

Change

Puget Sound's Newspaper of the Poor and Homeless • Volume 8, No. 11

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The Rosenberg Legacy

Inside: Bleeding for Dollars • House Calls at Tent City • Ten Years at the Aloha • Good Food • Good Film



ETHEL AND JULIUS ROSENBERG IN GOOD TIMES. GRAPHIC BY TOM DAVIS.

Interview by Romie Ponce

Robert Meeropol lost his parents to the Cold War. In 1953, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were arrested and accused of spying for the Soviet Union, convicted in a trial tainted with the anti-communist hysterics of the McCarthy era, and put to death. Their two children were left in a nightmare of an orphanage, then stigmatized by their parents' infamy. Now, nearly five decades after that loss cast a shadow over his life, Meeropol holds out hope for the sons of modern Rosenbergs.

For the last 30 years, Meeropol has been an attorney, speaker, writer, and progressive activist. In 1990, after five years of private practice, Meeropol founded the Rosenberg Fund for Children (RFC), to provide benefits to targeted young activists and children whose parents have been harassed, injured, jailed, lost jobs, or died in the pursuit of beliefs that contribute to a better society.

Meeropol was in town in late April 20 to talk about the RFC and the growing movement against the death penalty. *Real Change* caught up with him the next day.

Real Change: Tell us about your personal reasons for starting the RFC.

Robert Meeropol: My parents were arrested and executed at the height of the McCarthy era. This was an age of much hatred and unease. It was hard to be the child of the Rosenbergs, and there was a dark cloud of anxiety that hung over me, very frightening. But as bad as that was, there was a community of support that came to our aid and helped us, nurtured us, protected us. A trust fund was raised for us that connected my brother and me with the Meeropols, who adopted us. The trust fund also allowed us to go to camp and to receive educations and be connected with a progressive community that supported us. And that is the reason why I believe that I survived intact.

When I grew up and decided on the direction I wanted my career and life to take, it ultimately came through in the RFC. It is my effort to retain people in the kind of community that supported my brother and me. And that is what we do: We find people living in the kind of nightmare that I lived through, and we connect them with supportive institutions that will help them in the same way that I was helped.

RC: What is the mission of the RFC?

Meeropol: The RFC is a public foundation that supports the emotional and educational needs of targeted activist youth or targeted activists and their

children. What we mean by "targeted" is anybody who, in the course of their progressive activities, is imprisoned, attacked, blacklisted, killed, or harassed in various ways.

"Judi Bari, an environmental activist, was blown up in her car and ultimately died of breast cancer. It may seem frivolous to give her children piano lessons, but talented children may not have the opportunity to express themselves because no money is available. That little act is very important."

—Robert Meeropol

We have four guiding principals: All people have equal worth, people are more important than profits, society must function within ecologically sustainable limits, and world peace is a necessity. So if you get in trouble in the

pursuit of these, and you're under 24 years old, there is a possibility that we can help. Or, if you are doing this and you have children, your children are eligible.

We send kids to summer camp, we provide for therapy, we subsidize school tuition, as well as a whole range of cultural programming. Also, for young adults we have a *Carry It Forward Program*, which pays for college textbooks, a grant of \$600 a year.

RC: As founder of the RFC, what is your biggest challenge?

Meeropol: People on the front lines are reluctant to ask for help. They think it may be "charity." We are not about charity. They can't believe that there is a foundation out there with our mission and immediate availability. We have to overcome the title "foundation" and its insinuations, because often it makes people reluctant to apply. The money that we hold, our constituency, is not to a few wealthy donors. Our primary point and responsibility is the activists. We want to solve problems, we want to make it easy. You could say that we are user friendly and this surprises people.

RC: At your lecture, you said that the RFC makes it easier for a progressive society to happen.

Meeropol: That's right, that is part of the theory behind what we do. Now, we do not claim with our small grants that we

Continued on Page 10



Thanks — sort of

Dear Editor:

Thank you for having the decency to publish Mayor Schell's letter in your May 3 issue. The self-righteous rhetoric of Tent City's sponsors and advocates needed a little balance.

A news item in the same issue, "With God on our side," reported that over 300 advocates and activists attended the April 28 conference at St. Mark's to develop a plan to end homelessness. Now, don't get me wrong: Ending homelessness is a very worthwhile goal, but it seems to me that these hundreds of "advocates and activists," as well as the thousands of persons of faith who attend Seattle's hundreds of churches, could make homelessness go away if

they just put their faith where their mouths are. Sponsor one homeless person or family. Give him, her, or them a room in your home and the use of the kitchen and bathroom. Contributions from your fellow parishioners will pay for visits to your doctor and dentist, and for suitable job-hunting clothes. Volunteers from the congregation will provide child care. And since, according to *Real Change*, every homeless person is a saint, it will be a matter of just a few months before your new friends have jobs and their own residences.

In the old days, people were allowed to starve to death if their poor decisions, self-poisoning, or out-and-out shiftlessness left them homeless and destitute. It speaks well of our society that we make any effort at all to prevent that. High-minded talk and the demonization of governments and officials will never end homelessness. Real people, in real communities, willing to do the real work, can effect real change.

Regards,
Walter D. Smith

Thanks — I mean it

Dear Editor:

I want to thank *Real Change*, the homeless newspaper, for helping a homeless woman in her hour of need when I didn't get no resources from nobody but the paper. I've been on the streets two years, seven months and I do housework, no drugs, I do alcohol

but I don't do it no more, I'm doing it now because I'm celebrating. I'm celebrating because I have a HOME and I'm very happy. With my income, I can manage my life now. But I will never forget the homeless newspaper. I washed my clothes, got real food, saved my money, and once in a while got a room in a hotel, but I want to thank all the people that bought my paper and pulled me through and are helping others get on their feet. And God bless us all.

Lorraine Lee Lindsey
Vendor #2107

Fisher's tale: smartly selfless

Loved this story ("Hard Luck: a Horror Story," RC April 19); wish I had the smarts to help people. I don't think I am smart enough to be an attorney but if I were, I would devote one day a week to helping people like Shelby for free. :)

Rancho Cucamonga
Via Email

Fisher's tale: maudlin misogyny

Dear Editor:

I've read about lawyers almost going bankrupt representing poor clients whose groundwater was polluted by big corporations. And I have been helped by lawyers for very little money. Now I can include the case of the self-deluded lawyer who chooses to identify with and bankroll the rather dubious victimhood of a lifelong alcoholic. Said alcoholic kills a woman. Thirteen words of your maudlin portrayal of "victimhood" describe this ("She laughed at him because he couldn't get it up. He killed her."). The

Continued on Page 14

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Change

Puget Sound's Voice of the Poor and Homeless

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Mission Statement:

Real Change organizes, educates, and builds alliances to create solutions to homelessness and poverty. We exist to provide a voice for poor people in our community.

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. Programs include the *Real Change* newspaper, the MacWorkshop computer lab, StreetLife Art Gallery, the StreetWrites peer support group for homeless writers, the Homeless Speakers Bureau, and the First Things First organizing project. All donations 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. *Real Change* 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.

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. The *Real Change* newspaper is now a project of the Real Change Homeless Empowerment Project, our 501c3 non-profit umbrella, so all donations are tax deductible.

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Milestone

The Aloha Inn celebrates its first 10 years

By Rhetta Barker and Dan Owcarz

“The person that I was 10 years ago is not the woman that the Aloha Inn has helped me to become today.”

Those are the words of Rhetta Barker, a recent graduate of the Aloha Inn transitional housing program. Her statement could be interpreted as just another testimonial to the network of social services that help people who are homeless get back on their feet. But the Aloha Inn is not your typical social service. Instead, Rhetta's words speak to the struggles and victories of homeless people themselves.

Ten years ago, Rhetta was part of a group of people who helped create the Aloha Inn. At that time she could not have imagined that a decade later her efforts would help her find a permanent place to call home.

The struggle for the Aloha Inn began in 1990 on the day after Thanksgiving. The Seattle Housing and Resources Effort, SHARE, erected a Tent City on a vacant lot where the new baseball stadium is now.

“We began sleeping on pallets in the Bus Barn. Then a military base donated some of their old metal bunks and worn mattresses. That was an improvement over the tents and the rain, but it wasn't enough.”

—Rhetta Barker

In just a few weeks there were over 150 people taking care of each other and staying safe, in a democratically run community. The people of SHARE were committed to staying together. They remained true to the idea of finding a building in which to operate a resident-managed shelter.

Through negotiations with the City, the Tent City residents were eventually allowed to move into the former Metro Bus Barn in lower Queen Anne. Rhetta can still recall the difficult living conditions of the Bus Barn shelter: “We began sleeping on pallets in the Bus Barn. Then a military base donated some of their old metal bunks and worn mattresses. That was an improvement over the tents and the rain, but it wasn't enough. We had many people who were working regular jobs, but not getting proper rest, nutrition, or health care.”

As the Bus Barn shelter was scheduled to close, SHARE began campaigning for a transitional housing program. Back then the idea of homeless people running a shelter was revolutionary. Some people thought resident management was a wonderful exercise in democracy, while others thought it would lead to unsafe anarchy in the shelter. Rhetta remembers, “We attended city council meetings and hundreds of interviews with media covering our campaign across the United States. In the end we saw a turnaround of community support.”

Former Mayor Norm Rice publicly expressed a commitment to finding a new location for the Bus Barn residents. The vacant Aloha Inn Motor Hotel was chosen as the site to develop resident-managed transitional housing. Catholic Community Services, the Low Income Housing Institute, SHARE, and the City of Seattle came together to negotiate the new program.

In the early days of the Aloha Inn, Rhetta remembers facing strong opposition from some of the Queen Anne neighborhood. “Not in my backyard, was the war cry for those objecting to the program opening.” There was significant fear that the program would increase crime in the area. A few neighbors filed a lawsuit in an attempt to stop the project, but despite the opposition the building was purchased.

Not everyone who fought for the program reaped the benefits. Rhetta did not move into the Aloha Inn when it first opened. Instead she struggled for 10 years against all the difficulties that keep people in poverty. It wasn't until last December that Rhetta applied to the very program she helped create. For six months she worked to get her life together and leave homelessness behind. The day she put a deposit on her new apartment, she burst into the Aloha Inn flaunting the keys to her new home.

When asked about her experiences from Tent City, to the Bus Barn shelter, and finally to the Aloha Inn, Rhetta stated: “Like any program, there were difficulties weeding out those who were dishonest with their intentions to change. But one by one, those who are true to themselves are given the opportunity to begin life as it should be: peaceful, secure, and with a much brighter outlook. The best part, I was here in the beginning to give my support.”

The Aloha Inn is celebrating its 10th anniversary this month. Rhetta reminds us of our history. The current Tent Village run by SHARE reminds us that the struggle for affordable housing continues. ■

Dan Owcarz is the project manager of the Aloha Inn, 1911 Aurora Ave. N., a resident-managed transitional housing program for homeless adults. Rhetta Barker moved into permanent housing at the end of April.

Inside:

Opinion

Milestone: Aloha Inn celebrates a decade
by Rhetta Barker and Dan Owcarz 3

Regular Features

This Just In
by Bob Redmond 3

News You Can Use: Sleeping, meeting, and greeting
by Adam Holdorf 4

Adventures in Poetry
with Dr. Wes Browning 8

Notes from the Kitchen: April's healthy season
by Liz Smith 12

Street Watch
by Emma Quinn 13

Classics Corner
by Timothy Harris 14

Calendar
compiled by Kristen Alexander 15

News

The Rosenberg Legacy: Interview with Robert Meeropol
by Romie Ponce 1

House Calls to the Homeless: Alternative care
by Trevor Griffey 5

Bonanza of Babbittry: Seattle on sale
by Trevor Griffey 5

Features

Bleeding for Dollars: Professional plasma giving
by Rick Giombetti 7

Together Forever: International films come to town
by Kevin Vanderhoef 11

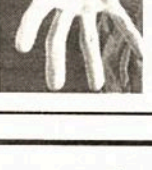
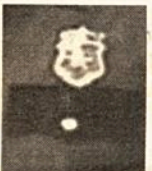
A Garden of Delights: The Golden Daisy restaurant
Anitra Freeman 14

Poetry

Insights and surprises from Stan Burriss, Handsen Chikowore,
Etabu Etabui, Reneene Robertson, Earle Thompson 8-9

Activism

Citizens Participation Project 16



The candidate stands in his bathroom. Mayoral toothbrush in right hand, Mayoral gaze at the mirror. He tries different smiles, practices the I-forget-your-name nod.

