

FREE - donations accepted.

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



OCTOBER 1, 1994.

401 Main St., Vancouver. V6A 2T7 (604)665-2289

**MIRAGE RESORTS/VLC/UNION FUND/NDP GOVERNMENT/
FEDERAL PORTS AUTHORITY/
DEVELOPER-FUNDED NPA COUNCIL/LIBEL-CHILLED MEDIA/
PUBLIC RELATIONS LOBBYISTS**



UP AGAINST THE OCTOPUS

GREATER VANCOUVER FOODBANK SOCIETY

DEPOT LIST

Office phone number: 876-3601

Food Bank Distribution Centres

Operating every week except Social Assistance cheque week (usually the last week of the month)

Wednesdays:

- 1) St. Paul's Anglican Church
Jervis Street (at Pendrell)
11:00am - 12:00pm
- 2) Thunderbird Community Centre
Cassiar Street (at 8th Ave.)
11:00am - 12:00pm
- 3) Longhouse Council of Native Ministry
Franklin Street (at Penticton)
10:30am - 11:30pm ADULTS ONLY
- 4) Native Indian New Star Christian Society
1600 Franklin Street (behind the Indian Centre)
11:00am - 12:00pm ADULTS ONLY

5) Ray-Cam Community Centre
920 E. Hastings Street (at Raymur)
11:00am - 12:00pm FAMILIES ONLY

6) Mt. Pleasant Community Centre
3161 Ontario Street (at 16th Ave.)
11:00am - 12:00pm

7) North Shore Neighbourhood House
225 East 2nd Street (off Lonsdale)
12:00pm - 1:00pm

Tuesdays

- 8) Trout Lake Community Centre
3350 Victoria Drive
10:00am - 11:00am
- 9) Southside Community Church (BURNABY)
7135 Walker (Kingsway & Edmonds)
11:00am - 12:00pm

* Recipients are permitted to attend only one.

Downtown Eastside casino vote urged

KIM BOLAN
Vancouver Sun

Bharb Gudmundson wants to know why the Downtown Eastside can't have a referendum on a proposed casino, the way other neighborhoods get to vote before pubs are approved.

"My question is, why does this happen out there and in this community nobody seems to be listening?" Gudmundson asked Vancouver city staff at a public hearing Thursday at Carnegie Centre.

"I'm certain every one of you sitting up there wouldn't like this in your community," she said.

More than 100 people packed Carnegie's auditorium to tell city officials their views on the proposed Las Vegas-style casino.

Larry Beasley, of the city's social-planning department, said that while the impression is that the casino plan is on hold, people should understand it may well proceed.

"This project is not dead," he said. "If the province allows more gambling, they will bring that project forward."

Speakers at the hearing were almost unanimously opposed to the project, saying it would destroy an already battered neighborhood by bringing more drugs, prostitution and crime, while robbing residents of existing low-cost housing, social services and access to parks.

Carnegie president Muggs Sigurgeirson said social-service providers such as Carnegie, the Downtown Eastside Residents' Association and the Downtown Eastside Youth Association rely heavily on bingos and other charitable gaming for funding.

That revenue could be badly affected by big-time gambling at the proposed casino, she said.

"We feed people with this money. We use it to buy equipment that can't be gotten in any other way," she said.

Groups that lose funds will be lined up at city hall asking for money for programs that will be even more necessary with a casino in the neighborhood, Sigurgeirson said.

"I assure you, we will not go gracefully," she said.

The lone voice in favor of the plan said many of its opponents have not even been to Las Vegas and yet criticize the desert city.

"It's really a fascinating, wonderful place," said the man, who did not give his name. "There's a sphinx there bigger than the one in Egypt."

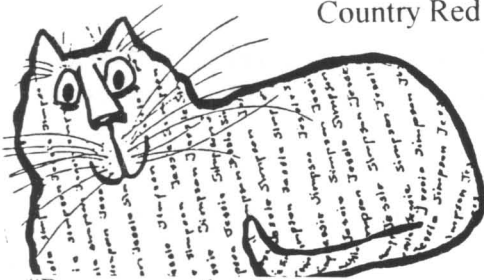
Community activist John Shayler said he was concerned the city is grossly underestimating in its studies how many low-cost housing units might be lost.

"A lot of people here went through the Expo evictions," he said. "People were told then that there wouldn't be any evictions and there were 1,000. The next step here is homelessness."

City

Rat race - anonymous face. Welcome to the city it's such a pity for those who dare to be honest. Have a nice day is the cry to those who have to decay under the shelter of light. They want to die & try to stay "high" in the rat race - anonymous face. Don't usurp the local gossip - Slander Slander, pander pander; Welcome to the rat race - anonymous face. Welcome to the city.

Country Red



"Do you agree that the average man today is a lazy selfish opinionated egotistical sex-crazed tub of crud who never thinks about anybody but himself and refuses to help with childrearing or housework and wants to go to bed with practically every woman who is not legally his grandmother and tends to have the same annual output of natural gas as Montana?"

I would rather offend with the truth
than please with adulation.

