

PHOTO OF MICHAEL FRANTI © WONDER KNACK.

Interview by Paul Rice

ichael Franti has a reputation for being one of the most deep, sensitive, socially conscious artists in America today. He has been making music since 1988, beginning his career in a group called The Beatnigs, going on to form The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy in 1990, and then Spearhead in 1994. The sound of Franti's music has shifted along with his band affiliations. The Beatnigs were a hybrid of industrial music and punk rock, while Disposable Heroes was hard-hitting hip-hop with a potent and well-versed political and social message. And it is impossible to relegate Spearhead's music to a single category; it's simply the smoothest blend of funk, jazz, hip-hop, rock, and reggae. Franti and his band have created one of the most unique styles of the last decade.

The sounds are eclectic, and the lyrics deal with a broad range of themes: HIV, racism, war, homelessness, police brutality, and homophobia. Franti's concern for the well-being and happiness of all humanity knits together each of his concerns.

Although Franti's work has often been ignored by the mainstream, his current group Spearhead has a huge underground following, especially here in Seattle. They often play to sold-out venues, offering an "Exspearience" — or, as Franti puts it on the Spearhead website, a "part booty-shaking jam session, part cosmic transformation, and part social activism assembly, all rolled into one sweaty, sexy, raucous good time."

Next time he brings Spearhead to town, go see the show. You will understand why Michael Franti is one of the most revolutionary musical artists of our time. And you won't be able to stop dancing.

Franti spoke to *Real Change* just before he comes to Seattle February 6 to perform spoken-word poetry for the first public event of a new regional coalition called 10,000 Flowers.

Real Change: It is always a big deal when you and/or Spearhead do a show in Seattle, and you seem to find your-

"Sometimes there are

moments in time when

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morning and we read

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newspaper and we

feel frustrated."

Michael Franti

self here quite frequently. Can you speak a little about your connection to this city?

Michael Franti: I have a strong connection to Seattle; my wife is from Seattle. I've spent quite a bit of time up there. I was there during the WTO. One thing I really like about Seattle is that there are a lot of people there who believe that the world can be different. Sometimes there are moments in time when we feel that things

are really going to change, like when the WTO stuff was happening, everyone was thinking, "Man, the world is really going to change!" and "Here it is in our faces — the revolution is occurring right before our eyes!" And then we wake up the next morning and we read all these lies in the newspaper and we feel frustrated — like, "Man! All this incredible stuff has happened, and now we've been reduced to [being likened to] anarchists or terrorists!" It takes

inspiration and it takes patience and it takes patience and it takes healing. And that is what the 10,000 Flowers project is all about, bringing together those elements.

RC: You have done a couple songs about basketball over the years, namely "Dream Team" on the album Home and "Why oh Why" on Chocolate Supa Highway. What does the game mean to you and how has it affected your life?

Franti: Well, when I was growing up, I

was adopted and raised in a family that I never really felt like I fit in with. The father that raised me was an alcoholic. Basketball was something I did that made me feel good about myself. I could be away from the craziness of my

Continued on Page 12



Well captured

Dear Real Change,

Thanks for such a wonderful article about the Branch Villa health care center [RC, December 26]. You really captured all the essential aspects of the problems facing not only Branch Villa, but the entire elderly nursing home arena. We all have to stand up and speak for the most vulnerable members of our society: those without a voice and who have paid their dues.

Thanks,
Peter Masundire
Proud Friends of Branch Villa
Seattle

Sanctimonious

Dear Real Change,

I often enjoy reading the mailbag to see what kind of whack-job commentary is contributed in the guise of compassion. I was appalled at the latest contribution and was amazed at the editorial restraint you exercised in your response. I fortunately am not beholden to any editorial niceties and feel it is my duty to respond.

I am responding to the letter contributed by Micah Smith in the December-January issue. This individual I fear falls into the realm of compassionate conservative. If I am to understand their assertion correctly, this unsightly homeless person needs to straighten up and stop spending their money on cigarettes and liquor, get a "real" job, and get out of sight so as not to cause embarrassment and discomfort by their mere presence. I am curious how this homeless person is taking advantage of people, would that be by looking pathetic and in need of a helping hand or by the misappropriations of monies given freely? The answer to your conundrum is, if you don't think this individual is deserving of your contribution, or Real Change is not worth a dollar, don't contribute. I personally find CEO salaries galling and undeserved but to each his own.

I am tired of this old sanctimonious attitude of boot-strapping, and that applying oneself will lead to just rewards. It neglects the inherent complexities of life and the conditions that each of us face. I recognize the fact that I am blessed with a job that I enjoy and am compensated well for, but I also can imagine a potential in my own life where if I were disabled or lost my job or perhaps became horribly depressed, I could end up homeless. Few of us are able to embrace this thought and we like to create an otherness to the homeless and end up resenting their presence in our lives. I don't know how to overcome this sensation, maybe we just need to embrace this feeling and just cry at the sadness and our own helplessness. Angie Vasques' poem "Charity" in this issue is perhaps an example of what we need.

> Sincerely Orion H McNyset Lawrence, Kansas

You call that compassion?

Dear Real Change:

I had a host of emotional reactions to the letter to the editor in the last issue, with the heading Appalled (Letters, December 26-January 8). It really pissed me off, and then it made me sad. I too shop at the Seward Park PCC and often buy my Real Change paper from the friendly vendor who regularly sells there. I have a totally different impression and experience of the same person whom this writer describes in the most debasing of terms. I will resist the reactionary urge to treat the writer with the same harsh condemnation as he/she (not sure of the gender of the name) projects onto this Real Change vendor. Instead I would like to share with your readers

Continued on Page 5

Change

Puget Sound's Voice of the Poor and Homeless

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Submissions should be mailed to "Real Change," 2129 2nd Ave., Seattle, WA 98121. Tel. (206) 441-3247; fax. (206) 374-2455.

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

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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.

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Say a Little Prayer

Housing Advocacy Day is for you. Use it!

By Adam Holdorf

his comes to you in January, mid-winter, when if you're lucky you take a vacation to some sunny place. If you're not as lucky, you contemplate your neighbor's chard coming up, pink and green, in the front yard. The air is cold, and this year there's not even the rain for comfort. It's a dreary, godforsaken time. But in the midst of it all, we have Martin Luther King Jr. Day: as near an invitation to prayer as any agnostic troubled by his times can get.

Prayer allows the praying to inventory their lives, tallying the good and the bad, express their gratitude, and make a few polite requests. Keep this family safe, my Lord. May these people prosper. Next Christmas, make sure Santa remembers that pony I asked for.

But Martin Luther King, Jr.'s birthday allows for another type of prayer, much more public. On the day of his remembrance, January 20, thousands marched in a powerful show of anger against America's legacy of (to use Dr. King's words) racism, extreme materialism, and militarism. The work of march organizers on that day, as well as around the world on January 18, as well as in the future, as the Bush Administration prepare for war with Iraq — is something to celebrate ("Thank you, Lord"). The reasons for their action demand a response ("Please,

Some of the country's most skilled non-profit developers work in our region, quilting together scraps of public money to build housing for the poor.

Agnostics don't have the luxury of these intonations. Instead, we can talk to fellow mortals. Legislators, in particular, are a good start — there's plenty to thank them for, and more to remind them of.

Thanking is a good way to start off; no one is immune to flattery. "Dear Legislator, thank you for all the hard work you do. You're faced with making about \$2.5 billion in budget reductions - cuts that will leave no one in our state untouched. This situation is the result of a tumultuous economy, a lopsided taxation system, and a certain demagogue's nihilistic assault on government services. The days are long, the hotel

accommodations are, undoubtedly, without comfort. It must be hard."

Now to the supplication. "Please, Ms. Legislator, act with compassion and conscience amid a crisis. You know that the number of people requésting emergency food and shelter is at a historic high. That thousands of poor people in rural Washington routinely have little to eat.

"You must be aware that public money to shelter the poor has seldom been more threatened. Part of the blame goes to the Bush Administration, which wants to cap domestic spending and pour ever more money into the military. One of the many threats to programs that help low-income people is a 30 percent funding cut to the budgets of local housing authorities. Congress also wants to cut federal spending on housing vouchers for poor people; in Seattle, the local housing authority estimates that about 2,200 fewer renters would be given vouchers. That's thousands of families without affordable housing — a federal decision, and a dire local effect.

"As leaders of Washington state, you should join other beleaguered states in asking the federal government to produce an economic aid package that will keep them open for business. We'll ask our federal representatives, but Congress needs to hear from you too.

"Governor Gary Locke's New Democrat, no-new-taxes budget strategy isn't going to be of help. His \$15 million cut to the state's capital fund for housing is the wrong approach. He wants to ax numerous programs that make a life-anddeath difference — cash grants for the homeless, health care for the poor, hospital beds for the mentally ill."

You can take these messages, and more, to Olympia on Thursday, February 6, and join hundreds of people from around the state for Housing Advocacy Day. It's a time to make your voice heard — how the group home you stay at depends on the state's support, or why the precious few shelters for homeless youth should not be reduced any further.

Taking stock in the season of Dr. King, our community has much to be thankful for. Thanks to voter support, the city's housing levy will continue to build dignified alternatives to sleeping on the streets. Some of the country's most skilled non-profit developers work in our region, quilting together scraps of public money to build housing for the poor. There is a lot worth fighting for.

Housing Advocacy Day is Thursday, February 6. To register, arrange transportation to Olympia. or get more information about the event, please contact the Washington Low Income Housing Network via email at mail@wlihn.org or call (206)442-9455.

Inside:

Opinion

by Adam Holdorf 3 Regular Features News You Can Use: Shelters close, minds open by Adam Holdorf, Brooke Kempner, Molly Rhodes 4 Adventures in Poetry: Cheer up! Imagine the end of the world with © Dr. Wes Browning 6 by Emma Quinn 13 Classics Corner: Liquid affimation by Timothy Harris14 News Madness, Suicide, and a Bureaucratic Mess by Greg R, as told to Jackie Renn......10

Say a Little Prayer: Housing Advocacy Day is for you

Features







Insights and surprises from Carol Leno, David Allen Nelson, Elizabeth Romero, David Thornburgh, Angie Vasquez 6-7

Activism

Citizens Participation Project 16

Yes! Real Change Matters.

