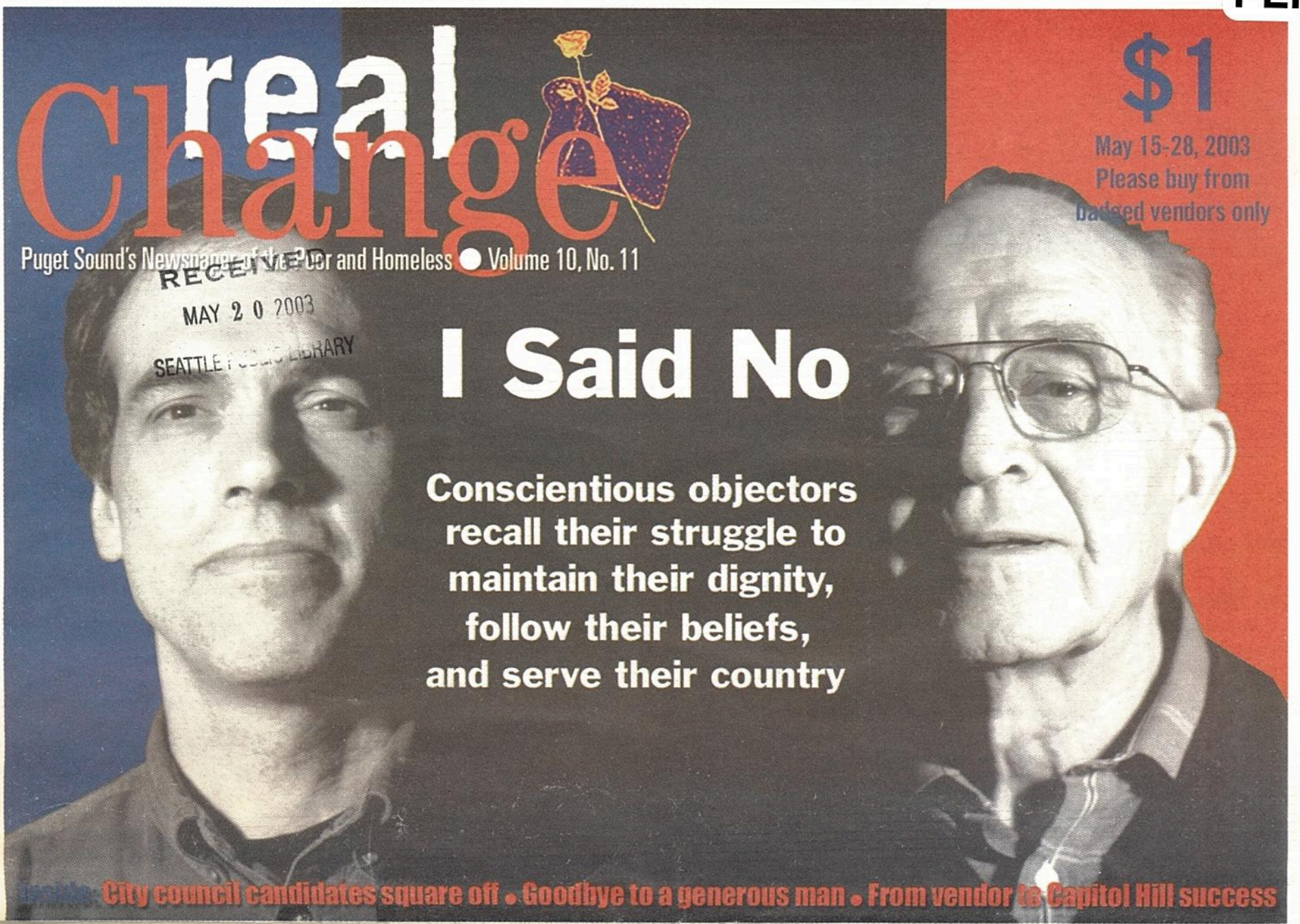


May 15, 2003



GLEN MILNER, LEFT, CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR DURING THE VIETNAM WAR, AND HOWARD SCOTT, RIGHT, CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR DURING WORLD WAR II. PHOTOS BY JACKIE RENN.

Interviews and photos by Jackie Renn

A I Cairns, a conscientious objector and counselor with the Seattle Military and Draft Resistance Board, enlisted in the U.S. Coast Guard in 1987 for two years active duty, only to find himself patrolling the Puget Sound waters against the War on Drugs.

"I wanted to help people and decided to go into search and rescue," he recalls. "I was sent to San Diego to train with the Navy SEALs. I remember hearing reports of a U.S. Navy ship intentionally ramming into a Greenpeace ship in international waters on the Atlantic. The Greenpeace ship radioed May Day, and the nearest Coast Guard ship wouldn't go get them. I couldn't believe it — all these guys cheering. That's when I began to have doubts about what I was involved in."

Cairns had one week of his two-year enlistment to go when he turned in an application for Conscientious Objector (CO) status. "Everyone in the military tried to talk me out of it, even the chaplain, telling me to let it go. But I wanted them to hear me out."

After a year of being "regularly intimidated and harassed," his application was accepted. He got an Honorable Discharge and a new sense of purpose. "I spent two years of my life in the Coast Guard and learned that I wanted to be a vocal opponent to war," he says.

"They really did make me all that I could be."

What is a conscientious objector? Many believe that COs exist only during a military draft. Others think that a CO must have strong religious beliefs and ties to a peace-loving church, such as the Quakers, the Brethren, or the Mennonites. Some see COs as cowards, refusing to heed their country's call. Whatever your religious background, whether or not you're of draftable age, if you refuse to participate in the organized killing that is war, you are probably a conscientious objector.

COs have had a role in U.S. history since the Revolutionary War, when Benjamin Franklin added an amendment to the conscription laws exempting from service "those persons who from religious belief are scrupulous to the lawfulness of bearing arms." Even so, they did not escape punishment: two colonial-era ancestors of CO Harold Carson were killed for refusing to take up arms. During the Civil War, both the North and the South had conscription laws, requiring \$300-\$500 fees for being excused on the basis of belief. At the onset of World War I, the Selective Service Act of 1917 recognized CO status

only for those men who were members of the historic peace churches. Those who took CO status suffered great hardships; many were hazed to death.

In July 1940, pacifists lobbied Congress to provide an alternative service for draftees who registered their unwillingness to fight. So were born the Civil Public Service (CPS) camps, the wartime homes of men like Howard Scott, Ward Miles, Harold Carson, and Bill Matchett. The CPS camps were run by the three major historic peace churches — the Quakers, the Mennonites, and the Brethren. About 43,000 men refused to fight during World War II; of them, at least 12,000 were sent to the camps. Those who refused to go were arrested and sentenced to up to five years in prison.

As the war grew, social and health service programs were jeopardized. State mental hospitals and training schools for the retarded lost many of their attendants to the military. Men from CPS camps stepped into the gap, employing non-violent methods. They ushered in a revolutionary change in patients' treatment. Other COs advanced scientific knowledge by volunteering as human "guinea pigs" at hospitals and universities. Still others established medical services in poverty-stricken areas. When the volunteers were relieved of their duties at the war's end, their contributions lived on.

Unlike the WWII-era objectors, COs during Vietnam found themselves isolated from their fellows. Gone were the CPS camps of World War II. Now, the Selective Service required COs to sign up for "alternative service work" at least 50 miles away from home. At the same time, through a long court battle, CO status became a possibility for thousands more draftees. A Supreme Court ruling declared that draft boards did not have the right to decide which churches taught anti-war creeds. Non-religious beliefs alone could determine CO status, the court ruled, since "strong beliefs about our domestic and foreign affairs... [are] founded to a substantial extent upon consideration of public policy." You needn't be a Christian to have an anti-war conscience.

Here are the stories of just a few of the COs from World War II and Vietnam. They are men who endured much to stay faithful to their principles. Their stories are shining examples of citizenship and profiles in courage. ■

CO Stories continued on Page 8



Tying the tubes of poverty

Dear *Real Change*,

I was assigned to view this web site [www.realchangenews.org] as a nursing student. My only comment is that I hope your organization provides and advocates birth control to the poor and homeless in your area. People who can't afford to provide their children with a decent education and some semblance of support WITHOUT GOVERNMENT MONEY shouldn't have chil-

dren. So often, people have two, three, or more children when they are barely making it. Then something bad happens, and it's a steady downhill race from there.

Children are NOT an ENTITLEMENT. Breaking the cycle of "the rich get richer and the poor have children" is, in my opinion, a primary key to escaping poverty. (Of course I support Planned Parenthood and am staunchly pro-choice).

**Good luck,
Julie Warner
Dallas, TX**

Ed. responds: You know, many people would have come away from our website with a different impression. They would have thought that maybe there needs to be more affordable housing, or more work available at a livable wage. They would have thought that perhaps a stronger safety net was in order, or that our society should do more for the mentally ill. But your preoccupation, oddly, is that the poor and homeless should not procreate. Where does this logic take you? If children are "not a right," does that mean our society is under no obligation to ensure that the children of the poor survive?

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You're my favorite pointless bore!

Dear Perfess'r,

I've just been to your website and I wanted to say thanks. I buy *Real Change* from any of three men who sell same in front of Ken's Market. Then I put the paper on my microwave intending to read it when I find the time and read the *Stranger*, surf the web, watch TV, and read worthless old books. After a few weeks, I throw the paper in the recycle bin. This time I read it and found "Classics Corner." Thanks.

I started reading a particularly worthless set of books, *The Story of Civilization*, by Will Durant, and have begun the second book, *The Life of Greece*, wherein Helen and Troy are mentioned, so your article caught my eye. Then I saw the ad for your website on the back of the paper and rifled through it. I added it to my favorites and will be checking back periodically and making extensive use of the links you've provided.

Thanks for letting me know that there's at least one other amateur "reader of things boring and pointless" out there.

**Joy,
tomofseattle**

mygrouchspeaks.net

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Change

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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.

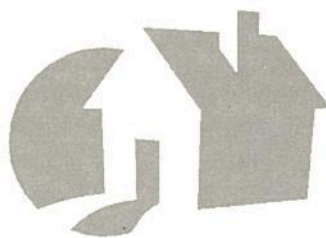
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Provide a foundation for grassroots organizing.
Publish the views of marginalized communities.
Create direct economic opportunity. Build bridges with a broad range of allies in the struggle against poverty.

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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Police Violence in Our Private Lives

By Alisa Bierria

When activists talk about police violence, we are usually referring to racial profiling or police brutality in the course of formal police work. The term “police violence” is often used to describe events such as the 1997 rape and torture of Abner Louima by police officers in a New York jail precinct, or the pepper spraying and beating of peaceful WTO protesters by the Seattle Police Department in 1999, or the 2002 murder of Robert Thomas Sr. by a King County officer. But when Tacoma Police Chief David Brame brutally shot his wife, Crystal Brame, in the head and then turned his gun on himself, ending his life, we hesitated to also identify this horror as another episode of police violence.

