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VOL. 15, NO. 19
APRIL 30 - MAY 6, 2008

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REALCHANGE

County says: only connect

As the city's new sweeps policy begins, new funding and ideas for contacting and helping the "chronic" homeless are being aired... pg. 5

"The focus is on people who tend to get bumped around, who may get evicted or kicked out of a shelter," says advocate Janna Wilson.

Shanna Gorr, 18, beneath Pine St. near I-5 on Capitol Hill, the site of repeated sweeps by police and Dept. of Corrections work crews.

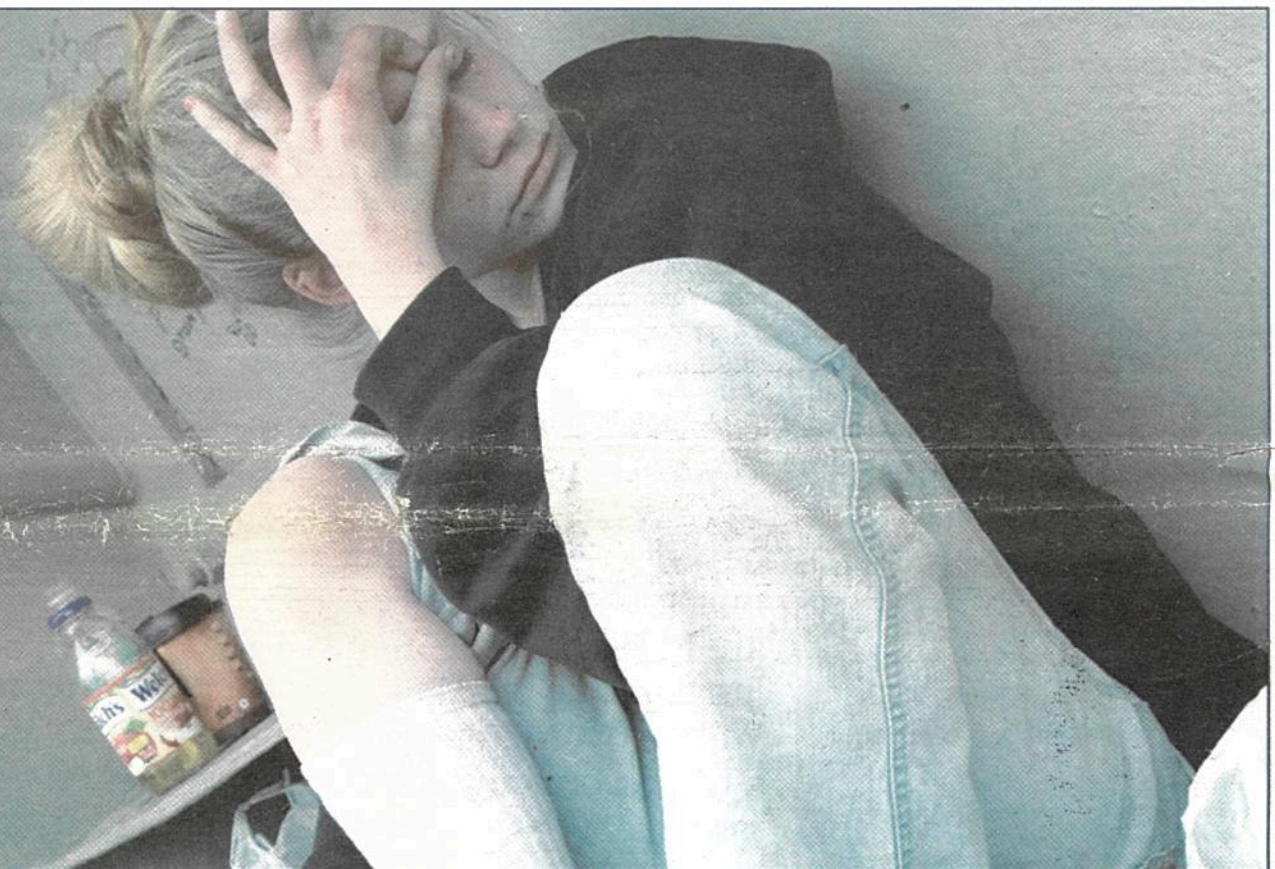


Photo by Jon Vachon

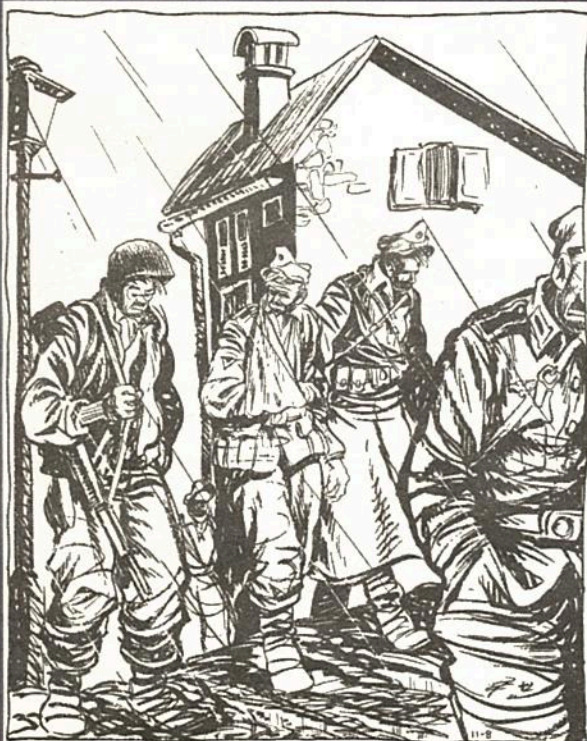


Photo by Jon Vachon

Truth in caricature

Illustrator Bill Mauldin saw men "walk to the front as though they were going to the gas chamber," and he captured the essence of war with a sardonic and irreverent wit, says biographer Todd Depastino... pg. 7

Your vendor buys this paper for 35¢ and keeps all the proceeds. Please purchase from badged vendors only.

Gas, adieu:

Living sustainably, in the New Mexico desert, in Farewell, My Subaru...p.8

Real Change is published weekly and is sold by the poor and homeless of Seattle. Vendors receive 65¢ of the \$1.00 paid for this paper.

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

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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.

Real Change is a member of the North American Street Newspaper Association, the International Network of Street Papers, and the Greater Seattle Business Association.



Our truth-telling, envelope-pushing, bureaucrat-bashing role isn't sustainable without your support

Out on a limb

By **TIMOTHY HARRIS**,
Executive Director

Over the past year, life at *Real Change* has taken on new intensity. Reductions in local homeless drop-in center hours and increasing levels of need have meant more pressure on our staff. This year's One Night Count found an 18 percent increase of unsheltered homeless in the Seattle areas than were counted in 2007.

The situation is dire, and we are stretched to the limit.

We are not alone in this. Every homeless service in the City is struggling to meet the need. Meanwhile, the fundamental brokenness of a system that produces growing wealth and poverty at ever more extreme poles has become more and more plain to see.

The city's recent sweeps of homeless encampments have provoked alarm and uncertainty, both for the 26 percent of *Real Change* vendors who sleep outdoors and in the broader homeless community. The incredibly rapid gentrification of downtown Seattle has brought greatly increased harassment of the visibly poor.

Our rapidly changing skyline has taken the war on the poor up several

Our vendor staff, our newspaper team, and our organizing project are each straining at the limits of the possible. We are overextended, stressed out, and deeply pissed off.

notches, and over the past six months, the stakes have become more apparent. At a time when Operation Nightwatch, Seattle's nighttime shelter referral program, is seeing record turn-aways, there is an ugly pretense that, somehow, Seattle is successfully "ending homelessness."

Over the past six months, the city has relied upon this comforting notion to legitimate the criminalization of outdoor survival. Seattle is not alone in this. In cities across America, the same dynamics of gentrification and repression can be seen. As the demographics of our cities shift toward upscale urban living, the visible homeless are increasingly unwelcome.

There is a deep sense within the homeless community of being under siege.

As we enter our annual summer fund drive, we find ourselves challenged by events and greatly in need of your support. Our vendor staff, our newspaper team, and our organizing project are each straining at the limits of the possible.

We are overextended, stressed out, and deeply pissed off.

And yet, more must be done. The work of educating, agitating, organizing, and building a caring community of resistance and authentic compassion has never been of greater import.

Our organizing work is on fire. *Real Change* is about to hold our third major demonstration against homeless sweeps in six months. Organizing Project meetings regularly draw 20-40 people. Our last City Hall encampment drew more than 150 people overnight and another 50 to help with daytime visibility.

Many of these were our own vendors. As homeless people and others who are directly affected by growing poverty see us taking risks and speaking truth to power, they understand that we're in this together, standing shoulder to shoulder.

Earlier this year, the Real Change Organizing Project held its first cross-class retreat. Eight vendors and nine staff and volunteers spent two days in Federal Way sharing our stories and exploring our mutual interest in organizing for justice. The understanding that gets created when organizing is grounded in relationships is truly transformational.

As we work toward a more just approach to poverty and inequality in Seattle, the regard we have for each other has deepened into something that looks and feels a lot like love. The barriers that keep us apart are gradually coming down, and a new kind of power is being built in their place.

