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Chaos

Reaching Out to End Poverty • Vol.

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Soldier On

Roberto Maestas, Larry

Gossett, & Bob Santos

on a Democratic Future

Inside: Pageler Defends Her Turf • Paul Loeb on Iraq •
Notes from the Kitchen • Cheap Frills

PHOTO OF ROBERTO MAESTAS BY BROOKE KEMPNER

Three decades ago, far from the epicenter of the civil rights movement, four members of different races cleared a common ground to work for justice. They still do.

Interview by Trevor Griffey

There aren't many popular histories of the civil rights movement that even mention Seattle. Montgomery; Selma; Greensboro; and Washington, D.C.: those are the places where civil rights history is supposed to have happened. If you're a little more sophisticated than the average American, you maybe think of a few cities in the North and West after the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, where riots, economic justice demonstrations, and Black Panther activism rocked their respective cities: Chicago, New York, Newark, Detroit, Oakland, Los Angeles.

But Seattle? It's nationally invisible. What little is written about the civil rights movement portrays different racial and ethnic groups each doing its own thing. But that's not what really happened. Radically multi-racial, active well past the 1960s, with important legacies for Seattle's neighborhoods, its workplaces, and its politics: Seattle's civil rights history is nationally unique and important for everyone to know about. Yet so far, it's a story that remains to be written.

There's no way to do justice to the full diversity of the different activism that made Seattle's civil rights movement and remade parts of Seattle in the process. But to get at a small but not insignificant part of the story, *Real Change* interviewed three outspoken leaders from Seattle's civil rights movement who have stayed politically active for the last 30 years: International District activist Bob Santos, former Black Panther Larry Gossett, and El Centro de la Raza founder Roberto Maestas. Together with the recently deceased American Indian activist Bernie Whitebear, these leaders in the movement came to be nicknamed the Gang of Four — both for their radicalism, and as a term of respect for the deep friendship they had with each other.

The interview happened in Gossett's office, where he serves as a member of the King County Council. But there was nothing formal about it. These were people who knew each other well, and as they waited for the interview to start, they moved fluidly between talking about social justice and basketball.

Maestas was the most rambunctious. He jokingly flipped Gossett's tie at him and insulted his suit, demanded to know from King County Councilmember Dwight Pelz why he was wearing sandals, bragged that he has never been beaten in basketball, and then convinced a nearby legislative aide that he was a homeless person who had just wandered in off the street. And he began the interview before I even had a chance to ask a question.

Roberto Maestas: You know what? Let me give you a little bit of advice. The three of them — Bernie Whitebear is with us in spirit —

Larry Gossett: He always is.

Maestas: — they don't have a whole hell of a lot to say. I'll go ahead and give you the main thing.

Gossett: He should be the one talking. I'd like to hear why he wants to interview us first, Roberto, before you start. Would that be all right?

Maestas: But I already know, Larry. That's what I mean. He understands that those who do not know where they've been cannot possibly know where they're at, much less where they're going. So he wanted to capture the essence of the civil rights struggle and share it with people so they can understand the continuity of the struggle for peace and justice.

Real Change: *And he's actually right, except for one thing. I don't want to just talk about civil rights stuff in general, but also the civil rights movement in Seattle. So maybe we could start by asking, how did you guys come to be called the Gang of Four?*

Bob Santos: Back in the late 1960s, there was this building called the St. Peter Claver Center. It was a former church in the Central Area at 17th at Jefferson and then the archdiocese bought the building and opened it up as a commu-

nity center. I was the director of a tutoring agency for kids and other folks in the Central Area. But there was a little auditorium in the church. And Father MacIntyre, the pastor of Immaculate Conception Church —

Gossett: Was a revolutionary pastor.

Santos: — he was assigned to manage the St. Peter Claver Center. Since I had the largest agency there, he said "Bob, you take care of the auditorium and rent it out." So I used to let it out free to groups that couldn't pay. And Maestas and some of his folks started meeting there with United Farm Worker organization staff people who came up from Delano, California. The Central Area Civil Rights Committee met there. Bernie Whitebear met there with young Indians who were planning their takeover of Fort Lawton. Tyree Scott started meeting there at 6 o'clock in the morning and from there they would go on site and close down jobs [where construction companies only hired workers from Seattle's segregated unions].

Because our communities were so small, we needed a visible presence. So young Asian activists, not very many, Latino/Chicano activists, African American and Native American — we would all meet separately and together at St. Peter Claver Center and join each other for our marches and testimony

Continued on Page 8



Immigrant workers

Dear *Real Change*,

I found and read your article online ("For Amnesty: Mexican workers seek sanctuary in movement for immigration reform, October 18, 2001), and I have to say stories like this about Juan Monroy Mera don't surprise me much.

I can understand how he feels, knowing immigrant workers, I see how they live in their already cramped apartments with many others. They work and work 'til dark on jobs that were left over and not wanted by many citizens, and at times

are told that they only come to take jobs away from Americans.

Yet the thing that bothers me the most is that when they finally get their pay for the week (lets use \$400 as an example) they have to send money back to their families (not only kids sometimes the parents) they end up with not even enough money to support themselves with.

Sorry for taking up your time and thank you for listening to me. All I'm trying to do is to get people to understand how important and hard working Mexican immigrants are. Thank you for writing this article; it gets my hopes up to know some people at least inform other people about cases like these.

Sincerely,
Hugo Rodriguez

Service with a smile

Dear *Real Change*,

At about 12:30 p.m. today in Pioneer Square, I passed by one of your vendors on the corner of First Ave. South and Yesler. I know, from reading your website, that you probably cannot identify the individual, as the vendors work in whatever area they choose. The

gentleman was very friendly, said "Good Afternoon" and smiled. I wanted to write in to acknowledge the manner in which he presented himself and the effort he was so obviously exerting. So many times I see other vendors who do not look like they are very interested in selling papers. It was a very refreshing and welcome difference.

Unfortunately, I did not happen to have a dollar on me at the time. I returned at 2 p.m. in hopes of buying a paper but he had already moved on. I will check again tomorrow to see if he is at the same corner, but I wanted to write in, in hopes you might happen to know who he was, to say "Keep up the good work!"

Sincerely,
Heather Jensen
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Puget Sound's Voice of the
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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, 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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Hope out of Quagmire

The national mood has shifted; it's time to raise a call for international help in Iraq

By Paul Rogat Loeb

In the glow of the Iraq war's initial military success, many Americans who'd recently marched by the millions felt isolated, defensive, and powerless, fearing their voices no longer mattered. Now, as Bush's \$4 billion-a-month occupation faces a deepening quagmire, large numbers of citizens are having significant doubts.

A July Gallup poll found 43 percent of Americans believing things were going badly in Iraq, up from just 13 per cent in early May. In a mid-July *Washington Post*-ABC News poll, six in 10 of those surveyed said the war damaged the image of the United States abroad, half said the conflict permanently damaged U.S. relations with key allies, and 52 percent considered the level of U.S. casualties "unacceptable." A Zogby poll around the same time found a one percent majority actually saying it was time for someone new in the White House.

These shifts give us a chance to challenge the core fallacies of Bush's foreign policy, revitalize peace movement activism, and perhaps change our national direction. If we can begin coalescing public concern around an alternative to U.S. troops remaining indefinitely in Iraq, we have a real chance to influence national debate.

It's important to keep pushing on the ways Bush lied to Congress and the American public. We also need to offer our own vision of what needs to be done.

It's important to keep pushing on the ways Bush lied to Congress and the American public. We also need to offer our own vision of what needs to be done. We can do this by launching a grassroots campaign to replace U.S. control over Iraq with an international transitional authority under United Nations command — an authority that would control not only military operations, but political and economic affairs.

To most Iraqis, U.S. troops have become symbols of colonialism and chaos. The longer they stay, the more they become targets, and the more Iraqis will resent the U.S. for imposing our will and grabbing for oil while failing to secure basic needs like electricity, clean water, and physical safety. Because the UN represents the entire international community, including 18 Arab states, a UN administration, in contrast, would be far less likely to be seen as a foreign military occupation. It might even allow a similar transition to when UN forces finally ended Indonesia's bloody occupation of East Timor and supervised that country's return to democracy.

Pushing for such a shift will also let us reach out to American soldiers who are increasingly frustrated at being given a mission with neither a defined end nor any clear boundaries between friend and foe. And to military families angry that they see no clear timetable for the return of their loved ones. We could contrast Bush's chickenhawk bluster of "Bring them on," with our own call to "Bring them Home," and include a vision that demands more than just abandoning Iraq to chaos. We'd circulate petitions and vigil in local neighborhoods, write letters to local papers, pass civic resolutions, and resume all the other kinds of outreach the peace movement began so successfully on the eve of the war. We'd build to more visible rallies and marches. We'd work to ensure the Iraqi quagmire remains a front-and-center issue, so the Bush administration can't just move on and ignore it. With enough grassroots momentum, we could begin pressuring key elected officials to take a stand in favor of a shift to full UN control.

We'd want to offer even those who supported the war the opportunity to say: "I backed Bush in good faith and I'm glad Saddam Hussein is out. But now the WMD evidence still hasn't surfaced. We've alienated the rest of the world by going in alone. And I don't like having been lied to. Since the Iraqis want us out, it's time to stop putting our brave young soldiers at risk."

