

# AMNUAL BREAK CRAY OF HOME - REAL CRAY OF HOME

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ALONE IN OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK,
PHOTGRAPHER BRYANT CARLIN FINDS HIS FOCUS
PAGE 6

LAST WORDS FROM DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

# SUPERMARKET IN A BOX



KNOCK IT OFF STREET PAPERS FIGHT FAKES MAKING FREE RIDES PAY

How will Metro save \$3 million?

Your vendor buys this paper for 35¢ and keeps all the proceeds. Please purchase from 2011 badged vendors only.

Photo by Bryant Carlin



Real Change exists to provide opportunity and a voice for low-income and homeless people while taking action for economic justice.

219 1st Ave. S., #220 Seattle, WA, 98104 206.441.3247 www.realchangenews.org

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The Real Change Homeless Empowerment Project is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Real Change is a member of the North American Street Newspaper Association, the International Network of Street Papers and the Greater Seattle Business Association.





# Social Security office must be accessible to all

By ALEX K. F. DOOLITTLE & THALIA SYRACOPOULOS

Several years ago, one of us went to the downtown Social Security office at Ninth and Lenora to enroll in Medicare. A security guard provided a greeting at the door.

The waiting room was packed with people of all ages, levels of ability, sizes, shapes and colors. Some had young children with them, many had packages, and one person sat next to a grocery cart filled to the brim. English, while the dominant language, was only one of many being spoken.

The security guard provided the guidance needed to figure out how to navigate the computer to obtain a number for service. The Social Security employee provided excellent and goodhumored service. Medicare enrollment was achieved in good time.

This experience at that office is soon to be relegated to "the good old days." For budgetary reasons, the regional Social Security administrators have chosen to consolidate the Lenora and the Lane Street offices into a single office. Consolidation to save money makes sense. What does not make sense is that they have decided to locate the new office in the Henry M. Jackson Federal Building. The actual location, between First and Second Avenues, and Marion and Madison Streets is not the problem.

The problem is that the Jackson Federal Building is a Level 4 security building. In order to get in, you have to show a picture ID before passing through the Homeland Security inspection point metal detector.

If you do not speak English, translators are not available at the security checkpoint. If you no longer drive but have an expired driver's license, it is not acceptable as picture ID. Obtaining a Washington State ID is very difficult due to costs, location and office hours.

If you are homeless, or live with roommates and do not have proof of residence (utility bills, mortgage papers) you cannot get a state ID. These barriers are insurmountable, especially to many with either physical or mental disabilities.

The Social Security Administration has reported that in a casual survey they found that approximately 12 persons per day come to the present offices without picture ID. The security requirments could result in as many as 4,320 persons being turned away each year.

If you are homeless and have all of your worldly possessions with you, you cannot take them through security unless the cart will fit through the metal detector. Obviously, if you have eating utensils that include a knife, they would not be allowed. If you recieve Social Security disability benefits because you suffer from a mental illness, your symptoms, such as severe anxiety, confusion or fear, may make it difficult to even approach security much less to go through the necessary procedures. If you come with small children in order to apply for Social Security survivors benefits because your spouse has recently died, you would have to navigate with your diaper bag, baby bottles, children and their toys, which, hopefully, would pass through, the security checkpoint.

Social Security is one of the few pieces left of the "safety net" in this country. Its office is and should remain a public facility that people can access freely without barriers. Moving it to the Jackson Federal Building makes that piece of the safety net even more difficult to use for many who are most in need. Those who must visit in order to apply for benefits, to straighten out a glitch in receiving benefits or to replace a lost or stolen card should not be subject to the difficulties, and sometimes humiliation, of trying to pass through the stiff security of the Jackson Federal Building.

Community groups raised these concerns with regional Social Security personnel at a recent meeting. Representatives from the offices of Senators Patty Murray and Maria Cantwell and Representative Joe McDermott were also in attendance. They too expressed reservations about the decision to move the local offices to the Jackson Federal Building.

If you have questions or suggestions for alternative sites, or if the move to the Jackson Federal Building will cause personal hardship for you, the person to contact is:

Stanley Friendship Regional Commissioner Social Security Administration 701 5th Ave. Ste. 2900 Seattle, WA 98104 Email: stanley.c.friendship@ssa.gov

Phone: 206.615.2107

While it is well on its way to being finalized, it is not yet impossible to change this decision. The new consolidated facility can still be housed in a location that is truly available and accessible to all who need to use it.

Alex K. F. Doolittle is executive director of the Seattle Community Law Center. Thalia Syracopoulos is with the Seattle Chapter of the National Organization for Women.

Social Security is one of the few pieces left of the "safety net" in this country. The Social Security office is and should remain a public facility that people can access freely without barriers.

# **Director's Corner**



If misery loves company, the data suggest that poor people in America must be freakin' ecstatic. Recently released 2010

census figures on income and poverty reveal that the number of Americans who live below the poverty line is up a full percentage point since 2009, to 15.3 percent.

With a population of 305,688,000, this means more than 3 million newly minted poor people just last year. Nearly one in seven Americans now live below the poverty line.

"Poverty," in this case, means those who live on \$928.25 a month or less. For most people, that's only enough to cover rent. Good luck with that.

It gets worse. Among young adults 25 to 34, nearly half (45.3 percent) have poverty level incomes, and 14.2 percent of these live at home

with mom and dad. Of single women with kids, 31.6 percent live in poverty. This group is worse off than the disabled, of whom just 27.9 percent are poor.

Here in Washington state, a horrifying 47 percent of single moms with kids under five live in poverty.

The poor in South King County constitute an astonishing 24.6 percent of the population, up, apparently, from 13.5 percent last year.

Other local findings are that food stamp usage in Washington state rose from 11.1 to 13.3 percent, and the number of residents without health insurance went from 13.4 to 14.2 percent.

Meanwhile, incomes of the richest one in 100 of us have climbed by 18 percent over the past decade. These few now take home nearly 25 percent of America's income and hold 40 percent of America's wealth. While many Americans are seriously hurting, these folks have the equivalent of an economic morphine drip. Whatever pain a balanced

budget might involve is clearly someone else's problem.

The way this works is simple. Rich people give money to rich people who become politicians, who pass laws that allow rich people to give them more money so that they can shamelessly funnel more money, in the form of tax breaks, back to rich people. Any excuse will do. This, of course, includes corporations, who are people too.

Despite the fact that inequality has steadily increased since 1973, I have to believe that this trend cannot last forever.

Many places that we think of as having extreme inequality, like Brazil, are closing the gap between rich and poor. Meanwhile, our current politics guarantee that we will become increasingly divided. For every one of us living on Mercer Island, another 25 or so will be slumming it out in Kent.

Sooner or later, we're gonna see that we've got them outnumbered. I gotta say, the sooner, the better.



A protestor greets President Obama during his Sept. 25 visit to Seattle. Photo by Elliot Stoller

# LETTER

With Starbucks, Howard Schultz creates opportunity, not poverty

I was so disappointed you printed John Burbank's [op-ed] denigrating Howard Schultz and Starbucks. [RC Aug. 31, 2011, "Millions for the boss, food stamps for the workers"]

Starbucks starts baristas at \$2 over minimum wage. [Employees] receive medical, dental and vision. They accommodate work hours with school.

But the main contribution of Starbucks, Tully's and the like are the coffee shops. Before them, there was no place to stop for coffee, a newspaper and a chat. They're much-needed social places at a time when technology makes isolation a norm.