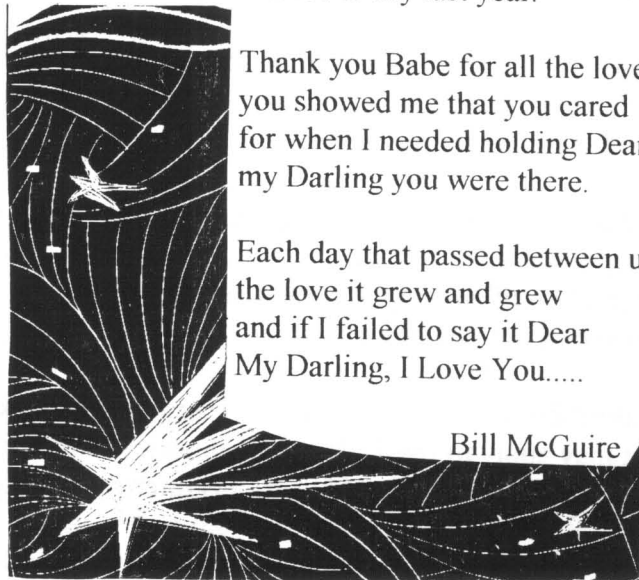
Joe Paul

Take my hand and walk with me
for we must talk my Dear.
I want to tell you all the things
I failed to say last year.

Thank you Babe for all the love
you showed me that you cared
for when I needed holding Dear
my Darling you were there.

Each day that passed between us Babe,
the love it grew and grew
and if I failed to say it Dear
My Darling, I Love You.....

Bill McGuire



GAY & LESBIAN

Drop-In

This is held on the 1st & 3rd Thursdays of the month in Carnegie Community Centre, from 3 to 5pm in the Pottery Room. Everyone who is gay & lesbian friendly is welcome to attend.

In October we'll be showing Craig Russell's *Outrageous* on October 6th; on October 20th there will be a creative sharing of poetry, prose and art.

For more information, call 254-6207 (Ellen)



BULLETIN

DERA ADVOCACY SERVICE

Effective September 15, 1994: Security Deposits have to be refunded 15 days after move out

- The landlord has to refund the security deposit and interest to the tenant on or before the 15th day after the tenant moves out with the following exceptions
 - a) The tenant agrees in writing to allow the landlord to keep all or some of the damage deposit as payment for unpaid rent or damages
 - b) An Arbitrator has ordered the tenant to pay the landlord
- If the landlord is going to keep all or some of the security deposit for unpaid rent or damages the landlord has to apply for an order from the Residential Tenancy Branch (RTB) on or before the 15th day after the tenant moves out.
- The landlord can't make a tenant sign an agreement that says the landlord doesn't have to refund the security deposit
 - a) As a condition of entering into the tenancy agreement
 - b) as a term of a tenancy agreement
- If a landlord does not apply for an order to the RTB to keep any or part of the security deposit, the tenant may apply to the RTB, without notice to the landlord for a desk order that the landlord pay to the tenant the security deposit plus interest and any filing fees.
- An order has to be legally served according to the Residential Tenancy Act.
- The landlord cannot apply to keep the security deposit after the 15th day of move out.
- A tenant has a maximum of two years after they move out to try and claim for the refund of their security deposit.
- If the landlord cannot find the tenant to refund the money the landlord has to hold it in trust for two years, following that the money goes to the landlord.

For more information contact the DERA Advocates at 682-0931, the RTB at 660-3456 or TRAC at 255-0546.



SLAVERY STILL EXISTS IN B.C.

One of Carnegie's Chinese members has been having a difficult time with his employer in that she won't accept his resignation. No, she doesn't hold a gun to his head, she just refuses to let him quit. He feels obligated because he worked for her parents for something like 30 years, and it's been ten years or more since he started working for her. All he has ever received in payment are wages at less than the minimum wage. If that isn't slavery, I don't know what is.

He cooked breakfast for her parents and served them in their beds, then tidied the kitchen and kept the plants watered. Cooking breakfast meant he had to get up at 4 to leave for their place by 5. He does the same for their daughter. There are many customs in Canada and a variety of lifestyles, but to pay below minimum wage to a tired old man who feels obligated is a crime.

This is just one sign of the very low wages others are forced to accept such as home workers in the garment industry. If only these things were reported to the authorities by visitors in our country they wouldn't have to work for next to nothing and suffer miseries.

By DORA SANDERS

CASINO DOESN'T WIN

Five people sat at the front of the room. Judy Rogers, the assistant City Manager for Vancouver, introduced herself and the other 4 people and stated that they were not present to either promote or condemn the Mirage/VLC Casino scheme. They had come to get public response to the City's Casino Review, published in early September.

The meeting was one of several being sponsored by the City of Vancouver, leading up to hearings at Council on October 18, 19 & 21.

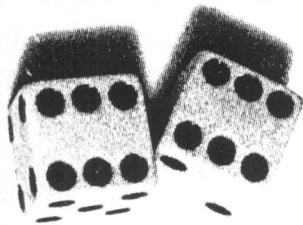
People lined up and spoke, one after another, for the next hour-and-a-half.

* "History shows that the promises of casinos are far removed from reality"
 - they do not increase profits for local businesses, instead sucking money and customers away with unfair prices subsidized by gambling profits
 - government revenue, either via taxes or direct ownership, doesn't even break even with the social costs of increased drug trafficking, prostitution, stealing, domestic abuse, money laundering, loan sharking, traffic congestion, extra policing, poverty and homelessness.

* "The vast majority of the jobs are what we call 'McJobs' - minimum wage and dead-end. The carrot held out offering employment to people in Vancouver, and people in the downtown eastside in particular, is part of the mirage - it's just so much bullshit to say that there will be extensive hiring of people who haven't worked for a year or ten in a business

that relies almost exclusively on illusion to make money. Virtually all of the higher paying jobs in a casino will go to people coming here from elsewhere, while the low-wage work will be the subject of fierce competition amongst the 200,000 people already (officially) unemployed, not to mention those now employed who will apply.