Could this campaign actually force Bush to turn Iraq over to UN administration? Although some in his administration are ideologically opposed to any major UN role whatsoever, with enough pressure and media debate the pragmatist wing might actually view withdrawal as politically preferable to facing an election year with American soldiers coming home in body bags.

Whether or not we can actually convince the administration to pursue a wiser course, taking up this issue gives us the chance to get people moving again, challenge the core politics of empire, and support policies that would actually make for a safer world. It gives us the chance once again to do more than watch from the sidelines as passive spectators. ■

*Paul Loeb is the author of **Soul of a Citizen: Living With Conviction in a Cynical Time**, and board chair of Peace Action of Washington. The complete text of this article is available at <http://soulofacitizen.org/articles/Quagmire.htm>.*

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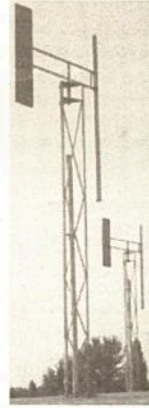
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8/7/03

Art fenced off

The 100 acres of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration in Sand Point Magnuson Park have been fenced off and restricted since the events of 9/11. NOAA's property includes the 12 towers of the Sound Garden that catch wind from offshore.

Doug Hollis and four other artists built "A Sound Garden" in 1983 on the shoreline in Magnuson Park, named for former U.S. Senator Warren G. Magnuson.

"Prior to 9/11 we were for more open to the public," David Petre, chief of facilities and engineering for NOAA says. Now, "U.S. Property - No Trespassing" signs hang on an eight-foot fence topped with barbed wire that lines the property.

NOAA is a federal science facility that provides weather reports and environmental information to the public.

Access restrictions on the federally owned area began after 9/11 as part of the nation's Homeland Security. Under the Yellow Alert, which is the lowest the nation has been since then, a person can enter the art walk at Magnuson Park with photo identification. When the country is on a more heightened alert, the public cannot enter the NOAA campus at all.

The restriction will continue until the war on terrorism is over, Petre says.

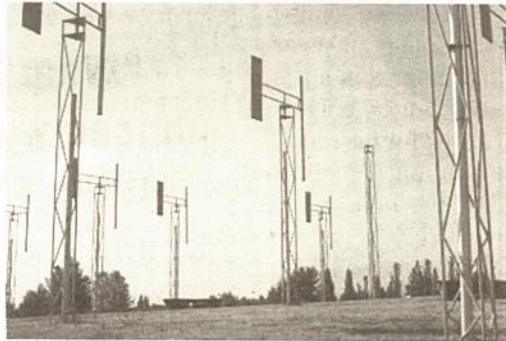
One of the pieces of art is the viewpoint. "You really can't move something like that,"

Petre says. "What you can see from it is the experience of it."

He says that most of the art was designed specifically for its location on the NOAA property. It would take an agreement with NOAA, the city Parks and Recreation Department, and the art piece's creator to be able to move it to other places where it wouldn't be restricted. "That's where we stand now until national and international scenes change," Petre says.

The public can enter the art walk Monday through Friday during regular business hours with photo identification. ■

— Megan Doyle



SOUND GARDEN PHOTO BY SUZANNA FINLEY.

healthcare for everyone, no matter their economic status. ■

— Megan Doyle

The kick-out

On July 28, the First United Methodist Church in Seattle put up written notice that, effective July 30, camping in its courtyard was prohibited.

Thirty to 50 people had been making their beds on church property, at Fifth Avenue and Columbia Street in downtown Seattle. Before the notices went up, a church janitor had only requested that campers clean up the area after a night's sleep. Due to an incremental increase in drug activity and complaints, the church changed its policy. The church is referring men and women to different places.

Despite these efforts, some campers wish to remain. They feel that it is unfair to punish the majority for the actions of a few individuals. David M. Simpson, a painter, feels that if the church prevents the homeless from sleeping in its courtyard, there will only be more trouble on the streets elsewhere, like assaults and possibly murder. Another man had found the church to be a secure place, in contrast to other shelters where he had stayed. He added that his clothes and several of his possessions were stolen at shelters.

Others expressed the same misgivings; they did not know where they would be staying after July 30. Some say that they will be sleeping in doorways or any other place they can find. Most have no idea why the church is taking such a sudden and abrupt position. One person simply posited that "They hate us." ■

— Susan Kim

Renovation begins at the Morrison

Bill Hobson stood before a crowd of government officials and well-wishers in the second-floor community room of the Morrison Hotel and sounded a note of triumph. Three years before, his organization had been at risk of eviction by the Morrison's owner, the Seattle Housing Authority (SHA). Now the Downtown Emergency Service Center owned the building, and Hobson, its director, was kicking off a massive remodel that will restore the Morrison inside and out. And all the work won't displace the disabled, formerly homeless people who call the place home.

Across the street from the front door of the King County Courthouse, the Morrison has been a source of shelter for Seattle's poorest residents for decades. It contains 205 units of permanent housing for disabled or elderly formerly homeless adults, a homeless shelter in the mezzanine area, and the non-profit Boomtown Café which serves meals at the cost of the food.

Back when SHA owned the building and a series of violent crimes threatened resident safety, the housing authority convened a community task force that considered renovating the building for a different class of people. The retail space, including the mezzanine-level homeless shelter that DESC was renting, would have seen its rent quintuple. The apartments peopled with disabled and formerly homeless tenants would have been marketed to a higher income bracket. The task force eventually decided instead to renovate the structure and transfer ownership to DESC.

Among the changes during the two-year renovation process: the Morrison's plumbing, electrical, heating, and elevator systems must be torn out and replaced. The emergency shelter and DESC's administrative workspace will be re-arranged so they work better, allowing homeless people to sleep on bunks instead of mats. And the building's exterior will be scrubbed in accordance with the Pioneer Square historic district's preservation guidelines. The Morrison was a luxury hotel called the New Arctic when it opened in 1908.

The construction team will also enlarge each apartment with a full kitchen and bathroom. Each tenant will be moved temporarily to another apartment.

"This is a great day for housing — affordable housing, special-needs housing — in this city," Mayor Greg Nickels said at the opening ceremony, noting that he had announced the first recipients of last year's Housing Levy funds that morning. He quoted a famous line from Hubert Humphrey: the test of government lies in how it treats those in the twilight of life (the elderly), in the dawn of life (the young), and in the shadows of life (the sick or poor). King County Executive Ron Sims said that the community task force "did the right thing here. We passed the moral test." ■

— Adam Holdorf

Death stalks the streets

Two recent deaths among the homeless community brought the number of such deaths to eight in King County since March. Some made it to hospitals; others died on the streets.

Edward Zin, 45, died because of a natural spontaneous hemorrhage in his brain; he made it to Harborview Hospital.

Harold Whitehead, 36, died of pneumonia and meningitis. His body was found in the 300 block of Columbia Street, according to the King County Medical Examiner.

Only one of these eight deaths was determined a homicide. Randall Townsend was living under a bridge in Tacoma until his death in April. Three men and one woman, who have since been charged with the death, allegedly stomped and kicked him into a coma. Townsend, 42, was sent to Harborview Hospital in Seattle where he died.

Most of the public is unaware of homeless deaths until the media pick up the story. The news items that make headlines usually come after a death or crime. Townsend's death was in the media, as was the story of how a homeless man posed as a doctor in Florida and was able to successfully write out a prescription for a patient. As a result, there is heightened security in Florida hospitals.

According to the Medical Examiner's Office, the eight deaths in the King County homeless community since March include: Steven Lundstedt, 52, asphyxiation, accident; Shirley Keith, 68, arteriosclerotic cardiovascular disease, natural; Fred Phillis III, 42, subdural hematoma and cerebral contusions, undetermined; Stephen Fagan, 47, cerebral contusions and subdural hematoma, accident; Raymond Ramirez 37, acute intoxication; Randall Townsend 42, blunt force injury to the head, homicide; Edward Zin, 45, spontaneous intracerebral hemorrhage, natural; Harold Whitehead, 38, Staphylococcus aureus pneumonia and meningitis.

One local organization attempts to prevent such deaths by offering preventive medical attention. The Alternative Healthcare Access Campaign links homelessness and illness in three ways: Ill health can cause homelessness; homelessness causes ill health; and homelessness complicates the delivery of adequate healthcare. The Seattle organization is an advocate of quality

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

Counting on Experience

Despite City Light issues and her bid for another job, Margaret Pageler says she's still the best contender for Seattle City Council

By R.V. Murphy

When Margaret Pageler was first voted to the Seattle City Council there was another George Bush serving as president and Lou Piniella was two years away from managing the Seattle Mariners. If she's successfully re-elected, Pageler will have served 16 years on the council, four full terms. But that's one of the reasons that Pageler thinks she should be re-elected.

"I think a productive, seasoned council member can bring a lot of experience to help solve the problems that the council faces," says Pageler. "What I've noticed with a lot of the newer council members is that they try and reinvent the wheel. They seek to answer a question with answers that have been tried and discarded several times before. Having a couple of people on the council who know what's been tried before and whether it's worked or not — and if not, why not — really

streamlines the decision process."

When asked if she gave any thought to not running this time around Pageler says that running for council is always a last-minute decision but widespread criticism of the council was one reason she decided to run again: "You need grown-ups on the council."

Pageler also downplays the criticism she took for applying for a job with the Greater Seattle Chamber Of Commerce. "My skills are bringing people together and developing policy. I thought the Chamber might be a place where you could do that in an economic downturn and really rebuild and revitalize the economy. As it turned out, they weren't interested in that type of leadership." She says that she hasn't actively pursued other jobs.