I patronize Tully's and Starbucks. They provide a casual social life when many friends are gone and I could be moldering alone in my home - and I am very representative.

Schultz is not like bankers. hedge-fund managers or Wall Street firms that makes money by moving it around. Recently, at his own time and expense, he contacted many CEOs to encourage them to hire and expand and not wait for Congress.

He is one of the "good ones."

Pat Thompson

# Easy money?

By nixing free rides and giving out bus tickets, Metro stands to save \$3 million. The fun part is figuring out how

By ROSETTE ROYALE Assistant Editor

ounty leaders last month gave Metro Transit the green light to eliminate Seattle's Ride Free Area, and, to soften the blow, give out more free bus

For the Ride Free Area, they've got until May 2012 to come up with a plan to start collecting fares. The Ride Free Area is scheduled to go away in October 2012.

The agency's got less than two months -until November of this year — to lay out a plan for the distribution of free bus tickets.

### Reducing congestion

It could be a bumpy ride. Elimination of the Ride Free Area, which encompasses more than 100 blocks downtown, could cause delays on surface streets as every rider would have to pay when boarding. For the same reason, delays may also affect the downtown service transit tunnel, Metro service manager Victor Obeso said.

These impacts could be mitigated, he explained, through roadway improvements or by potentially increasing the size of bus boarding areas on city streets, creating room for more buses to pick up paying pas-

"Every second counts," said Obeso, "every minute counts."

And every dollar counts. Metro predicts that by eliminating the city's RFA, one of three in the country, 1.2 million riders who used to travel for free will pay, creating \$2.6 million in new revenue in 2012.

This new revenue could be supplemented with an estimated \$400,000 to \$500,000 the amount the transit agency hopes to recover from those who used to exit the bus without paying, but will now pay on entry - Obeso said. With these funds, Metro could garner an extra \$3 to \$3.1 mil-

Due to a sales tax revenue decline and the recession, Metro faces a \$60 million shortfall.

## Draining the pool

That's not even the hard part. Metro has to figure out how to distribute the free bus tickets that are part of the transportation package.

Once a vehicle owner receives new vehicle tabs, the car owner will have two

# **BY THE NUMBERS**

1.2 million

more people will pay fare

\$2.6 million in additional fare revenue

\$500,000

saved from fare evasion

\$3.1 million projected earnings from eliminating the

Source: King County Metro

Ride Free Area

options: receive eight free bus tickets for personal use or donate those tickets to Metro's Human Service Ticket Program, a progam already in existence.

If the owner keeps the tickets, they can be used on any regular bus route.

If they choose to donate the eight tickets, the process, much like a street during rush hour, becomes a little more difficult to navigate. These donated tickets, valued collectively at \$16.16, then become part of the Human Service Ticket Program pool. (Each donated ticket will carry a value of \$2.02, less than the regular price one-zone off-peak fare of \$2.25.)

Human service agencies can purchase tickets from this pool at an 80 percent discount. The donated tickets' value — \$16.16 — then becomes part of that pool.

Right now, per county code, the maximum value of the pool cannot exceed \$1.875 million a year. A Metro official said the agency hopes to increase the pool's maximum value, which would require a vote of the full King County Council.

Right now, the pool gets drained every year, as human service agencies buy all available tickets. But increasing the value of the pool with donated tickets may cause another problem: There is no guarantee human service agencies, also beset by budget cuts, will be able to afford the surplus tickets.

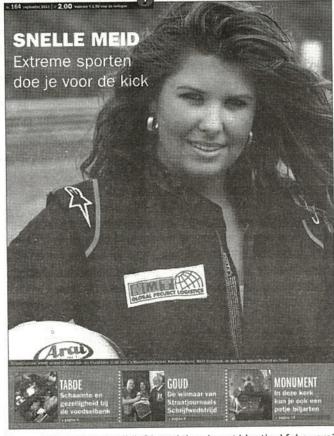
# **Police Accountability and Public Safety**

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Free Event and Dinner with Childcare Provided

More Information: KL Shannon at (206) 854-5462

# **Straatjournaal**



The real 'Straatjournaal' (left), and the almost identical fake version (right). Photos courtesy Street News Service.

## traat Journaal Negen miljard mensen voeren: IJsland hervat vliegverkeer Doden bij aardbeving Turkije Hevige regens elsen mear dan 125 ded In India en Pakistan THT WORDT GESPLITST mitentantise royals bij concert Maxima Lagarde kandidaat topfunctie IMF Egypte opent grens met Gazastrook Stoppinge familie Dickinson naakt ljastin Birabai, kinoraus visolavranjelskim Prinses Maxima in opvallende rode jas on aim de meuwe Toppes Waar of niet waar og etter i Standarde ett urtin Shar Nog steeds veel besmette teken in Nederland Vuvuzela is ziekteverspreider Doe Het Zeur ro en Red Buil heersers in de tanksh Yes, yes, yes...!!! 3 W.DOK. W! Katja Schuurman Blografia SHOUSE THE SHEET

# **Dutch street papers introduce** "quality mark" to fight fakes

By DANIELLE BATIST Street News Service

uch like organic farmers certify their food with a label, four large Dutch street papers will start their own quality mark in November to provide clarity to customers about which papers are "real."

Following the recent development of fake street papers operating in the country, the street papers Straatjournaal (Haarlem), Straatnieuws (Utrecht), Z! (Amsterdam) and Haags Straatnieuws (The Hague) decided to create an official quality assurance mark. Leading Dutch television consumer program, Radar, broadcast a special investigation into the rapid growth of street papers earlier this year. It showed how fake street paper publishers operate from sketchy offices, making a profit off their vendors without investing anything into vendor support. Many of these street papers carry no original journalistic content, but are instead filled with copied content from Internet pages and free tourist brochures.

The program's journalists went undercover to highlight the growing problems with Roma vendors in the country. While some Roma vendors sell legitimate street papers without any problems, a growing number sell copies illegally, without having an authorized vendor badge. Others sell fake copies, often chasing original vendors from their selling spots outside supermarkets and in shopping streets.

One of the original street papers that became victim of scammers is Straatjournaal. Staff at the original paper, produced in Haarlem, were shocked to find a fake version of their publication sold in different towns across the country. The fake is produced by Roma vendors themselves and does not contain any original journalistic content, nor has any vendor

support systems in place. The fake paper does not adhere to the rules agreed on by the original Dutch street papers, including sales districts and vendor codes of conduct.

Radar discovered that many of the unofficial vendors are exploited. They come to the Netherlands from countries like Bulgaria and Romania in search of a better life. Once they start at a fake street paper, they get trapped in their situation. They get picked up from and dropped off at their selling spots by middlemen who recieve hefty commission fees.

Some Roma families own cars in which they live, often parked near the supermarket parking lots they sell from. Begging customers for money proved common, something the original Dutch street papers principally oppose.

Radar's research showed that consumers are confused about who and what they support when they buy a street paper. According to its survey, some 70 percent of Dutch street paper readers say they need more clarity about the product they

The alliance of Dutch street papers says it is aware of the problems.

"We think it is very regrettable that it is not clear to our customers what papers they can and cannot trust. That is why we have decided to act straightaway and create a street paper quality mark that will feature clearly on the covers of our street papers. This way, buyers will be able to recognize immediately whether the paper they are about to buy is real," said their spokesman.

To receive the quality mark, a street paper must adhere to six rules:

- The street paper must be nonprofit.
- 2. It must not receive structural funds; the running costs of the paper must be covered by its turnover.
- 3. It must be distributed locally and

sold by registered vendors (buyers should ask for the official vendor badge).