Tremendous synergy exists between the organizing and the newspaper. We first broke the homeless sweeps story last October when public disclosure requests surfaced an email from the Mayor's office proving what had been denied: the city was systematically targeting homeless encampments for destruction without taking any responsibility for unmet need.

The city's recently released "final" homeless campsite protocols institutionalize this evasion of responsibility by severely and dishonestly limiting their own application.

As Mayor Nickels and his staff play games with people's lives and pretend they are ending homelessness, we're supposed to get tired and go away. That's not going to happen. We have found that our truth-telling, envelope-pushing, bureaucrat-bashing role attracts activists like Hell's Angels to a cold keg.

The number of homeless and very low-income people selling *Real*

Change has risen from an average of 275 per month to closer to 300. Our readership has grown to match. We're on track this year to match or beat 2007's 16 percent circulation increase. In a time when newspaper circulation is in broad decline, this is extraordinary.

Our secret is simple. We publish journalism that matters, and you don't have to look very far to see how rare that is. With just two and a half staff and a bunch of committed volunteers, *Real Change* offers smart, passionate, and accurate weekly reporting on the issues you care about.

As Mayor Nickels and his staff play games with people's lives and pretend they are ending homelessness, we're supposed to get tired and go away. That's not going to happen.

Real Change is here to stay. As we approach our 14th year, we find that taking risks and telling the truth is a lot more fun and effective than playing it safe and becoming just one more tired and frightened institution.

Your support makes it all possible. More than 50 percent of our funding comes from our broad and deep base of grassroots support. Resources equal capacity, and the value of our work is measured by the strength of your grassroots support.

We're out on a limb here, and we need you to climb on out with us. Your support is critical. We have until the end of June to reach a very big goal. Eighty-five thousand dollars will sustain our work and help to add the full-time organizing position we really need.

This is a big city. We have many supporters. With your help, we can do this. When each of you does what you can, amazing things can happen. Every donation matters. Please give generously. Send a check to *Real Change*, 2129 Second Ave., Seattle 98121 or go to www.realchangenews.org. ■

New Creation Community

Ecumenical Christian Worship
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Sunday, 5 to 6 p.m.
Recovery Cafe, 2nd & Bell.

Just Heard...

Fort Lawton talks

If the city tells you your neighborhood is going to house the homeless, by all means make sure you get a police substation.

That's one of the things Magnolia homeowners voted for April 26 in a community workshop on how to redevelop the Fort Lawton Army Reserve Center, a 31-acre site that the Army plans to close in 2009 or 2010. The city is working on a plan in which private developers will pony up the cash to buy the land for market-rate condos or homes, with the Archdiocesan Housing Authority to build housing for homeless families and native elders and the YWCA to provide case management.

Some Magnolia residents fear the development will bring drugs or crime. To assuage those concerns, Adrienne Quinn, director of the city's Office of Housing, said at the April 26 workshop — the second of four planned — that her office has agreed to conduct a separate set of meetings in which Magnolia residents, the AHA, and the YWCA will negotiate a "community relations plan," a binding set of house rules that the Office of Housing will enforce.

Park ranger citings

It looks like the city's new park rangers will be able not only to ban homeless people from downtown parks but to write them tickets with fines of \$50 or more.

That's allowed under the proposed new four-year contract between the city and the Seattle Police Officers Guild. Union president Rich O'Neill says a memorandum of understanding that accompanies the tentative contract, which officers will vote on May 16, limits the seven new park rangers to "civil infraction enforcement of the park code, including park exclusion notices."

O'Neill says the language allows the rangers, who are expected to start patrolling downtown and at Capitol Hill's Cal Anderson Park in May, to ban people from parks for weeks or months as well as fine them for park-code violations such as camping or making too much noise.

But, he adds, citing the agreement, "They will be unarmed [and] have no arrest authority or criminal enforcement authority."

—Cydney Gillis

Change Agent



Welcome: Hilary Stern helps Latino immigrants find that they belong here.

Photo by Revel Nt

Imagine the experience of a Latino immigrant upon arriving in Seattle. "You don't have any place to stay, you don't have any jobs, and you don't speak English. CASA Latina provides social networking," says Hilary Stern, its executive director. The nonprofit helps Latino and Latina immigrants find thousands of temporary jobs every year, as well as teaching ESL and providing a community.

CASA Latina's workers' center is filled daily with laborers who are hired for fair wages, primarily by homeowners for landscaping and cleaning. The organization also has

a wage claim program to support immigrant workers who get stiffed.

Stern is currently raising funds to move CASA Latina from its location in Belltown to 17th and Jackson in the Central District.

She also helps organize the annual Immigrants Rights March and Rally, coming up on May 1 in Judkins Park. Stern says, "The march is a way for people to express that they shouldn't be treated as criminals or fugitives. All they're trying to do is work and contribute and make a living."

—Stephen Perry

Local arrested at Missoula sit-in

It was the first sit-in on the University of Montana campus since the Vietnam War, and it ended in arrests. At noon on Wed., April 16, nine members of United Students Against Sweatshops, one of them UW student Rod Palmquist, sat down in President George Dennison's office and refused to leave. Over 100 fellow protestors gathered outside and in the lobby of the building to show their support.

The sit-in was an effort to pressure the Missoula school to sign on to the Designated Suppliers Program, a standard proposed by the Workers Rights Consortium that would guard against the use of sweatshop labor in the production of university apparel. Forty-two colleges and universities in the country currently uphold the standard, including UW and Seattle University. UM administrators have refused to sign onto the program, saying it may violate antitrust laws.

University vice president Jim Foley and legal counsel David Aronofsky repeatedly warned the student protestors that they would be removed if they did not leave on their own volition. At 3:30 the students agreed to meet in a nearby conference room to discuss the matter. According to Palmquist, Foley and Aronofsky agreed to write and submit a no-sweat proposal to Dennison, who was then traveling in China, and to set up a meeting with the president. Students rejected the deal, saying the administration was just "stalling for time." The nine sitters then returned to the president's inner lobby after finding the office locked. They stayed there until around 7 p.m., when they were arrested by Missoula police.

Palmquist reports overhearing the administration discuss how to avoid giving the reporters gathered outside a photo opportunity. Police booked the students in the building, uncuffed them, and then escorted them out. The police confiscated cell phones and cameras as evidence.

Palmquist and the Montana students have since received both their citations and cell phones. They now face charges of illegal trespassing and unruly conduct. The maximum penalty for trespassing alone is a \$1,000 fine and six months in prison.

President Dennison did meet with the nine students on Wed., April 23, but only to say that he would not have authorized the meeting and that he would not participate in the Designated Suppliers Program. Says Palmquist, "The President's response is really unfortunate. The University of Montana is not listening to its community or students."

The protest is one in a wave of sit-ins staged nationally at colleges in support of the sweat-free campaign. Forty-six students have been arrested at Appalachian State, Penn State, and the University of Montana; six students at UNC-Chapel Hill were in their ninth day of sit-in protest on April 25.

—Stephen Perry

'Citizenship Day' guides applicants

Language appears to be the biggest barrier between immigrants and United States citizenship.

Recently, a number of volunteer organizations and the American Immigration Lawyers Association (AILA) sponsored "Citizenship Day" at various locations around Washington state. The purpose was to help those trying to become U.S. citizens with their N-400s, the citizenship papers.

Applying for citizenship is a nerve-racking process for many applicants. In Tukwila's Showalter Middle School, one of the stations where people could get help, one could feel the tension and see the worry on many of the faces of those seeking aid. One woman, a Latina, was rubbing her forehead with her hand in exhaustion while her husband studied their N-400 forms closely, straining his eyes.

Judy Tilton, a paralegal who volunteered her time for this event, said the process of applying for citizenship is frightening for many. "These forms are daunting," she said.

Language, Tilton said, is one of the biggest barriers. Some of the questions are confusing; applicants are afraid to get them wrong. One question regarding alimony does not translate into Spanish very well, according to Tilton, and was confusing to a couple she had helped earlier that day.

Another couple, Raul and Deborah Alonso, agreed, saying that knowing English was a great help. Deborah said she learned English in Mexico because it was important to her mother that she be bilingual. Raul is learning English

See CITIZEN, Continued on Page 3

The colorblind Oakland funk band **Tower of Power** bucked the counterculture to become one of the longest-running soul bands around

Still groovin'

By **LESTER GRAY**,
Contributing Writer

It's the late '60s.

From Emilio Castillo's home in Oakland, the activities in San Francisco, a virtual stone's throw away, seem foreign. The bay in between might as well be an ocean separating two countries.

In Golden Gate Park, Jefferson Airplane sings about a fluffy white rabbit to an audience intoxicated by marijuana and the prospect of free love, of dropping out and joining the have-nots.

Just over the bridge, the have-nots are already hip to the benefits of some righteous smoke and a vigorous roll in the hay. However, this stuff about dropping

out of what you had never been dropped into didn't quite jive.

For Castillo, destined to become one of the founding members of the now legendary Tower of Power, the whimsy of counter-culture music struck neither a chord nor a beat.

"The hippies and the flower power movement: I remember driving over with my parents from the East Bay to watch them... that was something... not a part of my lifestyle," he says. "I grew up in Detroit until I was 11. My dad was a bartender and they played stuff like Ink Spots and Dinah Washington. Soul music was all we wanted to know."

