

HOMeward

a street journal

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Levee Repairs to Continue DHA Teams visit camp sites

The County Department of Human Assistance (DHA) will be conducting a campaign throughout the summer to have campers move off of the river due to levee repairs which were started last summer.

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Construction work going on between the Howe Avenue bridge and the bicycle bridge behind CSUS. The river has been filled along the base of the levee to the width of a small road, and loads of rock continue to be hauled in. The whole area is closed to pedestrian and bicycle traffic between the two bridges. Photos by Curtis Hagen.

Home of the Free and Brave?

by Beth Newberry

Press release by the
Indigenous Support
Coalition of Oregon

The U.S. government is forcing the relocation of traditional Dine'h (Navajo) families in northeastern Arizona under PL 93-531, the Navajo-Hopi Land Dispute Settlement Act, first passed in 1974, and PL 104-301 ("Relocation Act II") which set a February 1, 2000 "deadline" for final removal of Dine'h.

In 1974 Congress passed PL 93-531, the Navajo-Hopi Land Dispute Settlement Act (aka the "Relocation Act") under the misguided notion that the two tribes were near bloodshed over land title. Traditionals from both tribes say coal is to blame.

Beneath the disputed lands of the former Joint Use Area lies a massive high-grade, low-sulfur soft bituminous coal field. There is enough coal in the area to mine for a hundred years.

The Black Mesa and Kayenta Coal Mines bring environmental and spiritual misery to the traditional Dine'h living nearby.

In fact, the attorney most instrumental to the Relocation Act's passage, John Boyden, simultaneously worked for the Hopi Tribal Council and for Peabody Coal Company during the coal lease negotiations between the two parties in the 1960's.

As the United States and NATO bombed Yugoslavia over "ethnic cleansing", displacing several thousands from their homes, Clinton and Senator John McCain posed as war heroes and champions for human rights. Ironically, it was Sen. McCain (R-AZ) who co-sponsored PL 104-301 ("Relocation Act II") which set the February 1, 2000 "deadline" for final removal of Dine'h still living on the sacred area now known as Hopi Partition Lands (HPL), and it was President Clinton who

signed the Act on Columbus Day in 1996.

The home of the Dine'h is their church, and now the United States, the country that was established for the religious freedom of Europeans fleeing tyranny, faces possible sanctions in the United Nations for religious intolerance of it's Native American citizens.

As the latest deadline approaches for the Dine'h, Sen. McCain readies to launch his campaign for the Republican nomination to the US Presidency. In the up-coming elections, we should remember to ask the important questions of how these once self-sufficient and sovereign peoples came to be segregated onto reservations, sick with alcoholism and malnutrition, homeless on the streets and dependent on public assistance. Perhaps the forces that made their destinies are now shaping the future for the rest of America? ∞



Stacie
Clary
leaving
SHA

Stacie Clary, who has been Director of the Sacramento Housing Alliance since 1996, has taken a position as Director of the California Sustainable Agricultural Working Group (S.A.W.G.) beginning in August, 1999.

SAWG promotes using less chemicals in farming and better access to nutritional foods.

While Director of SHA, Stacie's responsibilities increased to include Affordable Housing Week and to providing technical assistance in the publishing of Homeward.

Stacie's commitment to housing and fair treatment for all lower income residents, and her acceptance and mentoring of Sacramento's homeless is greatly appreciated and she will be missed.

New York Street Artists/ Activists to stand trial.

Press Release by A.R.T.I.S.T. (Artists' Response To Illegal State Tactics) of New York A.R.T.I.S.T. members Robert Lederman and Knut Masco are scheduled to stand trial in Manhattan Criminal Court. The two are charged with Making Graffiti (145.00) and Possession of Graffiti Instruments (145.65) a class A and a class B misdemeanor.

The activist-artists were arrested on 4/7/97 after allegedly posting political leaflets on lightpoles in the SoHo area which criticized City Council Member Kathryn Freed and her group the SoHo Alliance for their efforts to eliminate street artists.

Both defendants were plaintiffs in a successful Federal civil rights case appealing a conviction for selling art on New York City streets without a license. The Federal Appeals Court declared that New York City deliberately violated the plaintiffs' and other artists' First Amendment rights. Both Lederman and Masco, who between them have been arrested more than 60 times for their political activities during the Giuliani administration, are also plaintiffs in a number of other civil rights suits still pending against Mayor Giuliani and the City of New York.

The law under which the two were charged makes it illegal for anyone to post leaflets on City property. However, the Mayor, City Council Members, their staffs and Community Board members are exempted from the law. As a result, while the posting of leaflets by political activists, bands, artists and the owners of lost dogs has become rare in SoHo, there has been a tremendous proliferation of leaflets posted by Council Member Freed and the SoHo Alliance, whose director, Sean Sweeney, is one of Freed's Community Board 2 members. The council members' posters solicit community support for eliminating or preventing the introduction of bars, hotels, clubs, street artists, vendors, trucks, Asian food wholesalers, student housing and other "undesirable elements" in SoHo.

