

Change

Reaching Out to End Poverty • Volume 11, No. 1

\$1

Dec. 24-Jan. 7, 2004

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A Dream

Why couldn't Mona Joyner
Bury the ashes of the
Man she loved?

Annual Women's Issue

Adventuring in China •
Business Boosters

PHOTOS BY REIKO ISOMI

by Polly Keary

"I am a poor wayfaring stranger, I'm just a-goin' over home..."

The words were sung on the cold clear afternoon of December 3 at the communal grave that Jose Marcos Lucio shares with 199 other King County people who died without family to claim their bodies. The words also adorn the back of the low stone bench that marks the site. There are no names on the marker to identify those who are buried there. Many of the residents of the underground concrete-and-steel vault at Mount Olivet cemetery in Renton had no living relatives or had relatives who were too poor to afford a burial plot. But for Lucio, it didn't have to be this way.

Lucio, who would be 41 now, had a girlfriend, Mona Joyner, 47, who asked the Medical Examiner's office to allow her to give Lucio his own grave. After all, she was his fiancée. She had been billed for his short hospital stay following his mysterious fall from the Mercer Street overpass above I-5. She had given him a home as much as possible during their three-year relationship. She had provided the Medical Examiner with what documents she had, to aid them in their search for his family. She was willing to pay.

Jerry Webster, who was then Chief Investigator at the King County Medical Examiner's office, was willing. He told her that she could arrange for a funeral if the family could not be found within a year. A year passed, but by then Webster had been replaced by Joe Frisino, who refused her request. Joyner tried for the next three years to get permission to bury him, but didn't succeed. All she has left now are questions. What happened to Lucio? Why are there no names on the grave marker? What happened to all the documents she gave to the Medical Examiner's Office, in hopes of his family being found? Why couldn't she give him his own grave?

"There'll be no trouble, toil nor danger..."

Lucio was no stranger to any of the words that make up the lyrics of the old spiritual. He was troubled by alcohol addiction and a hot temper and he found himself in dangerous situations, one of which may have led to his death. But toil he took pride in.

"He was a very hard worker," says Doug Hamery, who was his boss at the Millionair Club, an organization that finds work for homeless or low-income people. "He took a lot of pride in his work. We used to put him on moving jobs. Down here, we save those jobs for the people we consider to be very responsible, to be on time every time, every day. He was very reliable."

Twice Lucio was given jobs in which he drove moving trucks out of state, both times traveling with the female clients.

**"I told him if he
would go to
treatment, we could
talk about getting
married. He wanted
to, he just didn't
make it that far,"
says Mona.
"He was the love of
my life."**

"In both cases the women counted on us to pick people they would be safe with. Both jobs went off without a hitch," Hamery says.

The Millionair Club is where Joyner met Lucio, when she was looking for temporary clerical work. She had come

to Seattle because she had heard it was a good place to get work, especially the light clerical work she could still do after a back injury from an accident as a taxi driver left her unable to do more physical jobs.

"He had a lot of enthusiasm and warmth," says Hamery. "He wasn't a big guy, he was short, stocky, but he had a large presence, a lot of charisma. I can see, you know, why Mona fell in love with him."

"I remember his laughter. He was always cracking jokes, he was always smiling," the sandy-haired, blue-eyed Joyner says in a soft southern accent that remains from her childhood in Harlan, Kentucky. A bowl of soup sits before her, untouched, after the funeral, as she clenches her napkin and remembers her boyfriend.

"He was at my apartment constantly for over three years, every Saturday and Sunday. I could only have people at my apartment two nights a week so he came over then," Joyner, who lives in government subsidized Section 8 housing, says. "I took him in and tried to give him a home, I cooked for him, did his laundry."

But Lucio had a drinking problem, and when he drank, he could be violent. At the time of Lucio's death, Joyner had a restraining order against him. She never lost hope in him, though, and still planned a life with him.

"I told him if he would go to treatment, we could talk about getting mar-

Continued on page 8



Dear *Real Change*,

For many years the plain questions went unasked and unanswered about the Kennedy assassination (like how Oswald could have shot Kennedy in the forehead from behind). Today, the facts are finally coming to light. The truth always comes out, but 40 years is too long to wait. Today, we still grieve and seek answers about the 3,000 Americans assassinated on 9/11, and strikingly similar to 1963, the answers aren't coming from our government. Maybe it's because some plain questions just aren't being asked. Why is it that in two years since 9/11, not one reporter has asked the current president directly to his face: "Mr. President, why did you OK the exodus of Osama bin Laden's entire family out of the United States

within two weeks of the destruction of the Twin Towers without being questioned, and don't you believe that if kept in the United States many of them would have had information vital to the investigation?" Simple question, plain talk. The president likes plain talk. Then, I would ask a follow-up: "Has any Bush family oil business, or Haliburton, ever had dealings with the Bin Laden oil business?" It's been two years and two wars since 9/11, and still no one has asked him. Someone give me a press pass.

Sincerely,
David Singelyn

Dear Alie,

It may seem odd to you to get a Christmas card from a stranger, however, I see you several times a week, you are part of my daily life in the city, and I wanted to thank you for always appearing so positive and calm whenever I pass you on the street; you always share a friendly smile. It's an encouragement for me not to allow the stress of my day to impact others, but to be like you and remain friendly. May your Christmas be joyous and your new year be full of success and adventure. Please enjoy lunch on me for passing along good cheer. [A gift certificate was enclosed.]

Sincerely,
Laurie

Note: the preceding was a note to a vendor from a customer.

Alie responds:

There are times that we are all strangers to each other, but then, are we? I am just a *Real Change* vendor but I got a killer card from a total stranger the other day. She said that I kinda make her day, just by smiling even though my life is a disaster area. Those who do know me (and a lot of people do) know that I am the mouthy one who stands on two corners in the downtown area, so before I ramble on like a lunatic, I would like to thank all those people who are really kind and generous. It is a matter of the heart, and hopefully it will not be just a matter of the season.

Real Change does give people a chance. If you would have told me four years ago that I would be homeless and peddling papers on the corner, I would have told you that you were insane... but look where I am right now? Hobo hell. But that's OK because I have learned a lot more about life. I REALLY WANT TO THANK all of the truly kind Seattle people out there, you know who you are. The jacket, gloves, hat, socks, requests for resumes. I know that I stand around like an idiot at times and for me it may be harder than it is for you, looking at me, but I still want to thank all of you.

Here we have two strangers passing in the night... but all the heart is there. If we can love one person, we can love ourselves, and consequently it blooms forward. I thank her and all of you. And may God bless us each and every one. Happy Chanukah. Merry Christmas, and save the wolves, whales, foxes and just not all the felons named Johnson.

So the nickname still sticks. Call me "Alley Cat," and like my friend in Renton says: "Got three lives left?"

And, I want to thank those three guys who on Friday, December 19, didn't let my husband kill me on the corner. Life goes on.

Alley Kat

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Change

Puget Sound's Voice of the Poor and Homeless

Real Change is published every other Thursday and is sold by the poor and homeless of Seattle. Annual subscriptions are available for \$35. All material is copyrighted to the authors.

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

On the Web at
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Mission Statement:

Real Change exists to create opportunity and a voice for low-income people while taking action to end homelessness and poverty.

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 *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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You Can Still Help

Year End Support Falls Short of Goals

by Timothy Harris

Over this past year, we've been hatching some very big plans. Weekly publication in 2005. Greater capacity for anti-poverty organizing. Better services for our vendors. Deeper and broader coverage of the issues you care about. We asked our readers and our friends what they wanted to see, and went to work to make it happen.

We've never had much money to run this project. We're understaffed, overextended, and operating much more hand-to-mouth than we'd like. This has been a year of tough decisions. We shut down StreetLife Gallery and the Computer lab to shift our focus to what we do best: publishing the best newspaper we can, and building power and a stronger voice for the poor.

We're frugal. We're focused. We're doing our work better than ever, and we're almost broke. Right now, we have about \$8,000 in the bank. We can run this place on that for maybe 10 days.

In October, we announced a campaign to raise \$50,000 from our readers by the end of 2003. Many of you have responded. So far, almost \$35,500 has been donated. But here we are. It's December 22nd, and we still need to raise another \$14,500 to come into 2004 with a little breathing room.

Over the years, I've seen a lot of magic here. There's a story I'd like to share. One of our vendors, a man named Shane, is experiencing a kind of celebrity these days. He posed with City Council President Peter Steinbrueck for a public awareness campaign that a Seattle ad agency, Wongdoody, put together for free. Shane's been on posters, in newspaper ads, and on TV spreading the word that homeless folks are people too.

Anyway, there was this guy whose mission in life was to give Shane hell. He'd see him selling the paper and just unload, calling Shane a bum, a parasite, a loser. He used his job as a doorman at a bar to orchestrate a mini hate campaign. People would come out on the sidewalk just to call Shane names. Shane knows his own worth, but this was more than he could take. He was sometimes reduced to tears.

Then, the hatemonger started seeing Shane on TV and something clicked. He was ashamed, and sought Shane out to apologize. Shane couldn't have been more surprised. He was both amazed and deeply moved to see this person move from hatred to acceptance. This is where *Real Change* begins.

But there's another kind of magic with *Real Change*, the kind of magic that people like you make happen. Time and again, it happens that we really don't know where the paychecks this month are coming from, and then something happens. Maybe it's a grant we weren't expecting. Maybe it's a big anonymous check. *Real Change*, more often than I'd like to say, has been bailed out by the kindness of strangers.

So here we are, a week away from the end of the year, nearly \$14,500 from our fundraising goal, counting on you to do your part. If you read this paper and have never donated before, this is the time. If you're already a supporter, you're already part of the magic.

Over the next three years, we will focus on our strengths and build a sustainable funding base to keep *Real Change* here for the long haul. You can download and view our 2004-2006 strategic plan at realchangenews.org, or give us a call and we'll put one in the mail.