David Brame’s perpetration of domestic violence against Crystal Brame was a function of police violence. David Brame used his police-issued firearm in death threats and, ultimately, to kill her. He also used his gun to date rape another woman in 1988. He used tactics he learned and perfected as a police officer, such as constant surveillance, interrogations, and threats to control his wife. He used his identity as a police officer to gain access to her parents’ home in a gated community so that he could harass her. He collaborated with the assistant Tacoma police chief to further intimidate Crystal Brame. Also, just as police officers who commit public acts of police violence are protected by government officials and the police union, Brame’s police violence was soundly sustained by Tacoma City officials who protected him (including the city attorney who prevented rape allegations against Brame from being disclosed, and the city manager and the mayor who dismissed Crystal Brame’s assertions of abuse) and by the head of Tacoma’s police union, who blamed the media for David Brame’s actions.

Why do activists hesitate to connect domestic violence perpetrated by police officers to the broader problem of police violence in general? There are a few possibilities. One issue is that police violence is a racialized violence, primarily targeting people of color. Because Crystal Brame wasn’t a woman of color, one might assume that there were no race politics involved, and therefore not connect her murder to a larger pattern of police violence. However, during the Seattle WTO protests, many folks who felt victimized by the police were white folks, and their experiences were often represented by their attorneys, the media, and themselves as police violence.

Another possibility is that anti-police brutality activists have not yet fully considered the ways in which police violence is engendered. Police violence that targets women does not neatly correspond with the popular image of police violence victims, which seems to usually be men, specifically men of color. Men of color have been and continue to be very much targeted by law enforcement, but so are women, particularly women of color. The critical difference is that police violence against women does not usually occur in public, but in private spaces where women often spend time. Activist Anannya Bhattacharjee writes in her working paper, “Whose Safety? Women of Color and the Violence of Law Enforcement,” that “a gender perspective can help us appreciate how law enforcement violence affects our communities overall, by exposing its impact on such areas as reproduction and sexuality, home life, caregiving, and paid work — all social arenas in which women play a central role.”

There is no way to separate the domestic violence that Crystal Brame experienced from her husband from the vast institutional power that her husband enjoyed as a police officer. It is startling to imagine the impact of the full brunt of state-sponsored violence in the middle of one’s private life. However, as Bhattacharjee notes in her article, the existence of law enforcement violence in the intimate realms of women’s lives is a far too common reality for women of color in particular, which can take the form of INS raids, prison rape, or the criminalization of pregnant women.

Understanding Crystal Brame’s experience of domestic violence as a function of police violence also presents us with an opportunity to investigate other ways in which police violence shows up in our private lives. In this era of Homeland Securities and Patriot Acts, our private worlds are increasingly forced open to more police scrutiny and potential state-sponsored violence. If we develop a more expanded understanding of police violence, we may be better equipped to resist its encroaching persistence into our lives. ■

Alisa Bierria is the program coordinator of Communities Against Rape and Abuse (CARA) and on the national steering committee of Incite! Women of Color Against Violence.

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5/15/03

Advocacy for the advocates

Over the last year, funding for the Welfare Rights Coalition (WROC) has critically decreased to the point that many of its employees, including Executive Director Jean Coleman, were temporarily laid off. For the past four months, Coleman has volunteered her services, fulfilling the responsibilities of her former position and coming up with fund-raising ideas.

"This is what I love to do," Coleman said when asked why she continued her work even after she was laid off.

In December, Coleman wrote a bulk email with the subject heading "recession hits WROC." In the letter, she announced the layoffs and pledged her commitment to work with "the Financial Committee, the Board, and our consultant Cheyla McCornack-Axtel to raise the funds needed to bring us all back as soon as possible."

WROC is a non-profit organization dependent on grants and private contributions to "change the welfare system so that it is more responsive to the needs of low-income people and treats public assistance recipients fairly and with dignity," according to the mission statement. WROC educates those receiving public assistance about their rights and informs them of subsidy programs available. The organization offers training in public speaking and how to talk to legislators about welfare issues.

WROC also provides up-to-date information on current legislation concerning welfare and family policy. The coalition works on the local, state, and federal level by lobbying to improve conditions for low-income families. WROC is currently trying to get legislation passed that will improve access to education and training, by making sure childcare is available during class and work time and by establishing paid family leave after a person has worked for a company for six months.

WROC applied for several grants that it did not receive, and donations have been down over the past year. In attempt to generate some much needed funding, WROC had to look at alternative ways to raise money. Last Saturday night, WROC hosted an auction with a goal to raise \$20,000 by selling arts and crafts, dinners with politicians, and vacation packages. Some of the more popular bidding items included a hand-made quilt, a champagne brunch on a houseboat, and a garden package complete with 72 different types of heirloom seeds. Although the exact numbers will not be determined until next week, Coleman estimated that around 140 people attended the auction and the amount raised fell just a little short of their goal.

Although the auction turned out to be a success and the positions that were eliminated have been reinstated, WROC is still not out of the woods. The coalition is working on other ways to bring in funding. One plan is to have people involved with WROC host house parties/coffees. These parties will give the leaders a chance to talk about the work they are doing and those who have benefited from WROC's assistance a chance to share their stories. The house parties will introduce the organization to a group of new people who may be able to help by volunteering or making donations. ■

— Jessica McMichael Kastner

From vendor to director on Capitol Hill

At 10:45 on a Tuesday morning, clients are already lined up at the corner of 10th and Republican awaiting the opening of the Capitol Hill Resource Center. The center, located in the basement of the All Pilgrim Church on Broadway, will open in 15 more minutes and homeless and low-income clients will file in just looking for a little help. Associate Director Henry Denrow, a former *Real Change* vendor who has written poetry for the newspaper, can relate to the plight of those waiting outside: he would still be considered homeless himself.

"I'm couch surfing with friends," says Denrow, meaning he's been living with different friends. "I got an eviction notice from my last place and that's like death in Seattle."

Nevertheless, Denrow puts in more than 50 hours a week at the center. Besides running the day-to-day operation, he assists clients, supervises volunteers, and works with the center's other two paid staff members.

"Henry has a passion for helping people," says John Saddlemeier, President of the Center. "I first met him when he came to the Café Hospitality. He started helping out and volunteering."

A year ago, Denrow was a familiar site to shoppers at Broadway's north end, selling *Real Change* at the entrance of the QFC directly across the street from All Pilgrims. Earlier in his adult life, Denrow worked for Starbucks and



for different local grocery stores. But when he was laid off he eventually wound up on the streets.

The street life led to problems with the law. In what he now calls a setup, he delivered some drugs for a friend and was arrested as part of a sting operation. Later, he had problems with a neighbor and was accused of assaulting her.

"A crazy women next door to me slashed herself and said I did it," says Denrow. "They released me after four months in jail. A friend's wife was selling *Real Change* and recommended I do it. I did it from November to March. It kept me going. It wasn't easy work but it kept me in cigarettes and food."

Living on the streets in the winter months, Denrow ankles began to swell up. He found refuge at the Café Hospitality, located in the First Christians Church on Broadway. When First Christian and Pilgrim merged and Café Hospitality closed, Saddlemeier encouraged Denrow to get involved in the newly merged center. Denrow organized the clothing room and then when the director left he took over day-to-day operation of the center.

"Henry would be very hard to replace," said Saddlemeier. "He keeps all of our records. He helps people with resumes, helps people with computers."

The Center is open to the general public on Tuesdays, 10 a.m. – 2 p.m., and clients can make appointments the rest of the week. The Center recently added another paid employee to help keep computer records, and Saddlemeier and Denrow foresee a day when the Center will be open every day, moving into a bigger space in the building.

On this Tuesday, clients are primarily looking for food, clothing, hygiene products, and bus tokens. One client says that he lost his wallet and needs money to buy food. Some are looking for rental assistance but the Center can't help today. Denrow tells those who inquire to come back in a few days; cash donations are coming in all the time. Some clients enjoy a hot cup of coffee that's always on the stove. By 12:30 p.m., the rush is over and 15 clients have come through the center. Denrow says the record is 42. Denrow will now head over to Bellevue to pick up some food donations for the center.

"We see a lot of people who have worked for 30 years but got laid off," says Denrow. "They never thought they'd have to ask for anything. They're not your standard homeless. We're hearing from people from as far north as Shoreline. We've heard from Tacoma and we even heard from somebody in California who saw us on our website and needed help."

An articulate, soft-spoken man in his late 30's, Denrow doesn't fit any homeless stereotypes. He always went to Church, wrote poetry, and frequently reads the Bible.

"When I was 32 I had a clean record," says Denrow. "I always worked and had never been in any trouble. People think being homeless was a bad thing that happened to me. But it gives me a unique perspective in dealing with people who come into the center."

"People go into places looking for help and sometimes they feel worse when they come out," says Denrow. "We try and respect people. It's easy to wind up in the streets today. Rents keep going up and people are losing their jobs."

For Denrow, all the tough times may not be behind him but that doesn't stop him from helping others. "We have some nice clothes here," says Denrow. "People come in here and dress all spiffy. When they leave you wouldn't recognize them." ■

(The author of this article, R.V. Murphy, is on the Capitol Hill Resource Center Board of Directors)

— R.V. Murphy



HENRY DENROW, A FORMER *REAL CHANGE* VENDOR, NOW DIRECTS THE CAPITOL HILL RESOURCE CENTER. PHOTO BY BROOKE KEMPNER.

Do you have any stories we should look into? Call Adam at 441-3247 ext. 207, and just maybe we will.

The Pile-On

Three challengers face City Councilmember Judy Nicastro in September's primary

By Ray Murphy and Adam Holdorf

John Fox detects a whiff of déjà vu. The veteran activist remembers talking with Seattle City Council challenger Tom Weeks in the early 1980s. Weeks was facing Victoria Galle, a one-term councilmember who had an open-door policy with neighborhood interests and bucked the business-friendly downtown establishment. Fox asked Weeks why he was running against the most progressive member of the council. "Because she's beatable," he said.

Conventional wisdom hasn't changed, two decades later. Incumbent Judy Nicastro won her razor-thin 1999 victory as the renters' candidate. Now, she faces three challengers — one a landlord — who have raised serious money to run viable campaigns. They're spurred on by the incumbent's record. While Nicastro led her colleagues in passing reforms in landlord-tenant law, she has also disappointed and frustrated labor, housing, and neighborhood activists — those who might be considered her political base. Over unions' protestations, she voted to give a downtown builder millions of dollars worth of high-rise development credits (a move that Mayor Greg Nickels vetoed). She cast the sole vote against the council's compromise version of the 2002 Housing Levy — objecting to its \$7.8 million homebuyer fund, which benefits moderate-income people. The levy's backers feared that her leadership would torpedo its chances at the polls. And, in her time as chair of the council's Land Use Committee, she has been a voice for urban density, upsetting the folks in single-family neighborhoods.

Whatever her position, Nicastro has also openly voiced her principles in a political environment that rewards go-along-to-get-along, behind-the-scenes maneuvering. While she was tarred and feathered by allegations of vote-trading on the re-appointment of City Light director Gary Zarker, Nicastro has provided the lonely "no" vote on a host of issues that other councilmembers say "yes" to — from the housing levy, to the rights of property owners in the path of Sound Transit's Rainier Valley route, to the rising rents in the Seattle Housing Authority's affordable senior-housing program. Speaking of her "campaigning" against the Housing Levy last year, she explained her take thus: "When the press asked me why I voted the way I did, I told them — that's my job."