He is unshaven and wears only a ribbed tank top and boxer shorts. Four years from now, he'll weigh more, have darker eye circles. Remember those before-and-after pictures of President Carter? They beat Carter up then, and now look. Everyone loves him. The candidate brushes his teeth, filling his cheeks with toothpaste foam.

Since he was in sixth grade, when he played Thomas Jefferson in history class, he knew he was bound for greatness. He addresses his sixth grade class, he pictures a mock press conference in the mirror.

“When was the last time you took public transportation?” yells someone from the back of the room. “Do you realize cruise ships are dumping sewage on the waterfront?” “Will you arrest homeless people for taking sanctuary at a church?” Everyone is screaming at once.

Somehow, he answers all their questions or at least buys time until later. He looks forward to debriefing with his staff, delegating, demanding reports, getting results.

This next term will be different, they'll see. More disciplined, better organized. Everyone will remember what I do, he thinks, as he finally knots his tie, grabs his briefcase, and steps outside, his \$300 shoes clicking steadily on the pavement. ■

— Bob Redmond

Loss of vision

Sometime in the last few years, the Optometric Center of Seattle neglected to renew its nonprofit registration. Its board of directors — kind-hearted eye doctors seeking healthy vision for poor people — drifted away. But Renee Kennedy kept on fixing frames, finding lenses, and doing exams at a discount for low-income and homeless people. This spring, the city has told Renee that the Optometric Center will have to move. The city is selling the Central Area building the Center has rented for more than 30 years.

The Center's lease ends May 31. Kennedy maintains that the city didn't give her a chance to provide feedback on the plans. When it first approved the sale, "they said they did not want to displace anyone," she says. "But they're not offering help. We have no place to go."

Karen Tsao, in the city's Real Estate Services department, says the Optometric Center got notice of the impending sale two years ago. They didn't respond "until February, when they started asking, 'How can you kick us out?'"

The late response may have been due to the Optometric Center's own disarray. Kennedy, the lone office staffer, admits that the Center's nonprofit status lapsed recently, saying "I don't know what happened." And the founding doctors — several eye doctors from Group Health who started the organization in 1967 — "all kind of went their own way." Even the volunteer doctors ceased coming in. Yet the Optometric Center has been doing good quietly, without government subsidies, for three decades. Last year it saw nearly 1,500 patients. Regular exams cost as little as \$25; frames and lenses are also sold at reduced price. Those who can't afford to pay, like the homeless people referred by shelters, get scholarships from the local Lions Club.

Kennedy and Tsao have discussed the possibility of relocation assistance. They both hope to find a new landlord who can offer shelter nearly as cheaply as the Center's current low rent: \$151 a month. ■

Bus fare wars end; disabled riders lose

Starting July 1, most bus fares are going up by 25 cents. The quarter increase isn't much, if you have the change. But the price of passes for ACCESS, Metro's van pick-up program for disabled people, will skyrocket by 58 percent. The monthly passes are increasing from \$8.50 to \$13.50.

Don't blame Initiative 695. This fare hike is part of Metro's effort to discourage disabled people who could take the regular bus from using the vans.

"If people can ride the fixed-route buses, they should," says Sandy Stutey, director of Metro's Accessible Services Program. "They need to know that it's a great system."

It's also a cheaper system, costing several times less than the ACCESS program. Service cuts last summer have ratcheted down some costs, but could not keep up with the ballooning demand since the program was introduced in 1993. From 1996 to 1997 alone, demand for ACCESS increased by 23 percent. Stutey says raising fares is "another incentive" to getting people off the van program.

This fare hike will hit developmentally disabled people in the pocketbook, says Debbie Meyers of the South King County Activity Center. She employs about 80 developmentally disabled workers, who make about \$200 a month assembling and packaging goods. "Although five bucks doesn't sound like much, maybe just a latte for some, that's a hit to these people."

The five extra dollars won't do much for Metro's balance sheet. Fare revenue from the ACCESS vans accounts for just 3 percent of Metro's yearly income. But the hike contributes to another goal: bringing disabled riders' fares up to "parity" with non-disabled riders.

In the conflict over raising bus fares between King County Executive Ron Sims and the County Council, Councilmember Maggi Fimia led the charge to reduce fares while Sims wanted an across-the-board 25-cent increase. The compromise reached April 30 raises regular fares by a quarter and drops youth fares by a quarter. Elderly and disabled passengers only pay the extra 25 cents during rush hour. And social service agencies can buy more discounted tickets to distribute freely to their clients. ■

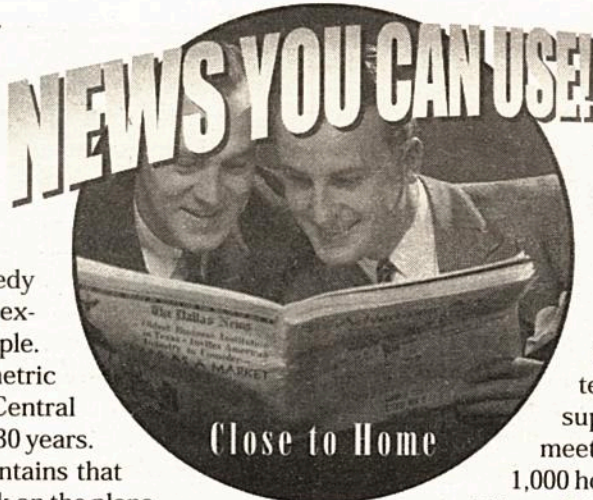
Lynnwood outlaws homelessness

It all started when Labor Ready came to town.

Cars started parking along the side of Highway 99. Their owners slept inside, waiting for the dispatch office to open. More set up tents in the wooded area across the street. A couple people were seen relieving themselves in the ditch, or maybe in the bushes bordering a homeowner's front yard. A house was broken into. No one was caught, but the people sleeping nearby were under suspicion....

So in April, the Lynnwood City Council followed Seattle's lead and passed its own civility law, which makes it a misdemeanor to camp in your car or on public property (e.g. in a greenbelt or under a bridge) anywhere within the 33,000-person city. Violators can be fined up to \$1,000 or imprisoned for 90 days.

Peter Lieurance says it will rarely come to that. As a staffer with the city's



Community Development Department, he sees the law as "a tool of last resort" in the war between campers and police investigating occupied vehicles.

"Police won't discover someone in their car overnight, then send them packing," he says. Instead, they'll carry a list of area community services and shelters, offer it up to the car campers, and hope they go away.

For a single man waiting for the Labor Ready office to open, there is no place to go. Lynnwood's only shelter houses single mothers and children. The entire county supplies just 269 emergency shelter beds — enough to meet only one-fourth of the need created by an estimated 1,000 homeless people, according to estimates from the county Office of Housing and Community Development.

Even Lieurance admits that "There is certainly not enough help — that's a personal statement, not an official one."

City officials say the ordinance was passed in response to increased camping nearby the dispatch center. But when it comes to the temp labor agency's role in riling up the neighborhood, Lynnwood city officials appear to be big old softies.

"Labor Ready is quite concerned and supportive," says Lieurance. "Obviously, they are there to serve people who need the work." ■

Stuck in the middle

While a smattering of protesters stood outside the Washington State Convention Center during the Asia Pacific Cities Summit, inside was journalist Paul Richmond, a veteran of the Independent Media Center's coverage of the WTO protests. He's spent months helping archive video footage of protests and police action for the National Lawyers Guild. At the conference, he took advantage of the access to mug with a fellow WTO veteran, King County Sheriff Dave Reichert, and newcomer Police Chief Gil Kerlikowske (above, with Reichert on the left). Then he snagged six minutes with Mayor Paul Schell. Here's an excerpted piece of the dialogue (for more on the APC summit, see "Bonanza of Babbitt," page 5).

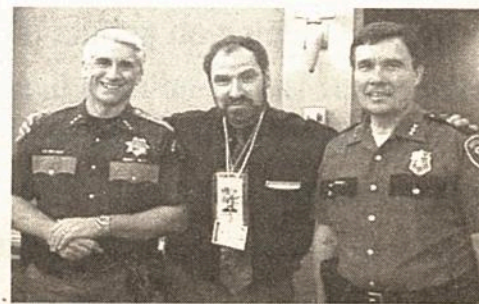


PHOTO COURTESY PAUL RICHMOND (MIDDLE), NORTHWEST NEWSGROUP.

"What do you think about people comparing what's going on here to WTO?"

"It's not relevant at all. It's about people sharing ideas. Building respect for cultures is something we've got to learn here in Seattle, we've got all the cultures in the world here. Understanding each other culturally. It's a good opportunity for that."

"But there are no representatives of labor here."

Schell's not sure. "Everybody was invited; the conference was open to everyone. Anyone could register."

"For \$650?"

"It pays for your meals."

"\$650 for meals? Any representatives from the homeless invited?"

This pushes Schell into speechifying mode. "If you really think it's important that cultures understand each other, if you think it's important that we understand people of a different color or of a different race, or a different culture, then you might be concerned. We could do better for peace in this world, for human rights, if we could just talk to each other as citizens and not leave it up to governments." He's glaring. "People like you are not interested in peace through understanding, let's be honest."

"Uh, any people who work in human rights here for this as speakers?"

"I can't tell you but..."

"But two of the largest corporations are keynotes, and there's no one from..."

"Are you so paranoid that you think that people who are in the business community should be denied their rights? This is a broadly based cultural exchange, an exchange of cultures. An exchange of ideas."

"It seems to be mostly CEOs."

"Yes, it's our leaders. Of the communities."

"Of corporations."

"Of communities."

"Is corporation synonymous for you with community?"

"No, but are you..." he trails off. "I guess I don't understand the question."

"Are you going to include everybody? Labor? Environmentalists? Homeless?"

"Our city's a leader. There's a whole panel that deals with sustainability."

"Who from the whole city in labor or the environment's been invited?"

"Our whole office."

The exchange concludes when Schell moves off and begins whispering to his bodyguard. ■

All newsbriefs by Adam Holdorf. Do you have any stories we should look into? Call Adam at 441-8143, and just maybe we will.



House Calls to the Homeless

By Trevor Griffey

"I was really ill last December," says Robert Cloud, "but I didn't know how ill." As a homeless resident of Tent City, Cloud decided to visit the only health care provider offering services at Tent City. He was surprised by what the doctor found. "She said, 'I think you've had a stroke.'" At the doctor's recommendation, Robert went to a hospital and confirmed that he had suffered a stroke without even knowing it. He has been seeing a doctor at Harborview and taking medication to stabilize his health ever since.

The doctor Robert visited at Tent City wasn't from a clinic, hospital, school, or government agency. She wasn't paid. She wasn't even an M.D. She was a licensed naturopathic doctor, a volunteer for a new organization that brings alternative medical remedies to homeless people, the Alternative Healthcare Access Campaign (AHAC).

"They perform a tremendous service," says Cloud.

Founded seven months ago by alternative health care practitioners with activist backgrounds, AHAC brings a variety of services to homeless people — twice a week at Tent City, and once a week at Mary's Place, a homeless women's day shelter. Over the course of a week, AHAC offers its clients acu-

puncture and Chinese medicine, naturopathic care, nutritionist consultations, and massage therapy — all free of charge.