But right now, we need you. Be part of the magic of *Real Change*. We believe in you. Please believe in us and support our work however you are able. ■

Inside:

Opinion

Money? Sure could use some!
by Timothy Harris
3

Regular Features

News You Can Use: Bad Luck, Militant Janitors, Alcohol Impact Areas, Racist Drug Laws
by A. Holdorf, Anitra Freeman, R.V. Murphy
4

North American Newsbriefs:
compiled by Molly Rhodes
5

Adventures in Poetry
with © Dr. Wes Browning
6

Cheap Frills
Kathleen Mitchell
13

StreetWatch
compiled by Emma Quinn
13

Calendar
compiled by Molly Rhodes
15

News

Business Lobby Rollbacks Threaten Many
by Polly Keary
5

Features

A Dream Interred
by Polly Keary
1

Herstory
Women's Hall of Fame in Pike Place Market
by Megan Lee
9

This is Who She Was
by Cynthia Lee Ozimek
10

Justice for Jane Does
by Michele Marchand
11

Interview
Janet Elliott Wulfin's China Odyssey
by Eric Sanderson
12

Poetry

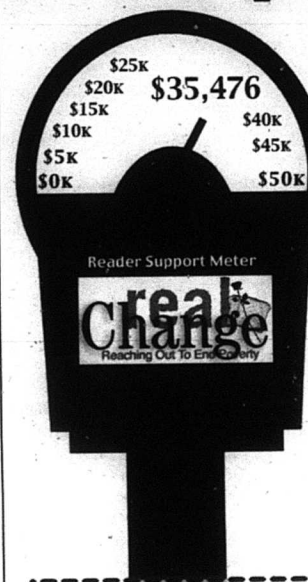
Selections from Louise Glück
8

Activism

Citizens Participation Project
16

The hatemonger started seeing Shane on TV and something clicked. He was ashamed, and sought Shane out to apologize. Shane was amazed to see this person go from hatred to acceptance. This is where *Real Change* begins.

No one gets Free parking.



You paid \$1 for the paper you're Reading. The vendor paid 30¢. We paid the printer.

You don't get much for nothing these days, and that includes *Real Change*. More than 40% of our 2003 budget comes from donations made by readers like you. That support keeps our doors open.

We need your help to continue to make a difference in the lives of hundreds of homeless and low-income vendors who sell *Real Change* every month.

We need to raise \$50,000 by December 31st to start 2004 on solid ground. Your contribution will help us provide a dignified alternative to panhandling and allow us to continue publishing the stories you've come to expect. As you consider your holiday giving, please consider doing a little more. Use the coupon below to make a tax deductible contribution today. We'll keep you updated on our progress.

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Vendor's van burns

For nearly three years, *Real Change* vendor Mike Hall's genial spirit has brought a lot of warm feelings to Pioneer Square. Now that his every possession has gone up in smoke, his customers' warm wishes are all he has got.

On December 14, Mike had just left his father's Capitol Hill nursing home when gasoline leaking from his van's carburetor caught fire. He stopped at 13th and Madison, pried the lid back from his engine, pulled off his shirt, and tried to stifle the flames. It was no use, and in "only a matter of minutes," Mike says, he lost everything.

A Dodge van full of the accoutrements of car living: his clothes, his bed, a stove, even an ice box that plugged into the cigarette lighter. His fishing gear. The trophies he earned several years ago in a pool tournament in Oregon, where he worked at a small-town lumber mill and had named his pool team "Hicks with Sticks." The only thing he carried away that night was a bad burn on his hand. Hours later, as he sat getting medical care at Harborview, a police officer brought him his charred leather wallet.

Mike has met misfortune with his own brand of merry stoicism. Life, he says, "is not a bowl of cherries.... I've started over before."

This time around, he finds himself being pressed with gifts and tokens of appreciation from the customers — not just customers, but friends — he's met at his post outside Elliott Bay Bookstore on 1st and Main in Pioneer Square. Mike's amiability has always been contagious. Now, it's circling back on him in ways he never expected. One man gave him a suitcase full of warm clothes. Others have walked up and stuffed \$10 or \$20 bills in his hand. Two days after the fire, he pulls out a card signed by people from Pioneer Square businesses — a flower shop, two bookstores — who have come to know him.

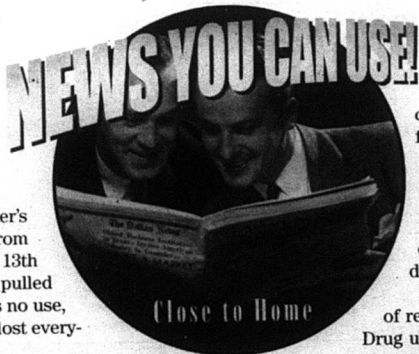
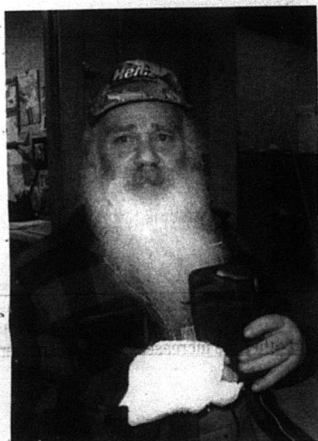
"And you still smile," marveled one of his well-wishers. "Thank you for giving your wisdom and happiness so freely."

"What else can I do?" says Mike, abashed. "I don't know how to do anything else down there."

"Somehow or other, I want to tell them thank you," he says, asking his interviewer to write a sufficiently eloquent word of gratitude.

Instead, a couple lines written by poet Earle Thompson come to mind: "I cannot write a good enough letter / to tell of my love for the family."

Donations may be made to Real Change to help Mike get back in the driver's seat. Send a check to Real Change (the address is on page 3) and on the "memo" line write "Mike Hall."



Yet 58 percent of those arrested for dealing meth are Black, and only 21 percent are White.

No one element or tactic is identified as the root cause of this disparity, although several contributing factors are named, such as the concentration of resources and attention on particular, non-White, outdoor drug markets, and the apparent targeting of Black individuals in those markets. Even in markets where the largest amount of drug delivery was apparently being done by Whites, a majority of those arrested for drug delivery were Black.

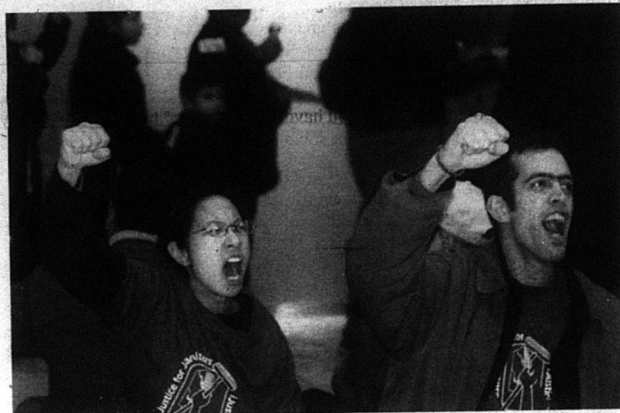
The study also points out the disproportionate amount of resources spent in arrests for small-scale drug delivery. Drug users often pass drugs back and forth; even giving another person one dose of a drug with no monetary transaction is considered "drug delivery" under the law. The study also found that most arrests were not being made in those precincts where a majority of the complaints about drug trafficking originate.

Recommendations include de-emphasizing small-scale drug busts, driving narcotics investigation by citizen complaint instead of by other factors, and focusing budget resources on treatment. ■

—Anitra Freeman

Janitor arrested for labor action

Sandra Yee and Jeremy Simer were two of nine demonstrators arrested while rallying for health benefits for janitors at a downtown office building on December 17. Yee, 23, is one of hundreds of non-union janitors employed by Allied Building Services, which cleans One Convention Place next to the state Convention Center on Seventh Avenue and Pine Street. It is the only building cleaned by non-union workers in downtown Seattle. The ar-



rests followed a two-day strike by Allied's employees, who says that low wages and lack of health coverage are threatening their safety. "We are working families who have the choice of paying the cost of health care, food, or rent," stated Yee in a press release after the event. "To receive the health care we need, we can either fight to unionize or quit our jobs and go on welfare. We want to work." Photo by Ken Dean.

Drug arrests show discrimination pattern

On December 9, the Seattle City Council's Neighborhoods, Arts & Civil Rights Committee held a hearing on the Beckett Report on Racial Disparity in Drug Enforcement. Drug charges account for half the cases in Washington's courts. Five judges hear drug cases full time. Drug offenders account for a quarter of all those imprisoned in Washington State, a sizeable cut of the state's budget. Any drug conviction makes you ineligible for most federal, state and local government benefits, and also impacts many of your civil rights. All of these things make drug law a hot topic. Add racial disparity, and it is boiling hot.

The Seattle/King County Public Defender's Association's Racial Disparity Project is asking for drug dealing charges against nine defendants to be dropped, claiming that their arrests violate the 14th Amendment to the Constitution. The independent study they commissioned from Katherine Beckett, a Professor of Sociology at the University of Washington is the first of its kind to analyze department arrest data by race, drug, geographical area, and police tactic. It finds that a majority of serious drug users are White, while a majority of those arrested for narcotics trafficking are Black. Over 81 percent of methamphetamine users are White, for instance, and only 7.4 percent are Black. All data shows that users tend to purchase from dealers of their own ethnicity.

The AIA: off balance

Two months after enacting an Alcohol Impact Area in Pioneer Square, the city is looking to create an even bigger impact area. Mayor Greg Nickels will be sending another AIA proposal to the new City Council in January that will expand the AIA from the downtown area into lower Queen Anne, west to Capitol Hill, and south to the Central District, with a separate strip of the University District also included.

If passed, a six-month voluntary period will begin where merchants would be asked to ban the sales of cheap liquor, fortified wine, and single beer containers and ban sales from 6:00-9:00 a.m. After the six-month trial period, the city can (and is expected to) request that the Washington Liquor Control Board would make those criteria mandatory. However, even supporters of the AIA feel it's a band-aid solution to the problem.

Continued on page 14

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

Our Business is Business

The state's most powerful lobby readies a host of economic and environmental rollbacks for the 2004 legislative session

By Polly Keary

Elections are over, but the political season is just beginning. As state legislators head to Olympia for the 2004 legislative session, business interests and other lobbies are preparing their own agenda.

Businesses like to exist in states that allow them to run as cheaply as possible. In this state, their most powerful advocate is the Association of Washington Businesses, whose main agenda is getting legislators to roll back regulations regarding pollution, unemployment compensation, and taxes. Here's a peak at the AWB's goals in 2004, which fall into three main groups: employment, environmental, and the economy.

