

Change

Puget Sound's Newspaper of the Poor and Homeless • Volume 9 No. 15

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July 11-24, 2002

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Taxing Espresso

Childcare dollars for beans: Will we pay?

Inside: End Run at the Lillian • Home
at the Frye Hotel • Uncle Bob Tells All •
Iran/a Friendly Place

PHOTOS BY CASEY KELBAUGH.

By Adam Holdorf

Small children, or cheap gourmet coffee: which one do Seattleites love more?

That's the question that may be on the ballot this fall, as Initiative 77 gathers signatures for a 10-cent-per-cup tax, payable within the city limits, levied against each espresso drink a business serves.

Proponents of the measure say the time has come. But will the voters get on board?

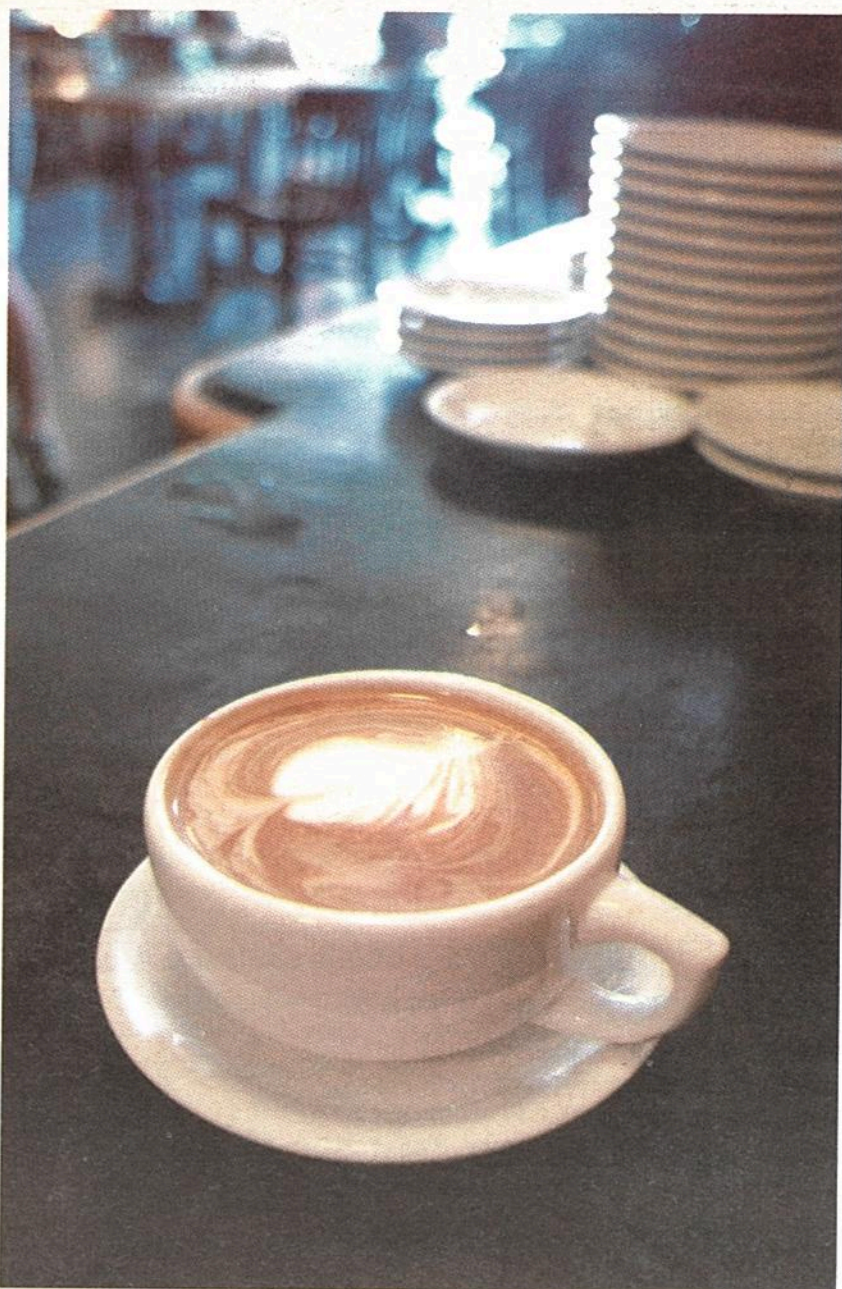
If they do, a 10-cent tax would raise about \$7 to \$10 million a year from restaurants, big chains, small businesses, and street carts — any business that serves espresso. That's an incredible boost to the city's child care and early-learning services; for example, it would triple the money available from the city's Career and Wage Ladder project, which provides training to child care workers, and boosts their pay when they graduate.

The city would deploy those millions to do three things: Send 3- to 5-year-olds whose families can't afford tuition to preschool; subsidize the day care costs of working parents too poor to pay (a family of three that makes less than \$44,000 a year, for example, would be eligible); increase the amount of public funds flowing to people who operate small child care centers out of their own homes, in an effort to get family daycare providers to training programs.

But why espresso? Because the idea polls well, say members of the Early Learning and Child Care Campaign (ELCCC), which is running the campaign. Research conducted this winter by the Evans/McDonough polling firm found that 74 percent of Seattle voters would support a tax on espresso going specifically to young children's needs.

That's much stronger approval than voters in other cities demonstrated. Pollsters also called voters in Yakima, Spokane, and Tacoma; no more than 6 in 10 voters said they'd vote for the idea in those cities. Seattle has a reputation for loving its coffee; apparently, we don't mind a little ding along with the buzz.

Continued on Page 8





Stop the violence

Dear *Real Change*:

There have been far too many recent accountings of hateful and violent acts against the homeless — all across the country. Saddest of all, these reports are likely under-representative of what actually occurs and perhaps goes unreported ... thus, representative of the lack of hope for many of our fellow citizens.

I support NCH's calls on Congress and the General Accounting Office to investigate the nature and scope of such offensive crimes (Citizens Participation Project, "Support Investigation of Hate Crimes against

Homeless," June 27, 2002), TAKE ACTION to PREVENT them. We must ensure and stand up for the civil rights of everyone, regardless of their economic circumstances.

These are some of the most non-threatening and desperate of Americans. Please lower all Americans' shame by addressing this serious issue. *Real Change*, thanks for what you do.

Sincerely,

Sandi McDonald

Quality child care

Dear *Real Change*:

Thanks for the wonderful article about the family support work at The Center for Human Services ("Not Just Babysitters," May 30). Quality, safe child care is so important to a child's ability to learn to be a productive member of society and to enter school prepared to be a successful learner.

Thanks for spreading the word about children needing more than just a babysitter, and what that means in terms of the training every parent or child care provider needs to have.

Sincerely,

Jan Stout, Bellevue

Rice clarification

Dear *Real Change*:

Thank you for highlighting the efforts of volunteers like Sam Mitsui, Walk For Rice Committee Chair, to end hunger in the Asian Pacific American community ("Put Your Feet Where Your Mouth Is," June 13, 2002). We wanted to clarify the important role Northwest Harvest plays in supporting the Asian Counseling and Referral Service Food Bank. Northwest Harvest provides the ACRS Food Bank with 50 to 60 percent of the food we distribute, including rice when it is available. Because of the large amounts of rice consumed by our Asian Pacific American clients, however, ACRS must purchase additional rice to meet our clients' needs consistently. Our annual Walk For Rice fundraiser helps us buy additional rice, Ramen, and other Asian staples so we can supplement what we get from other sources. We wanted to assure your readers that Northwest Harvest wholeheartedly supports our efforts and does not have any policy that prohibits its distribution of rice, as some may have inferred from the interview.

Sincerely,

Carina A. del Rosario

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Change

Puget Sound's Voice of the
Poor and Homeless

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

On the Web at

<http://www.realchangenews.org>

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ISSN 1085-729X

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

Mission Statement:

Real Change organizes, educates, and builds alliances to 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.

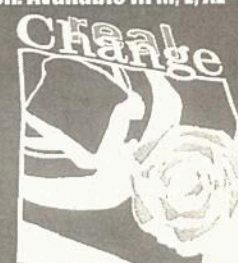
The *Real Change* Homeless Empowerment Project is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Programs include the *Real Change* newspaper, the MacWorkshop computer lab, StreetLife Art Gallery, the StreetWrites peer support group for homeless writers, the Homeless Speakers Bureau, and the First things First organizing 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.

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The End Run

Vulcan circumvents the law to ready low-income housing for demolition

By John McLaren

So why should we be concerned about the Lillian Apartments? It's just an old abandoned building, right? If Paul Allen wants to rip it down to replace it with zippy new upscale offices and condos, what's the big deal? Well, it is a big deal — for the neighborhood, for housing activists, for preservationists, and for the city.

It's one of the oldest wood-framed apartment buildings of its type in Seattle, it's an important part of the historic character of the Cascade Neighborhood, and it was one of Seattle's most affordable unsubsidized housing resources. Was, that is, until City Investors XIX, the limited partnership managed by Paul Allen's company, Vulcan, paid each tenant \$5,000 to vacate by the end of April ("Take the Money and Run," *Real Change* May 3, 2002).

There's still a chance to save the Lillian, but to keep that chance alive, the city needs to deny Vulcan's request for an official declaration that the building is so irreparably "uninhabitable" that it must be demolished. Turns out that doing the right thing should be easy for the City to do.

Cute concept: Remove critical building components, then turn around and request that DCLU agree that the building is dangerously uninhabitable and in need of expedited demolition. Result: demolition of affordable housing expedited by DCLU, at no cost to the owner.

Some background: Soon after they paid the tenants to vacate the building in April, Vulcan crews quickly removed as much from the building as would be allowed without a demolition permit: Doors, trims materials, stair rails and guardrails, bathtubs, other mechanical and electrical equipment (according to reports by local residents), as well as asbestos-containing components. As soon as this work was completed, Vulcan

filed a complaint against itself to the City's Department of Design, Construction, and Land Use (DCLU), stating that the Lillian was uninhabitable and should be destroyed immediately. This is the same building that was fully inhabited just a few months ago.

Cute concept: Remove critical building components, then turn around and request that DCLU agree that the building is dangerously uninhabitable and in need of expedited demolition. Result: demolition of affordable housing expedited by DCLU, at no cost to the owner. Never mind the needs of the community. Never mind the lost housing resource. Never mind the lost historic resource.

The City is only allowed to order the building to be demolished if the cost to make it habitable again — according to the inspector — is more than half of what it would cost to just replace the building. It's clear from reviewing the city's numbers that they favor Vulcan's plans. The City says it will cost about \$514,000 to make the needed repairs. That's slightly high: for example, they say it will cost \$12,000 — including "markups" — to replace 10 budget-quality kitchen sinks. On the other hand, the City's estimate to replace the building is \$950,000, or about \$60 per square foot. The true replacement cost is twice as much, more in the ballpark of Vulcan's estimate: \$2.2 million.

