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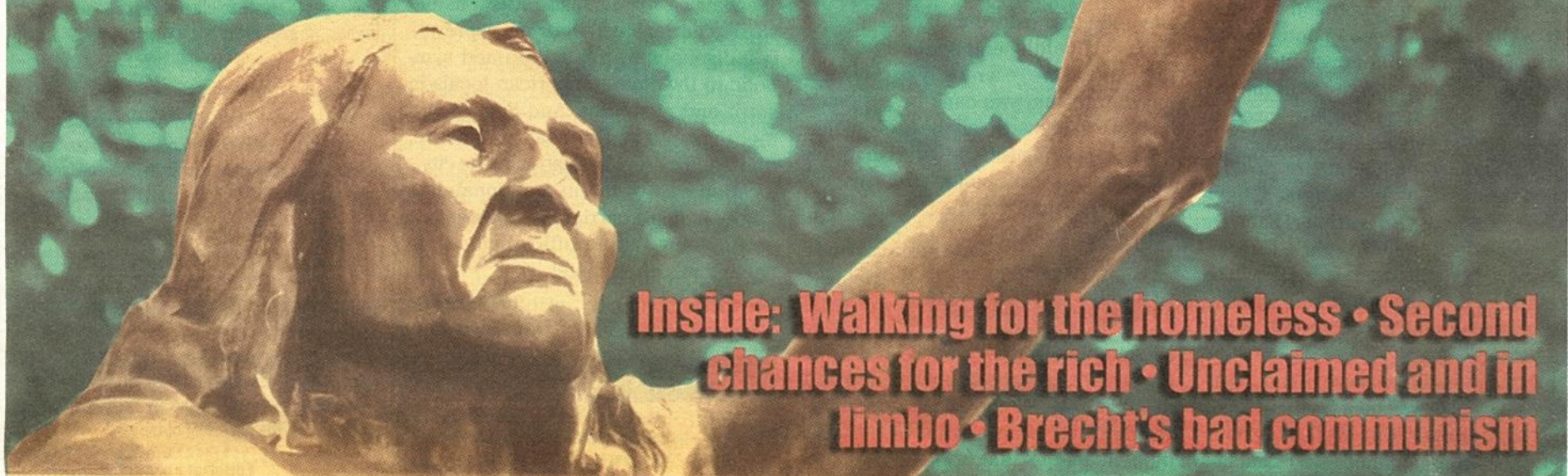
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Aug. 23 - Sept. 5, 2001

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Change

Puget Sound's Newspaper of the Poor and Homeless • Volume 8, No. 18



Inside: Walking for the homeless • Second chances for the rich • Unclaimed and in limbo • Brecht's bad communism

THIS STATUE OF CHIEF SEALTH STANDS AT FIFTH AVENUE AND CLAY STREET. PHOTO BY ADAM L. WEINTRAUB.

Chief Seattle Club Moves Forward

After 30 years, Native-American day center looks to change

By scott winn

“Come here to get support from my people,” exclaims Sam Hinsee, a Coastal Lummi/Hawaiian Indian. In his late 40s, he works as a commercial fisherman. “They greet you with open arms and ask you, ‘What is your story? How have you been?’ It is a home away from home in the middle of the city. I would still come here everyday if I had a million dollars.”

In the smoke room at the Chief Seattle Club, a drop-in center for Native Americans who are homeless, a group of four men are talking about the importance of having a place specifically for Native people. They are four of the 50 or so people who come to the Club on any given weekday to eat breakfast, watch old videos of “Northern Exposure,” and talk with fellow Native people.

The club is open from 7 to 9 a.m. on weekdays. Beyond the basics of a hot meal, it offers a shower, a visit with a public health nurse, and access to a variety of social services through regular contact with outreach workers. But the most important thing that brings folks to the Chief Seattle Club is the sense of connection with other Native people and culture.

The men are very informed on the club news, and quick to offer their opinions. The conversation turns to what is being missed without the all-day program it once offered.

“Here the elders can teach the younger ones a better way than drinking, spare-changing, and not working. You can learn the traditional ways,” continues Hinsee. “Two hours is not enough time to change someone’s life. We are the indigenous of this land, yet we only get two hours?”

“Most of us are artists, but now we have no place to do our art,” explains Hinsee. He hopes that with an all-day program, folks will have a space to do their traditional work.

“Native artists tell a story, and carry on tradition,” remarks Billy Osborn, who is Tlingit, commenting on the importance of art and tradition. “Raising a totem pole is eventful, not like hanging a painting. It is history being passed on.”

“White artists tell an individual, contemporary story,” adds Adam John, taking a draw from his cigarette. “Native artists tell a long story. One of tradition.”

“At other places, like the Compass Center, you are treated like a number,” says Osborn, as the conversation turns to the importance of a drop-in center for Native people. “Here you are treated with compassion, like a human being.”

“The main benefit of having a Native-American club is that most of us are small community people trying to

make it in a large city. It allows us to maintain that small community spirit. We have that same rural, family feeling and atmosphere here, so we can maintain our cultural perspectives,” says John Perkins, a Tlingit Indian from rural Alaska. “We have families of people here. We can maintain our identity, so we are not assimilated.”

The founding of the Chief Seattle Club

The Chief Seattle Club was founded in the late sixties by Father John Talbot, a Jesuit priest. Father Talbot was the main man of the club for about 20 years as it moved throughout the Pioneer Square neighborhood.

“He saw himself as their priest and made no bones about the fact he was trying to convert them — like the old mission approach,” explains Gary Graham politely. Graham is just a month on the job as the new Director of the club.

Several years ago, the Chief Seattle Club was forced to move from its last independent location, just off Occidental Park, due to the poor conditions of the building. The club moved to the Lazarus Day Center just off Second and

Continued on Page 10



Love from afar

Dear *Real Change*,

I just wished to commend you on a job well done, and also to note that after the recent death of my cousin who had been homeless for much of the last nine years, I have been energized in terms of wanting to help those who through politics, addiction, or poverty are forced onto the streets. I have posted a web page, "Putting A Face On The Homeless: Memories of A Cousin" (www.webwitch.com/bud/). He will be missed, and I hope that others who are experiencing similar circumstances can be helped.

I do my small measure in that I purchase *Real Change* on a frequent basis and appreciate your well-done web page. I hope my small essay reaches some, and makes them realize that

those who are homeless have faces and are loved — if from afar.

Sincerely,
Jack Beslanwitch

Camping smamping

My house is an 8-foot by 10-foot tent. I'm not camping. That's where I live, in a city of tents. Most of the folks are pretty cool, but it's not uncommon for me to have to move a table or a garbage can from my front porch. Also, most mornings the heat has me up by 9:30 a.m. And going to bed before dark is pointless.

Of course we have power and the TV flickers on and off when the coffee-pot and microwave are used at the same time. Personally I use neither. Anybody that calls our band a "roving circus" should spend some time with the clowns. We're a mostly happy little menagerie, and you can't beat a place to stay for free when all the low-income housing is being torn down. I can think of 10 more locations for tent villages. Anybody wanna join me?

Galaxie Starliner

No girlie Seattle

Nicknaming Seattle "Queen City" — as the city was initially dubbed — showed a lack of respect and consideration towards Chief Sealth, who, in the first place, was hesitant about letting the settlers name their community after

him. He feared that, after his death, every time his name was spoken, even in a modified manner, his spirit would be disturbed and would spin around in his grave. No wonder! Chief Sealth was not female nor was he gay.

"Emerald City," the present official Seattle City nickname, might be okay to a certain extent in that it brings to mind "gemstone" or, perhaps, in a round about way, "Indian jewelry."

Although something like "Chief City" would be more direct, "King City" might be ideal in that not only could be interpreted as monarchy, like Chief Sealth, but would complement the likes of King County, King Street Station, the Kingdome, etc.

Or if one wants to really broaden one's outlook, maybe something like "Seahawk City" or "Jade East" would work. The Seahawk — or the osprey — is indigenous to this region and symbolic to the Native American locals in spirit and character. And Seattle is a melting pot for Oriental commerce, trade, and culture in relation to the city's location east of the international date line — hence a barrier breakthrough.

Anything but an official city nickname that's effeminate!

Sincerely,
Daryl Cramer

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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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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.

No Second Chances?

By Paul Rogat Loeb

Using the rhetoric of compassion, a president who owes his career to unearned breaks is defining his presidency as the regime of no second chances. Not for individuals, nor for the planet, nor for anyone except the wealthy and well-connected.

Think back to his bankruptcy bill, pushed through, on the eve of a recession (and now awaiting final passage), by credit-card companies that gleefully send cards to your dog, cat, and 12-year-old, but don't want you to be able to make a fresh start if you lose your job or have a medical crisis. If you went bankrupt under the old system, you paid some costs, but at least you could get out from under. Now, thanks to these key Bush funders, if your luck runs bad, you're indentured for life.

The bankruptcy bill set a pattern — one that threatens to persist unless the Democrats act far more aggressively than they did before the Jeffords switch. Those with power have long believed that whatever damage they do to individual lives or communities, they themselves can skate through, exempt from costs. But the Bush administration is giving the wealthy more chances and subsidies than ever, and creating ever-harsher policies for the rest of us, left to scavenge in the ruins. If we mess up, we're left with only empty phrases.

The Bush administration is giving the wealthy more chances and subsidies than ever, and creating ever-harsher policies for the rest of us, left to scavenge in the ruins.

When Bush proposed cutting funding for abused children, after-school programs, low-income childcare, health care, and housing, he did so with kind and gentle words — in part to give an extra \$53,000 per year to those one in 100 Americans whose annual incomes average a million. If you grow up in poverty, however, you're now even more likely to stay there. Is the pace or design of your workplace leaving you crippled? Wave good-bye to ergonomics standards that took a decade to craft, but have now been

gutted. Hunger-relief lobbyists worked for years to get Congress to oppose user fees in international aid programs, which prevented people without money from getting health care or going to school unless they paid the institutions that served them. Bush has now reversed the stand. The Clinton administration belatedly passed a rule making it more difficult for corporations that consistently violated laws to bid for federal contracts. That too is gone.

All this comes from a president whose career has consisted of second chances: launching a succession of failed oil companies, losing millions of his father's friends' dollars, and walking away with more money each time. Partying through Andover and Yale, bypassing a hundred thousand others to get into the Texas National Guard, and then ducking out on a year of service there, he was bailed out by connections every time. Now, he's revived a previously dormant law denying federal financial aid to college students with drug convictions. If you grow up wealthy, you don't need the aid, so you can be as "young and irresponsible" as you want and you'll be fine. But if you're broke and get busted, that's it — even if you change your ways.