Employment issues

Issues surrounding rights and responsibilities of employers make up the largest category of AWB's agenda, including making it so the government can't make employee health benefits mandatory. Probably the most contentious position of the AWB is that of reducing the cost of Workers Compensation. Washington state has one of the cheapest Workers Comp programs in the country, even after last year's 29 percent increase. Still, the AWB maintains that it could be cheaper.

"We need to see reforms within the system," says Gary Chandler, head of the AWB's lobbyists. "Pieces are causing increased costs. Before, compensation was figured on wages, but now it includes benefits like insurance and 401ks. That complicates it, because every place is different." He says adjusters spend too much time figuring lost benefits into claims.

"Also, if you got a part-time job that you expected to become full-time, compensation now is counted on full-time," he says. "We've got people making more on compensation than they did on their jobs."

The AWB also opposes extensions given to people whose injuries prevent them from returning to work within a certain amount of time.

Michael Woo at the Northwest Labor and Employment Law Office, however, opposes weakening Labor and Industries.

"You're only on compensation if you have had an injury," he says. The AWB's proposal is "just another step to cut back benefits."

The environment

On the legislative table this year are two regulatory issues: what to do with stormwater runoff, and how to approach greenhouse gas emissions.

The Washington State Department of Ecology has identified stormwater runoff as the leading cause of urban water problems. Water that drains off parking lots, wrecking yards, and construction sites often carry heavy loads of fuels and other toxins. Currently the state measures toxins in an area called a mixing zone, within a certain distance of where the stormwater enters another body of water and has become diluted.

"Some people would like to take away mixing zones and say you need to capture all the water and treat it before it's released," explains Chandler. He says that is too burdensome on businesses, and wants to keep the mixing zones.

Since the United States hasn't ratified the international Kyoto Protocol, which would work to reduce global greenhouse gas emissions, the AWB wants to make sure that if Washington state moves ahead with limits on such emissions, compliance would be voluntary in order for the state to retain a competitive business environment.

Economic issues

The AWB is angling for ways to fight taxes, make insurance cheaper, and reduce regulations. According to the AWB, this state has the fifth highest number of regulations that affect businesses, and it would like to see that change. It would like government to make it harder to put new rules in place and easier to fight new rules. The AWB also argues that businesses who disagree with any tax assessor's decision on what they owe should be able to withhold payment of those taxes until a court or other arbiter has decided the issue.

Beyond the three basic groups, the AWB is taking stands on more general matters of public policy, including supporting private charter schools that could compete with public schools. It also maintains a somewhat conflicted position on the initiative process.

On one hand, the AWB is trying to shore up 1993's Initiative 601, which established spending limits for the government. The AWB likes 601 and wants to close what loopholes lawmakers have found. On the other hand, the AWB says that the whole initiative process needs reform, and that it shouldn't be possible to put initiatives that cost money on the ballot unless a revenue source to pay for it is identified (which probably would have scuttled 601).

Transportation is also a big issue for businesses, and the AWB supports gas taxes and other fee increases — if it means improved movement of people and goods. ■



Denver Mayor John Hickenlooper announced the opening of a temporary homeless shelter in mid-December, too late for Samuel Frederick "Rick" Burrier, 54, who died sleeping outside in frigid tem-

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WWW.STREETNEWSERVICE.ORG

peratures the previous week, according to the *Denver Post* (<http://www.denverpost.com>). The shelter will be open until April and will house 100 people a night at the Denver Human Services Building. More than 120 beds for the homeless were lost earlier this year, when structural problems forced the First Baptist Church to close its shelter. Homeless activists had been lobbying the mayor to open the Services Building as a winter shelter. "There is no doubt in my mind that this plan will help to save lives this winter," says Hickenlooper. The mayor said neighbors of the shelter were overwhelmingly supportive.

San Francisco Mayor-elect Gavin Newsom intends to make homelessness his administration's number-one priority, and his first moves will include creating a 10-year plan for ending chronic homelessness and going after tens of millions of new dollars in federal funding. Newsom told the *San Francisco Chronicle* that within six months he plans to create about 550 units of new "supportive housing" for troubled homeless people, and to make city agencies collect numbers on exactly how many homeless are getting which services, so he can better determine what the most pressing needs are. The centerpiece of any plan, he said, will be creating more housing with counseling services. The target population will be the chronically homeless — the 3,000 to 5,000 people who sleep outside most of the time. They are the worst off of the city's homeless population, estimated to be between 8,600 and 15,000.

Lynn Goodwin, director of the Treehouse Children's Museum in Ogden, Utah, said she was surprised to find "a substantial amount" of money in a locked mailbox near a playhouse the organization was auctioning. The benefactor was a homeless man who was later jailed for trespass, according to the *Ogden Standard Examiner*. "Don't let it be said that this isn't the season to be giving," said Ogden police lieutenant Dave Tarran. Last week, Goodwin found a stash of money

orders that weren't made out to anyone, so she called police. Neither she nor police disclosed the exact amount, saying only that it was in the "four figures." Police were investigating the source of some money orders they found in the belongings of a homeless man who was in the Weber County Jail. Arrested the night before for sleeping in a vacant inner-city home, the man said he received the money orders as payment of an insurance settlement. Police were suspicious, but an investigation proved he was telling the truth. Goodwin said she was told that the man wanted to rectify things in his past and help children. "It was a very generous gift, and we appreciate it," she said. She only wishes she could thank him. But the man told police he wished to remain anonymous.

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poetry

Telemachus' Burden

Nothing
was exactly difficult because
routines develop, compensations
for perceived
absences and omissions. My mother
was the sort of woman
who let you know she was suffering and then
denied that suffering since in her view
suffering was what slaves did; when
I tried to console her,
to relieve her misery, she
rejected me. I now realize
if she'd been capable of honesty
she would have been
a Stoic. Unfortunately
she was a queen, she wanted it understood
at every moment she had chosen
her own destiny. She would have had to be
insane to choose that destiny. Well,
good luck to my father, in my opinion
a stupid man if he expects
his return to diminish
her isolation; perhaps
he came back for that.

[From *Meadowlands*, 1996]

Formaggio

The world
was whole because
it shattered. When it shattered,
then we knew what it was.

It never healed itself.
But in the deep fissures, smaller worlds appeared:
it was a good thing that human beings made them;
human beings know what they need,
better than any god.

On Huron Avenue they became
a block of stores; they became
Fishmonger, Formaggio. Whatever
they were or sold, they were
alike in their function: they were
visions of safety. Like
a resting place. The salespeople
were like parents; they appeared
to live there. On the whole,
kinder than parents.

Tributaries
feeding into a large river: I had
many lives. In the provisional world,
I stood where the fruit was,
flats of cherries, clementines,
under Hallie's flowers.

[From *Vita Nova*, 1999]

Adventures in Poetry with ©Dr. Wes Browning



The good news: a panel of the 2nd U.S. Court of Appeals finally, FINALLY, told the Bush administration that simply declaring someone an "enemy combatant" did not provide them with an excuse to deny that person a lawyer or rights to a trial. The bad news: it isn't over.

Jose Padilla, a U.S. citizen, was arrested in Chicago in May 2002 and has been held in a navy brig in South Carolina for a year and a half. He hasn't been allowed to see his lawyers. Although the government has said that Padilla was involved in a dirty bomb terrorist plot he hasn't been charged with a crime in any court of law. The view of the government is that they didn't even have to say what he was suspected to be guilty of, it was enough for them to declare that Mr. Padilla was an "enemy combatant" to detain him in the brig FOR LIFE in ISOLATION if they wanted to do so.

Bush's people still think that's the way it should work and will probably appeal. They are no doubt encouraged by the fact that one member of the three-judge panel actually sided with them. The idea of the dissenting opinion was that the president needs the power to detain people who may be a threat to the public.

Let's reflect on that dissenting opinion to get a clear idea in our own minds as to what a screaming imbecile that one lame judge is.

The man has been detained for one and a half years. The immediate threat is over. HE'S IN THE BRIG. He's detained already. The issue isn't the detention. His arrest was proper. The issue is, once you've got him, YOU STILL HAVE TO LET HIM SEE A LAWYER AND TRY HIM AND LET HIM GO IF HE TURNS OUT TO BE INNOCENT.

And oh yes, the Bush Administration has had A YEAR AND A HALF to do that. Did I make that clear enough? A friggin YEAR AND A HALF.

Here is a personal note for that one lame judge: * Guess what? I think

you're a threat to the American people. Good thing I'm not the president, or I might declare your ass enemy combatant material and put you in isolation for, oh I don't know, how about for YEAR AND A HALF?! * — Ha, ha, just kidding — Signed, Dr. Wes.

Speaking of South Carolina, that was where police stormed a school recently and searched a hundred students for illegal drugs, some of them at gunpoint, because their principal thought it would be swell. What we have here is another threat to the American people. There are getting to be too many of these.

I don't expect the police to know or understand the constitution. That would be dreaming. But is it asking too much for a school principal to have read it with comprehension?

I don't expect the police to know or understand the Constitution. That would be dreaming.

What part of the Fourth Amendment does that principal not grasp, I wonder? Was it the part about "the right of the people to be secure against unreasonable searches"? Was he not aware that minors also constitute people? Was it the part about how search warrants were required to be specific? How specific is searching every kid in a school hallway whether they have done anything suspicious or not just because a crime may or may not have at one time occurred in that hallway days or weeks earlier by completely different people?

Here's another one, folks. Say you're on vacation in Guadalajara, Mexico, and our government, or some imbecile in it, decides they want to incarcerate you for life without charges or a hearing. Here's how they could do that. They would seize you in Mexico without clearance from the Mexican authorities. Then, they would take you to Guantánamo Base ("Gitmo") and imprison you with all the Taliban, as an "enemy combatant." (It doesn't matter if you are or not, they don't have to prove that part. They just have to declare it.)