Pageler was head of the councils' Energy Commission in the late 1990's, and some critics felt she was asleep at the switch when Seattle energy costs began to skyrocket. However, Pageler boasts of her accomplishments in that position.

"We did a lot. I fought for four years that we didn't have energy deregulation in Washington state like they did in California," says Pageler. But then "prices went crazy throughout the region," and coupled with a drought that hit the area, the city had to buy power when prices were at its highest. Pageler was in the minority when she voted to reconfirm City Light manager Gary Zarker.

"I wasn't sure I was going to vote

for him, but during the testimony a lot of people came forward, regional leaders of the power consortium, people from the Washington Utilities and Power Commission, former utility commissioners, who said we need his voice in regional relationships with Washington D.C.," says Pageler. "Things came out in the hearing, management issues, but on balance I voted for his reconfirmation, a decision that the majority of my fellow members didn't agree with."

Pageler stepped down as council chair in January after serving two years in that position. When asked about charges of bickering on the council, she doesn't disapprove of a little disagreement. "I

was on the council when we had seven women and the council was criticized a lot for not debating. What had happened there, because we were all



PHOTO BY R.V. MURPHY.

"What I've noticed with a lot of the newer council members is that they try and reinvent the wheel."

— Margaret Pageler

women and about the same age, we found out that if we debated anything in public then it was covered in the press as a 'cat fight.' And it would get personalized. So we ironed things out behind closed doors or in our committees. We'd come to the meetings and everything would be unanimous. So that was boring. You were damned if you did and damned if you didn't. One of the things Nick Licata brought to the City Council was a real push that more of our debates would be open and in public and I really appreciated that."

She also feels that a lot of current criticism of council bickering is driven by a "media frenzy."

"It's easier for the media to say that Margaret Pageler is fighting with the mayor than to figure out what the difference of opinion is about." ■



NORTH AMERICAN NEWSBRIEFS
 ■ WWW.STREETNEWSERVICE.ORG ■

Portland, Ore., street youth are shunning services that require them to give up personal information, like their names and family history. As a result, even as the number of street youth continues to grow, the number of these youth seeking publicly funded services has dropped by more than 50 percent over the past four years, according to the *Portland Tribune* (www.portlandtribune.com). Over the past four to five years, the Multnomah County Board of Directors began requiring that agencies that serve youth start keeping better track of who they're serving and funneling more street youth into education, job, and housing programs. These changes came in response to a local report that found that many of the city's services allowed kids to come and take essentials like food, clothing, and temporary shelter without any sense of who these kids were and little attempt to get them off the streets into housing and job programs. Yet since these rules took effect, the number of homeless youth being served by county services has dropped dramatically from 993 in the fiscal year that ended in June of 2000 to an estimated 400 in the fiscal year that ended this past June, out of an estimated total population of 1,500 to 2,500 youth who have lived on the streets in the past year. "With some kids, the new rules aren't pushing them into the services," a young woman called Bright Eyes told the *Tribune*. "They are pushing them out."

A month-long protest to bring attention to the plight of homeless people in Ottawa shows no sign of closing down, even after the group's permit expired

the beginning of August. The police said they have no plans to interfere with the protesters, who have set up camp near the government conference center, as long as they don't break any laws, according to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (ottawa.cbc.ca). There is the Charter of Rights and Freedoms," Ottawa police staff sgt. Monique Ackland told the CBC, "and people have the right to demonstrate as long as it is done within the parameters of the law." The protesters plan to keep the protest going for a year.

Families staying at Salt Lake City's Road Home shelter can now proudly claim to have added their own artistic stamp to the home, thanks to four newly installed stained glass windows that were all made by children who stay at the shelter. The stained glass window project was led by the Salt Lake Art Center, in an effort to brighten the perspective of about 60 shelter kids, who both designed and built the windows, according to the *Salt Lake Tribune* (www.sltrib.com). Panel designs included one dominated by green, blue and red geometric shapes and a yellow sun in a corner, as well as ones with a house, a star, a snowman, and hearts. "The process is important," Lou Marzulli, the children's case manager at the shelter, told the *Tribune*. "They'll probably remember building these for the rest of their lives."

A Cleveland photographer has put a real face to the homeless population in the area. Two years ago, with the support of the Northeast Ohio Coalition for the Homeless (NEOCH), photographer David Hagan began inviting the city's homeless people into his studio, providing food and music as he captured them without makeup and in their everyday street clothes. The culmination of his work is now available in a book, distributed by NEOCH, *Face to Face: Portraits of Homeless People in Cleveland*. "While photographing, we discovered that we were portraying our homeless subjects as they should be seen," reads the introduction to the book, "as diverse as the rest of us; complex people in a challenging world, struggling to find happiness." For more information on the project or to get a copy of the book, visit, "www.neoch.org/face_to_face1.htm." ■

— Compiled by Molly Rhodes

poetry

Jingle, Part A

Hamburger
Pickles, Onions, Buns
Toybox full of guns
Get fat and shoot someone
son
Get fat and shoot someone
as Dick Cheney done
Get yourself a cyborg heart
Humvee shopping cart
Pack in the rivers, trees, and seas
bathe the fish in gasoline
Hamburger
Pickles, Onions, Buns
Toybox full of guns

— GAWAIN GEHENNA

On the Other Hand

I believe it is love alone
That impels us
In the indifferent universe
Bright furless creatures
With naked hands and eyes

I walk at night
After the rain
I pull on the branches
To feel the cold drops
Scuff through the leaves
I don't want to get old
I don't want to die

When I look inside myself
I see longing for lasting joy
And to be someone who loves
But also I would like to have a gold wristwatch
And be young and slim again

— ELIZABETH ROMERO

[1990]

Two Invisibles

There I am with you
A future of wet "Arts & Entertainment
News"
All my found clothing protecting my
plastic bags.
We lay there very quiet, our heads
one large vulnerable melon
always ready to be opened.
We are safe this morning.
We have slept beside a
Harley Davidson.

— ROBERTO VALENZA

Adventures in Poetry with ©Dr. Wes Browning



Let's talk about religion!
No, let's not talk about religion! I don't want the headaches! Let's talk about religious authorities instead. Don't religious authorities do the darndest things? I guess it's because they're authorities.

Take your imams, for example. With all the war and misery going on in highly Islamic quarters of the world these days, I would be very surprised if the world's imams weren't making pronouncements right and left. But the other day when I went looking on *Islam.com* for a pronouncement or two to get the flavor of them, I didn't expect to see a fatwa on the importance of men tucking their shirts in. (Just so you know, the imam issuing the fatwa basically says tucking the shirt in isn't necessarily evil, although he personally would never do it.)

With that kind of focus on gender-specific grooming tips vis-à-vis fiery hell, you can all imagine for yourselves how the fatwa on homosexuality read on the very same page. Likewise re. the archived fatwa on the same site concerning surgical hymen restoration. Hint from me on that one: "If you break it — you pay for it." OK, that hint sucked. Let's try this one: "Every time you masturbate, God kills a kitten. Now go publicly bury this bucket of kittens in your front yard, you harlot."

Speaking of homosexuality, I want to take time out to say that, although I am not myself a homosexual so far as I am aware of, I am deeply grateful that the Supreme Court has now recognized my right to practice sodomy in the privacy of my own bedroom with consenting adults, because I've been doing it anyway.

Of course Islamic imams do not hold the monopoly on fatwas. The Vatican just issued one of their own on gay marriages. Having once been a card-carrying member of the Catholic Church (in my impetuous youth I favored the classics) I find its decrees delightful and fascinating. In much the same way that I find forced live oyster eating riveting. This particular

decree compares especially well with the shirt tucking decree in its decreeness, or decree-osity.

Will someone please explain to me how exactly does allowing at least civil homosexual marriages undermine heterosexual marriages? What exactly do people think is going to happen? Do they think all the straight guys are going to wake up one morning and think, "Hey, I could have married one of my buds!" and immediately divorce the wife and ditch the kids and elope with Steve in Accounting?

The Vatican decree whines on and on about the blessed sanctity of procreation, as if allowing gay marriage is going to make one iota of difference to the frequency of condom failures during straight sex.

But enough of that nonsense. What I really want to talk about here isn't a fatwa or decree, but it's still coming from a religious authority. I want to talk about Bishop Fred Caldwell's decision to pay White people to come and diversify his overwhelmingly Black-attended church in Shreveport, Louisiana. He'll pay \$5 for Sunday masses, \$15 for Thursdays.

Whoa! Can you say "spiritual ho?" My first reaction was to recall that as an impoverished homeless guy I was often bribed with food to attend meals. I thought: this just cuts through the BS. They pay the money; I can spend it the way I want. Maybe I don't want turkey tetrazinni. Maybe I'm in the mood for chicken diablo. It's my choice.

But then I thought, wait a minute, what's all this saying? I mean, first of all, how White do you have to be to collect your fee? Does a Quarter-White get \$1.25 on Sundays? Does Michael Jackson get anything; does effort count? How about comportment?

You know, if it were me, in Louisiana, I'd pay more for an Asian than a white person, out of supply considerations.