If we compare the City's estimate of the repair cost (\$514,000) with Vulcan's estimate of the replacement cost (\$2.2 million), we see that demolishing the Lillian is a colossal waste. It would cost four times as much to raze the building and start over again as it would to simply make repairs and replace the fixtures. What's so off-the-wall about this number-crunching is that Vulcan created the need for many of these repairs by stripping the building of components like handrails, doors, bathtubs, and other critical components.

Given these numbers, the city should either require Vulcan to make the needed repairs and reopen the building or — worst case for the neighborhood — mothball the building. In either case, as long as the building isn't demolished, there's time for the City, Vulcan, and nonprofit housing developers to explore other options.

However the numbers turn out — and even if the repair cost is more than 50 percent of the replacement cost, the city doesn't have to require demolition — the City should recognize that it would be setting a ghastly precedent by letting Vulcan end-run city ordinances meant to encourage the preservation of housing like the Lillian.

Between now and July 19, DCLU has agreed to review materials from Vulcan and the community. There's a chance that the city will understand that it can't and shouldn't allow Vulcan to tear down the Lillian. It would help if people call the mayor (684-4000) to request that DCLU deny Vulcan's request for expedited housing demolition. ■

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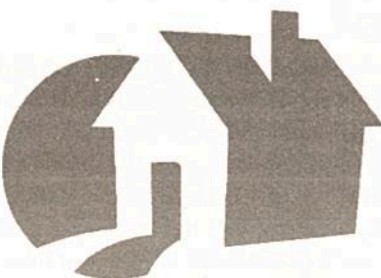
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National News Digest

July 8, 2002

News from around the U.S. and Canada, provided by the Street News Service (www.streetnewsservice.org).

Seizing on the chance to make a statement about homelessness the whole world will see and hear, the Ontario Coalition Against Poverty plans to take over an abandoned building in Toronto to coincide with a visit by the Pope the end of July. The Pope Squat, as it's known, is designed to harness the socially active energy of the many Catholic organizations that are expected to descend on Ontario, to start making real progress towards the creation of enough affordable housing for everyone who needs it. According to the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, the Toronto Social Housing Connections had 60,870 applications for affordable housing in May to fill 337 vacancies. "We see the Papal visit as an opportunity to literally get our foot in the door," reads the Coalition's website, www.opac.ca.

The fight between San Francisco homeless advocates over how to best serve their clients has come one step closer to reaching the November ballot. Earlier this month, Supervisor Gavin Newsom submitted signatures to City Hall for his Care Not Cash initiative, which would take the money that is currently been given directly to homeless people to more or less use as they please — between \$320 and \$395 per person on average — and redirect it into specific programs to provide services and support for these people. According to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the proposed initiative has support among people who see the current cash give away as too tempting for families and individuals who have no intention of using the money to do anything but feed habits, such as using drugs and alcohol, that only keep them homeless. Yet critics doubt that the same city officials who have created the current homeless crisis will be able to put together the kind of programs needed to help people put their lives back together. The only things that these two groups do agree on is that, despite throwing more than \$100 million towards the homeless problem every year, the city is not doing nearly enough to bring about true change. More information on the initiative can be found at www.carenotcash.org.

Loss of airline traffic could be a gain for homeless families living in the vicinity of John F. Kennedy airport in New York, where a Manhattan federal bankruptcy judge has order the owners of a closed airport hotel to reopen the space as a shelter for homeless families. According to *Newsday*, the shelter will be run by the Salvation Army through the end of September and will provide a home for at least 10 families as they seek permanent housing. Business owners near the Queens airport don't like the idea of a shelter in the middle of a prosperous strip of real estate. "While we are concerned about the plight of homeless families," said Queens Borough President Helen Marshall in a press release, "we cannot stand by and watch them warehoused in a totally inappropriate site that is near the epicenter of an economic development renaissance." ■

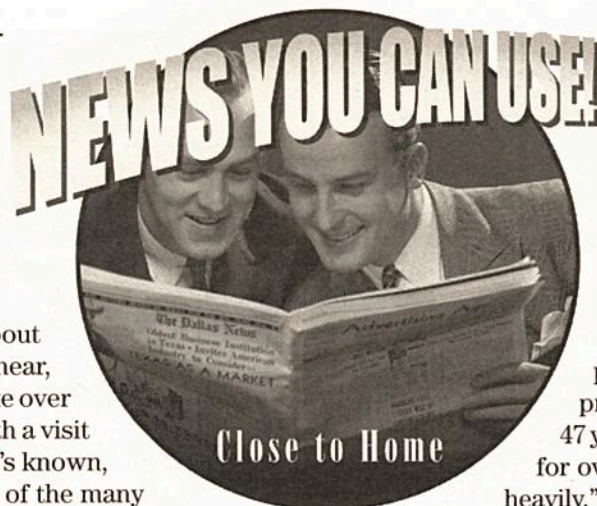
— Compiled by Molly Rhodes

Languishing in Laurelhurst

For almost 20 years, a small apartment complex in the northeast Seattle neighborhood of Laurelhurst has been home for many disabled tenants. The Provail Burke Gilman apartments are owned and operated by the non-profit agency Provail Inc., charged with providing life opportunities for people with disabilities. For two decades, Provail has given tenants the safe and accessible environment necessary for daily functioning, but as the Section 8 subsidy protecting tenants' housing rights approaches its expiration date in 2004, Provail has begun to change its tune.

Instead of working to provide disabled tenants with housing security, Provail is looking to walk away from their commitment and sell the complex to the highest bidder. Efforts to sell the apartments began as early as 1998, when Provail appealed in writing to the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) to be released from its contract and began pressuring residents to relocate. HUD denied their release, but pressures led residents to call for assistance from the Tenants Union, a membership-based nonprofit organization working to empower people to take control of their living conditions.

Working closely with the Tenants Union, apartment residents were able to connect with the Low Income Housing Institute (LIHI), a non-profit housing developer potentially interested in purchasing the property. An offer was made by LIHI in February of 2002, but Provail turned it down, countering with a proposed sale price of \$1.7 million, \$50,000 non-refundable earnest money, and a "bump clause" enabling Provail to back out of the agreement at



any time and sell to another buyer.

"No nonprofit developer could ever agree to this," says Siobhan Ring, lead organizer of the Tenants Union. "Provail wants to maximize profits, and it's reasonable that they don't want to own the apartments anymore, but they should take steps to ensure security for the tenants." By selling to LIHI, Provail would undoubtedly guarantee affordable and stable housing for the disabled residents.

Since Provail's counter offer to LIHI, little has happened and tenants are beginning to get anxious. "I would probably end up living in a retirement home and I'm only 47 years old," explains tenant Jane Lubin. "The struggle's been for over three years now and emotionally it's weighing on us heavily." Ultimately tenants hope that Provail will live up to their mission and sign a contract with a non-profit buyer in good faith.

In the meantime, tenants remain persistent. Independence Day cards featuring the Statue of Liberty in a wheelchair were sent to Provail staff members in protest, and an open house meeting is scheduled with the Provail board on July 24. Says Ring of the situation, "It never occurred to me that it would take this long to convince an organization whose mission is to serve people with disabilities to work for the rights of disabled people." ■

— Sara McCleskey

The Lillian: Back-door disappearances

Bustling with activity only a few months ago, there's no sign of life at the Lillian Apartments these days, except for the security guards parked outside. But while the 84-year-old building may be on life support, neighborhood activists are fighting to save the previously low-income complex located in the Cascade section of the city.

Paul Allen's Vulcan Co. recently purchased the 33-unit building, located at 1258 John Street, and in April offered tenants, some of whom have lived at the Lillian since the 1960s, \$5,000 to vacate the premises. To receive the money, tenants had to sign a release saying that they wouldn't talk about the deal publicly, sort of a "don't tell if asked," policy.

Vulcan then filed a complaint against itself with the DCLU (Department of Design, Construction and Land Use) saying that the building was uninhabitable and should be demolished. Seattle law says that repairs cost more than half of a building's replacement value the building can be demolished.

At a June 26 hearing on the Lillian's future, the city building inspector set the Lillian's replacement costs at \$950,000 and repair costs at \$580,000. Vulcan claims replacement costs are closer to \$2.4 to \$2.5 million.

The disparate numbers may have opened the door for neighborhood activist John Fox of the Seattle Displacement Coalition and a group called Save The Lillian, comprised of several neighbors from the nearby Brewster Apartments and the Cascade Shelter Project. Code compliance director Robert Laird ruled that concerned citizens could submit additional information on the Lillian until July 19 and will make a final decision by July 26.

The Lillian Group plans to come up with its own numbers and Fox wants witnesses to step forward who have seen things removed from the Lillian, especially before May 22 when the city inspected the building. Fox claims that much of the damage at the Lillian was caused by Vulcan removing plumbing and heating systems.

"I gave testimony [at the DCLU hearing] that things were being taken from the building prior to inspection and [Vulcan] told us it was their building and they could do whatever they want with it," said Kristy Kenney, who has lived at the Cascade Shelter Project for a year and a half.

"I can't see the Lillian from my apartment but I walked over there and was watching them take big metal things out the back door. There were six workers there and they were concerned I was seeing them."

While Vulcan hasn't made its plans public, residents are concerned about the future of the neighborhood. The Vulcan-owned Richmond Laundry, located behind the Lillian, is protected as an historical landmark, but Allen's group owns two housing units a block away. In all, Vulcan and its limited partnerships own 50 acres in the Cascade and South Lake Union area.

"We're concerned they're going to turn the neighborhood into another Belltown. All yuppie condos," Kenney says. "I'm not optimistic about the Lillian. I'm concerned about the long-term vision of the neighborhood. People want to put up pre-fab housing instead of working with the historical buildings that are already there."

Anyone with any information on the Lillian can write to Robert Laird, Code Compliance Manager, Compliance Service Center, Suite 2000, 700 Fifth Avenue, Seattle, WA. 98104., or call the Seattle Displacement Center, (206) 632-0668. ■

—R.V. Murphy

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

Dulce et Decorum Est

by Michele Marchand

**Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed
through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.**

— from "Dulce Et Decorum Est" by Wilfred Owen

During the planning process for WHEEL's Women in Black vigil for Gary Allan Funk, his mother said, "My son gave his life twice for this country." She was referring to her son's service in Vietnam and his death, by homelessness, 35 years later.

That same day, the homeless women of WHEEL were stunned to learn that one of their members, Colette Fleming, had died unexpectedly and from unknown causes in her shelter. "I think we're all veterans of a domestic war," said a homeless woman when she learned of these deaths.

"Seems like every month they're falling like flies," said another, of the homeless people we've done memorials for so far this year; more, it feels, than during any previous year.

The Veterans of a Domestic War

Gary Allan Funk, age 57, was found dead in late January near 80th and Aurora. Evicted earlier that month

from his downtown public housing unit, he died of hypothermia; it was 29 degrees out that night.