A seasoned political observer, Fox

characterizes each of Nicastro's opponents as "good corporate liberals." "These people may be good on giving money for human services — alms for the poor," he says. "But when it comes to regulating the marketplace that causes the problems, they're nowhere to be found."

Inaugurating the campaign season, *Real Change* met with Nicastro's challengers to understand their motivations for running against the City Council's most outspoken member.

Kollin Min

Min is the best-financed challenger in the Nicastro race. He's been buttressed by stellar connections: from the anti-I-200 campaign, to his work for House Speaker Frank Chopp, to his heading up the environmental non-profit Cascades Conservation Partnership, to his tenure at the high-profile Seattle law firm Preston Gates & Ellis.

Min came to Seattle in 1991 to start a career in journalism. He wrote a story for the *Seattle Weekly* about the City Council campaign of Martha Choe; Choe then asked him to help out. A Korean-American like himself, Choe opened Min's eyes to the political opportunity to represent the Asian-American community — a community that didn't exist where

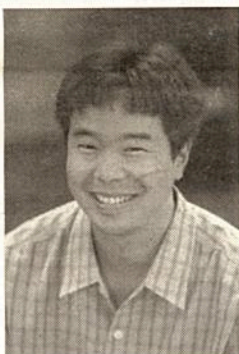


PHOTO OF KOLLIN MIN, BY ADAM HOLDORF.

Continued on Page 12



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Key parts of San Francisco's Care not Cash initiative were struck down by a Superior Court judge this month. The initiative, which was passed by the voters in November, was supposed to take money that goes directly to homeless people in the form of welfare checks and instead funnel it to homeless service programs; some of the city's homeless people were poised to see their welfare checks plummet from \$400 to \$59 a month, starting in July. Under the judge's ruling, only the city supervisors can change the welfare levels, not the voters, according to the *San Francisco Examiner* (www.examiner.com). While the city claims that there is now no money to support new programs that would have started this summer, homeless advocates feel that putting the money into homeless people's hands is better than supporting new, unproven programs. Yet for some homeless people, like those the *Examiner* talked to at a downtown welfare office, housing is more important than any money they get. As one woman told an *Examiner* reporter, "They can keep the GA check if they give me some place to live."

Cities don't offer homeless street sleepers much, but they shouldn't destroy their makeshift homes without warning. So says the American Civil Liberties Union in a federal class action lawsuit filed earlier this month on behalf of the rights of homeless people in Pittsburgh, according to the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (www.post-gazette.com). Since 2001, Pittsburgh has conducted sweeps that kick homeless people out of their camps and seize their property without warning and without a chance to ever retrieve their belongings, the lawsuit says. Other cities that conduct sweeps, like San Francisco, Chicago, and Atlanta, notify campers before coming through and set a way for them to collect their property. While the city has not directly commented on the idea, they have met with ACLU officials and local homeless advocates to see if some kind of deal can be made. ■

— Compiled by Molly Rhodes

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poetry

Seattle Poem

I lean, she faces James Street slanting rain
etch lines against morning blue;
Dawn pierces clouds.
I make tracings feeling constellations
on her arching brow
and cusped breasts
a soporific bellybutton
I digest rhythm
worship yeast
and the
sea.
She stands in the doorway
with a curved smile
uncombed hair burnished
red-brown, dark eyes
and pale skin.
She combs her hair sitting in the bathroom,
oiling it
I sweep, retrieving a wavy strand
placing it between the pages
of a paperback book.
I compose her
a poem, half-written, fingered
on shower mirror;
Rain pelts window
drops gathering east light

— EARLE THOMPSON

Reverie

In the waning hours of the night
I sit in a chair listening to the dryer go around-clicking
And the harsh drone of the air conditioner re-circulating the dust.
200 men are asleep, while in the background,
A man quietly sings, in a deep vibrato, the song;
“Green, Green, Grass of Home”

Silently I remember a gentler, peaceful time.

The sun — high overhead
Warm and penetrating
The breeze gently soothes
As it billows the sails

The slow leisurely passage
Bow rising with each swell
The gunnel cuts into my back
Lines pulled taught in my right hand
The tiller in my left

The seagulls soaring above
Cries piercing the sky
So soothing as I drift along
Tension flowing out of me

I am jerked out of my reverie
when the dryer stops its incessant clicking
I get up to fold the clothes and off to bed.

— PAUL VON KEMPF, JR.

Adventures in Poetry with ©Dr. Wes Browning



I've always been one of those people who is most happy getting away from everybody and entertaining myself in solitude. But I am not completely asocial. I want to remain in touch with my fellow man and my fellow woman. Mostly my fellow woman, but I don't want to get off the subject with that.

What I'm saying is that one of the ways I keep myself entertained is by Trying to Relate. Trying to Relate is this solitary game I play where I try to keep in touch with the rest of the species by trying to relate to things that I hear or read about them doing. It is a fun game that can keep me busy for hours and hours.

Take for example this guy Aron Ralston who got his arm caught under an 800-pound boulder and chewed it off to get away. The news said he cut it off but when you read the details and find out how dull the knife was and the fact that he had to break both forearm bones first, you realize that the “chew” metaphor is more appropriate than the “cut” metaphor. He chewed his arm off with a piece-of-junk knife. “Hacked” might work.

Trying to Relate takes me down many avenues of fun. I don't have to confine myself to trying to relate to Mr. Ralston. I can try to relate to the reporters, too. So right now I'm trying to relate to the guy who first wrote that it was an 800-pound boulder and I'm asking myself the question, “Who hiked back the 10 miles from the highway with the scale and weighed the rock?” And I am imagining the reporter asking this question and getting a blank stare. This way I am relating.

But of course the story is about Mr. Ralston and most of my fun naturally gravitates toward trying to relate to what he did.

I am reminded at this juncture of the recent news of a study, done by actual scientists, that determined that (duh!) some people hurt more than other people. Now, “relating” requires just such comparisons between people. To be precise, in relating to Mr. Ralston I would be relating two people, namely

him and myself. Therefore I must consider: How much would I hurt, were I to hack myself?

Well. It so happens that I am the sort of guy who can't even touch his nipples with his fingertips without screaming in agony. For me, popping a pimple requires that a local anesthetic be applied by a qualified nurse. To remove a band-aid from hairy skin on my arm I shower frequently until it falls off or decays. I am not exaggerating one bit.

So the answer to the question of how much I would hurt if I were to hack myself is: gobs.

There is absolutely no possible way that I could chew, hack, or even cut my arm off, and then later say to the world, “I felt pain and I coped with it.” The word “coped” would not be part of my description of what happened. I would say something like, “I felt pain and I screamed bloody murder.” Or something like, “I felt pain and I passed out and bled all over myself and then I woke up puking and alternately screaming bloody murder.” Or, “I started to cut myself and I couldn't do it and instead I passed out and woke up in this hallucinated press conference and now I'm going to die trapped under this rock.”

What I am suggesting here is the heresy that Mr. Ralston was able to do what he did because he was constituted differently from some of the rest of us. He evidently does not feel pain as much as some people, namely me. I actually suspect that he is the sort who feels less pain than most of us. Why, I wonder, is it so important for him to climb every 14,000-foot or higher mountain he can, in cold weather no less? Could it be that he's desperately running around trying to feel anything?

But, hey, I'm not saying that what he did isn't still very impressive. Just because he couldn't feel his arm as much as most of us can feel ours, doesn't mean he wasn't attached to it. I'm sure that he's going through a grieving process now as serious as any I would.

Now, grief, there's something I can relate to, while we all wait for Paradise to fall on us. ■



Berkeley

I remember when the National Guard
occupied my city.
Tanks parked downtown,
in front of Penny's,
in front of the drug store.
High school ended early
because of tear gas
blinding students.
The bull horn told us
how to walk home,
to avoid soldiers
lining streets with rifles.

After school, I worked
in the police station.
The police officers wore wigs
to uncover what the radicals
were up to. Governor Reagan
drove up to congratulate them.
He wore rouge and eyeshadow
for the camera.
The policemen shook his hand.

This was after the experiment
of dropping pepper gas
from helicopters,
where mothers, children and fathers,
window shopping down Telegraph Ave.,
threw up on the sidewalk.
I remember the curfew
when we weren't allowed
to watch the whole movie.
Full rolls of film were taken
from the photographer.
I remember the arms of a friend,
how I squeezed out the buckshot with tweezers
like pecking at handfuls
of birdseed.

— CRYSTA CASEY

These Businessmen Who Flood

These businessmen who flood the city in the morning
swooping down like pigeons in their three piece suits
their charming cords and leather — consider

The male of the species what a package don't you wish
you could be one marry one? rosy and well-fed fruit
and yogurt churning into his intestines his lips
scented with fresh ground coffee oh yes
we all envy him his gifts his guaranteed wool blend suit
his ivied walls his happy children

Watch him now as he passes the sidelong
disapproving glances how swiftly he deals
with moral difficulty packing it away
in that mental foot locker he calls his intelligence
Imago Dei

The female of the species is interesting too
so careful so slender clothes so coordinated
such blood colored nails
her scent proclaims her approach
comments upon her departure
click click
her glance is fearful her pace quickens
click click

The streams converge they flow
into the buildings so square and gray
against the pale sky
these hush plush buildings where by accident
or of necessity we navigate
carpets elevators plants guards
these buildings block the light

— ELIZABETH ROMERO

The Cracked Ones

Cracking up
cracked up
I look for
the crack:
The sideways
the parting
the back out
of whack,
back like
the spine
like a tall
glass of lack,
straight
strong
and tender,
those minds
out of whack.
When faces come
at me I
look for
the crack.

— LORAIN CAMPBELL

CO STORIES, Continued from Page 1

"I cannot say that I suffered at all"

Bill Matchett, WWII CO

Before retiring to Hood Canal, Bill Matchett was an English professor at the University of Washington. He spent his CO time as an experimental subject.

When Pearl Harbor was bombed, I was going to Swarthmore College. A group of us who knew we were COs got backing to start a training program for overseas reconstruction work. We wanted to do something useful: relief efforts, reconstruction, helping injured soldiers. Congressman Joe Starnes of Alabama put a stop to this by passing a bill that would not allow money for COs to work overseas.

I was drafted at the end of my sophomore year. I still had to go before the draft board. They insisted that you get a physical first — they would much rather say that you were physically unfit than put you down as another CO.

I was sent to a CPS (Civilian Public Service) camp in New Hampshire, a

former Civilian Conservation Corps camp that they had taken over. On my way to the camp I arrived at the train station in Plymouth, Hampshire. There was a barber shop that had a big sign in the window that read, "We don't cut the hair of skunks or COs."

I arrived at the camp in June 1943, and it was shut down that autumn. Men were dispersed to other, more painful projects. I was the inventory clerk, so I was the last one out as I had to account for everything that had been used. I had to wait till everyone was gone. The result was that I didn't have any choice where I went and wound up in the cushiest service of all — in the guinea pig unit. It was run in the psycho-acoustic laboratory at Harvard.

They studied various hearing problems and invented the perfect hearing aid. There was only one trouble: transistors had not been invented, so they had to use tubes. Remember the old radio tubes? Well, this perfect hearing aid would be fine if the deaf person had a safari of people to carry the components.