The case scheduled for trial is unusual for a number of reasons not least of which is that it's been in Criminal Court for almost three years. Initially, Lederman and Masco were also charged with Criminal Mischief in the 4th Degree and Unlawful Posting. Those charges were eventually dropped and all of the arrest evidence in the case

was suppressed by a hearing judge last year. That ruling was later overturned by another judge without holding a hearing or issuing a decision. The remaining charges consist of an allegation that the defendants intended to damage the City-owned lightpoles by using Elmer's school paste. Assistant D.A. Susan Callan Gyves claims that if the defendants had attached the leaflets to the lightpoles with yards of clear plastic tape, in the same manner as the SoHo Alliance and Council Member Freed's office do, they would not have been charged. Elmer's School Paste is a biodegradable temporary glue that can be removed with water or by rainfall and is deliberately formulated to be edible. The clear plastic tape used by the Alliance to post its leaflets is permanent, remaining on surfaces for years.

Lederman and Masco believe their arrest was encouraged by Council Member Freed in order to silence their speech and to prevent the voters in SoHo from learning of her deep involvement in having artists arrested. Depositions and documents in a separate Federal civil rights suit show Council Member Freed and the Alliance making numerous complaints about Lederman and the street artists directly to Mayor Giuliani, former NYPD Commissioner Bratton and Manhattan D.A. Morgenthau, among others, and to years of concerted effort to pressure the First Precinct to have them arrested for selling their art, leafleting, public speaking and protesting.

Despite the plaintiffs having won a sweeping victory for artists' rights, the Street Vendor Review Panel will hold a public hearing and is expected to affirmatively vote on a proposal to totally ban street artists from every street in SoHo. Freed has also been actively working with the BIDs (Business Improvement Districts) and Mayor Giuliani to create a new vending ordinance (Intro. #511) which would result in the elimination of street artists from the entire City.

For information on this and other artist arrests and the Federal lawsuits contact:

Robert Lederman, President of A.R.T.I.S.T. (Artists' Response To Illegal State Tactics)
ARTISTpres@aol.com
(718) 369-2111
<http://www.openair.org/artists/artist/nyc.html>

Second Saturday Revisited:

Culture clash in wanna-be land by Lee Parks

A couple years ago I was given the chance to be a participant in Art Second Saturday, the monthly multi-gallery show at Arden and Del Paso in North Sacramento. I was with a group, and we hung our work in a large old building down the street from the light-rail stop. What impressed me that evening was the crowds on the street, including the couple of hundred people that must have passed through even our little out of the way spot in the back.

Last summer I attended fairly frequently because I was staying on that side of town. Not long after I moved to the other side of town, so I quit going. This past June 12th I decided I'd go and see how the art show was getting on.

It was hot, the sun felt like a broiler. Hurrying when I got off the train at Arden-Del Paso, I went around onto Del Paso and headed straight for Himovitz. It was only six-thirty, but even if the gallery was closed there was the open atrium in front where I could wait out of the heat. The dwarf trees along the curb are no relief for the long stretches of asphalt and brick walls that line the street.

To my surprise, Himovitz was open. I stopped long enough to read a brief history about Del Paso's "heyday" back in the sixties, maybe, and checked out which galleries were going to be open, then I went on in. Except for a handful of well-dressed people, the gallery was empty, which was fine with me: I don't like to view a painting while being jostled by a milling crowd.

Hung facing the door and in the main gallery, were paintings on molded paper that created a base-relief type surface for a water color paint-

ing. The faces of the figures, half rising above the flat part of the painting, and half on the back surface, reminded me of Picasso's early cubist period, done three dimensionally without as much abstraction. The colors were vibrant and fitting to the African themes.

A wall of abstract paintings, acrylic on paper, lined up in series. Hot colors encircled by cool colors, flowing like bubbles in oil from frame to frame.

In back, small objects encased in plastic boxes, mounted to old book covers, all appearing to be from around the turn of the last century. Photographs that were a novelty in themselves at the time, trinkets and jewelry once carried by someone. Diaries without words, momentous of other lives.

Back out onto the street. It was now just after seven, everything should be open. One of the galleries was all the way up at El Camino, so I decided to start there. It was a long walk. The sun, now westerling, was coming over my left shoulder, reflecting off the plate glass windows of old store fronts. Keeping my head down, I followed the buckling sidewalk stamped WPA 1939. The sculptures in the median of the street cast long spidery shadows over the cars that streamed by on their way somewhere else.

Ahead a group of people crossed over the street. For a brief moment I thought they were going where I was, but they headed into a bar.

Two men sitting on the curb of a side street, having a slurred conversation with the gawls of some private joke.

Girl leaving a liquor store, face hard and eyes too friendly.

A stretch of sidewalk made of terra cotta tiles; Del Paso spelled out in beige, marking some spot now only a vacant lot.

Black cat in another vacant lot, stretched out, his head moving slowly back and forth, preparing for the night's hunt.

Finely reached my destination. Large plate glass windows, lined with brightly colored child-type paintings. Though the paintings were naive, the themes were adult. Inside, paintings on the walls, chairs in a row that had been painted as well. Couldn't get a closer look, the dead bolt could be seen barring the double glass doors. The lights were off, nobody home.

After a moment, I turned and headed back.

A block the other side of Himovitz were two galleries, the Matrix and Modern Art.

In the front area of the Modern Art gallery were small abstract drawings. In back were large paintings of oil impasto, thickly laid on.

In the center of the room was a folding table laid with crackers and cheese and some beverage. Men and women my age were around, but though we shared graying hair, their Dockers and my basic black Levi's did not match. Their murmuring words sounded foreign amid the rioting color from the paintings. I circled the room, like it was a gaudy carousel, snatched a cracker from the table and went next door to the Matrix.