When someone suggested to Bishop Fred he might give the money to the poor instead, he said that was just the sort of thing Judas Iscariot would have proposed. I'm wondering: if Judas Iscariot were to tell Bishop Fred not to jump off a bridge, would he do it? ■



Jimmie-the-Priest's

For Randy Stamper, who has the guts

Measure for measure
I don't want a war today

Bright and bully the stones
And we'll sleep a song

In the bottle's dream
Hey, rah, hey, ray

Put me with the dogs
If that is where you think I belong

Half-slapped into this sober gutter
I am learning to right the rights

and the wrongs pull blood
from the living and we line the streets

for the living parade
but tonight we sleep at

Jimmie-the-Priests,
All cardboard and sop and

The witchboard the booze,
Unwind me

— SHANE SULLIVAN

In the Park

In one corner of the park that encircles
the one-time home for unwed mothers,
a ragged man sits on a bench
combing his long yellow beard in the sun.
Another man lies on the grass, legs up.
If ants are active, the prone man
sleeps through their annoyance,
likewise the squealing
of several children burying bright secrets
in the fork of a tree.
An antennae-ed portable radio
sits on an empty wheelchair
between the two men,
pressing predictable chatter into the grass,
but I am just far enough away
to hear only what I can imagine.

— DAVID THORNBRUGH

Home Grown

Thank God, the Black community raised me
Gave me a steel-rod backbone
A strength so deep, so steady
Can't nothing destroy my spirit

Tough Yesler Terrace kids
A wise old woman in bleached aprons
Giving guidance to a motherless child
About how to use suffering as fertilizer

Thank God, the Filipino community nurtured me
Filled my belly with lumpia and chicken adobo
Warmed my veins with the blood-glue
Of love and family devotion

Church of Immaculate Conception
Rituals and tradition in old majestic splendor
Gilded gold altars of angels
Lighting the dark alleys of addiction

Gracias Dios, the Latino community schooled me
Fused my head and heart with the fire of revolution
History and economic analysis
Married poetry and music

A school building takeover
Marches for Indian fishing rights and union jobs
Trips to Cuba and Nicaragua Libre
Blazing my cause in a grand design

Thank the Great Spirit, Native Americans grounded me
Planted my feet in the Earth herself
Put my ego in its proper place
Beneath Eagle, Orca, and Grandmother Cedar

Kayak journeys to misty wooded islands
Orca dream visits and my own whale rattle
Sweat lodges purging my pores
Of ancient fears past and future

Who am I?
A person raised in a particular place
Home grown in Seattle
This sacred land of Chief Sealth

— BONNIE OLSON

Continued from Page 1

for City Council hearings. We started seeing a lot of each other at these events.

Gossett: But where's the concept Gang of Four come from? That was his original question.

Santos: I'm just giving a little background on how I met you and Stella [Maestas' wife] and Bernie.

Maestas: You know, don't pay attention to that Stella business. The rumor is that she is really the brains behind whatever I've done. Strictly speaking, the Gang of Four

Franklin. And [Gossett] and some of the young students at the university and at Franklin were getting trashed by the white racist administration—

Gossett: Specifically, two girls were kicked out for wearing their hair natural, and [the principal] sent home a note saying they can't come back until they look ladylike, meaning straightening their hair so they look White.

Maestas: So that led to a very strong action [taking over the principal's office]. I observed it. I was thrilled by watching the young people do that. My political consciousness is rooted in New Mexico where I was born and raised and we lost the land

urban struggle to a class at South Seattle Community College and say o.k., we want to know about your struggle. And so these poor farm workers or Chicano homeless or jobless or single women were all getting a sense of "We Latinos are not alone." We also invited people who were involved in the anti-war movement, primarily White students.

[When] our program was hit [by budget cuts], instead of scattering to the winds, we had a sense of camaraderie and relationship with Black and Asian and Indian people. I proposed that we take over an abandoned building that I had seen all my youth during my growing up in the Beacon Hill area and Georgetown. People went for it. And once we took it over—

Third World Coalition.

RC: What was that?

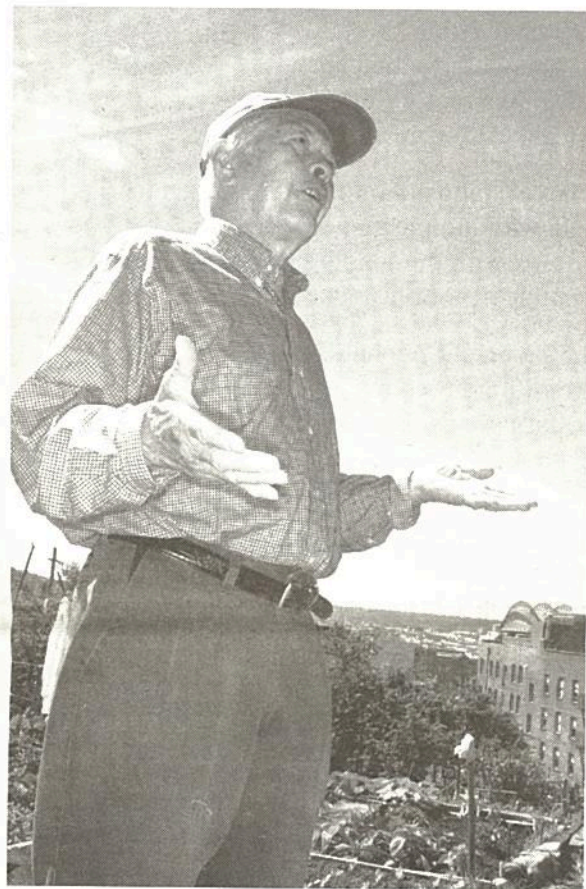
Gossett: Our headquarters was at El Centro de La Raza and pulled in the Polynesians and Filipinos — everybody started coming together on the [basis of] Third World unity. We had a domestic as well as an international program. We started doing international solidarity in support of people working for Africa, Latin America, and for various parts of Asian liberation struggles. Then, after Nixon started cutting historic programs to people of color that we had won as part of the struggles of the '60s, we said we need to use this unity we've forged to identify sources from which we can get funds, rather than just relying on federal anti-poverty money.

So in 1977, we organized Making Our Votes Effective (MOVE), which was the first multi-ethnic electoral-based Third World group that we had. In the mayor's race in '77, we decided Charlie Royer was more progressive and would be more accountable to Third World people and people of color. So we all rallied, went out to our respective communities, told all the influential people, told everyone to vote for Charlie Royer. And he won significantly south of the Ship Canal and more or less was even with [Paul] Schell in every other part of the city. We made the difference. He [Royer] acknowledged that. And as a reflection of that, when he took office, he hired all kinds of members of MOVE in his first administration.

We worked together to put pressure on Royer to make a lot more money available to minority communities than they had. Working through our people working in his office, and showing our unity, we turned to the United Way and said you can't play one against the other anymore. As part of all that, we said we need a more organized group of people who are heads of social and human service agencies.

So that led in 1982 to the founding of the Minority Executive Directors Coalition (MEDC). And that's when I started hearing the term Gang of Four more often. We were the four founders of the MEDC that brought agency heads and key activists and agencies throughout the minority community together where we could more formally talk about ways we could help each other. That didn't happen

Continued on Next Page



"We used to try to meet influential people so that we could get our programs funded. There was a point where they came to us when they ran for office. That's when we started waking up to the fact that, hey, we ain't so far out there that they don't need us."

— Bob Santos

PHOTO OF BOB SANTOS BY CASEY KELBAUGH.

was a term that came out of China where Mao Tse Tung —

Gossett: He died and his wife and three other men actually ran the country. Not until the early '80s did they start referring to us as the Gang of Four. And it was more meant affectionately. But it was a reflection of the term popularized in China.

Maestas: So St. Peter Claver was a significant catalyst, but another significant catalyst was — I was a high school teacher at

and so on. But in terms of the civil rights movement manifesting itself right before my eyes, it was because of Larry and E.J. Brisker and some of the other young organizers at Franklin.

So at the time that Bob Santos was serving as a catalyst for a multiracial cooperation, I took a job in 1970 as the director of an English as a Second Language program administered by South Seattle Community College. And I would invite Bob and Tyree and Larry and some Indian people from the reservation or from the

ment" well beyond then.