They tested their equipment on people who were not deaf. "White noise" would lower their threshold. There were eight of us who would sit in this white noise chamber; we wrote down the syllables that we were hearing. We were only good for a few

hours a day, because the noise was hard on the hearing.

One of the directors of the laboratory was himself a Quaker. He understood the situation. When the Selective Service asked if he was going to house us in a Harvard dormitory, he said that he would like to do that but the dormitories were full of Army and Navy units — there was no space. They had to give us a small allowance for a place to live in Cambridge. Similarly, regarding feeding us in the Harvard dining room: the dining room is completely full, so you'll have to give them a small allowance and have them find their own food. The result was, we had enough money for housing and food. And if a couple of us took an apartment together, we actually ended up with a little bit of money to spend, unlike anyone else in CPS. One could almost feel guilty about that. That unit lasted until 1946, three years.

I cannot say that I suffered as a CO at all. Some did. They tested DDT on COs, or gave them lice and they had to count them everyday to see if they were decreasing or increasing. At that time they thought DDT was a great thing

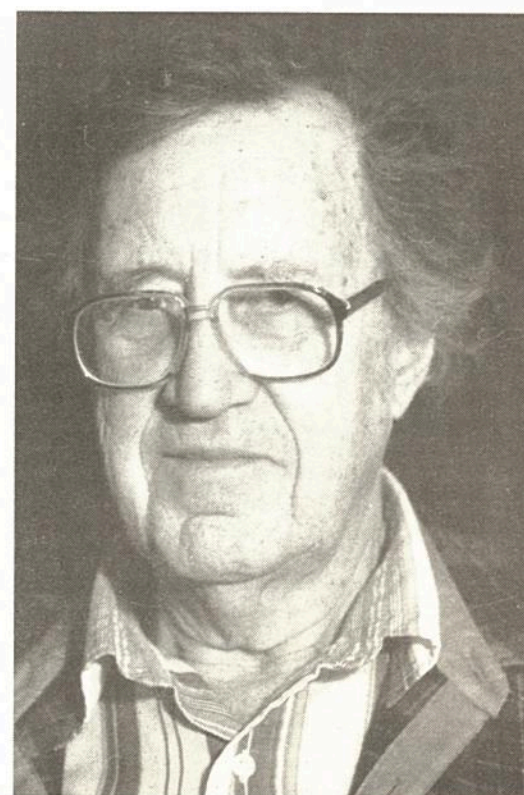


PHOTO OF BILL MATCHETT, WWII CO, BY JACQUELINE REED

and that they were going to save the world. Later, as you know, they found out otherwise. ■

"I had been a good boy all my life"

Ed Santella, Vietnam CO

Santella took a non-combatant role, 1-CO in the military's parlance, and worked in a veterans' hospital. He refused orders to go to Vietnam and applied for CO status. After an honorable discharge he became an attorney, specializing in veterans' affairs.

In 1968, I was 22, free, White, and male — with no clue as to what life was all about. I got this incredible job offer in the mail. "Greetings," it began. It was signed by Lyndon Johnson. So I enlisted in the Air Force.

I had been sort of anti-war before I enlisted. Not morally against it, but I'd been a political science major so I'd had thoughts like: "Does the square root of the benefits of winning equal or exceed the coefficient of the risks of losing squared?"

My first and only assignment before filing for CO status was the orthopedic/neurological ward. Some of the guys I helped had come back from the war paraplegics and quadriplegics. I flipped them over on their beds, washed them, fed them, changed their catheters, stuck my hand up their butts because they couldn't even shit for themselves.

I talked to them too. When your whole life is two hours staring at the ceiling, flip, then two hours staring at the floor, flip, you like to have someone to talk to. All the while the television is reporting lies, lies, lies. The lies Johnson told us, the lies McNamara told us, the lies Nixon told us. "So how does it feel to face the next 50 years never being able to feed yourself because your President refused to tell you the truth?"

I was in medic training when the ser-

geants instructed us to ignore the rules of war. They said part of our assignment in Vietnam would be to execute wounded prisoners. Too expensive to keep them alive. Then they challenged us: "Anyone have a problem with that?" No one did.

No one, not one of the 50 trainees in that room, had objected to this horrible violation of international law. We were talking about murder. I was disgusted with everyone. Then I realized that I, too, had remained silent.

When I got orders to go to Vietnam, many of the people I worked with congratulated me. They told me I could buy lots of electronic gear cheap and bring it back, or I could have a Vietnamese woman as my "maid." Nobody but nobody said anything about being patriotic or winning the war. Many of the people who wanted or expected me to go talked about what I could get out of it.

I refused the orders and filed a CO application. I had been a good boy all my life. A good boy is a boy who does what he is told. It's even better if he does what he's told without even thinking about it. We men are raised so that we get our identity from beating up or "commanding" lesser folk: women, minorities, Vietnamese, etc. In exchange for that privilege, we must submit to getting beaten up or "commanded" by those men above us. Sometimes this is called "being a man," sometimes loyalty, and sometimes patriotism.

I talked to people. I talked to my wife, Karen. It would have been hell if she wanted me to go. I talked to our friends. I talked to some guys who had returned from Vietnam and were in the anti-war movement with the Vietnam Vets Against the War. In the end I realized that there was no way in hell I was going to kill a Viet-

namese for defending his country, and there was no way I was going to patch up some American so that he could go out again and kill or be killed. I wasn't going to go. I'd go to jail first. Not something I looked forward to — I don't particularly have a martyr complex.

I felt guilty for even thinking about not going. Don't laugh, but I was afraid people would think I was a girl. Or worse. A Captain told me that if I persisted in filing for CO, women would not want to have sex with me. I told him that I'd make sure my wife knew about that.

It was scary at first, telling people I wasn't going to go. My superiors thought I was judging them. I tried hard not to do that or appear to be doing that. More than that, I worried about how guys who returned from Vietnam, particularly the ones I cared for everyday, would react. They supported me. One even told me he wished he'd had the guts to refuse, but that he'd been worried about how his family would react.

By the time I was discharged I had served three years, 11 months, and 26 days.

Regarding my story, I'm not sure whether I sound bitter or flip. Whichever, it's because I'm sad. Getting my CO approved was something for me — only. It would have been meaningless unless I did something more.

Those who told me it would be good to go to Vietnam to get electronics and a "maid" had it right. Wars are about getting what you want, whether it's things or power.

We've all learned that the war to end all wars is a bad joke. WWI led to WWII. WWII led to the Cold War. The Cold War gave us wars and oppression all over the world, including Vietnam. Not to mention that's when the CIA put Saddam Hussein into power in Iraq. The winner of the Cold War has now given us Iraq. Being a CO is just getting your toe wet. You really have to dive in to make a difference. ■

"I realized how cor"

Glen Milner, Vietnam CO

Many of the guys who went to Vietnam. Many of the guys who didn't.

In 1969 I turned 18 and had to register as a CO to be a lonely CO.

I met this guy named Steve in my summer and I was taking some classes. We used to get together once in a while about guys who had gone to prison.

We would meet and he would come. I was really searching for an answer to participate. I remember him feeling should do and his own thoughts on it.

I tried to convince him to go half drive around before fall quarter started. Parents, and he hung himself. He v

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"I realized how conflicted he must have felt"

Glen Milner, Vietnam CO

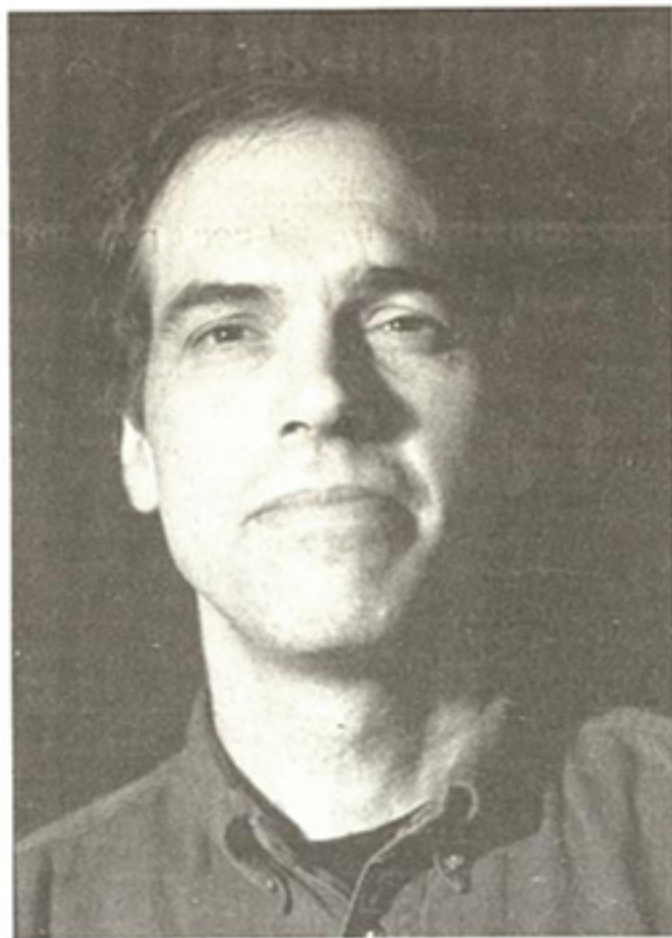
M*any of the guys who went to Vietnam suffered, and many of them still do. Many of the guys who didn't go to Vietnam suffered too.*

In 1969 I turned 18 and had to register for the draft. I remember the process of registering as a CO to be a lonely one.

I met this guy named Steve in my first year of college; we became friends. It was summer and I was taking some classes, and he was working with the grounds crew. We used to get together once in a while for lunch and talk. He was reading this book about guys who had gone to prison for refusing to go to the war.

We would meet and he would discuss parts of the book. You could tell that he was really searching for an answer. He didn't believe in the war and did not want to participate. I remember him feeling conflicted between what his family thought he should do and his own thoughts on the matter.

I tried to convince him to go halves with me on buying a car, and just take off and drive around before fall quarter started. One weekend he went home to visit his parents, and he hung himself. He was 19.



"We never punished or retaliated"

Dr. Ward Miles, WWII CO

Ward Miles grew up a Quaker; he was granted CO status and shipped off to a work camp. As the war proceeded, he went to work in a state mental hospital in Philadelphia. After the war, he became a family doctor at Group Health Cooperative.

When I arrived at Byberry, the Philadelphia state hospital, I would be there for the next 18 months. No longer sleeping in a tent, but in a dormitory room with double-decker single beds crammed together with a foot or 18 inches between. Clothes in a locker like a gym. A dining room with unremarkable food.

There was also a women's unit, with eight to 10 young and older women who had volunteered to become attendants to show their solidarity. Alice Calder was one of them. She said that I was the first person she ever met from Oregon. She and I were married after the war.

My work assignment was in B building, commonly known as the "violent ward." We had 350 patients including a restraint

room of 20 or so patients in leather straps and cuffs. We had no private rooms or padded cells. The place was "run" by worker patients who did the cleaning, served the meals, and herded the patients. Doctors never came, unless someone died and needed to be pronounced dead. Nurses came once daily, to dress wounds and give a few medications for colds, etc. There were no drugs for mental illness. We had a number of patients with neuro-syphilis who had to be taken to the infirmary for spinal taps and shots of bismuth and mercury.