Smaller room, bigger crowd, with some young people. A handful of teenage boys, with short hair and wearing slacks, young women

cont. next page

BERKELEY : MARIJUANA ARRESTS SOAR Crackdown on Street Dealers Fuels Felony Cases

California NORML Press Release - June 2, 1999

Berkeley's campaign to rid city sidewalks of street people produced a dramatic doubling in the number of marijuana arrests last year. Police statistics show nearly a three-fold increase in felony pot arrests in the wake of a city crackdown on petty pot dealers in the Telegraph Ave. area.

Critics complain that the crackdown violates Berkeley's 1979 marijuana

ordinance, which orders police to make pot enforcement "lowest priority."

"It's one thing to try to clean up the streets; it's another thing to do so with felony arrests," argues California NORML coordinator Dale Gieringer, a nearby resident.

Unlike other forms of disorderly conduct, such as prostitution or public drunkenness, petty pot sales are a mandatory felony under state law. In

addition to imprisonment, offenses are punishable by loss of welfare benefits and eligibility for student loans, plus possible "Three Strikes" enhancements.

The war on pot has fueled a record 2,000% increase in marijuana prisoners in California over the past two decades, yet the level of pot use has stayed relatively constant.

Second Saturday cont.

in evening dress. Two guys with guitars playing music.

Two paintings. One shows a young woman like a magazine model, reclined on a couch. Behind her in the painting the picture of a woman in a feather (fur?) trimmed robe. Title: Yuppies Then and Now. Another of the same: On the wall in the painting, picture a ballet dancer performing, in front a woman in lights soaking her feet. Title: Dreams and Reality. My kind of juxtaposition.

As I was leaving the Matrix what looked like a tour group was crossing over Del Paso. Mostly women and some men, wearing name tags. Though split up while crossing the street, they bunched together in little groups doggedly following the leader.

I crossed Del Paso and then crossed a little side street to the new Jovial gallery off the yet to be opened Arden extension.

Two little rooms with large paintings, a bunch of the tour group still hanging around. I squeezed through the front door and made my way toward the back room where there was nobody. There I had a clear view of a large picture done fish eye lens style. The seated woman with her face enlarged and turned facing the viewer, looked like her head was reaching out of the picture. Poster style painting, real-

istic with broad flat colors, subtle shading. Elegant simplicity effective even viewed close up; it deserved a larger setting.

I left with the intent of going to one last place, Sol Ceramica, but half way there I could see no one on the street, the sign wasn't out. I was on Del Paso as it is the other evenings of the month, empty except for the occasional bar-hopper between watering holes. The heat was getting to me, and with no place that I felt I could afford to rest, with some regret I turned back and went to the bus stop.

While waiting, I began thinking about what the neighborhood said they wanted for Del Paso in the article I read earlier. To be popular like the old days. To draw people in who would spend money. (Always that, of course.)

The old days of the sixties? Of cheap gas and drive-in hamburger joints and cruising and movies, the last gasp of the fifties boom and America's love affair with the car? The bones of those days are all over. Broad streets, no shade, endless asphalt parking lots-the empty corrals of horseless carriages, who's owners have moved on to greener pastures called suburbia, with even bigger asphalt corrals around malls.

...the users of an "art colony" are the artists, not the suburbanites who come spend their money and then go elsewhere...

The past of America on wheels is dying in the center of cities, victim of conspicuous consumption in defiance of dwindling space and resources, and it is not Art nor a new bridge that will resurrect it.

I remembered what happened in Dallas, Texas, in the early eighties. The west side of Dallas used to be the warehouse district, but crowding and transportation problems forced all the wholesalers out to the edge of town near the highways, leaving a large area of brick warehouses from the twenties and thirties nearly empty. The artists started moving in, for they could rent a large live-in studio for very reasonable rates. Of course, this wasn't quite legal (living in a warehouse), and after a while the city started causing the artists trouble. Eventually, someone figured out they could make money on the deal, and the city rezoned the area for that type of use. Almost immediately the rents quadrupled and most of the artists were driven out by the high rates. Profit taking did more damage than prosecution was ever able to do.

The same motivation there will have the same consequences here. Most artists are poor, or work at something else to meet their daily needs. They haven't been given the gift of wealth, but of vision. Those with money come looking for the vision.

The point I want to make is that neighborhoods are where people live and make a living. In order to be that way they have to be user-friendly, and the users of an "art colony" are the artists, not

the suburbanites who come spend their money and then go elsewhere, leaving empty streets behind.

I lived for a while in mid-town. Tree covered streets; side-walk cafes and people walking. Galleries and art shows in nearly every restaurant. Time to sit and talk and look. Almost Bohemian in a modern sort of way, although the merchants there have their own grudges against street living.

To come to a conclusion and to make an opinion from someone whose opinion counts for little in a wealth-oriented society- the artist- Del Paso

needs three things to work if art is the direction those people want to go:

More shade in the day. More light at night. And the attitude of sit and look.

Sitting at the bus stop I looked up and saw my bus making the U-turn onto Arden. I also saw the black and white police paddy wagon crossing Arden and headed up Del Paso, to pick up the remnants of Del Paso's heyday, who refuse to see where they are at, for the sake of tourists from suburbia, who refuse to see what they do.