Gitmo, a secure US military enclave, isn't really America, so all that constitution BS doesn't apply. That's the essence of our government's actual legal position as they fight for that power all the way to the Supreme Court. What a crock. ■

Telemachus' Guilt

Patience of the sort my mother
practised on my father
(which in his self-
absorption he mistook
for tribute though it was in fact
a species of rage—didn't he
ever wonder why he was
so blocked in expressing
his native abandon?): it infected
my childhood. Patiently
she fed me; patiently
she supervised the kindly
slaves who attended me, regardless
of my behavior, an assumption
I tested with increasing
violence. It seemed clear to me
that from her perspective
I didn't exist, since
my actions had
no power to disturb her: I was
the envy of my playmates.
In the decades that followed
I was proud of my father
for staying away
even if he stayed away for
the wrong reasons;
I used to smile
when my mother wept.
I hope now she could
forgive that cruelty; I hope
she understood how like
her own coldness it was,
a means of remaining
separate from what
one loves deeply.

[From *Meadowlands*]

Solstice

Each year, on this same date, the summer solstice comes.
Consume light: we plan for it,
the day we tell ourselves
that time is very long indeed, nearly infinite.
And in our reading and writing, preferences is given
to the celebratory, the ecstatic.

There is in these rituals something apart from wonder:
there is also a kind of preening,
as though human genius had participated in these arrangements
and we found the results satisfying.

What follows the light is what precedes it:
the moment of balance, of dark equivalence.

But tonight we sit in the garden in our canvas chairs
so late into the evening—
why should we look either forward or backward?
Why should we be forced to remember:
it is in our blood, this knowledge.
Shortness of the days; darkness, coldness of winter.
It is in our blood and bones; it is in our history.
It takes genius to forget these things.

[From *The Seven Ages*, 2001]



The Queen of Carthage

Brutal to love;
more brutal to die.
And brutal beyond the reaches of justice
to die of love.

In the end, Dido
summoned her ladies in waiting
that they might see
the harsh destiny inscribed for her by the Fates.

She said, "Aeneas
came to me over the shimmering water,
I asked the Fates
to permit him to return my passion,
even for a short time. What difference
between that and a lifetime: in truth, in such moments,
they are the same, they are both eternity.

I was given a great gift
which I attempted to increase, to prolong.
Aeneas came to me over the water: the beginning
blinded me.

Now the Queen of Carthage
will accept suffering as she accepted favor:
to be noticed by the Fates
is some distinction after all.

Or should one say, to have honored hunger,
since the Fates go by that name also."

[From *Vita Nova*]

"I am attracted to ellipsis, to the unsaid, to suggestion, to
eloquent, deliberate silence."

—Louise Glück

Louise Glück is professor at Williams College
in Massachusetts and the newly appointed
Poet Laureate of the United States. Weaving
themes of loss, isolation, and abandonment into
each poem, she examines paradox and transfor-
mation from a uniquely women's perspective.
With both sorrow and humor, she provides the
reader with sincere empathy and an intuitive understanding of
human existence.

Glück has said she prefers to write poems using "the simplest
of vocabularies." Plainness allows her to be suggestive, to enchant
the reader with "the possibilities of context." Like Zen or the nega-
tive space in painting, her "deliberate silence" allows the reader
to explore their own context. Hence, each poem is an individual
journey, mapped by her words, always allowing for detours.

Glück selected these poems especially for the October 16 is-
sue of *Spare Change*, a Boston street newspaper. They are repub-
lished here with her permission.



—Kara Hoppe

DREAM continued from Page 1

ried. He wanted to, he just didn't make it that far," she says. "He was the love of my life."

After the night of May 8, 1999, envelopes from Harborview addressed to Lucio began to arrive at Joyner's apartment. She ignored them for six weeks, until one arrived addressed to the estate of Jose Marcos Lucio.

"I said 'Oh, my God, no,'" Joyner recalls. "I know what estate means. I finally opened it. The bill was \$2000 and some, for the ambulance. I ran over to Harborview, which is right near my apartment. At first they refused to tell me anything, but I threatened to sue because they didn't notify me when he was on the ventilator. He was there one day and died the next. The records show that I was listed as his fiancée. They never explained or apologized."

Over the next days she was able to piece out what had happened. On the night of May 8, Lucio had plummeted from the Mercer Street overpass onto I-5. An ambulance took him to Harborview, but at 7:12 the next morning, Lucio was pronounced dead of blunt force injury to the head. Joyner doesn't think it was an accident or suicide.

"People seen him struggling, trying to get away from some guys," Joyner says. "Someone pushed him off."

By the time Joyner found out about her fiancé's death, the case — and Lucio's remains — had already become the responsibility of Jerry Webster, then-Chief Investigator for the King County Medical Examiner's office.

"It was unwitnessed, at least by anyone who was willing to talk about it," said Webster, who now owns First Call Plus of Washington, a service that provides cremation and other funeral services. About a third of all of Seattle's murders are of homeless people, and it falls to the Medical Examiner's office to investigate them. "Those [cases] are the ones you enjoy the most. They take the most skill, the most work. You just don't let go of them. I loved them, they are extremely challenging. But it was almost always a fruitless pursuit," Webster says.

Joyner investigated on her own. She knew he'd been in trouble. He had been



MONA JOYNER, DAYS AFTER THE FUNERAL. PHOTO BY REIKO ISOBE.

living in a crowded home in South Park where a suspected drug dealer lived. A few months before his death, Lucio had told Mona that one of the people living there would kill him if he didn't give the man \$500. Mona thought it might be one or more of those "friends" that had pushed him off the overpass.

"I went and talked to homeless people, and even though I don't drink, I drank with them, until my life was in danger, thinking one would talk," she says. "One did, he admitted he'd seen it but he was afraid he'd be killed too."

Because of the lack of witnesses, Webster, along with the State Patrol, was unable to solve the case, which is listed as "undetermined."

All that remained were Lucio's ashes.

"I'm goin there to see my father..."

When a person dies and no relative immediately appears to claim the remains, the Medical Examiner's office does all it can to locate the family. In this case, as in many like it, it is a difficult task. On the death certificate, the father's name is given as Fidel Lucio, the mother's only as DeLaCruz. The address: Mexico.

"You can work through the Mexican Consulate or through certain health agencies," Webster says. "There was a family in Mexico but we were just unable to find them. It was very difficult to get the Mexican government to find people. Working through channels, it might take a month, it might take two."

Joyner wanted very badly to at least give Lucio a proper burial. Webster told her that they would have to wait a year to see if Lucio's family could be located. After that, he said, she would be able to make arrangements for his burial. In the mean time, he let her visit and hold his ashes in their small box.

"There would be no way legally to give her the ashes," he explained. "The family could come up 50 years from now, or 500 years from now, and if the ashes are buried, we could open the grave and give the box to the family. Let's say we released the ashes, who knows where they could end up? But let's say you're a friend of somebody and you want to bury them. You have no legal standing, but after a period of searching, we might ask you to make arrangements, and we would deliver the ashes to the service taking care of the arrangements. That way, the family could find the ashes if they did come up."

A year passed, but by then Webster had stepped down and a new chief, Joe Frisino, had taken over. He refused to allow her to make arrangements as Webster had suggested. Hilary Dominguez, a spokesperson for Public Health, explained that the law "very clearly" prevents anyone unauthorized by the signature of the deceased from making funeral arrangements.

The law, however, is not so clear. There is a hierarchy of people who may direct the disposal of the remains, beginning with a spouse and ending with someone authorized by the decedent's signature. If no such person appears for two years or more, the remains may be disposed of by the agency that has them. It does not say that the agency can't accept the offer of a friend who offers to pay for a private plot, so long as the ashes are delivered not to the friend but to a professional service.

"It's a crying shame," says Hamery.

"What is the harm? It might have given her more comfort, more closure. The poor lady, she's suffering."

When the Medical Examiner does periodically bury remains that have gone unclaimed, they contract with a local cemetery for space and inter the boxes containing the ashes of each in a carefully cataloged vault. Thus, if Fidel Lucio or another relative should come to claim the ashes, they will be easy to find.

At the service where Lucio was interred with the others, some onlookers were surprised that the grave had no marker for the names of the deceased and talked of adding another marker with names or adding the names to the little bench. The names would have to be small to fit, and Quiring Monuments, who made the bench, doesn't know if it would be possible. The engraved names have to be large enough to survive a sand blasting process, and it could cost about \$1000. A new marker would cost more.

"Anything we can do to remember that these people actually mattered, that they were actually important, that the community actually cares about these people, we should do," said Mary Larson, the Pioneer Square Clinic nurse and artist who knew some of the deceased and who donated the bench from the proceeds of a painting of a homeless friend. "If [adding names] is what we should do, then that's what we should do."

Webster has his doubts. During his years with the Medical Examiner, "I think I buried 400-600 people. There are names for all of them. I think (adding names) is a charitable thing to do, but a big waste. That money could be put into the living, so they don't wind up down there. Let that be their legacy." He suggested donating to a tuberculosis clinic, as the disease is spreading through the homeless community and is affecting Native Americans. None of the other communal graves have markers.

"I'm just a-goin' over home"

Joyner never found answers for her questions. Frisino did not return calls about the documents she gave to the office. Those documents never resulted in the family being found.

The service was short, but moving. Statements from Senator Maria Cantwell and County Executive Ron Sims were read. Dick Foley, a local folk musician, sang the old spiritual. There were prayers in Yiddish and English. Father Ryan of St. James Church spoke gently of the many mansions promised to believers, hoping these people finally had homes.

Mona missed it; her taxi was late, but when she arrived she knelt and wept at the low stone bench that is all that marks her lover's grave. It was decorated with a poinsettia. On the front: "Gone, but not forgotten, these people of Seattle 2003." But Lucio's name, and the names of all the others who share the grave, will be remembered only as long as the people who loved them still live. ■

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Herstory in the Pike Place Market

Women's Hall of Fame challenges, changes minds

By Megan Lee

When Adrian DeCoster gives talks on feminism, the owner and operator of the Women's Hall of Fame likes to stimulate conversation by passing out her "feminist cards": photos of prominent workers in the feminist movement. She is always amazed at how few people know who these influential women are.

It's as if they have been obliterated from history. To her, that's why the Women's Hall of Fame is so important.

"We need to be passing this history along, so people will understand history is a living breathing thing, passed on through the people," DeCoster says. "Without knowing what happened, it's daunting to think you are alone. People better realize what is going on."

But for some of the pedestrians wandering by the storefront, in the Pike Place Market's Down Under shopping area, just getting a sense of the historic struggle for women's liberation is too much. DeCoster says it is usually men who hurl insults at her storefront. But it is "also women — women who feel threatened by the challenge feminists pose."