Of course GW would never have entered the White House were it not for the most profound elimination of second chances in our society — the banning of 1.4 million ex-felons from the voting rolls. In Florida alone, 650,000 people were banned from voting for this reason, including one in three African-American men. Tens of thousands more were knocked out through letters purging them from the rolls for convictions that never applied under Florida law — or never existed. Rules barring ex-felons proliferated a century ago, spearheaded by former Confederate states restricting black voting and establishing racial segregation. They've disenfranchised far more people in the wake of bi-partisan mandatory sentencing laws and other measures that have left us leading the world in the percentage of our citizens in jail. No other advanced industrial democracy bars former prisoners for life; many actually encourage current inmates to vote. But our laws "elected" GW, even before all the discarded ballots and other manipulations.

In the worldview of the Bush team, exemption is contingent on class. If you're rich and contribute to Republican coffers, you deserve every forgiveness and reward. If you're not, but are struggling with the downside of the American dream, you just don't have what it takes. We've not quite revived workhouses and debtor's prisons, but they seem close on the horizon, cloaked in words of compassion. ■

Paul Loeb is the author of *Soul of a Citizen: Living with Conviction in a Cynical Time* (St. Martin's 1999). See www.soulofacitizen.org.

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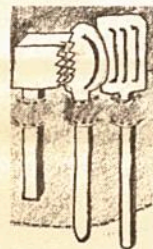
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Activism

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John Porter, a native of Montana, began selling *Real Change* a little over a year ago.

Despite yearly cross-country vacations, John works hard to maintain his position as one of the 10 top-selling vendors.

"I like to travel," he admits proudly, "though mostly by train. Every year I try to cover 20,000 miles in total between the U.S. and Canada."

John has spent much of his life in Southern California, and after 16 years in Seattle, is preparing to relocate somewhere, perhaps a bit drier.

"I came to Seattle looking for a change of scenery," says John, "but I'll soon be moving to one of the Rocky Mountain cities, like Denver or maybe Salt Lake."

From outside the University Bookstore, John dedicates seven days a week, and up to 12 hours each day, selling papers. All John asks from those who buy *Real Change* is that they treat him and other vendors with respect. Moreover, he feels that a person's sense of social responsibility ought to be larger than the size of their donations, and focused more on improving the affordability of healthcare and housing in Seattle. ■



PHOTO OF JOHN PORTER BY JUDE KAREL-ADAMSKI.

—Jude Karel-Adamski

Inquiring minds want to know

Mike "Montana" Bolin, homeless off and on for 15 years, has learned a lot about life on the streets. He's been asking: How does Mark Sidran come by his information?

In early August, Bolin walked into the mayoral candidate's campaign headquarters and dropped off a short questionnaire, asking:

"Would you be willing to spend three nights on the streets to see how a homeless person has to live? Would you volunteer your time to help out in the shelters? If no, why? If you lost everything you have and ended up living on the streets, what services would you look for?" and "Do you have the PERSONAL RIGHTS to make up the rules and laws about homeless people, without knowing first hand of how our lives are on the streets?"

Bolin, who came to Seattle three months ago in search of housing and work, started hearing about the city attorney the moment he arrived. "I came in here and saw that," he points to a button in the *Real Change* office declaring "Sidran is a criminal."

"When somebody doesn't like homeless people, I'm going out and finding out why."

The questionnaire prompted a game of bureaucratic badminton, as office workers lobbed it between Pike Place Market and the Municipal Building, divided as to whether it falls under Sidran's political or civil jurisdiction.

Campaign workers told Bolin they sent the questions on to the city attorney's office. When Bolin checked in with the office secretary, she said she'd never received them, but believed that they were more appropriate for candidate Sidran. They were sent back to the campaign HQ. As of August 20, Bolin hasn't gotten a reply. ■

—Adam Holdorf

Homeless woman found dead

The body of Kathy Bowman, 35, was found on August 10 on First Avenue and South Michigan Street. The King County Medical Examiner's Office believes that she may have died under suspicious circumstances. Bowman had no current address. Women in the homeless community believe she had been car-camping with her partner.

Upon reading news reports of the death, WHEEL (the Women's Housing, Equality and Enhancement League) and the Church of Mary Magdalene held another Women in Black vigil outside the Public Safety Building downtown. The two groups bring women together to bear witness whenever a homeless person dies outside in King County. This was the eleventh death since June 2001. ■

—Adam Holdorf

Housing Authority is off the hook

Two years ago, when the Seattle Housing Authority (SHA) began to consider tearing down the public housing at its Rainier Vista project and building a new mixed-income project, it assured the community that all the existing very-low-income housing would be rebuilt. Now, just before SHA gets city approval to start work, it looks like it won't have to house so many poor people after all.

Last week, the Seattle City Council and SHA representatives released a draft Memorandum of Agreement (MOA) that weakens SHA's commitment to the one-for-one replacement that had been pledged to residents, funders, and the community since the demolition was first proposed. It only promises that 385 of the existing 481 units (affordable to people making less than 30 percent of the area median income) will return. That's a much weaker commitment than the one-for-one replacement the city and SHA agreed to at the Holly Park redevelopment four years ago. It's also a far cry from what SHA has been saying all along.

"As late as August 7, at our Night Out Against Crime, they were handing out big stacks of paper saying all replacement housing would go to [those making] 30 percent of median and below," says Susan Bossert, a Rainier Vista resident who logged on to their web site August 16 to discover that talk of one-for-one replacement had been deleted. "That's what they sold the thing on, but apparently it's changing. I'm really disappointed that the City Council would put its blinders on to this."

Council President Margaret Pageler doesn't believe the city can ask for the one-for-one replacement pledge it got at Holly Park.



"The primary difference [between the two projects] is that the City of Seattle had a considerable [financial] investment in Holly Park," she says. "In this one, we don't have that leverage."

In 1997, Council appropriated the first of what will total \$15 million in city funds for the Holly Park redevelopment. In return, SHA signed an MOA declaring that 100 percent of the public housing there would be replaced. Unlike Holly Park, Rainier Vista will be funded solely by HOPE VI, the federal program for "severely distressed" public housing administered by the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

"There will still be a one-for-one replacement," says Councilmember Richard McIver, who helped draft the MOA and once worked at the Tacoma Housing Authority. "For each [of the 481 units] lost, there will still be one coming on."

That's a disingenuous statement. Apart from the 385 units for the very poor, the 96 other replacements in question will serve households earning as much as 80 percent of median income. Moreover, many of the 385 units won't be true public housing — the brick-and-mortar assets that Rainier Vista has provided since World War II — but will be subsidized by federal vouchers and housing subsidies for frail, elderly people. Vouchers such as Section 8 contracts would vanish with, say, the sort of federal budget cuts that happened during the Reagan administration. Housing activist John Fox estimates that less than half of the so-called replacement units will actually serve the very poor people who now make up the Rainier Vista community. ■

—Adam Holdorf

The battle for drug treatment

If you're convicted of a violent crime in King County, and you happen to have a heroin habit, you'll spend your withdrawal shivering in jail. When you get out, you're more likely to overdose. Your junkie friends, scared of the police who might show up along with an ambulance, are less likely to call for help in time.

Those are some of the findings in a report issued by the King County Heroin Task Force, a group of community, judicial, and law-enforcement professionals seeking to reverse the alarming rise in use of the drug in the last decade. And while there's more treatment available generally, it's not enough, especially for jailed heroin users, who account for 17 percent of the inmates in the King County Jail. Nationally, only nine percent of those incarcerated for drug-related crimes are in treatment at the time of their arrest, while 46 percent say they want help.

Judging from the report, there's little that's changed in the county's current drug prevention and treatment system since the Task Force's formation in 1999. The county added 700 new methadone slots for addicts seeking treatment this year, but funded just 300 of them. Locally, more than 500 people are on a waiting list for treatment.

Each of those new treatment slots costs the county \$3,600 annually. That's just 20 percent of the price of imprisoning someone for a year. The Task Force says that judges should have the option of handing down treatment-related sentences to offenders.

King County has an alternative to the jailed withdrawal, called the Drug Court, but it's only for those arrested for possession with no prior criminal records. It gives arrestees outpatient, methadone, or inpatient treatment, then links them with other services like housing, employment, or education. But again, funding for treatment is maxed out: 61 Drug Court defendants are in Methadone programs, and there are no openings. Despite the limitations, the Drug Court seems to work: one year later, just nine percent of its graduates have gone back to their addictions, compared to 25 percent of similar offenders who spent time in jail. And like Methadone treatment, Drug Court saves county taxpayers \$2.45 for every dollar spent.

Among the task force's recommendations:

- Provide more money to drug courts, and consider admitting low-level dealers into the program in addition to those arrested for possession.
- Review the sentencing guidelines for drug-related crimes to determine whether the punishment is appropriate.
- Provide humane ways for those in jail to withdraw from heroin; offer treatment that continues after an addict's release.
- Link housing and social services more closely with treatment. ■

—Adam Holdorf

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

Unclaimed and in Limbo



José Marcos Lucio died two years ago.
His fiancée got the medical bills, but not the ashes.

PHOTO OF MONA JOYNER BY MIKE HAMRICK.

By Adam Holdorf

Mona Joyner loved José Marcos Lucio, and she took good care of him, when he let her. He would come over on the weekends, shower and shave, eat dinner, and spend the night at her apartment in the Morrison Hotel. They had met down at the Millionair Club five years ago, and most of the time José stayed on the streets, looking for work or carousing with friends. He told a lot of tales, but his past was a book shut tight. His stories were mostly lies. Only his death certificate told her what his parents' names were.

There's a lot that Mona Joyner never knew about her fiancé before he fell to his death on May 8, 1999. She doesn't know how he got the pickup truck that he was driving the last time she saw him alive. She doesn't know why, in the last six months of his life, his hands always shook. She isn't sure who would want to kill him, or why. And she doesn't know if he was pushed off the Mercer Street overpass onto a northbound lane of Interstate 5. All he left her were these questions, a hospital bill, and the dreams that dead people walk through.

José was from Mexico, and he always said he never had a home until she provided him one. Mona was the mother. But when he got drunk, he would hit her, and though they were engaged, he needed time apart to get sober. They separated, and Mona got a restraining order on him, but they always planned to reunite. He moved in to a crowded flat at the very edge of South Park, a short distance from the Duwamish River. José changed, but not for the better.

On the two occasions when Mona went to his place, she found a mess: people sleeping like flies everywhere, coming to the door at all hours, calling up to talk to one man, who sat in the living room with the phone at his ear. Drugs were being sold here, she thought.

Somewhere, José had gotten a pickup truck. He had always been free and easy with whatever money he made, and seldom able to save. Each time she saw him, Mona could tell that he was terrified — of what, he wouldn't say.

One night, he came to the Morrison and pleaded with Mona to get in his truck: Come to a motel in Everett, where I've been working. If you don't, I'll kill myself. José was drunk, so Mona drove. On the way, he told her that one of the men at the apartment wanted five hundred dollars from him. "Oh Marsela," he used her pet name, "they're going to kill me."

A patrol officer pulled them over on the way up. José was booked for an outstanding warrant, and Mona went home. That was January 1999, the last time she saw him.