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

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1/23/03

National News Digest January 17, 2003

the lives of others."

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

lans for a tent city in Sacramento have been stymied by the city's refusal to grant a permit for any kind of overnight camp on public property. Homeless ad-Close to Home vocates have not given up, however, especially when the alternative to a camp, living on the streets, has led to the deaths of at least three homeless people in the city last year, not to mention a handful of other suspected homicides that have not been confirmed by the Sacramento County Coroner's office, according to the Sacramento Bee (www.sacbee.com). A letter from the city's Parks and Recreation Department denying the permit stated that allowing camping would interfere with parks meant for "occasional recreational visits" from all residents. Yet in cities like Portland, OR, officials have learned to make exceptions for a camp that provides the best option currently available to a lot of homeless people. "It's a practical alternative for many (who) would be sleeping in doorways and under bridges," Portland city staffer Marshall Runkle, who works with the Portland camp, told the Bee. "At the end of the day, it's a group of homeless people taking responsibility for their own lives and trying to help improve

pparently "finding joy and profit through demeaning other human beings," Aspecifically homeless human beings, is not a felony, at least not in the eyes of a Southern California judge who dismissed felony charges of battery and soliciting against four men who made the Bumfights video. The men had been accused of soliciting homeless men to fight each other, then videotaping and selling the results, according to the San Diego Union-Tribune (www.signonsandiego.com). More than 300,000 people are believed to have purchased the \$20 tape over the Internet. The four men still face charges of conspiracy to stage an illegal fight, and three face conspiracy to commit battery. Three of the men involved in the fighting have also filed civil suits against the filmmakers. A note on the video's website, www.bumfights.com, reads, "Despite all this nonsense, we at Bumfights would like you to know that the video is still for sale, and as long as there is a 1st Ammendment in this country it's gonna take a helluva lot more than that to shut us down." They are currently working on a sequel.

ometimes, it takes a major fire for officials to see the homeless problem right before their avec. Such right before their eyes. Such was the case in Morristown, NJ, when a fire started by a homeless man's candle reignited debates about what to do with homeless people who don't find their way into shelters and instead stay on the streets. Mayor John Delaney, Jr., points out that the city has plenty of shelters, and suspects that rules about sobriety and curfews are keeping people away, according to the Daily Record News (www.dailyrecord.com). Yet simply blaming homeless people who don't want to follow the rules and sweeping them out of vacant buildings and lots will do nothing to solve the problem, pointed out Professor David C. Listokin at the Center for Urban Policy Research at Rutgers University. "We don't know exactly who they are and why they go where they go," Listokin told the Daily Record. "If people had such a good sense of it, there may not be a homeless problem."

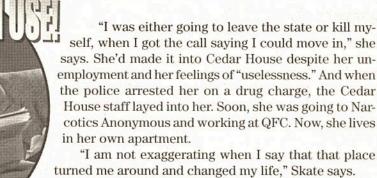
fter more than a decade without a direct venue to listen to the problems of A homelessness in Minneapolis and St. Paul from the people who experience it, city and county officials got to hear the stories and needs of hundreds of local homeless people. The forum was organized by County Commissioner Gail Dorfman as a way for officials to try to find new solutions to homelessness, according to the St. Paul Pioneer Press (www.twincities.com). Yet finally hearing all the various problems did not mean officials were in any better position to make people's lives any better. As one participant put it toward the end of the long day, "Are we wasting our time? Are we wasting your time?" ■

Compiled by Molly Rhodes

Youth home to close

hildren who suffer from mental illness will be dealt a sorry hand in February, when the Seattle Children's Home closes a transitional living arrangement for them called Cedar House.

One young woman who's sorry to hear this goes by the name of Skate. She lived on the streets for five years, had tried staying at a shelter only to find it "a living hell," and was at the brink of suicide.



"I am not exaggerating when I say that that place

The Lake City home, which houses eight youths with mental illness from the ages of 18 to 21, opened in 1997. Youth advocate Elaine Simons says that Cedar House filled a real need. She says she doesn't know where else to refer men-

tally ill kids involved in her program, Peace for the Streets by Kids from the Streets. "More kids with higher needs are coming in my door," she says. There are three other homes for youths age 18 to 21 in Seattle; Simons says that none of them offer the services mentally ill children need. ■

- Adam Holdorf

Cutbacks come home

eal Change is no exception to non-profit organizations' hard times. In the ■ midst of housing closures and staff layoffs, the homeless empowerment organization adds another name to the casualty list: the homeless artists' haven StreetLife Gallery.

Executive director Timothy Harris says that the gallery's closure allows Real Change to concentrate on the programs that are "more in line with our mission": the vendors, the newspaper, the homeless writers' group, and the computer lab.

The Archdiocesan Housing Authority, which owns StreetLife's retail space on Second Avenue and Bell Street, is looking for another tenant. The gallery's closure leaves another ground-floor vacancy in Belltown's retail neighborhood. But its absence will be felt most deeply by the homeless and low-income artists that have spent months, sometimes years, working there. Some of them are collecting money for a shared studio space; others have no plans.

StreetLife artist Adam John says that a north Seattle Native American cultural center has invited him to move his workspace there. An Athabascan native from Alaska, John makes traditional masks out of wood, fur, and feathers. Another artist at a homeless Indians' day center introduced John to StreetLife two years ago. He outfitted his own small desk space with carving tools and wood supplies, paying \$5 a month for the privilege.

John has mixed feelings about the gallery's closure. He encountered "an incredible amount of negativity" when members couldn't share the space peacefully. But he also saw how creative work "keeps people from drinking and drugging, and gives them something to do."

- Adam Holdorf

A marathon performance

or the sixth year in a row this February, Jeremy Alderson will go out to the streets of an American city, set up a microphone and a satellite feed, and conduct his own talk radio show. The stars of his show are the people who call those streets home. This is the Homelessness Marathon, an all-night broadcast of pathos and drama - one more way to see the individual behind

Alderson is a crusader tilting at a mass media which pays too little attention. "The only thing more disgraceful than having widespread homelessness in the richest nation on earth," he says, "is having it become something that's

To make homelessness remarkable, Alderson has persuaded more than 60 community radio stations in the U.S. and Canada to carry the live call-in show on their airwaves. Locally, that means Bellevue-based KBCS 91.3 FM will air segments of the show from 8 to 11 p.m. on Wednesday, February 5. Other area broadcasters include Mt. Vernon's KSVR, Olympia's KAOS, and Spokane's KPBX.

KBCS station manager Bruce Wirth says that he looks to the homelessness marathon to offer a more intimate perspective on a social problem. When homelessness comes up on the radio or television, he says, "all you ever see is the guy in the wheelchair on the evening news, and the expert commenting about homelessness." The Marathon is "a chance to hear what's really going on for a homeless person."

It's a good counterbalance to the "All Iraq, all the time" choices of radio and television these days, says Wirth. Lost amid the saber-rattling reportage

Continued on Page 5

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

NEWSBRIEFS Continued from page 4

is the story of how a lasting economic downturn affects real people. "Wages are too low to meet housing costs, and consequently, people are on the street. We're trying to show the reality of that," he says. "That's the virtue of the event."

As Alderson stages the Marathon in a different city each year, he recruits homeless citizens to relate their stories. If they can't be there in person, some homeless commentators have set up radios in a local shelter, allowing more people to hear. Unlike a sports show, where "they know there are going to be sports fans out there ready to call in," Alderson says that he wasn't sure they'd have enough audience participation. "We had to actually recruit an audience just to make sure there'd be enough homeless people to tell their stories," he says. In that spirit, Wirth is trying to put together a radio listening session at Tent City. There would be a phone close by, so anyone who chose to could dial the Marathon's toll-free number and share their thoughts. Wirth says that kind of access exemplifies KBCS's mission as a small community radio station. "The whole point of our station is to be a voice of the community — not for the community," he says.

Putting on a live, call-in radio show outside, in the winter, isn't easy. Mishaps occur. Two years ago, when KBCS first ran Alderson's program, the evening began with local performances by members of *Real Change*'s homeless writer's group StreetWrites. When the station tried to tap back into Alderson's satellite feed, it got only silence.

To top that off, KBCS's listeners weren't ready for it. "People called up and said 'Where's the music?" says Wirth. Since then, the station has doubled the amount of time it devotes to public-affairs shows. This time around, he says, people should be more receptive.

You can listen in to the Homelessness Marathon on KBCS from 8 to 11 p.m. on Wednesday, February 5. It will also be broadcast on the Web at www.homelessnessmarathon.org. ■

- Adam Holdorf

Coming full circle



Debbie, a tent city resident, takes down the last tent at Phinney Ridge. Tent City moved from a Phinney Ridge church back to El Centro de La Raza on Martin Luther King Jr. Day, exactly two years since it last stayed at the Beacon Hill community center. Photo by Brooke Kempner.

LETTERS Continued from Page 2

my experience with this same homeless individual.

I have chatted with him outside of PCC on a number of occasions. I find him to be professional — standing in a friendly manner, waiting to be approached. He does not *confront* shoppers, as the writer projected. I have never smelled alcohol on him, nor noticed any body odor that would suggest he was not clean. I find him to be knowledgeable about local political issues, positive and friendly in conversation. He showed me with pride the

picture of himself in the paper recently, regarding some advocacy efforts.

This writer is dripping with projected judgments, and it amazes me that he/she considers him/herself to be "full of compassion." I would say this person's compassion is suffering from a severe hemorrhage of ignorant judgment. I just hope the vendor in question knows that many of us appreciate him and his dependable presence in our neighborhood.

Sincerely, Bonnie Olson Seattle

Give 'em the Boot

The Real Change footwear project

magine this:

David is homeless; he sells *Real Change* outside a Seattle grocery store. He used to sleep in a city park until parks workers found his camp, dismantled it, and threw away most of his possessions. Now he lives in an unheated garage.