"Me and a group of other students who were attending alternative health schools were all involved in the same nonprofit groups outside of work," says AHAC co-founder Joaquin Uy. The group, many of whose members worked with Seattle's Food Not Bombs, realized that there weren't "any places in Seattle that offer alternative health care to those who can afford it. The only people who can afford it in our society are people who have the money or the insurance. What about those people who don't have that kind of privilege?"

AHAC isn't the only alternative health care provider offering services to Seattle's homeless [see sidebar]. But it's the only one which, instead of being based out of a clinic, provides on-site care. It's a difference that allows AHAC to do things few other alternative health care providers can.

Seattle rents are prohibitively expensive for an all-volunteer organization operating on a shoestring budget. Sound Clinic, which offered full alternative and conventional care to home-

Continued on Page 6

Alternative medicine reaches out to Tent City residents

PHOTO BY JON CAPUTO

Bonanza of Babbitty

The Asia Pacific Cities Summit puts Seattle on sale

By Trevor Griffey

The city of Seattle hosted a trade show that brought big corporate lobbyists and city government officials from around the world together from May 6 to 8 to talk about using high-tech industry in city services.

As a trade show, it was nothing unusual. But politics changed the dialogue, and the fawning speeches of Washington's elected officials made it plain that from city to federal government and everywhere in between, issues of corporate profit are top-priority. Even before the opening day's first speeches ended, it was clear that the Asia Pacific Cities Summit was going to be a perfectly horrifying pageant about the commodification of everything and everybody.

As the event's host city, Seattle was the reference point for much of the summit's discussions. Its biggest corporations backed the summit financially, provided the keynote speakers, hosted tours of their facilities, gave extravagant banquets, and swelled the ranks of summit participants. But this was supposed to be a meeting of city governments, not just a dialogue put on by and for corporations. For our local elected officials, that difference is not always easy to distinguish.

First to welcome the conference was Mayor Schell, who, in the course of his opening remarks, claimed that the "ability [of city governments] to form partnerships with citizen groups and businesses is critical," because "we need to learn ways to share good ideas." It was a somewhat mysterious statement, given the fact that Schell was not presiding over a conference that included a single citizen group, nor has he helped sponsor any similar event for local or international nonprofits. Was he trying to blur the line between business and citizenship?

Next was Gary Locke, who is much more polished than Schell. His speech was smooth, practiced, professional, and a perfect piece of marketing. His message: high tech is the driving power of our global economy; Washington state is one of the major leaders in this international integration of everything through global corporations; its workforce is ready to take on more of that responsibility.

But it wasn't until King County Executive Ron Sims spoke that I lost it. "I smile now, in this century" he told the crowd. He spoke of how the world was going global, that it had been made

small by the Internet. "A brand new and marvelous world is ahead of us. Oh, this is going to be a marvelous, *marvelous* century." It wasn't just that he had proclaimed a marvelous new world following a century marked less by the advent of the Internet than by its world wars, its genocides, its environmental disasters and social upheaval. It was the way he said marvelous, as if the global economy were erotic, as if it were chocolate. As I laughed out loud, a volunteer for the conference came up to me, staring at my press credentials, and asked angrily, "Can I help you?"

I accepted that my laughter was more disconcerting to some in the audience than the fatuous statements of an elected official whitewashing history to kiss corporate ass, and zipped my lip. Sims was followed by a multimedia slide show presentation about Seattle's relationship to the high tech industry. A smooth blitzkrieg of statistics about the city's wealth, its livability, its prominence in the global economy thundered across a big screen. To know that such a presentation probably cost more to produce than the monthly income of the vendors who sell *Real Change*, to watch as the communities of Seattle are aggregated in terms of corporate profit margins, to see the links made between different big businesses in our region, and then to witness almost every major elected official of the region pay homage to this gathering — it all showed me who runs this city.

That was just the opening plenary session. Welcome to Seattle.

The workshop most focused on social justice at the summit was about the "digital divide" — the fact that high tech economies have had this sort of nasty problem of leaving unskilled workers out. The panel was focused on solutions, on using technology to streamline social services, and on encouraging poor villagers in the Indian subcontinent to start their own cell phone businesses. If I had doubted that business was having a profound impact on the way we think about the public good, a new term bandied about at the panel took away my remaining doubt. It might perhaps someday replace social servant, activist, or public interest advocate. It was "social entrepreneur."

After walking out early on a panel the second day, I knew I wouldn't return to any other summit events. I had seen and heard enough. Enough hype about modern technology. Enough politicians selling their cities like so much market share. Enough insidious self-promotion in bland Powerpoint presentations. Enough wealth tossed around like pocket change. I grabbed a fortune cookie at the information table and headed down the escalator to leave the conference far behind. As I cracked open my cookie and looked to my fortune, I wondered what the rest of my day had in store for me. When I read my fortune, I almost choked. It read:

Overnight documents to Beijing ONLY with UPS ■

AHAC Continued from Page 5

less and low-income people, closed in 1997 — a victim of skyrocketing downtown rents and landlord animosity toward the homeless people who congregated nearby.

According to AHAC co-founder Chris Flannigan, "It makes a difference coming to a place and accommodating people's schedules." For homeless people, "there's an average of about a 29 percent return rate to a clinic where someone has to make the effort to go and come back. The numbers I have show AHAC as having an 80-90 percent return visit rate."

Reasons for that traditionally low return rate vary.

"There are nice facilities for the homeless," says Tent City resident Kevin Terry, "but they often require wait lists or medical coupons. The desperate of the desperate often don't have this."

Mike, a recently homeless person whose health insurance just ran out, says "you go to the hospital and they try to shuffle you out the door." He went to see a naturopath from AHAC and "can't say enough about the time she took with me."

Joseph, a Tent City resident who has gone to see AHAC naturopathic doctors a couple of times, says he probably wouldn't have seen a conventional doctor otherwise. "I don't like allopaths," he says, using the term for doctors trained in "conventional" medicine. "They're like: 'Here's a drug. Here's a drug.' Which makes AHAC absolutely beautiful."

"There's more distrust for people dealing with Harborview," says Kris Weber, another AHAC volunteer. "It's just another bureaucracy and people are afraid sometimes of being put on who-knows-what kind of drugs. It can be perceived as another opportunity to lose control of your life if you walk into Harborview. With alternative medicine, we're a little bit on the outside of the system — which may [be attractive] one way or another when you're homeless."

According to Flannigan, practitioners at the 45th Street Clinic have found that homeless youth are often more open to receiving alternative health care than to seeing a regular doctor.

So while some of its clients may be hesitant to seek help from more traditional doctors, AHAC's work is not opposed to the medical establishment.

"Personally I think that both have their place and their time," says Webber. "We're complementary to what's going on already. When we come

out to Tent City and offer people health care, it seems we're reaching people who wouldn't otherwise have access — or not as quickly."

Mary Claire Miller, a naturopathic doctor who volunteers with AHAC, says that AHAC serves "an obvious need. I see a lot of people who don't go to doctors."

The kinds of problems Miller treats are, compared to her clinic experience at Bastyr, more "acute emergency situations," including "conditions I've only read about" such as tuberculosis, potentially cancerous skin lesions, and significant respiratory problems.

In treating these and other ailments, AHAC offers an important service not just in direct treatment, but also in referring patients to hospitals for significant problems they may have been neglecting.

But whereas those hospitals try to treat the problems only, AHAC doctors try to do more.

"Complementary and alternative health care are really focused on preventive medicine and improving quality of life," says Flannigan.

Changing lifestyle choices that lead to bad health is difficult for anyone, and is especially hard for homeless people.

Some problems particular to homeless populations, according to massage therapist Joaquin Uy, include "headaches that come from being in the cold so much, lower back problems from sleeping on hard ground all the time, and stress because they're detoxing or they're in AA or NA."

"People aren't eating well," says Dr. Miller. "They're exposed to the elements and their immune systems are down. Nutrition is the tough part being here, because there's not much they can do. A lot of the food donated to them is donuts, sweet rolls, and coffee."

"It's tough to cut out sugar," says Cloud. "Over 75 percent of the donations we get are sweets. I've gained 20 pounds since I've been homeless."

So how can alternative health care change these problems?

"Some people ask: Shouldn't doctors provide care for these people?" says Uy. "Alternative health care is always associated with spa treatments, or celebrities having their own acupuncturists. Health care is seen as pharmaceuticals, surgery, allopathic modalities; everything above and beyond that is seen as a luxury."

Not at Tent City.

According to Kevin Terry, AHAC "teaches us to take care of our bodies, teaches us to start over again. We

haven't taken care of ourselves for so long. It's rough on the back to sleep outside in a tent or in shelters. I go to a massage therapist once a week to feel new again. That's what a lot of us are looking for — to feel new again."

"It's not as cold and surgical as when you go see your doctor," adds Cloud. "I was having a bad week and Chris Flannigan and I walked around the block, and I discussed my problems with her and she told me what she knows. It's nice to know your health care people."

According to Kris Weber, these relationships make a difference in opening people up to seeing a doctor. "As an assistant to a practitioner I go out and let people know we're here, there's a doctor here, ask if people have any health problems. Most people's initial reaction is, 'No no, I'm good, I'm fine, I'm healthy.' When you come back

around a second time, they've talked to people who have seen us already, and they've changed their minds."

"There's always some distrust or suspicion," says Chris Flannigan, "but I think a lot of people don't take themselves seriously. They say 'This hurts, but I can't have it taken care of now,' so there's a tendency to put things off because they're trying to make sure they have a place to stay."

Asked what he thought about getting alternative health care instead of more traditional western medicine, Tent City resident Kevin Terry quickly responded: "We're lucky to have this service. You're talking about people who don't have alternatives." ■

To donate or volunteer, contact AHAC at PO Box 45364, Seattle, WA 98145, or at 206-907-2134.

Natural Health Services for Low-Income and Homeless People

Alternative Healthcare Access Campaign (Tent City, Downtown)

Acupuncture, naturopathic care, nutrition, massage

Sunday afternoons, Tuesday evenings, Tent City

Tuesday mornings, Mary's Place

Every other Thursday, 9 a.m. - noon, Women's Wellness Center (massage only)

Free

Kent Community Health Center (Kent, WA)

Phone: (253) 852-2866

Naturopathy, acupuncture, massage, counseling

Generous sliding scale (as low as \$5)

Homeless patients get free health care for one year; free medicine for three months

45th St. Clinic (Wallingford)

(206) 633-3350

Acupuncture for homeless youth (12-23), Tuesday and Thursday, 6-9 p.m.

(Starting in July, acupuncture is Wednesday/Thursday only)

Naturopathic care for homeless youth, Thursday 6-9 p.m.

Free

Country Doctor Community Clinic (Capitol Hill)

(206) 299-1600

Naturopathic care, acupuncture, and massage therapy for homeless youth

Tuesday, 6-9 p.m.

Free

Kang Wen Acupuncture Clinic (Capitol Hill)

(206) 322-6945

Acupuncture, Tuesday mornings and Thursday afternoons

Sliding Scale, "no one turned away" for lack of funds

In Touch

Massage for people suffering from chronic illness

Clinics every day except Thursday and Saturday

Call (206) 633-2419 ext.133 to apply (applicants must have voice mail)

Free

Audrey Long, Chiropractor

Every other Thursday, 7-11 a.m. at the Women's Wellness Center, 1902 Second Ave.

Free

Northwest Institute of Acupuncture and Oriental Medicine (Fremont)

(206) 633-5581

Sliding scale acupuncture: \$25 first visit; \$12 follow-ups for the very low-income.

Also offers free acupuncture and herbal remedies for low-income AIDS patients.

Offers a variety of clinics in specialized areas.

Bastyr Center for Natural Health (Wallingford)

(206) 834-4100

Naturopathy, physical medicine (including massage), acupuncture, nutrition

Low-income and senior citizens pay as little as \$30; Counseling rates start at \$15

Low-income HIV-positive patients that qualify under the Ryan White program may make an unlimited number of visits per month.

