

Homeless Camp out action slated Rose Parade route

The homeless advocacy group Right 2 Survive is planning a coordinated camp-out with individuals experiencing homelessness and supporters the night before the Rose Festival Parade on Saturday, June 11.

"Right 2 Survive invites you to camp with our homeless and formerly homeless members on the Rose Parade route for a fun-filled protest camp which will educate and mobilize Portlanders in support of housing as a human right," says Ibrahim Mubarak, a member of the group.

For more information on the camp out contact r2spdx@gmail.com, or visit their blog at www.right2survive.wordpress.com

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The new face on the block

BY KAISA MCCROW
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

The corner of NW Lovejoy and 11th Avenue where Starbucks is located doesn't quite pick up foot traffic until noon, when the sun finally hits that side of the pavement. The tall Pearl District buildings make it a fairly shady corner and according to Jason, the Street Roots vendor who sells there, "the windiest corner in Portland." He wears a jacket, gloves and scarf to sell the paper, because even on a nice day the shade can get chilly. Jason is new to this corner, less than a month in, so

VENDOR PROFILE

Jason Bo

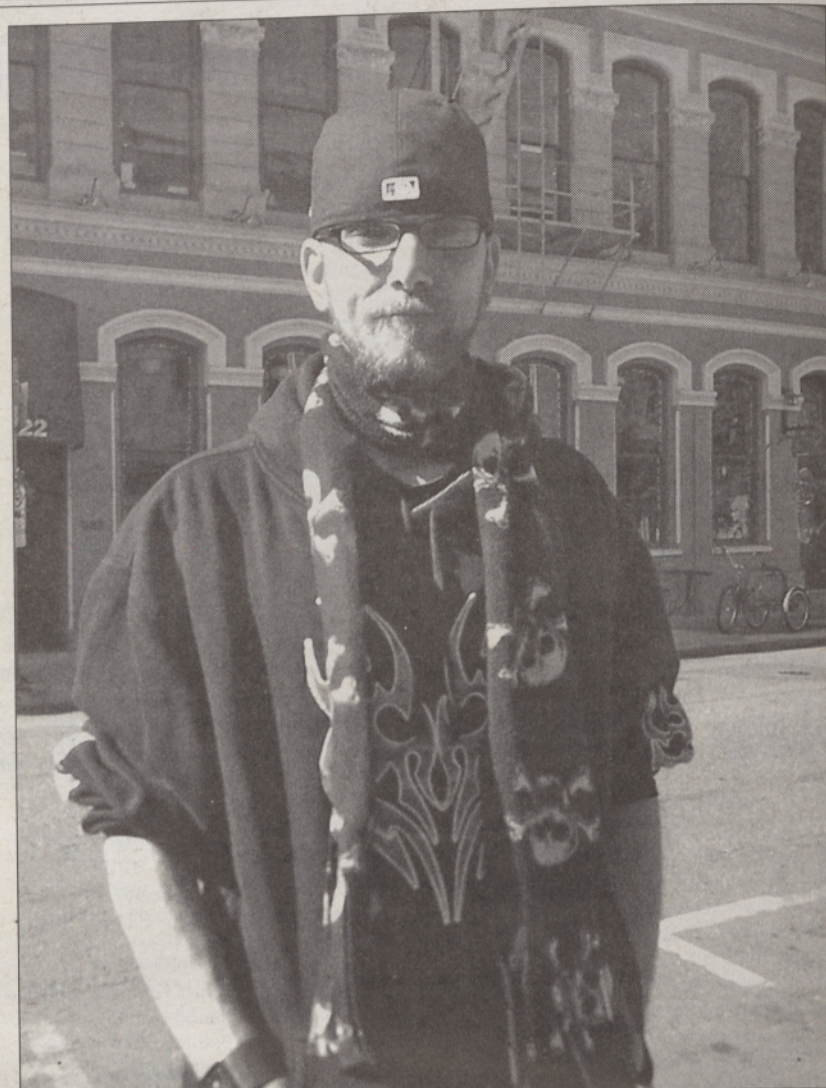
he is still trying to make himself at home.