It's possible he spent the three weeks between his eviction and death trudging all over the city; I could find no record of his having stayed in shelters or at Tent City, and he was known for walking. When his body was found he had on tattered clothes, and his shoes were held together with string.

It took the Medical Examiners nearly three months to find his next of kin — his mother, Ms. Harpin, who is in her early eighties. She lives in Edmonds and is in failing health. The body of her son was in cold storage, in the morgue, for all that time.

Though Ms. Harpin had steeled herself for the call and the return of her son's body during the two years he served in Vietnam, his tragedy and death occurred over time, much later. A few years ago Ms. Harpin sent a letter to President Clinton, asking him to "please send my son home to me before he dies." She spent years trying to get the Veterans Administration (VA), the mental health system, anyone, to respond to his most basic needs for such simple things as medical exams.

Funk was born in San Francisco in 1944, "during the mayhem of war," his mother poetically described. He was a gifted child; a karate champ at the tender age of 18. He was athletic and artistic; he wrote plays



BELOW: COLETTE FLEMING, FAR LEFT HOLDING FLYER, DEDICATED HERSELF TO HONORING OTHER PEOPLE, LIKE "ROOSTER," A STREET KID ADVOCATE WHO WAS KILLED THIS YEAR. PHOTO COURTESY OF MICHELE MARCHAND. ABOVE, THE VIETNAM MEMORIAL WALL PROVIDES A WAY TO FACE DEATH THROUGH OURSELVES.



Continued on Page 12

Welcome to StreetLife

StreetLife Gallery is a cooperative studio and display space for homeless and very low-income artists. Located at 2301 Second Ave., StreetLife is a place where those who often do without can find creative companionship.

Luis Garcia has been a StreetLife artist for six years. He came to Seattle from Arizona after a fire consumed all his belongings. Luis makes one-of-a-kind beaded jewelry and sells his pieces regularly. The income supplements his full-time job, but more importantly, the Gallery provides him with a creative way to deal with his losses, and "a place to grow again."

Luis believes the reason his artwork is popular explains some of the strength of StreetLife Gallery. "People like the individuality of my work. They may not like everything, but they usually like something." This is also part of the premise of the Gallery. With artists working in many different mediums, there's something for everyone. Gallery members create almost anything that can be considered art: beaded necklaces, paintings, crocheted pillows, found-object creations, and more.

StreetLife Gallery is in a period of renewal and regrowth. Since spring, the Gallery has been infused with the energy of student interns. Jessie Calhoun and Sarah McKay, from Evergreen State College, just completed a quarter-long internship. They spent their time gathering donated supplies, finding volunteer instructors, and helping artists learn about the grant process. Jessie continues to visit the gallery as often as she can. "I'll be back. I don't think I could stay away from those guys for long," she said, when we thought we were saying goodbye.

Our current Gallery interns, Jeremy Cote from Antioch College in Ohio, and Jason Faust, from Northwest College of Art, are continuing to bring new energy to StreetLife. Jeremy is developing new resources and Jason is creating publicity materials.



INSIDE STREETLIFE GALLERY, EVERY ARTIST HAS HIS OR HER OWN SPACE TO CREATE. PHOTO BY RACHAEL MYERS.

Luis describes the changes the Gallery has gone through in the true style of an artistic soul. "When I first came to the Gallery, it was like an old beautiful flower that was dying. Now it's bloomed into something tremendously beautiful." With the ongoing support of the local community and the dedication of its members, Luis believes that within five years, StreetLife Gallery can become one of the best galleries in Seattle — and still maintain its uniqueness as a place for those

**StreetLife Gallery is open
Tuesday through Saturday
from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.
For questions or directions,
call (206) 441-3247, ext. 201.**

who need somewhere to heal through the creative process. ■

— Rachael Myers

More Than Meets the Eye

Real Change is much more than just a newspaper. We are a respected voice of the poor that reaches more than 30,000 people each month. We are a powerful grassroots organizing project that wins real gains for the homeless. We offer cultural and educational opportunity through our art gallery, writers workshops, and computer lab. Your support makes our work possible. Please give generously. All donations are tax deductible to the full extent of the law.

Yes! Real Change Matters.

Here's what I can do to support work, dignity, and hope.

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7/11/02

poetry

Faith

BEAUTY

Like Life, itself

is persistent

And

Will (eventually) OVERCOME

The ugliness

Man has perpetrated

Upon/the/Earth

—MARION SUE FISCHER

crossword

He might be lost.

The

crumbs!

through

back

and,

known

(not!

to be the ends thrown

easily— most

fall)...

broken.

He

calls his!

a

victory.

—STAN BURRISS

Adventures in Poetry with ©Dr. Wes Browning



Some recent talk has got me reflecting upon the nature of stupidity once again.

You're probably right now asking, "Wes, what makes you such an expert on stupidity?" Well, I once stuck my finger in a live light socket out of curiosity. So why wouldn't I be an expert on stupidity?

But seriously, when you are a mutant as I am, your stupidities stand out in stark relief to those of the normal humans. You become more clearly aware of your own stupidities, while, at the same time, normal people's stupidities just drive you to the need for psychiatric medications.

A typical normal human stupidity is the Talk Over The Answer stupidity, or TOTA. People who exhibit TOTA have sense enough to ask questions when they don't know something, but their sense leaves them when it comes time to listen to the answer. They talk over it.

Sufferers of TOTA often have what I have identified as "negative IQ." I first discovered negative IQ when I was forced to team up on a job with a person who had a severe TOTA problem. Let's call her Ms. D. Even though I have at least an average IQ, I could tell that, while working as a team, Ms. D and I were two suits short of a full deck. I mean Ms. D brought my usual IQ down to somewhere around my ankles, and a job that took two hours to do by myself took four hours with her "help." Ms. D had a negative IQ.

One of my own stupidities that fascinates my friends is what I call my detail-discrimination impairment. This can take many forms in others, but for me it is a persistent, long-term inability to bring myself to make distinctions among objects that don't directly concern me.

For example, let's say my way is blocked by a tall, woody, leaf-bearing plant. I might be heard to utter something like, "Oh. Tree." To myself I might note whether the thing were a deciduous tree or a familiar evergreen, but that's about as far as I'd analyze the situation. Over the long term, since I haven't often noticed the differences between trees I've encountered, the result is that I can't tell most of them apart. Therefore, when the subject of trees

comes up, I'm as stupid as two postage stamps glued to each other.

One more universal class of stupidities is what I call the Reversal Stupidities. The Reversal Stupidities manifest in a habit of thinking that if some idea isn't true, then the idea you get by reversing everything about the first idea has to be true. So you think if X isn't your friend, he has to be your enemy. You

think that if X and Y are arguing, and if it's clear to you that X is wrong, then Y must be right. You think if evolution is false, creationism must be true, or vice versa. You think that if UFOs aren't glowing marsh gas, then they must be piloted by extra-terrestrials.

There is something about the hard wiring of the human brain that causes otherwise highly intelligent people to jump to these sorts of con-

clusions. You have to always be alert to this kind of stupidity, and it doesn't help to think that you yourself are ever free of it.

What can help is an occasional "heads up" from a friend. We're all in this together. Here's a heads up to my well-meaning Pioneer Square neighbors who want to add limits on what alcohol can be sold there: your solution to the "alcohol impact problem" would in effect result in two sets of laws, one for the rest of the state, one for our neighborhood. We would begin to live in a de facto ghetto.

How about a solution that doesn't single Pioneer Square out for ghettohood? How about backing alcoholic treatment for everybody that wants it, wherever they live? Or, if you don't like that idea, think of a better one. How should I know what would work? But don't ghettoize my neighborhood just to inconvenience alcoholics.

Remember, they can buy their brands outside the neighborhood. I already do. ■



On a Terminated Affair

It's very pleasant sitting here
And knowing I'm a fool.
I look around. The world's the same.
No wind and though it's cool
The light mist gently sifting down
and dappling this log
Contains no bitter tears of mine —
Just sweet Seattle fog.

I've been a fool. So what? I hope
I'll be a fool again.
It makes for lovely memories
While walking in the rain.
Should endings kill beginnings? No,
I think not. Though it seems
That lovers drown fond memories
In tears when their sweet dreams
All end in disillusion. So,
Let endings not destroy
The passions that were priceless, and
The love that brought such joy.

Ah! Look. The sun has just come out.
I knew the clouds would pass
Like happiness and hurt do. If
I had a looking glass,
The sunlit image that I'd see
Would not be lined with pain:
But, smiling through the glis'ning drops
Of sweet Seattle rain.

— JOBI

Desperate Men

I see them come,
year after year,
decade after decade,
Desperate men,
running from broken dreams,
or star-crossed lovers,
Depressed and alone,
Without their wives,
Without their sweethearts,
Living on broken dreams,
Dead and broke,
I see them come,
Armies,
Coming to the end of the road,
Coming to where my town sits on the map of the world.
On the map of their despair.

— JOHN RICE

Glimpse-of-Rosemary

Rosemary
Left-to its-own-devices:

Its new growth
CASCADES
like Spring-green teardrops
like tousled dreadlocks

Seeking Earth
once again
To root and spread its pungent message

Small purple flowers
Festoon its old growth

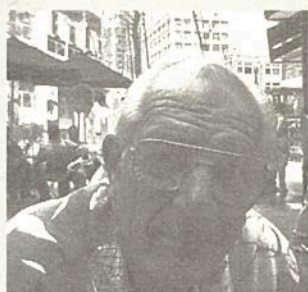
Seeking to regenerate/reproduce

AND

I am the Grim Reaper
With my shears
and
Civilized esthetics

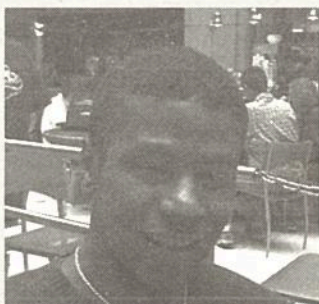
—MARION SUE FISCHER

What do you think of the idea of an espresso tax?



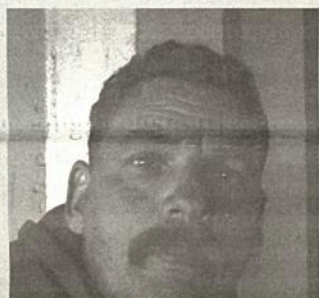
Jessie James

"If you can afford to buy this crap, then you should pay more."



Carlos

"Coffee is expensive as it is, but if it would support low-income families then I'm for it. It would be a good way to raise money quickly."



Dale Hardway

"I don't agree with it. There are too many taxes on everything right now. There has to be some kind of balance."