Occasional free clinics; call for a schedule.

Seattle Institute of Oriental Medicine

(206) 517-4541

\$25 student clinic, \$15 for disabled (with papers), medicaid, and those receiving unemployment insurance. ■

Bleeding for Dollars

By Rick Giombetti

Not many people get paid to bleed, but I do. I count myself among a small class of people, about 400,000 nationwide, who earn cash selling their blood plasma at the more than 400 plasma centers nationwide. It's not a pleasant experience, but it helps me get by.

I was a journalism student at Colorado State University in need of money when I first sold my blood plasma in May 1997. What I thought would be just a temporary method of paying for groceries has become a permanent source of income for the foreseeable future.

Whatever the benefits of plasma-based products for sick people, I do it out of economic hardship, not magnanimity. The \$45 in cash I make in two weekly trips to the Sera-Tec plasma center downtown — \$15 for the first bleed and \$30 for the second one, always paid out immediately after the plasma is drawn — is not going to pay my rent. It doesn't even cover my entire shopping bill, but \$180 every four weeks means food on the table and money for rent for some people.

During a visit to Sera-Tec a few months ago, I met first-time bleeder Randy Toupes, 38, of Seattle. Toupes, who is single and responsible for two dependent children, works as a forklift operator at Max West, Inc. in Seattle. He made his first stop at Sera-Tec strictly for the money. Like me, he was doing it because he had to.

"If money wasn't an issue for me right now, you could bet that I wouldn't be here," he told me. "I have to borrow money from family every now and then to make ends meet, and I like to avoid doing that as much as possible." Toupes' job gets him by, but there is no money left over after bills come due the first of the month.

Selling blood plasma should not be confused with donating blood. An individual can only donate his or her whole blood once every two months. An individual can undergo plasmapheresis twice a week. During plasmapheresis, a seller's plasma is separated from their red blood cells by a machine called a centrifuge. It's then used to manufacture a myriad of medical products, like Antihemophilic Factor, a medication used by hemophiliacs that enables their blood to clot.

Since a seller's plasma will eventually be used to manufacture medical products that will be used to treat illnesses in others, the eligibility guidelines for plasma sellers are very strict. Only healthy individuals aged 18-59 who weigh at least 110 pounds are eligible. In this age of HIV, Hepatitis C, and other diseases, a laundry list of behav-

iors are strictly verboten: intravenous drug use, having been paid or paying for sex anytime since 1977, etc. You must live at a verifiable residential street address in order to sell your plasma. Also, for you fashion victims in trendy Seattle, you can't sell your plasma if you have gotten a tattoo within the past 12 months.

Other barriers are not so formal. If you don't like needles, then a plasma center is about the last place you want to be, since plasmapheresis entails receiving a considerable puncture wound in your arm. The hollow needle,

through which the blood is drawn, is inserted by a staff medical worker called a phlebotomist. While the Food and Drug Administration licenses plasma centers, it requires no certification to be a phlebotomist. Sera-Tec, for example, is responsible for training its staff; this particular center requires a medical background for the job. The only job an individual without a medical background can get at

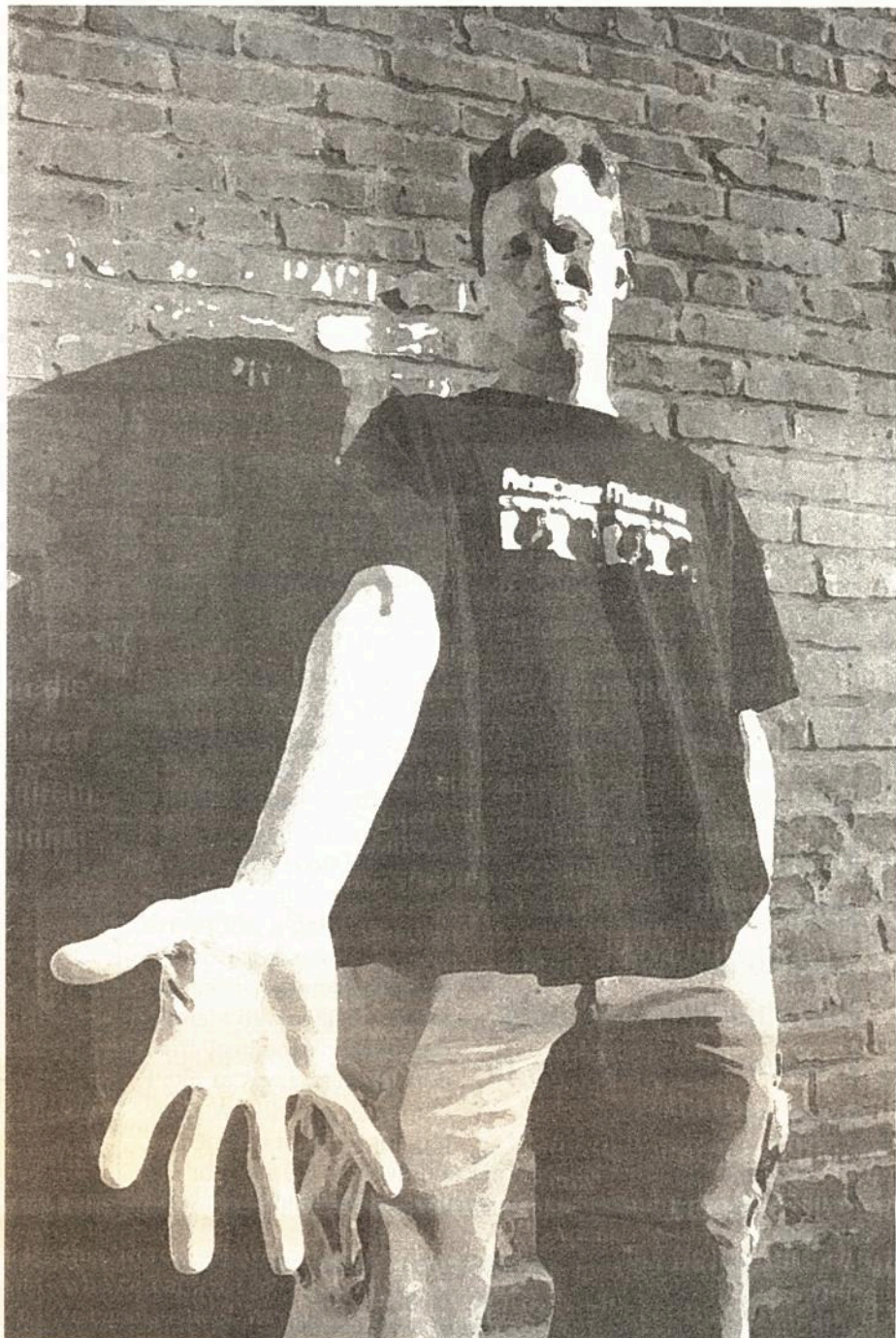
Sera-Tec is in processing plasma sellers before they undergo plasmapheresis.

In the two centers I have sold my plasma, a NABI-owned center in Fort Collins and now at Sera-Tec downtown, the needle insertion has always been done with great precision and care. It should be noted here that you have to have a vein that is big enough to encompass the diameter of the needle. Even if your vein is big enough, it is no guarantee that the puncture wound won't injure it. I've seen blown-out veins; it's not a pretty sight.

Selling plasma is physically demanding work. Not only do plasma sellers have to be able to take getting poked with needles, they also have to be able to endure losing roughly a pint of a vital bodily fluid. I myself have seen plenty of first-time sellers on the verge of passing out before the required amount of plasma has been drawn. I have never experienced any side effects from selling plasma, outside of a few hunger pangs. Eating plenty of food before and after selling plasma is recommended, and I have found it especially helpful. But you can never tell how selling plasma will affect your body until you try it.

Everything today is big business, and the manufacture and marketing of biological medical products is no different. Although the kind of crowd that sells plasma is mostly working-class, what happens to your blood plasma is a long way from the plasma center floor, where you watch Adam Sandler movies while bleeding with your fellow working stiffs. When I bleed at Sera-Tec,

I myself have seen plenty of first-time sellers on the verge of passing out before the required amount of plasma has been drawn.



RICK GIOMBETTI SHOWS OFF HIS PUNCTURED ARM. PHOTO BY CASEY KELBAUGH.

plasmapheresis *n.* [PLASMA + Greek *aphairesis*, removal.] A process by which plasma is separated from an individual's blood. The remaining components, mostly red blood cells, are returned to the seller's bloodstream with a saline solution, i.e., salt water, which helps replace the lost plasma within a day or two. Plasma is a clear, yellowish substance that transports water and nutrients to all the cells in the body. Constituting about 55 percent of your blood volume, it is composed of approximately 90 percent water and 10 percent proteins and electrolytes.

my plasma gets converted into marks, as Sera-Tec is a company based in Germany which was recently bought out by Baxter, the multinational giant pharmaceutical company. Sera-Tec is still in a contract to sell its plasma to a Baxter competitor, German pharmaceutical Bayer. It's listed in the Yellow Pages as a Bayer Corporation plasma center. Alpha Therapeutic, which has two centers

in Seattle, one in Ballard and one in the Rainier Valley, is based in Los Angeles and owned by Japanese pharmaceutical company Welfide. NABI is a Florida-based corporation traded on the New York Stock Exchange. Once you have agreed to have your bodily fluid extracted, it becomes just another product in the machinations of large multinational corporations. ■

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Let's talk about the alternatively homed! What I have in mind here is a romp through the world of the alternatively homed, sort of like the way that guy with the deep voice on *Nature* romps through 20 species an hour showing you all the exciting ways they all have adapted to their little niches. Or big niches, as the case may be. Or think of this as a sketch for a *National Geographic* special, "Lost Tribes of the Suburban-ghetti," or something like that.

Adaptation is the key concept here. Why is it, I'm wondering, that we admire so much the way that indigenous people like the Inuit, the Australian Aborigines, the Hopi, the Dayaks, the Bush People of Africa, the Maori, the Swedes all used to build their huts, igloos, lean-tos, or whatever, praising it as proof of Man's adaptability in the face of harsh Nature, but when someone does it down the street they're seen as outlaws?

Am I the only guy in this city who's seen *The Gods Must Be Crazy*? What does the attraction of *Survivor* mean if the same people who make it number one in the ratings also spit on the real thing when they see it?

Why is it that we admire so much the way that indigenous people all used to build their huts, but when someone does it down the street they're seen as outlaws?

Maybe it's the same thrill that white Americans got watching *Red Dawn*. They spent years preaching freedom while snuffing it out everywhere in the world it appeared. Then they used the magic of cinema to identify themselves as the "real" freedom fighters. Look at me, I can be a guerrilla warrior too, for \$7, \$4 at matinee.

Or, hey, I can be Kevin Costner and live in a teepee. For the price of the video I can learn to spell it tipi and impress my PC friends.

Meanwhile there are a hundred men, women, and children right here in this city who are surviving in tents because they have to. They aren't doing it to identify with the oppressed, they are the oppressed. How about celebrating their successes at survival now, instead of waiting for the *National Geographic* special, or the Brad Pitt, Julia Roberts version? How about it?

But I digress. I was going to talk about other alternative homenesses. Not just communal tenting.

The road nomad. This is usually someone with at least four wheels, horses being out of fashion and motorcycles providing little shelter. As I learned personally years ago, even a car that doesn't run can provide decent shelter if it is fortuitously parked.

My Home Was a '69 Rambler

Opus 7, Verse 2

My home was a '69 Rambler
In a warm garage it was parked
My home was a '69 Rambler
As I already have remarked.

[Oh Rambler, Oh Rambler, Bring back my Rambler to me, etc.]