4. It must be a member of the Interna-

Staff at the **Straatjournaal** were shocked to find a fake version of their paper sold across Holland.

tional Network of Street Papers.

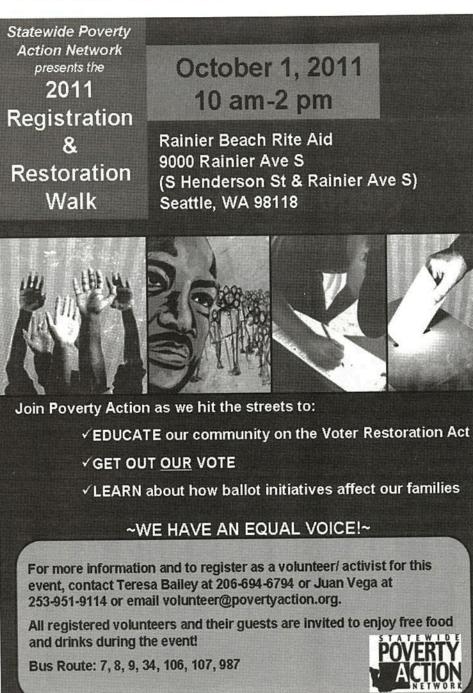
- 5. It must produce original, quality journalism.
- 6. It must not be a "hidden begging project;" vendors must work for their money.

The papers hope their move will end the confusion in the Dutch street paper market. At the same time, they hope it will protect real vendors on the streets.

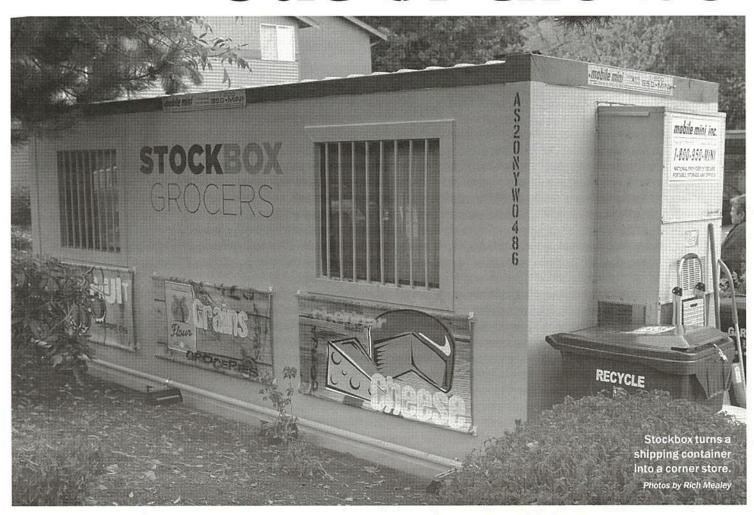
In a statement, editors Frank Dries, Jessica Hoogenboom, Floor de Booys and Hans van Dalfsen said: "We are proud of our papers and the people who sell them, come rain or shine. We hope everyone will keep buying our papers and, by doing so, help homeless people help themselves. Not by begging or stealing, but by earning a living."

Problems with fake street papers are not exclusive to the Netherlands. Earlier this year, Danish street paper Hus Forbi also announced plans to tackle illegal sales.

streetnewsservice.org



# Out of the box









# Temporary grocery store creates oasis in Delridge "food desert"

By ALISON SARGENT Contributing Writer

n a South Delridge parking lot, where the nearest grocery store is a hilly mile away, a converted shipping container is the new corner store.

Stockbox Grocers opened Sept. 12 in the parking lot of an apartment building at Twenty-fourth and Southwest Holden. It will remain open until Nov. 7.

The nonprofit pilot project is the brainchild of Carrie Ferrence, Jacqueline Gjurgevich, Michael Brooks and Eliza Michiels, who developed the concept as graduate students in the Bainbridge Graduate Institute MBA program.

Their vision: Mini grocery stores operated out of reclaimed shipping containers located in the lots of businesses they call "parking lot partners."

South Delridge, with its limited transportation and relative lack of food stores seemed like a natural spot to start, Gjurgevich said.

Stockbox carries 275 different products: A typical supermarket has about 40,000. Unlike convenience stories, it's not more expensive. Stockbox founders checked prices against the three closest supermarkets: QFC, Target and Safeway.

"Our low overhead allows us to focus more on the inventory," Ferrence said.

The store currently only accepts cash, credit and debit, but they are waiting on permits to accept food stamps and hope to eventually accept WIC, the women, infants and children's nutrion program.

"That's definitely been our No. 1 request," Ferrence said. "Every day we've had at least three customers come in who can't shop."

Customers have made food requests, too. Ron, a Westhaven resident, said the store started to carry Raisin Bran after he asked for it.

Stockbox also makes requests of customers. When kids came in looking for Coco Puffs, which they don't stock, Ferrence challenged them to think of ways to sweeten cereals on their own. When one woman wanted enchilada sauce, which isn't on the shelves, either, Ferrence looked up a recipe online, and the woman went home with ingredients to make her own.

"I think part of it is about retraining customer habits," she said.

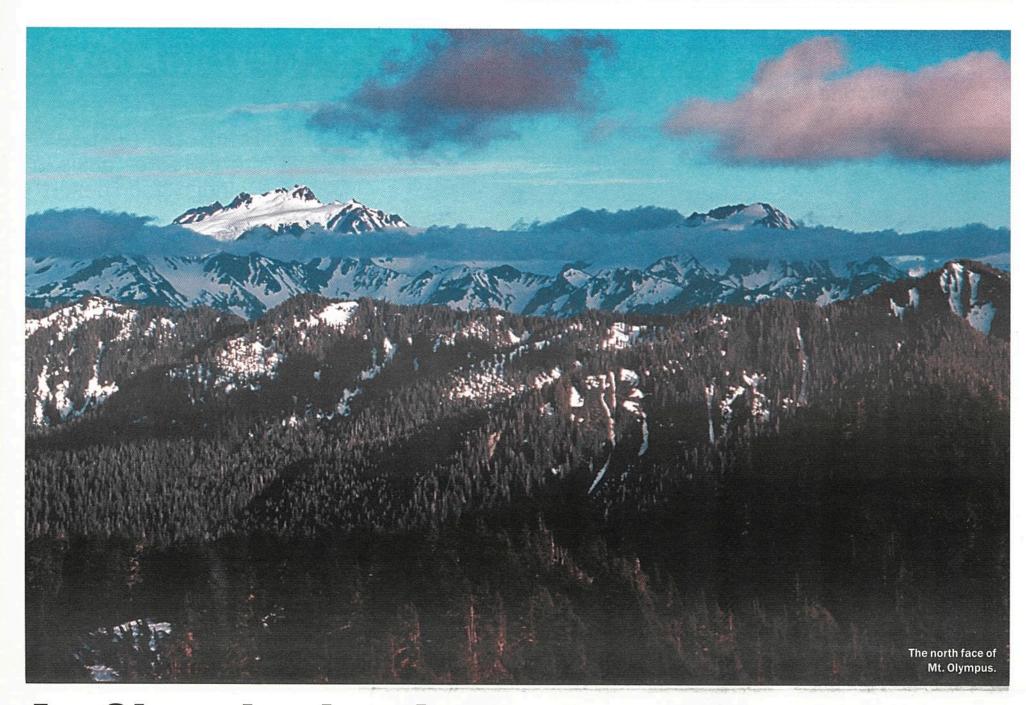
Plans include providing recipe cards for items like quinoa and polenta to encourage people to try buying them.