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Transitional Housing Providers and Affordable Housing Developers Meet

Reprinted with permission of the Sacramento Housing Alliance Newsletter

In an important workshop sponsored by SHA and facilitated by the Corporation for Supportive Housing on May 13, over twenty-five representatives from agencies providing transitional housing with supportive services to homeless people and organizations developing permanent, affordable housing for low income people met to discuss barriers in maintaining a smooth progression for residents from transitional to permanent housing and potential solutions.

Chris Glaudel, from the Rural California Housing Corporation, spoke first on the admission criteria used at sampled developments. He reported that much of the criteria is determined by the funding sources of a specific development and not solely at the dis-

cretion of the non-profit developer. As Chris spoke, many people from transitional housing agencies spoke out that the income levels and credit history requirements would keep a large majority of their clients out of these developments when graduating from programs.

Cathy Sutton from Lutheran Social Services, in her presentation noted that the people who are "screened out" of many permanent housing developments are precisely the people that transitional housing agencies "screen in", including those who are homeless; have a history of drug and/or alcohol addiction, criminal activity, or evictions; or have a poor educational or employment background. In reverse, it is the transitional housing agencies who "screen out" those people who only need low-income housing without support services. Both Chris and Cathy

stated that their respective housing programs tend to have waiting lists.

After the presentations about the two types of housing, the attendees identified barriers:

- Screening procedures that keep many graduates of transitional housing out of permanent affordable housing.(As noted above.)
- A need for on-going support services even after graduation.
- Many staff of transitional housing agencies are not aware of the various non-profit developments in the area.
- Non-profit developers have limited flexibility based on funding.
- Housing is unaffordable, and housing that is affordable is limited.
- Existing tenants have concerns about allowing people with criminal and/or substance abuse history to move into their areas.

The facilitators then had the group look at short-term and long-term solutions. Advocacy around the creation of an on-line directory of available housing, with vacancies and admission criteria, was determined crucial. SHA and HUD Community Builders committed to sponsoring a follow-up workshop to include property managers, again facilitated by the Corporation for Supportive Housing, to discuss how to come up with some special approach or test program that may allow three-party agreements between the housing provider, tenant, and case manager that would facilitate a transitional housing graduate moving into permanent housing. Long-term solutions include such three-party agreements, real money for after-care, and advocacy by all around increased funding that would deepen subsidies for affordable housing and lower rents.

"Economic Cleansing" by Max Biddle

Economic cleansing is the same as ethnic or religious cleansing, only it is aimed at the people who live below a certain economic level, especially the homeless who cannot afford shelter.

The method the county and city officials are using to accomplish this cleansing is by way of certain laws. Misdemeanor violations, such as camping laws, jaywalking tickets and parking restrictions, are all enforced on the poor in the hope of driving them from a community that has no use for the poor.

You can observe the selective enforcement of these laws in downtown Sacramento. Government workers, politicians, shoppers and residents of obvious affluence are seldom ticketed for jay-walking even when it is done right in front of the police, nor are they forced to get up and move for "camping" when

napping in the daytime in a public park. The obvious poor or whomever the police officers consider undesirable are targeted for these violations.

Destroying what the homeless have for shelter- tents and sleeping bags- is the same as the city and county officials entering any neighborhood and destroying homes that are permanent structures. The homeless are deprived of simple personal property rights and their civil rights, but worst of all, they are deprived of their God given right to exist as His children in the universal home He created for them, namely this planet.

Since God provided a planet clearly big enough for all of us to have a place to sleep, how can there be a problem? What is wrong with camping areas near the city for tents and sleeping bags? There is clearly

no reason not to establish such facilities. After all, there are whole nations of nomadic tribes that have lived in tents for centuries, and the whole of mankind itself lived in tents and caves for some 20,000 years before the first city was even built.

Sacramento is not immune from world-wide economic problems that are causing enormous increases in the homeless population. Even the world bank, an institution who's concern is usually for the rich, has been alarmed at new reports of an increase of 600 millions of homeless individuals in less than a decade.

I delve little into legalisms here because laws structured to persecute the poor have no justification from the standpoint of God's spiritual standards. No such laws can be justified morally, even by the supreme courts of this land.

How does a so called Christian nation, or any other religious community, justify such actions? Could it be (or does one suspect) that Sacramento is run by a godless people?

You are not going to eliminate the poor or homeless. They are with us always. They are part of God's spiritual makeup. Scriptures of all religions place special responsibilities on the care and needs of the poor. As Christ taught, to ignore "the least of these" is to ignore Him and offend God.

The treatment of the poor by local, state and national authorities is the method that God measures the spiritual health of the community. The immoral aspects of economic cleansing will not survive the scrutiny of God's universal justice.

Why was Friendship Park temporarily closed?

Levee Repairs from page 1

Periodically throughout the summer DHA teams of social workers, formerly homeless people who know the river, and law enforcement officers for security, will visit camp sites along the American River to inform campers that they may not stay, and to provide services that the campers may need (shelter beds, bus tickets, etc.). Law enforcement may also run checks. Campers are expected to avail themselves of services offered, and repeat offenders may be penalized.

At a meeting with the Sacramento County and Cities Board on Homelessness, Tim Washburn of the Sacramento Area Flood Control Agency, along with the Army Corps of Engineers and the State Reclamation Board, presented a description of the work the agencies will perform to make levee improvements along the American and Sacramento

WHOM THE SHEPHERD MET AFTER FINDING HIS LOST SHEEP



Rivers.