And that was what they created, the Tower of Power, their name no idle boast, spitting a fiery funk and thawing urges so deep and dormant (at least in the suburbs) that the evangelicals longed for the tame days of Elvis' grinding hips.

Now, as then, Castillo, a cherubic, pony-tailed white guy at the creative core of some of the best inner-city tunes in the last half century, belies the image that comes with the distinctive ethnic bent of Tower's sound. In a blind taste test even the so-called connoisseurs couldn't tell the difference — at least the ones on the East Coast.

In 1974, when their ballad "You're Still a Young Man" swept inner-city radio stations, a popular African American club in Roxbury, the Harlem of Boston, booked them for an appearance. When the promoters found the band was mostly white (it's always had a brother or two), the gig was canceled, but the sanction remained.

While groups from Average White Band to the Rolling Stones are accused of stealing music from Black people, Tower gets a legitimate pass. They contribute as much as they take and pay sincere tribute to the roots of their music. After three decades they now stand as one of the country's longest extant soul bands. But their survival didn't come without a bit of compromise.

"I think I became a hippy because we wanted to play the Fillmore and we really didn't fit. We were just little hard guys from the East Bay. So we grew our hair long and started expanding our minds using drugs. We did the things they did, but that wasn't who we were."

What they were was a hybrid, somewhere between Earth, Wind and Fire and The Grateful Dead with uncompromising street grit, hewn by spirited and gifted musicians.

Tower, with their signature horn section, has played with some of the top names in the biz: Elton John, Rod Stewart, Santana, and as a longtime backup for Huey Lewis. Their individual players are notables in their own right: Lenny Pickett,

"I think I became a hippy because we wanted to play the Fillmore and we really didn't fit," says founder Emilio Castillo. "We were just little hard guys from the East Bay."

musical director of the Saturday Night Live Band, organist Chester Thompson, inimitable drummer David Garibaldi, trumpeter and arranger Greg Adams. None of it would have come together without Castillo, who hears it all in his head — every part. And that includes the lyrics, usually composed with baritone saxophonist Steve "Doc" Kupra.

Through their rhymes Tower still speaks its own truth. In street parlance they "preach and teach." Castillo's always putting out new products, but he still relishes his old sermons and it's moving to hear him recite (and improvise on) material that over the decades has only grown richer:



Emilio Castillo, seated second from left, founded Tower of Power in the late '60s in the Bay Area. Photo courtesy Tower of Power

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Connecting people with services gets new look in county plan

Fresh day for outreach

By ADAM HYLIA, Editor

Mari Beth Wilson goes out four times a week to the underpasses, the roadsides, and the forested greenbelts near the city's center looking to meet people. She goes with her partner, a nurse. She meets people in sleeping bags, in tents, people walking the clay trails at the foot of bridges.

Her opening line? "We tell them that we're outreach workers," she says. Her co-worker "introduces himself as a nurse. We ask them if they're interested in having a referral for nighttime shelter."

Not many say yes.

"Then we tell them there's going to come a time when the city will clear the area," she says. "We leave our cards with them and tell them if they change their minds about it to call us."

This is the outreach promised by the city's ramped-up effort to clear out urban campsites. Wilson's been doing it for four weeks.

"It's all so new," she says, "that we're still trying to get things worked out."

And it might change again as the 2006 countywide levy for human services and veterans' aid beefs up outreach to homeless people in the downtown area.

In early 2009, the six-year, nearly \$80 million Veterans and Human Services Levy will target the estimated 2,500 chronically homeless — people characterized by alcoholism or substance abuse, mental illness, and long bouts of time without any

The plan also sets aside \$130,000 each year for two outreach workers to canvass urban areas for homeless people and invite them into shelter.

And while outreach has often focused on the mentally ill or addicted, unsheltered homeless people who don't suffer from either mental illness or addiction will also be the subject of greater outreach and monitoring by a new interagency Client Coordination Team, which, the plan now states, "will be working to address the long-term, vulnerable homeless population regardless of whether they are making high use of sobering, hospitals, and the justice system."

County mental health and drug dependency supervisor Jim Vollandroff says the idea is to avoid the duplication of services. "We're strategizing so that we're not taking up precious few outpatient slots with the same client," he says. "Different case managers will have different ideas of what they need based on their knowledge of that client. If we're all at the same table, we have a better picture."

City Human Services Department staffer Jerry DeGriek has advised county planners on the use of levy funds; he says the Client Coordination Team will make it easier to get people "into the services they need."



Shanna Gorr says that the police occasionally will sweep campsites and "are very rude," often throwing away people's blankets and belongings. The area she's staying at near Pike St. and Boren Ave. on Capitol Hill is on a list of sites swept regularly by the Department of Corrections. Gorr, 18, from Tacoma, has been homeless in Seattle since the age of 11 due to family problems. New county money may help social service workers reach out to the 2,500 homeless people planners estimate are staying outside in the county. Photo by Jon Vachon

In early 2009, the six-year, nearly \$80 million Veterans and Human Services Levy will target the estimated 2,500 chronically homeless.

place to go — with plans for outreach, better services, and interagency tracking of individuals who move from jail to shelters to underpasses.

"The focus is on people who tend to get bumped around, who may get evicted or kicked out of a shelter," says Janna Wilson of Health Care for the Homeless, a federal- and county-funded services agency.

What do those people need? More invitations to treatment or shelter and better case management, says the draft plan. It suggests recasting the Dutch Shisler Sobering Center, a place where street alcoholics have a safe place to sleep off a binge, as a "service center" where people could drop in, meet with counselors, and warm up to the idea of treatment.

And the plan notes the long wait for treatment and "the lack of detox beds," or places to stay while enduring that wait. More treatment is coming from the \$50 million annual boost for the county's mental health and substance abuse services, passed last year by the County Council.

"That can only happen when all agencies know better what each other is doing," he says. "We need to see better coordination and communication."

Outreach worker Mari Beth Wilson needs a partner. The mental health services group REACH is hiring for another part-time position; when it's filled, REACH will be visiting 10 sites that the city is preparing to sweep each week.

And while the Human Services Department created 20 new shelter spots for victims of these sweeps, Wilson says that after four weeks of asking people whether they'd like to come

into a shelter, just five of those spots are occupied.

Why not more? Mental illness, substance abuse, or previous bad experiences at shelters are some of the reasons people give for rejecting the invitation, she says. Still, she revisits the campsites and asks again, usually finding the same people there. Even after a work crew has cleared an area, the campers "are usually back the next day." ■

[More info]
The draft outreach plan is available at
www.kingcounty.gov/DCHS.

CITIZEN, Continued from Page 3

through working in the U.S. "It is worse when you don't know the language," Deborah said. The Alonsos arrived in the U.S. separately; Raul has been in the country for 28 years, and Deborah for eight years. They both said their situation is not as difficult as that of many others attempting to gain citizenship.

Another woman had brought along her adolescent son to use as a translator. Although there were some translators provided, Tilton said they needed more.

The event cost each participant \$20, which was used to cover materi-

als. Shana Roth-Gormley, a member of Hate Free Zone, said the event was intended to help low-income immigrants who cannot afford to hire an attorney. The cost of an attorney can run in the hundreds or thousands of dollars.

"Recently the cost of filing the N-400 forms was increased to \$675," Roth-Gormley said. This cost is on top of regular lawyer fees.

Most of the people attending the event did not feel comfortable talking about their experiences applying for citizenship. Tilton said this is most likely because it is a trying ordeal. Aside from the stress of not knowing English, the questions on

the forms are very personal. Questions include "Have you ever gotten a ticket?" and "Do you have a drinking problem?" Some people have trouble answering questions that require specific details, such as the time and place they received a traffic ticket, because they have been here for 10 or more years. Tilton said these questions require a month, day and year. Many are afraid small infractions will prevent them from gaining citizenship. "They are nervous to identify what may preclude them," Tilton said.

—Rachel Lusby, UW News Lab

Vendor of the Week



Liz Smith

It works like this: a needle, once inserted into one arm, draws blood through first a tube and then a centrifuge (where plasma is extracted); blood (sans plasma) is then forced — read, forced — into the opposite arm. When done successfully, donating plasma is sort of like having your elbows chewed by a toothless hyena. If it doesn't work — if, like Vendor of the Week Liz Smith, your blood clots too quickly — then you'll be jabbed in the arm repeatedly with what is essentially a steak knife, then told, "Thanks for your time but you can't give plasma."

Whoever said that the capitalist machine was oiled with the blood of the proletariat was wrong: sometimes, the proletariat's blood clots too quickly.

Shortly after a failed attempt to sell her plasma, in a sore-armed state of deprivation, Liz Smith made friends with *Real Change* vendor Jerry Scott

and began selling the paper herself. And, once she'd eked out a turf at the Fremont Market Time, she became one of the paper's top vendors. Writing comes pretty naturally to Smith, so she began writing a light-hearted column about food, full of good, cheap, and time-effective recipes.

On hearing about her column, I spout some crap about how writing is "therapeutic," a real "creative outlet."