* "Housing is a prime example of numerical crap. Mirage/VLC try to flog the lie that 500 units of low-cost housing will be lost. When Expo was here, the number was "None." The reality was over 1000 people being evicted to allow landlords to make quick profits for the 6 months it went on. The Casino will be open 24hours/day, 7 days/week, and will never close. Virtually every hotel and rooming house will try to get in on the feeding frenzy of gambling/tourist dollars, with cosmetic renovations and package deal accommodation to justify price increases and evictions of any low-income tenants. Thousands of people will end up in the street, as there is no other area in the Lower Mainland where sufficient low-cost housing is available.



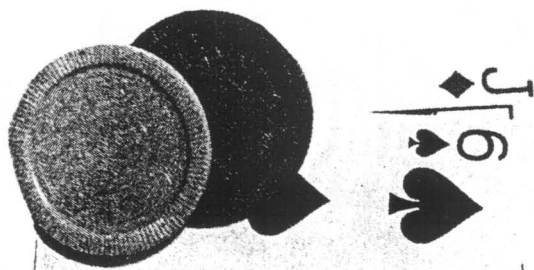
* "The Mirage/VLC figures on jobs are really warped. They talk of "average" wages at existing casinos of \$33,000/yr with another \$10,000 in benefits. If the president (Steve Wynn) makes \$33,000,000 a year and his management team has people making from \$100,000 to \$5,000,000, how many people being paid \$12,000 a year does it take to get an 'average' wage of \$33,000?

* "Problem gambling is a nice way of saying compulsive..pathological behaviour. It's not someone else's problem. Your (the City's) report says 3-6% of the adult population have this sickness, but even that is misleading. All adults don't gamble, but if even 1 out of 2 do as little as buy a lottery ticket, that doubles the percentage of "problem" gamblers. The point is not getting the numbers to reflect reality, it's what it means. In the Lower Mainland you state that about 18,000 people are compulsive, meaning they have a "progressive disorder in which an individual has a psychological, uncontrollable and pathological urge to gamble." These 18,000 people, costing the rest of society an average of \$40,000 a year each, collectively get a bill of over \$700 million a year. The costs come in around the following: spouse and child abuse, substance abuse, lost productivity, unpaid taxes, bankruptcies, legal aid, crime-fighting (police, courts, jail), debt, family disruption, suicide, and all the negative results of the loss of integrity and moral courage.

"The most insidious effect of this gambling proposal comes with its no-limit, non-stop nature. The greatest number of gambling addicts are young people, forced to turn to the one hope of 'winning a big one' to hopefully change their futures from being bleak to being worth looking forward to. Gambling is the fastest-growing teenage addiction, with the rate among high school and college students twice that of adults. With "Free" Trade and the removal of restrictions on big capital, jobs and financial business are being taken by lower bidders in the States and Mexico. This leaves more and more people here unemployed, on UI and welfare, their future prospects getting more limited. Also, those who can least afford to gamble, the poor and working

people, spend a disproportionate amount of their incomes on gambling.

* "In this neighbourhood, but throughout the Lower Mainland, the vast majority of non-profit organisations and charities rely on charity gaming licenses to fund their activities and provide services unavailable otherwise. Charity gaming - bingo, government controlled casinos - is strictly regulated and every dollar must be accounted for. If one for-profit casino is permitted in Vancouver it will mean the death of charity gaming. There will be no way that the small bingo & casino operations



can compete with a huge scheme open 24 hours a day, with food and entertainment at half-price and alcohol given away for free.

In Carnegie we fund volunteer trips, building equipment, seniors activities, park programs, food for volunteers, supporting donations for children's events and literacy work. If this Casino goes in right next door all that will be gone. There are many agencies and groups in the eastside whose work can only be done with the proceeds of charity gaming. Neither the City nor the Province will make up the difference if our bingo or the once-a-year casino nights die. Just in the eastside but particularly around here, Carnegie's work, the Women's Centre, the Youth Activities Society, Ray-Cam, Fireside Theatre, the Chinese Library, Watari and more will all be left with the need to make drastic cuts in crucial services and many things will die.

7. * "Not-In-My-Back-Yard (NIMBY) is an easy to isolate us, but that's not what we're saying. Tourists are supposed to be the saving grace of this whole scheme, but reports from Montreal say the projected numbers of tourist dollars was way overblown. Windsor reports say nothing about the private profits, just a number for tax revenue. It says nothing about the social costs those revenues have to be spent on, but most importantly no report guarantees that the tax revenues from any gambling will go to pay for the problems caused..

* "I spent 10 years in Las Vegas. When I got there Steve Wynn was strictly small-time, but through a whole lot of strange doings he got to be a big wheel. I pity Vancouver if it gets like Vegas. One Casino won't be the end. If this VLC/ Mirage thing goes ahead every hotel in the province will want one, along with all the cut-throat crap.