After putting a wall into the center of the levees to stabilize them, rock and then soil will be placed at the construction sites and then new plants. The plants and trees will take two to three years to establish themselves.

Due to the construction efforts and the need to protect the new plants, the areas will be kept off limits to all people including fishermen, boaters and bikers as well as campers.

Joining SHA

The Sacramento Housing Alliance is a network of concerned citizens which promotes decent affordable housing for low income households and homeless people through advocacy and participation in public discourse.

The SHA does not itself provide or manage housing.

You may call for info:
(916) 442-1198

Annual Membership dues:

Standard, \$35;
Low-income, \$15

Organizations:
Full, 0.1% agency budget;
Associate, \$100.00

Send donations to:

Sacramento Housing Alliance
2125 19th St.,
Suite 101
Sacramento, CA 95818

Wish List

The date is set, and Homeward will be moving the week after July 4th. We still need some office furniture and things that go with it.

Especially needed is a table for meetings and such.

Thanks to all the people who have already called. Please call the Housing Alliance if you have any questions.

Of course, everything donated is tax deductible.

Homeward Associates

SHA Director:
Stacie Clary
SHOC President:
Eddie Harris
Graphic Design:
Lee Parks

Planning Board members:
Curtis Hagen
Marvin Jensen

Special Thanks to Contributors and Volunteers:
Paula
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Bridget Reilly
Max Biddle
Art Clay

Welcome to HOMEWARD:

Please help us make a difference!



"Homeward" is a publication of the Sacramento Homeless Organizing Committee (SHOC), which is a part of the Sacramento Housing Alliance.

Homeward's mission is to publish a newspaper for the homeless so that communication and concerns of and about the homeless are presented in a way that increases public awareness through education, involvement, and encouragement of our community about this segment of our population. It hopes to alleviate miscommunication by providing a dialogue between disparate communities. It also serves as a creative outlet for homeless people.

The opinions expressed in Homeward are those of the authors, and not necessarily the Sacramento Housing Alliance or SHOC or Homeward.

Submissions and Editorial Policy

We welcome any participation or contributions: Articles, poems and other writing can be submitted to the Sacramento Housing Alliance or given to Birte in the library at Leaves & Fishes.

All writing submitted for publication will be edited as necessary, with due respect for the authors' intent. The editors will attempt to consult with an author if changes are necessary, however, the paper will go to print with the story as edited if the author is unavailable.

All Letters to the Editor must be signed to be published. If the writer wishes to remain anonymous the editor should so state, but the letter must still be signed.

Poetry and graphics will not be edited, either the paper will publish the submission or not.

In submitting articles to the paper, authors give their permission to print their submissions in accordance with the above stipulations, as well as publishing excerpts on Homeward's webpage and possible reprinting in NASNA member papers, with due byline. Any requests for stories outside the above three will be referred to the author.

Subscriptions are available with a \$15 contribution. Make checks out to SHA. All correspondence can be sent to Homeward, c/o SHA, 2125 19th St., Suite 101, Sac, CA 95816.

For information call:

442-1198.

The paper may also be E-mailed at

Homewardnews@geocities.com

excerpts from the paper are published on the web at

www.geocities.com/rainforest/andes/4085

My Life as a "Homeless Camper" in Eugene, Oregon by Bridget Reilly

The Centennial Car Camp for the Homeless, where I lived for a total of about 7 months in 2 different years, was formed partially in recognition of the fact that many "homeless" people live in camping vehicles or tents, and can't meet all the requirements to be admitted into a shelter. It ran for parts of three consecutive years, 1993 through 1995. It was reluctantly funded each time by a combination of four different governments; the cities of Eugene and Springfield, Lane County, and the state of Oregon. The initial startup costs were high, but the lion's share of this money was to pay a round-the-clock staff of co-ordinators, because these governments insisted that the campers would need 24-hour supervision. The camp consisted basically of a parking lot with a few other amenities like toilets and a sink.

It was a very welcome innovation for its time, providing relief from legal persecution for hundreds of homeless campers including babies and school children, a safe haven where we could rest while we were supposedly trying to 'get our lives together'.

But in retrospect it's also not hard to see its many shortcomings. Behind the formation of such a camp is the assumption that none of us would mind being crammed like sardines into a noisy ghetto filled with people of our "own kind", segregated from the rest of society, and lorded over by a staff of glorified baby-sitters.

The rules at this camp, as in any type of emergency shelter arrangement, only addressed the lowest common denominator of the homeless. We were all assumed to be unruly drunks and violent, antisocial idiots who had to be coerced into acting civilized. We were also assumed to be too stupid and irresponsible to have any hand in the making of the rules we were expected to follow.

Of necessity there is a certain camaraderie that develops in these ghetto-like situations. Many people described the camp as a "family", a community and such. But there was also a tension due to the fact that we had no democratic say in the way the camp was run. There was a large discrepancy between our perception of ourselves as independent camper-dwellers and the government's perception of us as shelter inmates.

All in all, I think it was just as well that the Centennial

modal was not able to continue, as those four governments were not willing to continue paying such high costs. As I said, most of that money was wasted on the salaries of baby-sitters, whose presence was not even needed by most of us.