If the garage is right, who needs the car? I am thinking now of an actual person, a legally blind old man whose name wasn't Angus but should have been, who would have been at home in the Highlands with Lassie, a serviceable knife, and someone else's flock.

Angus found himself an aging benefactor, some old woman, who rented him an unused one-car garage for \$10 a month "for storage." Angus then stored himself. He paid his rent by clearing the neighborhood of aluminum cans every day. The earnings provided him enough extra money that he could spend his spare time in dignity drinking coffee at a 24-hour establishment as an honored customer, where he buried himself in books hour after hour, until his benefactor died.

Thanks to my ranting I've run out of space. But I'll get back to this. More "Lives of the Alternatively Homed," later. ■

fall love

i met love sitting on the edge
of the park bench
the pigeons left their nibblings
to look up at us
i told her i was an aficionado
of charlie yardbird parker
she said she was from a small town
i told her i had the '45 broadcast
bird with wardell gray, the
only tenor who could keep up with
the fluidity of bird's ideas
how for years i tried to tabature
the tune only to find recently the
name was a misnomer
what the label had called i may be wrong
i had only recently found was
lullaby of birdland
she said she was in the city
visiting her ma
i could not see all of her hair it
was in a shawl
she said she did not know bird
that she was enthralled
by a frank's c minor symphony
i did not tell her i was familiar
with the tune that
frank's lonely violin had once
ensconced me
i asked her did she know
hawkin's body and soul the '38
recording pacing the
nation on the go or was she
familiar with big bill broonzy
doing the glory of love
acoustic version finger picking
guitarist dream
she said her mother used to play
the great gates of kiev on the piano
her mother would play this night and
day
i began to swim in the waters of
mussorgsky
i wanted to tell her how i had lost
all those tunes in the past
how i had only just downloaded them
from napster
it was fall and there was a chill
and i wondered if she knew i
needed her to listen to me and that all
i wanted was to hear her melody
that we could listen to music
together find ways to stay winter's
drum beat onslaught alone
my mother is dying she said
i will bury her then
return back home

i engaged then winter's new melody
a girl i met who was filled with the
grief of her dear mother
on the park bench near us were leaves
i turned to see if she was still there
i knew she would be gone

—ETABU ETABUI



Confident

0732 Picked up
deep, indeed)
seems to go t
I sold papers

1148 Followed
Subject 432 b
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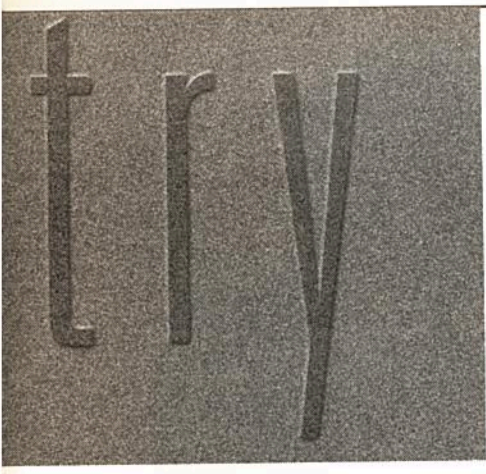
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1435 Subject 43

1445 Dallas flig

1450 Call in for
and changed
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ort from Operative 66:

87 at her normal parking location (These yuppie ruts are
l Subject 2487 to her normal place of employment. She
t one or two days a month. Today she stayed at work, so
et out front until lunchtime.

87 from Nordstrom to Starbucks where she met with
y Operative 128. Since the table they chose was one
gged, Operative 128 and I kept our distance and enjoyed
ve 128 was concerned that Subject 432 had "made" her, so
at time.

7 in the care of Operative 128, I followed Subject 432 to
purchased a ticket and got on. I also bought a ticket, but
ond to board in case it was a ruse to dump a tail. It was,
to board the monorail, Subject 432 came out and watched
me out. I was glad I had waited. He didn't notice me.

taxi and asked for the airport. I also hailed a taxi, and
xi I opened my backpack and took out the "straight"
case I kept inside. On the way to the airport I changed
meless" clothes, backpack and *Real Change* papers into

airport. Subject 432 purchased ticket for Dallas.

l plane bound for Dallas.

gnment. Nothing until tomorrow. I went into a bathroom
my "street" clothes. As long as I ended up at the airport, I
st of my papers.

—RENEENE ROBERTSON

Beautiful Loser II

Some woman love a man who sharpens a flower
petal and remnants, torn, of butterfly wings
meticulously placing them, folding, between
the pages of a black leather journal.
I weave a cosmic web on her dancing shawl
she watches longing to read the rough-
draft and edited poems I recited to her and I
sketch fine lines on her face.
I kiss, bite, nibbling her angular throat
listening to the drumming of her heart
she leans against the wooden window ledge
rehearsing a razor dance for youth.

—EARLE THOMPSON

Cry African Girl

Up in the azure sky shoots the sun's rays
The sun with its mellow rays
Rises to meet another day, another promise
To me it's not yet any hope's ray
As more rays weigh down my tender shoulder
Which sag me a girl but only thirteen

Setting alight the fire in the young of morning
Sweeping the sheets of dust and dirt early morning
A beast of burden for firewood so I am bound
All those long distances I have to foot
A throbbing ever throbbing pain to my foot
Not to forget the baby clinging on my yonder back

The thorn infested forests
The meandering long walks to wells and boreholes
The back breaking dreary buckets of water
It's so tiresome my heart cries within me
It's so punishing my tears cascade like waterfalls
Sweet honey was my birth, sour girl is my life

All African girls
Cry for thy renaissance
The rape, torture, assault and victimization
Our life an eerie furnace of denied paradise
A sad song of denied education
I am so weary. Oh weary, so weary
A breath for fresh air cometh not
Don't fall African girl — up and fight
Yearn for another life
Another era

—HANDSEN CHIKOWORE

participant

At the first sign...
last! they
turn
from the distance.
known
carefully (these
seem to be opposites!)
they
fall...as,
signs
will! to each edge.
To the very end!
where
they own their own
homes—
and
the signs will stand.

—STAN BURRISS

fall love

i met love sitting on the edge
of the park bench
the pigeons left their nibblings
to look up at us
i told her i was an aficionado
of charlie yardbird parker
she said she was from a small town
i told her i had the '45 broadcast
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day
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all those tunes in the past
how i had only just downloaded them
from napster
it was fall and there was a chill
and i wondered if she knew i
needed her to listen to me and that all
i wanted was to hear her melody
that we could listen to music
together find ways to stay winter's
drum beat onslaught alone
my mother is dying she said
i will bury her then
return back home

i engaged then winter's new melody
a girl i met who was filled with the
grief of her dear mother
on the park bench near us were leaves
i turned to see if she was still there
i knew she would be gone

—ETABU ETABUI



Confidential Report from Operative 66:

0732 Picked up Subject 2487 at her normal parking location (These yuppie ruts are deep, indeed). Followed Subject 2487 to her normal place of employment. She seems to go there all but one or two days a month. Today she stayed at work, so I sold papers on the street out front until lunchtime.

1148 Followed Subject 2487 from Nordstrom to Starbucks where she met with Subject 432 being tailed by Operative 128. Since the table they chose was one that we already have bugged, Operative 128 and I kept our distance and enjoyed lunch together. Operative 128 was concerned that Subject 432 had "made" her, so we traded Subjects at that time.

1235 Leaving Subject 2487 in the care of Operative 128, I followed Subject 432 to the monorail, where he purchased a ticket and got on. I also bought a ticket, but waited until the last second to board in case it was a ruse to dump a tail. It was, and just as I was ready to board the monorail, Subject 432 came out and watched to see if anyone else came out. I was glad I had waited. He didn't notice me.

1248 Subject 432 hailed a taxi and asked for the airport. I also hailed a taxi, and followed him. In the taxi I opened my backpack and took out the "straight" clothes and the attaché case I kept inside. On the way to the airport I changed clothes and put my "homeless" clothes, backpack and *Real Change* papers into the attaché case.

1355 Arrived at Sea-Tac Airport. Subject 432 purchased ticket for Dallas.

1435 Subject 432 boarded plane bound for Dallas.

1445 Dallas flight departs.

1450 Call in for new assignment. Nothing until tomorrow. I went into a bathroom and changed back into my "street" clothes. As long as I ended up at the airport, I may as well sell the rest of my papers.

—RENEENE ROBERTSON

Beautiful Loser II

Some woman love a man who sharpens a flower
petal and remnants, torn, of butterfly wings
meticulously placing them, folding, between
the pages of a black leather journal.
I weave a cosmic web on her dancing shawl
she watches longing to read the rough-
draft and edited poems I recited to her and I
sketch fine lines on her face.
I kiss, bite, nibbling her angular throat
listening to the drumming of her heart
she leans against the wooden window ledge
rehearsing a razor dance for youth.

—EARLE THOMPSON

MEEROPOL Continued from Page 1

solve all problems. Terrible things happen to people on the front lines, terrible occurrences that are life-changing and life-threatening. The fact that we can send their children to summer camp, provide violin lessons or, more seriously, therapy if needed — that is not going to solve all their problems. But we are providing a ray of hope, and an oasis of something positive in a larger sea of negativity.

RC: Give us an example.

Meeropol: Judi Bari, an environmental activist, was blown up in her car, permanently disabled, and ultimately died of breast cancer. It may seem frivolous to give her children piano lessons, but the reality is that talented children may not have the opportunity to express themselves because no money is available. That little act is very important, it has qualitative value.

And also, beyond finances, our contributions are augmented by our 10,000 constituents who support them. It affirms by the power of community that there is an extensive group of people who care about what activists do, and about the welfare of their children.

In addition to building up an endowment of over a million dollars in the first 10 years, we have 10,000 supporters across the country. We gave away grants totaling over \$188,000 dollars last year. But we didn't do it because we only received donations of 10, 20, or 50 thousand dollars. We were able to provide support because we received thousands of \$25 contributions. We are supporting a network of activities and movements all across the country and across the board. If you look at progressive activities, chances are we are supporting and we are funding someone who is related to one of the major movements.

RC: I understand that your list of awarded grants is long. Can you give a few examples that describe the breadth of circumstances that the RFC has and will continue to support.

Meeropol: We have had indigenous rights activists, tenants rights organiz-

ers, labor organizers, gay rights activists, prisoner activists, environmental workers, and political prisoners, ranging from Puerto Rican nationalists, to Black Panthers to American Indian movement activists.

RC: You've pointed out the significant increase in youth activism. How and where are young people getting involved?

Meeropol: A number of our recent beneficiaries were arrested at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia, the WTO protests here in Seattle, rallies against the prison industrial complex in San Francisco, and boycotts against standardized testing in Massachusetts.

When I first started the RFC, I had a lot of selling to do. I was going out to older people, people of my generation and my parents' generation, trying to sell them on the idea that we were investing in the next generation. It will take generations to transform American society, and we must transfer our vision and values so that each generation does not have to re-invent the wheel.