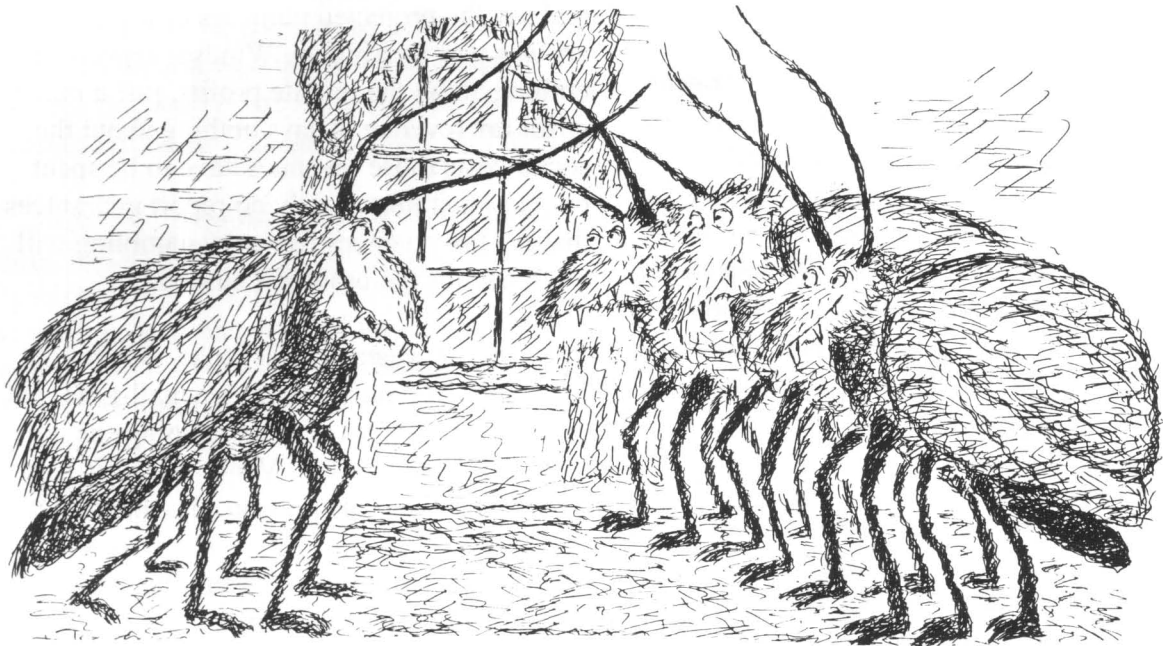
* "What seems to be missing in all this is any reference to the environment. Crab Park will be come the Casino's front lawn. The bird marsh and programs for local low-income families and children will be lost. There will be no way to restrict the park from the rich tourists and cruiseship passengers who swamp the area. I think it's disgusting the way the local people and our environment are totally left out of this.

And this is just the beginning. The City's Casino Review cites over 60 reports, source documents and research from all over North America. At virtually every level and on every issue, the gambling industry falls to clear analysis. The only winners are the owners and operators. Everyone else loses.

By PAULR TAYLOR

A True Story

My name is Albert and I'm a cockroach



The Crowd shuffles, says "Hi Albert." It all started when I was a little bugger, I couldn't help it, it was a compulsion. I'd bet the other bugs I could do it, then run across the human's eyelid as he slept. Boy! How'd they jump! Me and the boys back in the crack would reel, howling with Pure Joy.

Well they tried every which way to kill me but No Way Jose..can't kill Fat Albert. Then I had a few thousand kids, started drinking - go down to the Insecticide Bar and drink until I was drunk, go out and try my eyelid trick; went on for years. Well, I guess you know the rest - got hooked on Raid, strung out on Black Flag... if it weren't for those meetings I'd still be out there doing the bug juice eyelid dance

Was talking to Father O'Malley, chief bug at the Temple of the Big Bug - he says we're re-incarnated humans; that's why we live close to them. Seems if you were a junkie, wino, or poor, or just unlucky as a human you come back as a cockroach. The Father says it's all a big circle designed by the Big Bug himself. Sure sleep better at noon knowing that.

Now go home to your little bugies, tell 'em Albert says Stay Away from the bug juice. It'll get you; it even kills some, they'll end up like Fat Albert has, an addict, too fat to do the eyelid dance, to slow to scurry across the breakfast table, a bad excuse for a bug. Believe me, it's a bad way to go. Thank you.

Mo Dixen



On Wednesday, October 5th, at 4:30 pm,
there will be a memorial gathering for

AL WILSON

in the Carnegie Theatre.

Carnegie Character Portrait

(Reprinted as a memorial)

AL WILSON

At Grey Nuns Hospital in Regina, on June 3rd, 1918, the world saw the birth of Albert Herbert Wilson. Better known as Al, his father worked for CNR while his mother looked after 6 boys and 5 girls. Al was the 7th born. His first schooling was at Knee Path, Saskatchewan.

"I learned how to do calligraphy at Luxor School ion Knee Path. My parents forced us to go to school. We walked in snow up to our knees. Those were brutal winters. The school had 2 rooms, one teacher, and the students were all ages. The first time I went to a movie I thought the cars in the movie were coming right at me so I'd duck. Back then movies were 10 cents and were silent."

During the 1920s Al worked on several different farms. He started work at age 8, grooming cattle & horses, and worked with a team of horses stooking hay.

"Three sheaves of hay is one stook and after the binder would tie 2 stooks together, they'd fall on the ground you had to lean them together so they wouldn't rot, on a 40-45* angle. You never worked alone. People from all different farms worked together."

When the depression hit wheat was 29 cents a bushel. Al was paid \$5.00/month to work. He stayed rent-free and spent most of his money on smokes - "smokes were 10 cents a deck; they were little buggers!" In '35 Al moved to Saskatoon where he worked for Broadbent's Chesterfield House. He studied at Princess Alexander; his teacher's name was Mr. Trickey. "I saw Gordie Howe play at Saskatoon's All-Star Game."

