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Jew Boy

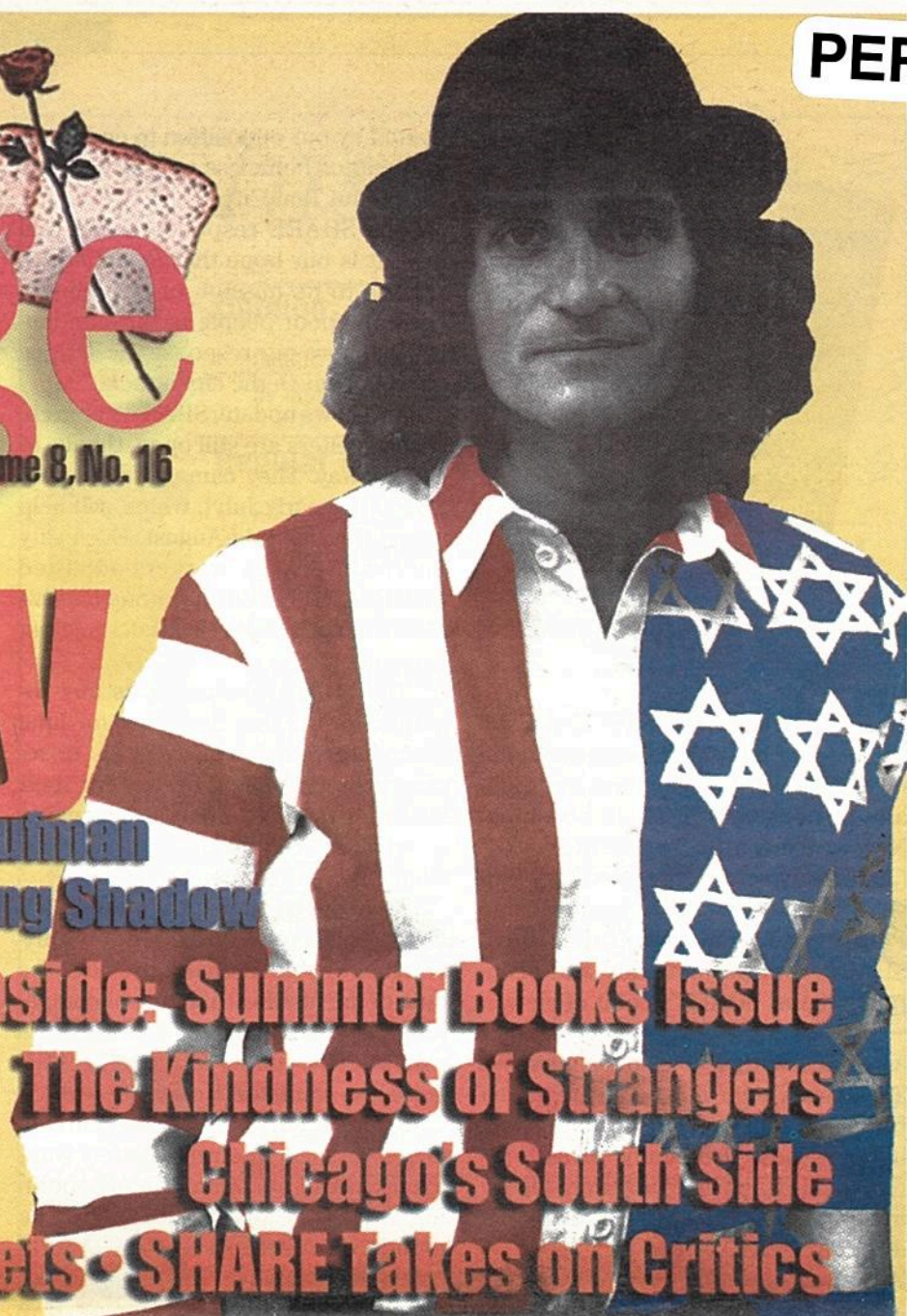
Surviving the Survivor: Alan Kaufman
Steps out of the Holocaust's Long Shadow

\$1

July 26 - Aug. 8, 2001

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Inside: Summer Books Issue
The Kindness of Strangers
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High Tech Toilets • SHARE Takes on Critics



PER

PHOTO OF ALAN KAUFMAN COURTESY OF KAUFMAN.

By Silja J.A. Talvi

Alan Kaufman has dedicated much of the last decade of his life to providing a venue for people whose lifestyles, experiences, and perspectives would otherwise relegate them to the outermost fringes of American society.

Kaufman, a San Francisco-based spoken word poet, writer, and editor, is best known for his groundbreaking work as the founder and editor of the mid-1990s American magazine *Davka: Jewish Cultural Revolution*, the first issue of which featured the highly controversial picture of a heavily tattooed woman wrapped in a Jewish prayer shawl. Kaufman also edited the anthology *The Outlaw Bible of American Poetry* (Thunder's Mouth Press, 1999). From 1998 to 2000, he edited the radical e-zine *TattooJew.com: The Online Magazine for Jews with Attitude*. But with the publication of his first autobiographical novel, *Jew Boy* (Fromm International: 2000), the 48-year-old Kaufman reaches for a brave and provocative venue all of his own.

Born in the Bronx to an often-abusive mother who was herself a French-Jewish Holocaust survivor, Kaufman used his book to recount his painfully tragic childhood and his struggles as a desperately isolated wanderer grappling with alcoholism, homelessness, and the residual torment inflicted by the Holocaust, as it was manifested in his mother's mental illness. Bigotry, violence, alcoholism, sexual depravity, and self-hatred were among the more disturbing and deranged realities of the

author's early years.

The accomplishment of Kaufman's life — and of his astonishingly vivid memoir — is its arrival at an awakening that freed him from the oppressive shackles of his childhood, all the while preserving its convoluted yet powerful, underlying purpose: "I am [my mother's] 'memorial candle,'" writes Kaufman in *Jew Boy*, "the one in the family whom she had chosen to carry the message of the six million into the future."

From his home in San Francisco, Kaufman talked with *Real Change* about his life and the writing of *Jew Boy*. The book comes out in paperback in January.

Real Change: Most of the works written by the children of Holocaust survivors have not typically delved into issues of child abuse, or, for that matter, into issues of mental illness, poverty, homelessness, and alcoholism. It's almost as if, on some level, you're airing the 'dirty laundry' of Holocaust survivors and their children and, on a broader level, of Jews in

America. Did you think about any of that — the weight of that — while writing this book?

"Auschwitz, Holocaust, gas chambers, ovens and all the rest; these were my Harry Potter stories. To be told these things as a child, it was absolutely horrifying."

Alan Kaufman, poet, writer, and editor

Alan Kaufman: What would happen would be that I would write [something] down and then I would cover it with my hand. I would say, "I'm going to take that out later; I have to put that down, but I'll omit that later." Then the time would come, and I would say, "I can't take that out. That's truly what happened."

I would get really suicidal in writing *Jew Boy*. I felt as if I was betraying my mother. Betraying the Jewish people. Betraying Holocaust survivors. I felt like I was doing some terrible thing by telling the truth. But, of course, the terrible thing, the betrayal is to not tell the truth and to maintain some secrecy. The terrible thing would be not to say what happened and how you felt. That would be the ultimate betrayal.

RC: *Jew Boy* is a very emotional read. What did you go through in order to

be able to put all of this to paper?

Kaufman: I had to turn to Zen practice for a long period of time in order to maintain a kind of stability emotionally. I also had to go into therapy because I was really having suicidal feelings that I was beginning to act out in subtle ways...

But the worst part of it was the emotional anguish, not the unconscious, punishing stuff, but the sheer emotional anguish. I would find myself getting up from the café table where I was working and walking around in circles on the street. One time I walked into a grocery store and burst into tears. But I was lucky. I had really good friends and support.

And in a funny way, my mother, when I was a little boy, she would hold up to me the example of Émile Zola and Victor Hugo as great truth-tellers who would tell their truths in the face of any kind of controversy or opposition. So in a strange way, I had that as an example when it came time to tell the truth about me and her and our relationship and this whole matter of being the child of a Holocaust survivor.

RC: Have you made peace with both your parents?

Kaufman: Absolutely. Because you can't walk around — you can't write anything good out of resentment. I could not

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July 26 - Aug 8, 2001



Bashing shelters

Dear Editor:

Real Change's mission is "to provide a voice for poor people in our community." Like SHARE, you have traditionally not engaged in shelter-bashing. Now we feel that in "Trouble at SHARE" (June 28), *Real Change* gave City Survival Services chief bureaucrat Alan Painter a forum to unfairly bash SHARE, and did not fully and accurately report SHARE's point of view.

We honor the work of *Real Change*, as we know that you honor ours. We are allies in achieving better treatment for homeless people, and ending homelessness. Ironically, SHARE received fairer and more accurate reporting from other media in Seattle than it did from *Real Change*.

The city's assessment was not based in reality, but was rather politically motivated by our opposition to computer tracking of homeless people and our successful Tent City.

The SHARE response is the real deal. It is our hope that *Real Change* returns to its mission of providing a voice for poor people in our community and give our response the serious coverage, given the city attacks.

As a news update, SHARE's church-based shelters are still open, thanks to United Way. They came through with \$15,000 [in early July], which will help us get through mid-August. Even City Survival Services workers admitted that SHARE needs the money we've been asking for from City Hall since last November.

The SHARE shelter hosts met together, for the first time ever, on June 27 and agreed to work with us to secure the city funding needed for their shelters to survive. Their first step was a written request of each City Councilperson for a meeting.

From our beginning, the indoor shelters have always been a three-way partnership: City government provides the bulk of the funding (half that of comparable city-funded shelters), shelter hosts provide the space, and the SHARE homeless community does the work.

Seattle's Survival Services bureaucracy has made their move: they want to cut SHARE out. Alan Painter's soothing words are no substitute for the money we need to keep the church-based shelters alive. Now it's time for the City Council to decide to just give

us some more talk, or to do the obvious — allocate the money SHARE needs for the shelters to survive.

SHARE deserves the same consideration and support as other shelter providers who have had the same financial problems due to rising costs.

Sincerely,
[Signed by six members of
SHARE]

Classics Corner kudos

Dear *Real Change*,

I liked your column about Socrates and St. Paul (June 14). I haven't read Xenophon, but I have read Plato, and even wrote a paper on his ideas about (gasp!) sexuality. Socrates comes off as a "tease," one of those people who delights in getting someone "turned on" and then saying, "What, me? Go to bed with you? Whatever gave you that idea?"

And Saul of Tarsus is the angriest man I've ever met, in a book or out of it. His paean to love — "if I had tongues of angels and have not love, I am as sounding brass" — is one of the saddest admissions in Western literature.

Sincerely,
Karen Delaney

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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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Square Peg, Round Hole

City government, unencumbered
by the facts, is trying to squeeze us

By members of SHARE

This is what happens to homeless people every day: You don't look like me, therefore I am afraid of you. Or you shouldn't be here. Or you need to change, because you don't look like me. That's exactly what the city is saying to SHARE." One of SHARE's church shelter hosts made this comment after she read a recent *Seattle Times* article about the city's negative assessment of SHARE ["Trouble at SHARE," *RC*, June 28]. (City staff released the assessment to the press just minutes after hand-delivering it to the SHARE office.)