Amanda

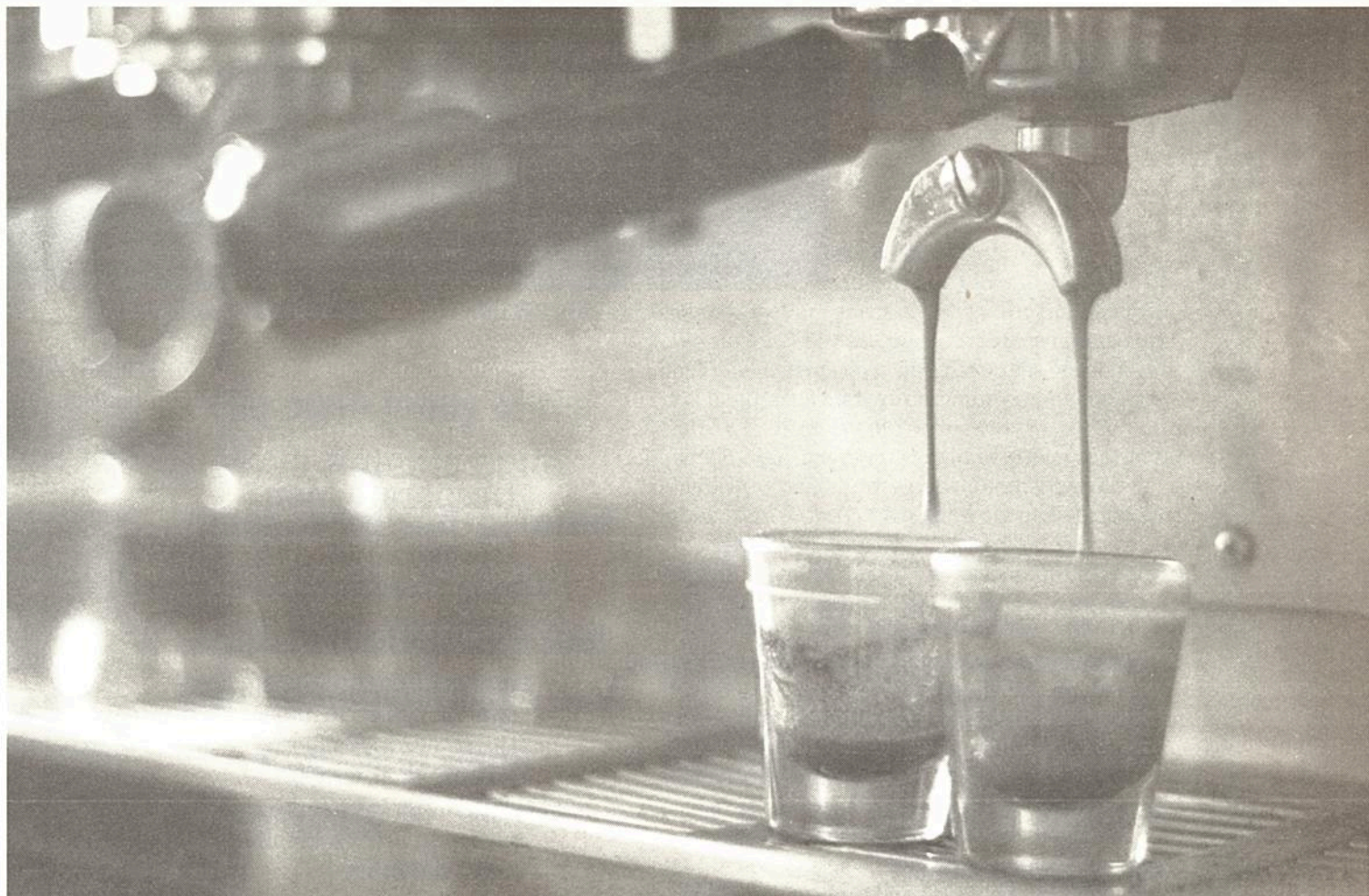
"I think it's awesome! I wouldn't mind paying 10 extra cents if it supports child care."



Laura

"I drink a lot of coffee but I'd pay. That sounds like a good idea."

— Photos and interviews by Paul Rice



WILL THE PULL OF THE POWERFUL GOURMET ESPRESSO ELIXIR BE ENOUGH TO GET PEOPLE TO PONY UP FOR A NEW TAX
PHOTO BY CASEY KELBAUGH

COFFEE Continued from Page 1

Linda Gibson, member of the ELCCC, says that taxing gourmet coffee would not only be popular, but every bit as just as our current system. It would raise prices on people who can mostly afford to pay: If you want caffeine, she says, you buy coffee; if you want really good coffee, you up your expenses. Another 10 cents won't hurt.

Taxing espresso makes just as much sense as the rest of the tax code. If property tax revenue pays for schools, and sales taxes pay for everything from police to homeless shelters, then why can't a beverage tax pay for children's needs? "People want a match: They want gas taxes to go for roads, and so forth," says Gibson, "but what the heck does my buying a coat have to do with whatever it pays for in the General Fund?"

An espresso tax for this purpose is "not the be-all, end-all answer," she continues. "We have huge funding problems in this state. But fixing them is not going to happen in the short-run."

The city's involvement in child care began during the Model Cities development push of the 1970s, when government began to recognize that some urban families were caught in a vise between low wages and high child care expenses. The Child Development Program of the city Division of Family and Youth Services distributes vouchers to parents who make too much to qualify for the state's program, but not enough to pay for child care on their own. In order to encourage better-quality care, the city refers parents to providers who show that they're improving their environments with workshops and training. The money for subsidies comes through the city's general fund, federal HUD money, and the 1997 Families and Education Levy.

Janet Staub is a program manager with

the Child Development Program. Her job got harder this year, when a similar agency in the state Department of Social and Health Services stopped providing vouchers for those at the top of its income scale.

In order to prevent those families from losing out, local governments were pressed to extend their eligibility rules. Seattle now serves any family making between 200 and 300 percent of the federal poverty wage — between \$23,000 and \$34,000, for a family of two. About 420 children are on a waiting list now, and Staub says they may wait for a long time, since families tend to hold on to their vouchers.

Considering the potential \$50 million hit to the city's budget next year, it's unlikely that new money will appear to relieve the pressure. Parents will continue to send these kids to babysitters, or send them home alone, or just put up with the high cost of care and try to eke out a living anyway.

Initiative 77 is about families, but it's also about labor. For child care workers working for very low pay, the initiative campaign sends a message: other people care about their jobs, too.

Lauren Tozzi has worked in the field for 23 years. She has long volunteered on the Worthy Wages Task Force. "I feel like I'm in a profession that brings a lot of joy to kids, helps develop their social and emotional skills," she says. She turned back to the needs of very young children after a short time teaching elementary school.

There, Tozzi saw how five- and six-year olds entered school unprepared to learn they were unable to play well, cooperate or listen. She went back to where she could prevent that. But she feels the stigma of having a career that most people see as little more than babysitting.

"Always being working-class, and in poverty, I felt so isolated," she says. The Worthy Wages Task Force helped change that.

Started in 1990 after a group of childcare workers and management held a retreat to talk about workplace issues, the Worthy Wages Task Force was aimed at raising awareness about low pay, turnover, burnout, and the

poor conditions of day care centers. Seattle stole the Worthy Wages Day idea from activists in Madison, Oakland, and the Bay Area. Here, however, workers actually shut down participating centers for a day. Tozzi says it took six months of advance preparation, and plenty of time to let parents know that on that day — after 1994, it was May 1 — they'd have to figure something else out.

"We cultivated the parents as allies in this. Some of them took their kids to the workplace that day. It caused a lot of havoc," she says, "but it also made the staffing crisis more visible."

While handing out leaflets and talking to parents and public officials, Tozzi was continually aware of the biases against her line of work. "Child care is intellectually challenging. For a long time, we would ge

"People want a match: They want gas taxes to go for roads, and so forth, but what the heck does my buying a coat have to do with whatever it pays for in the General Fund?"

Linda Gibson, member of the ELCCC

an attitude like: 'Why are you making such a big deal about this? You're just babysitters.'

"There's other elements: nursing, crisis management, counseling, legal issues. How much do lawyers make? How much do doctors make? On one hand, it's very depressing to see how much more these people's work is valued. On the other, we have allies in other professions."

Union leaders had been supporting the calls for better pay; then, the workers themselves began to organize. Local 925 of the Service Employees International Union now has 120 members working at 10 facilities. That's just a fraction of the 650 licensed child care centers doing business in Seattle.

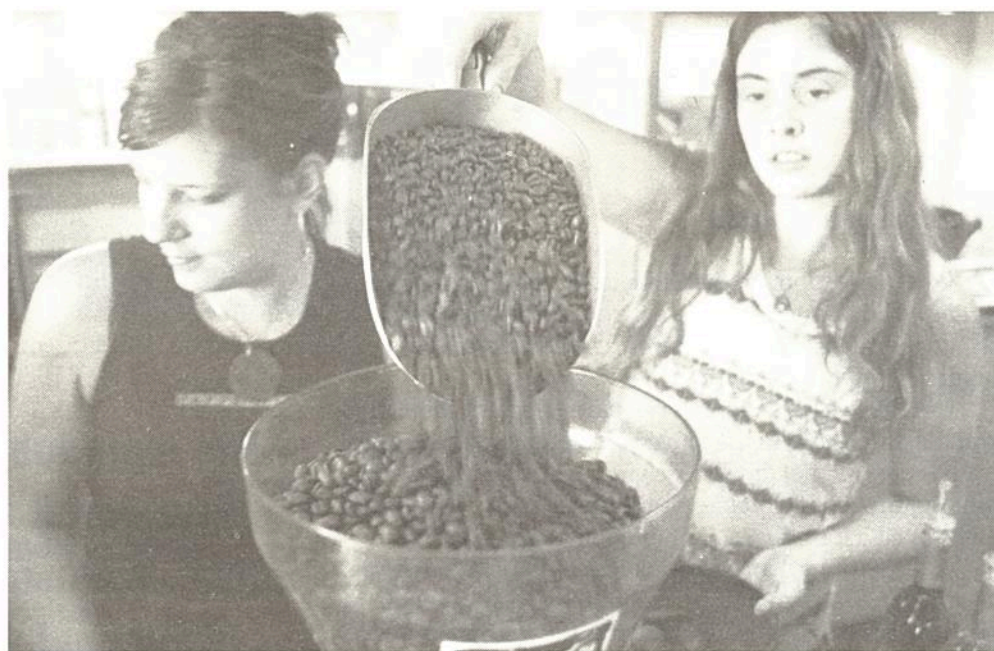
Even these tiny cells of unionized labor don't float above the industry's extremely low wage levels. Former 925 Child Care Guild president Laura Chandler says workers with little experience generally start out at \$7.50 an hour. The two-year-old labor contract her workers enjoy covers workplace issues like les-

son planning time, vacation, health care, and retirement — not wages. There's little hope of better wages through unionization.

"Just by saying you're a union center doesn't mean you make more money," Chandler says. "It's not like these centers are sitting on top of a pot of gold."