Working his customary six hours on a particularly chilly winter day, David felt his feet freezing. He went to buy some hot coffee and stayed in the coffee shop for an hour, but it did not help. Needing to get back to work, he again went out for three more hours and then had to give it up.

Back in his sleeping bag in the garage, his feet were still cold. When he woke up the next day, David said, his feet felt like someone had beaten them with a bat. A few spots felt burned. In the emergency room, they said he had frostbite and that he should stay indoors and keep his feet warm. The emergency room doctor said after a cold night they see many people with his same problem. The warm living flesh literally turns to ice.

The vendors who sell *Real Change*, like David, are exposed to all the extremes of weather — the cold, the wind, and the rain. Many of them do not have a place to live. The closest thing they have to a home is their coat and shoes.

The reason I am writing this article is to ask our readers to search, not your hearts, but your closets, for warm boots. What is needed is new or gently worn boots that you yourself would wear if you were going camping in the snow for a week. It's not something that everyone has lying around in their closet, but if even one pair of boots is donated, it will be extremely appreciated by the person who receives them. Each time someone donates a pair of warm boots, one more vendor will be able to work without worrying about freezing feet. And your donation is tax-deductible.

You can give us the boot (er, make that boots) during regular office hours: Monday to Friday from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., and Saturday from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. There is metered parking five steps from our door, and we have a donation box in the front office. Please also leave your address — we will not put you on any mailing list, but we will ask vendors to write thankyou letters. ■









Untitled

I will fight for my Country (U.S.A.).

I will do it with words, and what I write.

I will fight for my Country (U.S.A.)

With my heart and what is right.

To shed my blood not Others!

- ANON.

A Beautiful Morning

I remember a time when I
awoke in the cold outside,
and hated to get out of
my sleeping bag.

Warm it is in my room — and I sleep; a lot better.
The birds singing outside, the
leaves blowing around in the breeze.
The sun out, emphasizing God's
great creation — either way.

— CAROL LENO

Adventures in Poetry with ©Dr. Wes Browning



ately yours truly has been in a lousy mood. This may have something to do with the fact that I can't afford the anti-depressants anymore, or it may be because the airing of Joe Millionaire has shown me that trust and honesty are no longer valued, or it may be because I'm writing this in Microsoft Word and I resent the hold Microsoft has on my life. Whatever it is, I need something to lift my mood. That's why I want to talk about death, destruction, and the end of the world. Nothing cheers me up more than contemplating apocalypse. It must be a misery-loves-company thing.

I speak of apocalypse with a small "a" because I am not one of those Apocalypse-enthusiasts who cares only about identifying the Beast or the Whore of Babylon or speculat-

ing about the nature of New Jerusalem. Those sorts of things are very good, but any end of the world interests me, not just that one.

It doesn't even have to be the end of the whole world. It could just be the end of this little part of it. That would be fine. For example, the other day I learned that the Australian continent is on target to collide with us here in the Pacific Northwest sometime in the next couple hundred million years. That should pretty much finish the Space Needle, once and for all, and not a million years too soon. When you're in a bad mood, who needs revolving restaurants?

Don't get me wrong. I don't actually want global warming to melt the polar icecaps and inundate the coasts, for example. I want global warming and the depletion of the ozone layer and all those other slow-moving disasters to reverse themselves, like any good liberal should. But there's something exhilarating about being in a train wreck, even one that takes a century or millions of years to happen.

Of course, faster disasters are more compelling. I think a lot of the appeal of Revelations is that the disasters are so dramatic and sudden. One minute everyone is all right and then — BAM — locusts. (Like you can't eat locusts.) This represents a challenge to those of us who would like to visualize world

destruction but don't want to be constrained to the Biblical model. Can we top John?

I believe that if we apply ourselves, we can. Pestilence and famine are great, but modern life has so much more to offer.

We could start with nuclear weapons. Suppose for instance that North Korea has those two A-bombs everybody has been saying they could have. And suppose that they really do have an ICBM capable of hitting San Francisco, like some people say they do. Well, we here in Seattle are much closer to North Korea than San Francisco, and we are a hell of a target. Whee, we

When you're in a bad mood, who needs revolving restaurants?

could be a fireball! Now that's dramatic!

But, I'm a baby boomer,

and consequently nuclear weapons are pretty much played out for me. I need new possibilities of annihilation, new reasons to duck and cover.

Smallpox is pretty good. It beats anthrax, as there is no way anyone is going to cover more than a city block with anthrax, but with smallpox you could wipe out millions. In theory. Better would be a brand new genetically engineered disease, one that no one is expecting. Something with the symptoms of ebola but with the contagion of the common cold. Don't think nobody is working on this. Good old American know-how will always find a way.

Look out for nano-robots. They're the next thing. You know all those bastards creating computer viruses now? In 20 years the exact same people will be making microscopic robots that fly through the air and up your nose to take up residence in your lungs for the purpose of deleting all your files, figuratively speaking. Just because they can.

One of the great things about dwelling on possible ends of the world is that it makes Saddam Hussein look like a fly on the wall. I hope that reading this column has cheered one or two of you up in that way. For the rest of you, I recommend anti-depressants.



Homeless Plight

The lost faces known only as the bastards of the system pose the inseparable question as they defy the odds against the troublesome quarrels

day in, day out they face the invisible bars of their external prison where only some belong as innocents tread wearily on their guilt.

— David Allen Nelson (Reprinted from Street News, New York City)

We Dream

We Dream of one house one edificio where Latinos' dreams can come true, where there is daily work for every man and support for every woman who needs an ear to share their troubles and tongues to teach how to take care of her children, her man, herself, where there's a chair to rest, a bed to sleep, a shower to clean, a place to grow strong where one can seek shelter from the storm and learn to conquer the American dream.

—Angie Vasquez

This Is Not My Baghdad

This is not my boyhood Baghdad where the evil emir changes Sabu into a dog.

This is not my high school Baghdad
where Omar Khayyam drank palm wine
with his kohl-eyed beloved,

drunk with love of Allah.

This is not my fairy tale Baghdad
where Ali Baba married the Caliph's beautiful daughter
on the forty thieves' treasure,
tossing handfuls of gold coins to
beggars in the grand bazaar.

This is not my Hollywood Baghdad of Marlene Dietrich dancing down a staircase golden with the goodness of the one true God.

This is not my guidebook Baghdad where Spanish rabbis fled the Inquisition to meditate on zero and the Kabbalah's intricate numbers.

This is not my Baghdad.

—DAVID THORNBRUGH

Seattle Fragments

a cloudy day... the leaves on the trees wave darkly like a crowd in a stadium

the trees and the glad walls

on the sound fishing boats festooned with orange and yellow banners and names like Seawind, Resolute

The moon shines like a platinum egg in the dark claws of fairy tale tree tops

across the street yellowing ferns wave in the wind like hands expressing denial

— ELIZABETH ROMERO

Mission C The enduring power of

By John Huff Photos By Casey Kelbaugh

peration Sack Lunch (OSL) started in 1989 in the kitchen of Beverly Graham. She began with 30 lunches, which she passed out in the King County Courthouse Park. Back then there was no paid staff, only a handful of volunteers, but as the organization grew it became necessary to hire a cook and site director and, eventually, several other people. Most of OSL's paid staff are former volunteers and clients. Like them, I became a volunteer by first being a client.

We were what are known as street volunteers: people who were standing in the line themselves and volunteered to help. One of my friends was a client/volunteer and one day, when they were short of help, he asked me. OSL currently has several regular street volunteers; it welcomes all who are sober and willing to lend a hand. Eventually, I began to make the Sunday morning trek out to Saint John Viamey Catholic Church in Kirkland to help prepare the hot meal.

Things have changed a lot since I first discovered the food line on the east side of the Public Safety Building downtown, eight years ago. Back then, you got in line for a sack lunch, someone put a mark on your right thumb, and the mark proved you were eligible for the bag. Lunch included two sandwiches, a container of juice, a package of crackers, a box of raisins, and a piece of candy. On Sunday the hot meal was served out of large steel containers placed on card tables.

The hot lunch is still served on Sunday at 3:30 p.m., but the large steel containers are gone, replaced by massive Igloo and Coleman containers. The card tables have been replaced with banquet tables, and now there are two lines that run simultaneously. You'll still get two sandwiches, but all the rest has changed. The sacks now typically contain a package of trail mix, a muffin and/ or some variety of pastry or cookies, and a plastic spork wrapped in a napkin. Sometimes juice will be served separately out of juice containers. Sometimes milk or coffee will be donated and served.

OSL depends mostly on volunteers to continue to provide their services. Mostly volunteers prepare these meals, as well as the sack lunches, with much staff effort put in for the hot

> meals. Volunteers come from various commuservice groups, as well as schools and churches throughout the area. Like many other social service organizations, OSL gets the majority of its volunteers and donations during the holidays. But just because the holidays have come and gone, it doesn't mean that the need for helpers is gone — just the opposite is the case. As donations and the number of people volunteering dwindle, this puts more pressure on the core staff and volunteers to do just as much and often more work.