"I never realized that 280 square feet could be so offensive to some people," she quips.

The moment you enter, it is easy to see that the Women's Hall of Fame is an unusual place. Marilyn Monroe watches you walk in. Rosie the Riveter, Eleanor Roosevelt, Rosa Parks, Wonder Woman, Anne of Green Gables, and the Radio City Rockettes are all there. DeCoster's 'shopseum' is a representation of these valiant women who in their own ways have brought about social change. This place is here to remind people what history (his-story) forgets.

"We don't get recognized; it's somehow not important," DeCoster says. "We are out here, and we pick our battles. Women have taken on the entire world as a battlefield."

DeCoster, 67, is helpful but firm. Her quick and wise blue eyes have seen many movements. She has been active in feminist causes throughout her life, yet she doesn't see feminist issues in a vacuum. And while she believes women's struggles may have changed, they are definitely not over.

"Feminism is not dead. There are individual feminists, such as myself," she says. "I choose to work this way — providing services. More young people are taking up causes. Demonstrations have brought a sense of fun to the rights movement. The movement is, in fact, very strong. We are learning to approach equal and civil rights globally."

She started in Seattle in the mid-1960s with a group called Radical Women (RW), a trailblazing organization aimed at addressing all issues, equal and civil. They are a revolution-

ary wing of the women's movement and a strong feminist voice within the Left. She says RW was instrumental in getting the first female employee at Seattle City Light. "Radical Women continues to work wherever they can — getting women and minorities into trades," she says.

Equality movements have always faced suppression by the Right, she says, and it is the Right that has the control and the money; it is now with innovations like the internet that activists are becoming more organized and knowledgeable.

DeCoster explained, on a global level, it is predominantly females who are suffering. Most of the people toiling in sub-par factories all over the world are women.

DeCoster believes that if we don't begin to protect our rights and stand up for what we believe, we are going to pay for it down the line. And she sees all equality issues as being intertwined. She feels we need to work on issues like pollution and public education; not doing so is undermining a democratic society. She points out that the American middle class is constantly shrinking; the rift between the haves and

the have-nots continues to widen, leaving an increasing number of have-nots in its wake. This is where many feminists are coming from these days, she says.

Her son, a musician, also frequently helps out at the store, when he is not touring, and is very supportive of his dynamic mother. "We [feminists] have

never kept men from participating in forwarding the cause," she says, "though they should have started 30 years ago."

While some men hurl insults, many are curious about the store. "Half of my sales are to men; frequently men want to see what this place is, and if the woman doesn't want to see it, she feels threatened."

DeCoster also mentions, with a cynical laugh, that she is great skeptic of the institute of marriage.

"Marriage is still touted as *the thing* for women. The tradition of marriage is based on property — we need to realize it can be more. Feminists have always believed in an equal share. We need fundamental changes, and either parent, staying at home, should have a salary and Social Security."

DeCoster believes that if we don't begin to protect our rights and stand up for what we believe, we are going to pay for it down the line.

She feels marriage and childcare is a job to be shared, not a sentence.

The Hall of Fame stocks a variety of interesting paraphernalia: poetry, post cards, jewelry, clothing, buttons, trinkets and T-shirts. Or there is the "Celebrate Women!" poster, a daily calendar chronicling influential women. Despite the limited theme of the store, she doesn't wish to "commercialize" history. She takes issue with the way we set aside months for causes such as women or African Americans, allowing the powers that be to make "soundbite history." She insists we must be working on these issues perpetually, instead of conveniently limiting what people can learn.

DeCoster recommends a few classic readings for people interested in learning more about feminism: *Backlash* by Susan Falludi, *Female Eunuch* by Germaine Greer, *The Beauty Myth* by Naomi Wolf, *The Feminine Mystique* by Betty Freidan, and *The Second Sex* by Simone De Beauvoir. And not all her shop's offerings are stereotypically feminist.

"A few people have asked me why I carry Marilyn Monroe," she says. "It is what she stood for — her involvement with the Kennedys. She represented the ideal woman of the time. Hiding history doesn't help. This store will never be accused of censorship." ■



ADRIAN DECOSTER AND ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, MEMBER OF THE WOMEN'S HALL OF FAME IN THE PIKE PLACE MARKET. PHOTO BY TERRY DIVYAK.

This Is Who She Was

Violence and drugs walked with of the four unknown women whose lives were ended by Gary Ridgway. I know; I've been there.

By Cynthia Lee Ozimek

On November 5, I was one of many Seattleites — and, in fact, many Americans — who sat transfixed in front of their televisions and bore witness to the lethal revelations of confessed serial killer Gary Ridgway. As King County Deputy Sheriff Dave Reichert read off the names of the 48 women strangled over the course of the past 20 years, a poignant myriad of emotions and memories rose up within me as vividly as if, in each acknowledged confession, I could actually see the importunate and violated eyes of each prostitute pleading, in the last moments of their lives, for a brief moment of munificence, a fledgling sense of compassion, a simple human consideration they had seldom if ever known.

In life, for the most part, most of the women who were strangled by Ridgway were wholly anonymous to the society in which they lived. They were the women whose families had, for better or for worse, given up one them. They were the alcoholics and drug addicts whose unchecked disease led them to the alleys and the underpasses and the streets that sought through violence and abandonment to eviscerate them. They were the teenage girls who, in the process of fleeing incest and abuse, ran straight into the unholy arms of a society, a people, and, ultimately, a man who sought to silence them by any and all means.

Most difficult for me to accept, in listening to Ridgway's monotone machinations of death, was his opinion of the women he murdered. He targeted street prostitutes, runaways and addicts because he correctly ascertained they would not readily be missed, and that not much effort would be generated on the part of the justice system to locate the man who asphyxiated them, who built pyramids of stone inside of their dead bodies, who molested them even as they lay absent of their last breaths on the banks of the Green River and along the borders of several remote hinterlands anonymously spread throughout western Washington.

Several months ago, when I first began to think about writing an article on the subject of homeless women, drug addiction, and prostitution, I spent many an agonizing hour in emotional and psychological consideration of how intimately I would connect myself to the story I felt compelled to tell. Would I write about the many females I have known over the months and years of my homelessness, who have earned the money for their various addictions in the context of paid sexual favors — those women seen ducking in and out of doorways along Fifth Avenue in Belltown in an effort to flaunt their human wares

while at the same time remaining unseen by the SPD? Would I write about a specific woman, such as a beautiful blond-haired and blue-eyed woman I know who, despite a generosity of heart and a willingness to help almost anyone, most recently had her jaw broken by the man to whom she had pledged her unflinching and ill fated allegiance? Or would I, for the first time, acknowledge my own intimate connection with those women whose names and whose deaths were read out loud to a sea of cameras and microphones spread throughout the cold marbled halls of the King County Courthouse?

In the final analysis, I am writing today in memory not of the women who were represented in death with their given names, whose families came finally to their side, but to recognize one of Ridgway's nameless victims of murder, known simply as Jane Doe #B 10, and to give testament to my own experience as a homeless woman, as an addict, and as someone who, at one time, could have easily been one of Ridgway's victims.

I have had a lot in common with Jane Doe #B 10. I was born to a family that was both educated and reasonably affluent. But when I was 9, a combination of alcoholism and physical illness took my mother, who was both an opera singer and a classical pianist. My father, an artist turned steelworker by economic necessity, died of a broken heart, unable to fathom a life without his partner. In the years following my mother's death, I witnessed his horrifying descent into depression and alcoholism.

As a child, I remember innumerable nights from age 9 to 13 that I left our home, now an inner-city tenement, and sat outside in the bitter Pennsylvania winter air, alone and undone because I could no longer listen to the sounds of his tears, his nonsensical verbal rambling and his equally untenable rage. My older sister, seeking flight from our family's disintegration by way of narcotics, was addicted to heroin by age 15 and dead by her own hand at the age of 28. My brother, several years older, was both unipolar and alcoholic. Through physical, emotional, and sexual abuse, after the death of my mother, both my brother and my father attempted to "save me." Finally, at age 12 I ran away, hitchhiking from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles. Eventually I was caught, charged with "status offenses," (crimes such as truancy and being a runaway, for which no adult could be convicted) and shipped back to Pennsylvania. By the time I was emancipated at 17, I had been in a countless number of both foster homes and institutions.

The end result was twofold. Since I had been misused, abused, lied to, and preyed upon in countless ways by both the men and the women who were my designated "protectors," I trusted absolutely no one. Just prior to my 18th birthday, I ingested an entire bottle of barbiturates and very nearly killed myself. At 28, far from the hills of Pennsylvania and those horrific years after my mother's death, I again became severely depressed. It was then that I was dually diagnosed with Bipolar Disorder and chemical addiction.

It has been a long road back to myself since falling into both mental illness and drug addiction. I would like to tell you I have come wholly into my own, that I have taken all that I could from my battered childhood and turned myself into a stalwart, independent and resilient individual. Which is accurate. But like Jane Doe #B 10, I am most often the victim of my own ingrained sense of self-destruction.

Just as I would imagine of Jane Doe #B 10, in the days and the years prior to her murder, there is not one day that passes without my wondering how the people who said they loved me could also be those men and women who most tortured me. Like Jane Doe, after

I do not know Jane Doe, but she is a part of all of our souls, the fabric of all of us who have been hurt by those who bore us, who swore to love us, and who failed at each and every turn to protect us.



years of neglect and abuse, I had so often and so deftly been brutalized I was unable to forge any meaningful and committed relationships with anybody. Instead of putting myself in a position to be hurt again in an intimate relationship, and in the interest of supporting my burgeoning drug addiction, I turned towards prostitution. On my best days, with an abundance of money and power, I felt as if I had turned the table on anyone who might possibly scale the walls I had built around my vulnerable self. On my most cumbersome nights, I felt as empty and as gray as the worst Seattle winter, having neither my self-respect nor any safe harbor.

Adding to my sense of isolation then was my sexual orientation as a gay woman. I felt I could tell absolutely no one about the lifestyle I was living without swift and absolute rejection. My gay sisters would certainly alienate me. Society would condemn me. In my soul, despite assuming the control of my body for whatever purpose I chose, I was again the child abandoned by all and anyone who cared about me. And I did all of this to myself, in the name of self preservation.