Ross Roby (another CO) and I had the 2 p.m. to 11 p.m. shift, the second shift. The first shift was run by an old-line attendant who had an ex-boxer do beatings for discipline. The night chief attendant had patients strapped into the beds, and he would kick them out himself. Trying to run the shift in between these two on the basis of nonviolence was a challenge.

One of us spent most of the shift time in the large day room, with 250 patients, breaking up fights or just watching. The other one was in the restraint room emp-

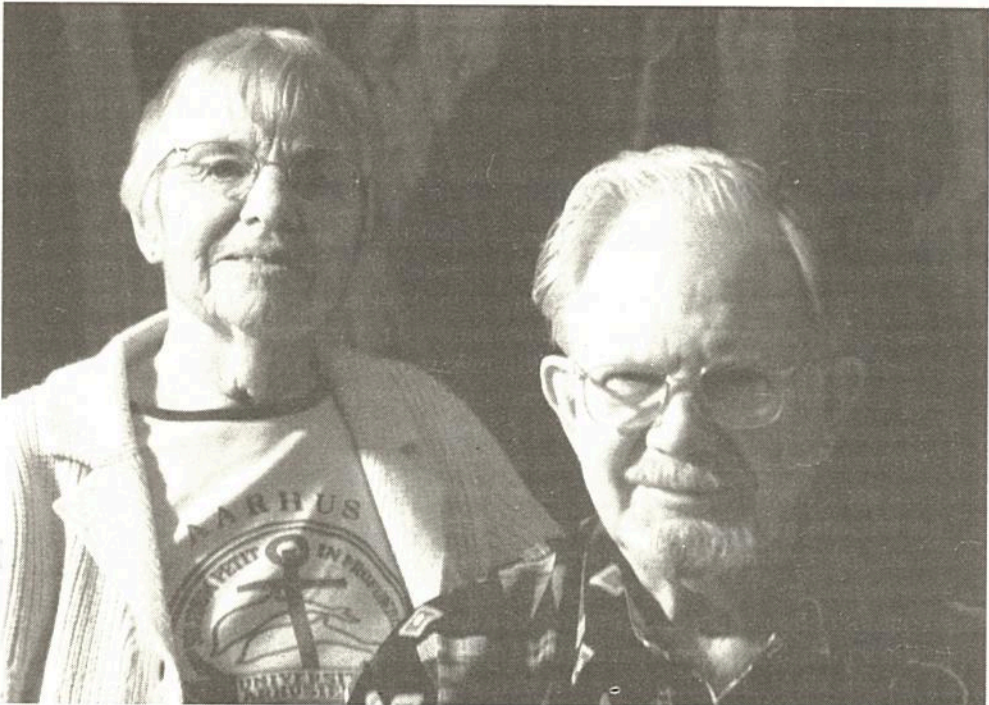


PHOTO OF DR. WARD MILES, WWII CO, WITH HIS WIFE ALICE CALDWELL MILES, BY JACKIE RENN.

tying urinals, feeding patients, and being cursed at — and hoping none of the angry younger patients got loose and jumped us. Gradually we were able to show the patients that we would not beat them, that we were honest and would protect them.

It was all we could do to supervise worker patients, keep order, and satisfy our supervisors.

Miles Continued on Page 11; CO Stories Continued on Next Page

cted he must have felt"

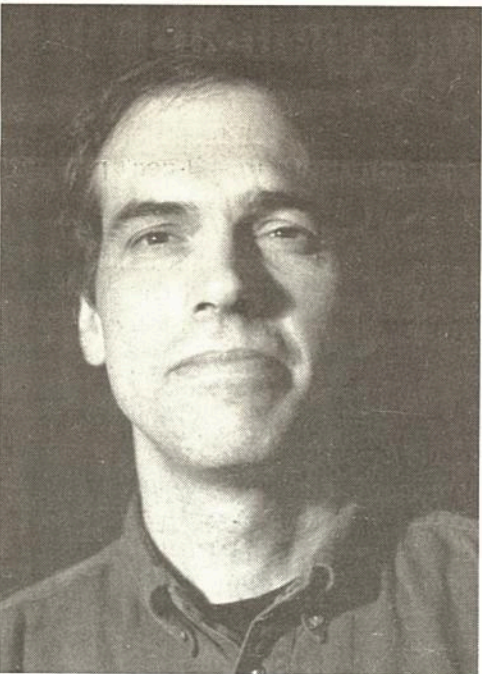


PHOTO OF GLEN MILNER, VIETNAM CO, BY JACKIE RENN.

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ith me on buying a car, and just take off and l. One weekend he went home to visit his).

His parents blamed it on drugs. But I knew better. I never saw the guy smoke a joint or drink.

I was angry and upset when I heard of his death — at first, I felt like he had bailed out. Later I realized how conflicted he must have felt. His mother wrote me a letter later on saying what a kind person he was. I never told her about his feelings on the war.

I was not sure of how my CO status would turn out. I thought, I'm not going to participate in this war, and I'm not going to jail. I thought of Steve. I began filling out immigration papers for Canada.

My CO status was denied in December 1972. Then, I was called in for a physical in January 1973. The war was winding down. I had sustained a back injury while participating in track and field during high school, and I brought along my X-rays. Whether they called me in for the physical because they would rather find me physically unfit than have me appeal my case, I don't know. But they found me physically unfit, and excused me from service. ■

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CO STORIES Continued
from Previous Page

"We found ourselves in an impossible position"

Harold Carson, WWII CO

Two of Carson's Quaker ancestors were killed for refusing to fight in the Revolutionary War. When World War II began, he was first sent to a CPS camp in Ohio.

I cleaned toilets in the dorms. I chose this type of work because I thought I was a "creative pioneer"—someone who could share the responsibility during wartime by doing something constructive.

I was then sent to Elkton, Oregon, which started the next three years of my life. Our responsibilities were to fight fires, plant trees, build a road to Big Creek, man surveying crews, and raise Douglas Firs.

My first assignment was to build bunk houses at Big Creek. For 13 days we never saw the sun. I still remember walking around in mud.

Once, we had 60 men fighting a fire in the old Tillamook burn area in the Coastal Range of Oregon. We got a phone call from the Portland office say-

ing, "You gotta get up here right now because the men are on strike and they're going to be arrested." In Oregon it is illegal to strike on a fire.

So, I, as acting director, along with the superintendent of the camp got into an old pickup and drove to Tillamook. What were we going to do? When we arrived it was obvious. The men had been guaranteed cork boots for fighting fires, and the boots never arrived. The men went on strike because they were climbing over hot logs wearing street shoes.

Surveying the situation, I said, "These men are willing to go to prison. What do they have to lose? They're already in prison in a way." The next day, 60 pairs of cork boots arrived from Portland, and the men went back to fighting fires.

We raised our own food, grew our own vegetables. One day a fellow at the camp took a truck and drove it to The Dalles. He picked up a truckload of salmon from the hatchery and brought it back to camp. We ran pipes from the steam generator in the laundry, and for a considerable amount of time we were able to farm our own salmon.

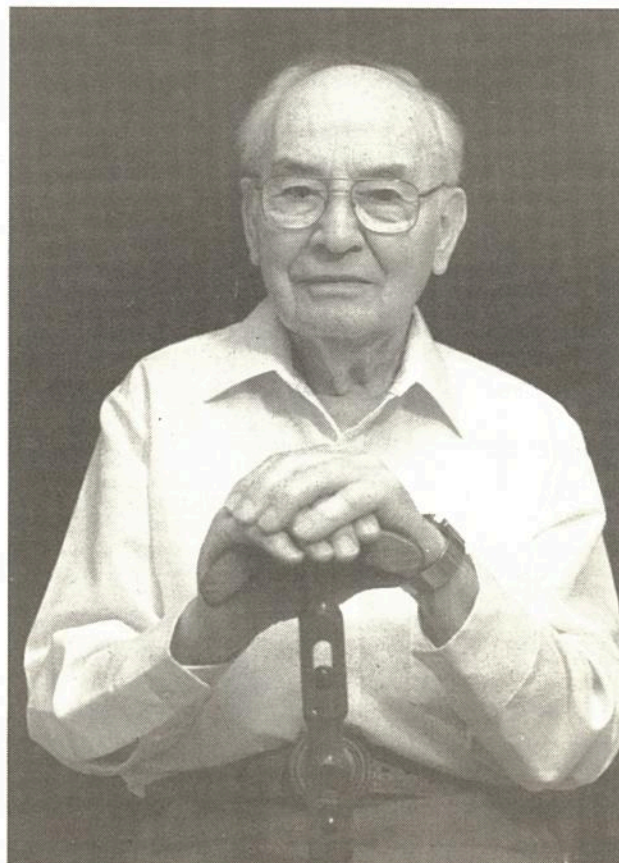
Two of our men got acquainted with two local postal workers and married them after they got out. We had a nurse in the camp, and people in the community would come to see her if they had accidents. There were no other medical facilities in the area.

The camps were meant to work with the government, employing men who claimed CO status. Instead, it conscripted them. The Selective Service put them in, but we had to make decisions about getting them out. I started out as a "creative power" in 1940 but ended up as the "hatchet man" by 1945. I was called that by five men who went on strike. Almost daily, men were deciding whether or not they were going to work. On the days they refused to work, the camp administration had to report them as AWOL or refusing to work. This went on for a year. In January 1946, the Friends were out of the camps for good and all were closed.

Would I do it again?

No. We found ourselves in an impossible position. We had to administer policies that we didn't make and didn't believe in. I don't want to say that the Friends who started the camps sold us something, but they were very optimistic. They didn't want to see these men

PHOTO OF HAROLD CARSON, WWII CO,
BY JACKIE RENN.



go to jail.

There was never a question in my mind as to whether I would go to war or not. I said, "No way. My life is, as far as I can make it, a peaceful one. I cannot kill because of my forefathers. It goes way back. They are my heroes." ■

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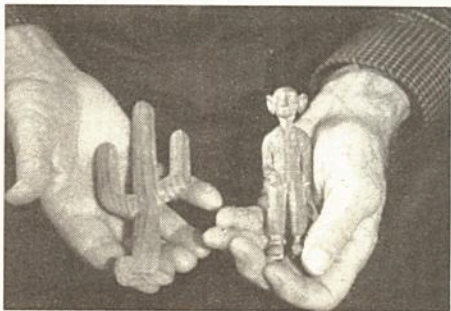
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"I always knew that I wasn't alone"

Howard Scott, WWII CO

Military training was mandatory for men who were at the university: ROTC. I was in it for one year and then declined to go on. I remember once being at target practice. They had these screens of bulls-eyes; then they changed them to human figures. I put down the gun and said, "I won't shoot at that." The person heading this exercise became upset with me, but there was nothing he could do. I didn't get into any trouble over this.



TO FILL HIS TIME IN FEDERAL PRISON, WWII CO HOWARD SCOTT CARVED FIGURES OUT OF WOOD. PHOTO BY JACKIE RENN.