> > During the

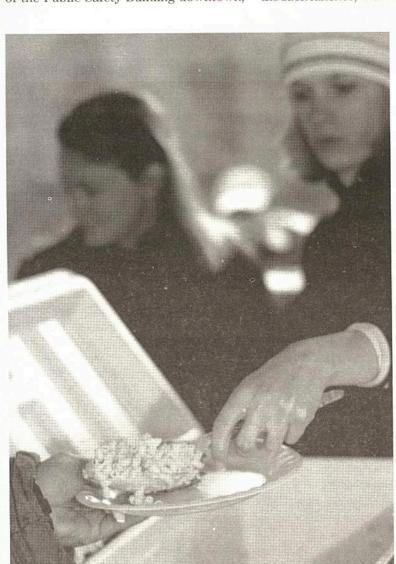


ABOVE, KATY BISTRITZ AND CHELESEY ELLIOTT OF BELLEVUE SLICE SLABS OF POUND CAKE SERVE THE MEAL LATER THAT AFTERNOON. BELOW, A LONG LINE OF UP TO 350 PEOPLE WAT

Like many other social service organizations, OSL gets the majority of its volunteers and donations during the holidays. But just because the holidays have come and gone, it doesn't mean that the need for helpers is gone — just the opposite is the case.

summer months, when more people are here for the seasonal and agricultural work that often doesn't appear, OSL will be left





omestible Operation Sack Lunch



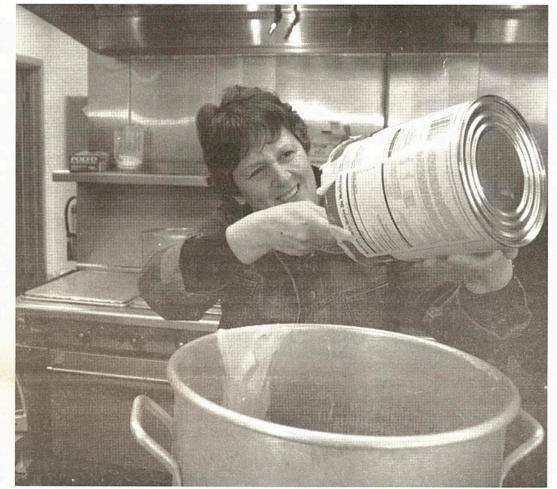
OR THE AFTERNOON'S MEAL. THE GIRLS STAY TO OR THE OPERATION SACK LUNCH FOOD THAT IS D WITH THE HELP OF VOLUNTEERS, BELOW LEFT.

with few to no volunteers. As few as four or five people feed 300 or more. This generally results in nearchaos, as a few people try to do the work of 10 or 12. Then it's the clients who suffer — from the meal being late, checks from Social Security to GAU or what have you, there tends to be less of a need. At this time there can be as few as one hundred people waiting for a meal or a sack lunch. Towards the end of the month, when the money runs out, there can be more than 350 people waiting for the very same meal.

The needs vary from week to week; at the beginning of the month when people get their various checks from Social Security to GAU or what have you, there tends to be less of a need. At this time there can be as few as one hundred people waiting for a meal or a sack lunch. Towards the end of the month, when the money runs out, there can be more than 350 people waiting for the very same meal.

The hot meals are more than just some unidentified mash that you might imagine from a "soup line." Often you'll find baked chicken with

rice, and sometimes it's a nice lamb stew. The goal is always to serve some kind of meat in the hot meal be it chicken, lamb,



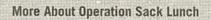
ABOVE, SUSAN MONAS SCOOPS CHEEZ WHIZ INTO A POT FOR MACARONI. SUSAN IS A
LONGTIME VOLUNTEER. BELOW, SANDWICHES WAIT TO BE EATEN.

PHOTOS BY CASEY KELBAUGH.

pork, or sometimes fish, most of which

comes from government food programs. In addition to the meaty main course, rice or potatoes will generally be served along with vegetables. Then cake or pastries for dessert, and down at the end will be juice, milk, or coffee. The meals are served until every last scrap is gone, so that everybody gets a fair share to eat. People are welcome to go back through the line for a second helping.

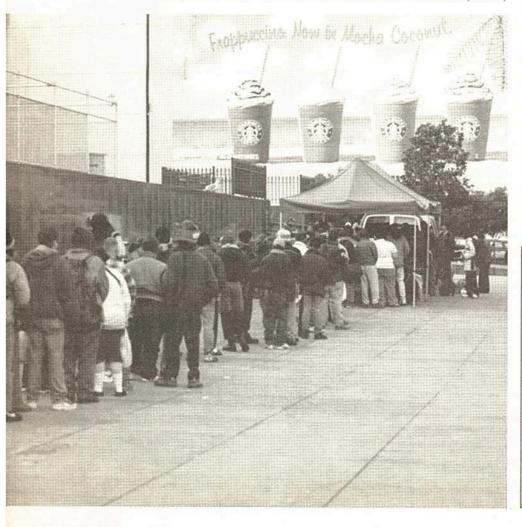




OSL currently serves its hot meals at 3:30 p.m. on Sundays and 1:30 p.m. on Mondays. Sack lunches are handed out at 1:30 p.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. OSL serves anyone who requests their services; no matter their status or state, all are served in a non-judgmental environment.

OSL also provides hygiene kits, clothing, sleeping bags, backpacks, and other necessities whenever possible, which are usually donated. During the winter months, hundreds of sleeping bags are distributed.

Anybody wishing to volunteer for OSL can do so by contacting OSL Program and Volunteer Manager Susan Dailey at (425) 820-2932. OSL can be found on the Internet at http://www.opsacklunch.org.



Mission Comestible The enduring power of Operation Sack Lunch

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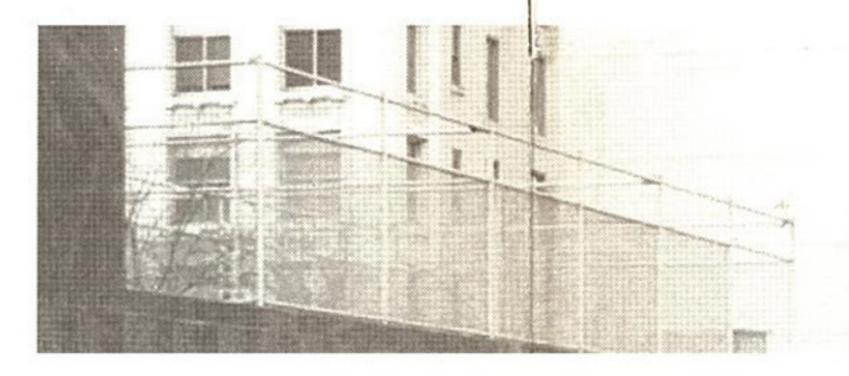
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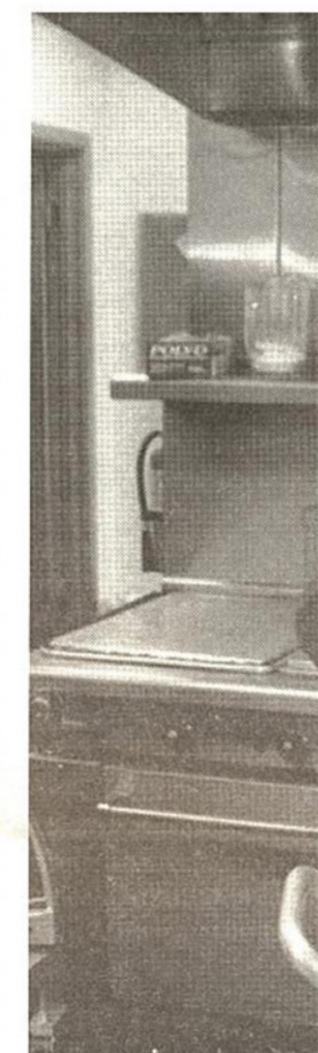
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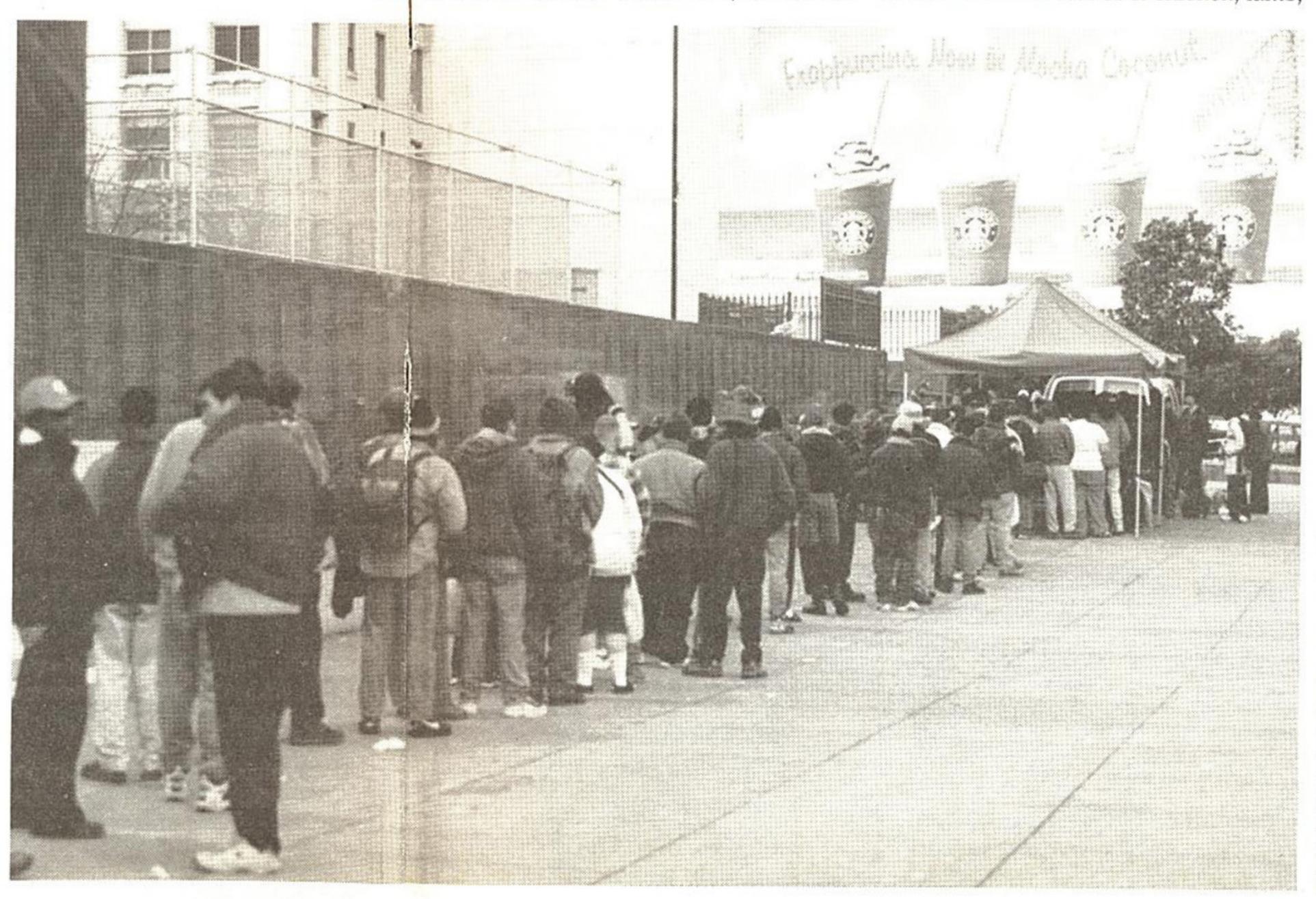
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MADNESS, SUICIDE, AND A BUREAUCRATIC MESS

By Greg R. as told to Jackie Renn

am 46 years old. I was first diagnosed with depression in 1998. Things kind of escalated in 1999 and 2000. And then I tried to commit suicide.