A few months after the closing of the car camp, I was dumped by my three year partner and left no recourse but to be an illegal camper on the streets, in a disabled rig that I could neither drive nor repair. For almost two years I was able to take refuge in a private driveway, then it was back to the streets again. I did eventually get a ticket for the "crime" of willfully and maliciously occupying my own camper on public property.

I secured permission to park my camper in a church parking lot to ensure that it wouldn't be ticketed and towed away. The pastor said I could park it and camp there for "a couple of weeks" altogether.

I had to go about searching for a lawyer to fight my camping citation. I was also still trying to figure out how to get my truck running; it needed a new alternator and battery, among other things. My two week stay at the church got stretched out to six weeks while this was going on. The pastor was getting quite expectant for me to leave, as there were these NIMBY business owners in the neighborhood who were complaining about the length of time I'd been there. After a series of friendly warnings and hints that it was time to go, he finally took the gloves off and got ugly, saying I would have to get out in three days or be towed.

I managed to find someone with a tow chain who could pull my truck out of there to a new temporary location. At this place lived a mechanic who directed me to a store where I could get a cheap alternator, then installed it himself free of charge. So then my truck was more or less mobile again.

The Homeless Action Coalition was mounting a intensive "Camping for Legal Places to Sleep", pressuring the city to provide some hassle-free place for the homeless by such and such a date (though they kept extending the date to a later time) or else they would commence civil disobedience actions.

This did produce some results in November, in the form of a slight amendment to the camping ban. Now we could camp in certain designated industrial zones - but only for 24 hours at a time. We were still required to move every day, which meant that a lot of us were no better off than before.

Many of the camping vehicles that people use as living quarters are simply not in a condition to be used for daily transportation, some of them don't run at all. Also, for some of us this provision had made life decidedly worse, as we had been banished from the residential areas where we had previously taken refuge.

In my opinion, this move on the part of the city council was merely the type of partial concession that is designed to take the wind out of people's sails. It eased enough of the pressure on the campers to discourage activists from following through on the threats of civil disobedience which they had made so vocally through the

summer and fall.

It was now November, and my camper was parked on one of the industrial streets away out in the boonies of West Eugene, and I certainly wasn't moving it every day.

The lawyer I had found to represent me was at least useful in getting postponements of my trial date. When I went to see him in early February, he surprised me by pulling out a seventeen page brief that showed how much work he had actually done.

All this work did indeed pay off. Even though I was about 20 minutes late showing up for court, and my lawyer had already left by the time I got there, the clerk informed me that the charges had been dismissed!

A full five years had passed since the 1st Centennial Camp, and my life had gotten better in some ways. But we still had a long way to go toward restoring the full rights of us 'homeless' citizens, and providing a setup where we could truly have some peace in our lives.

Society spends so much time defining homeless people by what they are not: people who don't live in the mainstream, who lack normal employment and housing. Those who want to picture the homeless as forever inhabiting a bleak, shadowy half-world, who do not want to see the color in our lives. It seems they are completely unaware that we are people who have the same life processes going on as everybody else - it is just that our life dramas are being played out on a different stage.

Get back Your Food Stamps!

Are you between 18 and 50 years old, without kids, and stopped getting food stamps due to the 3 month limit on able-bodied assistance?



You may be able to get food stamps again by doing Food Stamp Workfare if:

- Your food stamps were stopped only because you did not meet the work requirements for able-bodied adults.