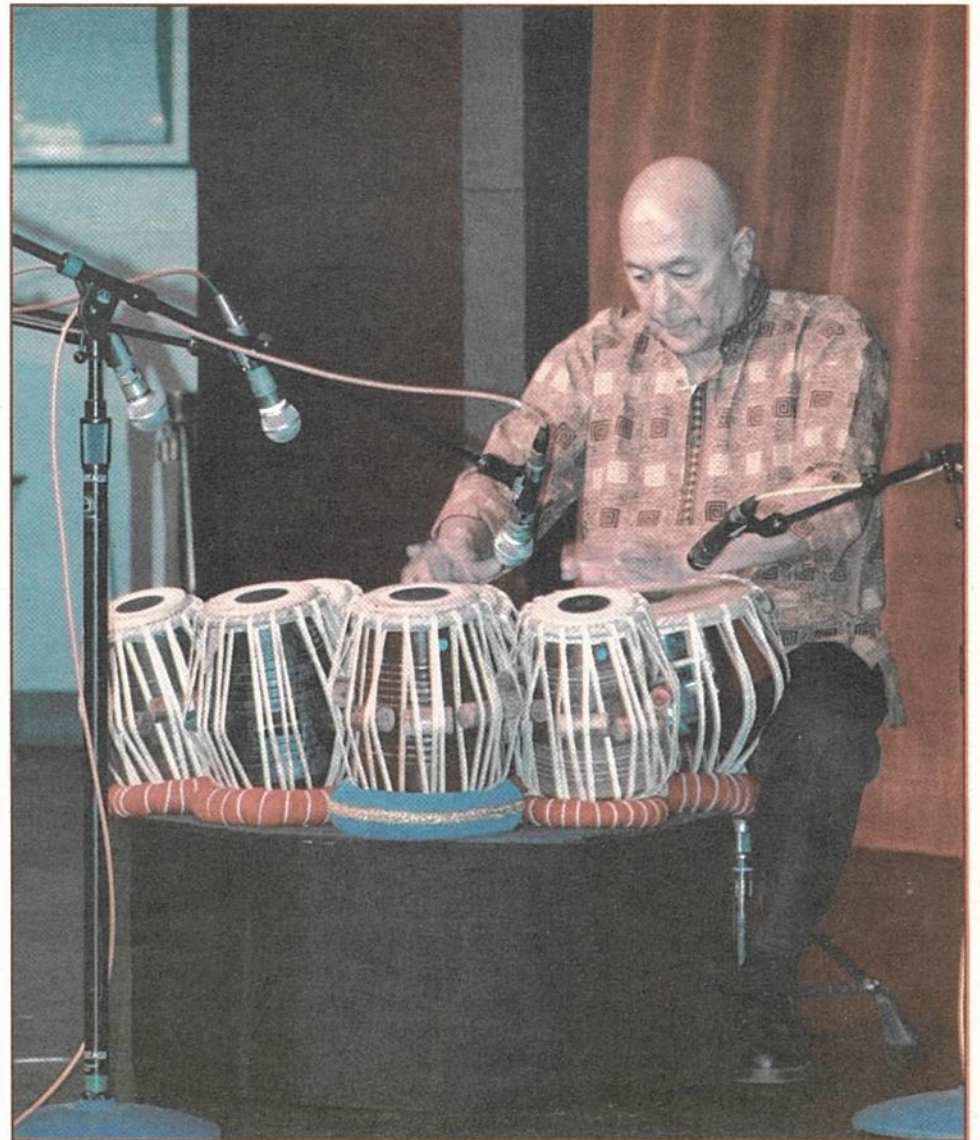
An affably conspiratorial grin sprawls across Smith's mouth: "I did it to increase my sales," she says, her voice still carrying a hint of Dallas twang.

Though she quit writing the column a while ago, she still can't go to her turf at the Queen Anne Thriftway without running out of papers; her customers don't seem to mind that her blood clots too quickly.

"I love my customers," she says. "*Real Change* saved me from utter destitution."

—Story and photo by JP Gritton

Who's the special person who offers you Real Change?
Nominate them for Vendor of the Week:
editor@realchangenews.org



Hari Pal plays a circle of tablas, the name of a pair of percussion instruments from the Indian subcontinent with two drum heads whose pitch is modulated by the placement of the player's hands. Pal, who lives in British Columbia, performed at the three-day World Rhythm Festival April 25-27 at Seattle Center. Photo by Ken Dean.

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A dogged voice for dogfaces and other underdogs

Historian Todd DePastino on the Legacy of Pulitzer Prize-Winning Illustrator Bill Mauldin

By ROBIN LINDLEY,
Contributing Writer

Bill Mauldin couldn't help himself. Ever since his hardscrabble childhood in the Southwest, the renowned cartoonist championed the oppressed, the underdog.

As an enlisted soldier in Europe in World War II, Mauldin braved Army censors and the wrath of Gen. George S. Patton to depict the grim reality of war with his iconic drawings of Willie and Joe, "dogface" combat infantrymen who slumped in contrast to the Hollywood stereotype of eager, handsome, high-spirited American soldiers. Instead, Willie and Joe were weary, disheveled, bearded, often rain-soaked and mud-caked, in dread of death beyond their fetid foxholes, dependably irreverent and ironic, and real.

Willie and Joe made Mauldin a hero to his fellow grunts, won him a Pulitzer Prize by age 23, and set him on a course of drawing, writing and activism for fairness and justice.

In the sweeping first biography of the celebrated cartoonist, *Bill Mauldin: A Life Up Front* (W.W. Norton), historian Todd DePastino recounts Mauldin's unsettled childhood, wartime exploits, early fame, personal struggles, and his post-war commitment to civil rights and tolerance. Artist Jules Feiffer said the book portrays "a 20th-century life that reads like Huck Finn transplanted."

DePastino also wrote the acclaimed history *Citizen Hobo: How a Century of Homelessness Shaped America*, and edited the new cartoon collection *Willie & Joe: The WWII Years* (from Seattle's own Fantagraphics). He teaches at Waynesburg College and lives in Pittsburgh. He recently discussed his Mauldin biography from Pennsylvania.

Did the Mauldin book grow out of your history of homelessness, *Citizen Hobo*?

That book was a history of this wide-ranging, homeless subculture of mainly young men that rambled over the country from the Civil War until World War II, then vanished after Pearl Harbor. And [someone] said they didn't disappear; they went into the army, like Willie and Joe.

I wasn't familiar with Bill Mauldin or Willie and Joe. I went to my library

and found a yellowed, 1945 edition of [Mauldin's book] *Up Front*. I'd never seen anything like these cartoons. They weren't about highly motivated Marines or flyboys. They were sardonic. They were dark. They were anti-establishment, anti-war—like a hidden transcript of the war: the extreme fatigue, the extreme hardship, the extreme trauma of combat. How did these anti-Army cartoons end up in an Army publication [*Stars and Stripes*]? That was the scholarly question that animated my research at first.

Then I learned more about Bill Mauldin. He lived for almost 60 years after the war with great celebrity. I learned of his involvement in left-wing politics after the war, of his dropping out of cartooning then coming back and winning another Pulitzer, running for Congress, going to Vietnam and being at Pleiku, going to Korea. He had such an adventurous life. I asked why there [was] never a biography, and [was told] they don't write biographies of cartoonists. That made me want to write it even more.

Mauldin knew he couldn't get away with everything he wanted to say about the gruesomeness of combat.... He had seen men walk to the front as though they were going to the gas chamber—but he couldn't talk about it in cartoons.

And he was also a journalist and commentator.

Yes. Stanley Meltzoff, an illustrator on *Stars and Stripes* who was responsible for discovering Mauldin, told me, "To call Bill Mauldin a cartoonist downgrades what he did, what those pictures meant to people." Meltzoff said he was a "picture maker"—making pictures of people in extremely traumatic situations—pictures that had a therapeutic effect. These

combat soldiers would see the pictures, see themselves, and were somewhat cheered because somebody understood, and Bill Mauldin was making his understanding public and showing others what their lives were like.

Doesn't Mauldin's work resonate now as we fight yet another war?

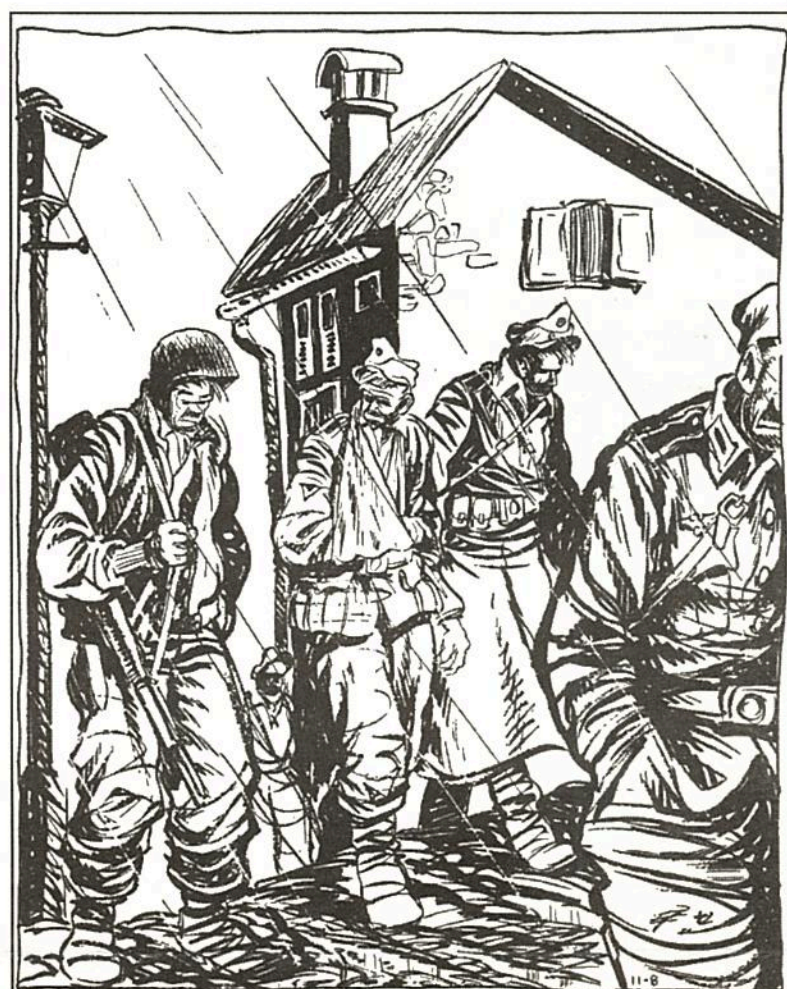
We seem to have to learn the lesson in each

war: that it takes (I hate the term), "boots on the ground"—armed individuals taking territory to win war, whether [in] World War II, Vietnam, or Iraq.