A "get-to-know-the-neighborhood" period is typical for any vendor, but Jason's case is a bit unique. The last Street Roots seller at this location was Dilly, a long time vendor who recently passed away. Getting people to warm to the new guy is a task of its own, but working a corner where everyone was still reeling from the loss of their friend is an exceptional challenge. Luckily, Jason has proven to be a good fit, largely because he can appreciate Dilly's significance to this community. He has purchased extra copies of the Street Roots edition containing Dilly's obituary, and invites anyone who would like a copy to ask for one, free of charge.

This is Jason's style, unassuming and approachable, he does not want to come off as a salesman. Foremost, he would like to start conversations and make friends while he works. He will say "hi" to everyone, and then feel out whether they want a paper, a chat, or to be left alone.

"If they're in a rush, don't ask them anything. If they are on the phone don't talk to them. ... If they are talking to someone else, don't interrupt," lists Jason. To those not on their cell phones Jason will always say hello, ask how people are, inquire if they are enjoying the weather, and maybe ask, "would you like to buy a Street Roots?"

Already, Jason has regulars in tow, and everyone seems to be supporting him as a



new member of their community. Jo, the owner of Physical Elements, a clothing store around the corner from where Jason sells, eagerly calls Jason a "good match to the vibe of the neighborhood." Jason had a poem published in the last issue of Street Roots, which his customers were very supportive of. "We like having an artist in our midst, and we are very proud of him. We want him to continue with his art," she says, smiling.

Jason hopes to publish more poetry in Street Roots. He also enjoys heavy metal music, finding the intensity it offers to be comforting and a great stress relief. He used to wear multiple facial piercing, but does no longer. He muses thoughtfully that he must have just grown out of them. He says this is not a judgment on people with piercings, but that for him, moving beyond wearing them signaled a kind of growth or moving on.

Jason grew up in Chicago, but has lived in more states than just Illinois. He has spent time in Indiana, Arizona, California, and now

Oregon. Although he says Chicago is his true home, Portland gives it a "run for its money." He enjoys the slower pace of life in Oregon, comparing it to the perpetual rush he felt from people in L.A., the last city he lived in before moving up north.

A bit of a loner, Jason moved up here by himself, and thinks he'll stay for a while. He's enjoying his time with Street Roots and the opportunity it provides for meeting people and beginning new conversations. He would like to say thank you to the people he has met so far. Even those who don't buy a paper, but who are willing to engage in a friendly chat, enrich and make more dynamic his experiences.

The sunlight stretches across 11th and Lovejoy by 12:30 p.m. A man in a business suit calls familiarly to Jason on his way back into work, and just before that Jason greeted Lola, a small rescue Boston Terrier and her owners — these are his new regulars. He seems to be accomplishing the goals he has expressed, he is a welcoming face and is becoming an established friend in the Pearl.

VENDOR WORK ADS

Cassidy Morse: Looking for work. Will do most anything, light and heavy. \$10 an hour, four hour minimum. References supplied. Please call 503-224-5398 or Street Roots at 503-228-5657.

Chelsea Benedict: Painting service, interior/exterior house painting. Also specializing in custom mural artwork. Please e-mail at crbenedictmurals@gmail.com or by phone

at 971-255-0440 to speak with Chelsea Benedict. Two-person team also available for hire for general labor (moving, house cleaning, yardwork, small home repairs). Ready to work immediately.

Laura Owens: Dog walker, \$5 per half-hour walk. Downtown and Northeast area. Please call Street Roots, 503-228-5657 and leave a message for Laura.

For the people

by Jason

I wake up, so far it's not a good day
Nothing appears to be going my way
Frustration seems to stay by my side
Where's a dark corner so I can sit down and cry
But there's no time to sit and wallow
My pain and sorrow, I must swallow
My river of tears is starting to run dry
I ask myself, why do I even try?
Is there an end to all this madness?
Is there hope in this world drowning in sadness
It's hard when you're alone and people around
I know what it's like to be lost and never be found.
I dread tomorrow and I haven't even gotten through today
I have so many thoughts and nothing to say
For some odd reason, I haven't given up yet
To god I am always forever in debt
Because even on the darkest of nights
There's always a star glimmering with light.

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