Instead, day care's biggest customer — the state — needs to increase the amount it pays through its own subsidy program. Many facilities rely on that money, and Chandler estimates that the state's subsidies only cover 59 percent of a given child's day-care costs. Co-payments were planned, but the poorest parents tended to be evasive. "I had one day care provider tell me she was looking into getting a collection agency," she says, to go after the ones that haven't paid their portion.

Until more money comes in, wages are going to stay low — union labor or no. Without better pay, four in 10 child care workers leave their jobs every six months, says Tozzi. And a work force destabilized



BEANS GET POURED IN PREPARATION FOR GRINDING. PHOTO BY CASEY KELBAUGH.

by turnover is difficult to organize.

Still, Tozzi believes that Initiative 77 is one sign of better times ahead. "All the

work we did is finally paying off," says Tozzi. "That's how great movements work — they don't happen overnight." ■

Beyond the Rhetoric

Iran is a country too big to fit inside Bush's label

By Janice Price

I could have been a kangaroo on a golden chain and not attracted more attention — me, a blue-eyed blonde in dark-haired, dark-eyed Persia. I was wearing a shapeless coat and a scarf meant to cover my hair, but there was no hiding. I was a Westerner wandering a land for many years bereft of Westerners.

Iranians are far too polite to embarrass a guest by staring, but it wasn't difficult to catch them looking at me. On my first day in Tehran I visited a museum, and noticed in my peripheral vision a group of schoolgirls looking my way. A brave one approached my traveling companion and asked, in Farsi, where we were from.

"Amrika," he answered.

The girls clapped and cheered. I posed patiently to have my picture taken with youngsters who had never seen an American before.

This was my introduction to the Islamic Republic of Iran. The scene was repeated, with variations, many times during the two weeks I toured Tehran, Yazd, Esfahan, and other ancient Persian cities.

Despite their almost uniform disdain for "Boosh," the Iranians I met seemed to genuinely like Westerners, although they had reasons not to. During parts of the nineteenth and the first few decades of the twentieth century, Russia and Britain jockeyed to be in the position to exploit Iran's rich resources. Then, with the Second Pahlavi Shah, the U.S. gained control of the country. The Shah fled the country early in his reign. The U.S. brought him back. Cruel and despotic, he was overthrown for a more democratic government. The CIA arranged to have him reinstated. The student takeover of the American Embassy in the 1970s was, in part, to find and display the proof that the

Pahlavi Shah was indeed a front for the U.S.

They succeeded in this, but also, unfortunately, incurred the unending animosity of the U.S. government and of most Americans. Many of the student revolutionaries of the '70s now admit the current Iranian government is not working, and are courageously trying to institute reforms. I say courageously, because the clerics will do anything to keep their stranglehold on power, including imprisoning and murdering dissidents.

The Iranians I had a chance to talk with were clear that the Shah had to go, but they were also clear that the current government was not what they had in mind. After September 11, Tehrani students held candlelight vigils for the lost lives, probably the only expression of sympathy the U.S. received in the entire Middle East. These demonstrations of peace were broken up by government forces, but even the Islamic Government did not have the courage to continue the obligatory and ritualized "Death to America" call-and-response that has been a part of Friday prayers for 30 years.

I was welcomed everywhere I went. Those Iranians who spoke a few words of English invariably asked, "How do you like our country?" Many of them also asked, "Do Americans think that all Iranians are terrorists?" They asked it with concern and genuine bewilderment on their faces, making it an even more difficult question to answer truthfully. How was I to explain to them that the free press in the U.S. is not free, and it could not or would not make the elementary distinction between a people and its unelected government (something we have in common)? Yes, many Americans equate "Iranian" with

"terrorist," even though not a single 9-11 hijacker was Iranian, even though Iran quietly supported the American move against the Taliban by allowing safe passage of humanitarian aid and by agreeing to conduct search-and-rescue missions if American pilots were downed in Iranian territory.

I looked at their questioning faces and thought I had never seen people who looked less like terrorists in my life. This land was not an axis of evil but a cornucopia of hospitality. Here was a society happily and firmly anchored by family cohesion and religious obligation. The two guiding principles most apparent to a visitor are these: the family is paramount, and be (extraordinarily) kind to strangers.

A friend half-jokingly warned me of Iranian hospitality. "Be careful," he said. "Once you are a guest, you will be pampered beyond belief, not allowed to lift even a finger to help out around the house, and fed until you are in real danger of exploding." He was right, of course, and knew from firsthand experience: my hosts were his parents. What a contrast, I thought, to the government under which the Iranians struggle.

Reformist-minded activists are making slow — most say too slow — advances against the harsh regime. The Supreme Leader, currently Khamenei, wields ultimate power. He is not elected, but chosen by a religious council of clerics that is, arguably, to the political far right of Hitler. The elections are not free, as the candidates must be approved by the clerics. In the last election, out of 260 candidates for president, four were allowed to run. Khatami was elected, but has no power.

The laws he and the Iranian Parliament pass may be swept aside at the command of the Supreme Leader, and frequently are.

This year, Khamenei closed down many independent newspapers and imprisoned its editors, calling the press a "stronghold of Western influence."

Although in April the U.N. Commission on Human Rights removed Iran from its 20-year position on the list of countries deemed the worst human rights abusers, both Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch joined the U.S. State Department in condemning this move. The State Department, in a serious understatement, issued a report that concluded, "The [Iranian] government significantly restricts

citizen's right to change their government."

There is plenty of evidence that Iran is actively seeking weapons of mass destruction, and that it has financially backed the Hezbollah militia in Lebanon, which has close ties to the Palestinian Hamas. Although there are some reports that the terrorists who bombed a residential complex in Saudi Arabia in 1981, killing 19 American servicemen, were trained by the Iranian government, there is no real evidence that the training and financing were specifically for this operation, or that the Iranian government ordered the attack. As such, the U.S. has never filed charges against Iran, despite pressure by U.S. hardliners to do so. There is stronger evidence that Iran was supplying weapons to the Palestinian Authority and financing attacks against Israel.

Many asked me, "Do Americans think that all Iranians are terrorists?" I looked at their questioning faces and thought I had never seen people who looked less like terrorists in my life. This land was not an axis of evil but a cornucopia of hospitality.

Continued on Page 12

Hope Lives at the Frye Hotel

By Luis Cuacthemoc Garcia

I was in my room on the ninth floor of the Frye Hotel when the earthquake hit last winter, and I felt the entire building sway and shake violently. I saw the steel girders that ran across my living room move like large rubber bands, holding everything together.

The Frye Hotel in Pioneer Square is one of the oldest standing buildings in the Northwest, and it took substantial damage on that day. Those girders, installed just a few months previously, made all the difference. They probably saved a lot of lives, including my own.

In 1994, I found myself homeless in Phoenix, Arizona, after a fire destroyed my apartment and consumed all of my personal belongings. The fire was the result of my careless neighbors who lived in the apartment below mine. I had lived in Phoenix for more than eight years and I decided then and there that I would start a new life, and so I set out to find it in Seattle.

This proved to be the right choice, because this city was unlike any other I had ever lived in. The atmosphere was so much more relaxed than that of Phoenix. The majority of the people whom I met on my arrival were helpful and nice, which took a little getting used to at first. I planned my trip to Seattle by Greyhound bus so that I would arrive on an early Monday morning, which would give me a chance to start looking for food, clothing, and shelter. The amount of assistance one finds in Arizona would easily fit in a small paper sack, with room for a stale sandwich. I had heard some homeless people say that Seattle had some of the best help in the country.

I served in the Marine Corps, with an Honorable Discharge, so I contacted the King County Veteran's Administration. The VA sent me to live in the transitional living program at the William Booth Center, which is run in conjunction with the Salvation Army. The Booth, as the vets like to refer to it, provided me with the essential needs to survive.

I explored the city looking for work. A couple of days later, I was offered a cooking position at the Booth because of my previous experience, and because their cook had simply walked out, without any notice. I worked as the head cook at the Booth for one year. When my co-worker and friend Ron Thayer accepted a position as Facilities Manager at another transitional living location, he mentioned the possibility that I could get in. I applied, and after a few weeks I was on my way to my new home. The Frye Hotel.

The Frye Hotel, which is located at the corner of Third Avenue and Yesler Way, was built in 1909 and has 234 apartments housing some 250 tenants. The entire staff at the Frye was very helpful in my transition. The rents are proportioned to each tenant's income, with no more than one third of what someone earns going to rent. This is common practice with

most, if not all, transitional living programs in the state.

The Frye is very unique in what it has to offer its tenants, many of whom are on Social Security or disability welfare payments. One of the most important features is in-house social services counselors, which help the tenants deal with the stress of social and physical handicaps that are common among the Frye's population. I often would witness how these counselors would take that extra step to help everyone at the Frye. My fellow neighbors would comment on how fortunate they were to have such good people working for them.

Along with proving counseling support, the staff would organize outings to area recreational sites like the Seattle Zoo and National Parks, complete with picnic lunches, just to mention a few. I did on one occasion have the opportunity to go on a field trip to a local bowling alley, where we were treated to free games and a free lunch. We loaded up a bus and had a great time. The counselors and staff members also joined in. Ron even bowled on a team that played against mine and managed to beat my score by three pins.

The Frye Hotel also provides its tenants with other in-house programs, like a free lunch in the community room each Wednesday. There is an in-house Food Bank in the basement every Friday that is stocked by other food banks, like the Bread of Life, as well as by donations from local merchants. The counselors would deliver food from the bank to all the tenants who were unable to go themselves

because of physical handicaps. The Frye tenants also get free coffee and pastries and free local phone use in the community room, which is very welcomed in the early morning. Movie nights are another prize, with popcorn and the occasional candy treats. The counselors often set up daytime activities like arts and crafts to help nurture creativity, so there was always some form of activity available for the tenants to help occupy their time.

The main lobby was renovated soon after I moved into the building, and I have to say it is quite plush, with soft-colored walls and elegant leather furnishings that can be compared to any fine hotel lobby anywhere in Seattle. The front desk workers are made up of tenants who live at the Frye and must be given special thanks in checking in visitors or contractors, and assisting their fellow tenants with their needs.

These desk personnel provide assistance to paramedics, police, and fire fighters who often respond to emergency calls — for trauma caused by the earthquake, or for any other reason. People like Ron, as well as Kirby Brown, Bob Lauer, Phillip Schlosser, and my counselor Mary McDonagh: thank you all for your support while I was a tenant at the Frye Hotel. ■

The main lobby of the Frye Hotel is quite plush, with soft-colored walls and elegant leather furnishings that can be compared to any fine hotel lobby anywhere in Seattle.



GRAPHIC BY JASON FAUST.

Live to Tell

After more than three decades of fighting for his neighborhood, Bob Santos would like to say a few words

Interview by Adam Holdorf

If you don't know who Bob Santos is by now, you haven't been reading this paper for long. We've interviewed Uncle Bob (as he likes to be called) twice before. But we can't resist another shot, especially since we can alert all his other fans to *Humbows, Not Hot Dogs! Memoirs of a Savvy Asian American Activist*, published by International Examiner Press this spring.