The business group wants to focus on Seattle and start small with neighborhoods like Delridge, Skyline and South Park. Ferrence said the goal is to make each store financially sustainable.

For Ed Pottharst, a district coordinator for the South Seattle neighborhood, the area's newest grocer is something of a throwback.

"It reminds me of corner stores," he said. "We used to have more of those."

More information and business hours can be found at stockboxgrocers.com



# An Olympic visual symphony

Photographer and Real Change vendor Bryant Carlin plans to spend three months capturing the removal of two Elwha River dams

Interview by ROSETTE ROYALE Assistant Editor

In a few days, Bryant Carlin will be gone.

By Oct. 10, Bryant, a Real Change vendor, will board a bus — and another bus and another and another — leaving Seattle with an overstuffed backpack, en route for the Olympic National Park. He'll hike for five, 10, 15 miles into the backcountry until he reaches his destination: the Elwha River. There, armed with his camera, Bryant will photograph what's set to be an engineering feat and, perhaps, an ecological coup: the removal of two Elwha River dams and the restoration of a wild salmon run. All of this he hopes to capture when he camps out, alone, in the national park for close to three chilly, drizzly months.

He's done this before. For more than a decade, Bryant has embarked on multiple sojourns, ranging from three to 12 weeks, into the Olympic rain forest. During his stays, he's taken thousands of photographs. Deer bucks charging rivals in the rutting season, elk standing tall with a rack of velvety antlers, frothy river water bubbling down mountainsides, ivory-barked trees leaning over a calm, reflective lake: all this and more have been captured by his camera lens.

Bryant's desire to return to the Olympics again, to chronicle an event that will take place out of view of most people he meets selling Real Change, can be heard when he speaks about wildlife photography — his passion. He considers filming the Elwha dam removal a communications project, one he wants to share with the world.

With a twang in his voice that announces his Alabama roots, Bryant talked about why he does what he does. And, seated with a folder holding 200 color slides of his photography, some of which graced holiday cards that Real Change vendors sold last year, Bryant spoke of Ansel

Adams, Roosevelt elk, self-heal herb, the contents in his backpack and the two times he's encountered a cougar.

## You described yourself as a — What was it?

Wilderness immersion photographer. That's my own definition of what I'm doing in the wilderness.

### Well, what does that mean?

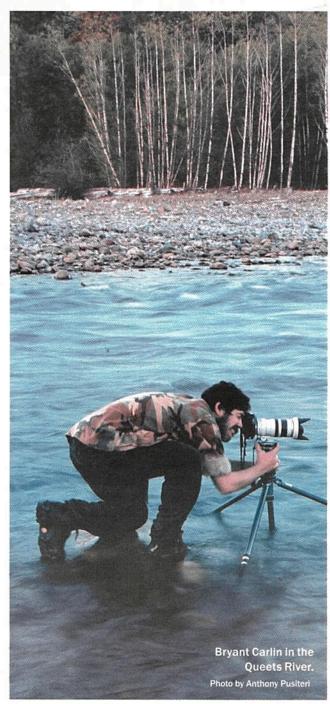
The first part of that is I usually take no less than two weeks in a single location and then I set a base camp, and then I pretty much just relax into the wilderness and let it unfold in front of me. Once I'm set, I kinda let the weather dictate the directions and I just roam the wilderness every day, usually in big circles of about five miles. Some of it's based on the influence of Ansel Adams: A lot of time he would spend two and three hours watching the same scene until he got exactly what he wanted in lighting. So I've tried to take some of that in my approach as well. And it's a disciplined shot count. I usually only take 15 — maximum — images a day, so I'm really concentrating on each moment and trying to get a definitive story. I was in the Marines. Some of the influence of the three-month training of Marine Corps boot camp, [that's what] I pretty much based it on, because it's the same kind of mental training over time.

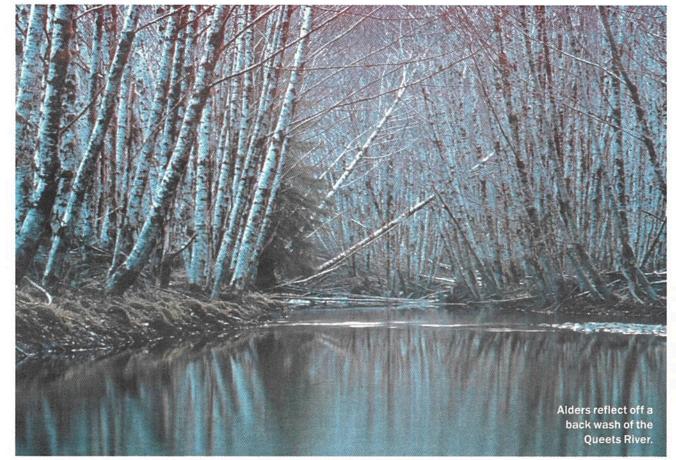
### What's the longest you've ever been out?

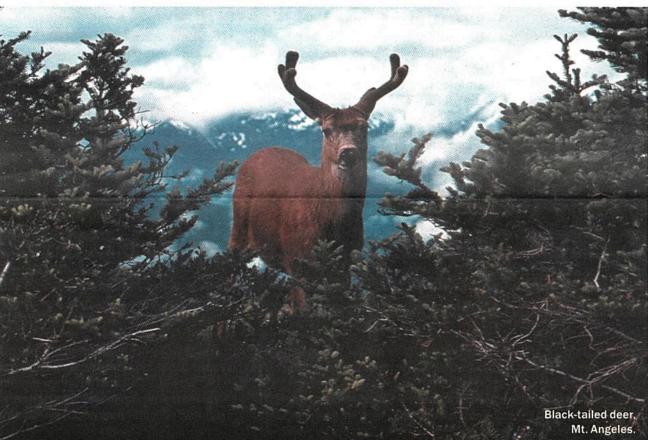
Three months — August, September, October of '99 — but I did have people coming in and resupplying me every two weeks. The longest I've gone solo and not resupplied is 27 days.

### Where?

The Bogachiel rain forest, just south of Forks, and my base camp was 17.4 miles in. It was 50 days total: I stayed in for 23 days, came out just long enough to resupply — I









I got in trouble for DUI and I was like, "Man, I gotta do something else with my life." And I just decided to go to Alaska and be a photographer.

caught the morning bus, went to Forks, got my food, came back on the afternoon bus — and I hiked back out. So I never missed a night. It was 50 straight nights, 18 days without even seeing another human. [Laughs.]

In the Bogachiel, there's this whole valley out there that runs for miles. It's like the Hoh Rain Forest valley that everybody sees photographs of. I didn't even see the sign of another human for that whole period of time: didn't find a single set camp, no fire circles. Most of the Olympic trails were originally elk trails. So if you follow the elk, you can pretty much go anywhere you want to in these mountains. Even though it looks like an impenetrable jungle, once you understand how the wildlife is working, you can go almost anywhere.

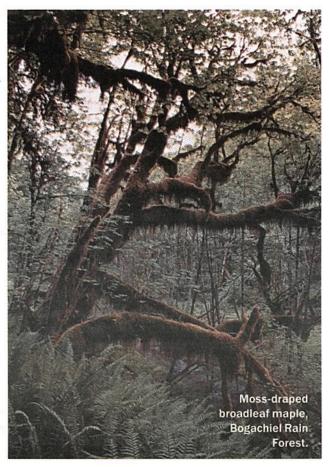
# What possessed you do this? If possession is the right term.