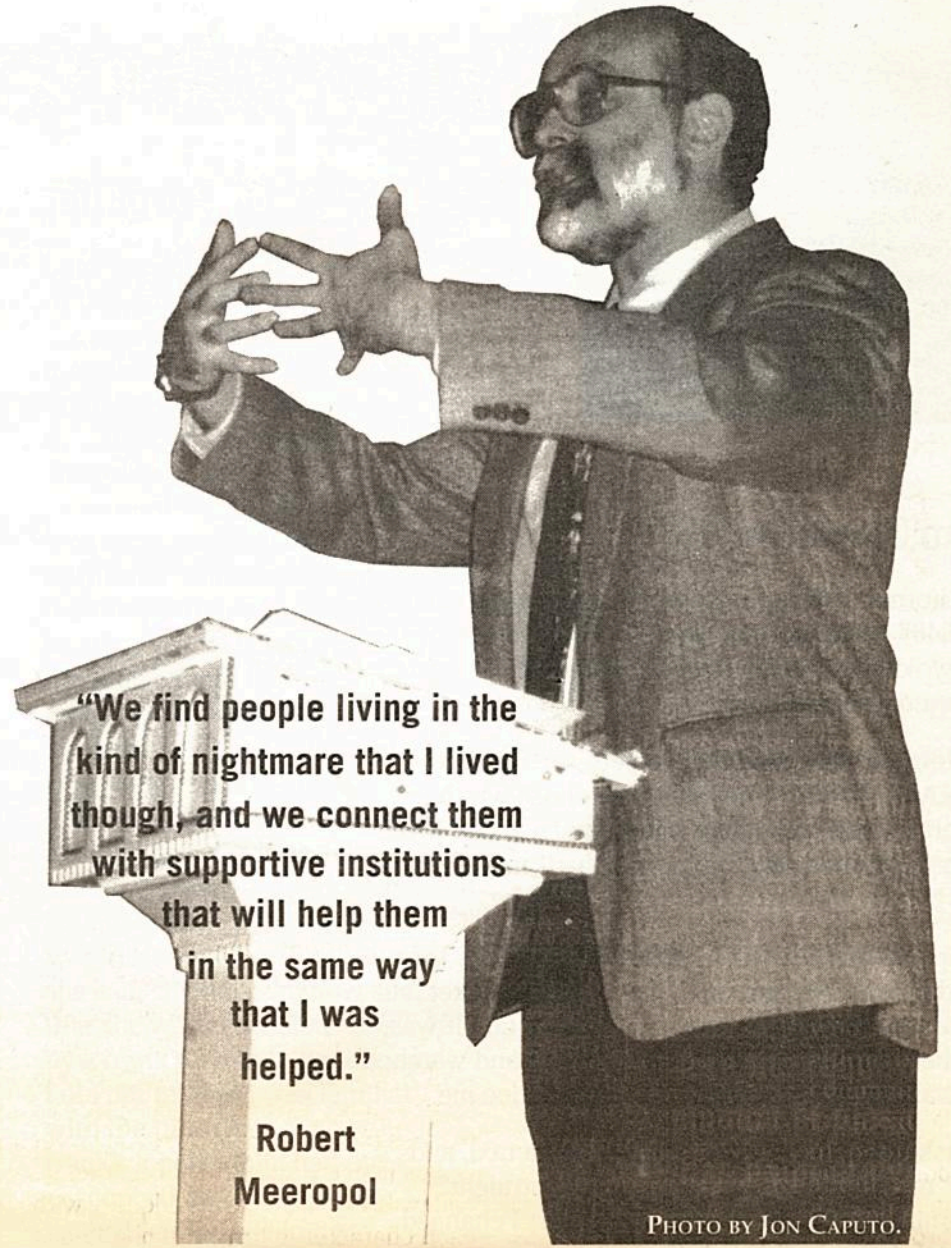
"It was hard to be the child of the Rosenbergs, and there was a dark cloud of anxiety that hung over me. But as bad as that was, there was a community of support that came to our aid and helped us, nurtured us, protected us."

— Robert Meeropol

RC: How have you and your support for a progressive society been received across the country?

Meeropol: Seattle is one of the places, the few places in the country where it is possible to lead a progressive life, where there are numerous progressive institutions. For most people in the United States this reality doesn't exist, and it is very hard to swim across the current all the time. Hopefully our foundation can be a safe haven for people who need help and support that they are not receiving from their own community.

RC: What can we do to see a change?



Meeropol: It is a difficult question, and I do not have the answer. One thing that would help tremendously is taking a look at the fragmentation that surrounds issues of race, of class, of sexual orientation. When people partition, the result is a patchwork quilt of activity. It is good for people to get involved in what they are passionate about, in terms of personal identity, but it creates the problem of having less impact. We must bring large groups of people together to act in unison. We have to have gatherings of disparate people that focus together on certain questions. Mumia Abu-Jamal is a great example of

this. Here we have an array of groups who can at least agree about [his right to equal justice]. We have to understand that while some perspectives may be different from our own, they have their own value and must be respected even as we disagree. If we don't, we will unravel, just as quickly as we came together. If we can develop a respectful, deeper coalition, we can quite possibly bring together large masses of people in a long-term coordinated effort. ■

For information or to contribute, contact the Rosenberg Fund for Children at 1145 Main Street, Suite 408, Springfield, MA 01103, 413-739-9020.

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Together Forever

Together
Mefis Films
Directed by Lukas Moodysson
In Swedish, with English subtitles
102 minutes

By Kevin Vanderhoef

"Franco Is Dead! Franco Is Dead!"

The announcement, greeted by cheering and dancing by everyone on screen, sets the stage for a strange and slightly offbeat tale of a somewhat chaotic Swedish commune in the 1970s called "Tillsammans," the Swedish word for together.

The members of Tillsammans are a diverse group of political would-be revolutionary men and women led by the peace-loving Göran (Gustaf Hammarsten). They find their communal home disrupted by the arrival of Göran's repressed sister Elisabeth (Lisa Lindgren) and her two children, Eva (Emma Samuelsson) and Stefan (Sam Kessel), who have left Elisabeth's alcoholic husband, Rolf (Micheal Nyqvist). As Elisabeth and her children interact with the members of the commune and their hypocritically scandalized neighbors from across the street, the politics, practices, and beliefs of everybody are brought into question.

Before the arrival of Elisabeth, the commune members spend their time in moralistic debate, at one point discussing whether Pippi Longstocking is actually materialistic. They repond in an indignant huff when Göran buys a television for Eva and Stefan, despite a previous communal decision not to have a television at all.

However, it doesn't take long before the commune members start to make changes themselves. Signe (Cecilia Frode), who declares herself to be a political lesbian simply because it's the exact opposite of what everyone would expect, is still emotionally attached to her ex-husband, Sigvard (Lars Frode), and surprised to find he's moved on.

Other commune relationships are

also brought into question. For Göran, the open relationship with his girlfriend, Lena (Anja Lundqvist) masks his frustration with watching her with fellow commune member Erik (Olle Sarri). Erik, in turn, is too busy focusing on becoming a "Communist Revolutionary" to give her what she wants. All this while the neighbors from across the street are looking through the curtains and wondering how so many people can live under one roof peacefully, while blissfully ignoring their own internal problems themselves.

All of this is seen through the eyes of the children, who roll their eyes and dismiss their parent's actions as silly and pointless. Eva gives up entirely, hiding out with her music in the "Tillsammans" Volkswagen Bus. At one point, Signe's son, Tet (Alex Zuber), and Stefan stage a protest in the dining room, complete with picket signs stating "We Want Meat!"

Lukas Moodysson, in writing and directing *Together*, has managed to produce a well-written and well-thought-out drama dealing with the leftward bent politics of the commune members and how they fare in the real world. It's obvious there's much to poke fun of, yet he has managed to keep his characters believably human. We can identify with each character in turn, and nod knowingly as they interact with each other and learn to deal with life's changes.

This is an emotionally thought-provoking film. Towards the end I was nearly crying. Altogether Moodysson shows us that just because the people across the street live in a different manner than us, they are still people. That in a group of people living together, full of different opinions, we must honestly work together to get along with one another. As a member of Seattle's Tent City, I have certainly learned that lesson. ■

Together is playing as part of the Seattle International Film Festival, which runs May 24 through June 17. For more movies, show times, and tickets, check out the festival website at www.seattlefilm.com.

How Tillsammans compares to Tent City Three



ROLF (MICHEAL NYQVIST) AND ELISABETH (LISA LINDGREN) IN HAPPIER TIMES. PHOTO COURTESY OF IFC FILMS.

Tillsammans

- 12 people living in one house
- Neighbor wondering how so many people can live in one house
- Five men, three women, four children
- Political debates at the dining table every night
- Taking turns cleaning up
- Gathered together for political freedom

Tent City Three

- 60 people living in a church parking lot
- Neighbors wondering why so many people live in tents
- 50 men, 10 women
- Group meetings every Wednesday to discuss community responsibilities
- Scheduling for security and area maintenance
- Gathered together for safety in numbers



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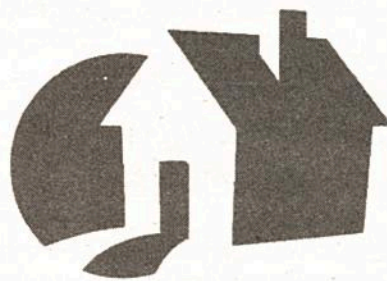
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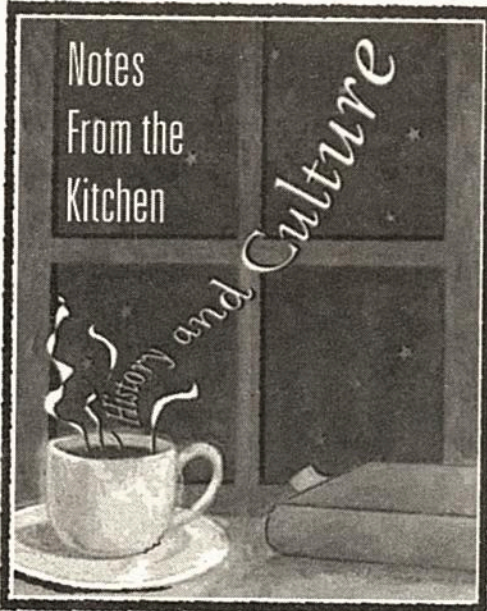
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April Showers Bring Healthy Season



By Liz Smith

Tis the merry month of May, and we begin our fruitful season of wonderful delicacies. Have you ever had a garden? If so, then you know and appreciate the joys of the seasonal table. When you wait all year for June strawberries, or sweet corn with melting butter in August, they are all the more treasured.

At your public library is a brochure called the 2001 Farm Fresh Guide. It's produced by the King County Agricultural Commission; they are promoting the "Puget Sound Fresh" program to encourage consumers and retailers to buy locally grown seasonal produce. Farmers who are in the Puget Sound area sell what they grow close to home. Consumers profit by getting tastier and more nutritious fruits and vegetables. Let your grocer know you want locally grown produce — it benefits all of us.

Today's column features recipes using locally grown seasonal produce; they are all low in fat and salt and are almost completely vegan — prepared without milk,

eggs, cheese, etc. You may read through the recipes and wonder where the rest of the meal is. If so, feel free to go out in the hot sun (bad for the complexion) and barbecue some chicken (raised in cruel circumstances; full of carcinogens). If you do, save me a wing.

Here are the recipes — close your eyes and think about how virtuous you're being by eating low on the food chain. In the soup recipe, the potato and bread give body and texture to the broth, and the sherry (though not strictly necessary) gives a nice background flavor.

Misty Meadows Asparagus Soup (makes about 10 cups)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 tbsp butter or oil | 1 large baking potato, peeled and cut up |
| 1 small onion, peeled and chopped | 2-1/2 pounds fat asparagus, peeled, tips & ends trimmed |
| 1 slender leek, cut lengthwise, white and pale parts chopped | 4 or 5 Crimini mushrooms |
| 1 golf-ball-sized shallot, peeled and chopped | 1/4 cup dry sherry (optional) |
| 2 ribs celery, trimmed and chopped | 1 bunch Italian parsley, stemmed and finely minced |
| 6 cups (48 ounces) vegetable stock | 2 slices good quality bread salt (optional) |
| 1 garlic clove, peeled | |
| 1 bay leaf | |
| 1 tsp pepper | |

1. Wash all vegetables well, especially the parsley and leeks.
2. Peel, chop, and mince all vegetables.
3. In a 3-1/2 quart saucepot, sauté for 15 minutes on medium-high heat: oil, onion, leek, shallot, and celery.
4. Add: vegetable stock, garlic clove, bay leaf, pepper, and potato.
5. Bring to a boil, then lower heat and simmer 10 minutes. The reason for the initial boil is to let the vegetables know you mean business and are no amateur.
6. Add: asparagus, mushrooms, 3 TB minced parsley, sherry, and bread.
7. Simmer 15-20 minutes, until vegetables are tender. Cool in sink filled with cold water. Puree in batches in blender or food processor.
8. Before serving, reheat on stove and add salt if desired. Soup may be thinned with a little cream or lowfat evaporated milk, if you are watching your weight. This recipe makes a lot of soup but will keep four or five days in the fridge.