The city of Seattle says that SHARE does a good and necessary job of providing emergency shelter for hundreds of homeless people in Seattle each night. The city says that the findings in their recent assessment are intended only to help SHARE improve how we do that job.

SHARE has always been willing to work with the city of Seattle and with other organizations on improving our operations. In fact, we rely on the city of Seattle as one of three partner organizations (SHARE, churches, the city) in providing self-managed, indoor, church-based shelter.

But we know three things about the city's assessment:

- Its sweeping suggestions for changing SHARE's operations are not justified by the facts, and would alter and destroy our core mission as a democratic organization of poor people.
- Its false findings are being used to obfuscate SHARE's need for additional funding for shelter.
- It was politically driven. We facilitate Tent City, a survival project that city government does not support.

Our detailed response to the assessment is available on request. To highlight three factually incorrect claims:

SHARE forces participants to engage in political advocacy. This is not now, and has never been the case. The city has provided no specific data, or even specific anecdotes to support their claim. There is no need for the city to name those making accusations, but without specifics of what, when, and where, these accusations echo those made by Joe McCarthy during the Communist witch hunts in the 1950s.

SHARE has used its discretionary funds on Tent City, depleting our organization's reserves that otherwise could have been used to support our indoor, church-based shelter network. Tent City paid its own cost almost entirely last year, from donations that came in specifically for Tent City (donations that would not have come in for our indoor shelters). A truly responsible assessment would have discovered these facts.

SHARE has never been an organization that does a lot of fundraising. Our indoor, church-based shelters have traditionally been a three-way partnership, with SHARE providing the labor, churches providing the space, and the city of Seattle providing the vast majority of operating funds. The city of Seattle is the partner agency now suggesting a change to this historical pattern, since they are not responding to SHARE's request for additional funding to keep pace with the dramatically rising cost of living every Seattle household — and every Seattle service agency — now faces.

Other large agencies — the Archdiocesan Housing Authority and the Compass Center — made the same request for additional city funding, citing rising costs, and have not been subjected to investigations. Last year, those two agencies received increased city allocations of hundreds of thousands of dollars apiece. SHARE is just requesting \$70,000. We made our first request for additional funding during last year's city budget cycle.

SHARE has "dozens of" empty shelter beds every night. Each SHARE shelter does have some empty beds most nights. No one wants people to stay in emergency shelter forever; turnover is expected and wanted. Staffed shelters can handle this turnover by immediately admitting new people. Our shelters are all run by the people who stay at them. Our goal is to provide shelter with dignity, shelter that participants have ownership over and power in.

We have a two-night-out-a-week policy, allowing participants to work odd shifts or visit family and friends. We also have a strict offsite, participant-run screening policy, on a rotating basis six days a week. Each individual shelter screens three times a week. These are crucial policies for the safety and coordination of our

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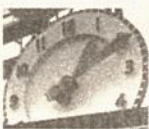
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Carol Adelle Leno, a Seattle native, began selling *Real Change* five years ago, along Third Avenue downtown. "I used to sell [down at Third and James] for years, until my customers moved out of the area," she says. From her new location, outside the Arctic Building, Leno sells between 40 and 50 papers each month: "I have about 10 people who want one no matter what."

But business is slower than usual, since a recent back injury has made standing for long hours difficult, disrupting her vending routine. But the injury has also allowed her to devote more time to Bible studies and writing for *Real Change*.

"I'm trying to do more typing and selling papers," she says, "and get to where I'm doing things that will produce money."

Leno has been homeless for much of the last 20 years. She got into transitional housing about a year ago.

"For awhile I didn't know how long I'd be working for *Real Change*," says Leno, "but I finally realized I could be helped through this organization, expressing my views through poetry and relating to people better." ■

—Jude Karel-Adamski



PHOTO BY
SHAWN STEEN

Building support for SHARE

Nearly a month after a city assessment found fault with SHARE's operations and suggested sweeping changes ["Trouble at SHARE," RC June 28], church hosts are helping the financially strapped shelter provider gain support on Seattle City Council. On July 24, church hosts and SHARE participants met with city representatives to discuss the group's ongoing money crisis.

According to staff, SHARE, which runs a 300-person shelter program in concert with about a dozen area churches, may run out of money as soon as mid-August (see "Square Peg, Round Hole" on page 3). SHARE is requesting as much as \$70,000 to stay open for the rest of the year. In order to get it, the group would need 'yes' votes from seven of the nine city councilmembers.

At press time, Councilmember Peter Steinbrueck was confirmed to attend. As head of the council's Housing and Human Services committee, Steinbrueck may become a liaison between the shelter provider and his fellow councilmembers. Steinbrueck is "really interested in working out the issues" detailed in the report, says his legislative assistant Neil Powers.

Marty Hartman hopes the meeting allows for a more positive look at the church-based shelter system. She's been a volunteer at a SHARE shelter operating out of Lakeview Free Methodist Church for five years, and she's helping to organize the event. It springs from a first-ever meeting among the church shelter hosts she helped organize in late June.

"The good things that happen in these shelters haven't been communicated" in the city's recent report, or its coverage in the press, says Hartman. "The spin was more about what wasn't working out. We want [City Council] to have all the information."

In a July 2 letter to City Council president Margaret Pageler, SHARE called the city assessment "largely inaccurate," but indicated their willingness to make some changes. Their response was forwarded to the Human Services Department. According to SHARE, some of the city's suggestions are inaccurate or based on a misunderstanding of SHARE's mission. For example, they wrote:

- The city is wrong to believe that SHARE does not keep track of the distribution of its subsidized bus tickets — they're tracked on a shelter-by-shelter basis.
- SHARE2, a housing-for-work program for formerly homeless SHARE members which the city suggested be cut, is mandated by several church hosts.
- Staff "cannot and do not bar individuals from SHARE shelters," nor are homeless people unfairly barred from shelters, as the report alleges. And "without a scintilla of specific evidence, or even specific allegations... it is impossible to respond." ■

—Adam Holdorf

Coffee, anyone?

The May 31 police shooting of Aaron Roberts, along with the subsequent boycott of Starbucks at the corner of 23rd and Jackson streets in Seattle's Central Area, stimulated an outpouring of community reaction. Is it fair to single out a corporation which has contributed to the community in which it resides? Does Starbucks bear any responsibility for the attitude, mind set, and actions of the police department?

Opinions among community members vary widely. *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* columnist Robert L. Jamieson writes, after the boycott began, that "the energy and justifiable anger of a community are being aimed at the wrong target. The gripe, if placed at all, should be with the Police Department, not with a giant coffee maker, in particular one that has reached out to the city's underserved, minority communities."

A woman named Maria from the Central Area maintains an opposing view: "Companies like Starbucks benefit directly from the city's stance in pursuing and prosecuting drug dealers. 'Cleaning up' the neighborhood has made it more attractive for such companies to build stores. Starbucks represents the gentrification of [the] neighborhood."

Conversely, in a quote from *The Seattle Times*, Executive Director of First Place School Doreen Cato contends, "As an African-American woman working in the Central Area, I want to make it known that many like myself support and acknowledge Starbucks' contributing to this area. I believe boycotting an organization such as Starbucks is based on misperceived information about their involvement in the African-American community." She goes on to say, "Starbucks' leadership and partnerships with individuals such as Magic Johnson have helped to open two of Starbucks stores in Columbia City and in Rainier Valley."

According to Rev. Robert Jeffrey, Senior pastor at New Hope Baptist Church in Seattle's central area, the boycott was born out of a realization that "corporations are setting police policy." He further states that the police work for neither the inner-city community nor the politicians that govern the community, and that the police department has focused its agenda (if not completely aligned itself) with the corporations who have a vested interest in repopulating that same community with a different demographic. This is im-



portant in understanding the central point of what some view as a misplaced reaction to the Aaron Roberts shooting: Jeffrey and supporters believe the boycott ties into a strategy to offset gentrification.

In response to queries about gentrification and corporate/police collaboration, Audrey Lincoff, Public Affairs Director at Starbucks says, "We feel that we are an integral part of the community," citing regular involvement in cultural and neighborhood events, as well as funding for various ethnocentric organizations, which are both specific to and a vital part of the Central Area. Regarding aligning itself with the police department, Lincoff denies any collusion, but offers, "we do sincerely care about the issues that impact the CD (Central District), and we believe we must allow the justice system to do its job."

Starbucks reported no decrease in productivity during or after the boycott; in fact the company experienced a slight overall increase in business. When asked why she thought Starbucks was chosen for the boycott, Lincoff attributes it to her company's visibility. ■

—Bruce Lofton



PROTESTERS CAME OUT TO THE PIKE PLACE MARKET FOR THE JULY 14 "RALLY IN THE ALLEY" AGAINST MARK SIDRAN, WHO'S RUNNING FOR MAYOR FROM AN OFFICE IN POST ALLEY. AS CITY ATTORNEY, SIDRAN HAS CHAMPIONED "CIVILITY LAWS" LIKE THE NO-SITTING ORDINANCE, THE PARKS EXCLUSION ORDINANCE, AND THE CAR IMPOUNDMENT LAW.

PHOTO BY GEORGE HICKEY.

The race is on

Eight candidates for Mayor of Seattle appeared on July 20 at the Central Area's Mount Zion Baptist Church to speak at the first public forum of the 2001 city elections. The meeting dealt with issues of housing and homelessness. Billed as a forum by the Housing Development Consortium, a group of nonprofit property developers sponsoring the event, the format gave each candidate 60 seconds to answer several complex questions. Both incumbent Mayor Paul Schell and his challenger, King County Councilmember Greg Nickels, seemed to agree on one point: to give the type of answers they'd like to, well, 60 seconds just wasn't enough.

One of the forums questions dealt with Initiative 71, the citizen's initiative to force more city spending on shelter and services for the homeless. Schell and City Attorney and mayoral candidate Mark Sidran oppose the initiative, saying it's an unfunded mandate. Nickels said he supports it.

Schell used the forum to repeatedly invoke his administration's track record of funding low-income housing and homeless services. Nickels said he wants to connect homeless people with mental health and substance abuse treatment. Telling the audience that he has a heart as well as a brain, Sidran also stumped for more treatment for the "public health crisis" of homelessness. Schell, Sidran, and Nickels are the top three fundraisers in the mayor's race, and the presumed front runners.

Candidate Caleb Schaber, a bartender at the Blue Moon Tavern, said he would donate \$25,000 of his mayoral salary to various charities. Socialist candidate Ernest Mailhot used his knowledge of Cuba to suggest that each household should pay no more than 10 percent of its income on housing. Capitol Hill businessman Scott Kennedy openly admitted he didn't have many of the answers, but was determined to listen. Candidate Christal Wood told the audience she wants to reform the so-called civility laws, and Bob Hegamin, a repeat candidate, said he has a lot of good ideas, but "just can't seem to get elected" to implement them.

One candidate not present was Omari Tahir-Garrett, the man charged with assaulting Schell with a megaphone. Three days later, on July 23, a Superior Court judge reduced his \$250,000 bail to \$25,000. ■

—Ed Cain

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

Opulent Outhouses

City Council approves high-priced techno-toilets

By Romie Ponce

Seven years have gone by since the Seattle City Council first proposed them. Controversy, debate, and complications surround the issue in every city that already has them. But on Monday, July 23, Seattle came a little closer to installing public toilets.