Gossett: Our manifest Third World unity grew out of the coming together [at St. Peter Claver] informally, and then forging more political unity that moved us into supporting Tyree Scott and the construction workers, and the Black student association, and the movement in '71 to decentralize control of the school district, to the '72 founding of El Centro de la Raza. In '73, there was the founding of the first

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Change

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Friday, October 10, 6-9 p.m.**

PRAG House (747 16th Ave. East, Seattle)
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\$35/person

Questions or RSVP: Jon Gould, jongould@cablespeed.com

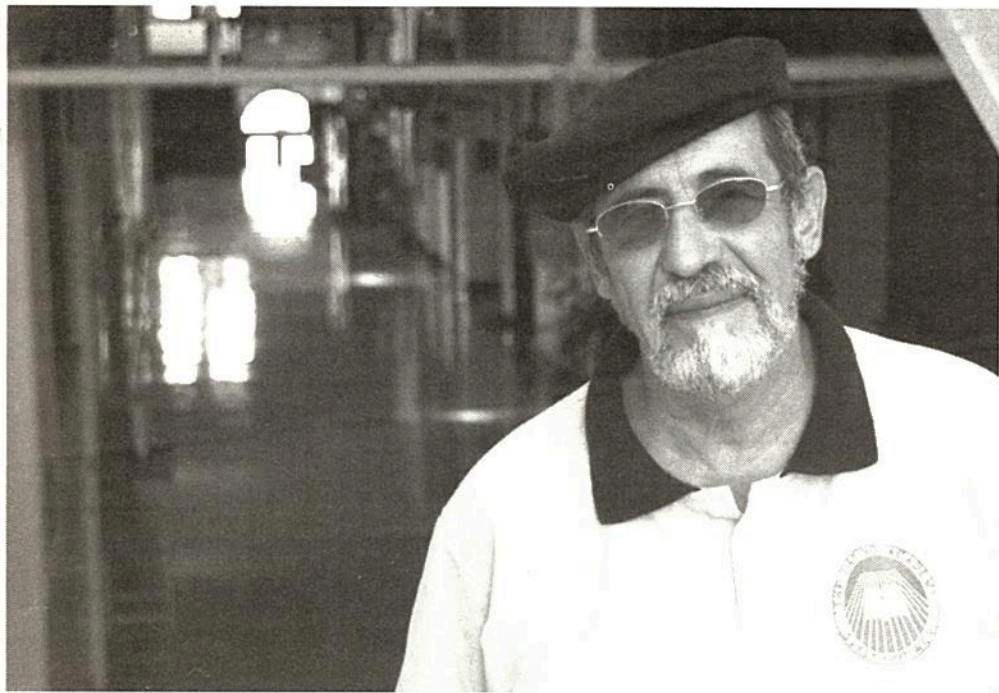


PHOTO OF ROBERTO MAESTAS BY BROOKE KEMPNER.

“We knew that to maintain the Central Area Motivation Project, Interim Community Development, El Centro, the Daybreak Star cultural center — we had to get government money. The theory that if you get government money, you’ve sold out — that’s bullshit. We say, ‘Wait a minute: once we get it, it’s our money.’”

— Roberto Maestas

Continued from Previous Page

in most other cities.

RC: Did you worry about selling out? When you think of the phrase “Gang of Four,” you think revolutionary movements. But there’s a degree to which you guys are working with federal anti-poverty programs and later with city funds.

Maestas: What a lot of activists didn’t understand, and still may not, is that a political program or political ideology is not the most important thing. We learn by getting to know each other. We discussed every-

thing — liberation movements in Africa, in Latin America, Black Panthers, American Indian Movement. We were developing new people and it finally sank in that we’re not going to bring change very quickly. We’re not going to change the whole equation of imperialism and capitalism and the deformities of the economy.

RC: Did you guys think you would?

Gossett: Some of us did. We thought we’re going to beat imperialism and capitalism. In this broad coalition of Third World unity, there was a core group of us that did see

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A monument in bricks and mortar

Last month, *Seattle Weekly* columnist Geov Parrish wrote a tribute to the late Tyree Scott in which he stated, “It’s a pity we don’t name city parks, even the smallest ones, for our fallen heroes. In Tyree’s case, we should.” Now, Scott’s legacy is being remembered in the Rainier Valley, where a new 21-unit apartment building has been named after him.

The project, located at 4000 MLK Way S, shares a lot with the Refugee Women’s Alliance Center. Four separate buildings make up the Tyree Scott Apartments, due to open this fall. The construction site is crawling with workers — framers, drywallers, electricians and plumbers — and the structures are about halfway completed.

This is not the first project that its developer, the Low Income Housing Institute (LIHI), has named after one of Seattle’s unsung heroes. Another project on Aurora Avenue and 115th St. was named the Aki Kurose Apartments after a much-loved Seattle schoolteacher. It’s a wonderful tradition for which LIHI deserves much credit.

Considering that Scott first made a name for himself in Seattle by fighting for minority inclusion within the construction trade unions, I was curious to see how much of that hard-won diversity was present among the workers building the apartments named after him. Scott would be pleased to see that his legacy lives on in the crews working at this project.

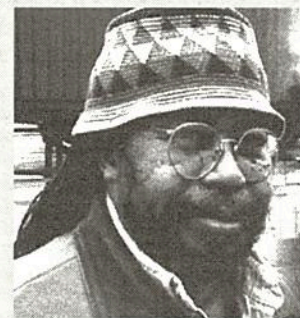
As LIHI architect Matthew Flickinger explained, “After Initiative 200, minority hiring stopped being a legal requirement — and became a goal.” Despite this setback to affirmative action, the LIHI worksite appears to be a model of cultural diversity. The framing and drywall crew is largely Latino, and the siding crew is composed primarily of Russian immigrants. Blacks and Vietnamese are also well represented. As Flickinger put it, “They need to know enough English, for safety reasons, to be able to say ‘Look out!’”

I spoke with an African-American man named Thomas Pilgrim who was working on the site as a flagger. Though he’d heard of Tyree Scott through the Urban League, he knew few details of Scott’s many accomplishments. He was happy to have the work, though, and shared with me his own rocky road to success.

“I used to have a drug habit, and spent almost a year being homeless, knocking around the shelters downtown. If it weren’t for some of the programs they offered, I don’t where I’d be now. I got my flagging and forklift certificates through the Conservation Corps, and now I’m earning about twelve bucks an hour. If they like my work here I should have this job for another three months.”

Before his passing this summer, Scott actually visited the construction site, helping to dedicate the children’s playground located on the property. Given his low-key nature and aversion to the limelight, we can only guess at what he might have thought about being honored in this manner. For those of us who miss his leadership and inspiration, we can thank LIHI for remembering this local hero in such a fitting way. ■

JESS GRANT



TYREE SCOTT, PHOTO COURTESY OF THE NORTHWEST LABOR EMPLOYMENT AND LAW OFFICE (LELO)

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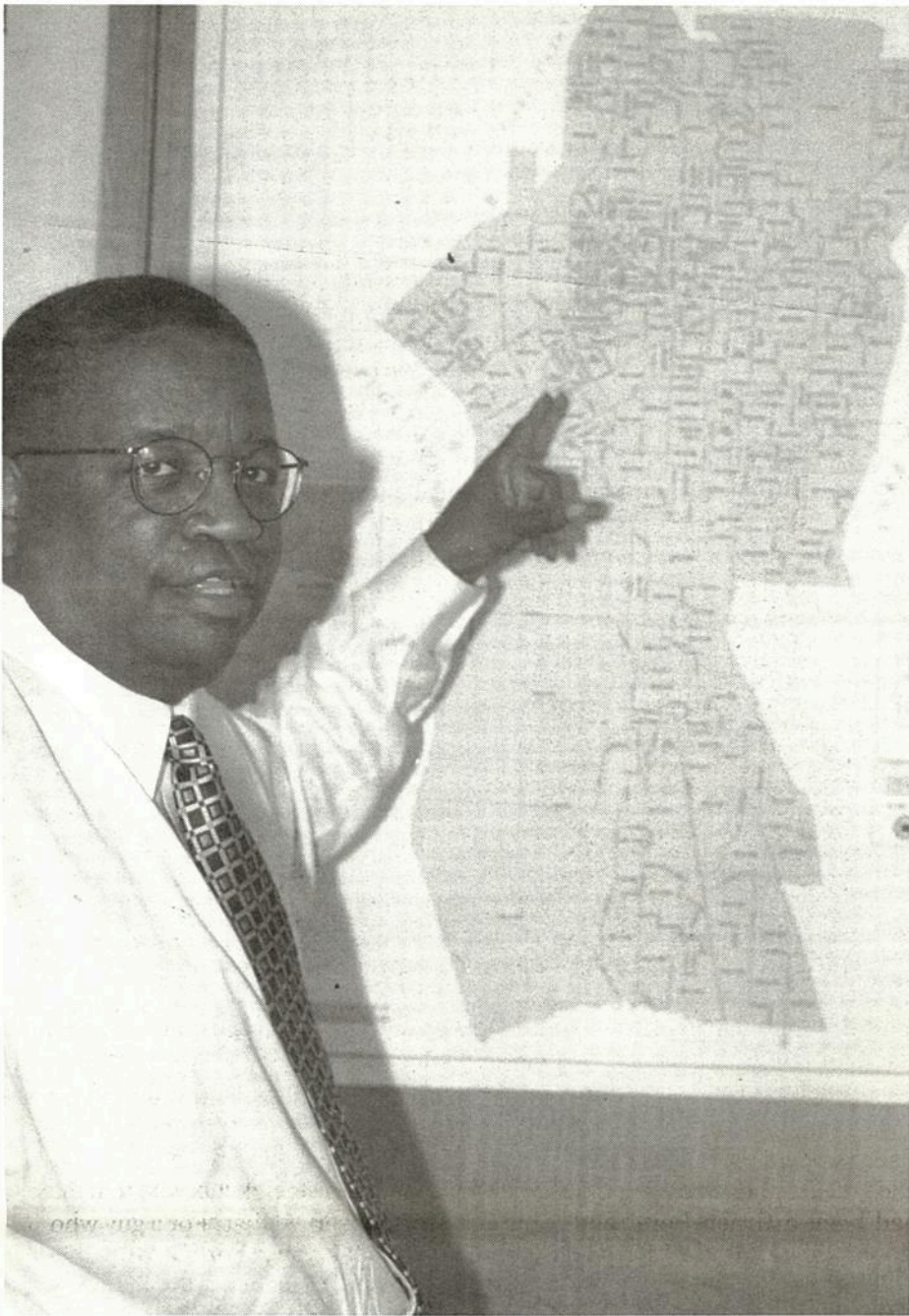
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KING COUNTY COUNCILMEMBER LARRY GOSSETT POINTS OUT THE DISTRICT HE HAS HELPED SHAPED AND LEAD OVER THE YEARS. PHOTO BY SUZANNA FINLEY.