That summer, Mona started getting letters from Harborview. When she got around to opening one, it began with "To the estate of José Marcos Lucio." It was a bill, totaling \$2,000, for the medics' work to revive José after his blunt force injury to the head. He'd died at Harborview the next morning, and the hospital had sought out Mona, his emergency contact.

Staff at the county Medical Examiner's Office told Mona that she

could do what she liked with the body, if a search for his relatives was unsuccessful after two years. So Mona waited, anguished, wondering if anybody in José's murky past could be found.

In the meantime, she signed up as a volunteer at the Medical Examiner's Office, watching coroners perform autopsies. It was an attempt, after a fashion, to find him.

Earlier this year, new staff at the office told her that she'd been misinformed: Mona has no claim on her lover's ashes. State and county law says the right to dispose of a loved one's body falls only on spouses, relatives, or someone designated by the deceased. She paid some form of last respects,

standing in that office, holding tight to a box of ashes.

José is still unclaimed. He's not the only one: Soon, in a periodic house-cleaning, his ashes and those of others like him will be moved out to a common grave.

In small ways, Mona's gotten on with her life. She's moved to a new apartment and gone back to school. She's looked hard at the law and made repeated requests for her fiancé's remains. And she's trying to speak with the State Patrol officer present at the scene of his death, to see if they ever looked into it. She's trying to lay José's body, and her questions, to rest. Maybe then the nightmares will end. ■

Not Just Another Homeless Person

By Mona Joyner

In remembrance of José Marcos Lucio, who passed away May 1999.

From the Millionair Club for work, to the streets for friends, to my home for love: This was my partner. We lived and loved three years before he was taken away from me. I have done neither since then.

As I sit here tonight I think of how he had to give up the fight — the fight for life. Whoever killed him also took my life. You took the one I love.

I cried when I heard, I fight when people laugh at my tears, and I get mad, not at God for taking him, but mad because I do not understand.

Now I walk where he walked, I go where he went, looking, searching, but never finding my love again — out there. "God, where is he?" No answer. I ask his friends, why? No answer. I ask the Medical Examiner. I get an answer, an answer I don't want. He is HERE! Now what do I ask? How, when, why, who? Can I see him? Sure, they say — my heart starts to beat again. I think, please hurry, as my heart starts to pound once again.

I thought I was going to identify my Love - SURPRISE!!

They come back with a green and black box, reach it out to me, I back up. NO, NO, NO, my mind says. They sit it on a desk and I think I am going to die. My heart is not beating, at least I can not feel it, I can't focus for the tears, and I refuse to look at the desk. My mind is unbelieving, my eyes refuse to see and my heart refuses to feel. Everything Stops - then I hear my own shallow breath, as if someone is reaching inside of me.

I wrap my arms around the box and I rock it back and forth. It feels good for just a moment, because I did him that way in life every day for three years.

Then I hear in my mind José Marcos speak to me! "I didn't really want to go, I had to! I held on as long as I could." Wait! I know that voice. That voice sounds so familiar.

Please GOD help me, please José wake up. Jump out of that black box, rise up and become whole again. I can't accept this, my mind is screaming out of my body.

My emotions are numb, my eyes are transfixed on the little black box. Then slowly... very slowly... I do. Oh God, I don't want to.

He talks again, and says, "You picked me up from the streets when you first found me, you can pick me up again. You touched me in life, you can touch me now." If only it was me, and not him, I would feel so much better. Finally, with much reluctance, I touch the box. DAMN, it is so light. I thought it would weigh 500 pounds. No, only about twenty.

I grab it and crush it to my breast; I wrap my arms around the box and I rock it back and forth. It feels good for just a moment, because I did him that way in life every day for three years.

Two long years have come and gone since the day I knew it was not "just another homeless person." It was someone I knew and loved very much. José Marcos Lucio, I will always remember you. For you were not "just another homeless person" who died on the streets of Seattle.

I march in parades, I light candles for you, I talk about you and keep your memory alive. I walk the streets where you walked, and I still look for you. Your candle will never go out as long as I live, and I will always carry a torch for you. I loved you then and I love you now. You will never be just another homeless person for me - you are my light at the tip of my candle. I will love and remember you forever. ■

To help Mona pay her medical bills, or if you have information on José's death, you can call her at (206)675-3248.

poetry

Stalingrad

After buying tickets
to the movie about dueling
snipers in Stalingrad,

we pass a beggar clothed in layered
military gear: camouflage-patterned
pants, jacket, shorts

all ragged as a ruined city.
“Money for food?” he asks,
from a mouth

ripped by mortars.
He is about the right age
to have fought on either side

of that bloodiest battle
we’re about to sit through
comfortably, all in English.

Since I’ve already paid
for the fake thing, I decide,
I can afford to give him a dollar

for the real thing.

—DAVID THORNBRUGH

Haiku 3

Being a poet
Is a great career
If you don’t mind poverty

—Reneene Robertson

Haiku 4

Soot filled city skies
Bottled air for the rich
Toxic death for the rest

—RENEENE ROBERTSON

Adventures in Poetry with ©Dr. Wes Browning



From time to time this column inevitably takes a flaming, careening nose-dive into column hell. The reasons for this are easy to enumerate. You’ve got your basic procrastination. You’ve got the fact that Yours Truly learned to write copying the words from advertisements (my first word was “Colgate.”) You’ve got the fact that I don’t get paid for this, unlike some geniuses I know (I won’t say who, I’ll leave the director out of this).

At times like this I naturally turn to Cindy, my personal Muse, Muse of few words, a.k.a. Muse of “Other.” I will beg her to give me a clue. “What should I write about, Oh great immortal Muse?” I will say. So I do.

“Well, you act like you’re in a bad mood,” she says. “Why don’t you tell the readers why?”

Hmm. Yeah, that could work.

OK, what the hell was the city thinking when they decided to let skateboarders race outside my window today when I sat down to write this crap? Complete with announcers, paid for by Red Bull, and a PA system aimed directly at my window?

Don’t get me wrong, I don’t have anything against skateboard racing, and I suppose if it’s going to happen it has to happen SOMEwhere, and what the hell, what is there at Third Avenue and South Washington anyway but poor people and more poor people, they listen to fire truck sirens and aid truck sirens all day anyway, so they’re used to it, right?

So whenever the city wants to put some noisy celebration down somewhere on the map, let’s put it at what is already the third noisiest damned intersection in the city, where the poor people there have proved by the sheer fact of putting up with it year after year that they won’t raise hell about it, right?

And let’s do it in style. Let’s not just ruin everybody’s afternoon. We can do

much more than that. After having the event, which we’ll run until 4 p.m., we’ll do some half-assed but loud cleaning of the area for two hours. Then we’ll go away leaving approximately ten stables worth of straw in the streets, so that at roughly 1 a.m., when that crackpot writer will think we all are gone for the night, we will send in the streetcleaner and the guys with blowers to clear out all of the straw.

No, I don’t have anything against skateboarding of any kind, my gripe is with a hypocritical city that would try to shut down a barely audible dance club a few blocks away, near prime real estate, on the grounds that the noise it generates disturbs the peace, but lets anything go where I live.

A note to the City Council: put it in one of YOUR neighborhoods next time. The well-off aren’t the only ones who can play NIMBY.

Speaking of finally cracking after all these years of taking it without complaint, let me tell you what else would have my shorts in a bunch, if I were wearing any.

I STILL can’t walk into the First Avenue Service Center by the front door. It has been years since I first saw that sign telling me to use the alley entrance.

Excuse me? I wouldn’t mind if it were like the Alibi Room, and the alley entrance WAS the front door. But in this case there is a clear front door on the Third Avenue side, and it isn’t even locked! It’s open for ventilation all day! So the only reason to tell me to use the back door is to be sure that people like me aren’t seen coming and going.

Now Cindy tells me I should wrap up by saying what’s wrong with that.

Damn! Where’s Rosa Parks when you need her? ■

**Speaking of finally
cracking after all
these years of taking
it without complaint,
let me tell you what
else would have my
shorts in a bunch, if I
were wearing any.**

To All But God

When you see me
you see only

a fat Indian
an ugly woman

a too young mother
a shabby dresser

When you hear me
you hear only

a toothy lisp
a faltering memory

a too talkative loner
a frustrated yell

If you delve a little deeper
you'll find

poor health — a drain to health care
two kids — a drain to welfare
mental illness — a drain to the sane

You'll never know the beautiful child
who loved to dress up as a princess

or the dynamic grad speaker
who had the crowd on its feet

or the vibrant bride full of hope
for a lifelong partner in love

to you I remain
pitiful, worthless, unlovable
— to all but God

You think I don't see your arrogant sneer
don't hear your hostile snicker

as I lug groceries and kids
and my own swollen body

on buses, through malls
across busy streets

I keep my eyes down
but my head up

I turn stone deaf
to the jagged slurs

I choke back a tear
and keep my mouth shut

now my pain becomes visceral
it cannot be hidden

so I can dance like St. Vitas
and draw more stares still

I'm reminded of how I must seem
how pathetic, how odd

I can't prove my beauty
— to any but God.

—HEATHER SLADE

(REPRINTED FROM *OUR VOICE*, EDMONTON, ALBERTA)



8/15 Poem

I will not ask you not to cry
though most of you will know that I
have gone to Glory leaped into the light been embraced by Gaia
moved on to my next body next level next planet next lesson
or become a small red puppy.

Even when spirit still sings to spirit
when skin is parted from skin bodies must cry.

I will hope that my writing friends survive me
and strangers, reading their fine elegies
will think, "I wish I'd known her"
and feel a moment of regret.

It would be nice
if all my books went into reprint
the media published retrospectives of my life
and somebody famous wrote an unauthorized biography.

I would like to imagine my friends marching on City Hall
saying, "She would have wanted this! Her spirit is with us!"

I would like
my name on some small thing
a shelter perhaps
a scholarship
or an all-night coffeehouse with a library where anyone can stay up all night and write.

That someone might say, "She made a difference."

But most of all
I hope someone remembers putting up tents in the rain
making snow-angels on Mount Rainier in July
staying up all night watching Dr. Who
my holding your hand all night when you almost died
you sitting by my hospital bed when I didn't know you were there
speak fondly of how crotchety I got
or try to share jokes that only we two understood.

The only thing that kept me here so long
was the bond woven of moments and touches
over and over again
from one single heart to another.

Please God I be remembered
for many small things.

We fight revolutions so that one child can laugh
while blowing dandelions.

—ANITRA FREEMAN

The Welcome Wagon

Mistaken identity on a first

By Pati Wilson
Graphics by Danijel Zezelj

I think that I shall always recall with some degree of fondness, and more than a little melancholy, the day of my arrival in Seattle, that bright, sunny summer day in August of 1983. Possessing only a small measure of knowledge of the demographics of this place I now call home, it was a natural choice that my first stop be the celebrated Pike Place Market, similar to San Francisco tourists who typically wish to go to Fisherman's Wharf, even though they don't know why. As I stepped out of the taxi onto the red brick street, I was delighted with what I saw, and it filled me with excitement in anticipation of the day of exploration that lay ahead. It was then that a Seattle police car pulled up next to me and the two officers who stepped out of the car promptly placed me under arrest.