In a close 5-to-4 vote, the Seattle City Council gave its thumbs-up to purchasing the costly commodes. Unless Mayor Paul Schell comes up with another proposal, Seattle Public Utilities will purchase them.

The lease, installation, and maintenance of these toilets would cost the city \$6.4 million over a decade. Funds for the Automatic Public Toilets (APTs) would come from sewer rate revenues. For residents of Seattle, that translates to \$1.70 of a \$323 annual sewer bill for a single-family household. At a cost of \$128,000 per toilet per year, the average cost of a single 15-minute use would be at least \$3.90, according to *Real Change's* calculation.

In August 2000, the council set aside much less money for this purpose — \$750,000 for the initial lease, and \$3.25 million over a decade. The new lease terms are almost double over last year's estimate. The lease would pay for modern fixtures manufactured by the German company Hering Bau and maintained by Northwest Cascade, a local firm that supplies portable toilets.

"The toilets are costly because they are designed to be extremely durable to withstand heavy [use], and in many cases, misuse and vandalism," says Sheila Strehle, media relations manager for the City of Seattle.

The City of Seattle fact sheet for the APTs claims that the toilets are "attractive, freestanding units that are wheelchair accessible." They include the toilet, trash receptacle, and hand washing facilities. The toilet seat and the floor are automatically pressure-washed after each use. The restrooms are also equipped with sensors that detect whether someone is in the unit, and will not allow cleaning until the person has exited the restroom. Maintenance and emergency assistance will be provided.

Breakdowns

Seattle's toilets will be more expensive than any other city's. San Francisco operates two dozen of the automatic public toilets, at no cost to the city or its residents. Last year the city received about \$70,000 from advertising revenues which also offsets the installation and maintenance expense of the toilets. Seattle will not be able to alleviate the cost from its residents through advertising revenue, because of a strict city sign ordinance. Hering Bau is the only company willing to forgo ad-

vertising revenue from the restrooms, said SPU manager Diane Shope.

San Francisco, New York, Paris, London, and more than 500 other European cities have installed automatic public toilets in the last decade. Complications have arisen in many of the locales.

In the early '90s in New York, modern and stylish public toilets were installed by the French designer J.C. Decaux. They were about the size of an airplane bathroom, and for a quarter, you were allowed 15 minutes inside. Like the Seattle toilets, they included an automatic, high-tech, self-cleaning system following each use. The toilets, unfortunately, were completely inaccessible to persons in wheelchairs. When city councilmembers wanted to modify the design, Decaux refused to go along.

In San Francisco, the Decaux toilets have been plagued with maintenance problems. About 25 percent of the toilets are inoperable due to vandalism and mechanical problems that are not repaired promptly. Police and toilet maintenance crews argue over who is responsible for preventing drug use, prostitution, and homeless people sleeping in the restrooms.

Sticker shock

Both supporters and opponents of the lease assert that public restrooms are needed in heavily populated public areas. Councilmember Jan Drago, who brought the legislation before council, calls APTs a "necessity" and "a service long overdue to the residents and visitors to the city of Seattle." Drago sees the initial five toilets as an important starting point, an experiment that will test success with Seattleites and tour-

ists in the city's neighborhoods. "If they are a success, additional toilets may be added to more streets and neighborhoods in Seattle," she says.

A \$6.4 million trial run is not easy for everyone to swallow.

"I agree that Seattle needs public restroom facilities," says Councilmember Richard McIver, who voted against the toilets. "I do not think that \$6 million toilets are the answer. I think that the city should be more discriminate when deciding how they should spend money. There are options we should consider to reduce the costs."

Other residents also have strong opinions. Baristas at a Capitol Hill cafe thought it sounded like a reasonable idea, until they heard the price tag for only five units, not anywhere near the busy Capitol Hill neighborhood. "More than \$6 million for such a small number of public restrooms is unreasonable," said one.

"It doesn't sound like a good idea at all," said the other cafe worker. "There have got to be other options for building public restrooms."

In Belltown, two homeless men affirmed that there were not nearly enough public restrooms. When asked what facilities they used, they mentioned Pike Place Market and the occasional port-a-potty, but said that most of the time, they used the street.

"Five toilets is not going to be enough to make a noticeable difference," added one of the men. ■



MAN MEETS SELF-CLEANING MACHINE. PHOTO COURTESY OF SEATTLE PUBLIC UTILITIES.

The city of Seattle and five neighborhoods agreed on sites for the Automatic Public Toilets. They will cost \$128,000 each, over a 10-year period. If the Mayor's Office doesn't object to the contract, visitors and residents may be using the restrooms by 2002.

Current negotiated sites for the proposed APTs:

Pioneer Square — northeast corner of Occidental Square Park

International District — southeast corner of Hing Hay Park

Pike Place Market — southeast corner of Victor Steinbruek Park

Ballard — within King County Metro's new Ballard Transit Hub, Northwest Market Street east of Ballard Avenue

University District — west curb of 15th Avenue Northeast and Northeast 43rd Street

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Book Reviews

Look, there is my ma, my dad, and me

Chicago's South Side, 1946-1948

Photography by Wayne F. Miller

Forward by Orville Schell, commentaries by

Gordon Parks and Robert B. Stepto

University of California Press, 2000

127 pages, \$25

By Etabu Etabui

The men are all wearing fedoras, buttoned down shirts, suit jackets and stylist overcoats. One, standing against the wall with several compatriots, sports a large, striped bow tie. They each seem to poise deep looks of concentration in their eyes, deeper stories, that seem to rival the intense looks of the two men bending over their game on the pool table. A delicacy of portraiture is at once revealed. The detailed aura of being there, of living somehow in the grace and in the accepted justice of being black in America, is what permeates the frames of all of Wayne F. Miller's photographs in *Chicago's South Side, 1946-1948*.

As a World War II combat photographer, Miller had just witnessed Hiroshima. He had something in his

heart, in the mind's eye of his apparently fine camera's lens that he needed to settle. Something beyond the years of human destruction culminating in Japan that he had just photographed.

He went back to his home town, Chicago. He went to Parkway Community House on the South Side, where in a small back room, *Ebony* Magazine was just beginning to make its history. With their permit and with a Guggenheim, Miller set upon his quest to portray black life on Chicago's South Side. He was determined, as a young white man, white, "to document things that make this human race of ours a family."

For black people, Chicago has always been a small town. The Great Migration marking the movement north of southern Blacks, beginning at the urging of the *Chicago Defender* after World War I, saw the center of Chicago's black life moving from near downtown to economic footholds around Jesse Binga's Bank at 35th and Michigan. During the 1930s and '40s, the center moved to 47th Street and Parkway Drive where the Regal Theatre and

other showcases were located.

The people moved their music, their lives, their churches, and their needs with them. One powerful fact of the black community that continued as the world became conscious of its augured deep expression was that it stayed physically stacked and full upon itself. The community was, in a way, forced to build and harbor its own constructs. The pictures that Miller shows are portrayals where people lived and existed against human poverty and against the strains of racial and political segregation. These pictures stand apart from the work of other documentarians of black life. They are not the sharply intense mood shots of Gordon Parks (1886-1983)

nor the stylized self-appreciation frames of James Van Der Zee (1912-), yet in their own way, they become a testimony of sterling human beauty.

I was reared in the Chicago of Miller's pictures. My parents tendered us in the dreary small one room kitchenette apartments from which Miller draws heroic life. Heroic life? My par-

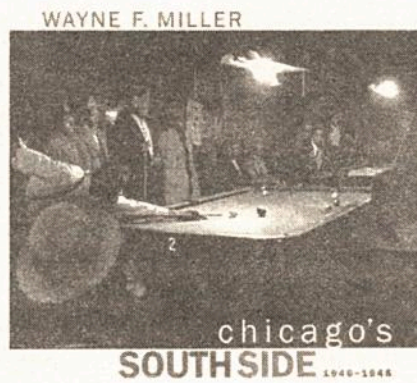
ents did not break underneath the grip of impoverishment. They held on until they could amass the funds to move into larger quarters. Certainly they and the people here were heroes, then, and of a different but important testimonial sort than the combat troops Miller has pictured.

Then these are the heroes, the ordinary, the daily day-to-day people of small fortune and great dreams. Here they are sleeping, reading, practicing piano, getting ready for the night out in the small rooms they were allotted, the places we were forced to live together. Look, there is me, a towhead, asleep and about to fall off the small bed with my two other siblings! My, were we healthy, well fed, and loved! There is uncle reading a comic book from a bed in the same

room. Near him ma makes up her hair in front of the bureau mirror for dad who's soon returning.

Dad. There he is, an ice man. Look in winter, carrying the load on his shoulder to the lady's icebox up the stairs. Look again, there is dad, this time sling-

Continued on Page 14



The pictures that Miller shows are portrayals where people lived and existed against human poverty and against the strains of racial and political segregation.

Compañero: the Life and Times of Che Guevara

Compañero

Jorge G. Castañeda

Random House, 1997

496 pages, \$16

By Shawn Steen

It was the eve of the Cuban Revolution's greatest victory: the Bay of Pigs, April 22, 1961. Hundreds crowded the streets of Havana to throw flowers upon the passing caskets, and from a raised platform, Fidel Castro held an improvised ceremony honoring the lives lost in battle. As Castro addressed the crowd, a Cuban news photographer snapped photos of the honored guests sitting behind the leader. Jean-Paul Sartre was there, as was Simone de Beauvoir. Then a gap in the front row of guests opened, and there was Ernesto "Che" Guevara, looking intensely out into the clear Cuban sky. It was in that instant Alberto Korda looked at Che through the viewfinder of his camera and took the portrait that now graces dorm rooms and t-shirts everywhere.

That portrait was my only exposure to the man until I was given a copy of *Compañero: The Life and Death of Che Guevara*, written by Jorge G.

Castañeda. A Cuban friend loaned me a copy after I started asking people who Che was and what he represented to them. This friend told me many popular biographies had been written about Che, but mostly by Americans. *Compañero*, he said, was the definitive.

Jorge G. Castañeda is Mexico's foreign minister as well as a leading political scientist, having written numerous books and articles for the *New York Times*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Newsweek*, and *Time*. As a visiting professor at Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton he has earned the reputation as one of the most prolific and articulate contemporary historians in the whole of the Americas.

In *Compañero*, Castañeda carefully reconstructs Che's complicated life; he explores how the Argentine revolutionary transcended ideology and politics to become an idol for the counter-cultural icon. Beyond that, we find out how Che's unwavering principles often were a factor in his misfortune and, ultimately, his own death.

Compañero is full of revelations: Che's lifelong battle with disabling asthma, his relationship with his protective mother, his enigmatic loyalty to Fidel Castro, and his unwavering belief in socialist revolu-

tion as the key to freedom. It's also surprising to learn that although Che had always had interest in political discourse, and as a young college student in Argentina during the Perón years, he was not involved. His political indifference at such an important time in his country's history has been questioned by numerous biographers; it paints an uncertain portrait of the young revolutionary.

