money to fight AIDS, volunteers needed, at Seattle Center, info 206-323-WALK or <http://www.nwaid.org> or volunteer@nwaid.org

Monday, 9/25

The Church Council of Greater Seattle's Fall Assembly Dinners invite you to explore how faith-based organizations can move from servicing poverty to ending it. "Beyond the Bandaid: Healing the Wounds of Poverty" takes place in six locations in Seattle, Lynnwood, and Bellevue through September and October. Tonight's at 5:30 p.m. at St. Clement's Episcopal Church, 1501-32nd Ave. South, Seattle. Donations accepted. Call 206-525-12113 ext.3933 for more info or to make a reservation.

Saturday, 9/30

Mayors' Day of Concern for the Hungry, collection of donated groceries will take place at many stores including QFC, Safeway, and others, coordinated by the Emergency Feeding Program, volunteers needed. 9 a.m.-6 p.m., info 206-723-0647.

Washington NARAL (National Abortion Rights Action League) presents "My Voice, My Choice" youth event, noon - 5

p.m., at Volunteer Park Amphitheater info dawnmerydith@wanaral.org or 206-624-1990.

Ongoing Wednesdays

"Spirit of the Times," a live half-hour program featuring interviews with local activists, 2 p.m., on TV channel 29, info producer J.M. Black-Ferguson 206-282-4776.

Meetings of Resist the List, working to prevent mandatory reporting of HIV Positive people, 7:30 p.m., at the Community Room, 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>

The Bard College Clemente Course Wants You!

Free classes for low-income adults in literature, U.S. history, art history, and moral philosophy begin in mid-October. This is Clemente's third year of providing college-credit courses to low-income adults. If you're accepted to the class, all costs (including tuition, books, childcare, and busfare) will be provided. To apply, call the Washington Commission for the Humanities at (206) 682-1770.



Ongoing Saturdays

Progressive "Alternative Radio," with David Barsamian each week presenting a different voice from the left on a variety of justice and peace issues including racial and economic justice, etc., hear information otherwise not available in the mainstream media, 3 p.m. and Sunday 11 p.m., KUOW 94.9 FM Radio (also 6 a.m. Saturday on KCMU), info www.freespeech.org/alternative.radio

Seattle Food Not Bombs re-distributes free produce to the members of the Yesler Terrace Community Center, Produce to

the People, Right On! 10:45 a.m., sort vegetables, noon - 1 p.m., Free Market, at the Yesler Terrace Community Center, 835 E Yesler Way, info 206-985-2247 or fnb@scn.org or <http://www.scn.org/activism/foodnotbombs>

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 location, 5:30 p.m. share dinner at Occidental Park, see info for ongoing Saturdays.

Water Women Swim, a private swim for large and/or differently abled women and their supportive women friends.

You can paddle around the pool, swim laps, or just soak in the hot tub, wheelchair-accessible pool, \$3, this and ongoing Wednesdays, 5:30 - 6:30 p.m., and Mondays, 6:30 at Fircrest School Activity Building, 15230 15th Ave. N.E., Shoreline, info <http://www.seafattle.org/waterwomen.html> or Leebrd@aol.com or 206-522-6505 or 206-789-1267.

Ongoing Daily

Support I-245, the Universal Health Care initiative, call to find out about volunteer opportunities, info 206-323-3393 or toll-free 877-903-9723 or info@healthcare2k.org ■

Steve's News
more newspapers
more magazines
great service

204 Broadway East 324-7323
3416 Fremont Ave N 633-0731

StreetLife Gallery

A working studio and gallery in Belltown, where the outsider is always in.

Open Daily, 11-7
2301 2nd Ave.
Belltown, 956-8046

FESTIVAL OF FRESH FACES
A Showcase of New Work by New Artists

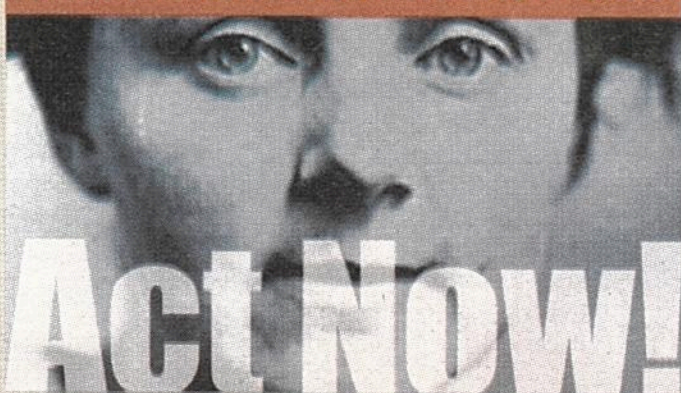
Supporting the community through music, theater and dance.