Ummm, I was sitting in a jail cell in Florida in 1993. I got in trouble for DUI, and the library jail had an Alaska magazine. And I was like, "Man, I gotta do something else with my life." And I just decided to go to Alaska and be a photographer. And I came to Seattle, headed to Alaska and fell in love with the Olympics.

I grew up doing this: family vacation to Smoky Mountains National Park in the fall, go to the undeveloped beaches in Florida in the '70s. And I grew up deer hunting. I never really enjoyed the kill. I'm not much of a very effective hunter. But I get the same feeling [he points to a photo of an elk]: This right here is my trophy. And he's still walking around out there.

So it's been a creative outlet, to be able to approach the wilderness, to create some work and learn from the wildlife. At the same time, I'm walking away with some beautiful images. It's an awesome experience. You've got to really want to do this. It sounds cool. You tell someone, "Yeah, I've been in the mountains for 23 days," they really don't think what it's like to be in Day 18, and it's raining for the third day in row, most of your clothes are at least damp, you're stumbling over vine maple and salal and falling into devil's club. I stuck a devil's club thorn into my leg and ended up with an infection about this big around

See BRYANT, Continued on Page 11







# A burdened author plumbs the depths of boredom

The Pale King: An Unfinished Novel

By David Foster Wallace, Little, Brown, and Co., Hardcover, 2011, 548 pages, \$27.99

At times, David

**Foster Wallace's** 

guided tour of the IRS

can be tedious. But it

can also be hilarious

Review by JOE MARTIN Contributing Writer

here is no doubt that David Foster Wallace was brilliant, a genius even. And as can happen in the mind of some possessed of a surfeit of cranial power, his bright intellectual prowess was accompanied by the dark affliction of profound and excruciating depression. For decades, medication enabled Wallace to cope with the vicissitudes of anguish. A decision to discontinue the medicinal regimen sparked a return of deep psychic distress. The resumption of chemical intervention seemed ineffectual against this new wrenching onslaught of despair. On Sept. 12, 2009, his wife arrived home to find her tormented husband dead, a suicide by hanging. The loss of this insightful, erudite and creative author stunned family and friends and shocked the literary world.

"The Pale King" is Wallace's last book, a novel cobbled together by his friend Michael Pietsch. The setting is Peoria, Ill. Its non-linear narrative shuffles in and out of the lives of an array of characters most of whom are burdened by the dreary, repetitive and superficial demands of their tasks as employees of the Internal

Revenue Service. Tedium vitae, lassitude and boredom, along with the mental concentration required to endure the "soul murdering" environment of endless actuarial reviews and often esoteric

calculation, pervade this labyrinthine world of accountants, tax assessors and systems managers.

At times, Wallace's guided tour of this vast organization can be just as tedious. But it can also be hilarious: A newspaper headline pronounces that an IRS worker at the Regional Examination Center has been found dead: "Supervisors at the IRS's regional complex in Lake James township are trying to determine why no one noticed that one of their employees had been sitting dead at his desk for four days before anyone asked if he was feeling all right."

As a tool for camouflaging an entity from the prying eyes of the public, dullness is unsurpassed: "It is impossible to overstate the importance of this feature. Consider, from the Service's perspective, the advantages of the dull, the arcane, the mind-numbingly complex. The IRS was one of the very first government agencies to learn that such qualities help insulate them against public protest and political opposition, and that abstruse dullness is actually a much more effective shield than is secrecy. For the great disadvantage of secrecy is that it's interesting. People are drawn to secrets; they can't help it."

One chapter details an IRS worker's

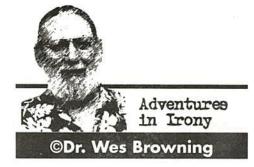
comical and poignant reflection of his meandering life as a slacker in the '70s. He recalls his sober straight-laced conservative father arriving home unexpectedly from a business trip to find his 'wastoid" son with two friends amidst a roaring mess of myriad paraphernalia: "At the moment he entered, two of us were slumped on the davenport with our dirty feet up on his special coffee table, and the carpeting was all littered with beer cans and Taco Bell wrappers - the cans were my father's beer, which he bought in bulk twice a year and stored in the utility room closet and normally drank maybe a total of two per week of - with us sitting there totally wasted and watching "The Searchers" on WGN, and one of the guys listening to Deep Purple on my father's special stereo headphones for listening to classical music on, and the coffee table's special oak or maple top with big rings of condensation from beer cans all over it because we'd turned the house's heat way up past where he normally allowed it to be, in terms of energy and conservation and expense, and the other guy next to me on the davenport leaning over in the middle of taking a huge bong hit — this guy was famous for being able to take massive hits."

Later at DePaul University this un-

oniversity this unfocused fellow will wander into a classroom by mistake where a business course is being taught by a crisp disciplined Jesuit priest. The young man is struck by the exactitude and order of

the presentation. He is equally conscious of the difference between the well-attired "serious and adult-looking students, with actual brief cases and accordion files instead of backpacks" and him and his other scruffy confreres in various humanities courses. It is an epiphany. He cuts his hair, gets spiffed up and hones in on an accounting career. His father would die in a freak accident: "[S]ometimes I feel quite sad at the thought that he is not here to see the career path I've chosen, and the changes in me as a person as a result, and some of my PP-47 performance evalua tions, and to talk about cost systems and forensic accounting with from a vastly more adult perspective."

A mid-April essay in The New Yorker by Wallace's friend and fellow writer Jonathan Franzen is an eloquent lament to the dead author: "He was a lifelong prisoner on the island of himself. What looked like gentle contours from a distance were in fact sheer cliffs." Wallace will live on in his vibrant and alluring oeuvre. "The Pale King" should please his legion of fans as well as invite those new to his work to peruse other novels, short stories and essays. It is a shame that in life he could not find a path to relief and tranquility. May the soul of David Foster Wallace be forever at peace.



'm looking forward to the return of L the Mother Ship. I mean, of course, I want my own people to return to this planet, invade and conquer, subjugate the humans, and give me all the humans' Androids and iPads to play with.

Failing that, I would settle for just any old hard-core alien invasion. Maybe they'd be slimy, drooling, arthropodean, biological killing machines, but surely they'd bring improvements to the fall lineup.

I must not be the only one who looks forward to the arrival of extraterrestrials. Too many of my friends are worked up about the passage of Comet Elenin and its possible connection with Planet X or Nibiru, or they're getting worked up about the latest new exo-planets that have been discovered. This one's small enough, that one's wet enough, the other one's warm enough.

Everyone thinks that, on the other hand, if aliens knew we were here enjoying this planet, they'd be landing and taking it over. I don't think so, for several reasons.

When I see a toilet stall occupied, I don't automatically think, "Gotta have that stall; must exterminate occupant: must claim stall for my species." I don't care how pretty the stall looks from orbit. That's just me. I'm willing to wait for a vacancy or go in the alley.

From the perspective of aliens, it's worse than that. This stall is, in fact, infested. There isn't enough Comet in the nearest 20 star systems put togeth-

# The truth is out there, but aliens may be too spooked to speak it

er to disinfect this filthy planet enough to safely install an alien ecology.

Then, there's Rick Santorum. Who wants a planet with Rick Santorums (Santorii?) running around loose on it?