As a child, Che was so disabled by his asthma he often could not attend school. While he was at home his mother instilled in him a love for literature that would continue up until his death in the jungles of Bolivia. Celia doted on her sick son and most likely felt responsible for his illness. She was also probably the most important intellectual figure in his life, at least until he met Fidel Castro; the Guevara house was often host to endless meetings of anticlerical feminists. Che's father shared with him a voracious love of athletics, and stressed the importance of using willpower to overcome the limitations imposed by asthma.

After studying medicine at the University of Buenos Aires, Che departed on the now-famous travels through South America that inspired him to

write *Motorcycle Diary*. However, contrary to legend, only a small part of his journey was done on motorbike. Repeated repairs and mishaps caused Che and his friend Alberto Granado to abandon the bike in Santiago, and spend the rest of their trip working odd jobs to pay their passage. This gave Guevara a chance to become familiar with the poverty and desperation of the proletariat. From that point on, he became the Che Guevara that young activists idolized and the CIA watched.

By no means is Che a faultless hero; from his part in the Cuban Revolution, to his time in the Congo, he committed errors of judgment and blunders based on his biases. The author, at points, erodes the Che myth, and when doing so, he extensively footnotes all of his sources, from author interviews to recently-released CIA files. The author also notes those cases in which his findings conflict with previous biographers', and does his best to explain why. I imagine this well-researched account could be devastating to any hardcore Che devotee. Still, the stories of Che's formidable willpower, plus the look into the political histories of Cuba and the Cold War, make *Compañero* powerful reading. ■

The Legacy of the Asian America Revolution

Legacy to Liberation: politics and culture of revolutionary asian pacific america

Edited by Fred Ho

Big Red Media and AK Press, 2000

Paperback, 411 pages, \$22.95

By Molly Rhodes

I'll be the first to admit it: before reading this book, I had no idea there was ever a revolutionary Asian Pacific America. I know plenty of Asian Pacific Americans, especially from my New York public high school, and I know of their individual attempts to find out more about the culture of their ancestors. But the idea of a revolutionary collective of them trying to unite to speak out for their race, in the way that the Black Panther Party once spoke out for African Americans, had never occurred to me.

So when faced with the task of reviewing Fred Ho's wide-ranging and detailed anthology of essays written by various participants in the Asian-American revolutionary movement, *Legacy to Liberation*, I felt slightly inadequate to truly comment on the book's ability to paint a picture of what the height of movement, in the late 1960s and early '70s, had been like. I had visions of names, dates, and places gliding over me as I struggled to grasp fistfuls of facts and missed whatever greater point each essay had to make.

Yet what Ho has brought together is not a dense history of the movement, but more of an exploration of it. The essays, rather than beating down the uninitiated with theory after theory, form a kind of dialogue between themselves, as different voices and writing styles compete and debate over what the movement was for, what it was able to accomplish and why it essentially imploded in the mid-'70s.

"There are people in this book I don't agree with," explained Ho, during a book talk he gave at Elliott Bay Books in the spring. "But I think we're setting a new standard for our activist movement, with the consideration of viewpoints that begin a new basis for dialogue and networking and communication."

The movement depicted here is not one relegated to a few borderline radical wings, but one heavily involved in all the other changes in race perceptions taking place in 1960s America. Asian Americans like Merle Woo were instrumental in starting ethnic and gender studies at universities in California, which have since spread across the nation. Japanese American Richard Aoki was one of the founders of the Black Panther Party, and helped bring the Black Panther goal of creating a separate identity from whites — as opposed to working with whites within the white

system — to the core of the Asian-American movement.

"One of the cornerstones of oppression is you believing you're not oppressed," said Ho, "that you're just like your oppressors. You see yourself in the image of what your oppressors make of you; you become like them. Reclamation and assertion of an identity that is self-defined is very critical, coming up with a new language, a self-consciousness. That's the revolutionary essence of what we're trying to do."

This essence extends not just through academia and politics, but into the arts as well, which gets its own section in the book. In fact, for Ho, art is not simply an extension of politics, or an extension of what it means to be an Asian American, but inherently part and parcel of it. His own art, a driving, pulsing cascade of tones and rhythms, is directly influenced by the "so-called jazz" of African-Americans looking to express their troubles and their hopes.

"I don't like to use the term jazz because I consider it a racial slur, but in so-called jazz is the fundamental contradiction of an oppressed nationality that has been denied its Americanness, even though it is quintessentially American. So called-jazz is indigenous, American music that has been denied recognition and status. This just reflects to me that the music itself is a force that could change America."

One of the greatest opposing forces to this change is the divisions among Asian Americans themselves: those who want women to continue in traditional, subservient roles, those who believe gays and lesbians should hide their sexual preferences for the greater good of the Asian-American whole.

Yet even though these divisions were one of the main reasons the movement died 25 years ago, there is still a push to bring it back to full, roaring life. Some of the impetus has come from political threats to perceptions that Asian Americans can simply assimilate and all will be fine, such as a spate of California initiatives in the mid-'90s attacking immigrants, affirmative action, and bilingual education. There is also the constant threat to ethnic and gender studies programs, which continue to have their funding, faculty, and course material challenged.

"You should only end when you eliminate inequality and injustice, so the new social movement, a new social eruption can happen," said Ho. "This book is not written for the academic mind. This is a book of committed activists who are seeking answers, who have a tremendous amount of experience and are offering that experience. It needs to become a well-used manual." ■

Ramble On

The Kindness of Strangers: Penniless Across America

Mike McIntyre

Berkley Publishing Group, 1996

Paperback, 245 pages, \$12

By Raymond V. Murphy

Mike McIntyre was a self-proclaimed loser.

He quit jobs, quit schools, and quit relationships. However, in 1994, the San Francisco journalist set a goal he was determined to keep. McIntyre decided to hitchhike penniless across America, relying only on, as he put it, "the kindness of strangers."

McIntyre's journey is chronicled in his book, the title of which it taken from Blanche DuBois' words in Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Despite success at San Francisco's largest newspaper, McIntyre felt something was missing in his life. In an attempt to find himself (a term McIntyre disliked), he tied down his backpack and hit the road, destination Cape Fear, North Carolina.

"If I'm offered money, I'll refuse it," McIntyre explained to family and friends. "I'll accept only rides, food, and a place to rest."

McIntyre found the kindness of strangers throughout middle America, and as a journalist was able to draw out many interesting stories. Along the way he met a female firefighter who was once a man, a reverend who was once a member of the Hell's Angels, and a former championship basketball coach who lived alone in a log cabin in Indiana. There were several people who not only allowed the author to sleep on their property, but took him into their home. McIntyre marvels at the fact that "those who often have the least, give the most."

The kindness of strangers is recommended for hitchhikers and anyone who's ever thought of hitchhiking. McIntyre attributed his success in getting so many rides to a conscious attempt to maintain a clean-cut image. A reverend who gave McIntyre a ride informed him that he never would have stopped if McIntyre had a beard. The author couldn't resist the comeback, "like Jesus Christ."

The book is written in a lively, narrative style. The reader, like the author, has no idea who's down the road and what their story may be. McIntyre spends one day speaking to a grade school, and then the next night he's sleeping in the closet of a police station. The author also does a good job pointing out the ironies in his life and the differences between himself and the people he meets along the way.

Without giving away the ending, we discover in the final chapter that McIntyre's destination — Cape Fear — doesn't exist. It was once a bulge of land discovered in 1500 and listed on maps, in Latin, as Cape Faire. It was later translated into Cape Fear. Now, according to McIntyre, Cape Fear's just an informal, unofficial name for southeastern North Carolina. The fact that Cape Fear doesn't really exist serves as a perfect metaphor for McIntyre's journey. "The scary name has no basis in reality," he writes. "I see now that I have always been afraid of the wrong things. My great shame is not my fear of death, but fear of life." ■



**We discover that
McIntyre's destination —
Cape Fear — doesn't exist.
That serves as a perfect
metaphor for his journey.**



It Also Rhymes With Hoots Or Opus 222, Pity Our Poor Proofreader

there's a kind of thing i need to say
i'd like to say it if i may
there's a little talk i'd like with you
if it's something that you'll let me do
there's a subject i need to talk about
i hope you'll hear me and you won't run out
it's a subject that requires the utmost arts
i need to talk about our-

How can I be delicate here? People make certain smells. The smells are accompanied by certain explosions, sometimes. At other times, they are silent, stealthy. Once, I could swear I felt one crawl up my back before it circled my neck and tried to strangle me.

I love cheese. I love beans. If I weren't a social creature I would eat rice and beans twice a day, covered with cheese. I would have eggs and cheese for breakfast, beans and cheese for dessert, eggs and cheese when I get depressed, beans and cheese whenever I wanted to celebrate. I would be so full of methane I'd have to wear one of those triangular "flammable" signs you see on gasoline trucks.

It's not just because I'm eight days older than Anitra "too bipolar for you" Freeman that she refers to me as "her old fart". She is also using synecdoche. That's a poetic term that means

**You hear the others,
whispering the bad
news. "Bean stew for
dinner tonight. Again."**

allowing a part to stand for the whole. Anitra should know, she's suffered all my parts. Still, with all that, I must say in all modesty that I am not the fartiest old fart there ever was. Not by a long shot. I could introduce you

to some guys that'd blow your nose-ring clean off. And they're not all that old. Some of them are just in their twenties, living lives of unpromising futures.

Flashback to 4 years old: Mommy and Daddy are going "out" and everybody gets in the car except the dog. It starts out being a big adventure ("We're going out! yay!") until the car rolls up to a one-story puke-green building connected to a playground surrounded by chain-link fencing. You find out that while Mom and Dad will be "out", you will be "in", in a prison they used to call a nursery. Since your parents have done what you thought at the time were far worse things, you imagine that they are abandoning you to this place, to spend the rest of your life there. In other words, eternity.

You scream, you kick, you threaten to stop breathing, but nothing works. They drive off without you. It's only after they are gone that you start to notice the smell. It's the smell of rancid milk mixed with essences of diaper pail, Pine Sol, and Clorox. But that's just the beginning.

Three hours later you're still there, and the wardens inform you and all the other inmates that it's beddy-bye-time, and they set up the beddy-byes, and there be the wailing and the gnashing of teeth. For the beddy-byes be only six inches apart from each other, and it be Poot City in that hell-hole. You try to sleep not because you want the rest but because you know that sleep, the little death, brings a deadening of the senses, and Oh, do they want to be deadened.

But alack, sleep never comes! Oh, it comes for the OTHERS, with their stinking extroversion, their relaxed approaches to social mores, their loose sphincters. Sure, THEY sleep. Not you, not the sensitive one, not the one in agony, the one who really needs it.

Back in the future: you've been homeless for weeks. Someone finally tells you about a homeless shelter you can go to. Something in the back of your mind tells you to be wary, but you go anyway. They make you sit through a sermon to get dinner. While you wait for the sermon to start they hand you a sheet detailing the rules. You find out you will be sleeping on mats.

You get a peek into the room where all the mats are laid out, six inches apart from each other. Then you hear the others, whispering the bad news.

"Bean stew for dinner tonight. Again."