Watching the buildings on what I now know to be Third Avenue slide by from my vantage point in the back seat of the squad car, I began to analyze my situation. I tried to understand this strange welcome by the local constabulary, wondering if they did this to everyone who came to town just to make certain they weren't undesirable. Then I thought perhaps they didn't like how I looked; after all, it had been a long bus ride from San Francisco. Maybe we changed governments and nobody told me, and I was being arrested for not being a Communist. Nothing logical came to mind, so I concentrated on trying to squirm out of the handcuffs that painfully bit into my hands and pinned my arms behind my back in a most uncomfortable manner. One of the policemen noticed I was moving around and told me not to hide any syringes in his car. Even more curiously, though, this man called me Lauren. There it was: my reason for being detained was a simple case of mistaken identity. I informed these two fine gentlemen my name was not Lauren, fully expecting them to pull the car over and let me out, followed by a short, but sincere, apology. Instead they both laughed heartily, assuming, apparently, that all the passengers in their welcome wagon were blatant prevaricators. I was Lauren, and I may as well stop lying about it. The officer who sat on the passenger side up there in the front seat noticed an object I had clipped inside my shirt pocket, and he reached back and gingerly plucked it out. What he had discovered on my person was a little vial of pepper spray that was designed to look like a pen. When the top was removed, instead of a pen there was a spray button, a nice little self-defense item I had purchased in case I ever needed some assistance; it was legal, and non-lethal. Apparently this officer of the law took a liking to this item of mine, because I watched him tuck it into his jacket pocket. I would never see my pepper spray again.

My first impression of the King County Jail was that they needed either a bigger place, or policemen who were not quite so creative and imaginative as my two escorts were. There was a long line of people waiting to be booked, all in various states of disarray and mental anguish, and as we stood in line we were provided a kind of grotesque entertainment by a man who was locked up in a tiny room with a rather large window into which he repeatedly slammed his head while screaming obscenities. I began to wonder how he could remain conscious so long; anybody else would be cool as a mackerel by now. I hoped the poor guy would soon knock himself out, but as long as we were there he continued his tirade without pause. Occasionally one of the officers would saunter over there, more out of boredom than concern, rap on the window and say, "All right, calm down in there!" which of course only served to further infuriate him. In fact, he

seemed to enjoy the attention in a sort of irate, masochistic way, and he was still at it when it came my turn to be searched and booked. The policewoman at the desk was the first female I had as yet encountered, and I thought perhaps she would be a little more receptive to my story. I told her I didn't belong there, and she said, "You and me both, sister. Empty your pockets."

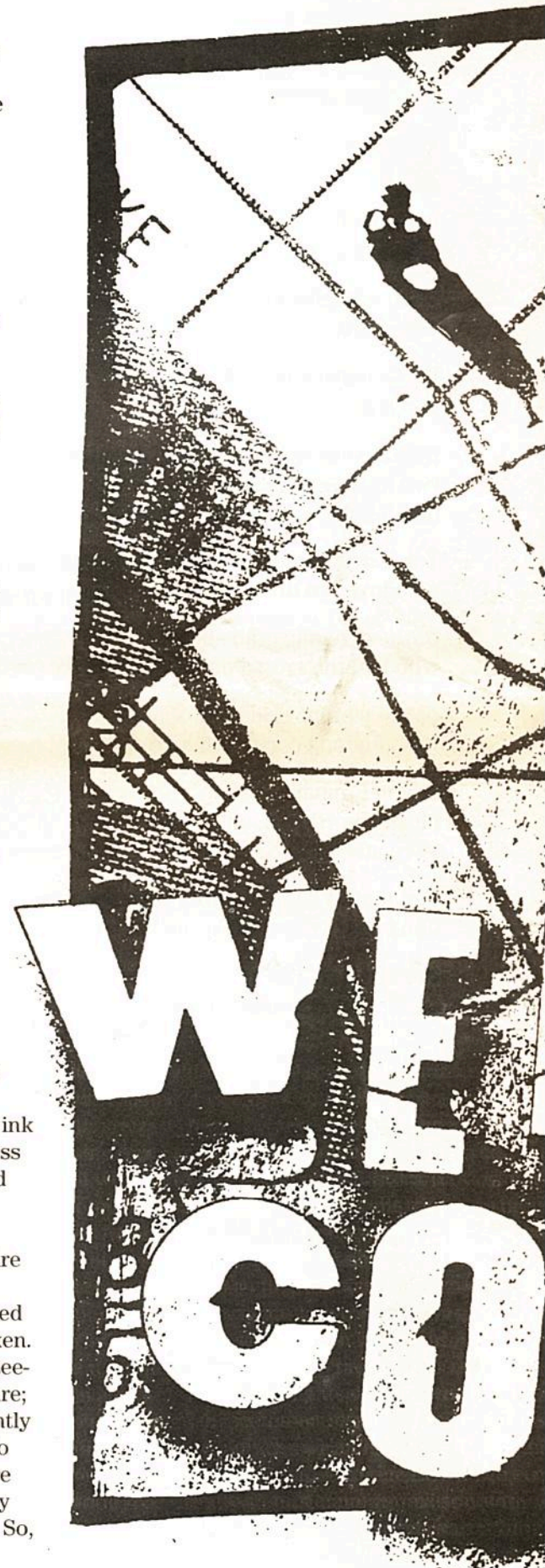
They put me in a holding cell with one telephone and about ten delightful debutantes who were all desperately involved in either talking on the phone, trying to get to talk on the phone, or deciding who they were going to call once their turn came up to talk on the phone. There was no place to sit except on the cement floor, so I sat down next to a woman who appeared amazingly insouciant, even somewhat happy with the surroundings. She asked me if I was cold, and I told her I was. She said, "They'll probably take you up to the ninth floor. That's where I'm going. When you get there, if they put us in Pod Three, tell the matron you want the room second from the end. It's warm." One particularly gnarly broad gave me a big smile from her spot across the room, revealing her six remaining teeth, and I thought she looked like she had a mouth full of raisins. She asked me, "Hey, sweetheart, what'd they get you for?"

Since I didn't know, I just said, "They pulled a raid on the Bellevue Garden Club."

Her smile snapped off like a light. "Oh, this one thinks she's cute. Somebody needs to kick your ass."

I told her I disagreed. Actually, I secretly hoped that if this did occur she would beat me up just enough that I would get to go to the hospital. I figured even Harborview Emergency would be more enjoyable than this place; but at that moment I was called out of the room for further police action. She called after me, "I'll be waitin' for ya." The woman who took me out said, "I see you already made a friend." Yes, I make friends wherever I go.

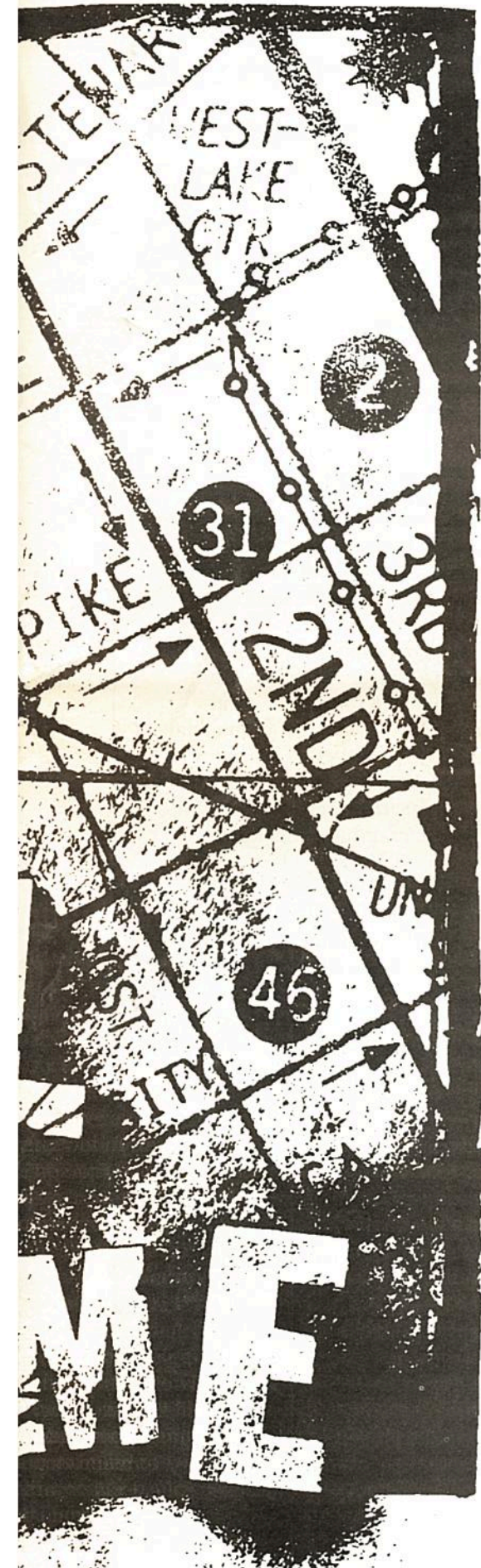
This next step involved being fingerprinted, a big, messy procedure that makes certain nobody ever gets away with anything else as long as they live because now they know what your hands look like. There was ink all over, so it culminated in cleaning up with a waterless hand cleaner that smelled of oranges, which explained why the whole establishment smelled of oranges, not unpleasantly. The mug shot came next, and for some reason this was the most depressing aspect of my entire ordeal. The camera stood between two tall, spindly lamps that each had an enormous light bulb that flashed with a soft little "poomph" noise with each picture taken. The room was painted a starkly bright yellow, guaranteeing that everybody looked like a cadaver in their picture; every blemish, spot, stain, wrinkle, and dent was brightly lit. So, what did I expect, mood lighting? I was made to stand behind a little sign with removable letters, where someone had spelled out my name and, below that, my brand new prisoner number. I was now in the system. So, after a few more humiliations and various personal probings, I was introduced to what was known as The Matron. Although she was only about five feet tall, she was a very substantial black woman and possessed the most amazing bosom I had ever seen in my entire life. She screamed for me to strip while she found some clothing for me, and when she asked me what size bra I wanted, I told her I didn't wear one. This was a concept so totally foreign to her that she didn't understand what I meant. And I could tell this despot was not going to cave,



I had gone to jail for this
Seattle blown in the mos
to top it off I had

gon Rolls On

t night in a strange town



man, my entire first day in
wful way imaginable, and
en her a cigarette.

so we compromised. But at the end of this particular ordeal, for lagniappe I was presented with a stunning, midnight-blue ensemble with K.C. JAIL emblazoned on the back in 10-inch high, fluorescent yellow letters which, I was to learn, meant Lauren and I were, gratefully, not felons. Apparently misdemeanors wear blue, felons wear red. Now I was all ready to be in jail.