In the summer of 1940 I went to Washington D.C. to lobby against the draft bill. We had a group of over 100. There were men and women — women who had begun to feel that they too might be called upon. My wife was among those, although she wasn't my wife at the time. I felt our work had some effect; we helped give COs a certain status, classified as 4-E.

I was drafted in 1940. I had some wonderful experiences with the draft board. They were absolutely uninformed of what was outlined in the manual for those who might be opposed to war.

The clerk on the board, in Seattle, was hired to help administer the Selective Service act. They just didn't know about COs. I remember telling them what was possible under the CO classification. I also remember the clerk

getting up and getting the handbook and fingering through it. He would then tell the other guys on the draft board, "You know, this guy is right. There it is."

They treated me respectfully. They didn't reprimand me. They were interested in what I knew. I was finally given 4-E classification. I was told that I was the first CO in Seattle.

In August 1941, I was sent away to CO camp in California, even before war was declared. There were 130 to 150 men in two camps in the hills outside Los Angeles.

We worked with the forestry department, combating fires, protecting the parks as well as the surrounding area from fire. It was a significant project. The manzanita there is an oily brush, and it just explodes.

When Pearl Harbor was bombed, the guys at the camp felt that we would be more useful elsewhere. A lot of us had college educations. There were nurses, technicians. I was qualified to be a school psychologist. There were plenty of us — more than enough to handle the parks. Along with a few others, I finally left camp in protest. They classified me as AWOL.

I went into L.A., where I got a job in a plant nursery. About three or four months later the federal marshals showed up. I spent four months in a federal encampment in Tucson, Arizona. There were several other COs of one kind or another there, and 70 Jehovah's Witnesses.

After serving my sentence, my wife and I moved to Oregon. We were working on a farm when I received notice that I was being drafted, again. This time I refused to go. I was taken to federal court in Portland and sentenced to three years in a federal prison on

McNeil Island.

My wife was about seven or eight months pregnant. The local draft board allowed me to wait until after the birth of our daughter before sending me to prison. I served two-plus years of the three-year sentence. I worked on the farm there, in the dairy. We grew all the food for the prison. We were not treated like the hardened criminals. We formed a group that met once a week, and we would talk about books we were reading, about letters we received from our families. It was quite refreshing, really.

By the time I was released I was 24 years old, and the war was over.

I always knew that I wasn't alone. There were others across the country doing the same thing. We had support from the churches and other groups; they were interested in making our voices heard. I felt that there were a lot of fellas in the military that didn't want to kill others either. ■

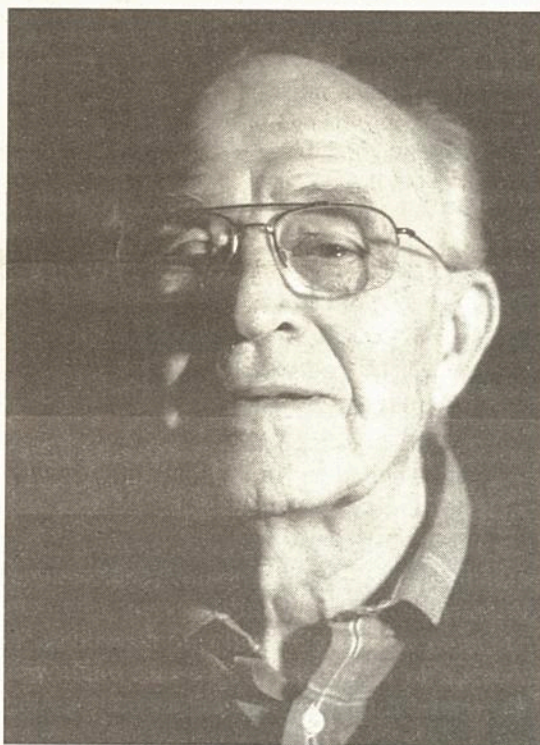


PHOTO OF HOWARD SCOTT, WWII CO, BY JACKIE RENN.

How to Object: Tips for young people

When a draft is reinstated, everyone who's fit will be summoned. As in the past, those who resist will endure close scrutiny.

That's why Vietnam CO Howard Welsh has put together tips for young men and women who suspect they'd be unwilling to fight. Sixteen- and 17-year-olds can prepare to assert their beliefs well before they have to register with the Selective Service, at age 18. Here are some things to do:

- Write a letter expressing that you object to all wars based on deeply held philosophical or religious principles. This is your Affidavit of Fact.

- Sign it, have it notarized, and get two other witnesses who are not related to you and are registered voters, to sign it.

- Send copies to your friends, family, and professional acquaintances. Be sure to send a copy by certified mail to your U.S. Congressperson.

- Get five letters of substantiation confirming your decision from your parents or relatives, your religious leader, or your doctor. Each letter should say that they know you as a conscientious objector. Each letter needs to be postmarked.

- The Affidavit of Fact can be filed with any Federal District Court as a document in any Selective Service proceeding.

- Once you turn 18 and have to register with the Selective Service, you should write on the card, "I am a Conscientious Objector." Before mailing the card, make a copy for your file; the Selective Service discards the card once they enter it into the system.

- Keep your documents secure and ready. It is a good idea to resubmit these documents to federal legislators and the Selective Service every two years.

- In the event of a draft, don't just wait and see what happens. The burden of proof is on you; maintain your file. ■

If you have further questions regarding CO counseling or wish to set up a CO training session in your community, contact Howard Welsh at consobjcouns@msn.com or 253-531-7742. In particular, Welsh needs counselors of color to speak with Latino, Black, and Native American youth who shoulder a disproportionate burden in U.S. military service.

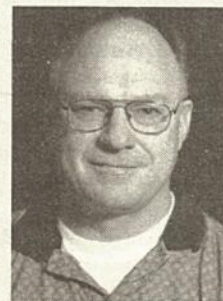


PHOTO OF HOWARD WELSH, VIETNAM CO, BY JACKIE RENN.

MILES Continued from Page 9

There was a caged office near the main door where there were cards on each patient with a picture, some of them many years old. In time, Ross and I knew everyone by name. It was said no one else had done that.

Our nonviolent approach worked, but at times patients had to be subdued for their own protection as well as others, but we never punished or retaliated. Sometimes I was frightened. There were episodes; once a worker patient, known as a very paranoid man, had become disturbed. He had wedged himself against the wall between two single beds in the corner of the basement. He was swinging a big push broom at any one who came near. We had been unable to persuade him to come out, and more and more patients were gathering to watch the attendants deal with the problem. I had two other attendants with me. I said, "I will go in first and grab him, and you come and get the broom away and help me subdue him." Unfortunately he got me on my back and tried to scratch my eyes out. The others got him under control but I had scratches around both of my eye sockets.

It was awful having no treatment. Watching young patients with neuro-syphilis deteriorate was heartbreaking. Penicillin was soon to eradicate this horrible aspect of syphilis.

After the war was over, we were held with no pay except \$15 a month for toiletries and stamps. We were not eligible for any benefits: health care, educational grants such as the GI bill, or home loans.

I did not know it at the time, but I was to develop tuberculosis during my first year in medical school. It was agreed that I had contracted it while at Byberry. I missed a year of school, but because I contracted TB in a state institution I was eligible for some vocational assistance.

On June 15, 1946, almost three years to the day of my induction, I was discharged. Alice and I were married that day and soon headed west. I went to college and then back to Pennsylvania to medical school. Eight years later, with three children, we headed west to Seattle. My friend from Byberry, Ross Roby, became a psychiatrist.

These three years were eventful for me and the world. I wanted to be a part of these events, but felt I could not play the part expected of most young men my age. ■

COUNCIL Continued from Page 5

he grew up, in upstate New York. "That was really a pretty cool experience for me, to see a Korean American succeed in politics. That's what got me interested in political issues," he says.

Min went on to get a law degree at the University of Washington, taking a

job as a land use and environmental attorney at Preston Gates & Ellis. He says his work there gave him a passion for land-use planning. He says that jobs and economic development will be central focuses of his campaign. Min fears the erosion of Seattle's traditional blue-collar jobs. There still are, out in the Interbay, the Ballard, and the Duwamish area, a core of jobs that pay \$15, \$20, \$25 an hour — specialized metal fabrication jobs, shipbuilding, pipefitting. If Boeing leaves, we are in a world of hurt. It's critical that we keep these jobs within the city limits."

Another savior of the city's economy will be small businesses, he says — store owners and small employers who don't get enough attention at City Hall. They often stay behind, when the McDonalds or The Gap has moved on, he says. "A lot of neighborhood businesses are having a tough time, and they want to feel like city government is responsive to their needs."

Min says that he would rather work behind the scenes than use the bully pulpit. Working in Olympia, he noticed that "the really good legislators aren't necessarily pounding the table. The most effective legislators I saw were the people who quietly, behind the scenes, ran around pulling together the votes that were needed."

By the numbers: raised \$41,698 as of May 1. Employer of the biggest contributors: Preston Gates & Ellis (\$2,275)

Daryl Smith

Smith is a neighborhood booster who's lived in Columbia City since 1994, when he and his wife bought "a little fixer-upper" for \$98,000. He might be called an "urban pioneer" — paving the way for homebuyers who are now willing to pay three times what he had to. This south Seattle neighborhood has achieved cultural cachet, and

it's due in part to Smith, a founding leader of the Columbia City Revitalization Committee.

"A lot of us living down there, and those who were moving in, felt that if you squinted, you could envision five, seven years down the road, this would be a wonderful place to be that would maintain its diversity," he says. His solution was Beat Walk, a monthly musical event held in several shops along

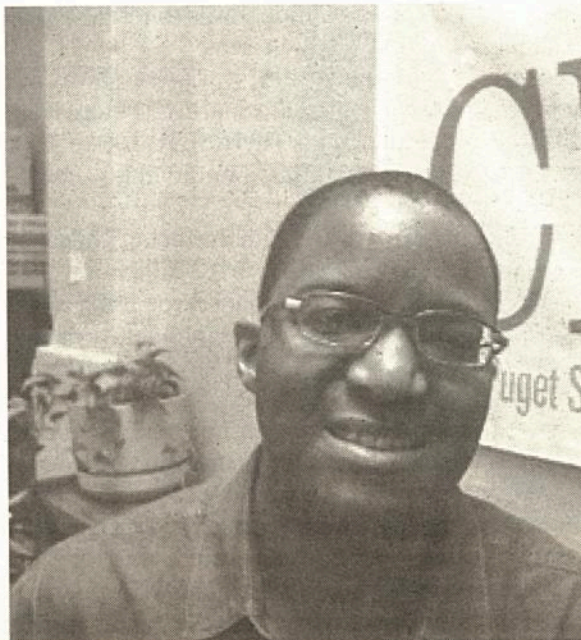


PHOTO OF DARYL SMITH, BY ADAM HOLDORF.

Rainier Avenue.

He toiled for years to build such community events in the neighborhood, working for consensus during fractious community meetings — a good skill, he says, for working on the City Council. Smith took his neighborhood experience to a seat on the Seattle Design Commission in 1998, where he reviewed construction permit applications with other community members.