Bob's biography tracks his time working for the neighborhood's interests as director of the International District Improvement Association (Inter*Im), his move to the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development, and his return to his old neighborhood where he resumed the director's spot at Inter*Im. He still struggles to preserve the housing and character of a neighborhood that's seen so much disruption: from the internment of the residents of Nihomachi (Japan Town) during World War II, to the construction of the Kingdome, to the encroachment of the newer ballfields.

Real Change: Tell us about your father, the boxer, Sammy Santos.

Santos: My dad joined the Navy and came to the United States during the '20s, the height of Filipino immigration. He changed his name from Macario Santos to Sammy. When my mom died of tuberculosis, my dad couldn't handle both me and my brother, so he split us up and I went to live at my aunt and uncle's on 14th and Spruce [in the Central District]. I spent a lot of time with my dad after he lost his eyesight. He had a room down here at the N.P. Hotel, and boy, we had fun on the weekends. I'd love to bring my friends down to show off my dad's cauliflower ears. We were these parochial-school kids in a nitty-gritty world of gambling and call girls.

Boxing was a very popular sport, particularly in our community, where you could pay a dollar or less and go see a fight. Each neighborhood had its own hero: in Ballard, and in the Central Area, and in the International District there was a ton of Filipino boxers. They were small, they were light, but they were tough — they could handle anyone their own weight. It was no big secret that when Sammy Santos knocked out a white guy, it didn't splash on the papers — "Filipino Beats White Guy," you know — but in the community, they really dug it.

RC: What was it like to grow up at that time?

Santos: With the internment of the Japanese Americans, our school friends, our

buddies, our neighbors were just lifted up and disappeared. We had to wear buttons because we didn't want to get mistaken for Japanese and get beat up. That was real. Little Filipino kids, trying to get on the trolley and go downtown, people would yell at us and try to push us off. You know, we wore these buttons and you knew you were different. You just knew you were different.

RC: Is gambling good for a community?

Santos: I'm not a fan. In those early days, you had Asian immigrants who came here believing they'd become rich. They toiled in the seafood industry and the canneries in Alaska, and they were busboys and cooks and waiters, and they really had to struggle to stay alive. Many of them were married, so they had to save the money to bring their wives over here. That's where gambling came in. These guys weren't making a lot of money and then having money to play with. It was serious stuff.

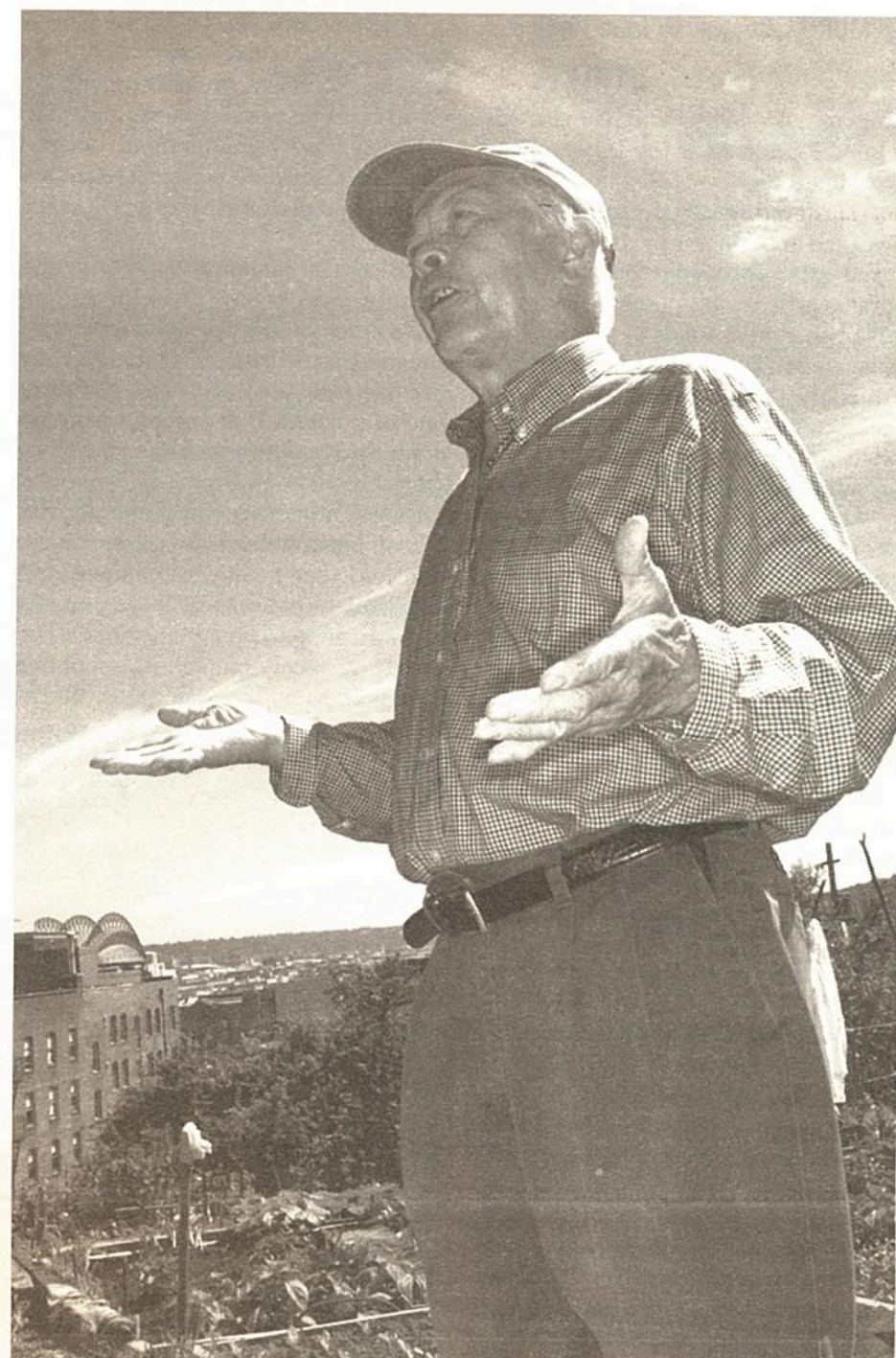
Every other storefront was a gambling hall. Some of these entrepreneurs became multimillionaires running the gambling establishments. An uncle of mine, Rudy Santos, operated the biggest gambling hall in the ID, the Filipino Improvement Club, where he served lunch every day, free, whether you gambled there or not. Don't forget, a lot of these single guys came to the gambling hall because it was their living room. Rudy served lunch, but hell, these guys would come in and lose their whole paycheck.

RC: So it was immigrants? And now it's gone?

Santos: Well, everyone gambled; in the non-Asian world, you had the Elks and the Knights of Columbus. It's still a social thing down here, though there aren't as many established gambling halls. The Muckleshoot Casino brings a bus down here every night.

RC: Thinking back to the construction of the Kingdome: What did the International District get out of that?

Santos: Hard-ass '60s street activists were against the stadium. Some of us who were a little bit more practical, thoughtful, said "Well, they're going to build the damn thing; how do we use this energy to help actually get things done?" Activists would occupy the King County Executive's office, threaten to burn down concrete buildings, and then storm out of the meeting. I was usually one of those who stayed behind as a negotiator. We'd talk about the needs, and they'd go through this litany of



BOB SANTOS TALKS ABOUT HIS WORK FOR THE INTERNATIONAL DISTRICT IN THE DANNY WOO MEMORIAL GARDENS, A COMMUNITY PROJECT INTER*IM HELPED START. PHOTO BY CASEY KELBAUGH.

what you folks have to do to get housing money and so forth.

We were able to get some of these young graduate students who wanted to work in the International District, and we'd sort of steer them into positions as legislative aides at City Council, or aides to city department heads. Anytime there would be some unused funds, someone would tell me "Uncle Bob, there's some money sitting here targeted to elderly nutrition programs, or housing planning," or whatever. We'd get it because we had the folks who could tell us about it. That was learning the political system, and using the hell out of it.

Today with the Seahawks stadium, there was a \$10 million mitigation fund that we never even would have thought of during the Kingdome years.

RC: Is the neighborhood safe from the kinds of erosion that the Kingdome threatened?

Santos: Today? Yeah. There's a really big question mark on how long we can preserve the mix of incomes and housing in the neighborhood.

Several years ago, McDonald's wanted to open up a franchise here. One of the property owners said "Sure,

40-year lease and all this money." Activists said no way, because once one comes in, they all come in.

McDonald's was saying "We want to help the elderly in your district with low-cost food and give them variety — not just Asian food but some of our product." Bullshit. You don't care about our residents; otherwise you would have come in 10 years ago. What they wanted to do was cater to the Paul Allen people — 4,000 new workers, mostly non-Asian, coming out of the new office buildings to the west of the neighborhood.

We said, "Listen, we'll fight you on this, we'll boycott, we'll have pickets every day you're open, every other, we'll just throw everything at you." And they decided that this was not a good time. But that's not forever.

We want people to know that there's variety in the foods down here, but we don't need a national chain to come in here and dictate what the future of the community will be. We have to dictate that. ■

Santos will share some more of these stories Thursday, July 18, from 5 to 6:30 p.m., in the lobby of Pioneer Square's Frye Hotel on 2nd Avenue and Yesler Street.

MEMORIAL Continued from Page 5

that were produced while he was still an undergraduate at the University of Washington.

He was drafted to Vietnam, and was awarded both the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star for valour, but he left the service with an 80 percent disability. After the war, he was an English teacher at Ballard High School, but Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) surfaced, and he progressively deteriorated. According to his mother, "He lost his mind and his memory in Vietnam."

Although he didn't always remember his own name — he took the name Christian Blue Rain for himself, because "blue is the color of water, and rain, and the sky, and it was Jesus's color" — he always remembered to pay the rent; he was diligent about that. But in the last few months of his life he *didn't* pay, "for a long time," according to his housing provider. He didn't reach out to his mother, his sister, his son, to anyone who might've been able to help, and no one broke through the walls of his silence and trauma to help *him*.

Colette Fleming, age 51, was a charming, childlike woman who was often a leader in homeless women's organizing efforts through the Women's Housing, Equality, and Enhancement League (WHEEL). In some ways, Colette saw herself as one of WHEEL's soldiers.

Whenever Colette found out WHEEL was planning an action, she would say, decisively, "I'll be there!" and she'd always show up. Just days before she died at the Downtown Emergency Service Center (DESC), Colette was one of a handful of women who conducted a memorial cleansing for Nicholas "Rooster" Helhowski, a 20-year-old formerly homeless youth and activist whose beating death is still unsolved. She felt, very keenly, the abuses and deprivations of her homeless comrades — more so, perhaps, than she felt her own. She never complained about her situation. She did, sometimes, disappear.