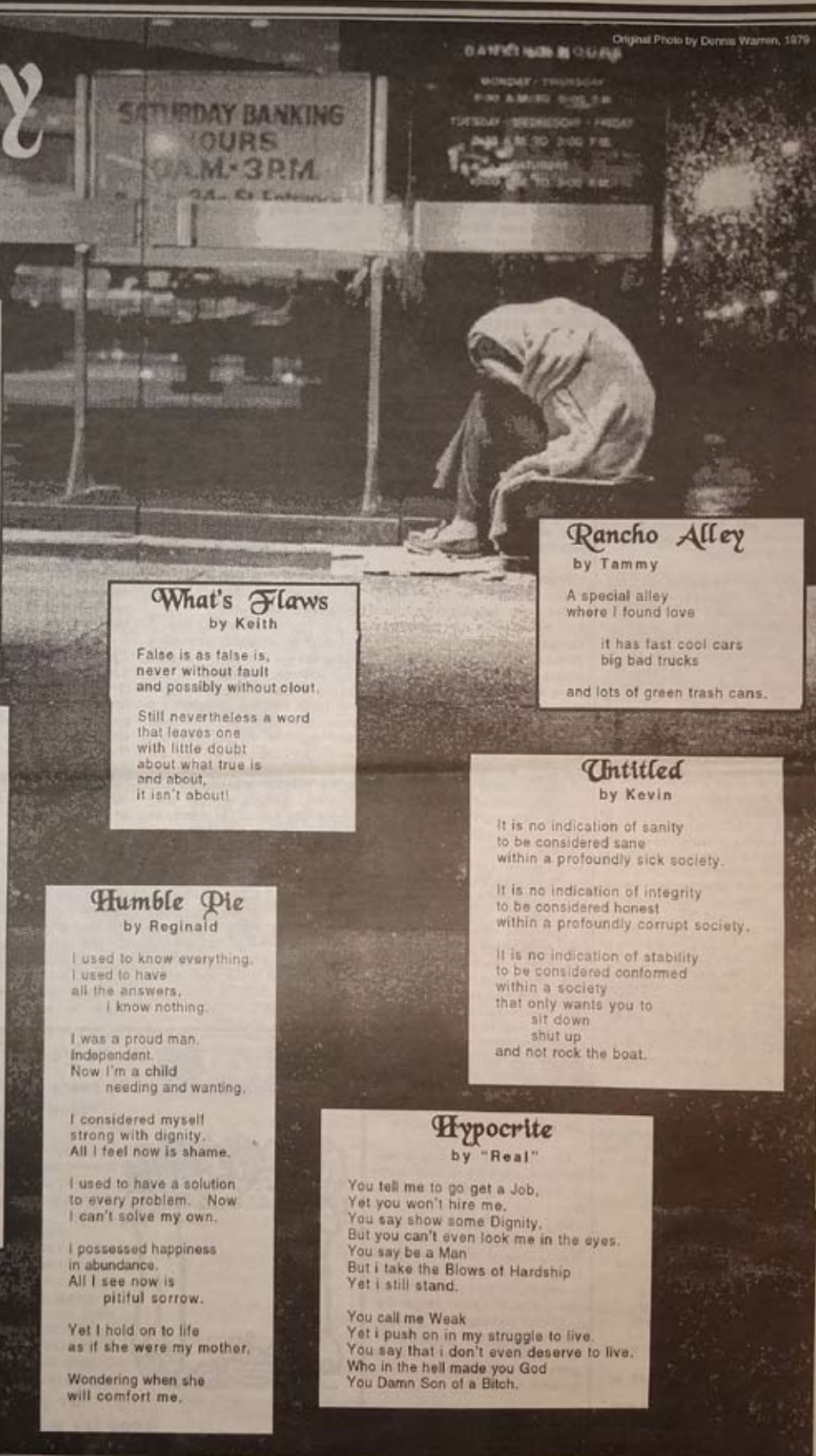
- You do not have a felony drug conviction.
- You do not have an intentional food stamp fraud conviction.

Individuals participating in the voluntary workfare program will need to do about 10-15 hours of workfare each month. The number of workfare hours is determined by dividing the food stamp allotment by minimum wage. If you are interested, go to the nearest Sacramento County Welfare Department and sign up to do food stamp workfare.

Or you may call Infoline at (916)498-1000 for more information.

Poetry

Special Thanks to the
Poets of Friendship
Park



All American City

by Montrelle

Inglewood.
Forum for the Lakers.
Hollywood Park Track
(casino inside)

LAX

My neighborhood off Manchester
Crenshaw north-south
Little parks — "Queens" is one:
one block wide
couple of benches
barbecues, swings
Food Family: Carl, Von, Taco.
Mac, King, they sizzle.
Signs brighter than street lights.

Not I

by Tamilla

Who is to say
what drives a man away,
From his own heart,
from time, to that
neverending place?

Who is to say,
which man can love?
A man of filth, mixed in atress,
may have the heart of a dove.

Who is to say,
that when I look
in his eyes
all I see
is drugged euphoria
and the secrets of his demise?

It is not I
that will say this,
And through this life
I will not drudge
BUT,

It is I that
will be his friend
because I am not
the judge.

What's Flaws

by Keith

False is as false is,
never without fault
and possibly without clout.

Still nevertheless a word
that leaves one
with little doubt
about what true is
and about,
it isn't about!

Humble Pie

by Reginald

I used to know everything,
I used to have
all the answers,
I know nothing.

I was a proud man,
Independent,
Now I'm a child
needing and wanting.

I considered myself
strong with dignity,
All I feel now is shame.

I used to have a solution
to every problem. Now
I can't solve my own.

I possessed happiness
in abundance,
All I see now is
pitiful sorrow.

Yet I hold on to life
as if she were my mother,

Wondering when she
will comfort me.

Rancho Alley

by Tammy

A special alley
where I found love

it has fast cool cars
big bad trucks

and lots of green trash cans.

Untitled

by Kevin

It is no indication of sanity
to be considered sane
within a profoundly sick society.

It is no indication of integrity
to be considered honest
within a profoundly corrupt society.

It is no indication of stability
to be considered conformed
within a society
that only wants you to
sit down
shut up
and not rock the boat.

Hypocrite

by "Real"

You tell me to go get a Job,
Yet you won't hire me,
You say show some Dignity,
But you can't even look me in the eyes.
You say be a Man
But I take the Blows of Hardship
Yet I still stand.

You call me Weak
Yet I push on in my struggle to live.
You say that I don't even deserve to live.
Who in the hell made you God
You Damn Son of a Bitch.

Interested in Writing?

Come join the new Poetry Project at the Loaves & Fishes Library:

"Streets of Sacramento"

(A Poetry/Photography Exhibit in the making)

Carmela Ruby, who anchors the Poetry Sessions in the Loaves & Fishes Library, is looking for Loaves & Fishes Guests to work with her on a new project.

She shows her photographs of street, alleys, and building around town- You write poems and or comments about the scenes.

This work will eventually go on public exhibit.

Please join the Poetry Sessions at the Loaves & Fishes Library. Look for the signs in Friendship Park, or contact Birte in the library for the next time and date.

