

HOROSCOPE

BY SOUP
CAN SAM
STAFF
PSYCHIC

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19) Sit on the porch and look at the moon.

Pisces (Feb. 20-March 20) Lightning does in fact strike twice. If you did it once, you can do it again. Have faith.

Aries (March 21-April 19) There's a little mouse driving a motorcycle around in your head. And that seems like a problem that Soup Can can't really fix. Try finding a way to coexist with things you might be a bit uncomfortable with. Mice need love too.

Taurus (April 20-May 21) Hang in. You're almost past this most fucked up period in your life. Hold on. No, really, do.

Gemini (May 22-June 22) Leave your light on. There might be a distant stranger that once was a good friend stumbling out of the darkness this month.

Cancer (June 23-July 23) Stop making mountains out of molehills. I mean the ceiling is pretty high this month. Don't get caught necking in the bathroom with a 17-year old intern and you'll be just fine. Of course, if you do get caught, you'll be fired on the spot and they'll be tears in your beer. Better stock up on the Sam Adams.

Leo (July 24-Aug. 23) Your bubble is oh so going to be burst this month. Sorry, friend, but that's just the way it is.

Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) Look deep in February. Find nothing? That's OK. Soup Can has been looking for something deep inside his soul for years. Looking for your inner self is way overrated, especially smack dab in the middle of the rainy season.

Libra (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) Time is short.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) Every rose has a thorn. Don't be a prick.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) You like things you shouldn't like. Face it. Love it. Laugh.

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19) I don't know about you, but the only stars Soup Can sees in your future are on your back near a toilet on a regretful night. Yeah, yeah, yeah... it will never happen again. Never does until it does. And it's awful. Avoid the extra glass of booze this month, especially if it's brewed in Boston.

Pictures to go with the words

BY ELIZABETH SCHWARTZ
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Frank Cobb, topped with shok of dreadlocks, has been a familiar sight for several years walking around the southwest and northwest districts of Portland selling Street Roots. I barely recognized him when I saw him recently. "What did you do to your hair?"

"I cut them off," Frank smiled, referring to the dreadlocks. "My friend is making me straighten up my act."

Frank had a black chair, the current issue of Street Roots and samples of his artwork on the corner of SW 10th and Morrison. Although he usually roams Northwest Portland selling papers, he stays in one spot when he has his graphite and colored pencil drawings with him. He likes to draw portraits of Bob Marley, Anita Ward and Jimi Hendrix, among others. He also draws what he calls "fantasy" pictures. Art, Frank told me, is what got him through most of high school, where he had found reading and writing difficult. Math and science had been easier, he said.

"Were you ever diagnosed with dyslexia or some other learning disability?" I asked.

"Yeah, dyslexia. I have dyslexia," he said. We talked about how people with learning disabilities are handicapped in our school system not because they are dumb, but because they learn and think differently.

Frank described thinking in pictures and skits. He compared what he sees in his head with "Mad TV" and "Saturday Night Live." Frank finds a lot of humor in life, but he said that when he expresses it, many people think he's being rude, so he tries to keep his thoughts to himself when he interacts with the public.

"What got you started selling Street



VENDOR PROFILE Frank Cobb

Roots?" I asked.

Frank related how he had begun trying to sell his artwork on the streets of Portland several years ago but had no idea how to go about it. "Street Roots has taught me how to sell things." He said that he had begun learning how to interact with the public by following some of the newspaper's basic vendor rules: No cussing, don't get mad, no aggressive sales, stay friendly.

Frank discovered that when he followed the rules, people began buying newspapers from him. After making a few sales he began analyzing what he had done that had worked for him and then tried to reproduce that behavior to see if it gave the same results. Once he started to gain confidence in his ability with newspapers, he began to apply what he had learned to sell his artwork.

"When I first tried selling art and someone asked me how much a piece was," Frank told me, "I had no idea what to say." He attends First and Last Thursday art events and checks out art quality and prices. The artwork he had with him the day I interviewed him all had prices clearly marked on them. The small ones go for a modest \$10.

I asked Frank if there are other benefits to selling Street Roots rather than working



PHOTO BY ELIZABETH SCHWARTZ

At top, a graphite drawing by Frank Cobb, one of the pieces he sells at street markets. Above, Frank Cobb at work.

a more conventional job or panhandling. Several vendors have told me that panhandlers get more money than they do, even when the panhandler stands only a few feet away. People tend to reward them for their more aggressive tactics.

Frank loves the ability to set his own hours, which he could not do at a "normal" job. As far as panhandling is concerned, he doesn't do that, "Because I don't like to just take, I like to give something in return."

On becoming

By Kareem Ali

Orphan breezes
And a cluster of hollow
Days rolling in
Past the cinnamon swirl of squirrels
Decaying
On salmon colored branches

Now
The sample of southern grasses
Touch themselves
Now
The nightjars
Dream away
Into a trellis of wind
Once we knew
The pillow talk of meadows
Once we knew
Azaleas slumbering into the necks of clouds

We knew
How each honeycombed necklace of light
Could go right up to the
Circle of cement
Where only roses sing.

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