Come W.W.II, Al enlisted with the Air Force in 1941. "I was listed as a fabric worker. Early we used to put fabric on kites, like the Sesna. I went to bombing & gunnery school in Moss Bank, just outside of Moose Jaw, in '42, and then was sent to RCAF AirSea Rescue at Sea Island, Vancouver. Sea Island is where Vancouver International Airport now lies."

It wasn't until 1944 that Al sailed from Halifax to England aboard the Ville de France. In Wickathiness, Scotland, Al was

listed as a Safety Equipment worker packing parachutes, dingies and anything else needed for survival. He did that work for the rest of the war. "I never saw action in Europe but I did volunteer to go on an airlift to help load equipment. The Canadian boys were happy as hell to get out of Italy."

When Al returned to Canada, he saw his mother in Kenora, Ontario, and was discharged in Winnipeg. "They gave us 6 weeks to decide whether to stay or go. I decided to live in Flin Flon, Manitoba, working in the mines near Thompson Lake. I was a mucker - just shoveling rock into the mine cars which went to the smelter. The work was extremely treacherous. I saw a few people get hurt down there and I got close to getting killed a couple of times from being too close to the explosions. For breathing we had to use mask respirators - it was very filthy..easily one of the foulest jobs ever."

Being fed up with mining, Al re-enlisted in the Air Force as LAC, one step before corporal. He left Winnipeg in '53 or '54 and was again stationed at Sea Island. In 1956 he had had it with Air Force life and was discharged. He went from pillar to post throughout Western Canada looking for work, doing different jobs, and wound up in Calgary.

In 1971 Al finally settled in Vancouver. "I lived on W.10th and got by on welfare until 1984, when my pension came. I used to do volunteer work at 411 Dunsmuir. Back then the director was Ruth Armstrong. One day I went for a walk and came across 401 Main and someone doing security said "Welcome!" That was in 1980 when Jim McDowell was

the director."

By 1980 Al had left W.10th and lived at the Lotus Hotel, then later moved to the Metro-pole "where they didn't change your sheets for 8 months." Al ended up at the Patricia Hotel "where they told us to get out because of Expo '86. They sent us a letter saying they had to renovate and the day I got it an old man jumped out the window from the 4th floor. We had 5 or 10 days to get out so I went to Glory Rooms. Things haven't changed since Expo."

In the years Al volunteered at Carnegie he became famous for his banners and crazy cards, not to mention the world-famous Bullshit Chart.

"It was an idea I came up with to represent all the people who come & go."

On the main chart there are 15 references and lots of photographs going back to 1980. For 1991 "Muggs replaces Nancy as the #1 sweetheart, and Marty is #2. Nancy will go down as the all-time Sweetheart."

For his volunteer work at Carnegie, Al received commendations from Ald. Libby Davies, Mayor Gordon Campbell, Jean Swanson, Ald. Harry Rankin...not to mention all the people at Carnegie.

"Coming to Carnegie is something to do. Without bugging everybody at Carnegie life would be hell. Those Bullshit Charts are all I've got, those and Carnegie."

By STEVE ROSE



THE PATRICIA HOTEL LTD.

Expo 86.

11.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

BECAUSE WE ARE PLANNING EXTENSIVE RENOVATIONS
TO THIS BUILDING, WE REGRET THAT WE MUST GIVE
YOU SIXTY DAYS NOTICE TO VACATE THESE PREMISES.
GOOD LUCK.

THE MANAGEMENT



HAPPY 1st ANNIVERSARY TO DERA'S SOLHEIM PLACE - SHUN LAI LAU

Six years at the Europe, looking through grimy windows
at the grimy windows across the street.
Never seeing the sun,
or who was screaming down on the sidewalk
at three in the morning.

The Powell St. seagulls were the only visual
joy from those early morning windows when
sleep finally overtook my wasted eyes.

Then I died and went to seventh heaven in the far
west of the Pacific Rim.

Through cataract windows I now
look with the angelic eyes of
Olaf Solheim at the beauty below;

the people, the families,
the children, moms, and shopping bags.

The children, joined by some devine right to the hand of their
parent, skipping carefreely along one moment, and then the next,
carefully avoiding the cracks in the sidewalk.

The elder men and women with canes and straw hats,
skillfully defying the cars as they cross Gore Street
to shop, and later form into gangs with others in the
triangle park to practice Tai Chi, or gab.

Earlier, at about 6 a.m., the seagulls, in the seemingly
hundreds, come flying over the rooftops from
some unknown place, and put on a spectacular demonstration of
precession flight before they land in mass to feed in the
triangle park, still within vision of my section of
Olaf's house.

Garry Gust

The Carnegie Library - Part 4

Andrew Carnegie - A Divided Man

Andrew Carnegie was aware at the age of thirty-three that unrestrained money-making was dehumanizing him (as well as others), but he didn't put business aside for another thirty years. Obviously the accumulation of property had a strong hold on him, as it has a strong hold on anyone who puts his or her faith in the ownership of things. Even the rich man in the Bible story could not give up his wealth for spiritual enlightenment.

Carnegie's reputation as a "good and kindly man" was obliterated by the Homestead Strike of 1892. He tried to defend his position with the argument that those with property could do anything they liked with their property. This view was in complete contradiction with the democratic and humanitarian view that said all human beings had the right to decent lives, and therefore human rights took precedence over property rights.