“It’s harder for younger people involved in the movement today than it was in the 1960s. There was a whole cultural movement in the ‘60s. Today, even in inner-city ghettos, oppressed African American youth are much more interested in trying to figure out what they can do individually, separately, to get some money to survive.”

—Larry Gossett

“I think race still matters now. When Richard Herzog, a King County Sheriff’s deputy, was murdered by an extremely mentally ill, naked African American male, I got 40 letters blaming me. No White politician would ever have to face that if a naked White youth killed a policeman. They did that stuff because of racial stigma, this inability to accept African people as an equal part of humanity.”

— Larry Gossett

Continued from Previous Page

ourselves as revolutionaries, as socialists, as communists. There were many others that saw themselves as Asian nationalists, Black nationalists, or Latino nationalists, and others who just wanted to do things that would help our people and never thought about it in theoretical terms. I think the success was that we did not become too doctrinaire, where we would just shrivel up and disappear — or that the people with whom we were working didn’t allow us to.

Santos: We became pretty influential. We used to try to meet influential people so that we could get our programs funded. There was a point where they came to us, the MEDC, when they ran for office. That’s when we started waking up to the fact that, hey, we ain’t so far out there that they don’t need us. They really needed us.

We also knew that we had to expand our networks, so we started recommending people to work in government or the private industry. We used to write letters of recommendation for people.

Gossett: And our hope was that people would get in there and not [Uncle] Tom out.

Santos: And those people became somebody. There’s a guy in our community, Tim Otani, that was with us in the demonstrations. He’s now Vice-President of Community Relations for Washington Mutual of the United States. We have Jaime Garcia and Annie Clark at the Gates Foundation. We have our people

in all these major foundations and companies and banks and businesses now, and we’re still a force in the community.

Maestas: When Larry proposed MOVE, some of us went through an internal struggle: that goddamn electoral politics, and the Democratic party and the Republican party are the same two-headed pig eating out of the same trough. But we knew that to maintain the Central Area Motivation Project, Interim Community Development, El Centro, the Daybreak Star cultural center — we had to get government money. The theory that if you get government money, you’ve sold out — that’s bullshit. We say, “Wait a minute, once we get it, it’s our money. The money that they got is our money.” We would snap at things like that. That sexy shit that the press likes to report — demonstrations, marches, confrontations, tension, police —

Gossett: — they were necessary in their day. Still are.

Maestas: But that’s not the major part of our work. The civil rights movement projected that if you were part of the movement you spent all your time marching or demonstrating, period. That’s the fun part. Civil rights work is tedious, day to day, hour to hour, minute to minute, analyzing, struggling, almost always with very, very limited resources.

RC: What kind of opportunities do you see for young activists to get involved now, when the funds are so limited?

Gossett: It’s harder for younger people involved in the movement today than it was in the 1960s. There was a whole cultural movement in the ‘60s, because the civil rights movement, at least in the African American part of it, had started back in ‘55 with the Montgomery bus boycott. When it turned to the Black Power stage, up in the northern ghettos, everyone wanted to be involved because it was the popular, in-thing to do.

Today, the capitalist, neo-liberal structure is so dominant in our society today that even in inner-city ghettos, oppressed African American youth are much more interested in trying to figure out what they can do individually, separately, to get some money to survive and to get a nice football or basketball t-shirt, Nike shoes, a nice ride, to look good for the girls or the girls to look good for the guys. It is not the in thing or the popular thing to do to be

Continued on Next Page

TRAUGOTT TERRACE

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Transitional and permanent apartments available on a first-come, first-qualified, first-served basis.



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Cleaning out your closets? Looking for quality wares?

Real Change will be holding rummage sales throughout the summer at the Pike Place Market Rummage Room (near the Creamery).

All proceeds from the rummage sales benefit Real Change Homeless Empowerment Project.

If you’re interested in donating items, or if you have questions about the rummage sales, please contact us at: (206) 441-3247 ext 203

Last One!
Saturday,
August 16



Power to the People's Lodge

Adam Holdorf

Bernie Whitebear died July 16, 2000, his dream of building a Native American People's Lodge still unfulfilled. Last month, that dream came closer than ever to becoming real.

The United Indians of All Tribes Foundation (UIATF) announced a settlement with the City of Seattle of a three-year-old suit to proceed with construction of the People's Lodge. Environmental, neighbors' concerns, and land-use issues had tied up the building's development for years. The People's Lodge will take its place among the nation's largest Native American cultural centers.

"We're happy that the agreement is complete, and we're eager to move forward with Bernie Whitebear's dream," Michelle Sanidad, chief executive director of the UIATF, said in a press statement. "We have an agreement which respects the park's natural beauty, the rights of the UIATF, and the concerns of the Magnolia community," stated Mayor Greg Nickels.

The settlement set parameters for building design, the surrounding park, and street access to the spot. While the original plan called for a single 148,000-square-foot building,

the UIATF has consented instead to three buildings totaling almost 96,000 square feet. The city will close a street connecting with the nearby neighbor-

hood of Lawtonwood, and the UIATF will daylight one creek buried in a culvert underneath the property.

In 1970, Whitebear led hundreds of Native Americans in occupying empty military property out at Fort Lawton,

Indians on a 99-year lease. The military had taught its adversary well: Whitebear had been a Green Beret and a paratrooper in the 101st Airborne Division.

Whitebear was born Bernie Reyes, one of six children by a Filipino father

and Indian mother in Inchelium, Washington, northwest of Spokane on the Colville Reservation. He changed his last name in memory of his maternal grandfather, a member of the Sin-Aikst (Lakes) Indians. He was "a tireless, charismatic fighter, known and loved by thousands of people who will miss his humor, wisdom, vision, leadership, and compassion," his colleague Jamie Garner wrote in an August 1, 2000 memorial published in *Real Change*. One of the many anecdotes about Whitebear's life was published in a simultaneous reminiscence in *Indian Country Today*.

When Chrysler chief Lee Iacocca came to Seattle to hold a fundraising dinner for the restoration of the Statue of Liberty, Whitebear walked up to the stage as Iacocca wound down his immigrant-lauding speech and said, "Mr. Iacocca, my name is Bernie Whitebear. I'm a Native American, and on behalf of all Native Americans for whom this is not a land of immigrants, I want to welcome you and all the other groups of immigrants that are here tonight." Tom Keefe of Spokane, who told the story, observed that "For a guy who helped take over Fort Lawton, taking over Lee Iacocca's podium was probably nothing." ■

"Mr. Iacocca, my name is Bernie Whitebear. I'm a Native American, and on behalf of all Native Americans for whom this is not a land of immigrants, I want to welcome you and all the other groups of immigrants that are here tonight."

— Bernie Whitebear



PHOTO OF BERNIE WHITEBEAR COURTESY UIATF.

Continued from Previous Page

self-sacrificial and work with others to improve the school and the neighborhood and your people.

Maestas: When we started, we had nothing. Now we have a couple, three, four, ten million dollar budgets. But the fact is, the economic and political system in our country is not capable of resolving the crisis and it's going to deepen and deepen. We are still trying to develop our young people for taking over where we won't be able to continue. They'll step up. They will have to step up, because a better life will not be given to them without a struggle.

RC: How do you guys see issues of race factoring into Seattle politics today?

Maestas: Institutionalized racism looks the same everywhere. This city has got as big a challenge about institutionalized racism as does Atlanta, Georgia, or Albuquerque, New Mexico, or wherever. Racism is a disease that affects the entire body politic and takes a little bit different tone here and there. But we have to confront it with the help of our White brothers and sisters. Until that happens, we're going to be just spinning our wheels.

Gossett: I think race still matters now. When Richard Herzog, a King County Sheriff's deputy, was murdered by an extremely mentally ill, naked African American male, I got 40 letters blaming me. No White politician would ever have to face that if a naked White youth killed a policeman. They did that stuff because of racial stigma, this inability to accept African people as an equal part of humanity in Seattle and this

country. For many Whites, if Blacks do something negative, it's all of them.

However, disadvantage is both a class and a race issue. We have to figure out a way that people of all colors who are poor, working class, and to a large extent middle class, can come together on those issues and problems and challenges that we have in common with and come up with some vital, democratic societal solutions that

will lead to wealth and poverty being a lot more fairly distributed in our society. Only then will we be able to say that this is a truly liberated community.

Maestas: And millions of us spend our every waking moment, thousands in Seattle spend our every waking moment, including he and he and he, thinking about how we're going to do that. ■

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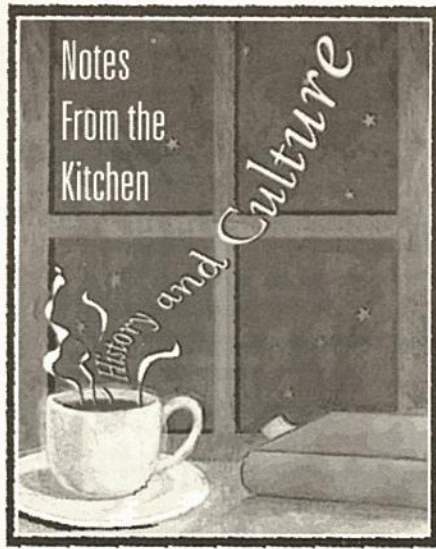
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A Place in the Sun

By Liz Smith

A long time ago, in a faraway place, well past the expiration of the statute of limitations... My boyfriend Rob and I knew we were in real trouble the minute we saw our front door. It had magically sprouted a padlock and a big threatening sign. A notice of eviction. It is a bad feeling to see something like that and know it's meant for you. We could do nothing; we stood like pillars of salt, mute and pale. What were we to do?