First I drove my car to some railroad tracks. I parked the car on the railroad tracks so that a train could run into the car. But for some reason that plan didn't work out. Then I drove to some other railroad tracks and laid down, waiting for the train to come.

There were two sets of tracks running parallel to each other. I saw the headlight of the train coming. It got closer and closer and closer. Here I thought I was going to get hit by a train, when all of a sudden it was on the other set of tracks and went right by.

I was still convinced that I wanted to kill myself. So I laid on the other track. Some time later another train was coming down the line. I kept thinking that I was going to get hit by this train and the train was getting closer and closer and closer. Before I knew it I would be run over by this train — and then it went by on the first track. It wasn't my day to die.

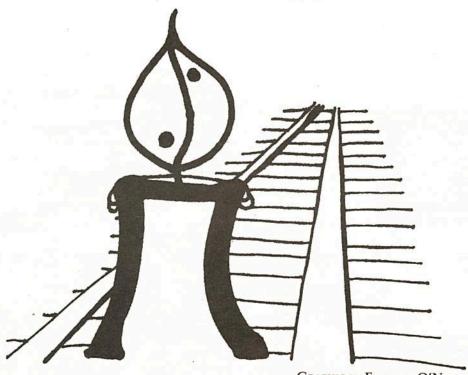
I got in the car and drove home. I thought about crashing the car but decided not to commit suicide. At least not at this time. I went home and sort of vegged out.

I have been hospitalized once a year for the past three years for major psychotic episodes with both visual and audio hallucinations.

I would go into a deep depression and would lay on the couch for hours and hours day in and day out. I would not eat and would only get up to use the bathroom. Listening to music would be the only comfort that I had.

Before my first breakdown, I had some strange events that happened to me. Now that I look back on it, it would have been warning signs that I was going into a major breakdown.

One time I got lost driving my car. I became very disoriented, and couldn't figure out how to get home. I finally did make it home, somehow. I burst in the door, talked to my ex-wife who I was married to at the time, and basically collapsed on the floor and bawled my head off. I became totally disoriented.



GRAPHIC BY ELEANOR O'NEILL.

It took me several hours to get over this. Once it was over I was OK. But it was a major point in trauma for me psychologically, I did not receive any psychiatric help for this. I thought I was tired, exhausted.

Not long after, I had my first break. I was hospitalized in the psychiatric ward for 10 days. My wife and I then separated. She was afraid of me. I was verbally abusive towards her and our son. I would lose control of my emotions. I blamed my wife for all my problems, and things just escalated.

During the second break, I barricaded myself in my house and started playing around with the kitchen knives. I was poking at my wrists, my jugular vein. I was having hallucinations, hearing voices saying, "Commit suicide, commit suicide," over and over like a broken record. I would lose my regular thought patterns and rely on the hallucinations to guide me. It was frustrating. On the one hand, I knew I shouldn't commit suicide, and on the other, these voices kept telling me over and over again, "Commit suicide." And you believe these voices as strongly as I'm sitting here telling you this story.

The police were called and eventually an aid car arrived. I was taken to the hospital. Fortunately, I was work-

ing at the time and my insurance covered the hospital stay.

Since 1990 I have worked in the social service field as a drug and alcohol prevention counselor. Towards the end of the decade I became an HIV/AIDS educator. The job was number driven, it was how the agency got funding. I wasn't successful. I became depressed. Now when I look back, I realize that I had severe bouts of depression as far back as at least 1991 and off and on for a good part of my adult life.

The pressure of the job was enough to push me over the edge and trigger psychotic symptoms.

After the second break my marriage broke up. I had to leave my job because I couldn't do it any longer. The insurance from the job covered me for a while. I was able to get a small apartment from someone I knew who understood my circumstances.

I was made eligible for food stamps but could not get public assistance (GA-U) because DSHS didn't believe me. They would harass me, telling me I didn't have the correct paperwork, telling me I needed proof of this or proof of that. Whatever I brought to them, they always needed something else. It was a big runaround. I think that they thought I was faking it — that I wanted

to scam them so I could get welfare and not have to work.

There I was, this Native American man trying to get into the welfare system. I just think they have this stereotype view of me: that I wanted to get on welfare so I wouldn't have to work. I felt cheated from not having services provided. At some point I was told that I "had to" go to vocational rehabilitation. Which I did.

I was given an advocate to assist me with the public assistance, which was much easier for me. With the help of the advocate, I applied for and received Social Security, as I was found to have a permanent disability.

Without that help, I know I would not have been able to get through the maze. There were too many obstacles. I would become frustrated, then depressed, over the bureaucracy. I would feel worthless and not want to do anything.

I moved from Seattle to be closer to my family. After a few months I became depressed. There was a family conflict, and then there was the Christmas holidays, and the cycle started again. This time I had suicidal thoughts but did not act on them. I went to my therapist and arrangements were made for me to go into the hospital for 10 to 12 days. My meds were changed, and it was then that my diagnosis was changed to Schizoaffective Disorder.

I now have a part-time job in a gift shop where I stock the shelves a few days a week. I still collect Social Security disability and live in subsidized housing.

I still have to deal with the bureaucracy of the government. Being that I am eligible for food stamps, I have an eligibility review every three months. I have to give them paperwork; I do. They lose it. They determine one amount, and then give me another amount.

You need an advocate to get through the system on a one-to-one level. It's the only way to get through it. And when you're sick you already have enough problems just trying to deal with reality on a day-to-day basis.

I was always made to feel bad by the system, that I was being punished when asking for assistance. ■

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Street Talk: Feed Your Face

Interviews and photos by Signe Drake

Street Talk went to Pike Place Mar-ket, Broadway, and the Ave with this burning question: Where do you go for a good, cheap meal?

"Get on the tunnel, take a bus down to Chinatown, and the lunches down there are quite inexpensive and pretty good. One specific place is the Kau Kau [656 S. King



St.]. It's a barbecue place where they have all the barbecued stuff in the window. For \$4.50 or \$5 you get a fourcourse lunch on a weekday."

- Ron Henshaw

"In West Seattle on California Avenue I think it's called Jade West [6032 California Ave. S.W.]. Three of us have eaten there

meal."

for \$12.00 — and had just an amazing

— Doug and Jean Thompson



"On 45th Street up in Wallingford: Pizza Eleni [405 N.E. 45th]. You can get a slice of pizza for \$1 and they're big."

- Adrienne Ries



"Thai Tom restaurant on University Avenue around 45th St. [4543 University Way N.E.]. It's \$5 for a huge plate of food. And there's a Vietnamese restaurant

that has really huge, good sandwiches for \$1.75 — like, the biggest sandwich I've ever eaten. It's called Vietnamese #1 [4220 University Way N.E.]."

- Nova Schmid



"The Ballet Vietnamese Restaurant [914 E. Pike Street], where you can get almost anything for under \$6 there. We've had the \$1 spring rolls, which are pretty incred-

ible. It's a really good place to eat."

— Ray Gomez



"Muy Macho's in South Park [8515 14th Ave. S.]. They've got great burritos."

- Bryan Forster



"I love the phô just down the street [Thanh Brothers Phô, 516 Broadway Ave. E.]. I think you can just add on the extras, they're like 50 cents. You can get a

bowl of soup for easily under \$5."

— Greg Baker

"We just ate really good falafel at Aladdin Falafel [4541 University Way N.E.]. Lunch for both of us was \$7.00, and we're both full."



A.J. Strosahl

Cheap Eats

(A random selection of places to get good, inexpensive meals)

by Michele Marchand (with a lot of help from friends)

Without an expense account or even enough time to "test" them, we here at Real Change offer you our own mainly word-of-mouth-developed list of places where you still can get good, cheap food in gentrifying Seattle.

Bakemans, 122 Cherry

A popular downtown lunch spot, they roast their own turkeys fresh every day, and offer a good selection of sandwiches (around \$3.50) and soups for lunch. Know your order before you get to the head of the line; they don't have a lot of patience for wishy-washy orderers!

Boomtown Cafe, 513-3rd Avenue

The atmosphere is fairly frenetic, due to over popularity, but Boomtown still offers hearty breakfasts for \$1.25 and lunches for \$1.75, with a menu that rotates weekly.

Cafe Selam, 2715 E. Cherry

A brand new Ethiopian restaurant in the Central Area where you can get an injera combo platter, which easily serves four people, for \$10. Very friendly owner.

Dick's (various locations including Broadway, lower Queen Anne, on 45th, in Lake City) Not good for you, perhaps, but good! A friend recently ordered two deluxes, a chocolate shake, and a pop for under \$7. The owner, Dick Spady, has been tremendously generous to homeless programs, donating raw hamburger to Boomtown Cafe and cooked burgers regularly to Operation Nightwatch.

5-2-1 Cafe, 521 3rd Avenue

A hangout for DESC staff and clients alike, this venerable greasy spoon is one of a dying breed of greasy spoons with rotating daily specials.

Golden Daisy Garden, 2518 Beacon Avenue

Real Change poet and editor Stan Burriss eats regularly at this tiny Beacon Hill hole-in-the-wall for its cheap, all-you-can-eat Chinese buffet.

Mae Phim Thai Restaurant, 94 Columbia

Offers a wide variety of good, \$4.99 lunches.

Olympic Broiler, 2nd and Pike

Another greasy spoon with rotating hearty, specials. Smoky, and always packed.