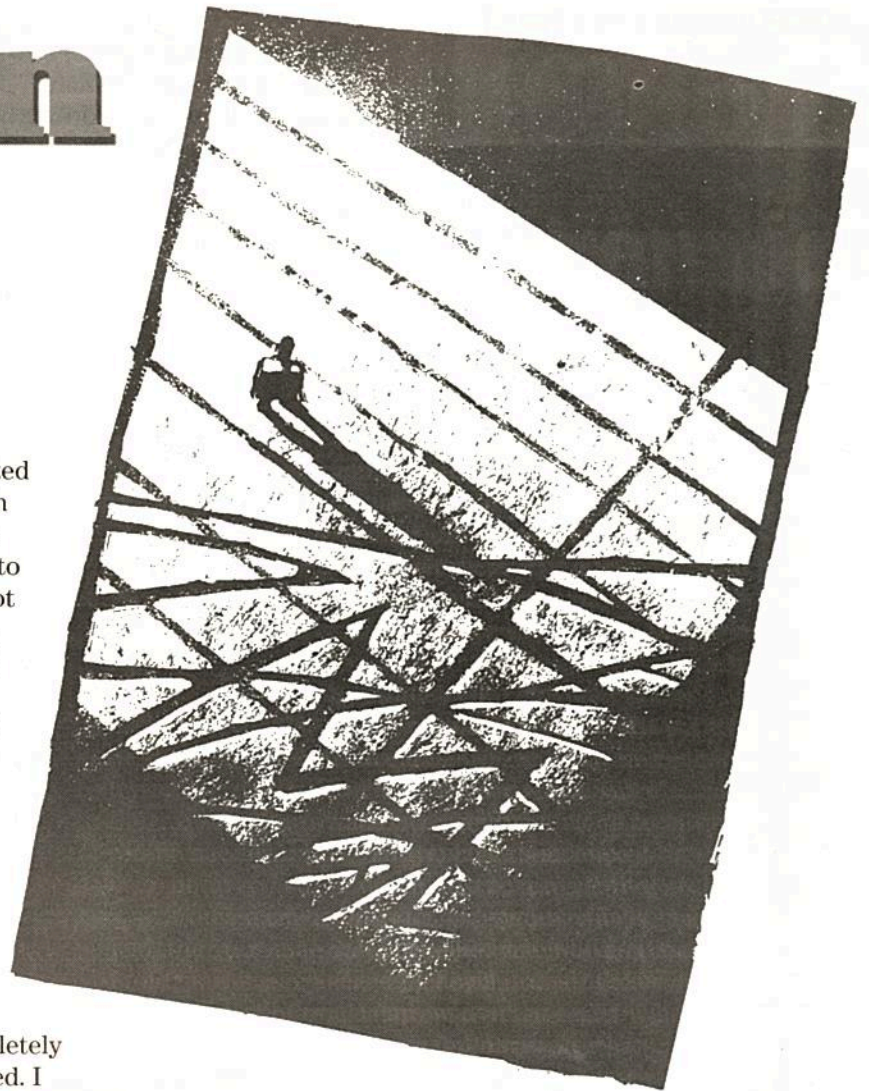
But who was Lauren? Where was Lauren? This elusive, phantom woman was out there in the world and, I imagined, was probably having a nice lunch, drinking good coffee, walking around in the sunshine, doing all the things I had taken for granted until a few hours ago. And I was in here. This whole situation was beginning to get scary, and I thought of that old Susan Hayward movie called, "I Want To Live," and wondered if perhaps this might get completely out of hand and I would end up being executed. I envisioned myself being led up to the gallows, a woman helps me up the wooden stairs, and I say to her, "But you don't understand. I don't belong here," and she says, "You and me both, sister. Empty your pockets."

Just before I was to be taken upstairs to a room, or cell, or the gallows, my saving grace came in the form of a "social worker" who was dispatched to find out how violent I was, which would determine exactly where they would put me. Apparently they put all the violent people together, which makes no sense to me at all, but what do I know. I told this woman what I had been telling people for these past three unbelievable hours, and she simply looked into the file that lay on her lap and looked at the mug shot of Lauren. "This isn't you."

"No kidding," I said. I looked at the picture. The woman looking out from the file photo was probably 30 years my senior, had a missing ear, and no teeth, which placed her chin approximately two centimeters below her nose. Her stats read that she was four-foot-eleven, compared to my height of five-foot-seven. However, we both had blond hair. "That's who they thought was me?"

Apparently, there was a warrant out for Lauren's arrest, the charge being "failure to appear" (in court), and the corner on which I had been standing when the police drove by was believed to be near where Lauren lived, so naturally they thought I must be her. Anyone would have made the same mistake.(!) The social worker assured me I would be released, but for now I had to go back into the holding cell. Miss Congeniality had already been escorted to her cage upstairs, so I didn't have to worry about being involved in a boxing match, and I proceeded to make friends with a little insane girl who told me she was a witch and she was going to light a fire as soon as she got upstairs. I didn't care; I was getting out. It had taken three hours to book me; it would take another five hours to un-book me.

By the time I got back to First and Pike it was no longer a sunny day, but a big, beautiful, starry night. With my suitcase in hand, I began walking up Second Avenue toward the Commodore Hotel, and I noticed a couple approaching me. I knew they were going to ask me for something and, after what I had just been through I wasn't feeling very charitable. But when the woman asked me for a cigarette there was something about her that kept me from walking away. Something was familiar about the dirty blond hair, the protruding chin, and then I noticed her ear. This was Lauren. She



The policewoman at the desk was the first female I had as yet encountered, and I thought perhaps she would be a little more receptive to my story. I told her I didn't belong there, and she said, "You and me both, sister. Empty your pockets."

was very high; I slowly pulled a cigarette out of my pack and offered it to her, mainly for the opportunity to talk to her, and I told her the police were looking for her. She got very nasty and told me to stay out of her business, and shuffled away, smoking my cigarette, all the while mumbling to the guy who was holding her up about how people need to mind their own business. I stood there for a minute, filled with ambivalence, not sure how I felt about this whole situation. I had gone to jail for this woman, my entire first day in Seattle blown in the most awful way imaginable, and to top it off I had given her a cigarette. She and her companion continued their slow trudge down the street as I continued to attempt communication with her, talking to her back, until she was about half a block away. I began to notice that people were giving me a wide berth, looking at me warily; I guess they thought I was talking to myself. In a way, I was. A police car appeared to my left, slowed down, and I saw that they, too, were looking at me. I quit talking, turned and picked up my bags, and headed up the street toward the hotel, now making a concerted effort to appear normal and sane. Freedom was no longer automatic, nor was it guaranteed. I felt grateful just to be walking outside, and I wanted to remain here. It's much too easy to go to jail. ■

Welcome Wagon Rolls

Mistaken identity on a first night in a strange town

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CHIEF Continued from Page 1

Yesler. Using the space of another program required ending its all-day program and being open for just a few hours in the morning.

"It is a spiritual thing with me, and it is a responsibility to look after those who were here first. We have taken so much away from them," says Sister Julie Codd, who is white. She was the club's former volunteer director for the past eight years. Sister Julie, as she is known, is still a dedicated volunteer who is much respected by those who spoke of her.

"Jesus was brought to Indian people with such a price tag; along with love was the demand for land. Missionaries were hooked into expansion." She says the club is working to right some wrongs and create a place of transformation and connection for homeless Natives.

Homeless on one's own land

Natives are a Holocausted peoples. There is so much that is broken. They get very isolated and very frag-

mented in their lives. They become shadows and look-a-likes to what they once were," says Graham. "At Chief Seattle Club, we are working to create a sense of togetherness."

Graham relocated to Seattle for his new position at the club. He brings much passion and compassion to his job. He was hired due to his background in psychology, and his experience in starting a program from scratch and managing it. An anonymous donation allowed the club to hire its first paid director. They are hoping to get more resources together to make much-needed changes.

"We need to help folks get grounded again. But I know that many of us are running around lost. They are disconnected from their tribes," Graham says.

His group plans to again have an all-day program with professionalized services. The main focus will be to allow connection with Native cultural traditions. There is talk of a transitional housing program designed for the unique needs of homeless Native Americans.

"Native people need a place of their own because their needs are so differ-

ent. We are not by nature an urban population. Homeless natives are lost in it in a way that other peoples are not," explains Shelley Means, who is Lakota/Annishinabe, and a new member of the Board of Directors. "Bureaucratic white institutions are filled with very competent and professional social workers. Unfortunately, they do not know how Native communities are different. When you institutionalize the community function of caring for others, you find that the unique needs of Native Americans are lost."

"We want to create a community center where it is not just about feeding and showering," says Means, "but where we will meet more of the needs for arts and cultural links that are not there now."

"We can express ourselves here. Everywhere else we can't," remarked Gilbert Martin, a Mescalero Apache/Spanish Indian who has been coming to the Chief Seattle Club since it opened, 30 years ago. He understands the importance of a homeless center with a cultural focus on Native people. "At other places, we are at the bottom of the list." ■

"The main benefit of having a Native-American club is that most of us are small community people trying to make it in a large city. It allows us to maintain that small community spirit."

—John Perkins,
Tlingit Indian from
rural Alaska

Vanishing Acts

The urbanization of Native America

By scott winn

The main move of Native peoples to urban areas was in the early 1950s, with the Relocation Programs, which paid Indians to leave reservations for five main urban areas, including Seattle," says Joan Staples, who is an enrolled member of the White Earth Chippewa. Staples is

Often, the timelessness of reservation life conflicted with the strict adherence to the regulated life of urban centers, where one lived according to the minutes of the clock.

the Director of the Tahoma Indian Center in Tacoma and a member of the Board of Directors of the Chief Seattle Club. "They were guaranteed housing, education, and jobs, and then were abandoned after a year. They didn't know that when they left, they lost their reservation benefits, so they couldn't return."

Homelessness for Native Americans has its roots in the racist and genocidal policies of the U.S. government. The Relocation Act, legislated under Federal Public Law 959 in 1953, initiated a modern version of the forced relocation of Native people onto reservations that had begun in the 1830s. Both had the intent of making Native America disappear. In the 19th century, the goal was to render Native Americans invisible through isolation on reservation land that they were largely unaccustomed to surviving on. In the twentieth century, the relocation programs attempted to render them invisible through assimilation into white, mainstream, urban culture.

Also in 1953, the US Congress passed a series of Termination Acts, pursuant to House Resolution 108. Through them, 109 tribes lost their recognition by the federal government, including their right to reservation land and federal support. Though many tribes are still battling to regain recognition, the

intent of the legislation was to make them extinct in the eyes of the U.S. government. This loss of recognition supported the movement of many Native people to urban areas. Also at this time, 25,000 Native veterans of World War II were returning, and many relocated to urban areas for economic opportunities.

Like the Termination Act, the relocation programs were designed by the US government to end its responsibility to Native America in the 1950s. Relocating Natives to cities cut off their aid through federal programs for Indians living on reservations, thus lowering the financial obligation to tribes. Many people were eager to go to urban areas for the potential opportunities and, for many, a sense of adventure. Then as now, poverty was severe on reservations. In the 1950s the unemployment rate was up to 70 percent, housing was inadequate, and there was little economic opportunity.