Last week we were celebrating the end of Don't Ask Don't Tell. In the midst of the cheering, the Republicans held another presidential debate amongst themselves, and a freshly out gay soldier asked by way of video if the candidates would put DADT back in ef-

Well, they would. At least Santorum, Romney and Bachmann would. And while the audience booed the soldier, who is currently serving in Iraq, Santorum went so far as to say, "Any type of sexual activity has no place in the military," and called the repeal of DADT a form of social experimentation, which "recognizes a group of people and gives them a special privilege."

It's like Santorum is one of those weird bugs with his genitals where you think his mouth should be and his little brain in his butt. How does repealing DADT, which takes homosexuality away as a grounds for discharge, constitute "recognizing a group of people?" What special privilege? We discharge heterosexuals for being out?

You have to have your brain in your butt to regard the repeal of DADT as a weird social experiment but think "any type of sexual activity has no place in the military." Right, let's try getting rid of sex altogether in the military. No social experiment there.

If I were an alien and I was viewing the video of one of these Republican presidential debates, I'm sure it would send chills up and down my spine(s). Republican presidential candidates move and speak, but appear to have no central nervous systems. They're alive, and yet not alive. I wouldn't want to get into an argument with one of them, much less spend time conquering them.

Also this week, Dick Cheney told us we needed to rein in entitlements to pay our debts. Again, where is the nervous system? What does he use for a brain? Entitlements are debts. We have to pay Social Security because we took Social Security taxes from people with the promise that we would pay Social Security.

Hearing an audience at a Republican debate cheer the idea of letting a young man with no health insurance die, favoring a death penalty for being foolish — it's only natural to look to the sky for salvation. But the reality is that if there are aliens out there watching this, they won't want the hassles.

> Sound off and read more: drwesb.blogspot.com





Rev. Rich Lang

My first exposure to Christianity came as a child attending Biblebelieving fundamentalist youth groups and churches. These fundamentalists claimed that God our Creator had channeled God's own words into the Biblical writers' thoughts. The Bible therefore revealed God's complete and perfect will for human beings. It was truly a how-to book. One simply needed to read it and obey what was written there.

Of course, things did get difficult. After all, the Bible says a bunch of weird stuff like sanctioning permission to sell one's daughter into slavery, and taking an unruly son to the gates of the city and allowing the village to stone the poor kid to death, and killing homosexuals or adulterers or folks who violated the Sabbath. The Bible seemed OK with the institution of slavery and most certainly condoned patriarchy. War was not merely a drone strike here or there but out-and-out genocide.

And then there were the basic flatout contradictions of the Bible, like one book having God tell King David to take

# The hotbed of revolutionary activity: the church next door

a census of the people, and after David history. It's the type of zeal that wants does what God commands, God gets mad and slaughters a bunch of folk. The same story is told in another book but it was Satan telling King David to take the census. A conundrum: Was it God or Satan who gave the order?

rationality. They simply created their own rational logic by assuming certain truths that were true because, well, because they said they were true. Case closed. Now stop asking too many ques-

Today, we are witnessing the rise of Holy War Christianity that is equipping multiple millions of people with an alternative system of logic through which they want to remake the world. What the general populace hasn't caught onto yet is that church is no longer a place that trains one into communal civic virtues. That nice old church down the road is full of revolutionary zeal. It's the kind of zeal that wants to delete FDR-style America from the pages of

to put women back into domestic captivity, the poor back into the slave pits and the earth under the claws of exploitive extractors. They also want to place our freedom to think under submission. And, even scarier, it's the kind of zeal It goes on. But the churches of my that manifests itself through ecstatic ildhood were up to the challenge of outbursts claiming to be able to magically heal bodily ailments, raise the dead and cast out demons.

> The latter is very important because all who oppose those nice churches are possessed by demons and must be either converted or punished.

> In other words, the nice church down the road is a lot meaner and a lot nastier than you think. And they won't rest until you are one of them.

Rev. Rich Lang is the pastor of University Temple United Methodist in Ballard. He can be reached at oddrev@yahoo.com.

# **POEM**

## Goats

Come spring i'd have new playmates The nannies lapped at the afterbirth spread rich like liver upon the rainsoaked grass

The newborns took their first steps fell, got licked, rose, stood, stepped, fell again

learning everything a goat needed to know

within that first week

Following mom and her protruding

staked by chain and eating everything inside its radius

The kids, one, two, sometimes three stayed close

as mom endured eating constantly

to keep up her strength

That goat's milk was high-octane stuff

and when i was forced to give up goats for people goat's milk for common cow's

the goat remained inside my bones, my skin, my

unyielding stubborn weed-filled head

their bleating cries their single-minded purpose

There was my favorite billy who would climb atop our black

his long white hair fragrant with

He'd throw back his bearded horny

stomp his hoof upon the car's metal

laugh and bleat at the sun in sharp murderous minor chords like he knew something the rest of us were afraid to admit

— Larry Crist

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## **New Research Studies May** Improve Outcomes after Cardiac Arrest

Hundreds of lives are lost every day from cardiac arrest. Researchers at the University of Washington and 10 other communities across North America are trying to improve those odds by finding better treatments to improve survival after outof-hospital cardiac arrest.

One study is evaluating two different ways of performing CPR that are in current use in a number of communities. In one study, you could be treated with CPR consisting of chest compressions that are briefly interrupted for two breaths, or with chest compressions that are not interrupted when a breath is given.

A second study is evaluating whether heart rhythm medications are helpful when an electric shock fails to restore a normal heart rhythm. This can't be known unless these drugs are compared against one another, as well as compared against giving neither one. In this study, patients will receive all standard treatments in addition to which some patients will receive a rhythm medication, others a different rhythm medication, and others neither rhythm

The goal of these studies is to improve outcomes for the some 300,000 persons who sustain a cardiac arrest each year in the United States and on average only 5-10% of whom survive. The only way to change those odds is to identify treatments that truly work to save lives. Doing so means you could be enrolled in such an emergency study without your consent. Getting consent for these treatments is not possible when someone is unconscious from cardiac arrest, because life-saving therapies must be given

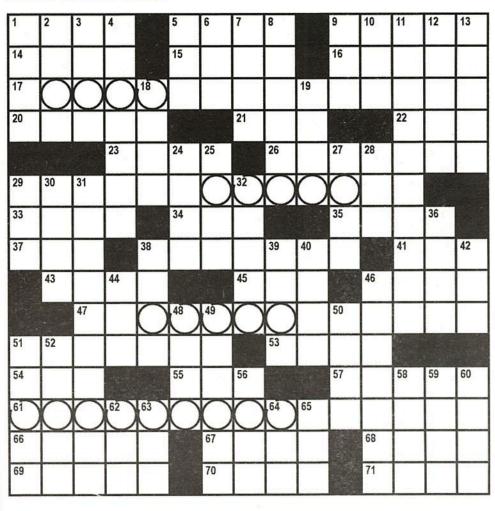
The University of Washington welcomes your feedback on these studies. For more information, please visit our website at www.uwheartroc.org, e-mail skcroc@u.washington.edu or call our cardiac arrest hotline at 206.447.5671.