Owl 'N Thistle, 808 Post Avenue

We were just reminded that the Owl has

a \$2.70 happy hour fish-and-chips special that's plenty big enough to serve as a meal.

Pete's Flying Aces

140th & Pacific Highway S. in Tukwila

According to Tent City members, this place still has a 99-cent breakfast special (eggs, toast, sausage) and a \$7.77 dinner buffet with rotating specials that include prime rib.

Phôbac, 1240 S. Jackson

Has cheap chicken noodle phô; good for what ails you.

Pizza Pro, 104 Occidental S.

Here, you can still get a slice and a medium soda for \$3.39.

Stamos Cafe, 555-156th S.E. in Lake Hills Plaza

This is a favorite of a Real Change volunteer, who has dined at this small, family-owned restaurant for years. Although not cheap, she claims that this place has the best patty melt in the Seattle area (and we have searched high and low for good patty melts in this town).

Tacos Guaymas, 213 Broadway E. Healthy, but still, somehow, good.

Thanh Vi, 4226 University Way N.E.; 1046 S. Jackson

Lovely Vietnamese sandwiches (banh mi) for \$2.15

The Turf, 107 Pike

The quintessential greasy spoon, hard-drinking bar, and Lotto outlet.

Viet Chi, 710-3rd Avenue

Not the best, but good and cheap, with \$3.99 lunch specials every day. Extremely fast service.

Viet My, in the Columbia Tower food court In its new location, this venerable Pioneer Square Vietnamese restaurant still serves fantastic soups and curries for around \$5.

Zaina's, 1st & Cherry/1619-3rd Avenue

"The best falafel on earth," its sign proclaims, and it's not too expensive to boot.

Gone, gone, gone

And we mourn the passing of some of our favorite dives and diners: biscuits and gravy at Ernie Steele's; the gum-snapping, honcalling waitresses at the Rendezvous; the stick-of-butter hashbrowns at the Red, White, and Blue Café; the Frontier Room, Steve's Broiler. And especially our favorite breakfast ever, "The Cowboy" at the Nitelite: eggs, hashbrowns, chicken-fried steak (and gravy), and toast. All for a mere \$3.95, I kid you not. ■

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FRANTI Continued from Page 1

family and just be out on the court for

PHOTO BY WONDER KNACK.

"I'd be making a

judgment that I'm

not going to give

them these 28

cents that I have in

my pocket. I'd go

home, sit down on

my couch, and lift

change from my

in between the

cracks of my sofa.

Meanwhile, there's

a person on the

street, hungry."

Michael Franti

long hours at a time. The more I did it, the better I became at it. Eventually I went on and played at the University of San Francisco. By the time I got to college, it became something different. It wasn't fun anymore...it became a business. It was less fulfilling for me. By the time I was done playing ball at the university I was kind of burned out on it, but it's taken on a more of a Zen practice: I really enjoy going out on the court and working on my shot, dribbling, and such. When I'm playing I feel like I'm in the moment. I don't feel like I'm worried about the past or thinking about the future. Basketball taught me the tenacity to keep going.

RC: You did a song with the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy called "Famous and Dandy up the cushions — (Like Amos and Andy)" that speaks to the ex- and there's all this ploitation of Black culture in America. Do you see this song being pocket sitting there pertinent in our world today?

Franti: That song was recognizing that there are very few options for young Black men in American culture. Being an athlete or an entertainer are the things held up to us as examples of success, and that is still true today.

I've done both — I've been an athlete and I'm a musician. But what I've always tried to do through my music is to make the music that is about me and

not just making it because it's going to sell, not just change the style of my music because of what the radio is playing. My message in my music has al-

> ways been, "Be Yourself."

RC: One of your more commercially successful songs, called "Hole in the Bucket," is about your own efforts to understand and deal with homelessness. What led you to create that song?

Franti: It's a sad irony that we live in the richest nation in the world, but we still have people living on the streets. When you go to nations in Europe, they have a different attitude about it. The people understand that when a society is really strong, those things - education, health care, a roof over your head should be taken care of. That those people who fall through the cracks should have a safety net provided for them. And when we don't have that safety net, we end up making our society weaker. The more people that we have falling through the cracks, the worse it is for all of

That song "Hole in the Bucket" is about my own experience living in San Francisco. I'd walk to the corner grocery store everyday and people would ask me for change. I'd have all these things going through my head like... "Is this guy going to buy crack? Is this guy going to buy alcohol?" I'd be

passing all these judgments about this person's life who I'd never even met before. And I'd be making a judgment that I'm not going to give them these 28



**T he leaders we have now play a zero-sum game," says Rick Ingrasci. "Someone wins, and someone loses."

Ingrasci and the other organizers of 10,000 Flowers are bringing different community activists together for a first lesson in what he calls "integral leadership, based on the interdependence of all life."

It's not the conventional way that a conventional politician — say, President Bush - views politics, says Ingrasci. But Bush's winner-take-all system is behind the times.

"The leaders in the 21st century are going to have to lead in a way that either everybody wins, or everybody loses," he continues. "When we kill off the salmon in Puget Sound, for example, everyone loses." So 10,000 Flowers wants citizens of the "Cascadia Bioregion" — the bi-national landmass stretching from Northern California to the Alaska Panhandle — to get online and teach each other how to win.

The lessons kick off at 7 p.m. at Town Hall on Thursday, February 6, with a spoken-word performance by Michael Franti. Pramila Jayapal, a defender of civil liberties for those detained or deported as part of the U.S. government's War on Terror, and Sharif Abdullah, a peacemaker from wartorn Sri Lanka, will also be there.

The next day, 60 adults and 60 young people will come to the auditorium for a day-long intergenerational dialogue, called "Across the Lines." It's a chance to tear down walls of race, of gender, or simply of each person's particular concern.

"Environmentalists and religious types may not have the prison system, poverty, or drugs particularly on their mind," he says. Through discussion and even dance, youths and adults get to see the world through each others' eyes.

Where do all these boundary breakers end up? Online. Ingrasci, a software designer, has developed what he calls "groupware" - a web-based program that, he says, is less chaotic than email list-serves. He aims to have hundreds of people sharing their knowledge online in different categories - including growth, criminal justice reform, and the environment — within a few months. (There is already a website, www.10kflowers.net.)

"The thrust of what we're trying to do is get out information about what's happening across the bioregion," he says. That's a valuable aid to anyone working to make their community better. "People have to feel empowered by knowing that there's a possibility of a better future."

- Adam Holdorf

cents that I have in my pocket. I'd go home, sit down on my couch, and lift up the cushions — and there's all this change from my pocket sitting there in between the cracks of my sofa. Meanwhile, there's a person on the street,

To me, it's a personal thing, but it's also a metaphor for something larger. We say as a nation that we don't want to spend a small amount of money on helping people, but we'll happily go drop a bomb that costs \$750,000, drop thousands and thousands of them on people in Afghanistan. It just doesn't make sense.

RC: Our world seems to be constantly steeped in conflict and violence these days. Your new album called Songs from the Front Porch is an acoustic effort that is intended to create a peaceful state of mind for the listener in these turbulent times. How does this album fit in to the way you see the world right now?

Franti: I feel like the role of the artist today is to try to enrage, enlighten, and inspire. Sometimes I think it's really good that we get out, through the mu-

Continued on Next Page



Looking for work?

Volunteer for Real Change and help us save the world!

Real Change needs your help! Right now we need people for the following volunteer positions: front desk/reception, editorial support, MacWorkshop Computer Lab monitors, computer class instructors (Macintosh only), development assistants,

and graphic designers. We need volunteers available during our office hours (9-6 weekdays), who are reliable, patient, friendly, and able to work well independently.

You can find a complete list of volunteer opportunitites on our website: www.realchangenews.org or call Shawn at 441.3247 ext. 203

Learn about homelessness through the Real Change Speaker's Bureau and Bedless Bards

Are you involved with a church, school, or community group that would benefit from learning about homelessness from those who understand it best homeless and formerly homeless individuals?

Our Speaker's Bureau is available for small or large group presentations about the homeless experience. Sponsoring organizations pay speakers a \$35 honorarium.



Weaving together stories from the homeless community, our homeless writer's performance group -Bedless Bards—can bring their street poet medley to your organization.

To schedule a speaker or a performance, call 441-3247 ext. 201 and speak to Rachael, or e-mail organizer@realchangenews.org.

FRANTI Contined from Previous Page

sic, our frustrations, and our anger. I also think that there are other times where the music should take us inward and help us to sit down and be mindful, and create peace in our own hearts and remove judgment and self-criticism, so we're prepared to go out and face the challenges of the world. Right now we're facing a lot of challenges.

RC: What was it like being in Seattle for the WTO protests?

Franti: Well, my experiences, when I really think back on it, were not about tear gas in the street, or being shot at by rubber bullets. To me it's about the connection I made with a lot of really beautiful people who are working in the world everyday to try to bring about social change. And that's really my lasting memory of the WTO... the connections that I still have to this day with people who are doing things around the world. I'm really grateful to have been there during that time, at that moment. It was really a powerful convergence of people from around the globe who

are really trying to bring about social change.

RC: Do you think there has been any social action in the world as effective and as meaningful since the WTO?

Franti: Yes, but this is a movement that, at the end of the day, is really saying that the human and the natural and the spiritual interests of the world should not have to take a second seat to the corporate and the military and the materialistic interests of the world. That movement is going on around the planet, and the more that the world becomes consumer-oriented and militaristically oriented and less about human beings, and less about human spirit, and less about the natural world, then the greater this energy is going to become to revolt.

What I am in the process of doing by traveling and playing my music is to challenge people to revolt in meaningful and mindful ways instead of ways that are reactionary, because a reaction burns out quickly, and when we're mindful, we think about what we are doing, and why, and that gives us a lasting power.

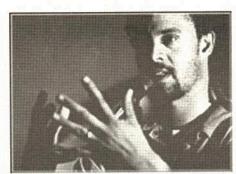


PHOTO BY WONDER KNACK.