— Why shelter is not enough. ■

Mr. Ondo

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

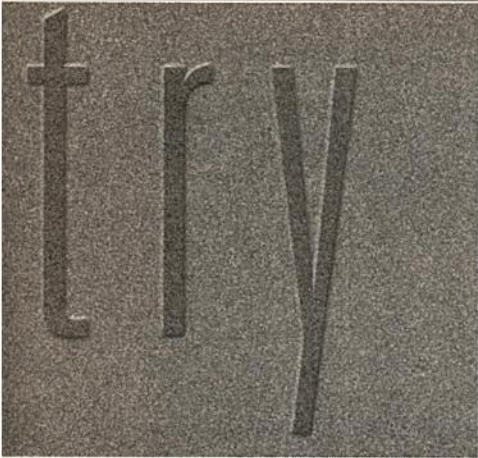
and we all have so far to go
don't we, Mr. Ondo

—JIM PAGE



Oh, the Hu

man's inhuman
isn't the except
but the main dr
firing our synap
at the flag pass
war is what we
as normal as ar
give me a natio
there is nothing
so don't tell me
the only serial
and don't ding
women never v
just look at Ma
all warriors as
dancing in the
would run awa
that makes peo
let alone inhum



unity
o man
hat proves the rule
he central nervous system
into a bacon-frying fury
y
etween patches of peace
l religion no aberration
d I'll give you a standing army
an beings won't defend
it's indefensible
erers are out of uniform
or manning the metaphorical guns
the kinder gentler sex
and Golda and Indira
e as any testicted chump
s that any sensible animal
m it's the humanity oh the humanity
nhuman

—DAVID THORNBRUGH

Haiku 1

Live up to my potential?
NO THANKS
I'd rather live up to my dreams
—RENEENE ROBERTSON

Haiku 2

Sexual repression
In God's name
Leading to child molestation
—RENEENE ROBERTSON

Pulling Risks

[Febuary 24, 2000]

My evening paper starts: Pain from below mentioned; plus massive headaches from bonks on the head.

My injuries include: busted ear drum (hearing aid in each ear, due to Dr. of the night who could not find my cash boxing my ears), broken arms (from numerous daily beatings), broken legs (also from daily beatings), fractured and ruptured lower spine (I jumped off an embankment that I thought was 1 and 1/2 feet high and turned out to be 8 and 1/2 high while I was 6 months pregnant with my son in 1962), loss of all of my back teeth (due to an attacker who said I was identified as having false teeth and who tried to pull them out with his bare hands; turning them sideways and eventually causing loss through inability to brush them right at an angle; plus additional attackers knocking them out at night), fractured left hip (due to being pushed down two flights at the First Avenue Service Center when it was located on First Avenue); plus I was robbed at the bottom of the stairs, etc.

RAPE: By the medical floating force person who keep sticking something up all three openings to repair my back; which keeps getting booted by "Boots", the officer who is going through for my cash (not officially on the force). My Dr. said if he finally breaks my ruptured and fractured back, it will go like accordion, it will squish down and I will never arise again.

"Rape" is why I won't "participate" at church now — no songs until no one can use force with me anymore.

I don't want to go anywhere "in the night" due to being injured in transit, with the strong possibility of death.

I know that JESUS has much more in life for me before going home to him than that.

GOD IS WITH ME; AND ALL OF YOU; ALSO.

—CAROL LENO

Mr. Ondo

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

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

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

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

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

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

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holding out a dollar bill
as so eagerly he bowed his head
“this is for your help” he said

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

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

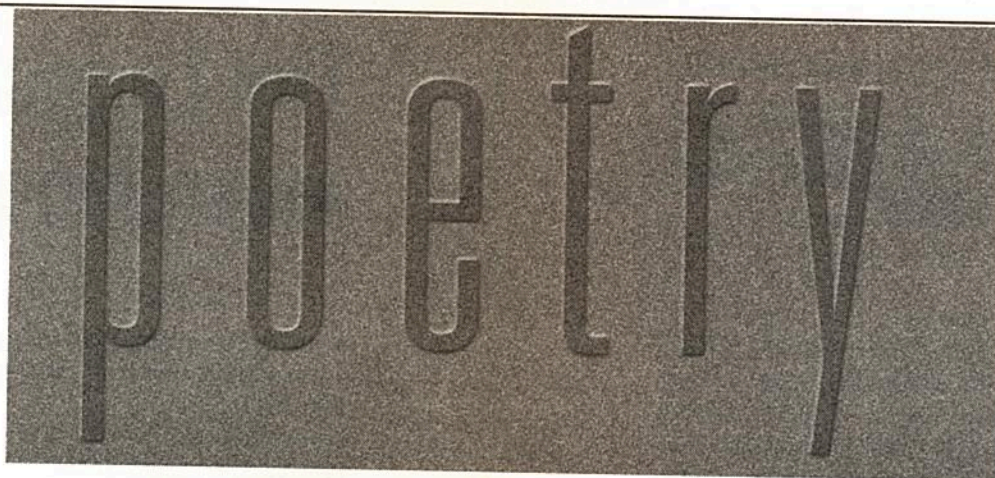
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but sometimes when all is said and done
and I see myself in years to come
I think how fragile this humanity
I hope some one does the same for me

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

—JIM PAGE



Oh, the Humanity

man’s inhumanity to man
isn’t the exception that proves the rule
but the main drool the central nervous system
firing our synapses into a bacon-frying fury
at the flag passing by
war is what we do between patches of peace
as normal as art and religion no aberration
give me a nation and I’ll give you a standing army
there is nothing human beings won’t defend
so don’t tell me what’s indefensible
the only serial murderers are out of uniform
and don’t ding me for manning the metaphorical guns
women never were the kinder gentler sex
just look at Maggie and Golda and Indira
all warriors as fierce as any testicled chump
dancing in the flames that any sensible animal
would run away from it’s the humanity oh the humanity
that makes people inhuman
let alone inhumane

—DAVID THORNBRUGH

Haiku 1

Live up to 1
NO THANK
I’d rather li

Pulling R

[February 24, :

My evening p:
bonks on th

My injuries in
who could
beatings), b
spine (I jum
turned out t
1962), loss c
having false
sideways an
angle; plus a
to being pus
located on F

RAPE: By the
openings to
who is goin
finally break
squish down

“Rape” is why
force with m

I don’t want to
strong possil

I know that JE

GOD IS WITH I

Sounding the Abyss

Living through Auschwitz cost some their humanity

Survival in Auschwitz
Primo Levi
Simon and Schuster, 1996
Paperback, 187 pages

Speak You Also
Paul Steinberg
Henry Holt & Co., 2000
Hardcover, 163 pages

Man's Search For Meaning
Viktor E. Frankl.
Pocket Books, 1976
Paperback, 179 pages

By Joe Martin

Writing of Hitler's Schutz-Staffel (which literally means "Defense Echelon"), better known as the SS, Buchenwald survivor Eugen Kogon reflected on the young men scheduled for guard service in the system of Nazi "Lagers" (concentration camps). The training of these men, he said, was geared to instill in them a ferocity, a senseless brutality which they were encouraged to mete out on hapless prisoners. Those to whom such viciousness came easily were quickly promoted. Those who demonstrated the slightest hesitation in the practice of violence were promptly punished. Kogon has written, "Those who showed softness, 'sentimentality,' or human sympathy were either kicked out, or — if it was proved that they had made common cause with the prisoners in any way — stripped of their rank before their assembled fellows. Their heads were shorn, they were treated to 25 lashes, and then they were themselves consigned to the company of the 'subhumans.' This happened more than once, especially in the early years of the concentration camps. Most of the upper grades in the station complements owed their rapid advancement solely to their sadism." Thus did the cultivated evil and psychotic ruthlessness of the SS, the organization which ran the camps, ensure that the deathly Lagers of Nazi Germany were indeed a hell on earth for millions.

On April 11, 1987, writer and Auschwitz survivor Primo Levi, an Italian Jew, took his own life. A quiet, shy man, he was trained as a chemist, but the experience as a Haftling (prisoner) in Auschwitz would transform him into a writer and poet of immense power and international prominence.

Levi's stunning Auschwitz memoir was first published in 1947. It is a remarkable document which evokes the sounds, stench, desperation, and horror of the concentrationary world, a world which was calculated to extirpate any shred of human dignity. The efficiency of the Nazi death machine ensured that those who were not exterminated outright on arrival at

Auschwitz would be dead due to starvation, exhaustion, or disease within three months. Those who survived did so due to a number of factors: innate physical and mental stamina, a deep spirituality, or a profound political conviction. Some prisoners simply manifested a base will to survive — at any cost to others and their own remnant humanity. In many cases, the element of sheer luck played a major role in the triumph of life over death. Levi believed that his own survival was due largely to the fact that he became an Auschwitz inmate relatively late in the war. And for a part of his internment, he was assigned to work as a chemist in a lab, which insulated him from the unbearably harsh weather, and from the merciless manual labor forced upon other ill-clothed and ill-fed inmates.

"In history and in life one sometimes seems to glimpse a ferocious law," Levi wrote, "which states: 'To he that has, will be given; from he that has not, will be taken away.' In the Lager, where man is alone and where the struggle for life is reduced to its primordial mechanism, the unjust law is openly in force, is recognized by all." Auschwitz was a mephitic hell hole of violence, hunger, sickness, and overcrowding. Levi describes how the confusion, dislocation, and dehumanization experienced by prisoners was compounded by the polyglot nature of the camp population. The diversity of languages became an incomprehensible cacophony. And the language of domination and command was German — always spoken harshly and coarsely. Prisoners had to be able to understand orders shouted at them in German; they had to learn and recite, in German, the number tattooed to their bodies. Those who did not understand this language were subjected to fierce beatings and humiliation. But beatings, torture, and executions were doled out constantly for all kinds of absurd infractions, and often for no reason at all. Levi evokes all of the terrifying dimensions of this dark abyss.

Levi describes certain fellow prisoners and their demeanor. One, a young man named "Henri," is according to Levi, "eminently civilized and sane, and possesses a complete and organic theory on the ways to survive in Lager. He is only 22, he is extremely intelligent, speaks French, German, English and Russian, has an excellent scientific and classical culture." However, Henri is a master of manipulation, a conniver. Even though he has had pleasant conversations with Henri, Levi ultimately describes him as "hard and distant, enclosed in armor, the enemy of all, inhumanly cunning and incomprehensible like the Serpent of Genesis." Levi concludes his reflection, "I know that Henri is living today. I would give much to know his life as a free man, but I do not

want to see him again."

Henri's real name was Paul Steinberg. Shortly before he died in 1999, he wrote his own memoir of Auschwitz, entitled *Speak you Also*. Writing it was obviously a wrenching experience. The book is written in the long shadow of Levi. And it is, in part, a response to that monumental writer's unflattering portrayal. Of his depiction, Steinberg states, "[Levi] paints a picture of a rather unlikable fellow, something of a cold fish, whom he found pleasant company, it's true, but never wanted to see again." Steinberg admits, "He must have been right. I probably was that creature obsessed with staying alive."

Steinberg's book is worthwhile reading. He touches upon specific individuals who were mentioned in Levi's work and provides his own perspective. He presents a chilling portrait of a consummate sadist, an SS guard named Rakasch: clothed completely in black, he wore gloves always, and carried a black leather whip. This depraved, homicidal madman did "not inspire a simple, primal fear," but provoked "a metaphysical terror." Steinberg speculates that this brute even made his fellow SS guards uncomfortable.