September 22 & 23, (Fri & Sat) at 8 pm
Chamber Theatre
4th floor of the Odd Fellows Building
918 E Pine Street, Capitol Hill

\$8/\$5 Students
All proceeds to BENEFIT
Real Change Newspaper and Casa Latina

For Donations, Reservations, and Information call JONES at (206)228-0119

citizens participation project



Get Feds to Support Local Transportation Interests

Issue: Congress signed a law two years ago to hold regional transportation agencies more accountable to local communities and federal civil rights laws. It has yet to be officially adopted by the Federal Transit Administration. Support the push to get the law on the books, so local groups can protect their neighborhoods as more than just thoroughfares or regionally driven developments.

Background: In 1998, the federal legislature passed the Transportation Equity Act for the 21 Century (TEA-21). The TEA not only makes more than \$200 billion available to communities for highways and public transportation, but also requires metropolitan and statewide planning agencies to involve everyone who would be affected by transportation changes, including both potential users and residents surrounding construction areas. This law would be particularly helpful to low-income citizens, who not only rely more on public transportation, but are also more likely to live in areas altered to make way for mass transit. This can already be seen locally in Sound Transit's decision to run light rail above-ground through major portions of south Seattle, Tukwila, and Sea-Tac.

In accordance with the law, rather than having to sue a planning agency for violating environmental laws when their opinions and concerns are not heeded, local residents could appeal to federal bodies to enforce their involvement. Should planning agencies not comply, these federal bodies would be able to hold back millions of dollars in funding.

This past May, the new law was incorporated into a proposed rule for both the Federal Transit Administration and the Federal Highway Administration. However, the rule has yet to be adopted, mainly because it doesn't say how it would be implemented. The rule also does not require local planning agencies to disclose where federally funded transportation projects are being built and how much money is going into them.

Until the rule is changed, Sound Transit's decision this summer not to submit to an independent audit is, unfortunately, within the letter of the law. If the proposed rule were in place, the federal government could easily use federal grants to require Sound Transit to not only disclose its spending habits, but also heed the concerns of people affected by the route.

Action: Write to Senators Slade Gorton and Patty Murray supporting the adoption of the proposed rule as soon as possible. You can also write the federal Department of Transportation to show support for the addition of mandated-budget disclosures into the proposed rule.

Gorton should be encouraged to sign on to a letter being circulated by Senator Paul Wellstone, which supports the rule and the changes proposed to protect the involvement of local community members. A full copy of the letter can be found at www.communitychange.org/alerts/alert199.asp

The DOT should also be sent a letter in support of the adoption of the proposed rule. The Docket number for the rule is FHWA-99-5933.

Gorton's contact information:
10900 NE 4 Ste. 2110
Bellevue, WA 98004-5841
(425) 451-0103

Murray's contact information:
2988 Jackson Federal Building
915 Second Ave.
Seattle, WA 98174-1001
(206) 553-5545

DOT's contact information:
The Honorable Rodney Slater
Secretary
U.S. Department of Transportation
400 Seventh Street, SW
Washington, D.C. 20590

You can't beat a woman



Feminist
Karate
Union

...especially when she can block and counter a punch! Training in karate develops your commitment to self-defense and confidence in your ability to respond to an attack, be it verbal or physical. Come train with FKU--and discover your strongest self!

...Seattle's non-profit 501(c)3 community resource for martial arts education and self-defense awareness since 1971.

call today! 206-325-3878

the BELLTOWN
BARBER
and Manicure

Tues.-Fri., 9:30 am to 5:30 pm
Sat., 10 am to 4 pm
2219 2nd, Downtown Seattle
441-4738



LEFT BANK BOOKS

92 PIKE ST.

New and Used Books—

Scholarly, Radical,
Hard-to-find,
Magazines, T-shirts,
Bumperstickers,
Pamphlets, Comics,
Postcards & Buttons
Records, Tapes & CDs

622-0195

Collectively Owned and Operated

SUPPORT INDEPENDENT
BOOKSTORES



Save money on
your insurance.

Auto • Life • Fire
Truck • Commercial

Monthly Payments



Healy Insurance Agency
4000 Aurora Ave. N. Suite 112
Seattle, WA 98103
(206) 633-4790

Real Change
2129 2nd Ave.
Seattle, WA 98121

Seattle Public Library, Serials Unit
1000 Fourth Ave.
Seattle, WA 98104