RC: Do you see this movement having some sort of culmination? Is there an ultimate goal-that can be reached?

Franti: I don't think there is one ultimate goal. Just like in everyday life, there's always good days and there's always bad days. There's always going to be things in the world that are going in the right direction and things that are going in the wrong direction. It's continual. So I don't think there is one final thing that we're going to do, but what's important is the drive in the hearts and minds of people to promote the human and the natural interests in this world.



Thursday, Jan 2, 1:17 p.m., East Thomas St. Witness called 911 to report that a white male in a nearby alley was yelling, cursing, and throwing punches in the air. Officers contacted the suspect, a 37-year-old transient, and observed him yelling nonsense and appearing agitated. The officers patted him down for weapons. He had none. The suspect had no ID and first gave a fake name and then admitted that was his cousin's name and then gave officers his real name. He was taken to the East Prescient for obstructing. While in custody, he spoke of the end of the world and being on heroin. His records showed that he is bipolar and has a history of alcohol / narcotic use. He was booked into King County Jail and booked into Mental Health Court.

Thursday Jan 2, 4 p.m., Sixth Avenue and South Jackson St. The complainant, a 37-year-old transient white male, stated that he approached the suspect, a black male in his thirties, and asked for a cigarette. The suspect became hostile and the complainant stated that he walked away and entered a bus shelter to sleep. The suspect followed him and pushed him down, causing a possible dislocated shoulder. The victim was treated at the scene and transported to Harborview.

Saturday, Jan 4, 3:12 p.m., Bartell's Drugstore, Madison. Officers were dispatched to investigate a shoplifting suspect being held by security. The suspect was observed by staff selecting merchandise, concealing it, and attempting to leave the store without paying. The suspect, a 19 year old homeless Native American female, admitted to taking the items and told them she needs the items to support her drug habit. She was booked into King County Jail.

Saturday, Jan 4, 7:40 p.m., Lane Street. Officers received reports that three males had broken into the victim's car. Officers arrived, found the vehicle empty, and radiocalled the victim back to the scene. The officer inspected the vehicle, which was parked in an open carport, and it appeared as if it had not been driven in a long time. The steering column had been broken open with wires hanging out of it. The victim said he had caught two suspects in his vehicle and had kicked them out and told them to stay away. Today he again saw those suspects, both homeless black males, ages 25 to 30, in his vehicle and a third suspect, a 45-50 homeless white male, and all were sleeping. The suspects had gone by the time the Police arrived to the scene. The victim claimed that he used the vehicle all the time, but finally admitted that it has not run in months. There was no damage to the vehicle, and suspects had entered through an open hatch. Victim then asked the officer if he could shoot people for being in his vehicle, and the officer warned him that he could not do that. The suspects are still at large.

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



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Radio High Country News,
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Women to Hang Your Hat on

Review by Andrea Iglar

hese women make me proud.

For all the times I imagine they have been coerced into convenient roles by greedy and powerful warmongers, it is nonetheless obvious these ladies are the ones mak-

ing things happen. They rivet, assemble, sort,

seal—in short, they build.

You can find these women in the oil paintings of Jane Richlovsky, whose work is being shown at Ballard Fetherston Gallery on Capitol Hill through Feb. 1. The pieces depict female factory workers during World War II. The artist painted the images from actual photographs taken in the 1940s, when government propaganda and a greater availability of jobs for

PAINTING BY JANE RICHLOVKSY.

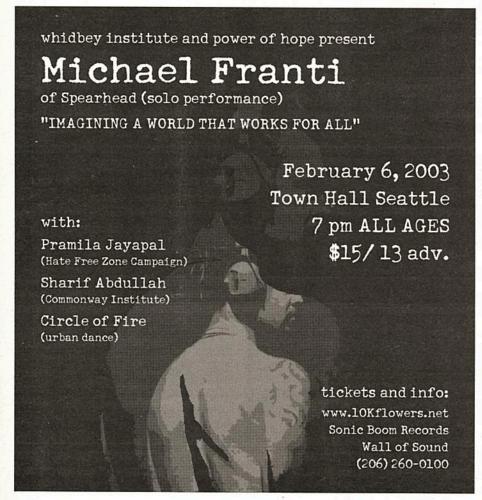
women persuaded more than six million American women to enter the work force. Richlovsky's canvases are the most fascinating elements of her pieces. She paints on colorful, patterned tablecloths, curtains, and other authentic domestic textiles, and allows the fabric to remain exposed and represent the workers' clothing. For example, the worker in "Wartime Inflation" dons a pantsuit of green with white polka dots. She also retains a pretty blonde coif and complexion that seems too clean to belong to someone who has been inflating huge airplane tires all day.

The juxtaposition of well-groomed women working among massive metal machinery gives the viewer space to contemplate the complex relationships among women, femininity, work, war, technology, and power.

Richlovsky's paintings also imply a healthy skepticism of Rosie the Riveter-style propaganda that glorified women working for the war (see "We Can Do It!" posters that are commonly reprinted and sold in stores as feminist kitsch). Women may have gained financial independence and job skills during the war, but they were able to do so only as long as it benefited the rich and powerful. According to Richlovsky, "the feminine ideal was expediently modified to promote home-front support of the war, just as it would be modified again at the end of the war to entice women back home, assembling the attachments on a brand-new Electrolux instead of the nosecone on a B-29." It wasn't until the 1960s feminist movement that women's freedom to work outside the home began to be restored.

Signs of dynamism abound in Richlovsky's paintings. Large wheels and propellers suggest the workers are acting and creating in layers unseen, below even the cloth canvases. I can't help but to feel proud of them — not because they are patriotic or pretty, but because they inspire movement.

You can see Jane Richlovsky's work through Feb. 1 at Ballard Fetherston Gallery, located at 818 E. Pike St., a half-block from Broadway on Capitol Hill. Gallery hours are Tuesday through Saturday, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., or by appointment. For more information, please call (206) 322-9440.





by Perfess'r Harris

erhaps our expectations were unrealistic. When we at Classics Corner waddled off to our hour in a flotation tank, we were thinking "Altered States." We were thinking of all those transformational stories of trial by water: Jonah and the Whale, Odysseus washing up onto the shores of Phaeacia, and Scott Carey, who, as the Incredible Shrinking Man, nearly drowns in 10 inches of water only to find his rightful place in the infinite order. For our fifty bucks we wanted no less than epiphany.

We were encouraged by the notion that water is somehow all wrapped up in creation and baptism and all things mysterious and life giving. We float in water as embryos. Those of us who are smart live near a coast. We are, as the Crystalline Microbrains of Velara III once memorably said, "ugly bags of mostly water."

We wanted nothing less than rebirth, like what happened to Odysseus. Freed by the Gods from the Island of Calypso, the King is sailing home when Poseidon sends a hurricane to mess with his head one last time.

We were thinking of all those transformational stories of trial by water: Jonah and the Whale, Odysseus washing up onto the shores of Phaeacia.... For our fifty bucks we wanted no less than epiphany.

His raft is destroyed, but he grabs onto a log and survives. He finally reaches shore, "his whole body swollen, brine aplenty gushing out of his mouth and nostrils, breathless, speechless." He buries himself in leaves to sleep and wakes the next morning covered in sea slime. After a good wash and olive oil rubdown and a little help from Athena he is,

"glistening in his glory, breathtaking, yes ..."

We were rather hoping for something like that. Or, if we couldn't have a godlike glow, we were hoping for mystical enlightenment, like what happened to The Incredible Shrinking Man.

In this 1959 classic, Scott Carey begins to shrink after an unlikely brush with some radioactive clouds. Eventually, after a chaste affair with a circus freak and a near-death experience with the family cat, he gets trapped in his basement, and, left for dead, finally stops whining and gets on with the business of life as a microorganism. Just when he thinks he's got a handle on things, the hot water heater breaks and unleashes an epic flood on his teeny little head. He grabs onto a pencil, and, exhausted, passes out on a drainage grate.

When Scott comes to, he engages in life and death combat with a two-ton truck of a spider, and, victorious, finally walks through the grating of the basement screen window to embrace his new, ever shrinking, vistas. "All this vast majesty of creation, it had to mean something," he thought. "And then I meant something too. Yes. Smaller than the smallest. I meant something too. To God, there is no zero. I STILL EXIST." His new future of battling ferocious dust mites and eventually being lunch for a paramecium held only awe and wonder.

And so, we floated. After a bit, the monkey brain settled down, and, for a few moments, we found infinity, or at least its beginning, lying naked on a pool of water and 900 pounds of Epsom salt. The answer was "yes." Yes I said yes I will Yes. ■

Writers, photographers, illustrators wanted. Call Adam at 441-3247



Mid-winter Notables

Thursday 1/23

"Peace on Earth: How?" a Thursday night series, with speaker Pramila Jayapal, director of The Hate Free Zone and author of Pilgrimage to India: A Woman Revisits Her Homeland. Co-sponsored by The Center for Contemplation and Nonviolence and Keystone Church, free, donations invited for the presenter. 7:30 -9 p.m., at Keystone Church, 5019 Keystone Pl. N. All are welcome. Info Eric Carlberg 206-632-6021.

Friday 1/24

"The Fair Hearing Process: How to successfully represent your client or help your client represent him/herself," a workshop for social service providers working with homeless clients by the City of Seattle Human Services Program. Presented by Anne Dederer, JD. 9:30 a.m.noon, at East Cherry YWCA, 2820 E. Cherry St., bus lines 3 and 8. RSVP required, call 206-386-1146.

Sunday 1/26

Northwest Labor and Employment Law Office (LELO) monthly radio program "Speaking for Ourselves, To Each Other," with Bev Sims, host. 8:30 a.m., this and subsequent 4th Sundays, on KEXP Radio 90.3 FM.

Waging Peace in Perilous Times, a Community Conversation Cafe with Nina Utne, co-publisher, Utne Reader, Ross Reynolds, host on KUOW Radio, Alene Moris, a leader on women's issues, and Seattle citizens like you. No one wants war, yet we may wage a war in Iraq in the name of peace and security. Conversation Cafes are hosted, drop-in conversations among people with diverse views. 5:30 - 7:30 p.m., at Elliott Bay Book Company, 101 S. Main. Info 206-624-6600.