On the night she died, she took ill early and was taken by ambulance to the hospital. Staff there observed her for several hours, and then she was released back to her shelter. Her fellow shelter residents tried to awaken her

the next morning, and couldn't.

Forward Observers

Gary Funk was a Forward Observer for his troop, an artilleryman who operated within infantry units, who observed the fall of artillery fire and corrected it. It was one of the most dangerous assignments: FOs were at the center of the unit, with the commanders and radio operators. Because of this placement, they were prime targets for enemy fire; they also were in prime position to be gunned down accidentally by their own troops. (An estimated 30 percent of casualties in Vietnam were from friendly fire.) In addition to the displacement of being thousands of miles from home, witnessing the mayhem of war, FOs were displaced as well from their troops: their infantry comrades were 10 to 15 miles behind them.

In a way, Colette also was a Forward Observer, and doubly displaced. She went out to do her organizing work with WHEEL, and returned to her shelter, not a pretty place, with stories of WHEEL's victories. A shelter worker from DESC expressed amazement at the good work Colette did with

WHEEL: "She presented much differently at DESC," where she obviously felt safe enough to reveal some of her deeper issues of estrangement and, possibly, addiction. She had family in the area, but never integrated her family life with the life and work she had here in Seattle.

When I first heard the term Forward Observers, I thought of miner's canaries: the ones sent out ahead to see whether the situation is survivable.

Dulce Et Decorum Est

At the Women in Black vigil, 24 women stood in a straight line of silent attention for Gary Funk, just two days after Memorial Day. In the current atmosphere of proliferating patriotism, some women came to honor a Vietnam War veteran, dead of homelessness. Some came out of respect for their friend, Colette Fleming, to whom the vigil was dedicated.

A World War I poem by Wilfred Owen rang through my head as I tried to imagine what it was like for Gary

Continued on Page 14

IRAN Continued from Page 9

But the U.S. position of calling Iran an active exporter of terrorism because of its support for Hezbollah and Hamas is too simple. Both organizations are many things; they build schools and clinics and deliver food to people in desperate need of it.

Hardly anyone will argue that Iran is not a potentially dangerous adversary in the Middle East and, perhaps, the world. Yet what it is doing to its own people should be a far worse concern. One woman with whom I talked, a university student activist at the time of the revolution, speaks of the horrors that came after the revolution. Horrors that continue, although toned down from the madness immediately after Khomeini returned to Iran. She worries about her own daughter, now a student of the university. "She has never known life before the revolution, and she was too young to remember the worst excesses. She and her friends in small ways defy the government, not knowing the full threat of what could happen to them." In a country where it is against the law for a woman to show her hair or the shape of her body, her daughter wears a token head scarf and has her mandatory shapeless coat knee-length instead of below mid-calf as proscribed. She was delighted by my gift of make-up, but her mother was worried she would wear it too obviously in public where she would be in danger of being hauled off to jail at the whim of the religious police.

The people I met were as friendly and generous as a sunny day, but a shadow thrown by the government was sharp and dark. Roadblocks were frequent on our long desert drives from one city to another, although the military personnel manning them seemed to have little interest in us. I suspected



TWO WOMEN POSE FOR JANICE PRICE ON HER TRIP. PHOTO COURTESY OF PRICE.

I was being watched, as I saw the same English-speaking Iranian woman in every town I visited, including Tehran. (Calling her a tourist would probably be closer to the truth, as it was a national Iranian holiday while I was visiting, a time when Iranians typically tour their own country.) I might not have noticed her, though, if she hadn't warned me in the Esfahan bazaar that I was about to pay too much for a souvenir I had my eye on. I guess she couldn't help herself—her inculturated sense of helpfulness won out over her sense of duty, if indeed she had been an assigned observer. I never felt in danger; Iran was one of the safest countries I have ever

traveled. Many friends have asked me if I would go back. My answer, "Absolutely. As soon as possible."

Reformist leaders try to walk the fine line between dissent and prison. They were dealt a bruising blow by Bush's Axis of Evil speech. The White House has heaped injury onto insult by recently passing the Enhanced Border Security and Visa Entry Reform Act, making it almost impossible for Iranians living in Iran to get visas to visit family members living in the U.S. For grandmothers to visit grandchildren, they must first prove they are not a threat to United States security, then subject themselves to fingerprinting

and humiliating searches.

One Iranian woman, who works for the U.N., told me it recently took her two hours to get through customs at JFK airport. "Not one Iranian was identified as a hijacker on 9-11," she complained bitterly. "They were all Arabs, and the man who tried to blow up his shoe was Pakistani. Yet the Arabs and Pakistanis on my flight were through customs in 10 minutes. Me, an Iranian housewife with papers showing I was attending a U.N. conference, it took two hours. This is beyond ridiculous."

I had to agree. ■

Janice Price works for Swedish Hospital.

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Thursday, May 23, 2:23 p.m., 100 block Pine Street. Officer observed the suspect, a Hispanic male aged 29, approach another Hispanic male on the south side of the street. The first male waved to the second, and walked away. He returned shortly, and both men walked away together. Officer noticed that the second male appeared intoxicated, and so approached to offer his assistance. The subjects were huddled together, and appeared to be exchanging something. Officer stopped the two, who seemed startled. They claimed to be friends, but did not know each other's name. The officer stated that this was a high narcotics area, and asked the men for ID. The first male said he spoke no English, and an INS officer was called to assist. The first male handed over his Washington ID card. The INS officer then located an INS card on the man, which he determined to be forged. The suspect was arrested and transported to the INS holding facility. The second man was released.

Friday, June 21, 10:10 a.m., South Lane Street City Lot/Greenbelt. A construction worker heard a fight/disturbance coming from the greenbelt area, and called 911. Victim emerged bleeding from the head, and stated that he and five other persons had been smoking crack in the greenbelt. A dispute erupted; it became physical, and suspect hit victim over the head with a blunt object, possibly a piece of wood. Victim could not identify the man, except as Vietnamese. An area search for the suspect was unsuccessful. The victim sustained lacerations to the head, and was transported to Harborview for medical attention.

Saturday, June 22, 1:50 p.m., 1800 block East Madison Street. Officer contacted subject, a transient black male aged 52, in the westbound bus shelter at 19th and Madison. He observed the man lighting and smoking from a glass pipe. He asked subject what he was smoking, and the man stated, "crack." The officer turned, and the subject threw away the pipe. Officer did not recover the pipe, or any narcotics. He checked the subject via SPD radio, and data came back on an outstanding warrant. Subject was arrested and booked into King County Jail.

Sunday, June 23, 1:42 p.m., Rainier Ave. South gas station. Complainant stated that subject, a transient black male aged 31, had been on the premises for 30 minutes, harassing customers and creating a disturbance. He had told the man to leave several times, but he refused. Prior to the police arriving, the subject had been opening car doors and attempting to enter vehicles. One customer pulled out a gun and threatened to shoot him. Subject was contacted sitting by the air pumps, and was instructed to leave. He smelled of intoxicants, and appeared to be under the influence of street drugs. He again refused to leave, and was arrested and booked into King County Jail for criminal trespass. ■

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



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Memorial Continued from Page 12

Funk when he returned from his tours of duty traumatized, homeless. Owen, who himself was temporarily discharged from the army with shellshock, later returned to the Front and was killed just one week before the Armistice.

It is more than coincidence that Owen uses the imagery of homelessness, soldiers "bent double, like old beggars under sacks" in his stunning antiwar poem "Dulce Et Decorum Est." He writes:

**If in some smothering dreams you too
could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his
face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of
sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted
lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent
tongues—
My friend, you would not tell with such
high zest
To children ardent for some desperate
glory,
The old Lie: Dulce and decorum est
Pro patria mori.*
(*How sweet and proper it is to die for
the Fatherland.)**

What does it mean to be a veteran of a domestic war, I wondered; I had asked my homeless friend who coined that phrase the same question. "I was thinking that when you're through with the experience of homelessness, it stays with you," she said, "and you still feel camaraderie with other veterans" of that experience.

"Kind of like PTSD?" I asked. "Yes," she said.

Although she could not articulate it, the feeling behind her statement, born of her own years of homelessness, is the feeling of being blamed, isolated, alienated, and at war, within herself and at the hands of others. Many homeless people, war veterans or not, feel like enemies in their own country.

Since the beginning of SHARE/WHEEL's Tent City, the first action at any new camp is raising the U.S. flag. At one point, shortly after September 11, there were four full-sized American flags flying over the camp in Tukwila, defiantly symbolizing the camp members' perspective: We are, after all, **Americans!**

Perhaps comparing war and homelessness is a risky analogy; it is definitely an analogy of subtle shadings. Perhaps privilege makes us blind to the possibility it might be true. While I was

writing this, I spoke with an older gentleman who was an American diplomat stationed in Phnom Penh during the Vietnam War. I was unable, during the course of our conversation, to get him to understand or believe that Vietnam vets like Gary Funk exist, largely unsupported by the VA; that scores of American veterans are living and dying on the streets.

Homeless women, adept at empathy, don't think the war analogy goes too far. Homelessness, for them, has been an experience characterized by constant, grinding fear and deprivation. Homeless people get sick from the experience, often. Homeless people die prematurely — "We have casualties," women joked, "and we have to live in barracks (communal shelters)." During this conversation, a homeless woman came by and matter-of-factly asked whether we'd heard about the Native American woman whose body was dumped near the train tracks, near King Street station. "Koolaid was sleeping down there," she said; "She heard the thump of the body being dumped. Talk to Koolaid!" It is the second time in two weeks I've heard this story.

The effect of this domestic war — the targeting, blaming, dehumanization, and isolation of homeless people — is real, and the same as any overt war declared by our government: Death is the inevitable result, and it is neither sweet nor proper. WHEEL and the Church of Mary Magdalene have stood 18 vigils for 21 outdoor deaths of homeless people in the past two years: Homeless people in our city have been stabbed, beaten, burnt, shot, run over by trains.

In a beautiful feature in the July 8 *New Yorker*, Louis Menand writes of the designer of the Vietnam War Memorial, Maya Lin. He describes Lin's initially controversial design: "The wall is black granite, polished so that it will reflect. You look into the underground, where the dead are buried, and you see, behind their names, the ghost of your face." The act of facing The Wall forces people into the human story, into empathy, and even, perhaps, into accountability.

"The Vietnam Memorial is a piece about death for a culture in which people are constantly being told that life is the only thing that matters," Menand writes. "It doesn't say that death is noble, which is what supporters of the war might like it to say, and it doesn't say that death is absurd, which is what critics of the war might like it to say. It only says that death is real, and that in a war, no matter what else it is about, people die."

In many ways, the silent wall of black-garbed women standing memorial vigils for dead homeless people serves the same purpose. ■

CLASSICS CORNER



by Perfess'r Harris

When we at Classics Corner saw smirking fathead Tim Eyman turn in his latest batch of petitions on the evening news, we couldn't help but notice his complete and utter lack of humility. Clearly, here is a man who has never read Homer. If he had, he'd know that there are forces larger than himself who would love nothing more than to wipe that smug little grin off his well-fed Mukilteo watch-selling face.