Note: Instead of just throwing away your leftover minced parsley, you can dry and keep it for later. Lay it out on a paper towel on top of a warm oven until completely dry, then store it in an airtight container.

Stormy Seas Spinach Salad (serves 2-3)

This would be nice served with some lightly toasted peasant bread.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------|
| 1 pound fresh spinach | salad dressing |
| 2 ounces parmesan cheese, grated | |

Stem spinach. Dunk in several changes of water to remove sand. Pat dry. Tear into bite-size pieces. Toss with a small amount of salad dressing. Arrange on chilled plates. Sprinkle with cheese.

Journey's End Brownies (makes 16 brownies)

For these brownies I substituted a fruit puree for some of the butter. It's sold under the name Lighter Bake.

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| 4 tbsp (1/2 stick) unsalted butter, softened | 1/2 cup dutch process cocoa |
| 1/2 cup sugar | 1/2 cup all purpose flour |
| 3/4 cup fruit puree | 1 tsp baking powder |
| 2 eggs | 1/2 tsp soda |
| 1 tsp vanilla | |

1. Preheat oven to 350. Butter an 8-inch baking pan and set aside. If pan is very lightweight, place on a cookie sheet in oven to ensure even baking.
2. Cream butter 3-4 minutes with an electric mixer until very fluffy. Add sugar and mix another minute. Add fruit puree, eggs, and vanilla and mix one more minute.
3. In a separate bowl, combine dry ingredients.
4. Combine liquid and dry ingredients with a spoon. (Don't use a mixer.) Pour into prepared baking pan.
5. Bake 20-25 minutes, or until toothpick inserted into center comes out clean. Cool on a wire rack. These taste much better after a day or so in the fridge. ■

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Monday, April 23, S. Main Street, 6:41 p.m.
Two officers were conducting a premise check of an overgrown field on Seattle Housing Authority property. Complaints have been received about narcotics and prostitution there. When they arrived, they found a homeless white male, 44, in an area that was posted "No Trespassing." He had no reliable ID on his person, but supplied a name and date of birth. A computer check revealed a warrant for someone with the same name but a slightly different DOB. Suspect was fingerprinted for ID, and was found not to be the warrant subject. He was interrogated and released with an admonishment for trespassing.

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Tuesday, April 24, 500 James Street, 7:12 p.m. An officer responded to a silent alarm signal from a Metro bus. Upon arrival he found the subject, a 45-year-old homeless woman, sitting on the bus crying and bleeding profusely from a head wound. She was intoxicated, but managed to give the following information. One month earlier, she had been smoking crack with a black male, and he had stolen her purse. On April 25, she returned to Third and Yesler looking for the suspect, and "pissed everybody off." An unknown person knocked her down, causing her to hit her head on the pavement. She then ran onto the bus, causing the driver to alert the police. She was transported to Harborview for medical treatment.



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Thursday, April 26, Whitman Street, 9:08 a.m.
The victim, a 33-year-old female, stated she began living with the suspect several months ago. Last week the suspect's ex-girlfriend decided she wanted him back, and the victim told the suspect that if he went back to his old girlfriend, she would leave. Suspect, who was intoxicated, got mad, hit the victim in the chest, and threw her to the ground. She left the apartment, but did not report the incident as the suspect is white and she is black — she felt the police would not believe her. She is now homeless with no place to go, and needed assistance, hence she turned to the police. She was provided with a case number and a domestic violence brochure. They were unable to contact the suspect, and no further action was taken at the time.

Thursday, April 26, Alaskan Way viaduct, 6:39 p.m. Police noticed the suspect in some bushes near a pillar under the viaduct at the above location. This is a well-posted, fenced-off "No Trespassing" area. Suspect was stopped and asked what he was doing down there, to which he replied, "Just drinking a beer." The policeman remembered the subject, a 43-year-old homeless black male, from a previous incident at the same spot, when he had been orally warned not to trespass. This time he was arrested and booked into King County Jail for prohibited entry. ■

Streetwatch is compiled from Seattle Police Department incident reports by Emma Quinn. Do you have your own story to tell? Call Real Change, (206)441-8143, and we'll get the scoop.

A Garden of Delights

Golden Daisy Garden
2518 Beacon Ave S.
Seattle, 98144
206-325-4380

By Anitra Freeman

I can't review their account books, but during the six months that Tent City was on Beacon Hill, several nearby establishments seemed to do a lot more business. The most hospitable of these were the Beacon Hill Branch of the Seattle Public Library and the Golden Daisy Restaurant.

The Golden Daisy has been a fixture on Beacon Hill for many years; an unpretentious room of plain wood tables and red plastic diner chairs. Roasted duck and pork (complete with heads) hang in the window along with whole chickens and racks of barbecued pork. A steam table holds a range of traditional Chinese dishes like fern and shumai (steamed dumplings) and the treats Americans are more accustomed to, like stir-fried vegetables and sweet-and-sour pork. You can take your food home, or sit at one of the plain tables and eat to the accompaniment of complimentary green tea and classical music (or, occasionally, light pop.) The style is not that of Forbidden Gardens, but frankly, I like the food better.

What pulls people here, from the neighborhood or from downtown, is not only the food, or the informal friendliness of a family-owned business. It is that you can get a full meal for as low as \$3.75 — which buys a plate of three items plus rice. Or you can have a plate of rice heaped with roast pork or roast duck for \$4.50. Your dietician may not consider this a balanced meal, but I believe she'd rate it higher than McDonald's. The Golden Daisy also does catering.

When I lived on Beacon Hill, I used to treat myself to a plate of roast duck at the Golden Daisy once a month. On the day our *Real Change* editorial committee visited them, I tried the rice ball stuffed with pork and peanuts and wrapped in bamboo leaf. That and a steamed dumpling, with a side of noodles, cost me \$3.75 and filled me up as much as a plate of roast duck.

Fellow editor and poet Stan Burriss lives in Pioneer Square, and also visits the Golden Daisy regularly. Our newest editor, Kevin Vanderhoef, stays at Tent City and discovered the Golden Daisy when El Centro de la Raza (practically next door) hosted the tents.

As Kevin says: "Eat good food in a friendly atmosphere with classical music, cheap. What's more to want?" ■

LETTERS Continued from Page 2

death sentence to all women who don't flatter men. We know that misogyny does transcend social class. Is that why we have to read this garbage even in *Real Change*?

Sincerely,
Dana Higgins
Seattle

Ed. note: "Hard Luck: a Horror Story" was true. Nowhere does author/lawyer John Merriam condone his former client's alcoholism or the murder he commits. Neither did *Real Change*, when we chose to publish the story.

Struggle together

Dear Editor,

I am writing in response to the brief addendum piece entitled "Follow the Money," by Pati Wilson, which served as a conclusion to her longer article about the current strike involving this state's DSHS workers ("Out with a Whimper," May 3).

In her addendum, Ms. Wilson states that "on one of the very few occasions I have had to enter a DSHS office," she observed a worker doing very little work in the course of the 25 minutes she sat there. As a result of this observation, Ms. Wilson considers all "low-level state employees" to be worthless slackers, and by implication, unworthy of the additional pay and related benefits which are the bedrock demands emanating from the current strike.

Ms. Wilson's vicious tirade against the unionized workers of DSHS is the

most idiotic rant ever to make its way on to the pages of *Real Change*. Not only is it an unfair depiction of DSHS employees, it reveals an acute level of ignorance of organized labor's role in confronting issues of wage disparity and related economic concerns as they impact all working people. The opulent and powerful beneficiaries of our dirty rotten economic system just love people like Ms. Wilson, who can be counted on to foment suspicion and sow division between working people and the poor. The ancient dictum of "divide and conquer" is well served by bubble-brained nincompoops like Ms. Wilson.

I have worked as a social worker in the downtown Seattle community for nearly a quarter of a century. I can attest to the dedication, commitment, and kindness shown to countless indigent and desperately disabled people by numerous DSHS employees over that period of time. In particular, the workers of the Belltown Community Service Office have demonstrated time and again their willingness and ability to provide crucial services to the homeless, the low-income elderly, the chemically addicted, and the mentally ill.

I hope that in the future, the editors at *Real Change* will be more vigilant and ensure that their fine newspaper serves always as a beacon of positive change for working people, as well as for the poor and homeless, and not the forces of political reaction. Believe it or not, we are all in this struggle together.

Yours truly,
Joe Martin

CLASSICS CORNER



by Permess'r Harris

As we arrive at the last play of Aeschylus' *Oresteia* trilogy, the House of Atreus is not doing especially well. Agamemnon and Clytemnestra are dead, and Orestes has seen better days. The *Eumenides* opens at the shrine of Apollo, where the prince is surrounded by hideous Furies, who have blood dripping from their eyes, snakes for hair, bad breath, bushy armpits, and major attitude.

The Furies are earth divinities who keep order in the world by avenging wrong wherever they find it. Matricide, they figure, is pretty much at the top of their list. Orestes, who was goaded into killing Clytemnestra by Apollo, now stands condemned by a pack of pissed-off earth goddesses.

The wonderful thing about the *Oresteia*, again, is that everyone feels completely justified in taking even the most horrific action. Even better, from their own perspective, everyone's actions make perfect sense. When rights collide with rights, some sort of arbitration is in order, and Athena, with her winning smile, excellent conflict resolution skills, and can-do attitude, is just the person to deliver. The scene therefore shifts to Athens, where the matter will be settled in court.

The sort of thing that gives dead white males a bad name.

At the center of the play, the Furies explain their position: justice depends upon fear of revenge. Should Orestes go free, the whole system will break down. Sons will then murder mothers with impunity. When right is trampled, they say, revenge should "hunt the godless day and night."

"Be just," they say "and you will never want for joy." But the "reckless ones, the marauders, dragging plunder, chaotic, rich beyond all rights," they will always get what's coming. "He who lives his life for wealth, golden his life long," will eventually "ram on the reef of law and drown, unwept." We are pleased to find that the Furies have a clear position on greed.

As the Furies become increasingly likeable, Apollo sounds more and more like an obnoxious know-it-all. He and the leader of the Furies argue their cases like a couple of third-rate lawyers and unhelpfully resort to name-calling. Orestes looks worried. Apollo finally asserts that regicide is worse than matricide because "the man is the source of life" and the "mother is just nurse to the seed." He offers Athena herself, who sprung from the head of Zeus, as proof.

This is just the sort of thing that gives dead white males a bad name.

Athena says she has heard enough and casts her vote for Orestes because she "honors the male." The jury splits down the middle, and her vote carries the decision. Orestes is understandably thrilled, but the outraged Furies plot revenge. Athena, ever the politician, deftly coopts them. The Furies are given a sacred place of honor in exchange for not making her life miserable.