Such base evil acted like a virus, permeating and corrupting every facet of the macabre social milieu of Auschwitz. Steinberg would become infected. He tells of his job as an inspector of beds in his hut. The pitiful, dilapidated beds had to be made with precision. Any irregularity could result in swift, violent retribution. One morning Steinberg encountered an elderly Polish Jew lying exhausted in his middle bunk. He writes, "Furious, I raise my hand without thinking and slap him. At the last moment, I hold back and my hand just grazes his cheek. In that fraction of a second, I sound the abyss." This action haunted Steinberg till the end of his days.

In the course of reading these books by Primo Levi and Paul Steinberg, I was moved to revisit a book I had read more than 30 years ago. Viktor Frankl, one of the great names in twentieth-century psychiatry, was also a survivor. His book, *Man's Search For Meaning*, is one of the

most important works of the last century. Written in two parts, the longer section is a narrative, entitled "Experiences in a Concentration Camp." He too speaks of the brutalization, the rank sadism of Nazi rule. But he also speaks eloquently of the triumph of the human spirit, of how in the midst of dehumanization there were those who were unbroken morally, who retained their spiritual integrity and humanity. Frankl describes cogently the power of meaning in the lives of human beings. It bestows a sense of purpose and courage. Frankl quotes Nietzsche: "He who has a *why* to live for can bear with almost any *how*." In the Lager, meaning provided enslaved and demeaned human beings a well-spring of hope, even in the midst of a malefic and absurd inferno such as Auschwitz. Those who retained someone or something to live for, be it even the merest hope or threadbare dream, were more likely to survive than those who lost the last

shred of meaning in their lives.

One common observation, and an encouraging one, runs throughout these three remarkable books. Each author notes that amidst the horror and degradation that destroyed the physical, moral, and spiritual integrity of so many, there were acts of charity and heroism. Frankl asserts, "We who lived in the concentration camps can remember the men who walked through the huts comforting others, giving away their last piece of bread. They may have been few in number, but they offer sufficient proof that everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of the human freedoms — to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one's own way."

These three books are critical reading for our time, when our world has witnessed ethnic cleansing afoot in Bosnia, the bloody slaughter in Rwanda, and the contemporary acts of barbarism plaguing the Sudan. The dark shadow of genocide continues to haunt human history. At the conclusion of his book, Steinberg reflects on the Holocaust and avers, "I feel certain that what was a cataclysm of history will not be repeated again." Current events prove Steinberg wrong, for now. Let us hope that in the long run he is right. ■

"We who lived in the concentration camps can remember the men who walked through the huts... giving away their last piece of bread.... They offer sufficient proof that everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of the human freedoms — to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one's own way."

Viktor Frankl, author

KAUFMAN Continued from Page 1

have told the story if I was walking around with a barrel full of resentment. I needed, for the sake of my own peace of mind, to forgive.

You get older and you see that they're just people. They just did the best they could under the circumstances with what they had. Ultimately, I had to see my mother as the victim of something that was much bigger than her, or me, or any of us. The Holocaust was so huge and profound. I realize that under the same circumstances as she, given her age, the fact that she came to this country as an illegal immigrant — her whole life she was an illegal immigrant — she was terrified of government, she didn't trust any authority or anyone, she was stuck in this little apartment in the Bronx with these two kids and a husband who was basically not there — he was off gambling — a guy from the Bronx, and a young guy himself, 20 years old and she was 19, he had no way of fathoming what she had been through.

Given those circumstances, if I had been put in that situation at that age, I might have abused my children. That's true not just for Jews, that's true for all kinds of people.

RC: "Jew boy" is the term that the local law enforcement in Nebraska in a small town use to refer to you when they lock you up for the night in jail for having hopped a freight train. In that context, it was certainly used maliciously, as a way of making you feel the danger of the situation you were put in.

Is "Jew boy" a derogatory term as far as you're concerned? Why did you decide to title your book that way?

Kaufman: It has that kind of double-edged quality about it. It's absolutely a derogatory term. It's as derogatory as any racist term out there. But also, on the East Coast, especially in New York, a lot of Jews say, "Yeah, but we always call each other 'Jew boy.' It's affectionate."

So, it has that double-edged quality. I used it because it contains both the racism and the affection. Jews didn't invent the term. People were being called that 200 years ago. It's an old term that has been with us for a long time.

RC: As a child in the Bronx, you went to the public library and purposely exposed yourself to books that depicted the horrors of the Holocaust and other atrocities committed against Jews throughout history. In your book, you write: "The things that could be done to a human being were endless, each more horrible than the last, and they had all been done over and over to Jews without hesitation, and though my mother somehow had been plucked alive from this maniacal human destiny she was a ridiculous exception, which only increased the inevitability that I would someday join the procession of historical victimhood. And

I knew that more than anything in the world, I wanted not to be Jewish."

Are these feelings—that of not wanting to be Jewish and fearing the inevitability of persecution — things that you still grapple with on any level?

Kaufman: Of course. And not only I, but I would venture to guess every single Jew in the United States.

Basically, before we are Jews we are just these organisms. Before we take on the cultural apparatus, we are first and foremost creatures, and we fear pain and death. Then you put on the coat of many colors that is Judaism, and you take on the history—or it takes you on—and what are you introduced to? Two thousand years of endless suffering.

One's response is terror. My response was terror. Auschwitz, Holocaust, gas chambers, ovens, and all the rest; these were my Harry Potter stories. To be told these things as a child, it was absolutely horrifying.

What safety is there for you, then? Your own mother cannot protect you. One of the lessons I learned was that her mother could not protect her, no one could protect her. The gendarmes who arrested her—the policemen were complicit! There was no army to protect you.

So, what was going to protect me? God didn't even protect us. What was going to protect us? Who, what, where? It was naked terror.

My father, who was a gambler, always talked about the odds. What are the odds of surviving when two out of every three Jews were murdered in Europe?

As I said, my mother was this ridiculous exception [to the genocide]. The likely outcome, it seemed to me as a child, was that I was going to die. I was going to perish, and I wasn't just going to die quietly, I was going to perish horribly. I believe that every Jew, somewhere, somehow, experiences those feelings to some degree. I think I experienced them to an extreme degree, but I believe that every Jew knows those feelings.

The Holocaust was this Dante-esque exfoliation of a thousand years of relationships between the church and the Jew, consummated. American Jews carry that around with them. American Jews had to stand by in mute witness as these things were happening in Europe. What could they do? There's a lot of guilt.

Then Bosnia happened, and then Kosovo. Every moment I walked in the street or when I sat in my house—whatever activity I was involved with, I was aware that at this moment in time, people are being murdered as they were in the Holocaust. And what am I doing? What can I do now? Every action I took was informed by this sense of helplessness and impotence and shame.

RC: Before you wrote *Jew Boy*, you published the alternative magazine *Davka: Jewish Cultural Revolution*. You edited *The Outlaw Bible of American Poetry*, and then *TattooJew.com*. What's with all this envelope-pushing? Is there an underlying message or theme that you're trying to get across

"My father, who was a gambler, always talked about the odds. What are the odds of surviving when two out of every three Jews were murdered in Europe?"

Alan Kaufman

ALAN KAUFMAN HAS DEDICATED MUCH OF THE LAST DECADE PROVIDING A VENUE FOR PEOPLE WHOSE LIFESTYLES AND PERSPECTIVES WOULD OTHERWISE RELEGATE THEM TO THE FRINGES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY. PHOTO COURTESY OF ALAN KAUFMAN.

with all of these projects?

Kaufman: I think that's the upbringing I was given. I think that's the seed that my mother planted in me: the sense that on one level, yes, you have to live and function in society. On the other hand, you also in a sense live outside the society and have to be prepared to move with great flexibility at any given moment, to break for freedom in whatever direction you can find it.

What we're talking about is a subversive element. In a funny way, that very same kind of seed is the very essence of Judaism. One of the things, for instance, in the Passover seder, is that they make their bid for freedom under cover of darkness, at night. They travel

very lightly. They take with them this bread that can be made quickly, and it is a bitter-tasting bread. In a way, it's a lesson about freedom: You have to be able to move quickly, under cover of darkness, and eat the bitter bread of freedom. It doesn't always taste good...

I didn't try to be an outsider. I was born an outsider! When I was in New York [for my book tour], a [woman] showed up who was in my sixth-grade class, and I asked, "What was your memory of me?" She said, "Not dressed like the rest of us. Not like the rest of us."

[But] I was trying not to be different. But at some point, my 'differentness' became my strength... all I have to do now is be honest, and the outsiders just comes out. ■



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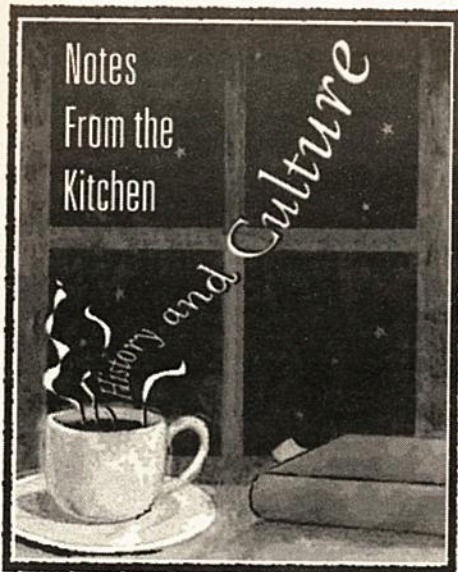
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The Fruits of Their Labor

By Liz Smith

Just suppose that you are a new volunteer at the Hungry, Lonely, and Intellectually Curious Visiting Russian Economists Association. On Monday, you check in and meet the person who will be your Communist for the day, Sergei Petrovitch. Sergei expresses admiration for capitalism, and tells you what he most wants to see is, so to speak, a cog in the wheel of the great American economic engine. He also wants something to eat and, in his words, "not stand in seven hour line for potatoes, as at home."

You could do worse than to take him to Top Banana, the produce store at the corner of 65th Street and 15th Avenue NW. It's across the street from Ballard High School.

The day I visited there, it was hot and sunny. The building is set back from the road, with a rather dusty parking lot in front. Once inside though, the noises of the city dim, and it is pleasantly cool.

Before I introduced myself, I walked around to observe and take notes. The place was bustling with customers, and unlike some stores where people are grumpy and frowning, the customers here all had little smiles on their faces. The pleasant and helpful staff, primarily high-school-age girls, were busy offering samples of the fruit, stocking the shelves, and ringing up customers. The atmosphere was one of contented hunter-gatherers.

The first thing which charms the senses is the aromatic perfume of the Pence Orchard peaches and the Song nectarines. As I walked up and down the aisles I saw a profusion of colors — everything was neat and clean, and everything was beautifully displayed. Top Banana has every type of produce you would expect, and some things you'd only find in specialty stores: braids of chilies and garlic, a wide variety of Anna's honeys, Delverde pasta from Italy, imported Spanish olive oil.

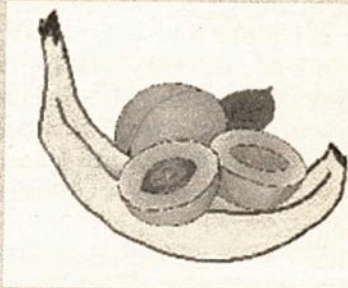
Over here were the berries: frosty blueberries, fiery raspberries, glowig pyramids of strawberries. Over there were deep gold, blushing apricots and champagne grapes. Lining the back shelves were Cameo, Pink Lady, and Southern Rose apples. There were boxes of luscious Bing and Rainier cherries. Arranged among the more prosaic vegetables were vivid yellow, red, and orange bell peppers. It was a cook's vision of paradise and possibilities.