In his other job, as an agent with Windermere RealEstate, Smith has seen firsthand how middle-income families are priced out of the city's

neighborhoods. "People who've lived in Seattle are facing tough choices: do I move to Pierce County where it's more affordable? Renton used to be a laughingstock, but now it's got a lot more affordability than Seattle. And at the same time we're trying to discourage tons of cars on the road. By forcing people to be further and further away, without a mass transit system we're just forcing them out." To keep Seattle

growing, Smith calls for land-use code reforms that would encourage smaller single-family homes on tiny lots. Cottages "are still reflective of a single-family neighborhood, but they meet the needs of people who just don't use a 2,500-square foot house."

When discussing Nicastro's record, Smith focuses on her vote on the housing levy. While Nicastro cast that vote to state her support for very-low-income renters, Smith believes homeownership help for moderate-income people should be an even greater priority.

"If we are not going to be helping people of moderate means through the

housing levy, then what is the point? That is who we are losing throughout the city. My suspicion is that people of moderate means are leaving faster than people who are super poor. People who are working in a hotel downtown, raising a kid — they are getting slammed the hardest."

By the numbers: raised \$19,227 as of May 1. Employer of the biggest contributors: Windermere Real Estate (\$2,500)

Robert Rosencrantz

Rosencrantz might be considered the "anti-Nicastro." The landlord for four Seattle apartment buildings, he has worked for developers big and small, from old-time Seattle families to Lehmann Brothers. He boasts of wheeler-dealing the production of 1,000 units of affordable housing over a 20-year period — among them, the Belltown apartments that sit above *Real Change's* office.

Rosencrantz grew up in the Madrona neighborhood, graduating from Franklin High School and the University of Washington, where he ran track and earned a degree in economics in 1978. Throughout high school and college, he was the manager of the Biltmore Apartments on Capitol Hill.

His problems with Nicastro began when his company, Rose Properties, handled the 1999 sale of the Biltmore, where he had once worked. The new management at the Biltmore, RP, doubled the rent. Nicastro went after them during her City Council campaign, calling the new management "greedy pigs." Rosencrantz says he approached Nicastro before the sale was made, offering to let her help try to find a buyer who'd keep the rents affordable.

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"The family that owned the building for 54 years was selling it," says Rosencrantz. "Judy was just forming an organization [to overturn the state's ban on rent control] called Local Housing Needs Local Laws, and she had been leafleting the building at that time. I went to Judy and told her, this is the perfect opportunity for you. She said, 'I won't work with you. I only work with renters.' Later, I ran into her when she was campaigning and said, what would you do if an opportunity came up like that again. She thought about it and said, 'You mean, offer it to a non-profit or something?'"

Rosencrantz scoffs at any perceptions that he's for the developers and Nicastro's for renters. "I've worked with everyone from the down-and-outers to people who have a lot of money," says Rosencrantz. "I'm as balanced as you can find. And how much has Judy really done for the renters? She wasn't for the renters at the Biltmore."

Rosencrantz is vague about whether he's a supporter of Mayor Nickels. He does favor the Monorail and Paul Allen's biotech expansion into the South Lake Union area; he's against district elections. His most grand vision seems to be bringing the mayor and the council to common ground. "I've



PHOTO OF ROBERT ROSENCRANTZ, BY ADAM HOLDORF

stepped into situations where the general partners were at war with the limited partners," he says. "And I see that with the council and the mayor. But the council and the mayor need each other. Even if they got along I'd still run, but this provides a wonderful opportunity for me."

By the numbers: raised \$31,595 as of May 1. Employers of the biggest contributors: the state of Washington (\$1,359), Westlake Center (\$800), A.F. Evans Development Co. (\$750) ■



Tuesday, April 22, 6-6:30 p.m. Freeway Park. The victims, two deaf White adults who live at the Union Gospel Mission, were walking in Freeway Park when they met the suspect, a six-foot-tall White male. They did not know him. The suspect tried to take a backpack from one of the victims, and when he refused the suspect pulled out a semi-automatic handgun and pointed it. The victim handed over his backpack, and the suspect set it on fire, destroying everything inside. The suspect put away his gun and left. He is still at large.

Tuesday, April 22, 11:17 p.m. Pike Street. An officer was dispatched to investigate a male who had called 911 requiring an ambulance because he wanted to kill people. Officers arrived and contacted the man, a 54-year-old White male transient, who stated he did not want to hurt anyone but himself. He stated he wanted to kill himself, and needed to talk to officials at Harborview. An ambulance responded and transported him to Harborview for an involuntary mental commitment. According to Harborview staff, the man has come in three or four times in the last few weeks threatening suicide.

Friday, April 25, 10:10 p.m. Dick's Burgers, Broadway. Officers conducting a buy-bust operation on Broadway contacted the

suspect, a 22-year-old White male transient, and asked to buy marijuana. The suspect agreed to the sale, and the transaction was made behind Dick's. The officer then gave a pre-arranged signal, and the suspect was taken into custody and booked into King County Jail.

Saturday, April 26, 7:42 p.m., E. Pike Street. The victim, a homeless White male aged 37, stated that he and the suspect, a White male in his 30s, began to argue about who would panhandle at the location of 824 Pike Street. The verbal argument became heated when the suspect struck the victim in the face. They began wrestling, the victim fell to the ground, and suspect kicked him in the face. He then picked up a bottle and struck the victim in the face and head. Suspect then left on foot — an area check was negative. The victim sustained lacerations to nose and head, and a swollen eye. He was transported to Harborview for medical attention.

Sunday, April 27, 1:22 p.m., 19th Ave. E. An officer responded to a 911 call by a male who stated that he wanted to kill himself. The officer contacted subject, a transient White male, age 44, by the payphone, and asked what was wrong. Subject said he wanted to kill himself — he had nothing left to live for. He was transported to Harborview Medical Center for a mental evaluation. ■

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

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All Our Relations

George Olebar

February 5, 1950 — April 7, 2003

By Michele Marchand and Anitra Freeman

"One day you have a home and the next you don't, but I'm not going to tell you my particular reasons for being homeless, because it's my secret story, and Indians work hard to keep secrets from hungry white folks."

—from "What You Pawn I Will Redeem"
by Sherman Alexie

George Olebar was a generous man. He was once asked where he lived. George said, "I spend my time walking from one end of the city to the other, looking for my people. I have to find out what they need."

George died in his housing on April 7. He was just 53 years old, which was shocking to us. Whenever we ran into him, he would call out, "Hey there, young lady!"

He was born on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, in the small village of Kyuquot. No one knows when he came to Seattle or why, but by the 1980s he had begun volunteering at all sorts of local organizations, including Northwest Harvest, Gethsemane Lutheran Church, Immanuel Lutheran Church, Blessed Sacrament Church, the Compass Center, First Baptist Church, and the Chief Seattle Club. Some of these organizations would pay him in material goods, and then George would go out and redistribute the stuff, like a Native American Santa Claus.

"He taught me what it was like to be an Indian," said his friend Phil from North Dakota. "In Seattle, he would always help, like the relative you left at home."

George was involved in the homeless people's organizing effort, SHARE (Seattle Housing and Resource Effort), before SHARE even existed or was named. Organizer Scott Morrow said, starting to cry, "The good things about SHARE...I know there are a lot of bad things...but the good things are because of George and the other founding elders of SHARE."

George slept outside, off and on, for 20 years—sometimes in the Cascade neighborhood, sometimes Pioneer Square. Even so, he was a faithful cook at the Chief Seattle Club, getting there before the Club opened at 6 a.m. every day to start preparing the morning meals.

At George's funeral, it was clear that this generous man came from a generous people. A small woman named Mary dashed back and forth making

sure everyone had the address of the reception or a ride, and finding out what groups everybody was from, and checking her list to make sure all the groups George had been involved with had been notified, and asking if anyone knew of any additional groups that weren't on her guest list.

At the reception there were close relatives, and distant relatives, and lots of people who found out there that they were relatives of each other, and there were people who were no kin at all. But the heart of the group opened up and folded us in too. There was frybread and stew for everyone, and gifts for everyone to take away with them—things that had been important to George, from seashells and bead necklaces to split pea soup makings and hot taco sauce.

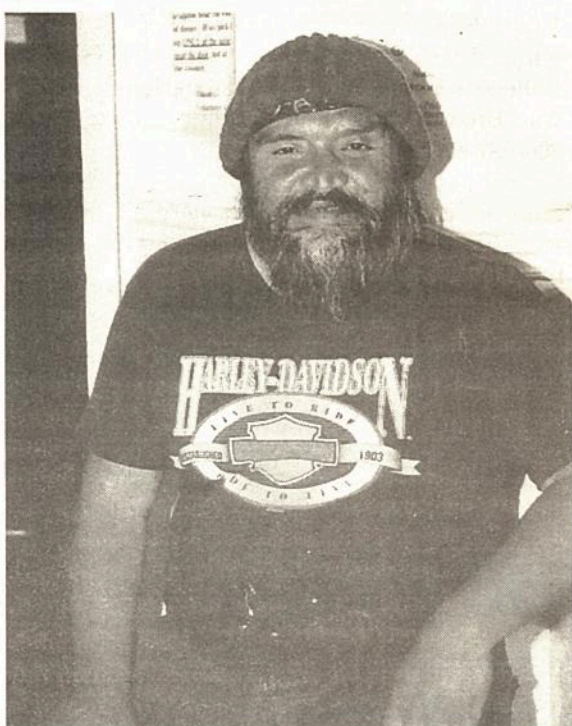


PHOTO OF GEORGE OLEBAR,
COURTESY OF MICHELE MARCHAND.

George would've been proud of this potlatch-like sendoff.

He is survived by his two children, Neeka and Sam, and by grandchildren, three sisters (Ann, Lillian, and Daisy) and two brothers (Bill and Clifford).

As it says in the funeral program, "It is hard to say goodbye to someone as mysterious as George." For George, "his people" were not only his kin, or tribal members, or Native Americans—anyone in need was George's people. His walks back and forth across the city stitched together a community, one that might not have existed without him.

Perhaps the mystery of George is how someone who had so much taken from him still had the capacity to give away everything he had. "He was a power-maker," said Mary Andrews. "Wherever he went, he owned it. Then he gave it away."

We owe George so much. ■

CLASSICS CORNER



by Perfess'r Harris

Richard O'Leary of Brooklyn, N.Y. writes to tell us that when he came upon Classics Corner while in Seattle last summer, we made such an impression that he now seeks our advice on all things classical! "Does Xenophon fall into your bailiwick? I'm curious, because I have heard that the '70s movie *The Warriors* was based on *The Anabasis*. I know, I know... I could just go to the bookstore or library and track something down and read. Just looking for a little guidance in this direction, if there's any to be had."

We at Classics Corner would like to take this opportunity to say, "Thank God for the Internet," which allows freaks like Richard to avoid anything resembling effort by emailing freaks like us, who may or may not provide accurate information.

Being one of the few people in the world who has both read Xenophon's *Anabasis* and seen Walter Hill's 1979 thriller on more than one occasion, we are uniquely qualified to answer Richard's very important question.

The Warriors concerns a Coney Island-based gang who fights their way across New York after getting stranded deep in enemy turf. While

under a general truce, they travel more than 100 miles to hear Cyrus, the leader of New York's biggest gang, call for unity against the police, which the gangs collectively outnumber. Cyrus' dream, however, is cut short when Luther, a young sociopath who looks like Roger Daltrey gone to seed, shoots him in the chest and blames the Warriors. Their leader Cleon is wrongly killed by an angry mob while the Warriors narrowly escape. The truce is off, and the Warriors, now hunted by every gang in New York, confront one '70s fashion casualty after another as they fight their way home.