I do not know exactly who Jane Doe #B 10 is. I do not know her name, nor where she was born, nor what motivated her towards her inclination to also "control her destiny." I do not know Jane Doe #B 10, but I see her each night in the nightmares born of a past I will never forget, and the memories of those childhood antagonists I am still unable to forgive. I see Jane Doe each night I walk through Belltown, tucked into darkened corners bereft of any attachments other than those narcotics, those drinks that will allow her to forget the people who stole her trust, who raped her or beat her or who simply and systematically neglected her.

I see Jane Doe in the unforgiving eyes of those women who walk around and around the border of Denny Park, or along Jackson Street in the International District, searching for yet another hit of crack, another shot of heroin, another dollar bill with which to escape themselves for just a moment at any and all costs. I do not know Jane Doe, but she is a part of all of our souls, the fabric of all of us who have been hurt by those who bore us, who swore to love us, and who failed at each and every turn to protect us. I want Jane Doe #B 10 to know that, if only in death, one child, one woman, one kindred soul remembers and cries solely, finally for her; she will not be forgotten. ■

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By Michele Marchand

I have known and admired Cynthia Ozimek for some years, and am continually surprised by the courage of her confessions. Like her, I was born to a family that was educated and reasonably affluent, but unlike her family, mine did not unravel.

I first became troubled by Jane Doe deaths in 1997, as a journalist and organizer for WHEEL who noticed small news stories in the daily papers about women's bodies being found in and around The Jungle, the greenbelt on the northwest flank of Beacon Hill. In April 1998 I wrote an article about this for *Real Change*; in May of that year, DeWayne Lee Harris confessed to killing three of those women, strangling them with their own shoelaces, and dumping them in that area.

Although at the time, one small article mentioned that police were "investigating a link among these deaths," neither the police nor the media made much publicly about the connection, or the danger to women. The police didn't notify the homeless women's community about the possibility a serial killer preying on them. This was shocking to me.

Now that the furor and fanfare of Gary Ridgway's confessions have died down, it is important to wonder what justice for homeless women might mean — beyond justice for Ridgway and his 48 victims. Shortly after Ridgway's arrest,

The Seattle Times discovered 52 unsolved murders of women in our four-county area in the past 20 years which had never been linked to the Green River slayings. Almost all of those 52 slayings remain unsolved.

What does justice mean for those women and their families? What does it mean for the women who are out there right now?

At its most basic level, justice means bringing women home: solving those 52 murders and bringing home the bones of women whose deaths have not been met with closure. It also means bringing home the women who are still out there. For this, we all must be involved and awakened.

The homeless women's community perceives that the system, the press, and the police department do not care about them. Homeless women do not believe that crimes against them are treated with the same intensity as for victims who lived on Mercer Island.

This may be wrong, but frankly, the burden is on the police department and

the press to prove it wrong. The police department could bring justice home by airing their concern for homeless women publicly, and by submitting to periodic public review of their missing persons and murder investigations. The 1998 death of Patricia Yellow Robe was ruled by the Medical Examiners Office to be a drug overdose, despite the protestations of her family, and despite there being visible bruising on her head

and victims of domestic violence to provide DNA samples. Young women arrested ought to be required to have dental X-rays, along with an explanation for this: *Someday we might need these pictures to identify your bones.*"

To this, Cynthia quickly replied, "That's putting all this back on the women. Don't put the burden of safety on women themselves with scare tactics!"

Shortly after Ridgway's arrest, *The Seattle Times* discovered 52 unsolved murders of women in our four-county area in the past 20 years which had never been linked to the Green River slayings. Almost all of those 52 slayings remain unsolved.

and neck. A public review might have called the Medical Examiner's verdict into question. As it was, five years later, Ridgway confessed to murdering her.

The press could bring justice home by not relegating "transient found dead" stories to briefs buried in the local section, by following cases through to closure, and by pressing for closure.

Social service providers could bring justice home by continuing to put out Bad Date Lists. These descriptions of dangerous johns are produced by People of Color Against AIDS Network and posted at Angeline's Day Center and other places where women gather. According to Cynthia, they are avidly read, and are "philosophically helpful because they indicate someone's paying attention."

In a long feature article in the November 12th *Seattle Weekly*, Carlton Smith, who was a *Times* reporter assigned to the Green River killings in the early '80s, offered his opinions on the case. He was one of the few to name misogyny among the reasons for serial killings.

Unfortunately, Smith also outlined some solutions that are themselves misogynist and would pathologize women involved in prostitution — intensive treatment programs, and, stunningly, "requiring every person arrested for prostitu-

For her, and for others whose confessions I have been privileged to hear, a better solution would be non-judgmental mentoring programs upon release from jail or drug treatment, and non-judgmental, community-building, 24-hour shelter. Cynthia named WHEEL's Severe Weather Shelter for women — which is open on the coldest nights of the year and accepts any woman, any time of the night, in any state of sobriety — as a model. Such a barrier-free place should be offered year round.

"The power that comes from caring and interaction and love — and God — is the only thing that makes a difference," says Cynthia. "Address someone's self-worth. Give them a reason to care, and to worry about their own personal legacies." ■

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The Adventuress

All her life, Janet Elliott Wulsin kept her accomplished explorations of remote China to herself. Her daughter, journalist Mabel Cabot, is finally giving the credit she deserved

Interview by Eric Sanderson

Unforgiving deserts. Mountain gorges. Halfway around the world from the proper parlors of New York City. Hardly the kind of place you'd have expected to find a young American woman of privilege in the early 1920s. But Janet Elliott Wulsin was no ordinary woman. Eighty years hence, her daughter is determined to make that clear.

Real Change recently sat down with Mabel H. Cabot to discuss her new book *Vanished Kingdoms: A Woman Explorer in Tibet, China & Mongolia 1921-1925*. Published by Aperture Foundation, Inc. in collaboration with Harvard University's Peabody Museum of Archaeology & Ethnology, the book chronicles the important role of Mrs. Cabot's mother, Janet, in the ambitious scientific journeys she took in the outer regions of China with her then-husband Frederick Wulsin.

In addition to Mrs. Cabot's rich reconstruction of the three-year exploration, the work contains a splendid collection of photographs from the Wulsin's travels. Together, the photographs and word pictures paint the portrait of an extraordinary woman and of a China long gone.

Real Change: Rumor has it that the Pacific Northwest played a formative role in Janet's life as an explorer.

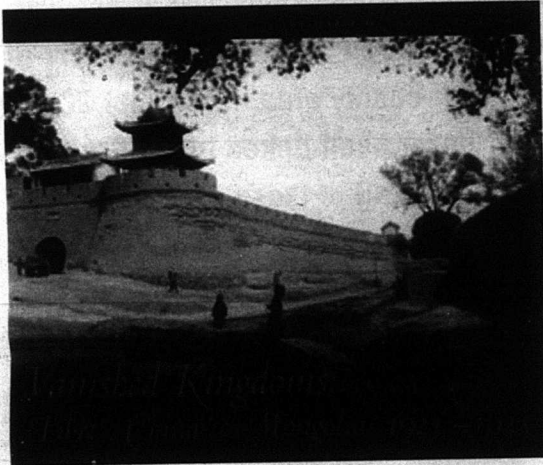
Cabot: When she was a young girl, her father was director of the Northern Pacific Railroad. And actually, in the 1880s and 1890s — through the turn of the century — he came out here and laid track for the railroad and eventually became the President. And although Janet was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, she came back to the Pacific Northwest a lot with her father and they explored different routes for the railroad. She really got her love of travel and exploration from her railroading father. He took her everywhere.

RC: Did you seek out Janet's archives at the Peabody because there was a story to be told, or did a story unfold as you combed through the archives?

Cabot: Well, my grandfather had Janet's letters copied. We were very lucky. All of the letters were typed on funny old typewriters and copied on mimeograph machines. I had a set of her letters. Those mimeographed letters got me in-

terested, but then the research took on a life of its own.

I did not know anything about the archives of Frederick, his mother Katharine, or Harry and Susanne Emery [Americans the Wulsins met in Beijing and who accompanied them on part of their 1923 journey]. I found them in a "cloak and dagger" manner. I would get a lead in one library that there might be another archive in a different library. I went from Bowdoin to Haverford to the



National Geographic Society to the archives at the Smithsonian and, of course, the Houghton Library at Harvard.

RC: When did this search process begin?

Cabot: I found the photographic collection which I had no idea about in 1974. Then in 1998, I really began to research in earnest and I discovered that Harry Emery had been a graduate of Bowdoin College. So I went to Bowdoin to the rare archives and there I found — totally intact with the ribbons still around them — 450 letters of Harry Emery and Susanne about the great trip. So I had four different views of the expedition and it was a cornucopia. There was too much material. Originally, my editors told me they didn't want me to write more than 30,000 words. We left that behind in a hurry!

RC: Much of the most interesting and colorful written material from this journey is that of your mother. She didn't get a great deal of credit and the book seems to indicate that she didn't seek it, preferring to front her husband's work. Looking back at this with the benefit of new times, this is a bit horrifying. Did the lack of credit or exposure ever come to bother Janet? Does it bother you?

Cabot: It bothers me a lot. And it bothered my sister. And I really wrote the book for my daughters and my nieces... to tell them about their grandmother. But you have to remember that Janet Elliot was the product of Edith Wharton's New York. She was a well-brought up, cloistered, privileged young woman smothered with these social mannerisms of the time. And a wife at that time in that social milieu simply acquiesced to the wishes of her husband. She never sought recognition for herself.

She did, in the 1930s, help found something called The Women's Travel Club in Boston where women travelers would get together and share their travel adventures. But she never, to my knowledge, sought public recognition. She helped Frederick so much because she was by far and away the more vivid writer. He was a scientist and he admitted it. He said, "I don't know how to write. I can't write." She helped him with his articles. She added the color. She was the writer.

RC: In the book Janet notes that her experience was a far cry from the lives of her New York peers. That said, it never appears that she was deliber-

ately toting the flag of any sort of women's movement. Correct?