The hardest-working person in the store was the owner, Jimmy Wild. He was paying attention to everything at once, directing his staff, assisting customers, and tactfully explaining to a little kid how to gently select a peach. When I introduced myself he gave me a genial smile and a cordial handshake. He told me how he got into the business. In the 1980s he was a carpenter by trade, but there were a lot of carpenters and not much work. He and his brother opened the "big tent" produce store up in Woodinville. After a mere six months (which is a very short time to learn a complex trade) his brother left to do something else. He was on his own, and he persevered, and he succeeded. Then seven years ago he moved his business to the present location.

He and his wife Karen have a grueling schedule. They have two young children, a little girl of 16 months and a 3-year-old boy. Mrs. Wild takes care of the children, runs the household, does all the bookkeeping, and also works in the store. Jimmy Wild works seven days a week, from 4:30 a.m. until arriving home at 8:30 at night. That's his daily schedule from the beginning of March until the end of September. They slow down to take a breath and have a personal life for a couple of months; then they leap into their winter season business of selling Christmas trees, most of which are selected by hand.

Before interviewing Mr. Wild, I really did not appreciate how tough his business was. I had the idea that the fruits and vegetables just wafted down out of the sky and arranged themselves on the shelves. Unlike the big, anonymous chain stores who order over the phone and aren't so discriminating about quality, Jimmy Wild visits the farmers he buys from and carefully cultivates his suppliers. It shows. I bought peaches, apricots, and nectarines, and carefully took them home on the bus. These were so delicious - they tasted like distilled essence of summer.

For the recipe in today's column, I whipped up a batch of Apricot Banana Mousse. It's simple to make, yet sophisticated enough to serve for a company dinner. Use clear glass bowls, or even wine glasses, to show off the lovely color. I used apricots and apricot nectar, but this would taste good using peaches or nectarines also. ■



Apricot Banana Mousse (Yield: six 5-1/2 ounce servings)

- 4 apricots (cut into quarters)
- 2 cups apricot nectar
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 2 bananas (cut into pieces)
- 6 Tbsp. sugar
- 6 ounces cream cheese

1. Simmer the apricots and sugar in 1-1/2 cups apricot nectar on low heat for five minutes.
2. While that simmers, sprinkle the gelatin onto remaining 1/2 cup apricot nectar. Stir and let sit two minutes to absorb liquid.
3. After apricots have simmered five minutes, put in the softened gelatin and the cut-up bananas.
4. Simmer one more minute, stirring constantly to dissolve gelatin.
5. Take off the heat. Stir in the cream cheese. Let cool 10-15 minutes.
6. Puree in blender until cream cheese is well-blended. Pour into bowls and chill four hours, then serve.



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Wed., July 4, Victor Steinbrueck Park, 3:30 p.m. A 31-year-old Hispanic male was asleep in the park when two unknown men woke him up. When the Hispanic male looked up, suspect 1 punched him in the mouth. Suspect 2 then picked up a rock and began hitting him with it, causing cuts and bruises to his face, hands, and leg. The victim grabbed his bag and tried to protect himself with it. He was finally able to get away and call security, at which point the suspects fled. He was transported to Harborview for medical attention.

Wed., July 4, 500 block of S. Washington, 8:23 p.m. An officer was dispatched to investigate a citizen complaint about an abandoned car. The officer found the car, but found two people, a 34-year-old white female and a 36-year-old white male, sleeping in the backseat. A records check revealed that the car was stolen, and both suspects were arrested. Both stated they had no idea the car was stolen, and that a friend had told them they could sleep in it. The car was filthy, in poor shape, and appeared to be abandoned. Both subjects were interrogated and released.

Wed., July 4, S. Dearborn Avenue, 11:25 p.m. A 39-year-old white male approached the suspect and asked him for spare change. The suspect responded by striking the male in the head with a bottle. The suspect then fled the area and could not be located. The victim was treated by the Seattle Fire Department for a lacerated forehead.

Thurs., 3rd Avenue parking lot, 10:10 p.m. A parking lot employee observed the suspect, a 40-year-old transient white male, standing at the pay box of the lot, attempting to fish out bills using a wire coat hanger. The lot employee said he witnessed the suspect remove several bills from the box, about \$8 worth. The lot employee followed the suspect down an alleyway, and then watched him use the same wire on a parking lot pay box on 4th Avenue. When the police arrived, they found no money on the suspect. The lot employee said the suspect usually hides the money in the alley for later retrieval. The suspect was arrested for criminal trespass and booked into King County Jail for theft.

Sat., July 7, 4th Avenue and Lenora, 4:48 p.m. The victim, a 42-year-old transient black male, said he was sleeping in a doorway when he was awakened by the suspect, who was unzipping the victim's pants and saying, "Wake up." When the victim tried to get away, the suspect grabbed his hand and pulled him along the sidewalk. The victim fell, sustaining scrapes to his palm and elbow. He was able to escape and run to a pay phone to call the police. The suspect fled the area prior to the arrival of the police. The victim was treated at the scene for his injuries. ■

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CHICAGO Continued from Page 6

ing a sledgehammer over his shoulder, putting in time at the steel mill. And that man, he's actually driving his horse drawn wagon on the steel tracks of the streetcar on the cobblestone street. Hey, that must be grand dad, he was so enterprising.

Chicago's South Side, 1946-1948 is a book of gracefully daunting photographs about the colored man and his woman at work and at play, simply living in Chicago where the winter was real and desolate, and there was no way to stop the onslaught of white racism other than living stacked and close up to each other.

Desperate times then where Wayne Miller captures the desolation, where he shows the hardness, the frankness and the grins, the smiles of these black lives. There are portraits of men with settled determined faces during the Packinghouse Strike of 1948, the determination that led to a new and fresh America. A cigar-chomping black cop questions a table of folks at a nightclub. A beautiful young Eartha Kitt is sitting down directing a dance rehearsal with a backdrop of a wide, soft stage light engulfing her. The Rum Boogie falls in a different way to this photographer's gilt. Wayne Miller, an artist, has his photograph frame the lines, the poses, the busyness of the woman at the makeup table. And the pose of the bass player and drummer, elsewhere, draw familiarity to the classic shots of Charlie Parker.

There are scenes of church and religion, and the can't-help-but-smile faces from the viewers of the Bud Billiken parade. And impressive are the pictures of the children. There is me, shooting a round of marbles with friends right off the unpaved street. And then all of us looking at the way that ball may be going from the sandlot ball game. There is even an open fire hydrant, spraying the water on us in summer's heat. Images of me with my friends frequent this great book as much as the various pictures in it of me with my father.

These photographs are not a simple catalogue. They render a quality warm in content that flows off the pages powerfully, never-ending. To function and survive, all the apparent classes of black life lived in proximity in this small town, Chicago's South Side. (There were other smaller islets of black existence north, west, and far south.)

Miller manages to adequately portray this many faceted black expression from the 1940s, the period when black music expression continued to buoy the world in waves of slivered richness, the period when black people continued to bear the crutch of American inhumanity. In a large way, the resultant poetry, as reflected in these photos, is as constant as it is American. It is a simple feature that permeates through Miller's looking glass, from the ordinary features of Duke Ellington, Paul Robeson, Lena Horne, to impressions of the young girl reading the large *Ebony* magazine, upside down, sitting alone in the door step of a brick building.

Miller has two of these latter pictures. More to accentuate the smooth homely features appearing through the fine glass lens of his huge camera, features that, as well, render the wood texture of the door the girl sits in front of, the shack from which the man gazes, the forlornness of the woman walking down the alley, a man is in Edvard Munch distance behind her.

The rectangle-ness of the back of the huge brick tenement with its series of wood fences, and the wood stairs crossing over it like diagonal teeth hovering over a garbage-strewn back lot. I still see this tenement from the El everyday, among all the others, their complicated human sagged back structures, traversing Chicago's South Side. Its presence, its art has always shaken something deep inside me. I thank Wayne Miller for beginning to render it.

Fires plagued the closely inhabited tenements of Chicago's Bronzeville during this time. It was as if bitterness, the pettiness of crime, long hours of work, all of these conspired with the weight of racism to try to keep us from living. That our lives have bled so much and yet maintained because of the bleeding is a testimony of Wayne F. Miller's *Chicago's South Side*. ■

SHARE Continued from Page 3

participant-run shelters. For all of these reasons, the number of our shelter beds in use fluctuates. The city of Seattle understands the reasons for our fluctuations; it has always contracted with us for a number of shelter beds below our full capacity. We have always met or exceeded our contractual obligations.

For 11 years, we have facilitated emergency shelter at a third of the cost of equivalent emergency shelters operated by any other agency in King County. In our organization, every member has an equal vote with the Board of Directors (all homeless and formerly homeless people). In our organization, ultimate accountability is to the homeless community itself. It is a system that works, empowers people, and is responsible for hundreds of homeless people finding the framework to get out of homelessness.

Instead of celebrating our different and successful model for its diversity and democracy, city government is trying to destroy it in the name of homogeneity and hierarchy. We cannot and will not allow this to happen. Without the city's continued partnership and emergency funding, the hundreds of shelter beds SHARE now facilitates will be forced to close in mid-August. ■

SHARE is the second largest shelter provider in the city. For more information, or to request a copy of its response to the city's report, call SHARE at (206) 448-7889.

CLASSICS CORNER



by Perfess'r Harris

Lately, we at Classics Corner have been feeling a bit besieged by SUV-driving, latte-sucking, stock-option-talkin', property worshipping yuppies. At first they were sort of cute, with their special workout clothes, their impeccable grooming, and their excellent aesthetic standards, but, as the invasion wore on, something just snapped.

This all, of course, brings to mind the Sybarites, who may have been the world's first really annoying rich people. As early as 500 B.C. the word Sybarite came to mean, "excessively devoted to luxury."

The town of Sybaris was first settled in Italy in 720 B.C., when Greek colonists fought off a few ill-prepared local tribes to establish a town at the Gulf of Taranto. The somewhat less successful settlement of Croton was founded nearby at more or less the same time.

The Sybarites, with their rich plains, access to the sea, and fortunate trade relations with the locals, soon became fabulously wealthy. Strabo, in Book Six of his *Geography*, says that at their height they ruled over 25 cities and raised an army of 300,000 against the Crotoniates. The Sybarites, through their complete control of local resources, got rich by ruthlessly being in the right place at the right time.

Their monuments, which were said to be gaudy, overdone, and completely out of proportion, bore the unfortunate markings of the *nouveau riche*. They were said to value fine food and wine above all else, and honored their best cooks as other cities honored Olympic victors. They partied all night, slept all day, and issued the world's first anti-noise legislation when they outlawed roosters.

By all accounts the Sybarites were a bit hung up on themselves, and not at all well liked. The Crotoniates, their fellow colonists who lived a bit down the road, perhaps liked them least. Finally, their day ended. "Through luxury and insolence," says Strabo, "they were deprived of all their felicity." The people of Croton reduced Sybaris to a pile of rubble and ashes in 510 B.C. Then, something extraordinary happened. So deep was their hatred for the Sybarites that they actually diverted a river, completely obliterating the site where the city once stood.