It isn't generally discussed, but our game plan for Europe in World War II failed. We had expected to win through long-range artillery, aerial bombardment, naval power, [and] discounted the number of combat troops we would need, so we never had enough men. We hadn't planned for a long, intense ground war. Does that sound familiar? There are also a lot of parallels and universals [as in the cartoon] "I feel like a fugitive from the law of averages." You wonder when your number will be up.

You stress that Mauldin's themes of fairness and justice grew out of his childhood.

He was so shaped by his environment: the rugged, desert southwest. He had



"Fresh, spirited American troops, flushed with victory, bringing in thousands of hungry, ragged, battle-weary prisoners. (News Item)"

seen plenty of people bullied by cattle barons and land barons, more powerful people, including his poor farm family. He had a reflexive sympathy for the underdog that nothing could squelch. He identified with [the] oppressed; Willie and Joe were oppressed.

And Mauldin worked day and night at drawing, even during the war.

He was extremely disciplined [and] never treated his art as precious or timeless. He saw himself as a craftsman whose craft entitled him to have a voice. And for him, it was always a voice for the down and out who had no voice in society.

Who were his influences as an artist?

His initial influences were cartoonists, then he learned about Hogarth and Daumier from Rayson Billey, a Choctaw Indian—the biggest, meanest soldier you could imagine, yet also one of the most educated, intellectual men Mauldin had ever met. Billey was one of his heroes [and] taught him about pictorial satire. He [attended] Oklahoma University, and Mauldin hadn't been to college.

And Mauldin became part of the 1943 campaign of President Roosevelt and Gen. George C. Marshall to show civilians the reality of the war.

Yes. Before then, every battle was a victory, so expectations ballooned that

See MAULDIN, Continued on Page 11



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A requiem for the Green Movement

■ Break Through: From the Death of Environmentalism to the Politics of Possibility

By Ted Nordhaus and Michael Shellenberger, Houghton Mifflin, 2007, Hardcover, \$25

Review by SEAN HUGHES,
Contributing Writer

In 2004 Michael Shellenberger and Ted Nordhaus (S&N) published "The Death of Environmentalism," an essay in which they describe environmentalism as an antiquated, failing institution unable to deal with the new challenges of global warming. Many environmental leaders wrote rebuttals critiquing the essay. (See

Micheal Shellenberger and Ted Norhaus' Break Through will prompt readers not only to reconsider how to solve the grave problems that global warming poses, but what it means to be an environmentalist.

Grist, environmental news website's series <http://www.grist.org/news/maindish/2005/01/13/doe-intro/>). They were especially critical of S&N's simplistic portrayal of environmentalism and their overall consensus was

that the essay's overheated rhetoric prevented its points from being heard. In light of environmentalism's failure to effect any major change on global warming, however, this is perhaps an acknowledgement that environmentalism *does* need to reinvent itself to deal with the enormous challenges posed by global warming.

In their recent book *Break Through: From the Death of Environmentalism to the Politics of Possibility*, S&N expand on their arguments and advance the politics that they believe can remake environmentalism — and progressivism in general. (They also unfortunately include two infuriating and somewhat petty chapters about environmental justice and hypocritical environmentalists.) Their book shares some of the same weaknesses of their essay — a tendency to viciously pillory environmentalists, an overly simplified picture of environmentalism, and a penchant for overstatement — but it is also an impressive and lucid articulation of a new progressivism.

A spirit of pragmatism, of finding new ways to achieve environmental and progressive goals, drives the

book. The authors draw upon focus groups and surveys to make arguments about what will build support for the prevention of global warming. A main prong of their argument is the idea that humans make decisions based on emotional, social, and other factors, not just rational argument; more useful than slapping people in the face with scientific data is finding a way to make the issue relevant and helpful to them.

This same sense of pragmatism underlies their argument that environmentalists must be willing to broaden their definition of environmentalism. For instance, environmentalists create sustainable projects in the Amazon to try to stop deforestation there. S&N argue that these efforts have been ineffective and that they overlook the main factors driving deforestation: poverty and Brazil's foreign debt. Because campaigning for debt forgiveness and working to end poverty by building the economy lie outside of environmentalism's traditional definition, environmentalists don't see these projects as within their purview. Broadening their self-definition and work on these projects, however, might actually be more effective in reducing deforestation than their current efforts.

Along the same lines is the authors' critique of the "politics of limits," the use of regulation to force industry to limit its carbon dioxide emissions. S&N argue that environmentalists actually counter their own agenda by making global warming prevention a constraint on industry. More political will would be generated by defining the problems leading to global warming as "our failure to create *new* economies, *new* patterns of development, *new* housing, and a *new* consumer culture," as well as an opportunity for government investment in clean technology, to create new jobs, and to increase the standard of living in developing countries.

Concomitant with their disdain of the politics of limits is their dismissal of reducing personal consumption. They feel that such conservation would only marginally reduce emissions and, moreover, is unpalatable. This rejection is surprising, however,

because by applying their own arguments to the "sacrifice" of decreasing one's carbon footprint, one can offer a powerful argument in favor of doing so.

It is a simple question of reframing the debate. They define the reduction of personal consumption as ascetic deprivation, but this is the same zero-sum logic they deride. Such reductions can actually improve one's quality of life: eating locally causes better health, buying less saves money, conserving electricity replaces television with stronger social relationships, and so on.

Indeed, journalist and author Colin Beaven made a similar argument in a debate with Shellenberger. In 2006, Beaven and his family embarked on an experiment in which they attempted to consume only what was absolutely necessary, called "No Impact Man." After a year, he concluded that, up to a point, decreasing one's consumption actually *improves* quality of life. Indeed, he writes that "using less doesn't have to feel like deprivation...often, living a lifestyle that is better for the planet is better for the person." (See his post on Dec. 18, 2007: <http://noimpactman.typepad.com/>)

Underlying their whole discussion is the concept of the "environment." In popular discourse, it is conceptualized as having a serene, unchanging, and natural state with which humans interfere. In fact, though, "long before there were humans, volcanoes erupted, asteroids hit Earth, and great extinctions occurred... throughout the animal kingdom there was murder and gang rape." Indeed, the environment continuously changes as organisms shape and make use of their surroundings; it does not have any natural, correct course that humans are destroying.

This does not, however, necessitate environmental nihilism. Perfectly reasonable arguments for preserving nature can be made: for the benefit of the resident flora and fauna, for its ecological services, because it's beautiful, and so on. It does mean — and this is S&N's main point — that instead of claiming to speak for a singular, natural environment, environmentalists instead speak to their vision of one possible environment among many.

Such an acknowledgement may prompt deeper reflection among environmentalists. Indeed, *Break Through* will prompt readers not only to reconsider how to solve the grave problems that global warming poses, but what it means to be an environmentalist. ■

Green acres, New Mexico-style

■ Farewell, My Subaru: An Epic Adventure in Local Living

By Doug Fine, Villard Books, 2008, Hardcover, \$18.95

These days, "going green" has moved from a mantra among the uber-crunchy to the painfully hip, to where it is practically a fashion trend all its own. Green has become the new black: everyone is wearing it. But can the average person sustain a truly green lifestyle and reduce his/her carbon footprint, without giving up the frills, such as Netflix and reliable hot water, which make us uniquely American? In *Farewell, My Subaru* journalist and author Doug Fine forgoes life's conveniences to find out just what it takes to "get off the grid".

"I started my career as a gentlemen rancher naively thinking that raising dairy goats would be easy," says Fine. "I mean, I'd throw them some hay, breed them and soon enough they'd be giving me hormone-free milk, with enough left over for me to barter locally for things like hay, buffalo meat, and massages. How hard could it be?" Harder than he thought.

In a yearlong experiment to wean himself off the bitter teat of oil dependency and to live locally, Fine converts a diesel truck to run on grease from local diners, installs

solar panels to heat his hot water and power his subwoofers, and inadvertently plants an all-you-can-eat buffet for the likes of deer and ground squirrels in the arid New Mexican desert.