The program, which officially began as an act of Congress, provided funding to relocate Native Americans. People applied, seeking the opportunities seen on the brochures used to advertise the program. They depicted executives in white shirts and ties sitting behind desks and white frame suburban houses with shutters. For the overwhelming majority of Native Americans, this dream never came to be. Native men and women would get on a bus or train to Chicago or a major Western city. They would be met by a relocation worker, who would attempt to find them employment and housing. Often, the first month's rent and food were paid, along with some essential clothing for work. Once settled, family members would follow. Soon, Native Americans relocated through the program were forgotten by government bureaucracy.

The transition from the communalism inherent in tribal living to the individualism of the white world was devastating for Indian people. Often, the timelessness of reservation life conflicted with the strict adherence to the regulated life of urban centers, where one lived according to the minutes of the clock. Indian cultural norms clashed with those of city living. This was all compounded by racism, and many Native people joined the ranks of the urban poor, including the homeless. For many, drinking provided an escape from the severe alienation. Relocation programs were difficult on Native America. Indians were relocated from the poverty of reservations to the slums of urban America. In order to survive, many lost their traditional values in the white world that honors materialism and competitiveness. In the 20 years that the relocation operated, over 100,000 Indians and their families moved to urban areas. By the 1990 Census, two-thirds of all Native Americans lived in urban areas, totaling 1.2 million.

The Indian urban populations grew steadily in the late 1960s and 1970s. Along with this rise, in concert with the incredible political resurgence of the times, Native people began organizing and fighting for funding for Indian health centers and cultural and community centers in urban areas. These centers, like Seattle's Daybreak Star Art and Cultural Center, brought Native Americans from various tribal cultures together to forge common bonds. From this era, the Chief Seattle Club was founded. ■

Walking Off Homelessness

By Karen Delaney

Next month, the name Fred Hutchinson won't just be known as Seattle's cancer research center. On September 23, another Hutchinson (not related to the research center) will launch his Walk to End Homelessness. This Hutchinson is a Congregationalist minister who worked for 17 years at a church in Westport, Massachusetts, before working at the First United Methodist Church, in downtown Seattle, for two years. When he first arrived in town, in a 26-foot moving truck, he didn't have a job or anywhere to stay. He found work within four days, but he remembers "having pennies in my pocket and walking by the food line in a shirt and tie, one of the few shirts I had, and figuring, what would they say if someone in a shirt and tie got in that line? I was as down as they were, but it was all appearance. That changed my mind about helping the homeless."

Hutchinson recently sat down with *Real Change* and talked about the path he took to the walk.

Real Change: Why did you choose to raise money through a walk?

Hutchinson: There was something right about a group of concerned citizens getting out there and saying we need to stop this. Not like the WTO, not with the fists, not with the anger and not with the agenda. Just saying, we need to eliminate homelessness.

The more I got into it, and the more that I saw people doing things, the more I thought, wouldn't it be great if we could all join in the street? I really believe that if the people that work [in these organizations] wanted to, they could arrange a program in a week and a half and have no more homelessness. If things like building Safeco Field can happen so quick, what does it take the hearts and minds of people to end homelessness?

The Walk to End Homelessness in Seattle

1 p.m. Sunday, September 23

from Eighth Avenue and Spring Street to Westlake Mall

For more information, call Rev. Fred Hutchinson at (206) 241-1883

RC: What other kinds of impacts do you hope the walk will have?

Hutchinson: I hope local politicians sit on the sidewalk during the walk and see and remember that we would vote too, if we have an address. And you know, maybe that's the whole point: If you don't have an address, you don't vote, so politicians can do to us what they want. I want the walk to work in the spirit of Ghandi. I expect the citizens will be peaceful and they will be singing, dancing, and having fun. I've asked Rev. David Bloom to be a guest speaker, and I might ask the Mormon tabernacle choir to sing.

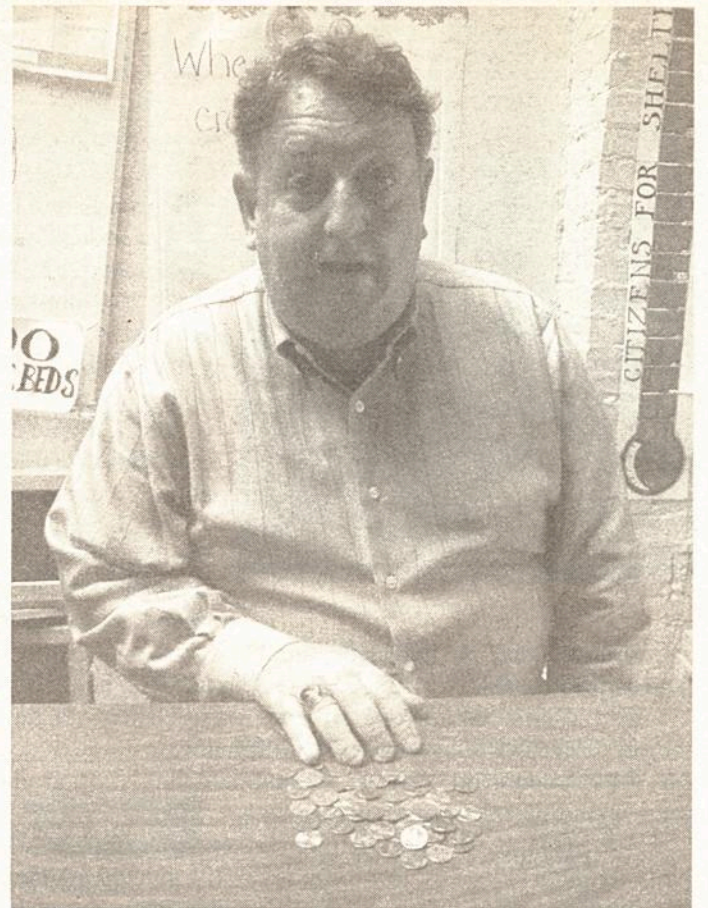
There's this church that served 953 people Thanksgiving dinner. It's a sad thing that 953 people need a meal, but it was cause for a community outpour; everybody gave something, including the homeless. And there was one woman who played concert piano; maybe the church hired her on to do some work to get her on the way into a home. But it isn't progress if in maybe three weeks to three months she'll be living on the street.

I remember Ruth Velozo said in her speech when she retired from Northwest Harvest that every once in a while, you look at the breadline and you'll see yourself. That's what this walk is all about.

RC: So the idea of the walk is to create an awareness of homelessness?

Hutchinson: An awareness, yes, and a way for groups who don't have the resources to go and put on a walk to raise money. Whatever money they raise is theirs. If you want a t-shirt, I'll print one and sell one. But this isn't what it's all about. If you can't afford bumper stickers, I'll give them away. I'd just as soon let people have them.

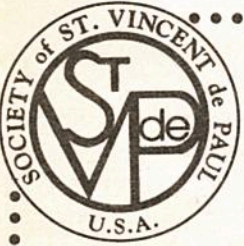
When I realized this wasn't even going to come close to paying for itself, it became O.K. I mean there's been all these people giving us things, it's a stroke of wonderfulness. When we got our permit, the police Lieutenant said, "Not only can you walk, but we'll provide police so that you can have the street." Not only that, but Don Dodge, who is a retired commodore from Seafair, he says, "We know how to do parades, there'll be a bunch of us, we'll donate our time." To start the thing, and to be this response, it's so... I mean, everywhere I went, all of these guys on the street were asking, "What are you doing?" Yes, we want you to be part of this. This isn't just us and them, we want you to be part of this. You're going to walk with us.



REV. FRED HUTCHINSON WITH HIS FIRST DONATION, 57 CENTS FROM A GROUP OF HOMELESS MEN. PHOTO BY ADAM HOLDORF.

RC: The walk was originally going to be a memorial walk for Bill Hamilton?

Hutchinson: Yes. Bill Hamilton volunteered for seven years as the director of the Broadway Plymouth Referral Center. I printed up bumper stickers for the Bill Hamilton Walk, but once Bill saw them he said, "We can't do this; I'm just one of the many." We had to make this in honor of everybody. He says "I'll show up, I'll be part of it, I may not be able to walk that far, you'll have to drive me, but this is for everybody, the Ruth Velozos of the world, and the Bill Hamiltons, and anybody who gives their time to the homeless. Let's not call it the Bill Hamilton Walk, because too many people devoted too much time, and I'm just a cog in the wheel." ■



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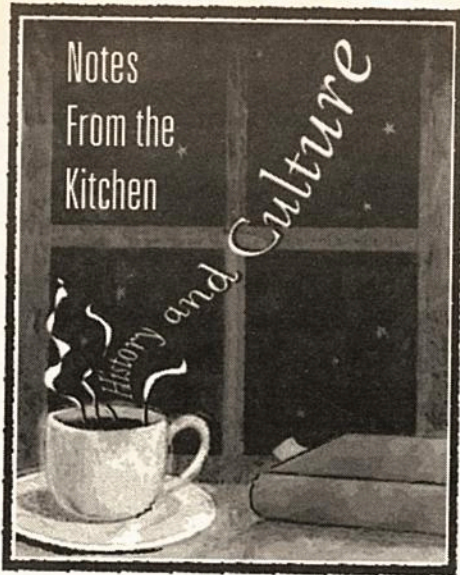
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The Masculine Virtue of Preparing a Meal

By Liz Smith

Act 1, Scene 1: A few months ago, I was chatting with a little boy at a park, his mother nearby. "So," I asked him, "Do you ever help your mom cook dinner?" "No," he said. "Cooking is for girls." A little shocked, I then said, "But, if you don't learn how to cook, how will you eat dinner when you grow up?" "Oh," he replied "My wife will make dinner."

Act 1, Scene 2: A gentleman shopper pushes his grocery cart down Aisle 3. In his cart are bread, milk, and about 30 frozen dinners, like bricks in a box.

Act 1, Scene 3: A man is in a kitchen (my former husband, in our former kitchen). He is at the stove making spaghetti sauce, a very simple thing to do. I am indisposed on the living room couch. I hear bangings and

mutterings. I hear bad language. Finally, he comes into the room, looking baffled and panic-stricken.

The sauce has defeated him and he is demanding help. This, from a guy who can rebuild a car engine and who reads chemistry books in his spare time.

Are you concluding what I'm concluding? There are an awful lot of non-cooks out there! Men suffer from this affliction even more than women. Why? Parents simply aren't teaching their boy children how to cook. Schools don't teach it, either, yet students have useless subjects like algebra foisted upon them. When was the last time you needed to use your algebra skills? Ninth-grade final exams. But you need to cook every day, unless you like "three for five dollars" frozen dinners and have an industrial-strength microwave.

"Jeez, lady, it ain't no manly virtue to know how to cook!" That's the problem with our culture. You don't see Dennis Rodman or Charles Barkley cooking. Nobody on MTV cooks. Bond, James Bond, shakes up a fabulous martini, but when he's hungry he just gets in his Bentley and goes somewhere expensive.