8/12/11 ROC CCC ALPS

# CROSSWORD

## The Best Part of Waking Up

Puzzle by Patrick "Mac" McIntyre



#### ACROSS

- 1 Hilo "Howdy!"
- 6 "The Bachelor" airer.
- 11 Dean's e-mail address ender
- 14 Danger 15 Seoul site
- 16 He played the robot gunslinger of "Westworld"
- 17 Loud and shrill
- 19 Little wriggler 20 "Forget it!" (2 wds.)
- 21 Happen again
- 23 VW's full-size, luxury sedan model
- 26 Don Quixote's house
- 27 Human trunks 28 "Sure!" (2 wds.)
- 30 Jamaican exports
- 31 Woo
- 32 Brain and spinal cord, initially
- 35 Halifax clock setting: Abbr.
- 36 Actors Peter and Annette 38 Jul. 4 or Dec. 25, e.g.
- 39 Church seat
- 40 Basso singer Ezio
- 41 \_\_\_\_ one's time 42 "Whatever you say"
- 44 Emotionally distraught (2 wds.)
- 46 Sci-fi weaponry
- 48 This evening 49 "I'm \_\_\_ here!" 50 Coasts 52 DLV ÷ V

- 53 A resounding defeat
- 58 Reunion group
- 59 Andean animal
- 60 Pool problem
- 61 H.S. class
- out there": Yogi Berra 62 "It gets late "Von \_\_\_\_ Express" (1965 Sinatra war

### DOWN

- 1 Animal that beats its chest
- 2 Meadow
- 3 Bobby of hockey
- 4 Cool character's quality 5 Former San Francisco Mayor Joseph
- 6 Soapbox Derby venue (anagram of a Swedish coin)
- \_ Raton, Fla.
- 8 Bloods' enemy
- 9 Ring count
- 10 Tramps
- 11 Attention-getting
- 12 Yo-yo
- 13 Extreme
- 18 Those, in Tijuana
- 22 "Baudolino" author 23 Letter-shaped plumbing fitting
- 24 FOX hit featuring a maverick medical

- 25 Hard-sell persuasion
- 26 Harp's cousin
- 28 Lightheaded
- 29 Waikiki wiggle 31 Bamboozles
- 33 Sarcastic response to one who points
- out the obvious
- 34 Caught some Z's 36 In working order
- 37 Acapulco aunties
- 41 In a quick and lively manner 43 Bumped into
- 44 Actress Spelling
- 45 Like many a garage 46 Former Washington State governor and
- Secretary of Commerce
- 47 Jack label on a stero
- 48 Hungarian wine
- 50 Phone button below the 7
- 51 WWW code 54 Suffix with form
- 55 Food store chain inits.
- 56 Bert Bobbsey's twin
- 57 Some appliances

# SOLUTION

You and Whose Army? Sept. 21 - 27 Issue

L	E	E		Α	N	Е	Е	L		S	M	0	C	K
Α	R	M	Α	D	1	L	L	0		Р	Α	N	Α	М
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Solutions to this week's puzzle will appear in next issue.

BRYANT, Continued from Page 7

[forms his pointer finger and thumb into a circle about the size of a quarter]. Luckily, I know what self-heal herb is, so I picked a plant out there, tied a bandana around my leg with the plant over the infection, then poured hot water over it for about a day. And it cleaned it. It's not too fun. It's just a constant challenge. It's a huge amount of personal responsibility. I'm 25 miles from nowhere. I'm responsible for water, my food, my shelter.

Where does your water and food and shelter come from? Water, I just drink the creeks and the rivers.

Do you purify it?

I did, until my three-month journey. It was about Week Seven and I was using a pump water filter that broke in my hands. I wasn't going to quit in the middle of my three months. This is like my *life's* journey so far. And now my water filter breaks? I just started drinking the river and I never got sick. I don't drink water outside of the park. They do have beavers. Giardia is a possibility. I just hope I don't get it.

Food is fun: about seven to eight pounds of trail mix that I blend myself, five smoked salmon, a box of Total cereal, two blocks of cheese two pounds each, protein power, beef jerky, two pounds of peanut butter. And that's about it. I don't cook: I just eat it raw. I'm dropping food out of trees [where it's tied up to keep bears away]. I'm not going out there to create this enjoyable camp. I'm out there to live in the wilderness and do my work as an artist and a writer. So food is simple.

I'm carrying a 75, 80-pound pack going in. It's not fun. There's a wool pea coat. That pea coat weighs six, seven pounds itself. But once I'm out there, it's nice to have a quarter-inch thick wool coat. It can get soaked and I'm still pretty much safe.

And then shelter: I carry a tent and when I'm not in a tent, I do know where three different versions of cabins are. As long as you've got a place to get to, and you've got a dry sleeping bag and dry clothes, you can pretty much handle the Olympics.

You mentioned something about 18 days without seeing people. That's hard to fathom, because here in Seattle, it seems like you can't go more than 18 seconds without seeing somebody. So how is it not to see someone else for almost three weeks?

Your dream life becomes really vivid. I think your mind somehow replaces some of your social interaction. In my case, because I'm so engaged in the wilderness in my art, I don't feel a sense of loneliness, especially with the amount of wildlife that's out there. One time at a shelter, right in front of me was the fire circle — I wasn't using it — and at least five or six different hummingbirds were dropping down in this fire circle, and then they were landing and licking some type of mineral out of the fire ashes. They did this all day long, as I was writing in my journal. Lots of elk in the general area. That always keeps you alert. Cougars.

It sounds so beautiful and so completely terrifying at the same time. Do you get scared out there?

Well, I'm never afraid of the wildlife, that's just a given. And so far, all of my animal experiences have been peacefully resolved. I've even been face to face with a cougar for eight to 10 seconds. It was 10 feet above me in a tree. He was taking a good look at me to see if I was on the dinner plate. Even that didn't give me any fear.

With being homeless, living in Woodland Park, out [in Olympic National Park], I feel so much more at peace than having to worry about whether I'm going to get jumped in the middle of the night. So a lot of time, being out there by yourself at night is a comforting feeling. With animals, the rules are pretty easy and simple, they're straightforward. Unlike us.

OK, we're going to jump to the urban environment, because you told me once about an animal you encountered on Phinney Ridge.

Yes. I woke up to a cougar. I was hiding in some real dense brush. That's where I was having my real private, quiet camp, by myself. I'm hiding from humanity in the middle of the night. And this cat is sitting 10 feet away from me, looking at me, because I must've moved as I woke up. And I knew what it was immediately, and I just

laid there still. It looked at me for about four seconds and it turned, and now it's just sitting, profile to me, and it's cleaning itself like a house cat. And I watched this for another couple of minutes. And I finally wanted to get a little bit better look at him. And as I started to push myself up off the ground — As soon as that cat saw my motion, he jumped the fence into a parking lot and disappeared. I talked to people in the zoo, I talked to a Seattle police officer, and what was it — three days later? — they captured a cougar in Discovery Park [on Sept. 7, 2009]. And I was the first guy to report it, because I was homeless and hiding in the bushes. Just like the cat. He was homeless too: He didn't live in Seattle.

You're going to the Elwha. Why?

Well, it's a part of the continuing, long-term vision of the Olympic wilderness visual symphony. Very specifically for the Elwha is the removal of the dams. It's the biggest dam removal project in North American history and it's going to open up a completely wild river ecosystem to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Historically, this place had 100-pound salmon runs and when they built these dams in the 1910s, they just built a wall, so it killed the runs above the dams. And the dams are obsolete now. So the dams are coming down. My vision is to take this wilderness immersion approach and live in the country beyond the dams and get an in-depth documentation of this ecosystem that's about to be reopened.

This is probably the best salmon recovery project possible, because it's opening up a wild river into a national park: Take down two dams and manage it for eight miles that's outside the park. The rest of it's inside. It's going to be amazing to watch it over a 10-year period. And I just want to make sure I'm there, to get the country beyond the dams. And I also think I'm going to be uniquely placed because of my sense of what it takes to be a professional wilderness photographer. So I want to take the time to do it.