When Carnegie's personal philosophy of humanitarianism was in conflict with his pursuit of wealth, his humanitarianism came in second. To Carnegie's credit, he knew this was wrong. Less sensitive capitalists thought property was its own justification, and they had no sense of responsibility to the community whatsoever. Carnegie, however, thought that a person who lived with no other thought than his own selfish gain was a scoundrel, and this attitude put him in conflict with himself. In one breath he would praise the enormous inequality of wealth that existed in America, and in the next he'd describe this inequality as "one of the crying evils of our day."

In my view, Carnegie's outpouring of wealth "for the improvement of mankind" (he gave away close to 90% of his fortune) was an



attempt to overcome the conflict between his humanitarian values that placed human life above property, and his business values that placed property above the needs of a democratic community in which all citizens could participate fully.

This conflict in values is still part of our society today. Try this experiment, for example. Write down the three values that are most important to you as a human being, enabling you to reach your deepest humanity. Then write down three values which you believe govern the huge business corporations that dominate our world. Compare the two lists, and I think you will find that we live in an

extremely unhealthy society.

Carnegie became the king he wanted to kill as a child. He understood the tyranny of hereditary privilege, but only in the last ten years of his life, from 1909 to 1919, did he begin to grapple with the tyranny of extreme wealth.

In 1909 he saw the danger of monopolies (monstrous corporations) in the American free enterprise system, and he argued that these monopolies must be controlled by the national government if the dream of a democratic society without privilege were to be realized. He also advocated high inheritance taxes, especially for the very wealthy, as a way of distributing wealth more equitably in society.

In other words, Andrew Carnegie, one of the most powerful of the capitalists, understood that democracy was far more than the freedom to get rich.

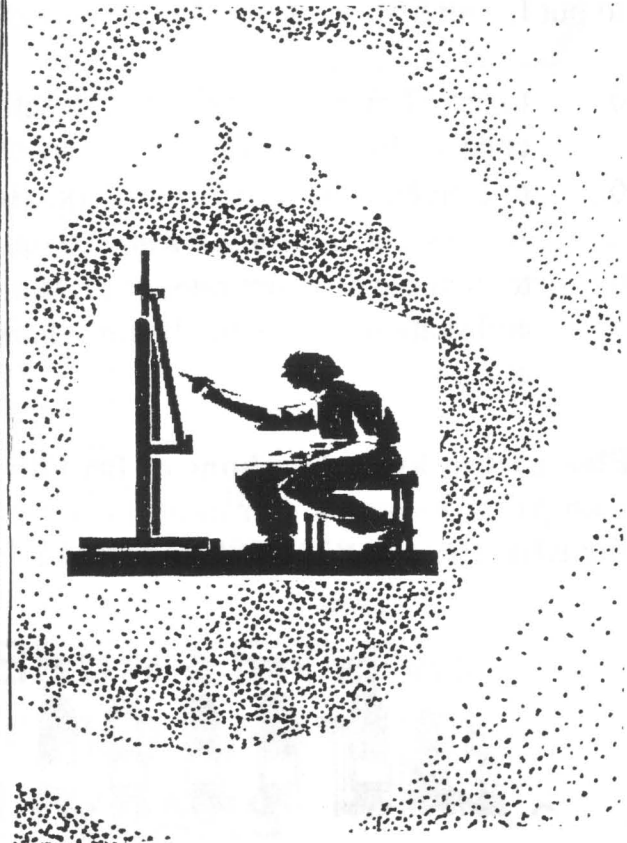
The Rev. L. Norman Tucker of Christ Church gave the main speech at the laying of the cornerstone of the Carnegie Library at Hastings and Main on March 29, 1902. He referred to Carnegie's generosity as "a promise and a prophecy of a better age that is yet to come, when people will feel that it is a crime to die rich, that riches are not a possession but a trust to be used for the good of others, that they (the wealthy) are not the owners but the stewards of all their belongings, and that the pressing necessities of citizens and communities are to be legitimately supplied by the overflowing coffers of the affluent."

Generosity of spirit is a living part of the Carnegie Centre today. The old man would have been proud of the liberating and healing work that has been done, and will continue to be done, in the building that bears his name.

By SANDY CAMERON

Oh he was but a sweet old man--
 The king of signs - the master of drawing
 Hey come over here and sign this card,
 he would say. But Al, I'm late for a meeting.
 That's okay, they can wait,
 this is more important.
 This sweet old man has left behind a
 legacy of cards signed by the former
 Councilor Libby Davies and MP Margaret
 Mitchell - people he thought were meaningful
 to the Downtown Eastside
 He will be missed for his peskiness,
 his twinkling eyes and that assertive
 pencil shaking
 Thanks Al for giving me the
 inner strength to march forward in life
 See you soon my friend.

Margaret



LEISURE ACCESS CAMPAIGN

Dear member groups and allies:

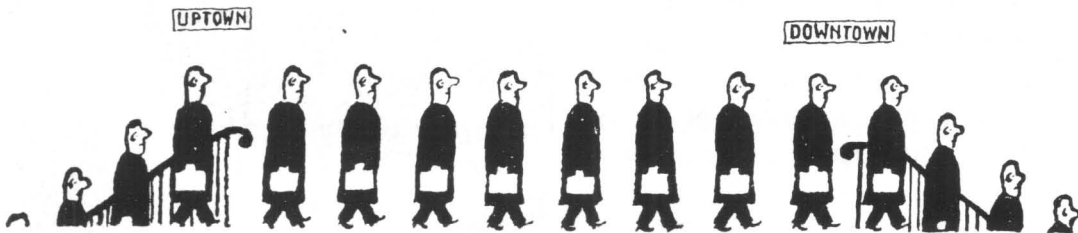
Everyone on GAIN, GAIN for the Handicapped, and others in need residing in Vancouver are entitled to receive a Leisure Access Card from the Vancouver Board of Parks and Recreation.