The Greeks travel to exotic new lands, meet strange new people, and kill them.

As the Warriors square off with the Baseball Furies, who effectively combine KISS make-up, bad hair, and baseball uniforms to inspire sheer terror, their leader Swan delivers one of the best lines in cinematic history: "I'm gonna shove that bat up your ass and turn you into a popsicle."

While Xenophon's *Anabasis* lacks the depth, realism, and artistic quality of Hill's cult classic, it does depict 10,000 Greek mercenaries who are led deep into Persia to overthrow King Artaxerxes. Their leader Cyrus dies when a lance comes in contact with his eye. When the other officers are killed at a dinner party gone bad, the now leaderless mercenaries must fight their way home. In the tradition of armies ever since, the Greeks travel to exotic new lands, meet strange new people, and kill them.

While these similarities provide *The Warriors* an indisputable classical pedigree, other likenesses bear mention as well. Both tales depend upon large numbers of young men with nothing better to do. Both stories also feature random acts of violence, and use the declaration of war to sanction outright theft. As one Warrior says, "Cyrus was right about one thing. It's all out there. All we gotta figure out is how to steal it."

Colin Powell couldn't have said it better himself. ■

Reprinted from an earlier edition of Real Change.

Learn about homelessness through the Real Change Speaker's Bureau

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.



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

Memorial Day Notables

Thursday 5/15

Poverty Outlaws, an inspiring documentary about Philadelphia's Kensington welfare rights union, a multi-racial organization of, by, and for homeless people. Produced in 2000, the film chronicles personal stories of courage and determined community organizing. Hosted by Radical Women. 7:30 p.m., at New Freeway Hall, 5018 Rainier Ave. S. Dinner with vegetarian option available at 6:30 p.m. for a \$6.50 donation. Info 206-722-6057 or 206-722-2453.

Children's Alliance's **20th Anniversary Celebration**, Think Big for Kids, with reception, silent auction, and program celebrating effective child advocacy. 6 - 8 p.m., Rain Forest Pavilion, Woodland Park Zoo, \$75 per person, call Sharon Lee at 1-800-854-KIDS ext. 18, or visit www.childrensalliance.org.

Friday 5/16

Naked Eye: Conversations, a documentary film and discussion series presents **Brother Outsider: The Life of Bayard Rustin**, a film by Nancy Kates and Bennett Singer. Few today know anything about the man who almost single-handedly orchestrated the historic march on Washington in 1963, at which Martin Luther King delivered his "I Have a Dream" speech. Bayard Rustin remains almost forgotten by history, due in no small part to the fact that he was gay. 7 p.m., at the Seattle Art Museum, 100 University St. Tickets \$8, students with ID \$5, purchase at 206-682-1770 or <http://www.humanities.org>.

Saturday 5/17

The National Coalition Building Institute offers an **Ending Violence** workshop focused on empowering strong leadership teams to support each other around ending violence. It explores participants' personal experiences with violence in order to begin to learn how to interrupt the cycle of violence. 9 a.m. - 4 p.m., at Seattle Central Community College,

Room 3115. Fees \$30-\$80 (sliding scale). Register at <http://www.scn.org/ncbisea>, info 206-323-5427.

Honor **Farm Worker Leaders and Supporters**, join the United Farm Workers of America at the 2nd Annual Cesar E. Chavez Solidarity Celebration. All proceeds will support the local UFW organizing efforts through the non-profit La Union del Pueblo Entero. Mexican food and live entertainment will be provided. 6 p.m., at Aerospace Machinist's Hall, 9125 15th Pl. S. Info Rebecca Saldana 206-789-1947 or rsaldana@ufwmail.com.

Sunday 5/18

Seattle Chapter Fellowship of Reconciliation program, with Lois Canright of United for a Fair Economy, speaking on the **Growing Divide: Inequality and the Roots of Economic Insecurity**. Potluck dinner 5 p.m., program 6:30 p.m., at Woodland Park Presbyterian Church, 225 N. 70th. Info 206-789-5565.

Interfaith Vigil for **Peace in the Middle East**, pray for the end of the violence, this and subsequent 18th of each month. At St. Mark's Episcopal Cathedral, 1245 10th Ave. E., 8 a.m. - 8 p.m. in McCaw Chapel, 8 p.m. - 8 a.m. in Thomsen Chapel. Info 206-270-9170.

Picture of Health: **African-American Health Fair**. Free health care information, free blood pressure checks, blood sugar and cholesterol tests; mammograms by appointment. 1:30 - 3:30 p.m., Mount Zion

Baptist Church, 19th and Madison. Call Jennifer Nelson at 206-568-7857 for information and to make mammogram appointments.

Monday 5/19

University Bookstore presents Paul R. Brass on **The Production of Hindu-Muslim Violence in Contemporary India**, a talk and book-signing. Paul R. Brass, professor emeritus of political science at the University of Washington, has tracked more than a half century's chronic Hindu-Muslim rioting in a north India commercial city. 7 p.m., at Kane Hall, Walker-Ames Room, University of Washington. Tickets available at University Bookstores. Info 206-634-3400 ext. 256 or <http://www.bookstore.Washington.edu/ubs/main>.

Wednesday 5/21

Justice for Janitors Campaign 2003: The Fight for a Voice in the Workplace. Marlene Pedregosa, campaign manager for Justice for Janitors, will be discussing the current campaign for a voice and equality in the workplace. This is an Asian Pacific American Heritage Month Celebration event. 11 a.m. - 12 p.m., at Seattle Central Community College in BE 1110/1111 or Atrium Hallway, Broadway just north of Pine. Info 206-587-6335.

Staff for Peace Brown Bag discussion with the topic **"The Patriot Acts,"** facilitated by Margaret Shield and possibly an ACLU speaker. 12:30 - 1:30 p.m., University of Washington. Info and campus location <http://www.campus4peace.net/staff/brownbags.html>.

United Nations Association of Seattle

hosts Robert Muller, formerly with the UN as an Assistant Secretary General for 40 years, speaking on **"The United Nations at Work: The Power of Ideas and Dreams for Peace and a Better World."** Co-sponsors include International Studies Center, Church Council of Greater Seattle, SNOW, American Friends Service Committee, and many others. Doors open at 6:30 p.m., at University of Washington, Room 103, Theodore Roethke Auditorium of Kane Hall.

Saturday 5/24

Not in Our Name offers **Civil Disobedience Training 101**, with trainer, Jess Grant, for anyone interested in committing civil disobedience. Pre-registration is required, contact Jess at 206-789-5377 or jessg@speakeasy.net. Please bring food to share. 10 a.m. sharp - 3 p.m., at Rainier Valley Unitarian Universalist Congregation, Fireside Room, 4620 S. Findlay St, Columbia City.

Sunday 5/25

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

Friday 5/30

Philip L. Burton Memorial Scholarship Dinner with theme, **"Equal Justice For All."** The keynote speaker will address the issue of justice before and after 9/11 and the role of lawyers responding to this crisis. Reception, dinner and program 7 p.m., Westin Hotel, Grand Ballroom, 1900 5th Ave., Downtown Seattle. Info secretary@lmba.net.

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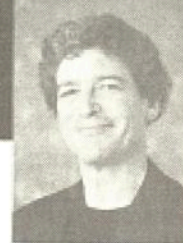
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Tax-cut proposals will harm unemployed, low-income people

Issue: President George W. Bush, the House of Representatives, and the Senate have now all released their versions of a proposed tax cut. While the Senate version is the best among the three for fairness, it does not go far enough in protecting the unemployed and curtailing unbalanced bonuses for wealthy people.

Background: In early May, the House and the Senate both passed their own versions of tax cut bills, and will now spend the next several weeks trying to reconcile these bills into one final version. Although the measure reported by the Senate Finance Committee yesterday is more moderate in many ways than the Bush Administration and House Ways and Means Committee proposals, it nonetheless fails to provide effective medicine for the economy's ills.

For instance, the benefits of the Finance Committee bill are tilted toward the top of the income spectrum. An analysis by the Urban Institute-Brookings Institution Tax Policy Center shows that people with incomes above \$1 million would receive an average tax cut of \$64,400 in 2003 from the Finance measure, while those in the middle of the income spectrum would receive an average tax cut of \$233. (Under the Ways and Means bill, the "millionaire" groups would receive an average tax cut of \$93,500 in 2003, while the middle of the income spectrum would receive an average tax reduction of \$217.)

There are still parts of the Senate version that your Senators should be pressured to fix, such as:

- The Senate Finance bill fails to either extend or to strengthen the Temporary Emergency Unemployment Compensation (TEUC) program that expires on May 31, 2003. Analyses by Economy.com and various economists have found that extending TEUC would be one of the most effective forms of economic stimulus under consideration. Moreover, such a provision would ensure that those hardest hit by the slowdown will receive vital assistance, and thus should rightly be the first item in any package designed to address a weak economy.
- The package's effectiveness as economic stimulus is also weakened because one of its largest tax cuts — accelerating the upper-bracket rate reductions that are scheduled to go into effect in 2006 — would benefit primarily those at the top of the income spectrum. Tax Policy Center data show that more than half of this tax cut would flow to the top one percent of tax filers, and those with incomes over \$1 million would receive an average tax cut of approximately \$60,000 in 2003 just from the rate acceleration. This upper-income group is far more likely to save (rather than spend) these additional funds than people with lower incomes. Only if funds are spent will they provide the immediate stimulus that would boost the economy.
- In addition, the Senate Finance bill fails to accelerate a measure enacted in 2001 that would reduce marriage penalties and provide tax benefits to lower-income married working families with children, even though this provision would provide more effective stimulus. The 2001 tax cut contained three provisions offering marriage penalty relief — one targeted at middle-income families, one benefiting only higher-income filers, and one focused on lower- and moderate-income families. The Committee bill accelerates the middle- and upper-income marriage penalty relief provisions, both of which are expensive, while providing no acceleration of the lower-cost relief for married families at lower-income levels.

Action: Contact your federal senators and representatives and let them know they should fight for a tax-cut bill that truly helps the economy and the majority working class that supports it, and not a bill that just further feeds the pockets of the wealthiest Americans.


Contact information for your senators and representatives can be found at www.senate.gov and www.house.gov. For more information on the various tax proposals currently under consideration, visit www.cbpp.org. ■

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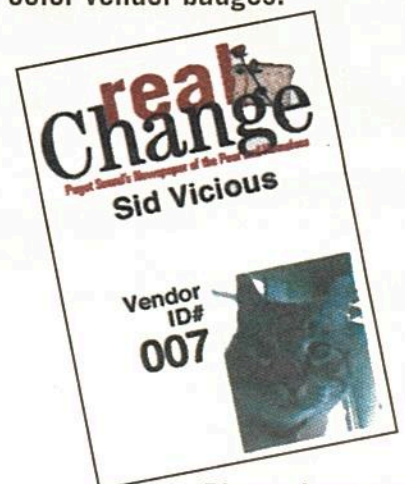
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