How are you going to get there?

That particular trip I'll go from Seattle to Tacoma, Olympia, Aberdeen, and then from Aberdeen north along the coast to Forks, and then from Forks catch the bus headed to Port Angeles and it'll drop at the Elwha River Road. It's quicker than trying to do the ferries. It's buses all the way. To get all the way to the Elwha, I'll start at five in the morning and probably get dropped to the road at about three to four in the afternoon.

The first day I'll cover a couple, three, four miles to the car campground. Then I'll wake up at the campground and I'll hike about 15 miles the second day. After I've done my second day's hike, then I'm in the backcountry. Most likely, my first base camp will be about 25 to 26-mile mark. And I may get up on the spur trails above the Elwha and look back down on the river. It's also a really good place for mountain goats. If you're talking about fear, last year that guy got killed by a mountain goat [a man died of injuries sustained after encountering a mountain goat in Olympic National Forest in October 2010]. It's not even fear. It's definitely respect. And I don't name animals.

Now back to the people: How is it when you come back and you've been gone for weeks and weeks and months and you haven't had a lot of interaction with people?

Well, the biggest thing you notice right off the bat is the noise level. We don't live in any kind of silence. Not even natural sound. The freedom of walking miles and miles through pristine wilderness and then being stuck in a traffic jam down by Ft. Lewis: It kind of jolts you back to the reality of what it's like to live in a very dense, urban area versus the wilderness.

It's interesting to notice that I sleep so much more deeply and peacefully and quietly in the wilderness than I can hidden away in a city park. If you're homeless in a rough, urban area, you never actually can fully get into that peaceful nothingness of sleep. It just never quite gets there. I find that ironic, that with all these supposedly dangerous animals, I'm sleeping like a baby over there.

One of the things I have noticed is that having been homeless makes this a lot easier for me. The mental stress of dealing with living, day in and day out, without shelter, versus getting up and doing your passion: It's huge. It's a huge difference in how I feel. Now is the time to grab ahold of the opportunity my circumstances allow.



Global Vendor Heather Coles Philadelphia

By DAYLE FRASCHILLA One Step Away, Philadelphia, Pa.

hen people meet One Step Away vendor Heather Coles, they always say she looks familiar. They've seen her somewhere. If they've driven along I-95, the major freeway in Philadelphia, that's probably where. Heather's picture adorns a billboard advertising One Step Away, the city's street paper produced and distributed by the homeless.

"It's really cool!" said Heather, one of the original group that helped launch One Step Away. Heather first started writing for One Step Away when she was living at the Woodstock Family Center. One of the advocates at the shelter was a part of a group that helped launch the paper and asked if anyone wanted to join.

"I felt like I was actually doing something," Heather said. "Everybody wants to be validated, to have some recognition. Part of the reason I was at the shelter was that I didn't understand my worth. I never knew the magnitude of my value. Working with One Step Away felt like turning lemons into lemonade. If it wasn't for One Step Away, I never would have been able to accomplish a lot of the things I've done.

"When I look back, I think: Wow, I actually helped get a lot of things started."

That drive and initiative helped Heather get a job with JMA Financial Services, a new company. She used One Step Away as a reference, showing her would-be boss that in just one year the paper that started from nothing became something strong and significant. With confidence and the experience to back her up, Heather proved herself to be someone worth investing in.

Heather is studying graphic design at community college now, but plans to transfer to art school and major in computer animation. She also participates in Bright Horizon's Baby's First Teacher Project, a program designed to teach women the importance of their babies' first year and how to teach them during that year, and the Youth Health Empowerment Project, which established a presence at Heather's former shelter.

She left Woodstock and attained housing last month, but still works as a vendor to help make ends meet. Heather met and befriended the owner of the Right Choice Deli in North Philadelphia and struck an agreement to distribute One Step Away in the store.

"I get to network and mingle with people I know, and I've made a lot of money," Heather said. "It substitutes the things you can't buy with food stamps. I know that if I really need to, I can go downstairs and get some diaper money.

"It's been really great. People have been really supportive." ■

www.streetnewsservice.org

# **THIS WEEK**



Photo coutesy Xxxxxx

#### The ocean blue

Seattle Public Library, Central Library, 1000 4th Ave., 7 p.m., free, spl.org

You know who Christoffa Corombo was? Of course you do, but you probably know him as Christopher Columbus. That's right, Mr.

Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-two. So you probably know what his voyages meant for the globe: Europe got maize, 'taters and, ahem, syphilis; the Americas wound up with apples, malaria, rice, alcoholism and the mass suicide of 50,000 natives. What a guy. But there's more, much more, about how this one man, born nearly 660 years ago, impacted contemporary life. Laurence Bergreen, author of the new, lengthy bio, "Columbus: The Four Voyages," will discuss how CC left his X everywhere, and he'll illustrate this with a PowerPoint presentation. It's the same PowerPoint Christoffa used to get money from Queen Isabella. Seriously, no lie.

## Yes, you can

Wallingford Community Senior Center, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N., Rm. 140, 4 p.m., \$9.99-\$40, brownpapertickets.com

FRI

You know why the Pointer Sisters are secret foodies? Because back in the '70s, they recorded a song

with the lyrics "Oh, yes, we can/I know we can can/Yes, we can can/Why can't we, if we wanna?" While it's true they were overtly rhapsodizing about all races working for peace, covertly, they were extolling the virtues of canning. That's right, they love to can. These days, the economical system of food preservation is in the throes of a second life. You can feel its pulse at the Wallingford Community Canning Kitchen, where you can can 'maters in the afternoon and eat pasta and marinara in the evening. If you're brave, you can ask why it's called canning and not jarring. Oh, maybe because jarring means...

#### Hounds of hell

EMP Museum, JBL Theater, 325 5th Ave. N., 1 p.m., \$20 (\$15 EMP members), brownpapertickets.com

You know what you should do on

the full moon, don'tcha? "Keep to the road." That was the advice British patrons of the pub, The Slaughtered Lamb, gave PICK two Americans before they went

WEEK strolling on the moonlit moors.
Then that ol' lycanthrope attacked. And so goes "An American Werewolf in London." Directed by John Landis 30 years ago, the special effect-y, cult classic has some good scares. You can find out what scares Landis, who also directed Michael Jackson's "Thriller" video, when he shows up for "Oral History Live! Monster Talk," where he'll be interviewed by Jacob McMurray. Then you can see the McMurraycurated EMP exhibit "Can't Look Away: The Lure of the Horror Film," which bubbles over with horror film memorabilia. Prepare to have your pants scared off. And don't forget your wolfsbane.

#### They rob banks

Central Cinema, 1411 21st Ave., 9:30 p.m., \$6 advance, \$8 day of show, central-cinema.com

You know how you win an Oscar? Study law. At least, that's the route Estelle Parsons took. Before Parsons went all thespian,

she spent time being res juste. Eventually, she dropped the law books and hopped on the Broadway stage. Then she landed a part as Blanche Barrow, sister of Clyde. The scene in the 1967 film "Bonnie and Clyde," where Blanche inadvertently gives up the name of one of her shoot-'em-up cohorts, is pure comic genius. While critics claim this film,

with its rush of blood and sexual explici helped usher in the New Hollywood, t no denying Parsons is old-school tale If you go, be prepared to bust a gu Parsons' Best Supporting Actress-wi performance. Then cower at the scene a bullet busts a car window at close i

Calendar compiled by Rosette Royale Got something we should know about Email it to calendar@realchangenews



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