A Midnight Story
CAMPING WITH KARMA

ONE NIGHT WHEN SLEEPING SOUNDLY ON MY DOWNTOWN VACANT LOT, SPOT I WAS AWAKEN AT 3 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING BY THE APPROACH OF A MAN CARRYING A BLANKET. I TOLD HIM, "HEY, I ALREADY GOT THIS SPOT! WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FIELD?"

HE REPLIED, "I'M JUST GOING TO SLEEP -- RIGHT HERE." AS HE PROCEEDED TO LIE DOWN BELOW MY FEET NEXT TO A PARTIALLY ERECTED BACKYARD FENCE I INSISTED, "WELL, EXCUSE ME, BUT I ALWAYS SLEEP ALONE!" HE DIDN'T BUDGE.

SO, I PACKED MY BEDDING INTO MY OLD-LADY CART AND ROLLED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LOT. WHEN I GOT TO THE OTHER SIDE AND BENT OVER TO LAY OUT MY BEDDING HE MADE REFERENCE TO MY BEHIND. I IMMEDIATELY REPACKED MY CART AND PROCEEDED TO LEAVE THE LOT TO HIM. AS I WAS LEAVING, THE LEWD COMMENTS GOT WORSE. I "SHAMEFULLY" YELLED "OH!!!!ZK!!" AT HIM AS I LEFT.

I WALKED AWKILE UNTIL I MADE IT TO A BENCH TO SIT AND THINK AND CRY. (PLEASE DON'T EVER WAKE ME UP AND PISS ME OFF!) I WAS THINKING REVENGEFULLY. HOW COULD I PROTECT MY TERRITORY NON-VIOLENTLY? WORDS HADN'T WORKED. I CRIED.

THEN I SMILED WHEN IT DROPPED ON ME... THE PLACE THAT MAN CHOSE TO SLEEP HAPPENED TO BE ON THE VERY SPOT I TOOK A P*ISS AN HOUR EARLIER--NICE AND FRESH AND STILL WET. THE NEXT DAY I WALKED BY THE LOT AND NOTICED THE FENCE HAD FALLEN. I WONDERED IF THAT MAN WOKE UP, NOT ONLY TO A SMELLY BLANKET, BUT WITH A BUMP ON HIS HEAD.

© I don't like to disturb neighbors but my honor seemed at stake. © © Sat. Vol. 2 No. 3 Page 2, Citizens Looking Bathroom, HOMEWARD

COME ONE, COME ALL!!!!

HEY YOU, YEAH YOU!!!!

Health Fair

at
Loaves & Fishes Friendship Park
ON
Thursday, July 22, 1999
8:00 a.m. - 11:30 a.m.

Get free stuff, receive health screenings, learn, listen to music, and have fun !!!

Sponsored by:
*Sacramento County Department of Health and Human Services
*Breaking Barriers
*Harm Reduction Services

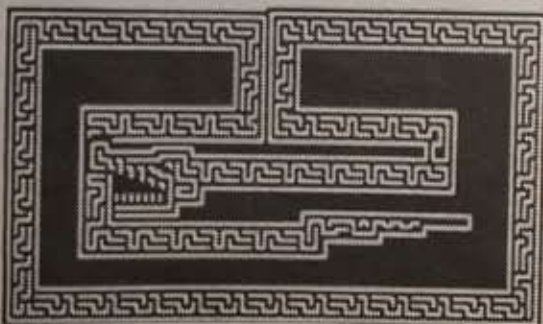
Services available will include testing and screening for HIV, TB, Diabetes, Dental, blood pressure and pregnancy. Educational services being provided include topics like Hepatitis, addictive medications, breast cancer, nutrition, glasses repair and even more!

CLASSIFIED

Mail your classified to the Housing Alliance or submit it at the paper meeting every Thursday at 10:30 am at Loaves & Fishes. One ad free to private parties and non-profits. Try to keep it under 25 words.

Donations Wanted
Loaves & Fishes
Retail Store,
1225 N. 'B' St.,
Open 10 am to 3 pm
Mon-Sat.
Donations of unwanted items appreciated.

Jobs Wanted
Give hope and happiness. Give a job, such as moving or yard work, to a homeless worker.
Call
Loaves & Fishes
job phone at
446-9316;
or mail to
Loaves & Fishes,
Jobs for Homeless,
PO Box 2161,
Sac, CA 95812



Taylor's Campaign

Narrated by Martin Sheen and directed by Richard Cohen, Taylor's Campaign is verite documentary about unforgettable hardworking people living in cardboard lean-tos in luxurious Santa Monica, California. When new laws threaten their freedom and existence a penniless truck driver, Ron Taylor, runs for Santa Monica city council as a voice of protest.
"Excellent... cuts right to the heart of the plight of the homeless." Kevin Thomas, Los Angeles Times

Purchase Price: Individuals \$45 Organizations \$105

Purchase of these tapes is restricted to personal, campus and educational use only. They cannot be rented out, loaned, copied in any way, shown to the public, advertised, broadcast on television, cable, or closed circuit TV without the express written permission of Richard Cohen and Richard Cohen Films.

SEND CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS TO:
Richard Cohen Films, PO Box 1012, Venice, CA 90291

The video will be mailed to you by priority insured mail.
For more info call (310) 395-3549 or E-mail rbc23@juno.com

Taylor's Campaign is a production of Raindog Films in association with Film Arts Foundation of San Francisco