However, in the real world it's to a man's advantage to have culinary skills. Women like it when a guy cooks for them. Women like to be taken out to eat, too, but when a guy takes the time to cook a meal for her, it's special, and she will appreciate it.

For today's column, I have a nice simple lunch, a chicken salad and a drink from the Far East called a Mango Lassi. It doesn't require too much actual cooking, but you do get to operate some dangerous machinery (a blender); you only have to poach a chicken breast, which is very easy, and to toast some pecans, which is even easier.

Mango Lassi

Mangoes originated in India, and Lassi is as common a drink as tea in India and Pakistan. The mangoes all ripen at once, in early fall. Can you imagine the sight of all one billion of the people in India, wandering around, each with their own mango?

The Pakistanis I met at a bus stop were pleased and a little surprised that an American knew about their drinks from back home. It is really delicious. In testing recipes, I used four different brands of yogurt. Castlebury's Peach Yogurt wielded the most successful result.

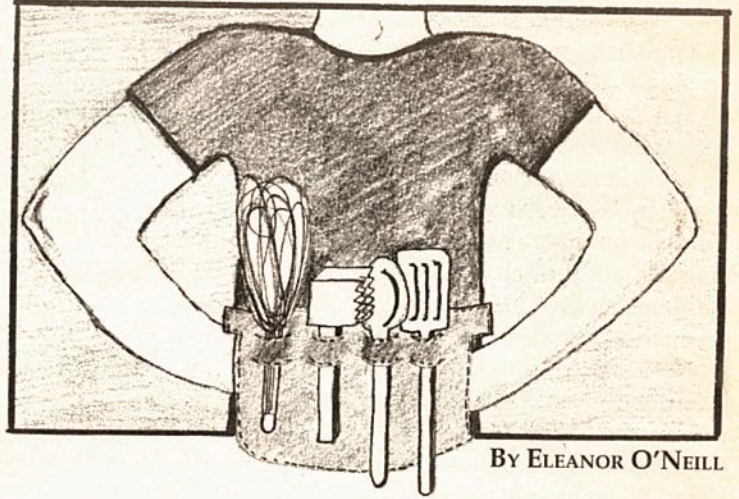
Mix in blender:

1/2 cup frozen cubes of mango
6 ounces yogurt
3 ounces (6 tablespoons) club soda

Pulse a few times, then puree about one minute. Serve at once.



BY ELEANOR O'NEILL



BY ELEANOR O'NEILL

Easier-Than-Sinking-a-Jumpshot Chicken Salad

1 pound boneless, skinless chicken breast
3 celery ribs
1 large peach
1/2 cup pecans
2 teaspoons mild curry powder

1 lemon
3 tablespoons plain yogurt
3 tablespoons mayonnaise
lettuce leaves or kale for lining the plate (optional)

Note on poaching: Chicken, as you know, is a protein. If protein is cooked at too high a temperature, it turns tough and rubbery. Water should be barely stirring in the pot to ensure tenderness.

1. Bring a large pot of water to a boil, then turn heat down to below a simmer. Slip in the chicken breasts and poach for 18-20 minutes, then refrigerate on a plate while preparing other ingredients.
2. Slice celery very thinly. Cut peach into small 1/2 inch chunks.
3. Toast pecans in a pan on medium heat for about eight minutes, stirring every two or three minutes. Set aside to cool.
4. Toast curry powder in same pan, for about 30 seconds. Set aside.
5. Scrub lemon, dry, grate the yellow part of the peel. Cut in half and juice. Reserve 1 teaspoon.
6. Mix together the yogurt, mayonnaise, grated lemon zest (peel), 1 teaspoon lemon juice, curry powder, pecans, peach, celery. Cut chicken into bite-size pieces and add to this mixture. Chill for one hour. Serve on chilled plates.

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Wednesday, Aug. 1, 11:45 a.m., Western Ave., Cutter's Bay House. Dispatch informed officers of a man who walked into Cutter's and attempted to use the restroom. After being told that the restroom was for customers only, the man, described as a sandy-haired homeless male approximately 50 years of age, urinated on the hallway floor. An officer in the area noticed a man fitting the description climbing over a fence on the Lenora Bridge. The suspect was identified as the urinator. The waitress stated that when she told the man he could not use the restroom, he cursed at her and said "Fuck you, I have to pee," and began to urinate on the floor. As the suspect was being cuffed, he stated, "I had to piss." He was transported to the precinct, and then to King County Jail.



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Thursday, Aug. 2, 5:57 p.m., 200 Block Virginia St., city alley. A 40-year-old homeless black female reported being grabbed by an unknown male assailant, who broke her eyeglasses. He told her, "You're gonna work for me... you're gonna be my bitch." The woman managed to free herself, and reported to the police that she was afraid for her life. The suspect is still at large.

Thursday, Aug. 2, 7:00 p.m., Third Ave., Courthouse Park. The victim, a 32-year-old white male, had walked up to a citizen and stated he had been stabbed. The citizen had called 911. Police spoke with the victim; he was uncooperative and refused to assist officers. All he would say is "I know him — he's gone, you won't find him." The man suffered stab wounds to his shoulder and abdomen, and was transported to Harborview for medical attention.

Friday, Aug. 3, 9:22 a.m., Third Ave., New Horizons Ministries. Police were contacted to remove a 22-year-old homeless Asian male from the back steps of New Horizons Ministries. Upon arrival, the police learned from staff that the man is diabetic and homeless, and has emotional disorders. He is also a heroin user. Subject stated he had taken his insulin today, but had not eaten since yesterday. He was transported to Harborview for a mental health evaluation.

Friday, Aug. 3, 9:39 a.m. Third Ave. S., Pioneer Square Medical Clinic. Police responded to a report that a man threatening suicide had locked himself into one of the examination rooms. When police contacted the subject, a 33-year-old homeless white male, he voluntarily agreed to go to Harborview Medical Center for an evaluation, and was transported there without incident.

Friday, Aug. 3, 5:00 p.m., Third Ave., Angeline's. A 55-year-old homeless white female reported leaving her bag momentarily at the front counter of Angeline's. When she returned, she found her hair dryer and curling iron had been stolen from the bag, along with her wallet containing bus tickets and food stamps worth \$50. ■

Streetwatch is compiled from Seattle Police Department incident reports by Emma Quinn.



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Bad Communism

Making the ideas of Bertolt Brecht work

Stories of Mr. Keuner

By Bertolt Brecht

Translated by Martin Chalmers
City Lights Books, San Francisco,
2001

109 pages, \$9.95

Review by ©Dr. Wes Browning

"There never has been a thought whose father was not a wish. But what one can argue about is: which wish? One does not have to suspect that a child might have no father at all in order to suspect that the determination of fatherhood is a difficult matter."—Mr. Keuner

Before I talk about this book, I want to talk about communists.

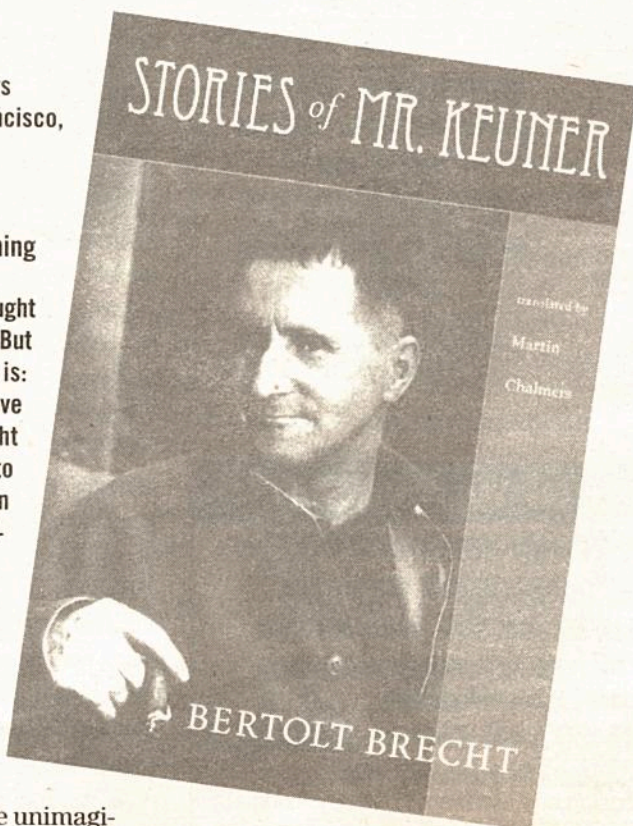
The good communists I went to college with in the seventies were unimaginative, table-pounding, lock-step ideologues; to join them you had to check your brain at the door. Well, that left me out. I believe we should rein in the massive social and economic engineering wherever it runs the risk of curtailing thought. By thought I don't mean freedom of thought, I mean thought itself. But controlled thought isn't thought.

However, Bertolt Brecht wasn't a communist in the seventies. He was a communist in the twenties and thirties, when almost everybody like me who had a shred of socialist agenda in them expressed it by becoming a communist. With the result that there were a lot more communists, and consequently a lot more bad communists. Brecht was one of the bad communists. I mean that as high praise.

Brecht retained the right to think independently of the party. While his writing often displays his intellectual independence, this book, *Stories of Mr. Keuner*, may provide the clearest proof of Brecht's determination to be independent.

For Mr. Keuner is himself "the one who thinks." So he symbolizes that freedom. Mr. Keuner is in fact a picture of the free-thinking man with all his foibles and failures. This is a free thinker who can't possibly be free of contradictions, because to be free of contradictions is to be chained by the need to be contradiction-free.

With that, you know that Mr. Keuner certainly can't be chained by any ideology. While he calls himself a communist, Mr. Keuner has more in common with the anarchists of the seventies than the communists. He would fit right in with a crowd demanding that the



State and its media stop making sense. His logic is a logic that allows the imagination, not the oppressor's logic of syllogism that tries to stamp out any creativity because it might not make sense in this system.

So, what kind of book is this? Well, it's a translation from the German of *Geschichten vom Herrn Keuner*, with an afterword by the translator, Martin Chalmers. The stories are not customary stories. They are short passages, averaging half a page, each of which serves to reveal something of the thought of Brecht's fictional "thinking man," Mr. Keuner.

The stories originally began as commentaries within plays that Brecht was working on, with many later stories being apparently added as commentaries on and reflections upon Brecht's own life. So they might be called comments rather than stories.

Mr. Keuner's pronouncements are often difficult to follow. Occasionally the reader may feel he is reading a new translation of the *Tao Te Ching*. Some of them I can endorse as wisdom. This one for example: "Many errors," said Mr. K., "arise because those who are talking are not interrupted at all or not frequently enough...."

Other pronouncements seem to be included just to keep the reader on his toes. It is as if Bertolt Brecht wants to encourage the reader to think both with and against his character. He surely doesn't expect his readers to agree with all of this. If they did, the whole collection would certainly have failed its purpose.