Cabot: You'll recall her quotation where she says "It is quite a thing to be received by a Buddhist divinity, and I guess not many of the Junior League girls of New York can boast of it." She had a great sense of humor — a rather detached sense of humor — and she had a great sense of irony. And she'd put things in context. "Isn't life amazing? Isn't life unpredictable?!"

Now, although her life was different from those of her peers, she was NOT a suffragette. And while I don't think she would have been against women's liberation, she certainly wouldn't have been in the forefront. But she was very energetic, very bright, and she had enormous administrative skills. Today, she would be head of a corporation.

RC: If Janet were to go back to Mongolia and Tibet as they exist today, what might be her take?

Cabot: Wang Yeh Fu does not exist. Choni is totally gone. Kumbum is in ruins. Labrang is a tourist attraction. It has 1,000 lamas versus the 5,000 that were there in Janet's time. It is no longer the great religious civic center it once was. I think it would make Janet very sad. The exotic China — dangers, warlords, and civil strife — her China is really gone.

RC: How much of Janet's journey did you recreate in order to write the book?



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

A bird's-eye view — well, almost — of the carousel in the Westlake Center Plaza awaits those adventurous enough to mount the stairs at Borders Books in downtown Seattle. For the price of a cup of coffee, tea, or a scone, book lovers can enjoy the view from the second-floor windows of Borders' coffee shop.

In a city replete with views, this has to be right up there with the best of the people-watching perches, whatever the time of year. But during the holidays, activity on the plaza, seen from above and through gaily lighted trees, offers a soothing aura of peace and fantasy. The carousel whirls, shoppers scurry, lights invite coffeshop customers to rejoin the hubbub and the music.

Border's Books is located on Fourth Avenue between Pike and Pine streets, across from the Westlake Center plaza. There's even a mid-block crosswalk protected with traffic signals, for those who simply can't wait to get to the plaza after their brief break upstairs.

—by Kathleen Mitchell

Cabot: I had the daily logs. I had all the maps. I knew exactly where they were every single day, at what latitude and what longitude. I knew what the weather was like. They recorded their trip in detail you wouldn't believe. I didn't have to invent anything.

As far as going there is concerned, I went in 1976. At that point, however, Lanchow was 30 miles from the Chinese nuclear testing grounds and we were not allowed to go. I've never been where she went. Fortunately, she painted such a vivid picture of those marvelous places that I feel as if I have been there.

Recently, the Chinese Ministry of Culture agreed to host the traveling expedition of the colored lantern slides, digitized and enlarged. I would like to go for the opening of that exhibit. I would like to go to some of the outer regions very much.

RC: One of the quotes in the opening section of the book speaks to female explorers being guided by instinct. You've had a fascinating career: curator, public servant in the Reagan White House, corporate director, journalist. How heavy a role has instinct played in your career?

Cabot: Totally! I'm right-brained. I think my mother and I were women that really went by instinct. I'm a museum curator by trade, but I ended up rather far afield sometimes: in public service, at the Ford Motor Company, contributing to *The Washington Post* and

Smithsonian magazine. I was never very far away from the cultural realm, but it's all been instinct driven.

RC: Did your mother's experience compel you into journalism? Into storytelling?

Cabot: I was married to a journalist — a very well-known English journalist, Henry Brandon, who is the chief diplomatic correspondent of the *London Sunday Times* — so I lived in a household of writing all my adult life. I've always liked to write and because of my mother's gift for colorful stories, in some ways writing is second nature to me.

RC: Do you sometimes wish that your mother were still alive to see this book?

Cabot: I would love to have given her the book. I did it for her. But I have this rather naive feeling that maybe she's up there looking down on it, saying "right on!" ■

Vanished Kingdoms is carried locally by Elliott Bay Book Company, Third Place Books, and the University Bookstore. It also may be purchased online at amazon.com or through the publisher at www.aperture.org.

"It is quite a thing to be received by a Buddhist divinity, and I guess not many of the Junior League girls of New York can boast of it."



Rewind: Memorable (but miserable) Moments of 2003

Tuesday, June 17, 12:25 p.m., Boren Avenue and East Spruce Street. Officers were dispatched to a vacant lot on the SW corner of Boren and Spruce. They met with the witness, an outreach specialist, who stated she was attempting to contact a client of the DESC. The client, a transient White female in her 30s, was known to live in a tent on this vacant lot. As the witness approached the tent, she noticed a strong rotting odor, and decided to call the police. Officers approaching the tent noticed the odor, and observed many flies around the tent. They unzipped the tent and observed a badly decomposed body lying inside it. Officers were unable to tell if the body had suffered any trauma. Seattle Fire, homicide, and the Medical Examiner were called to the scene. The Medical Examiner took over the investigation.

Sunday, July 27, 4:00 p.m., 600 Block of Westlake Ave. The victim called police to report that the suspect had threatened her repeatedly. The victim, a White female aged 21, is homeless, and today was panhandling near the intersection of Westlake and Valley. Suspect approached her and said, "Don't leave any garbage; if you do I'll get you out of this neighborhood." Suspect then left. Thirty minutes later, the victim went to use the restroom, leaving several bags of her belongings on the sidewalk. When she returned, her bags were

gone. She suspected the suspect had taken them, and confronted him in a nearby park. He did have her belongings. He gave them back, but threatened her again. Victim believes he will follow through with these threats. Police looked for the suspect — a White male in his forties — but were unable to locate him.

Sunday, September 14, 3:50 p.m., Third Avenue and Yesler. The victim, a homeless White male aged 31, stated he had been walking past Courthouse Park when the four suspects surrounded him and asked for his wallet. He said he felt as though he would have been assaulted if he had not handed it over. He stated that he asked for the wallet back after the suspects, four Black males, had taken out the \$20 in it, but they laughed and walked away. Victim called 911, but police could not locate the suspects.

Friday, October 7, 2:12 p.m., Aurora Ave. N. Victim, a transient Black female aged 26, walked northbound in the southbound traveling lane of Aurora from approximately Denny Way, downtown, to south of Aurora bridge. A resident of a nearby home called 911 and two drivers flagged down the responding officer to report the subject. She was attempting to stand in the way of the southbound drivers. Victim wore a shirt, shoes and pants, but no cold-weather clothing despite the freezing temperatures. She was confused, unable to answer simple questions, and could not explain her actions. An ambulance transported her to Harborview 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)441-3247, and we'll get the scoop.

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The Truest Beatings of her Heart

Garden of Words: Poetry and other Writings for Fallen Women

By Ivy Rose Nightscales

1stBooks Library, 2003

91 pages, \$8.50

(\$3.95 e-book at 1stbooks.com)

Review by Kathleen Mitchell

Forget the caveat at the front of the book, the blurb about this all being fiction. A poet's writing is always self-revealing. Here, certainly, it is. That's the first thing.

Here is one poet we want to meet, a self-proclaimed "fallen woman." She writes of her solidarity with other women and of how she clings to hope. In *Garden of Words: Poetry and Other Writings for Fallen Women*, author Ivy Rose Nightscales lives up to her flowery name, weaving the scents and colors and shapes of a garden. She weaves them through a fabric of gray-black reality: crack abuse, domestic violence, alcoholism, prostitution, homelessness, single-parenting, mental illness, and death, in all its in-your-face masks.

Even her writings are not just writings, they form the center of collages, several of which evoke Victorian lace and orderliness. The art pieces, perhaps originally done as gifts for friends, provide the illustrations and the cover for her little book.

"We can still smell lilacs in the garden of our dreams," states the author, who admits that "I have a dream life and a real life." She remains defiantly focused on the dream life. She invites the reader — no, writes the reader — into the garden of her dreams.

The second thing a reader needs to forget when coming to this volume is academic literary form. The reader should expect, instead, something fresh. Nightscales makes her own rules. Her "ode" is elevated neither in tone nor subject; it is about her car. Her haiku is a bit long, her syntax somewhat imperfect, her punctuation creative.

The saving grace: it works. Here, even the prose is poetry. The writing is

dancingly exuberant, and most of all, the authoress' words mold around the truest beatings of her heart. The reader might sigh involuntarily when, searching for reasons to life's pain, she asks, "Could it be you, Poverty?"

"I drank my self into a world that dulled me and lulled me, into a world with nowhere answers, with forgotten dreams and forever blackness, blackness, blackness."

Yes, "Swallowed, (A Monologue)" quoted above, is a prose centerpiece of this volume. "Swallowed" showcases those who reach out to the wretched in the voice of a woman who lies in a bed, barely alive, not conscious enough to recognize the acts of kindness lavished on her.

In a show of solidarity with all women, the authoress talks herself — and thus her readers — out of the blackness by recognizing that "Many are women who opened their arms to me. They called to me, Let us comfort you/ Let us comfort you. And their voices rise and fall in the night and they change my sheets and call me 'Honey.'"

In what may be the strongest poem of the volume, "Smoke" admits "I'm too far gone; I'm a falling, fallen woman." Yet the narrator then goes on to beg for help: "I can smell the perfumed soaps. Cover me in rose petals; whisper my name like a mantra. I promise not to burn the house down and break any more windows."

After reading a few of the short, rhythmic poems that begin the volume, a reader might believe Nightscales operates with literary naiveté. Not so. "Smoke," for example, is a poem borne out of years of writing and introspection.

Despite its subject matter, *Garden of Words* is a surprisingly fast, easy read. More importantly, it leaves a person hoping. Hoping for self, for an overlaid sweetness to life,

for a chance meeting on some spring Seattle corner with this sister, authoress, and artist. ■



In a show of solidarity with all women, the authoress talks herself — and thus her readers — out of the blackness by recognizing that "Many are women who opened their arms to me. Their voices rise and fall in the night and they change my sheets and call me 'Honey.'"

AIA, Continued from page 4

The Alcohol Impact Area "is an opportunity to look at the balance between sanctions and human services," says Patrick Vanzo of the King County Department of Community and Human Services.

Vanzo feels that now that the sanctions are falling into place, the human services must follow. That's a sentiment echoed by Downtown Emergence Service Center (DESC) Director Bill Hobson.

"I generally support the AIA," says Hobson. "Here in Pioneer Square some stores were selling Turbo Malt Liquor. It was killing people. The AIA will help some, but with others it won't make a difference."