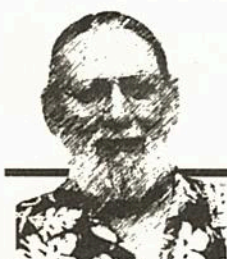
Along the way Fine recounts, with humor uniquely Long Islander-cum-world-traveler-cum-organic-farmer, how he finds love in his kids (two goats dubbed the Pan Sisters) as well as his community (part "woo woo" hippy, part UN-fearing rifle toters). He also attains not only a more sustainable lifestyle free of oil, but a more sustaining type of satisfaction— minus a few scratches, near death encounters, and a possible bribe of a government official via eggs.

Throughout the book, Fine also reveals a slew of surprising facts about the green lifestyle made to impress any trivia lover (New Yorkers only emit 1/3 the carbon per capita compared to the average American), insights into what it takes to "go green," and even recipes you can make at home, such as Grilled Rattlesnake Dijon.

Using all organic, locally grown, and hunted ingredients, of course! ■
—Raef Harrison



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Adventures
in Irony

©Dr. Wes Browning

I'm going to waste this entire column talking about foxes and hedgehogs. This is not as perverse as it sounds. Last week my topic of discussion (unpopular political endorsers) left me scant few options when it came to illustrating my on-line "bloggerized" version of the column. This week I will have recourse to many public domain photos of adorable fox kits and hedge-piglets.

An ancient Greek poet, Archilochus, once said, "The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing." I first heard this expression decades ago when it was used by a math professor of mine to classify famous dead mathematicians. Lately I have found it useful to recall the saying to answer the question I sometimes get: "What sort of mathematician were you?" In the past I would describe my actual work, launching into a set one-hour introductory lecture on two-dimensional cell complexes with finite fundamental group, and so cause the questioner to turn into glass and smash herself against a wall. Now I just say, "I was the fox sort." I knew a little bit about a lot of stuff, and relied on swiftly pouncing on opportunities.

I admit to having always held a certain contempt for hedgehogs. A hedgehog probability theorist, catching me reading out of a book on organic chemistry, told me, "Why do you bother with that? Since all chemistry reduces to elementary par-

ticle physics, and all elementary particle physics reduces to quantum probabilities, you should devote your life to studying only probability theory, as I have." I told him he was a fool. Thanks to me, he saw the error of his ways, quit math, and is now a highly successful proctologist. Hedgehogs, you may notice, have tiny, tiny, eyes. They have no need for the big

Have quills, will prick. Or, run away. It's really two things, but Archilochus was writing poetry.

eyes of a fox, since they already know everything they think matters.

The biggest trouble with being a hedgehog is that if you rely for guidance on the One Great Truth that you have determined through your One Great Prior Revelation, you can find yourself down a nasty Darwinian dead end when the One Great Truth turns out to be either insufficiently eternal or universal.

I actually was brought to the subject by a news story out of New Zealand (the same country that was terrorized by the fake suicide-bomber chicken a few years back) entitled, "Hedgehog used in non-lethal assault." By the way, I have a lot of respect for copy editors. That, in my opinion, is some damn fine titling. Not, "Hedgehog used in assault." That doesn't cut it. "Hedgehog used in non-lethal assault." By all means, we should be told at

once, before any further reading, that the victim survived having had a hedgehog flung at him at high velocity.

Interestingly, it turns out that some hedgehogs, if approached by a predator, will even throw themselves at it, back first, in self defense. That plus running away and curling up into a ball form is, loosely speaking, the one big thing. Have quills, will prick. Or, run away. It's really two things, but Archilochus was writing poetry.

I think the hedgehog wielded by the assailant of the story served not only as a weapon, but also as a metaphor for the assailant himself. The assailant knows one big thing, namely if someone is annoying you, you can throw something at him.

I thought of hedgehogs again, especially hedgehogs curling up into balls, when I read this in the *Seattle Times* about the opposition of some Magnolia residents to plans to house homeless people there:

"At one community meeting, some residents... rolled their eyes when city officials asserted that such housing increases property values."

Hedgehogs in the worst way. They've never had formerly homeless people living in secure housing in their neighborhood before (or anyway, not since their ancestors drove the Indians off that used to live and fish there), but they already "know" all they need to know about them.

Quills up, stomach in. ■

Sound off and read more:
drwesb.blogspot.com

Rev. Lang: Sticking together in hard times



Faith,
Culture,
Politics

Rev. Rich Lang

Food banks and soup kitchens give testimony that lines are increasing. Grocery shopping gives testimony that prices are rising. The media gives testimony that something wicked this way comes. Our economy is falling into deep recession while at the same time the cost of living begins to inflate. Our national crusade against all oil-producing countries continues to increase, while at the same time our jobs decrease. Gestapo tactics are used on the homeless as an iron fist descends upon the poor. Hard times are coming.

There are several occasions in the Bible when a priest or prophet tries to warn his people that a storm is coming. Quite often, most often, the people will not or cannot hear. The ears of a people become plugged whenever wealth separates the few from the many. The few, those who live in stratospheric splendor, won't hear the warnings for the simple reason that they cannot conceive that anything of importance could rock their

boat. The many, those who struggle to make ends meet, can't hear the warning because they are too worn out, too overwhelmed, too fatigued, and they feel far too powerless to do anything about anything anyway. They just try to hang on even as their fingers slip one by one from the lifeline.

Biblically, the one who brings the warning also brings the hope. The hope is on the other side of the tempest. The hope is found in the seed that springs forth from a people's willingness to practice solidarity, to become a we rather than a me. To build networks of mutual aid, not segregated aid.

Hard times are coming whether or not you live in good times today. As a nation we are bankrupt financially. As a people who go along with war, torture, and a treasonous governing administration, we are bankrupt morally. As a people who are addicted to amusement, enslaved by insatiable desire for money, and entranced through spectacle, we are bankrupt spiritually.

There is no longer a way to prevent the sorrows from falling upon us. But

there is the way of binding ourselves to one another in communities of care, compassion and mutual aid so that we can develop the capacity to endure the storm. Together we become the helping hands that keep our fingers on the lifeline.

The time of solitude is over. The time for solidarity begins. Our task in this time of sorrows is to form communities of cooperation that will look out for one another, value one another, become bound together through the cords of affection and respect. Hard times are coming. A hardened people will try to endure on their own, but they will not be strong enough. Hard times are coming, times that call for softened hearts strengthened only through our ability to trust one another.

Those with ears to hear, hear then what the Spirit is saying. ■

Rev. Rich Lang is pastor of Trinity United Methodist in Ballard and a member of the Real Change Organizing Project. He can be contacted through www.tumseattle.org.



Wed., April 16, 2:00 p.m., Pine St. Officer on patrol spotted the suspect, a transient white male aged 46, walking out of the parking garage on the corner of Second and Pike. This parking spot is a hotbed of drug activity, so the officer contacted the suspect and asked him if he had a car parked in the garage. Suspect stated he did not, and officer asked him for his ID. A records check revealed an outstanding warrant, which was verified via radio. Suspect was arrested and booked into King County Jail.

Wed., April 16, 3:53 p.m., Pine St. Suspect, a transient Native American male aged 33, was observed by officers walking down Pine Street. They recognized him as the same man they had stopped in the street on the previous day due to his erratic behavior. They had contacted him in the same location, and believed he may have been high. Suspect was active with the Department of Corrections, and officers contacted his DOC officer. The DOC officer advised suspect to report to the DOC office the next day, and that if he was seen downtown he would be arrested. Suspect was then released. Officers saw him in the same location April 16, and when they approached him he attempted to keep walking and became very confrontational. The DOC were contacted, and officers arrested suspect and transported him to the DOC office. At the office he was interviewed and released to go to his appointment after a heated exchange in which suspect admitted he was a chronic drug user and wanted treatment.

Thurs., April 17, 3:52 p.m., Rainier Ave S. Officers responded to the call of a possible car prowling in progress, and arrived at the location to find the reported vehicle parked on Rainier. Complainant stated that her child had been looking out of their front room window and had seen the suspect, a transient white female aged 27, getting into their car. The child told the complainant, and she called 911. Officers contacted the suspect, and recognized her from prior contacts numerous times along Rainier. She has been known to find shelter in vehicles and other structures before, and was able to gain access to the vehicle via the unlocked door. She was lying down in the front passenger seat and appeared to be asleep. She did not intend any damage or take any property, and was given a verbal trespass warning from the address and released from the scene.

Thurs., April 17, 4:14 p.m., S. Cloverdale St. Victim was contacted by officers while trespassing in a vehicle on Rainier Ave S. Officers observed many scratches on her legs and face and asked her what had happened. She told them that around 9 a.m. she had been smoking crack cocaine with a male — he gave her a rock of crack and they smoked it together in the woods off Cloverdale Ave. After they were done smoking he began to pull her pants off, and she tried to run away but he pulled her down and pulled her pants completely off. She was afraid he was going to rape her, and continued to struggle. Victim, a transient female in her 30s, managed to pull away and ran through a large amount of blackberry bushes to escape, cutting herself in the process. She managed to get away from him, and could only describe him as in his 30s. She reported that he did not rape her and did not want to report the incident. She declined medical attention.

Compiled from incident reports of the Seattle Police Department by Emma Quinn. Got your own experience to relate? Call us at (206)441-3247 ext. 207 and we'll get the scoop.