Eyman would do well to consider the case of Agamemnon. Tragedy, it has been said, exists at the intersection of fate and freedom. While there is much that seems pre-ordained, like the passage of yet another budget-busting anti-tax initiative, we humans are always free to do as we will. This is what makes life so interesting. When fate and human agency finally converge to squash Eyman like the unpleasant little bug that he is, he'll learn that pride goeth before the fall.

Or not. Some people never get it. Agamemnon's problem, like Tim's, was that he could never see two feet past his own ego.

His trouble began at Aulis. The Greeks, led by Agamemnon, are assembled to sail for Troy when a prophet says they can't leave until the King sacrifices his daughter Iphigenia. Agamemnon decides that his brother's wife Helen is more important than his daughter, and caves to "fate." "By service to the mob," he says, "we become its slaves." But this is a poor excuse. As his wife Clytemnestra well knew, all Agamemnon really cared about was being a big cheese, and, whether he admits it or not, he made his choices accordingly.

At Troy, things just get worse.

Against the advice of just about everyone, Agamemnon alienates a priest of Apollo and brings a plague down upon his men. When his mistake catches up to him, he compounds the error by humiliating Achilles, the one man in Greece with an ego bigger than his own. This, of course, leads to the near destruction of the entire Greek army as Achilles conspires with the Gods to teach Agamemnon a lesson. "Mad, blind I was," Agamemnon says later. But he hasn't really learned anything. He still thinks these things are happening, somehow, outside himself.

After the war, Clytemnestra welcomes Agamemnon home with valuable red tapestries strewn under foot. "Never set the foot that stamped out Troy on earth again, my great one," she says. This, even to Agamemnon, seems like a bad idea. "Never cross my path with robes and draw the lightning," he says. "Only the gods deserve the pomps of honor. ... I am human, and it makes my pulses stir with dread."

But Agamemnon's brush with humility is short lived. Eventually, he strides across the tapestries into his home, where Clytemnestra slaughters him like a pig while he lies naked in the bath. So much had happened he must have forgotten he'd murdered their daughter. Who knew the wife would still be mad?

He should have seen it coming. The chickens, they always come home to roost. Even in Mukilteo. ■

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Mid July Notables

Saturday 7/13

Annual Chinatown Street Festival, celebrating Pan-Asian culture with Seattle Chinese Community Drill Team, Japanese Taiko Drumming, Chinese martial arts and dance performances. 11 a.m. - 8 p.m. Saturday and 11 a.m. - 6 p.m. Sunday, at Hing May Park; info 206-382-1197 or <http://www.internationaldistrict.org>.

"Corporate Agenda vs. People's Agenda: A Globalization Workshop," led by Mexico Solidarity Network. Discuss how globalization impacts our lives and communities. 10 a.m. - 2:30 p.m., at St. Therese Parish, 3416 E. Marion in Madrona, free; info or RSVP 206-405-4600.

Antioch University Seattle Center for Creative Change offers a series of free educational classes, **Incubating Social Enterprise**, 1 - 4 p.m., this and subsequent 2nd Saturdays at Antioch University Seattle, Room 201-B, 2326 6th Ave., at Battery; info 206-268-4707 or habib@thegarden.net.

The Sound of the Northwest celebrating 15 years in concert with "Wings to Fly," featuring guest conductor Dr. Ysaye Barnwell, of Sweet Honey in the Rock and guest choirs Seattle **Peace Chorus** and Shades of Praise. 7 p.m., at Nordstrom Recital Hall, Benaroya Hall, 3rd Ave. and Union, tickets \$20, seniors/students \$15, available through Ticketmaster; info 206-324-2070 or <http://www.thesoundnw.org>.

Monday 7/15

Weekly study group sponsored by Radical Women, on the book *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State*, by Frederick Engels, which explores how

human society evolved from early co-operative matriarchies to the class-stratified, male-dominated system we know today. 7 - 8:30 p.m., Mondays through Sept. 15, at 1903 NE 82nd St., free; info 206-722-6057 or 206-524-9353.

Tuesday 7/16

Mike Prokosch, co-editor of the book *The Global Activist's Manual - Local Ways to Change the World*, will make a presentation and sign books. 7:30 p.m., at Third Place Books, 17171 Bothell Way NE; info 206-366-3333.

Wednesday 7/17

Inspiring Your Constituency: Designing Popular Education Workshops, co-sponsored by United for a Fair Economy and Community Alliance for Global Justice. This class is intended for people who have a commitment to doing community education. 5:30 - 9 p.m., at 606 Maynard Ave. S., Room 108, in International District, free; info and RSVP 206-405-4600.

Thursday 7/18

Workshop on the "Racial Wealth Gap," with Mike Prokosch, co-editor of the book *The Global Activist's Manual - Local Ways to Change the World*. 6:30 - 8:45 p.m., at Douglass/Truth Public Library, 23rd Ave. S. and Yesler St; info 206-684-4704.

Interfaith vigil for **Peace in the Middle East**, pray for the end of the violence, 8 a.m. - 8 p.m. in Thomsen Chapel, this and subsequent 18th of each month, at St. Mark's Episcopal Cathedral, 1245 - 10th Ave. E.; info 206-270-9170 or 425-641-9247.

Powerful "Maafa Suite," an opportunity to understand the roots of racism in America. Moore Theatre, 7 p.m. through Saturday, July 20, tickets at (206) 292-ARTS.

Friday 7/19

17th Annual Seafair Indian Days Pow Wow, July 19 - 21, on the Indian Cultural Center Grounds in Discovery Park, volunteers needed, call Katie McGowan 206-285-4425.

Third Annual Critical Resistance Film Festival, **"Beyond the Prison Industrial Complex,"** featuring newly released documentaries and narratives, with a panel of local and national activists discussing community-based alternatives to prisons. Sponsored by Critical Resistance, a national organization seeking an end to this nation's growing reliance on prisons, and Communities Against Rape and Abuse. 7 - 11 p.m., at Langston Hughes Cultural Arts Center, 104 17th Ave. S., \$5 donation, no one turned away; info contact CARA 206-322-4856 or <http://www.cara-seattle.org>.

Saturday 7/20

2nd day of the Critical Resistance Film Festival, **"Beyond the Prison Industrial Complex,"** see Friday 7/19 listing. 11 a.m. - 5 p.m., at Seattle Central Community College, 1701 Broadway, \$5 donation, no one turned away; info contact CARA 206-322-4856.

Citizens Concerned for the People of Iraq meeting, working to end the U.S./U.N. sanctions against Iraq. 3 p.m., at University Baptist Church, 4554 12th Ave. NE; info Fellowship of Reconciliation 206-789-5565.

Tuesday 7/23

Foundation for Global Community meeting, which contributes to a transformation of cultural values from materialism to a culture of spirit and diversity of life. 7

p.m., at 422 Macgraw, a home on Queen Anne Hill; Jerry Martin 425-746-7304.

Friday 7/26

Nickel and Dimed: On (Not) Getting By in America, a play based on Barbara Ehrenreich's research on living on minimum wage jobs, post play discussion after each performance. At Intiman Theatre, Seattle Center through August 25, tickets and times vary; info 206-269-1900 or <http://www.intiman.org>.

Ongoing

The **Young Adult Shelter** has an immediate need for caring volunteers, especially those willing to sleep overnight in the shelter. For more information, contact Sinan Demirel 206-979-5621.

Peace Vigil and leafleting to **stop the war in Israel and Palestine**, by Women in Black. Women wear black, men welcome to stand on the side or leaflet, every Thursday at Westlake Park near 4th and Pine, 5 - 6 p.m., info at 206-208-9715. ■

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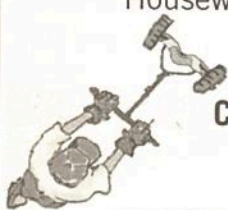


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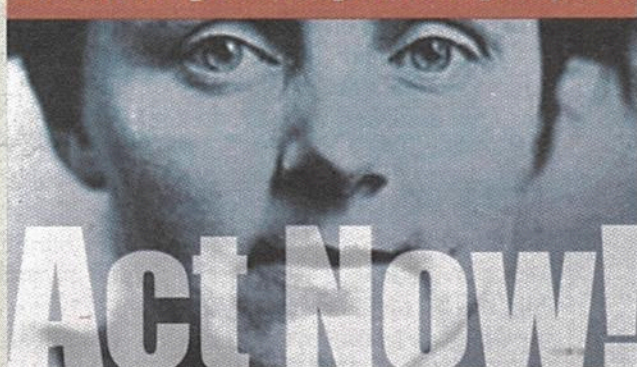
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Poverty Reduction Key to Welfare Success

Issue: Proposals for the reauthorization of the federal welfare program do not provide enough training and support to eventually move families off welfare entirely.

Background: Background: The end of June, the Senate marked up its version of the bill to reauthorize the 1996 welfare reform plan known as the Temporary Assistance to Needy Families (TANF) program. TANF is a block grant program originally authorized in the Personal Responsibility and Work Opportunity Reconciliation Act of 1996 as a part of a federal effort to end welfare.

The bill under consideration in the Senate includes provisions more generous in child-care funding and less onerous in work requirements than those contained in both the Administration's welfare reform proposal and a bill passed last month by the House of Representatives (HR 4737). Both the House bill and the President's proposal were roundly criticized by the ACLU, NAACP, and other advocacy groups for provisions that they said would infringe on civil liberties and do little to move Americans out of poverty.

The Senate bill has won some support for several provisions that will alleviate poverty, including giving some legal immigrants TANF benefits, requiring recipients to be given a mandatory skills assessment with the aim of identifying barriers to employment, and offering states incentives to place recipients in higher paying jobs. There are also provisions allowing rehabilitative and treatment programs to count toward work requirements and that allow states to funnel child-support payments directly to families.

However, there is still a need to make sure many of the provisions seen in the House Bill do not make it into the final Senate version. These include:

- A "superwaiver" that would grant cabinet secretaries broad and unchecked authority to eliminate key protections for people served by a variety of federal programs, including public housing, food stamps, adult education and child care, and would do so without any oversight or input from the communities affected.
- The imposition of sanctions of cash assistance against welfare recipients for minor program infractions such as short periods of missed work, but provides no recourse for people whose benefits have been sanctioned unfairly. Recipients would have no ability to appeal a denial of benefits by showing mitigating circumstances, such as a sick child or parent, domestic violence issues, employer malice, or simple clerical errors.
- The failure to address barriers to employment. Many adult recipients have circumstances or conditions that impede their ability to find and maintain employment. The House bill requires states to perform a skills assessment, yet it neglects to address the more crucial problem — the needs that must be met before an individual can function effectively in an employment setting.

Action: Contact your senators and tell her to support a reauthorized welfare bill that provides a true, dignified path out of poverty.

Maria Cantwell
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