Low income people using the Leisure Access Card are entitled to free admission to regular swimming and skating sessions, free skate rental and a 50% discount on admission fees to other recreational activities.

Public awareness of the Vancouver Parks Board's Leisure Access Policy is low; we want to change that. End Legislated Poverty is initiating a Leisure Access Campaign to put Leisure Access Cards into the hands of low income people. Our aims are:

- ◇ to have Leisure Access Cards inserted in GAIN and GAIN for the Handicapped cheques for residents of Vancouver
- ◇ to convince the Vancouver Parks Board to advertise the availability of Leisure Access Cards for low income people, including the working poor
- ◇ to increase discount rates to recreational activities other than swimming, skating and skate rentals, with the introduction of a sliding admission fee scale starting at zero.

Please let us know by phone or fax how you can help to make the Leisure Access Campaign a success. For more information please call Michelle Des Lauriers at the ELP office at 879-1209 or by fax at 879-1229.



DOWNTOWN
EASTSIDE
YOUTH
ACTIVITIES
SOCIETY

STD Clinic - Monday through Friday, 10am - 6pm
FREE MEDICAL CLINIC - Mon, Wed, Friday, 5:30-7:30pm.
NEEDLE EXCHANGE - 221 Main; every day, 9am - 5pm.
Needle Exchange Van - on the street evenings, Mon-Sat.
N.A. meets every Monday night at 223 Main Street.

15.

1994 DONATIONS

Paula R. -\$20
Sandy C. -\$20
Cecile C. -\$10
Bill B. -\$16
Lillian H. -\$50
Etienne S. -\$40
Adult LCC -\$12
Carnegie LC -\$30
Anonymous -\$37

Bruce J. -\$10
Charley B. -\$32
Kettle FS -\$16
Hazel M. -\$10
Joy T. -\$12
Diane M. -\$16
Libby D. -\$20
CEEDS -\$50
Margi S. -\$5
Sue H. -\$35
Bill S. -\$2
Stuart M. -\$50
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Law Library -\$20

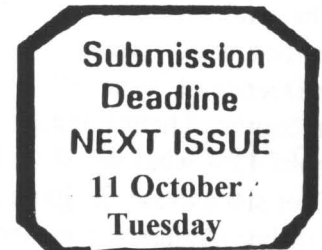


THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
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Articles represent the views of individual
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Help in the Downtown Eastside (funding)

Legal Services Society -\$930



NEED HELP ?

The Downtown Eastside Residents' Association
can help you with:

- any welfare problem
- information on legal rights
- disputes with landlords
- unsafe living conditions
- income tax
- UIC problem
- finding housing
- opening a bank account

Come into the DERA office at 9 East Hastings St.
or phone us at 682-0931.

**DERA HAS BEEN SERVING
THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE
FOR 20 YEARS**



THANKSGIVING

Soon Thanksgiving will arrive in Canada.

On Dec. 4, 1619, about 38 settlers had arrived at Berkeley Plant on James River, site of what's now Charles City, Virginia.

Two years later, Governor William Bradford had organised the first thanksgiving dinner in gratitude for a very abundant corn harvest.

The legacy of Thanksgiving is a homage to those American Natives who were kind enough to help the settlers through their first winters - otherwise a lot more settlers would have died.

The symbol of Thanksgiving is, of course, the cornucopia; the horn of plenty. And that is the essence of life in latter twentieth century Vancouver. Thanksgiving is a time to be thankful for what we all do have.

Ever since those fledgling days of the history of techno-America, machines have taken over a lot of human labour and computers have made a lot of competent scientific thinkers unemployed. No longer is this a predominantly agrarian society, since most people harvest their food at the local market.

Yet the tradition of gratitude inherent in Thanksgiving should now be stronger than ever. Machines do not control the weather, they only harvest crops. Be thankful that there was neither drought nor deluge this year.

It is convenient to complain about how life may have left you short. I myself am a bachelor and often grumble to myself that I haven't found Miss Right. Yet I am not emaciated from hunger, terrified of armed military personnel in the streets and I live in a system that precludes the old fascistic puritanical work ethic, meaning I can collect a welfare cheque, while being at leisure, and in a system where I can go to a local library and borrow books.



YET ANOTHER RANT

Re: "Blue Snakes From the Stars" - Carnegie Newsletter
September 15, 199

Hey Paul, what kind of nonsense is this? On second thought that's a bit unfair to the author of the piece, one Peter Tompkins, but you know I have to take issue with

Let's put aside, for the moment, the fact that most of this piece is based upon supposition and/or superstition, and deal with some of the outright claims of this excerpt, all of the book it was taken from: "Mysteries of the Mexican Pyramids".

#1. That human destiny, psyche's, religions, etc., are all or for the most part, under the influence of extraterrestrials. If that's the truth I suggest a movement by humans "Let's rid the earth of the Buttheads Movement."

No, but seriously, Tompkins talks of one of the so-called competing sides in a great cosmic "game" as the Great White Brotherhood. I don't know Mr. Tompkins, but this smacks awfully loudly of jackboots and other totalitarian bullshit. It also panders to division of people into competing camps. Life, Mr. Tompkins, is not a competition. The people in this world who insist it is are, in my uneducated, delicately foolish opinion, themselves fools.