Letters

editor@realchangenews.org

Street Smarts

Dear Real Change,

Every week I learn and re-learn something from reading Street Watch, but the full column item in the April 23 issue was just a small masterpiece and I want to thank Emma Quinn. Who can we blame for the suffering of this "Black male aged 29"? I think she tells us: not the Seattle City Parks employees, not the police officers, not even — and here I potentially saw myself — the annoying citizen bystanders vocally pointing out the obvious. The same round will go on and on and on until fundamental changes occur — a job, perhaps, for every annoying citizen bystander?

Ann Bristow
Seattle



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SOUL, Continued from Page 4

"You done went and found you a guru,
in the effort to find a new you,
and maybe even managed to raise your
conscious level"

("What Is Hip?" 1973)

"If your music ain't got no attitude, you should be doing something else," he says. "Whatever you're setting forth, you own it. There's a certain quality of energy. When I listen to soul singers that are 'wringing the rack,' so to speak, with the way they are singing, that's what moves me."

Even a man suffering from a breakup has a swagger.

Got the urge early last week,
to call you up just to hear you speak,
but I didn't want to waste your time,
'cause on the real side, you ain't worth the
dime

("Knock Yourself Out," 1970)

Inside Seattle's Jazz Alley recently, the audience makeup suggests little commonality among ethnicities, sartorial leanings or generations. So large is the age spread there is a dilemma at the door over whether to check IDs or pulses.

As the band traverses the crowd on the walk from the dressing room, there's no celebrity pretense. People casually call out individual musician's

names with the familiarity of friends and receive acknowledging nods. The band is as authentic as their music, ready and able to help a friend work on their Chevy or move some furniture. A bit desultory, a little nonchalant, the lunch-pail crew mounts the stage, instruments in hand. There's little to foreshadow the coming shapeshift.

A sudden surge of energy works its way through the room, through groins and up spinal columns, more than enough to defibrillate a bull elephant: the Tower of Power horn line and rhythm section has gone to work.

As they say in one of their early hits, "Down at the Night Club, the band be pumpin' / the beat be somethin'."

Old hits, new songs, the fresh and familiar. Of the latter, Emillio takes the lead vocal for the only time of the night. For him and Tower's longtime fans, the words say it all:

I've been through all them changes,
a lot of stuff came down.

I've dealt with all the issues,
you might say I've been around.

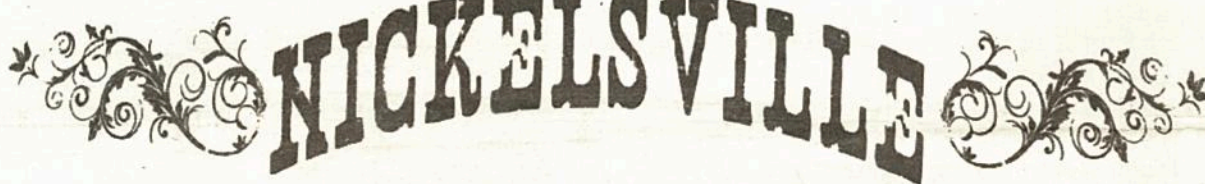
But back when I got started,
there was a righteous sound.

It doesn't matter what I've been through.

He turns the mike toward the audience and they return his love:

I'll still be diggin' on James Brown. ■

COME ON DOWN TO



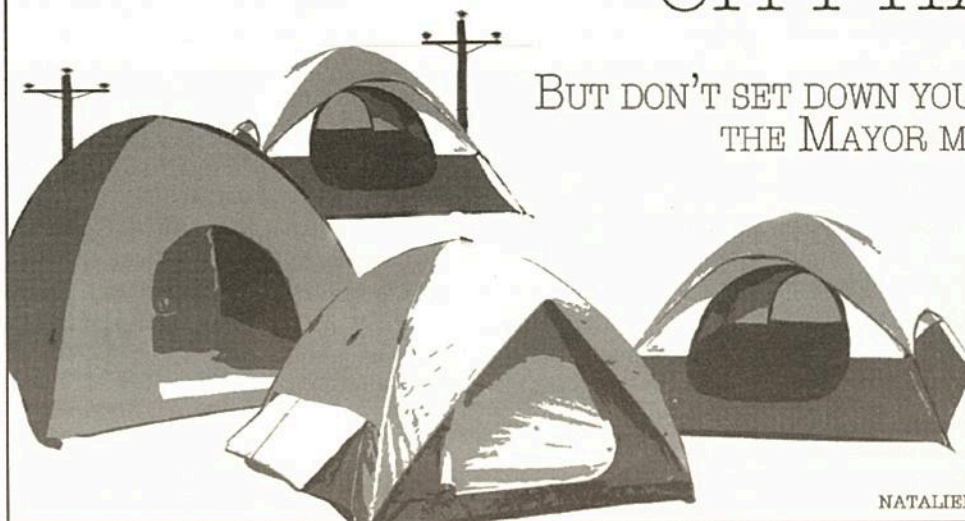
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MAULDIN, Continued from Page 7

the war would be over by Christmas 1943. The idea was to publish images of American war dead, of soldiers in grim situations. You think you're sacrificing by only getting three gallons of gas a week and not getting butter every week, but these soldiers are living in foxholes, encountering artillery fire, and fighting a very lethal enemy, and we need to give them all the support we can muster.

Mauldin was part of this campaign of se-

Stanley Meltzoff, an illustrator on *Stars and Stripes* who was responsible for discovering Mauldin, told me, "To call Bill Mauldin a cartoonist downgrades what he did, what those pictures meant to people."

lective truth. American war dead would be shown, but they'd be face down in the sand, not in twisted or grotesque positions.

Mauldin knew he couldn't get away with everything he wanted to say about the gruesomeness of combat, and especially about battle fatigue where soldiers literally

forgot their own names, couldn't respond, couldn't hear, were nearly catatonic. He had seen men walk to the front as though they were going to the gas chamber—but he couldn't talk about it in cartoons.

Gen. George S. Patton threatened to jail Mauldin for his sardonic art.

Patton hated the cartoons as much for the disheveled appearance of the characters as for the insubordination expressed in the cartoons. Patton was a spit and polish guy, [and] I think didn't understand a lot of humor, but he understood the pictures well enough to know these guys were disheveled and therefore insubordinate.

Was Mauldin affected by posttraumatic stress disorder?

He certainly had a special survivor's guilt. Not only did he survive, but he became a celebrity. He carried that paradox his whole life. He survived and his whole company got wiped out. He felt that he had exploited these people, and he had never told the whole truth.

Mauldin's fervor for fairness continued in his postwar work.

Civil rights was the issue that meant the most to him. It infuriated and outraged him when he saw discrimination. He came home thinking that nothing could justify the slaughter he witnessed [and] was desperate to find some meaning for the war. He hit on the idea that if we're not living up to the American ideals of freedom and

democracy, the war was true hypocrisy and a true, unmitigated catastrophe. So he went out as a crusader for civil rights very early on in 1945, not only for African-Americans, but for Jewish Americans, Nisei, Mexican-Americans, Native-Americans. He was at the fore-



"I'm beginnin' to feel like a fugitive from th' law of averages."

front of all this.

The redbaiting he saw also infuriated him. Bill Mauldin, like many Americans, came home very grateful for the Red Army. Eventually, when he [learned of] the actions of Joseph Stalin, he was upset. He was caught between the left, which he saw as apologists for the Soviet Union, and the right, which he saw as [having] a fascist enthusiasm for a catastrophic war with the Soviet Union. He was a lone voice of independent liberalism for a while.

And he soon gained an adversary in FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover.

It didn't take long. By late 1945, the FBI opened a file on him, kept him under surveillance, collected his cartoons, kept a record of his speeches and the groups he joined. That was used in his 1956 congressional race by his opponent, who had access to that raw FBI data. And things were added into the early '70s.

He ran for Congress in a conservative district in New York as a liberal Democrat.

He ran an exhausting campaign, and he outscored any Democrat before him. He took it very seriously, and didn't want to be just a celebrity candidate.

Mauldin covered both the Korean War and Vietnam where he survived a mortar attack at Pleiku when visiting his son.

His son [was] stationed at Pleiku [in 1965], a little base, and no one expected that the Vietnam War as we know it would start there, but it did. This was the first direct Viet Cong attack on American troops. Mauldin just happened to be there—the only correspondent there. He took some photographs, did some sketches, and helped with the dead and wounded.

He wouldn't say this, but I think he avoided combat in Korea. He didn't want to hang around the front lines. He'd had enough of that in World War II.

Didn't Mauldin support the Vietnam war after the attack on Pleiku?

He did. He saw friends of his son hurt and killed and he was outraged [but] he said it didn't take him long to realize it was an ill-defined adventure. By 1968, he was radically against the war.

And LBJ befriended Mauldin?

Yes, as long as he embraced the war, LBJ liked him. In some ways he was a kindred spirit. Two smart, ambitious "shit kickers," as LBJ put it, from the Southwest, with a shared fierce sense of humor [and] a sense of grievance toward those who were better bred. But when Mauldin turned against the war, he was never invited back to the LBJ Ranch or the White House.

It was very moving to read of his last years and how veterans still admired him and sought him out. Have you heard from many veterans?

I have, and it's heartbreaking: these old men with a deep connection to Mauldin, thanking me for writing the book.