A few Sybarites, however, lingered on, eating their pan-seared sea scallops with beet risotto and roasted cauliflower, sprinkled with a nice balsamic brown butter vinaigrette and white truffle oil, prattling on about the properties they were developing, their investment options, and other topics of no interest to anyone but themselves.

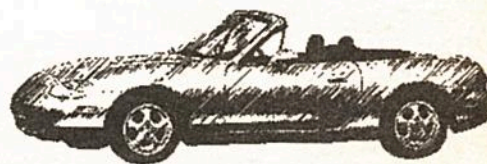
They thought they'd have another go at local domination, and put out a call for fellow settlers. New arrivals came to help rebuild what had once been a great city.

But the Sybarites still had no humility. As Strabo tells it, "in time, these too were destroyed by the Athenians and other Greeks, who, although they came there to live with them, conceived such a contempt for them that they not only slew them, but removed the city to another place nearby and named it Thurii."

After all, there's only so much of that sort of thing that people can take. ■

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Mid-Summer Notables

Friday, 7/27

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, 7-8:30 p.m., at Barnes and Noble Bookstore, Crossroads Shopping Center, corner of NE 8th and 156th, Bellevue, info Gail Paul 206-517-4107.

A campaign filing-day party and dance, with candidate for City Council, Curt Firestone, celebrating Curt's 60th Birthday, no minimum donation, cash bar, info Friends for Firestone 206-328-8951.

Sunday, 7/29

21st Annual Seattle Peace Concert series in the parks, Beach Party co-sponsored by Guitar Center Seattle, featuring Don Glenn, Emerald Fire, Bigfoot Zoo, The Squirrels, and Organica, admission free, please bring food bank donations for Northwest Harvest, 12-6 p.m., at Golden Gardens, info Seattle Peace Concerts, 206-729-5232 or <http://www.seapeace.org>.

Thursday, 8/2

Radical Women general meeting, learn more about their current activities and campaigns, dinner with vegetarian option at 6:30 p.m. for \$6.50 donation, all welcome, 7:30 p.m., at New Freeway Hall, 5018 Rainier Ave S., 4 blocks south of S. Alaska St. on the #7 bus line, info, rides, or childcare 206-722-6057 or 206-722-2453.

Saturday, 8/4

Benefit to re-elect Nick Licata to the Seattle City Council, join Nick Licata and State Senator Dow Constantine for a great evening of music and fun featuring Rockin' Teenage Combo, suggested donation of \$10, 9 p.m., at Rainbow Tavern, 722 NE 45th St. info LicataCampaign@aol.com.

Wednesday, 8/8

Homestead Community Land Trust general meeting, help create permanently affordable homeownership opportunities, prevent displacement of lower-income families, and maximize limited housing subsidy funds. Homestead is currently in the

midst of developing Seattle's first-ever permanently affordable homeownership project, and wants you to be a part of it. This and subsequent 2nd Wednesdays, 6:30 p.m., at Homestead's office, 1309 13th Ave. S., info 206-323-1227 or homesteadclt@yahoo.com.

Ongoing Tuesdays

Rising Above Despair, a support group for women on and off the street, including wardrobe, housing, and medical information, emergency food, childcare, rehab, and detox, 10:30 a.m. at SOS, 1503 2nd Avenue, corner of Second and Pike, also Wednesdays, 12:30 p.m. at Mary's Place, in the basement of the First United Methodist Church, 5th Avenue and Columbia, contact Ursula at SOS for more info, 206-625-0854.

Ongoing Wednesdays

Dances of Universal Peace, 7:30 p.m., at Keystone Church, on Keystone N. just north of 50th in Wallingford, info <http://www.teleport.com/~indup/>.

Ongoing Saturdays

Seattle Food Not Bombs re-distributes free produce to the members of the Yesler Terrace Community Center, 10:45 a.m., sort vegetables, noon-1 p.m., Free Market, at the Yesler Terrace Community Center, 835 E. Yesler Way, info 206-985-2247 or fnb@scn.org or <http://www.scn.org/activism/foodnotbombs>.

cultural center and turn it into condos, 4 p.m. at the old Coleman School, 23rd Ave. E. and S. Massachusetts St., bus #48, or take the #7, walk up from Rainier Ave., info 206-721-1883.

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

Ongoing Daily

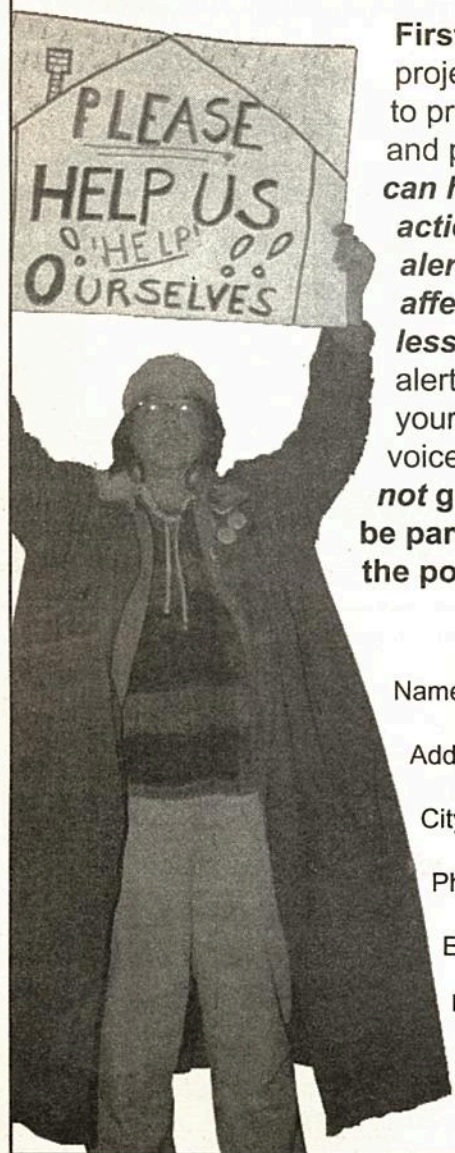
Free HIV Testing for people ages 14-24, using the Orasure method (no blood), Mondays 6-7 p.m., Tuesdays 5-8 p.m., Thursdays 7-8:30 p.m., Saturdays 6-8 p.m., and Sundays (by appointment only) 3-5:30 p.m. at Lambert House, for Sunday testing leave a message at 206-322-2515 ext. 30 with time, anonymous, info Becca Hutcheson 206-322-2515 ext. 13.

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.

Mary's Place, a weekday program for women and children, offers a variety of services Monday through Friday, from free AIDS screening and housing opportunities to job and computer training, lunch every day, 5th Avenue and Columbia Street, in the basement of the First United Methodist Church, call 206-621-8474 or stop by for a complete weekly calendar.

Mabaire! No Me Olvides!, a musical based on a story from the Yoruba tradition of Cuba, joining Cuban artists with Southeast Seattle teens from the Rainier Valley Youth Theatre and North-South Conexions, bridging the gap between the African-American and Latino communities in Southeast Seattle, Southwest corner of Rainier Avenue and Alaska, July 26-August 11, Thurs.-Sat. 8 p.m., Rainier Valley Cultural Center, \$3-5, info at 206-725-7169, ext 1. ■

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.

Weekly anti-gentrification protest & rally at Old Coleman School, until the city of Seattle and the Seattle School District keep their promise to allow the community to develop the African-American Heritage Museum at the old Coleman site. Don't let the city destroy the original collective and progressive vision of the

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Give us your huddled computer masses!

Is your business looking to upgrade your Macintosh computers? Then *Real Change* could be the perfect place to donate your old machines.

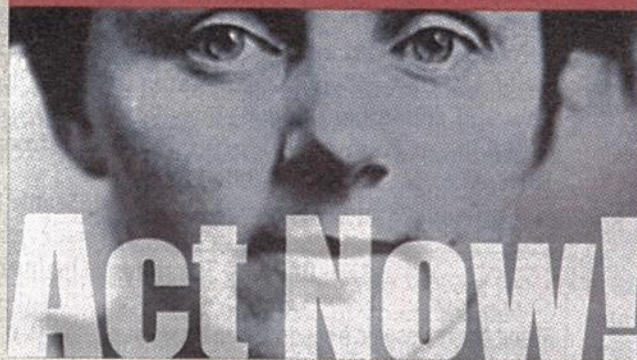
The Mac Workshop is looking for:

- Mac compatible CD burners with r/rw CDs
- Macintoshes (minimum of PowerMAC/PowerPC)
- Money donated specifically for the computer giveaway program

All donations are tax deductible.

If you're interested in getting involved, call Real Change at 206-441-3247 and ask for Matt

citizens participation project



Oppose the House Version of Charitable Choice Legislation

Issue: The full house passed House Resolution 7, which, if approved by the senate, would set into motion greater access to federal funding for religious agencies providing charitable and social services. However, the current wording of the bill still leaves room for discrimination against those people these services are meant to help.

Background: House Resolution 7, Title II, is intended to support and implement charitable choice and faith-based initiatives. Yet both religious agencies (including the United Methodist General Board of Church and Society, and the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs) and advocates for the poor and homeless (including the National Coalition for the Homeless) find that the bill is flawed on a number of points:

- It supports discrimination. The current wording of the bill can require employees to adhere to the religious practices of the organization. Under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, churches and some other religious organizations are granted an exemption to discriminate on the basis of religion in their hiring and firing practices.
- It sets religious providers at a higher level than non-religious. "Charitable Choice" explicitly allows religious organizations to retain their Title VII exemption, even in a program substantially funded by government money. Allowing religious organizations to discriminate in the private sector is a welcomed accommodation of religion; but to subsidize religious discrimination with tax dollars is an unconscionable advancement of religion that simultaneously turns back the clock on civil rights in this country.
- It gives religious groups special treatment by allowing them to sue the federal or state government if denied a grant.
- It has no safeguards to ensure tax dollars will not be used for proselytizing. The so-called "protection" against proselytizing is illusory — even if one purports to pay for only the soup and sandwich through a government grant, these funds will essentially free up other money to pay the preacher to bless the meal and deliver a sermon before dinner. "Charitable Choice" unconstitutionally funds government services that are delivered in a thoroughly religious environment.

There are some good ways to support social services provided by religious institutions: by encouraging private donations through easier tax deductions, starting corporate matching funds for employee gifts, or creating religious affiliates that clearly separate their proselytizing and social-service activities.

Under this latter model, Catholic Charities, Lutheran Social Services, and United Jewish Communities have already been able to make a difference nationwide. Religiously affiliated organizations can continue to minister to the needs of people out of religious motivation and even make available some privately-funded, separately-offered religious activities — so long as they do not proselytize, require religious worship, or discriminate on the basis of religion in hiring or providing service.

As Sharon Daly, who leads Catholic Charities said, "We help others because we are Catholic, not because we want them to be."

Action: Contact your Senators and tell them to oppose provisions in the "Charitable Choice" bill that unnecessarily link social services to the ideas of the religious institution that is providing them.

Senator Patty Murray
(206) 553-5545
senator_murray@murray.senate.gov

Senator Maria Cantwell
(206) 220-6400
maria@cantwell.senate.gov



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