For me, it works. ■

CLASSICS CORNER



by Perfess'r Harris

Lately, we at Classics Corner have been thinking about rebellion. Not the kind of rebellion that one reads about in *Details Magazine* and buys at the Bon Marché, but the truer sort of rebellion that makes us what we are. Real rebellion, we think, goes beyond weird hair and torn designer jeans.

One fine example, of course, is Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*, the first and only surviving play of his Promethean trilogy. As the play opens, Might and Violence force Hephaestus to bind Prometheus to a rocky Scythian mountainside. To the Greeks, Scythia was pretty much the end of the Earth, much as Minot, North Dakota would be to us.

Prometheus, as classics fans know, got himself in trouble with Zeus by stealing fire and delivering it in a fennel stalk to those "creatures of a day" known as humans. This led to great technical innovations, such as astronomy, medicine, gourmet cookery, and hand-held video games. He also provided us with Blind Hope, that curiously human quality that keeps

Prometheus defied Zeus with full knowledge of the consequences to himself, making one of the earliest recorded instances of civil disobedience.

us going even when we're screwed.

Prometheus, who has perfect foresight, defied Zeus with full knowledge of the consequences to himself, making his actions one of the earliest recorded instances of civil disobedience.

As Prometheus hangs there, contemplating an eternity of pain and boredom, several Gods drop by to urge him to admit his mistake, placate Zeus, and move on with his life. After a bit of divine chitchat, Prometheus

states the eternal case for the down-but-not-out.

"How easy for one who fares in pleasant ways to admonish those in adversity," he says. "I pray you to heed my word. Have compassion on one who is now caught in the toils, for sorrow flitteth now to one and now to another, and visiteth each in his turn."

For a guy manacled to a cliff for eternity, Prometheus is taking things pretty philosophically. That's because he knows where Zeus' weak spot is. He knows when and where the God will be overthrown, and he knows that Zeus needs this information more than he needs Prometheus pinned to a rock. So Prometheus bides his time and waits to be released. Time is something Gods have more of than anyone else.

Eventually, Hermes shows up to deliver a message from Zeus himself. Stop talking trash about my boss, he says, and tell me what you know. Prometheus is unmoved. "You vex me to no purpose," he says, "as one might waste his words on a wave of the sea."

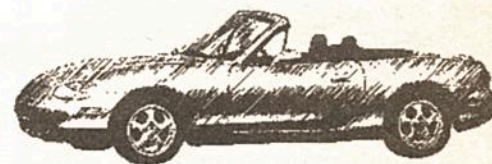
Hermes reminds the Titan that things could always be worse. He could be swallowed alive by the mountain, or have an eagle eat his liver every day. Even as the mountain rumbles ominously, Prometheus remains defiant.

Prometheus rebels to the end because he knows it's the only way he'll ever be free. After a certain point, it seems, a real rebel has no choice. ■

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Labor Day Notables

Thursday, 8/23

Letter Writing Workshop — Take Effective Action on Police, the Green Party of Seattle will host an evening of education and letter writing concerning police accountability, a citizen review board, and related criminal justice issues. There will be sample letters available based upon the specific demands of the People's Coalition for Justice and other groups. People will be urged to write letters to the City Council that evening, urging a strong Citizen Review Board and other important changes in Seattle's criminal injustice system. Lobby city council for an elected civilian review board with subpoena power to oversee police! Lobby for increased police training! Prepaid postcards will be provided. Don't just complain — take effective action! 7 – 8:45 p.m., at the Douglass-Truth Public Library, corner of 23rd and Yesler (2300 E. Yesler Way), info Joe Szwaja 206-633-2836 or Jeff Buckley 206-861-1037.

Saturday, 8/25

Peace Action and the Peace Cafe invite you to attend the Third Brunch on Drugs, our Saturday morning discussions of drug abuse

and the war on drugs, talking about local government policies and budgets, and looking at ways we can get city and county government to do less "getting tough" and more "getting effective" by supporting programs that help kids grow up healthy, happy, and sober, and that help homeless people, addicts, and families at risk to become stable and healthy. We'll also talk about reforming our tough but ineffective drug laws, hear from Neil Powers, chief of staff for Seattle Councilman Peter Steinbrueck, 10 a.m. – 12 p.m., at The Peace Cafe, 5828 Roosevelt Way NE, info 206-529-8081 or Fred Miller 206-527-8050, or organizer@peaceaction.gen.wa.us.

Seattle Reclaim the Streets (RTS): Street Party, Reclaim the Streets is a giant un-permitted street party that seeks to reclaim so-called public spaces for non-commercial use by the public, there have been over one hundred RTS events throughout the world. Free food, free water, and free fun! No selling/ donation collecting of any kind will be allowed, everything will be free, some food will be available or bring whatever food you think you might crave; 5:00 p.m., gathering location Denny Park, corner of Dexter and Denny, march to

a location to be announced, info or to help out rtsinfo@bolt.com or <http://reclaimseattle.tripod.com/>.

Bev Grant in Concert, Bev, who lives in Brooklyn, is part of the People's Music Network and has been using her powerful voice and lyrics for social change for more than 30 years, with emphasis on women's rights and labor unions; call or email to RSVP and for address, 8 p.m., Maple Leaf neighborhood in Seattle info 206-524-7753 or rebelvoz@aol.com.

Sunday, 8/26

21st Annual Seattle Peace Concert series in the parks, with sound by Perpetual Balance featuring: Mary Lydia Ryan, The Side-Effects, The Whole Bolivian Army, Melissa Reaves, Carolyn Wonderland, admission free, please bring food bank donations for Northwest Harvest and contribute what you can to help us cover expenses! 12 – 6 p.m., at Volunteer Park, info Seattle Peace Concerts, a Nonprofit Organization, 206-729-5232 or <http://www.seapeace.org>.

Women's right's day summer garden party, celebrate with spoken word poetry by Edythe M. Gandy and games for all ages, 2 – 7 p.m., free, gourmet picnic for \$12, 1903 NE 82nd St., more info at 722-6057.

Tuesday, 8/28

Seattle Peace Chorus is holding auditions through Sept. 5. Calling all enthusiastic singers who want to embrace Peace/Freedom and Justice issues through music. Concert season includes: a new gospel mass, Earth Day concert, community sings. Help us plan our next international travel adventure. (206) 632-9569 or brgc@seanet.com (put "chorus" in subject line).

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

Ongoing Sundays

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

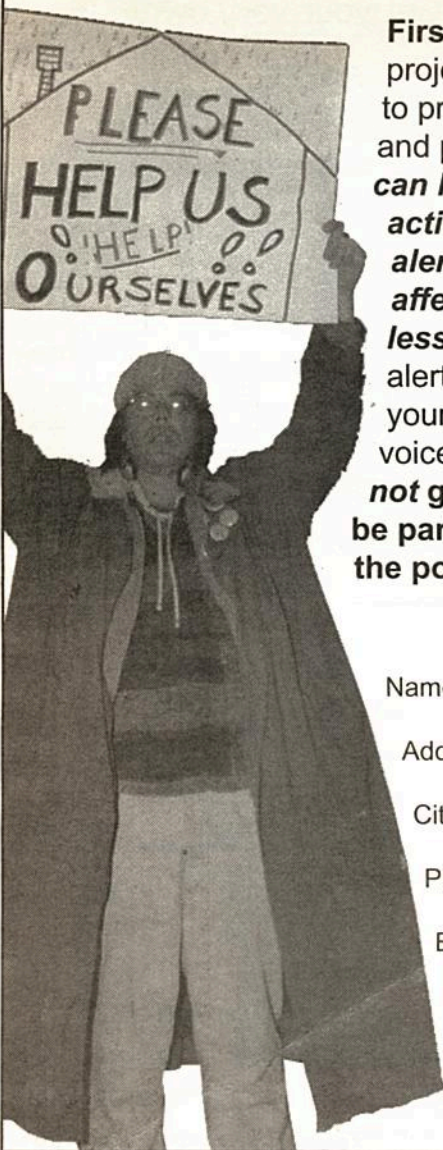
Ongoing Daily

The Office of Civil Rights Enforcement invites any person who works or lives in King County to submit artwork for use in its 2002 Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Calendar and celebration print materials. The artist selected receives 50 calendars and \$250 for use of the artwork, through August 31, info <http://www.metrokc.gov/exec/culture/aboutpublicart/programs>.

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.

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. ■

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.



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



ACT NOW!

Reauthorize Homeless Education Act

Issue: Congress could vastly improve the educational environment and opportunities of the country's homeless by passing the McKinney-Vento Homeless Education Act of 2001.

Background: The McKinney-Vento Act, House Bill 623, would reauthorize the McKinney Education of Homeless Children and Youth Program. Over one million children are likely to experience homelessness over the course of a year. Homeless children and youth are among the poorest students in the nation; on average, the income of homeless families is less than half of the federal poverty level. The severe poverty of homeless students, exacerbated by loss of housing and high mobility, puts homeless children at great risk of educational failure. They are twice as likely as their housed peers to repeat a grade, most often as the result of frequent absences and moves to new schools. Homeless children are also twice as likely to have learning disabilities.

Homeless students face numerous barriers to school enrollment and attendance — and without access to school, there can be no academic success. An estimated 88 percent of homeless school-aged children are enrolled in school, a significant increase in school access since the initial passage of the McKinney Act in 1987; yet according to the most recent U.S. Department of Education Report to Congress, an estimated 45 percent of homeless students do not attend school regularly. If made into law, H.R. 623 will:

- Increase access to school
- Reduce school transfers and enhance educational stability
- Increase awareness of homeless children's educational rights
- Strengthen parental choice
- Strengthen the educational rights of unaccompanied youth
- Strengthen state support to all school districts
- Promote the integration of homeless children and youth into mainstream schools.
- Triple funding for Education for Homeless Children and Youth programs

Action: Call or email your U.S. representative to urge them to sign on as co-sponsor of H.R. 623 (of the two dozen representatives who have signed on so far, none are from Washington State.) Feel free to use any part of the following suggested lines:

I am writing/calling you to urge you to become a co-sponsor of H.R. 623, the McKinney-Vento Homeless Education Act of 2001.

H.R. 623 would help increase homeless students' access to school, limit the disruption of education caused by homelessness, strengthen parental rights, increase awareness of the educational rights of homeless children and youth, and increase funding for Education for Homeless Children and Youth programs.

School is one of the few stable, secure places in the lives of homeless children and youth — a place where they can acquire the skills needed to escape poverty. Please help our community's homeless children receive the help they need to succeed in school by co-sponsoring H.R. 623.

Send your letter or give your comments to your area representative:

North and East King County
Jay Inslee
(202) 225-6311
(425) 640-0233
jay.inslee@mail.house.gov

Most of Seattle
Jim McDermott
(202) 225-3106
(206) 553-7170
www.house.gov/mcdermott

Bellevue
Jennifer Dunn
(202) 225-7761
(206) 275-3438
www.house.gov.dunn


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