We went off to IHOP in our pickup truck, driving through the night with all our tools rattling in the back. The waitress gave us one of her booths and we drank cup after cup of her terrible coffee. We were like one of those creatures trapped in amber you see at the natural history museum: two poor, scared people stuck in a truly sorry situation. "Desperate times call for desperate measures," we said — or would have said, had we been more intelligent.

At three in the morning, we paid for our coffee and left our waitress a \$7 tip because not once did she give us any kind of dirty look for turning her booth into occupied territory. Back in the parking lot of our apartment, which technically did not belong to us anymore, but to the sheriff's department, we parked the truck and got out to have a look around. It was

very quiet and no one had their lights on.

We slunk back to our truck to arm ourselves with the tools of the trade. Windex, to spray the window. Paper towels, to get the glass perfectly clean and dry. Duct tape, to cover the window and muffle the noise of the glass being broken with delicate taps. After that, it's easy to lift the whole thing away. Once we clambered through the window we removed the hinges of the door. For the next few nervous hours we were very busy burglarizing our own apartment.

At least we didn't have to worry about fingerprints. We were so lucky. No one called the police. Once in a while, God takes pity on the stupid.

At dawn we drove out of the parking lot. We were not going to jail. We were free. Rob and I headed southeast, leaving behind the nightmare in our rearview mirror. In less than an hour we reached the coast and the little town of Surfside. It was early spring, not yet the high season of crowded summer. We had the beach to ourselves. We pattered along the beach road, past the houses up on stilts, and found a suitable sand dune where we pitched our tent. Camping on the beach was technically against the law, but as our tent could not be seen from the road or by any passing sheriffs, we did not really care. Having that tent was a comfort. Now we were homeowners, even if that home was only thin cloth and a sleeping bag. In front of us was the shimmering Gulf Coast and all around us was pristine sand and gently waving beach grass.

By the time we unpacked the essentials and got settled in, it was close to suppertime. We went and had a fish dinner and then strolled along the beach as the sun was rolling down. The wind was out of the east and the seagulls were calling as they coasted down the soft salt breezes. We were not worried or afraid, we had had a good dinner; we were not broke, we had a place where we belonged. We were surrounded by beauty. We had each other. We planned to get jobs and with our first paychecks to buy a crab trap and go crabbing at the jetty.

The crab trap looks like a four-sided pyramid. When open, it resembles a star fish with four points aiming outwards. The tip of each point has a rope tied to it, and all four ropes run through a circle and all connect to a central rope which is used to raise or lower the trap. When the rope is pulled up, the four sides rise up and close together, trapping the unhappy crabs.

A few days before taking your crab trap to the jetty, you must buy some chicken necks, which are left out to ripen for a few days in the sun. These necks are securely tied to the floor of the trap. Once at the jetty, the trap is flung out into the sea. The rope is paid out and the trap lies flat with the tempting chicken necks in the center. The crabs are attracted by the rich aroma and begin scuttling sideways towards an easy meal. Once they are busy nibbling, usually five minutes after launch, the crafty hunter on shore pulls the rope hard, which closes the trap. Then it is pulled ashore while a steady tension is kept on the rope. It is with a real feeling of triumph that one sees the crab trap full of furious crabs.

The trap is upended and dumped into a big washtub. The crabs snap their claws and roll their eyes heavenward and try to get out. It is hopeless for them. Ice cubes are poured on top of their heads — this doesn't kill them, it slows them down so they can't pinch. One snap of a powerful claw can remove a finger.

The female crabs are taken out and thrown back into the water, on the side of the water where you are not fishing. The females go free so they can raise more sons who will become someone else's dinner. This process is repeated until you have enough crabs, or your chicken necks give out. We cooked our crabs in sea water to which a packet of crab boil was added. It is an elemental pleasure to sit on a golden beach, sunburned, eating a dinner that you have hunted and captured. The sun is sinking below the far horizon, the day is a success, and you need nothing, for you have everything.

But all that was to come. We had just arrived, and we were eager to look for jobs the next day. Our last thing to do before retiring to our tent was to go and take a beachcomber shower. To accomplish this we got in our truck and drove around, looking for a dark empty house surrounded by other dark empty houses. All the houses are up on stilts, like storks, and they all have cold water showers so the occupants can rinse off the salt and sand before going up the stairs and through their front door. We took our freezing cold shower while wearing all our

clothes. Then we ran to the truck and changed into our dry clothing, and went home to our tent. As we had been awake for almost 48 hours, we sank like stones into our sleeping bag, and we were instantly asleep.

Above us, while we lay dreaming, a line of creeping black clouds were blotting out the stars. The birds, sensing a change in the atmosphere, were flying northwest towards land and safety. The winds rose and were roiling the previously calm water into frothy whitecaps. Rain started to fall, lightly at first, then more heavily. The wind was fierce and slanted the rain sideways. It blew so hard our sodden tent collapsed.

I woke to hear Rob yelling for me to get into the truck. We were being smothered by heavy canvas and the floor of the tent had become a swamp. Rob was holding up the tent and I was trying to find the door. Everything was very confusing. It was so dark, we couldn't see anything, the wind was howling and the rain was drenching us like a water cannon. Finally, we struggled our way to the truck, which was quivering in the storm. Rob and I spent an unhappy night wondering if we were going to be blown into oblivion. Towards dawn we awoke from fitful dozing to find the winds calm and the sky a rightful shade of blue. We weren't able to look for jobs that day. We were in the grimy laundromat, washing all our wet and sandy clothes and blankets. The day ended as we resurrected our destroyed homestead and put everything back the way it belonged.

Down at Evelyn's Bait Shop, we treated ourselves to some ice cold beer. The old-timers at the next table were discussing the storm. We told them we had been out in all the exciting weather. "That was a hundred-year storm!" they exclaimed. I said to Rob, "Perfect timing, dear!" "Yes," he replied, "it certainly was." ■

Ed. Note: This is the final installment of Notes from the Kitchen. After three years of elegant writing and tasty food, Liz Smith is taking a rest.



Cheap Frills: Things to do that don't cost much

Fresh air lovers should rejoice that each summer they can enjoy Shakespeare in Seattle-area parks. Even more so because at least three theater companies feature outdoor Shakespearean productions where admission is free. While Wooden O and Theater Schmeater's summertime productions in Volunteer Park have ended, you can still catch great comedy with *The Merchant of Venice* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, through August at six Seattle city parks, plus sites in Lynnwood and Fall City.

Schedules and additional information may be obtained by calling (206)748-1551 or by going online to www.greenstage.org.



FALSTAFF AND THE MERRY WIVES MAKE FACES IN A PARK NEAR YOU. PHOTO COURTESY GREENSTAGE.

Greenstage accepts donations at the conclusion of each show. ■

— Kathleen Mitchell



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Children's Alliance seeks School Nutrition Project Lead for part time work with targeted school districts on nutrition issues. Salary range \$26-28k with benefits.

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Saturday, July 5, 2:07 p.m., Pike Street alley. A bicycle officer riding through the alley between Pike and Union observed the suspect step behind a dumpster. He contacted the suspect, a 48-year-old transient Black male, and saw he had a belt tied around his arm, and a syringe of suspected heroin in his hand. The officer recovered the syringe, and it field-tested positive for heroin. The suspect was arrested and booked into King County Jail.

Saturday, July 5, 10:47 p.m. South Washington St. and Occidental Park. An officer observed the suspect, a 49-year-old transient Black female, trespassing in the park. He was aware that she had been trespassed from the park previously for a year, and that the ban was still in effect. She was arrested and booked into King County Jail.

Saturday, July 12, 3:30 a.m., City Hall Park, Pioneer Square. A transient woman was sleeping under the overpass when she was shot in her side. Another man was shot in the leg. Police believe the shooting was in response to a burst of fireworks, which the suspect thought was gunfire. They were unable to locate the suspect, and are working on leads.

Wednesday, July 16, 7:42 a.m. S. Dearborn, vacant lot. Officers were searching for a suspect who was last seen in the area. While looking for that suspect, the officers encountered six transient Asian males in a vacant lot. The lot has large "No Trespassing" signs around it. Officers ran the names of the men over the radio. Two of the suspects had been trespassed from the area less than a year ago, and were arrested and booked into King County Jail. The other four men were trespassed from the area and released.

Thursday, July 17, 10:41 p.m. Alaskan Way. A Seattle Parks Dept. security guard at the waterfront park observed the suspect, a 42-year-old transient White male, sitting in the park. He was aware that the police had issued the suspect a 90-day exclusion notice from the park just a few days before. Police arrested him for trespassing in the park, and he was booked into King County Jail.