The *Oresteia* is said to describe the advance of civilization and the dawn of rationality as embodied in the Athenian court. The trilogy moves from blood feud and blind revenge to a formal system of justice, but in the end, what determines justice is simply the idiosyncratic opinion of one male-identified Olympian. This, to most, will feel familiar. As numerous 5-4 Supreme Court decisions will attest, power and justice are easily confused. ■

Fifth Annual Fashion Smashin' Show

Join us for a fabulously fun, wonderfully whimsical fashion show featuring one-of-a-kind thrift store finds



benefiting the
Millionair
Club Charity

Hors d'oeuvres • No-host bar • Door prizes • After-hours shopping

Wednesday, May 23
6 p.m. to 9 p.m.
The Crocodile Café Seattle

\$30 per person 21 years of age and up
For reservations,
call 206-728-5627, ext. 109

Late May

Notables

Saturday, 5/19

Meeting of Seattle Chapter of the Global People's Assembly, bring your interests and passion to our open space meeting to explore ways to deepen democracy. Our vision is to develop democratic non-violent, wisdom-based processes for global decision-making. We will bring the concerns of the Pacific Northwest to the West Coast North America Regional Peoples Assembly in San Francisco, June 28-July 1, 2001, and then to the second Global Peoples Assembly in India, October 2002. Childcare available, prior arrangements necessary, 9:45 a.m. - 1 p.m. (continuing on to 2:30 p.m. for participants who want to work on a task force, bring a sack lunch), at Antioch University, 2326 6th Ave., info dickburkhart@home.com or Dick Burkhart 206-721-5672.

Monday, 5/21

Socialism for Skeptics, a discussion based on the witty writings of socialist feminist Clara Fraser, who argues that a society based on humans, not profits, is indeed possible. Seattle Central Community College, Room 2115. More info at 206-725-2104 or FSPseattle@mindspring.com.

Wednesday, 5/23

Noontime Lecture Series with Geneva Gay, Ph.D., Professor of Curriculum and Instruction, UW College of Education, on "Women of Color in Predominately White Institutions: A Personal Perspective." How women of color are perpetually spotlighted, and most often not by their own choosing; \$13 includes sandwich and salad lunch, sponsored by UW Women's Center, some free seats at the back available without lunch, 11:30 a.m. - 1:00 p.m., at University of Washington, Faculty Club Conference Room downstairs, register ASAP 206-685-1090, disability assistance dso@u.washington.edu

Friday, 5/25

Disability Pride events (performance, art exhibit, discussion), free, 12:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m., at Bellevue Community College Campus, info 425-564-2498.

Critical Mass is an organized coincidence of bicyclists who ride around the streets of Seattle en masse. It happens when a lot of cyclists happen to be in the same place at the same time and decide to cycle the same way together for a while. Come join the fun! This and subsequent last Fridays, 5:30 p.m., at

Westlake Park, downtown, 4th & Pine, info <http://www.oz.net/~nic/cm.html>

Crossroads Cultural Arts Series presents local actors, actresses, poets, and singer/musicians in performances and presentations focusing on pro-diversity themes, this and subsequent last Fridays, 7:00 p.m. - 8:30 p.m., at Barnes and Noble Bookstore, Crossroads Shopping Center, corner of NE 8th and 156th, Bellevue, info Gail Paul 206-517-4107.

Tuesday, 5/29

Meeting of Foundation for Global Community, which contributes to a transformation of cultural values, a transformation from the dominant culture of growth, of more, of materialism, to a culture of enough, of quality and excellence, of spirit, all interested individuals welcome, this and subsequent 4th Tuesdays, various locations, info on local events Jerry Martin 425-746-7304 or martins@televar.com.

Wednesday, 5/30

Lois Price Spratlen, Professor of Psychosocial and Community Health at the University Washington School of Nursing, with her book, "African American Registered Nurses in Seattle: The Struggle for Opportunity," about 26 African-American women in their journey to become registered nurses during a time when there was little opportunity or encouragement, no tickets required, 4 p.m., at University Book Store, 4326 University Way NE, General Books Dept; info 206-634-3400 or bookstor@u.washington.edu or <http://www.bookstore.washington.edu>

Meeting of Episcopal Peace Fellowship, a community of Christians working for peace, justice, reconciliation, and non-violence, this and subsequent 4th Wednesdays, 7 p.m., at St. Mark's Cathedral, 1245 10th Ave. E, info Thomas Walker 425-641-9247 or Rev. Diane Belsford 206-270-9170.

Thursday, 5/31

Green Party of Seattle monthly general meeting, come check out, learn about, and become a part of Seattle's progressive political option. The first 15 minutes is an orientation for newcomers, to get involved, become a member, this and subsequent last

Thursdays, 6:30 p.m. - 8:45 p.m., at New Hope Baptist Church, 124 21st St., donate or for info about the Greens 206-264-5110 or sgreens@boutell.com.

Ongoing Mondays

Books to Prisoners, ongoing volunteer project could use your help answering letters and sending books to incarcerated individuals. Books to Prisoners is a 100% not-for-profit, 100% volunteer, collective, that has sent tens of thousands of books to people in prison since 1979, help wrap packages or choose the books that a prisoner will receive, books also needed, give paperbacks, especially need dictionaries, thesauruses, Black/Chicano/Native American books, and radical politrix books, 6 p.m. - 10 p.m., at 1004 Turner Way East on 23rd Ave., 2 blocks north of Aloha, Bus lines 43 & 48, also on Wednesdays from 8 a.m. - 12 p.m., info 206-322-2868 or <http://btp.tao.ca/>

Ongoing Saturdays

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 - 1:00 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>

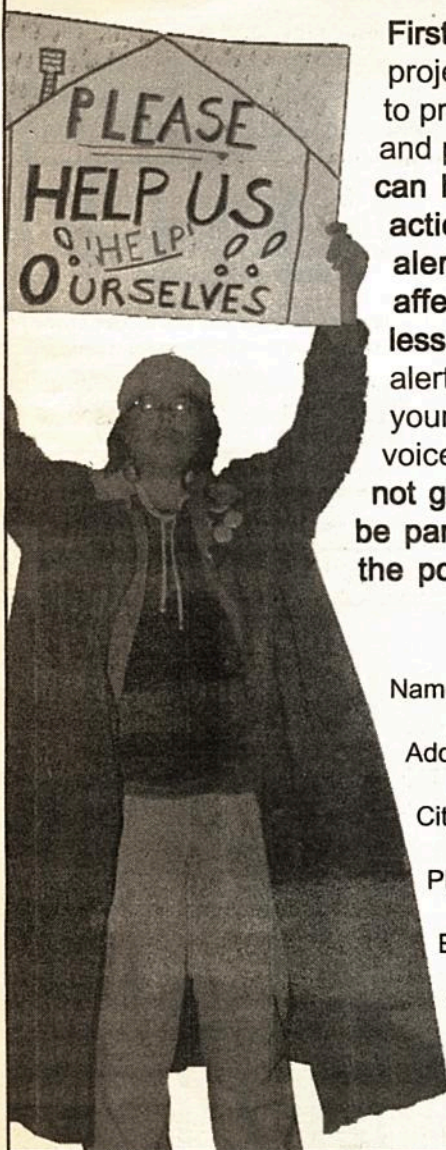
Ongoing Sundays

Seattle Food Not Bombs collects food and serves free vegetarian meals to the homeless each and every Sunday, noon - 4:00 p.m., cook, call for location, 5:30 p.m. share dinner at Occidental Park, see above for info.

Ongoing Daily

FareStart assists people who are homeless through training in life skills, food service, and the culinary arts, and job placement, and runs their own restaurant, lunch daily and dinner on Thursdays only, with guest chefs from area restaurants. A three- or four-course dinner is only \$14.50 plus tax and tip, with all of the proceeds going to FareStart, 1902-2nd Ave. between Stewart and Virginia, please log on to <http://www.farestart.org> and make a donation.

Do Something!



First things First is the organizing project of Real Change that works to preserve low-income housing and put a roof over every bed. You can help by pledging to take action when First things First alerts you to critical decisions affecting the poor and homeless. When you join our action alert list we will contact you by your preferred method when your voice needs to be heard. You will not get a lot of junk mail. You will be part of creating real change for the poor and homeless.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Phone _____

Email _____

Mail to: Real Change
2129 2nd Ave.
Seattle, WA 98121.
Call (206) 441-3247 for more info.

SPEND A YEAR WITH REAL CHANGE

VISTA Position Open: Help Us Bridge the Digital Divide



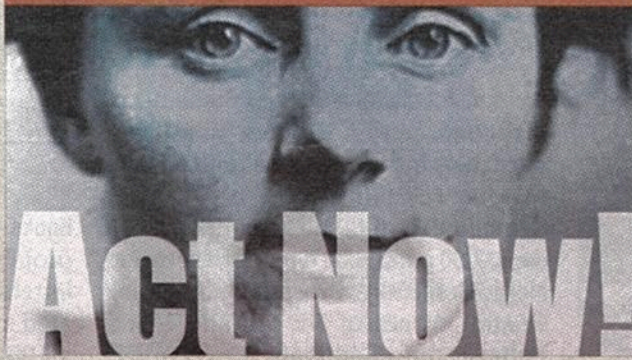
Real Change is looking for someone with a commitment to community service and the ability to work with a diverse group of people to become our **Mac Workshop Coordinator**. Come join a multi-faceted organizing project that builds a **creative community among the poor and the homeless** while engaging the broader public in **advocating for economic justice**.

The Macintosh computer lab offers:

- low-income people free Internet access
- self-guided GED study
- training in typing and a variety of software programs

Position opens end of August, with a stipend and a \$4,725 educational award. Call Jan Munger at (206) 956-9472 for more information.

citizens participation project



Support Affordable Housing Funds

Issue: Get Congress to push for the creation of a National Housing Trust Fund, to serve as a source of revenue for the production of new housing and the preservation or rehabilitation of existing housing that is affordable for low-income people.

Background: The proposal for a National Housing Trust Fund — with an initial goal to produce, rehabilitate, and preserve 1.5 million units of housing by 2010 — is both bold and realistic. Last August, Senator John Kerry (D-Mass.) introduced a bill to start a housing trust fund. He is expected to introduce a similar bill this Congress, as housing leaders on both sides of the aisle have pledged to work together to achieve legislative success. Thanks to unprecedented budget surpluses, the hard work of housing advocates across the country, and substantial bipartisan support in Congress, we are at a moment when real new housing investment is possible.

It is time for the federal government to once again invest in housing for poor people. Congress is considering a tax cut that will surely amount to more than \$1 trillion. Now is the time to tell Congress that affordable housing matters.

The dimensions of the affordable housing crisis are well known:

- Millions of low-income households spend precariously high percentages of their income for their housing, and the lowest income households have the most acute housing affordability problems.
- The housing problems of low-income people are exacerbated, not relieved, by the extraordinary prosperity from which most people have benefited, as the cost of housing accelerates faster than wages and the private housing market concentrates meeting the housing expectations of higher income people.
- The federal investment in new rental housing production that the lowest income households can afford has declined precipitously in the last 20 years.
- The supply of existing federally assisted housing is eroding as more and more public housing units are taken out of operation and owners of the private, assisted stock are opting out of their contracts and renting their properties to unsubsidized tenants.
- Although there have been modest increases in the number of federal housing voucher programs in recent years, many communities are unable to use all the housing vouchers they are allocated because there are insufficient units available for voucher holders to rent.

The National Housing Trust Fund is the perfect venue through which to dedicate billions of dollars in new federal resources to build and preserve affordable rental housing mostly for the lowest income Americans.

We have learned a great deal about how to best design homes and communities that afford dignity and opportunity to the people who live in them, including those with the lowest incomes. We have a cadre of community-based entities that stand ready to develop and operate new and preserved housing.

Show your support for the campaign to establish the National Housing Trust Fund, by either sending a

Action: your Senators or signing on to the campaign on its website, www.nhtf.org.

Send the letter to each of the two Washington state Senators:

Senator Patty Murray
 2988 Jackson Federal Building
 915 Second Avenue
 Seattle, WA 98174-1001
 (206) 553-5545
senator_murray@murray.senate.gov

Senator Maria Cantwell
 512 Jackson Federal Building
 915 Second Avenue
 Seattle, WA 98174-1001
 (206) 220-6400
maria@cantwell.senate.gov

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University Temple United
 Methodist Church
 Fridays, 2-5 p.m.
 15th N.E. and N.E. 43rd in U-District
 please use alley entrance
Great Bargains
 Clothing, housewares, linens,
 games, books, etc.

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



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