While the AIA only took effect in Pioneer Square in September, it was an idea that then-Mayor Norm Rice began toying with in the mid-'90s. The AIA evolved from a plan formulated by the Chronic Public Inebriate Systems Solution Workforce. Hobson called the ideas presented by that task force "a carrot and stick approach." The stick would be represented by the AIA and so-called "civilty laws." The carrot would be increased treatment for alcoholics and more housing for the homeless, which would almost certainly keep inebriates off the streets.

"We're a long way from treatment on demand," says Hobson. "There's enough

money to treat one out of five people who need it. We're about where we were in 1995 and 1996."

In fact, the area may have taken a few steps backward. The city and county budget crunch continues and some estimate the Seattle homeless community reaching 8,000.

"Out of all the people who need treatment, we estimate that only 78 percent get treatment," says Jim

Vollendroff, chemical dependency coordinator for King County. "Some of that is because they don't always seek it. But as far as residential in-patient facilities, we're very limited now."

Vollendroff says that the closing of Cedar Hills, the county's largest provider of in-patient addiction treatment for poor people, was a major blow. The 208-bed facility in Maple Valley was a victim of budget trimming, as were out-patient programs such as NRF (North Rehabilitation Facility) that have been done away with in recent years.

"We're very limited now," says Vollendroff. "We lost a lot of beds in King County. There's a long waiting list, and we're sending some people out of the county."

In 2000, the top 20 individual users of drug and alcohol services cost King County more than \$1 million in emergency room use, sobering centers, jail and other crisis services. DESC predicts that its proposed housing would save 25 percent of those costs.

Hobson also says that Portland, the AIA model, has more low-income housing. He notes that DESC "stepped up," when it purchased property on 1811 Eastlake for the purpose of providing 75 units of housing for chronic users of alcohol and other drugs, known as chronic public inebriates.

While DESC received a master use permit and a land use permit from DCLU, Hobson notes that for the past 15 months the project has been ensnared in "legal entanglements" with nearby owners, including the Benaroya Corporation. In the first of two lawsuits, DESC has prevailed.

Perhaps the major complaint against the AIA is that it just chases street drinkers into another neighborhood. Neighborhood groups generally support the AIA, and everyone wants one for their neighborhood. Beacon Hill residents, for example, are concerned that public inebriates are soon headed in their direction. But by state law, an entire city can't be covered by the AIA.

"There was a public hearing before the City Council's Water and Health Committee [on December 4] and that was great," says Jordan Royer, from the Department of Neighborhoods, who headed the Neighborhood Action Team (NATS) which drew up the AIA boundaries. "After getting input from citizens we didn't alter the boundaries but we adjusted them."

Royer's crew drew up boundaries based on info they received from the fire and police department, taking into account where alcohol-related medical and police incidents occurred. The two AIAs will take up six square miles, covering virtually all of downtown and according to Royer, 85 percent of where public drinking problems occur.

"We've started to put the sanctions in place," says Vanzo. "But the services are still a long time off."

—R.V. Murphy

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New Year

Sunday, 12/28

Nordstrom Anti-Fur Protest and Leafletting: let people know that Nordstrom sells fur in their stores, and that by supporting Nordstrom, they are supporting cruelty. Noon-2 p.m., at Nordstrom's downtown store, main entrance between 5th & 6th Ave. on Pine St. Info info@narn.org.

Intiman Theatre's annual holiday production of **Black Nativity: A Gospel Song** by poet Langston Hughes. Last night! At the Intiman Playhouse, 201 Mercer Street at Seattle Center. Tickets through <http://www.intiman.org> or 206-269-1900 or in person at the Intiman Ticket Office, 201 Mercer Street at Seattle Center, \$10-42, groups call 206-269-1901 ext. 224.

Wednesday, 12/31

Join the Seattle Committee Against Repression in Mexico and people around the world in celebration of the **10th anniversary of the Zapatista's resistance in Chiapas, Mexico**. Document-

tary film, drinks with a live and silent auction, and of course it wouldn't be a celebration without dance and music to bring in a new year of hope and movement to create a different world where many worlds can fit. Tickets \$15, info lucha@riseup.net.

Saturday, 1/3

Regular meeting of the merged Citizens Concerned for the People of Iraq and the Interfaith Network of Concern for the People of Iraq, since 1996 challenging the U.S. embargo, now reassessing how to **promote peace and support Iraqis**. 3-5 p.m., this and subsequent first Saturdays, at the Keystone Congregational Church, 5019 Keystone Place N. Info Andrew Fung 206-568-8178 or bp307@scn.org.

Sunday, 1/4

Program meeting of the **Nonviolent Peaceforce**, a local group that will provide an ongoing resource for peace-keeping presence and training. A different program on nonviolence will be

presented each month. 1-3 p.m., this and subsequent first Sundays, at the Douglass-Truth Library, 23rd Avenue and Yesler Way. Info David Berrian 425-482-3026 or dberrian@earthlink.net.

The Ethical Culture Society offers alternative to traditional Holiday Season with an **Ethical Affirmation Ceremony**. Members and others are invited to reflect on the values they would like to affirm for the coming year, then to make a simple paper lantern decorated with those ethics to share at the ceremony. All welcome; for info call Lisa Strawbridge 206-214-7521 or email@ethicalculturesociety.org or <http://www.EthicalCultureSociety.org>.

TV Night at the Seattle Independent Media Center, "Don't Kill Your Television." This is a monthly series featuring political and passionate **activist television programming** on the big screen. 7-9 p.m., at IMC, 1415 3rd Ave., between Pike and Union. Donations to benefit the IMC. Info Susan 206-709-0558.

Wednesday, 1/7

Jobs With Justice Seattle Organizing Committee meeting. 5:30 p.m., this and

subsequent first Wednesdays at the Labor Temple, Hall 8, 2800 1st Avenue. three minutes to recite poems or five minutes to read prose. 7:30-9:30 p.m., at Ravenna's Third Place Books, 6504 20th Ave. NE., free. Info 206-527-8875 or by logging on to the web at <http://www.itsabouttimewriters.homestead.com>.

Friday, 1/9

Wallingford Neighbors For Peace and Justice presents "Friday Night at the **Meaningful Movies**." 7-9:30 p.m., at Keystone Congregational Church, 5019 Keystone Pl., north of 50th. Info available at <http://groups.msn.com/wallingfordneighbors>.

Saturday, 1/10

"The USA Patriot Act: **Threats to Liberty in Times of Crisis**," presentation by Mark Kolner, Board of Directors, Washington ACLU. 7 p.m. at Wedgwood Presbyterian Church, 8008 35th Ave. NE. Potluck desert 7-7:30. Presented by Wedgwood/SandPoint Neighbors for Peace. Info jwllavelle@w-link.net.

Sunday, 1/11

The Capitol Hill Neighbors for Peace and Justice present **Congressman Jim McDermott** to speak on recent developments in Iraq and Afghanistan. Organizers will be asking him how the peace movement can become more effective in influencing foreign policy decisions made in Washington, D.C. He will also respond to questions from the audience. co-sponsored with the Lutheran Peace Fellowship. 7-8:30 p.m. at Central Lutheran Church, 1710 11th Ave, Seattle.

Ongoing

An exhibit commemorating the 60th anniversary of the rescue of the **Danish Jews** by their fellow citizens, "A Living Wall, Denmark, October 1943." Jan 5-32, at Odegaard Undergraduate Library, University of Washington. Info the Northwest Danish Foundation 206-523-3263 or danesnw@aol.com.

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Issue: Ask Mayor Greg Nickels and the Seattle City Council to protect health and human service programs as they negotiate further budget cuts.

Background: In September, Mayor Nickels submitted a 2004 city budget proposal that substantially cut funding for a number of vital health and human services programs in the Seattle area. In response to a wealth of public feedback advocating funding restorations for such programs and services, in late November the City Council submitted an amended budget with roughly \$2 million dollars in proposed add-backs, some of which are:

- \$814,000 to restore funding for approximately 4,000 patient visits at community health centers operated by Public Health, Seattle-King County.
- \$430,000 for a public safety package to address crime and social services in the East Precinct that will allow community residents a say in how these problems will be addressed.
- \$258,000 to maintain the current number of adult school crossing guards in the Seattle Police Department program that provides safe passage at elementary schools around the City.
- \$140,000 for expanded hygiene services specifically for homeless women.

The product of a lengthy public participation process on the 2004 budget, these add-backs reflect the will of a citizenry, as well as that of a city council, to meet the most immediate needs of our community. The electorate has spoken, plainly and clearly, and now it seems Mayor Nickels is hedging on doing our bidding.

In November, the State Supreme Court deemed a Seattle street light utility tax unconstitutional, creating an additional \$4-7 million dollar hole in the city budget. Marianne Bichsel, the mayor's spokeswoman, has said that Mayor Nickels will not honor the Council's budget allocations until the streetlight money is paid. This seems fair enough. However, choosing to balance out the budget debacle on the backs of our community's most vulnerable — the poor and homeless, school children, those unsafe in their own neighborhoods — is unfair to say the least.

With three new councilmembers taking office in January, now is an important and opportune time to redemonstrate our commitment, as a community, to funding health and human services. Let's make sure that our hard-won \$2 million in budget add-backs don't get lost in the shuffle.

Action: Speak up and ensure that funding for health and human services is maintained in the soon-to-be-amended 2004 city budget. Contact your Mayor and Council members, or submit a letter to the *Seattle Times* or *P-I*. Here are the contacts:

Richard.Mclver@seattle.gov / 684-8800
 Jan.Drago@seattle.gov / 684-8801
 Jim.Compton@seattle.gov / 684-8802
 Nick.Licata@seattle.gov / 684-8803
 Peter.Steinbrueck@seattle.gov / 684-8804
 Richard.Conlin@seattle.gov / 684-8805
 Jean.Godden:jgodden@blarg.net / 443-1990
 Tom.Rasmussen: Tom4seattle@msn.com / 923-2003
 David.Della: david@daviddella.com / 325-4719

Call Mayor Nickels at 684-4000, or email him by going to www.seattle.gov/mayor/citizen_response.htm.

For more info, contact Julia Sterkovsky, Seattle Human Services Coalition, (206)325-7105, email her at jsterkovsky@shscoalition.org, or find out more at www.realchangenews.org by clicking on the **First Things First Link** and then the **Take Action link**.

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