Saturday, July 19, 10:17 a.m. 3rd Ave. Officers on routine patrol in Pioneer Square observed the suspect, a 38-year-old transient Black man, sleeping on a wooden bench in the City Hall park. Officers were aware that suspect had a previous one-year ban from all Zone 4 parks, and that the ban was still in effect. He was issued a new one-year ban, arrested, and booked into King County Jail. ■

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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August

Notables

Thursday 8/7

General Radical Women meeting. Learn more about their current activities and campaigns. 7:30 p.m., dinner with vegetarian option 6:30 p.m. for a \$6.50 donation, at New Freeway Hall, 5018 Rainier Ave. S., Seattle. Info 206-722-6057 or 722-2453.

"bodyBODY: Aphrodite Raves," a multimedia exploration of the **women's body-image** issue based on interviews with women of all backgrounds, sizes, hang-ups, and colors. Through theater, photographs, and video interviews, writer-producer Vanessa McGrady, photographer Amanda Koster, and filmmaker Kathlyn Albright bring the message home that beauty is in every body. Aug. 7 - 24, at Theater Off Jackson, 409 7th Ave. S., Seattle. Tickets \$12. Gala reception Saturday Aug. 9, tickets \$45, honors the dozens of women who shared their stories, and includes wine, food, dancing and an auction of art photographs. Info 206-523-7300 or <http://www.bodybodyproject.com>.

Friday 8/8

Bend It Extravaganza is a queer youth arts festival. Friday night drag show, fashion show, and bands at SCCC. Saturday and Sunday workshops at SASG (303 17th Ave. E.) and other venues from 12 - 5 p.m., films at the Little Theatre from 3 - 6 p.m. Saturday evening spoken word (venue TBA), and Sunday evening films at On The Boards (100 W. Roy).

Contact 206-860-9606, or Emma 206-632-0500 x 32, or queeryouthrights@yahoo.com.

Saturday 8/9

Communities Against Rape & Abuse (CARA) Disability Pride Project presents "Solidarity, Not Charity: Organizing for Disability Rights and Queer Liberation." Laura Hersey, activist and published writer, and Robin Stephens, advocate and attorney, will be offering a workshop on disability pride and queer pride. They will investigate the power dynamics behind disabiliphobia and homophobia. The meeting space, bathroom, and parking area are wheelchair accessible. Reception 6 - 7 p.m., Workshop 7 - 8:30 p.m., at Fremont Public Association, 1501 N. 45th St., Seattle. Info Joelle Brouner 206-322-4856 X 102, joelle@cara-seattle.org or <http://www.cara-seattle.org/disabled.html>.

Monday 8/11

The **Middle East Peace Camp** is created jointly with Arab and Jewish communities to build bridges to peace and is open to all children. The creators and teachers of the camp bring a wealth of talent, knowledge, and understanding that will make this week an important one for your child and for peace. Aug. 11 - 15, Mon - Thurs 10 a.m. - 3 p.m., Fri. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m., at 1125 Harvard Ave. E., Seattle. Families are invited for Potluck dinner on Friday at 5 p.m., sponsored by Arab Center of Washing-

ton, Beyond Borders, Kadima, and Kay Bullitt. Info Maha Gebara 206-533-0152, gebara@attglobal.net, or Susan Davis 206-547-3914, sdavis@kadima.org.

Wednesday 8/13

Northwest Labor Employment Law Offices sponsors current affairs show, "Speaking for Ourselves, to Each Other." 7:30 p.m., this and subsequent 2nd Wednesdays, on SCAN TV Channel 77. Info LELO 206-860-1400.

Saturday 8/16

12th Annual Seattle Hempfest, a rally for justice and civil liberties. Hempfest defends the rights of the sick and dying to use medical marijuana and supports no prison for smoking marijuana. There will be music, activist booths and much more. August 16 and 17, at Myrtle Edwards Park by Pier 70 in downtown Seattle. Info <http://www.seattlehempfest.com/>.

Sunday 8/17

Seattle Chapter Fellowship of Reconciliation annual summer picnic. 4 - 7 p.m., at shelter #6 in Lower Woodland Park, Seattle. Info 206-789-5565.

Monday 8/18

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

Wednesday, 8/20

World class music to benefit *Real*

Change, Mali musician Djelimady Tounkara and his acoustic band. \$25, 7:30 p.m., Meany Hall, UW campus. Call 206-441-3247 or visit ticketweb.com for more information and to purchase tickets.

Thursday 8/21

"Love Moves the World: Music, Meditation and Talk," by Sri Sri Ravi Shankar, the world-renowned humanist and Vedic scholar. 7 p.m., at University of Washington, Meany Hall. For tickets 206-543-4880, for more information 206-221-2327.

Poets Against the War meeting with a short business and discussion period and a poetry reading. All poets and friends of poets are welcome! 7 p.m., this and subsequent 3rd Thursdays, at Third Place Books, 20th Ave. NE and NE 65th St., Seattle. Info Beth Coyote beth@poetsagainsthewar.org.

Saturday, August 23

2003 Nat Turner teach-in, hosted by Communities Against Rape and Abuse. The teach-in is a chance for people of color to explore histories of Black resistance. Daytime program open to people of color only, 12 - 5 p.m.; evening program open to all, 8 - 10 p.m. Free, at the East Cherry YMCA, 2820 East Cherry. Call 206-322-4856 for more information.

Ongoing

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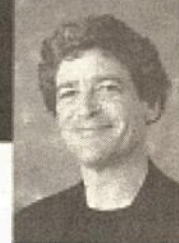
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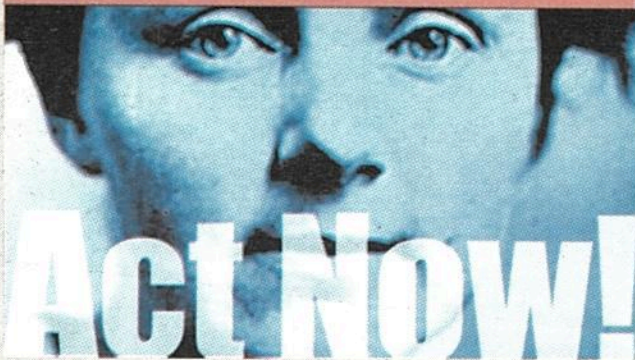
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Humans Are Not for Sale

Issue: Fight human trafficking and domestic abuse by supporting the International Marriage Broker Regulation Act.

Background: Women are lured into the mail-order bride industry by promises of a good life — and the absence of important information. They believe what they are told: that a better life awaits when a man they've never met sweeps them off to America. But the reality may be much worse: tricked by the lure of a loving husband, they may be forced into servitude far from home.

Of course, this scenario isn't the same for every mail-order bride. Some of the approximate 5,000 who marry American men each year must be happy, but that number is unknown. How many battered women call for help, and how many just take the abuse? What is common among all mail-order brides is that they know little about the character of the man they are uniting with, and less about their legal recourse should they find themselves in danger.

Senator Maria Cantwell and Representative Rick Larsen are proposing the International Marriage Broker Regulation Act. Under it, mail-order brides would receive information regarding a prospective spouse's criminal record before they consent to the relationship. They would also be informed of their legal rights in the United States.

This federal bill copies a remarkable law already in place in Washington State, due to the inhumane deaths of mail-order brides in the Seattle area. It needs to be a nationwide protection for all vulnerable women.

Although the women will run risks either way with this profession/lifestyle, they will be legally guaranteed sufficient information for their protection. They would receive the men's criminal and marital records, any court protective orders, and reports of domestic violence complaints against them prior to contract agreements. They will also be informed of their legal rights that will be in force once they are in the United States.

As believed by UW Women Center's executive director Sutapa Basu, State Representative Velma Veloria, and State Senator Jeanne Kohl-Welles, this bill should attack the problem of trafficking women and children for sex or servitude.

Action: Contact your Congressional Representative to let them know that you support this bill, you want it to be passed, and you request that they co-sponsor it. This would be a big step in combating unjust and inhuman relationships inflicted on women from all over the world. It would also teach people that any form of domestic abuse is wrong.

Contact Senator Maria Cantwell (D) to thank her for her sponsorship of the bill. Through email: senator_cantwell@cantwell.senate.gov. Or by phone: (206) 220-6400

Contact Senator Patty Murray (D), through email: senator_murray@murray.senate.gov; (206) 553-5545

Contact 1st District Rep. Jay Inslee (D), through email: jay.inslee@mail.house.gov; (800) 226-7144

Contact 2nd District Rep. Rick Larsen (D), through email: www.house.gov/larsen; (800) 562-1385

Contact 6th District Rep. Norm Dicks (D), through email: www.house.gov/dicks; (800) 947-NORM

Contact 7th District Rep. Jim McDermott (D), through email: www.house.gov/mcdermott; (206) 553-7170

Contact 8th District Rep. Jennifer Dunn (R), through email: dunnwa08@mail.house.gov; (206) 275-3438

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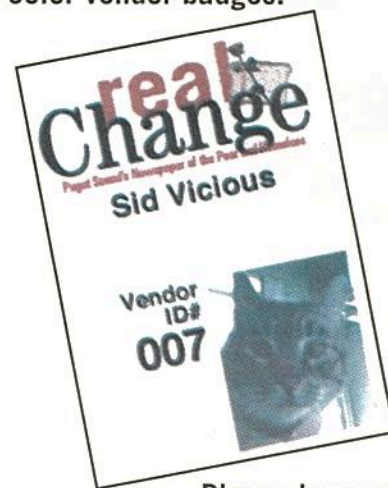


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