Debbie Friedman in concert, her extensive variety of songs are integrated into the musical repertoire of synagogues, schools, and camps. She is an important force in modern Jewish music. 2 p.m., at Meany Hall on the University of Washington campus. Tickets \$25 adults, \$15 under 18. Proceeds will benefit Youth & Children Services at Jewish Family Service. Info 206-461-3240 ext. 4076.

Wednesday 1/29

Gabriela Network presents Filipinas Not For Sale, When Strangers Reunite, 3rd of four films on the trafficking and labor export of Filipina women. This film explores how Filipino families, separated by the international labor market, struggle to rebuild their lives together. 6 p.m., at Independent Media Center, 1415 3rd Ave., \$5-\$10 suggested donation, no one turned away. Info 206-853-8902 or http://www.pmm.qc.ca/strang-

Sakyong Mipham Rinpoche, who teaches mind-training to thousands through Shambhala — a global network of meditation and retreat centers — will present guided meditation instruction and sign copies of his book Turning the Mind Into an Ally, 7:30 p.m., Town Hall, 1119 Eight Avenue. \$10 in advance, \$15 at the door. Follow-up classes will be offered at the Seattle Shambhala Center on February 6, 13, 20, and 20. For more info, call 206-860-4060 or please visit www.seattle.shambhala.org.

Thursday 1/30

Andrea Cohen, filmmaker, is featured in the Thursday night series "Peace on Earth: How?" In sharing her vision, the speaker will utilize Children of Abraham, her award winning documentary detailing the first all Jewish Compassionate Listening Mission to Israel and the Palestinian Territories. Co-sponsored by The Center for Contemplation and Nonviolence, free, donations invited for the presenter. 7:30 - 9 p.m., at Keystone Church, 5019 Keystone Pl. N. All are welcome. Info Eric Carlberg 206-632-6021.

Friday 1/31

Two-day workshop for adults who work with youth, based on the belief that you don't have to be a professional artist to use the arts in working with young people. You will learn powerful artsbased techniques to help youth increase their capacity for self-expression. Friday, Jan 31, and Friday, Feb 14, in Seattle. Cost \$145 for two-day workshop, scholarships available. Info 360-671-7390 or http://www.powerofhope.org.

"Domestic Violence and Children," a workshop for social service providers working with homeless clients by the City of Seattle Human Services Dept. Homeless Training Program. 9 a.m. – 5 p.m., at East Cherry YWCA, 2820 E. Cherry St., bus lines 3 and 8. RSVP required, call 206-386-1146.

Saturday 2/1

Women's Peace Event, Rainier Valley Cultural Center, 6 - 9 p.m. Please call Justine for more info, 206-675-8595.

Sunday 2/2

Social and Economic Justice through Global Democracy workshop, working to create democratic, non-violent processes for global decision making, 12:30 – 3:30 p.m., at Antioch University, 6th & Battery. Suggested donation \$5-\$10. Info 206-721-5672 or dickburkhart@attbi.com.

"Don't Kill Your Television," Seattle Independent Media Center invites you to a night of political TV on the big screen, featuring the best in activist television programming. 7 – 9 p.m., this and subsequent 1st Sundays, at IMC, 1415 3rd Ave. Info Susan 206-709-0558.

Grammy Award-winning African American female a cappella ensemble, Sweet Honey in the Rock, singing spirituals, hymns, gospels, jazz, and blues. Powerful voices and hand percussion instruments create a blend of lyrics, movement, and narrative. 7 p.m., at the Paramount Theatre, 911 Pine St., \$24 -\$34, info http://www.sweethoney.com.

Wednesday 2/5

Gabriela Network presents Filipinas Not For Sale, Say I Do, final of four films on trafficking and labor export of Filipina Women. This film chronicles three mailorder brides from the Philippines now living in Canada. 6 p.m., place TBA. Info 206-853-8902 or http:// www.redstorm.ca/home.htm.

Thursday 2/6

Washington Low Income Housing Network and the Washington Low Income Housing Congress will hold Housing Advocacy Day, at St. John's Episcopal Church, Capitol Way in Olympia, Washington.

"10,000 Flowers: A Call to Bioregional Citizenship." The Whidbey Institute, in partnership with the Power of Hope and the Fetzer Institute, is beginning a major new initiative to foster a vibrant learning network in our region. Michael Franti, activist and leader of the band Spearhead, will appear with Pramila Jayapal, founder of The Hate Free Zone Campaign of Washington, and others. 7 – 10 p.m., at Town Hall, 8th and Seneca, tickets \$13 in advance, \$15 at the door. Info 360-671-7390 http:// www.powerofhope.org.

Friday 2/7

"Across the Lines: A Community Summit," bringing together concerned people from diverse cultures, backgrounds, and generations to learn from each other. Join 60 youths and 60 adults for a day of dialogue and creative engagement about what matters in the Pacific Northwest. 9 a.m. - 5 p.m., at Town Hall. Info 360-671-7390 or http:// www.powerofhope.org.

Ongoing

Peace Vigil and leafleting to protest U.S. policy in Afghanistan, Palestine/Israel, and Iraq by Women in Black. Women wear black, men welcome to stand on the side or leaflet. 5 – 6 p.m., every Thursday, at Westlake Park near 4th and Pine. 206-208-9715 or http:// Info www.scn.org/~wibnw.

Computer Corner



Sign up for Classes NOW!

The Mac Workshop has two FREE classes open to all:

Introduction to Macintosh: Learn or brush up on your word processing and writing skills while using Microsoft Word and Internet-based tools like email and online search engines. Students are encouraged to bring in specific projects or areas they need help with. Mondays and

Wednesdays, 3:30-4:30.

Introduction to Photoshop: Receive basic training on Photoshop application, an ideal program for artists and others who are interested in graphic design and publication. Clients have used Photoshop to create greeting cards and have work published in the Real Change newspaper. Saturdays, 1:30-2:30.

All classes will be on Macintosh computers and wil be held at 2129 Second Avenue, Seattle, For more information, contact Sal at (206) 441-3247 ext. 205, or macworkshop@realchangenews.org.



Calling all salespeople and marketers —

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Real Change is now offering sales training to our vendors and we need your help.

Please contact Lily at 441-3247 x 203 or at vendor@realchangenews.org.





Support Reproductive Freedom

ISSUE: On the 30th anniversary of *Roe v. Wade*, the 1973 Supreme Court decision that protected a woman's right to an abortion, the right to choose is coming under fire from increasingly powerful anti-abortion politicians.

Background: Many of us can't recall the days when abortions were illegal and "choice" for women too often meant choosing between a "back alley butcher" or a long, nightmarish trip to one of the few compassionate physicians who provided clandestine, medically safe abortions. It is easy to take for granted the rights that were secured by *Roe v. Wade*, the historic Supreme Court decision that guarantees a woman's right to choose.

On January 22, 1973, the Supreme Court ruled in $Roe\ v$. Wade that the constitutionally guaranteed right to privacy "is broad enough to encompass a woman's decision whether or not to terminate her pregnancy." Since $Roe\ v$. Wade, Americans have seen the passage of state laws that restrict abortion and the willingness of courts to uphold them.

A woman's ability to exercise her right to choose abortion is becoming increasingly dependent on the state in which she lives. Requiring young women to obtain the consent of or notify their parents prior to an abortion and imposing mandatory waiting periods before abortion procedures are two examples of legislative obstacles to timely and effective reproductive health care.

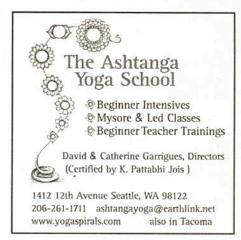
George W. Bush has already shown signs that he is interested in seeing the *Roe v. Wade* decision undermined and eventually overturned. He has revived retrograde anti-choice policies, installed religious political extremists in key administration posts and on the federal bench, and pushed ideology rather than scientific or medical evidence in domestic and international reproductive health policy.

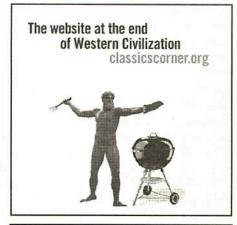
Today, *Roe v. Wade* is under intense assault, and has already been eviscerated by subsequent government and court decisions, such as waiting periods and parental consent regulations. A razor-thin margin on the U.S. Supreme Court is all that keeps it alive — and all it would take is one anti-choice appointee to the Supreme Court to put *Roe v. Wade* in serious jeopardy. Demand that President Bush uphold *Roe v. Wade* and support programs and legislation that protect reproductive freedom and improve the quality of reproductive health care.

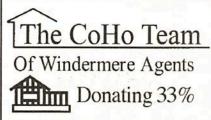
Action: Write your legislatures asking them to honor the privacy rights and healthcare concerns of women when considering the nomination of federal judges and any future Supreme Court nominees.

Your letter can include some or all of the following text: When the time comes for the Senate to conduct hearings and cast a vote on a Supreme Court nomination, I urge you to carefully study the record of the candidates and demand full public disclosure of their writings and views. Any nominee must be asked her/his position on *Roe v. Wade*, and the people of the U.S. must be informed of their views and records regarding privacy, family planning, and abortion rights. Reproductive freedom and a woman's ability to determine her childbearing is a crucial issue to me, and to the majority of American voters. We will be watching carefully to see how the Senate conducts itself when faced with a nomination that could affect generations of women, and it will certainly determine my vote.

You can also find more information and online petitions at www.saveroe.org (part of Planned Parenthood) and www.prochoiceaction.org (part of NARAL). To find your contact information for your senators and representatives, visit $www.senate.gov/general/contact_information/senators_cfm.cfm$ or www.house.gov/house/MemberWWW.html.



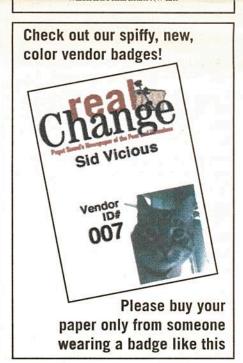




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