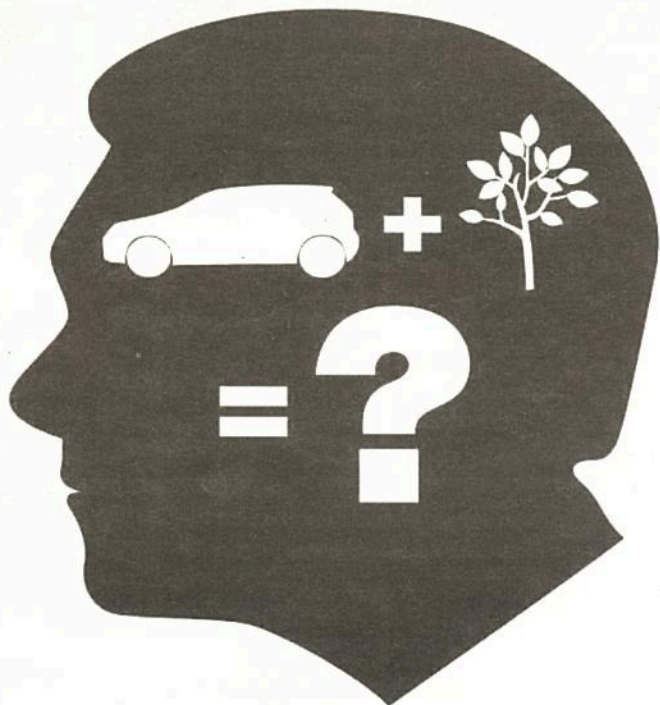
And Mauldin got hundreds of letters on his deathbed. One was in shaky, spidery scrawl from a woman who thanked Mauldin for drawing for her husband who was killed in action in 1944. She's writing about a trauma [of] 60 years [earlier]. It taught me how those traumas are so fresh, and how intimately connected Mauldin is with that generation's grief. ■

Robin Lindley is a Seattle writer and attorney. He is a past chair of the World Peace through Law Section of the Washington State Bar Association.

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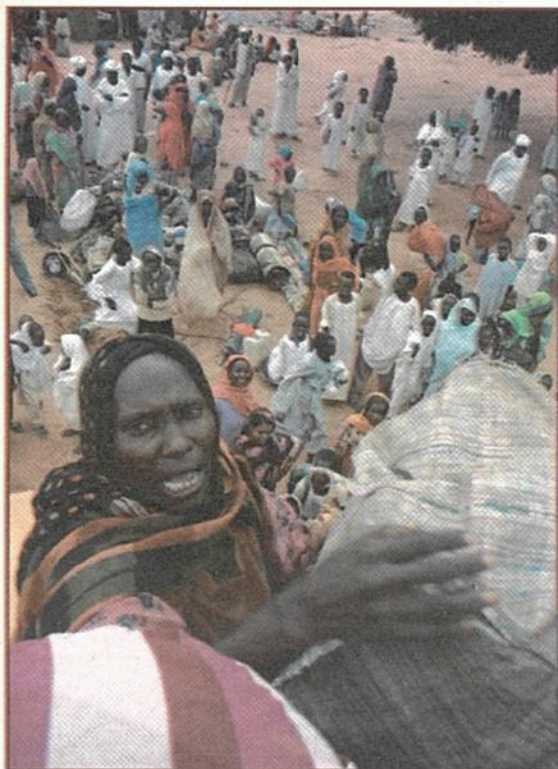
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As part of its current running of *The Diary of Anne Frank* the **INTIMAN Theatre** is hosting "Never Again, Again: The Darfur Crisis" as a bridge between the content of drama and reality of contemporary problems. A guest speaker panel will feature one of the "Lost Boys" of Sudan, Mawut Mayen, and co-founder of Save Darfur Washington State Diane Ross Baer along with STAND founder Ben Weintraub. Each will relate their personal story with the suffering in Darfur and how each person in attendance can help end it. *Anne Frank* shows before and after, so you can make a day out of it as well. Panel takes place at **4:30 p.m. Sat., May 3**, at the INTIMAN, 201 Mercer St., and is free. Tickets and times for *Anne Frank* available at www.intiman.org.

Calendar

This Week's Top Picks

Wednesday 4/30

Sometimes I just can't do it. I can't read another book that lets me know how the wealthy and powerful get away with robbing the American public thanks to similarly wealthy and powerful politicians; I'll just stew myself with outrage. But it's great to do with a group, like the one that meets tonight at Elliott Bay Books with **David Cay Johnston**, where he'll be presenting his new book *Free Lunch: How the Wealthiest Americans Enrich Themselves at Government Expense (and Stick You with the Bill)*, which is coincidentally about what I described above, except I left out that Johnston is a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist of 40 years. Starts at 6 p.m. at 101 S. Main St.

Kevin Phillips, author of *American Theocracy*, has turned his eyes from the crisis of oil to the credit crunch and housing market turmoil in his new book *Bad Money: Reckless Finance, Failed Politics, and the Global Crisis of American Capitalism*. Phillips sees this new crisis as the harbinger of a worse economic future and as the Achilles heel of national security. If only there was some color-coded warning graph related to banking problems then I would know how scared to be. Maybe Phillips will bring one tonight to Town Hall, 1119 Eighth Ave., at 7:30 p.m., after I pay \$5 at the door off Seneca. More info at www.townhallseattle.org.

Thursday 5/1

And you thought Earth Day was over. Starting the Green events this week: the **Hazel Wolf Environmental Film Festival**. 55 films all concerned with raising environmental awareness will be showing over the next four days on the UW campus at Johnson Hall. Highlights include *Oil+Water*, a biofueled kayaking road trip from Alaska to Argentina and *Everything's Cool*, which documents the changing environmental awareness of Americans as polluting industries naysay the problems

of environmental degradation. Many filmmakers will be in attendance to discuss their films as well. Times and tickets can be found at www.hazelfilm.org.

Friday 5/2

If you have a spare moment when you're not watching an environmental film at Hazel Wolf, you can fill that hour and a half with Meaningful Movies presentation of *An Evening of Short Films on Food and Sustainability*. Features *The Luckiest Nut in World*, singing about food history and free trade follies; *The Meatrix*, the ugly truth of agribusiness; and don't forget, *Terminator Tomatoes*, which I think you can figure out for yourself. Starts at 7 p.m., is free, and takes place at the Keystone Church, 5019 Keystone Pl. N. More film descriptions at www.meaningfulmovies.org.

Sunday 5/4

It's that time of year again: **The Sixth Annual NW Biodiesel Forum**. As biodiesel has become a hot issue, this year's forum should be especially interesting with discussions on the sustainability of biodiesel and the future of biodiesel vehicles with the additional bonus of Gov. Chris Gregoire opening the forum. The event also has demonstrations, interactive panels, and kid's activities. Taking place at Seattle Center Pavilion starting at 10 am. More info at nwbiodiesel.org.

This month is Asian-Pacific Islander Heritage Month and as such at they are holding an **Asian-Pacific Islander Heritage Month Celebration**. There will be artists, dancers, martial arts demonstrations and more, all from the huge diversity of cultures throughout this part of the world. This event is free and takes place at the Center House in Seattle Center. More info at www.seattlecenter.com.

Calendar compiled by Corey Kahler.
What's shaking in your neck of the woods?
Email it to calendar@realchangenews.

eyes ON FREMONT

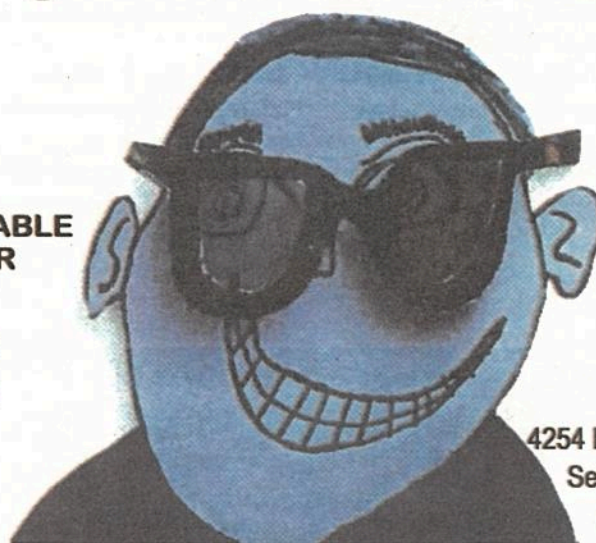
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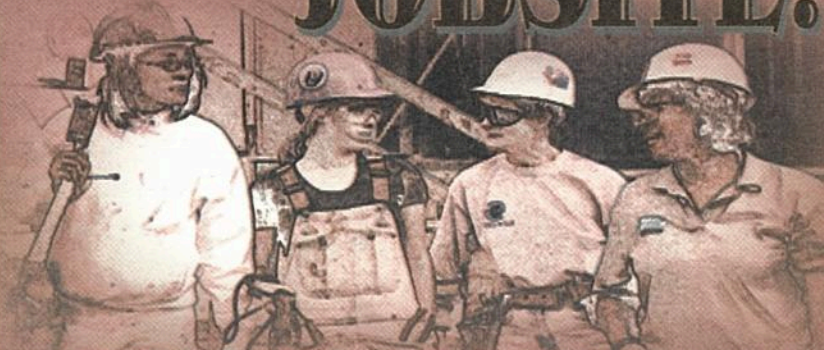
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