Tompkins' thesis suffers from the perceptible faults that all suffer from; he sees a truth or intuitively a meaning in context and applies it across disciplines without considering logic first.

Life hates a vacuum and where there is no hatred or fear there is only love. Thanksgiving is an expression of love for the universe!

Dean Ko

Premise One: Extraterrestrials - if they are visiting us *en masse*, in the distant past and the present, well, they must have a reason for doing so and I do not think it would be for the purpose of playing games with human destiny. Games are the realm of the bored or the power-hungry psyches of people, humans, homo sapiens. I hardly think that on some distant star extraterrestrials are having a Cadbury Caramilk commercial type laugh over the folly of pissant little minds like ours. No sir if anything they'd probably be more worried about letting a species of marauding murderers like ours (just look at a history book, Bub) out into space. They'd be more concerned with the species' psychosis we suffer from - 'Intergalactic Vikings with photon torpedoes at the ready spouting rhetoric and blindly stumbling through the galactic china-shop'. No Mr. Tompkins, the best help any so-called extraterrestrial could give us would be to show us how truly dumb we are, and initiation into so-called mysteries, (as I am beginning to suspect) is nothing but substituting one set of assumptions for another or, more bluntly, one human failing for another.

While we're on this extraterrestrial topic, let's include some speculation of another sort. Let's pretend that in 1947 a spaceship did crash in Arizona and that the Pentagon does indeed have ETs on ICE. Over the years the Pentagon (lovely name that, Pentagon; reminds me of 'pentagram'..that terrible symbol which frightens all good Christians so...), they and their top dog scientists, figure out the spaceship they're holding. They build one or two of their own, hell, a whole fleet. Then, over the years, the propaganda of a great white brotherhood returning to earth to save us all...from what? Oh! From these other evil ETs. It's disseminated in various ways so that the stage is set, and I do mean stage, for the return of...homespun ETs whose agenda is not to help us out at all.

We're all waiting for some saviour to come from the sky Well compadre, he/she ain't coming. We got to figure it all out for ourselves and step number one, at least to my way of thinking, is to forget about saviours.

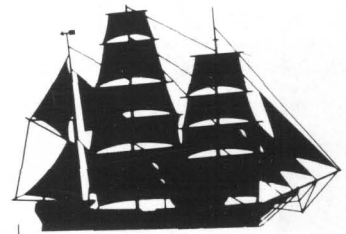
Our human species holds within its myopic power the ability to incinerate this and many other worlds. Only gods are supposed to possess such power - if we possess it we'd best be workin' on how to use it properly or else we're goners.



Saviours from the heavens? Nope. You gotta look within yourself for a saviour and, once you've claimed that birth-right, you must also see all around you as being equally blessed - all races, all peoples, all sentient creatures. Saviours from the heavens are yet another illusion. Wake up, Mr. Tompkins. Illusions such as this are fertile ground for con artists of every stripe.

Hey could I interest you in a home correspondence course from the URI GELLER Institute for Advanced Spoon Bending??!

By M. OAKLEY



SPIRITS FROM BEYOND

The spirits from beyond
are calling out my name

They are trying to tell me,
that after they speak to me,
I will never be the same

But I will have to speak to them,
for they are calling out my name
and if I don't answer them,
I will surely go insane

A funny thought has come to me
upon this very day -

If the spirits are calling to me
from beyond the grave
it must be a very long distance
from here to eternity

So I wonder if there will be
any charge from Ma Bell...
like the loss of my soul
if I were to answer
this long distance call from "hell"

Harvey Ducedre



Aboriginal Needs

in the
Downtown Eastside

I am an aboriginal person, and would like to talk to you, the people of the Downtown Eastside. I believe in my heart that our people are forgotten..not by us, the community, but by their Bands, Reserves, families and, most of all, by the government.

In order for the circle to be strong, our people need to see that there is a way out and we can help each other get out of this rut. I believe that other Aboriginal persons will accept a chance if it is shown, will accept help from their brothers and sisters.

It seems that leaders of our Bands have failed to remember that most of our people who walk the streets were born on Reserves. In their early years no one cared for them and families were dysfunctional due to alcohol. A language barrier was caused by the "System" that made it necessary for many of us to be removed and either placed in Foster Care or in a residential school.

In Alert Bay, all the girls had to go to an all-girls school in Port Alberni, where we learned a different way of life. We couldn't speak our own language and were punished if we did. A common punishment was going to our rooms without dinner.

In the Downtown Eastside we first need to acknowledge the big need, to reach out to the people and ask their opinion. It's necessary to find out where people come from and talk to the leaders of such Bands and Reserves. →



I believe that another crucial need is for a Native Detox close to the city. Not all Native adults want to attend the predominantly White detox's in town.

What else is available for our people who are forgotten by their life givers and protectors? There is a gathering of Aboriginal People happening -

Place: **CARNEGIE (401 Main)**

Where: **Theatre**

Time: **10:30 a.m.**

When: **Friday, October 14th**

For more information contact either Cleo Reece at 665-3003 or Margaret at 688-7512.



On the Young Offender's Act

- I support the fight to improve the Y.O.A. because I believe that the crimes our children are doing are beyond justification
- I recognize that if they can do the crime they should do the time.
- Children know that what they are doing is wrong yet they do it anyway, on the grounds that they know the Law cannot do a thing to them.
- Each child is aware of the protection they have under the Y.O.A. Our policies have the Law tied up and only the victims suffer.
- Parents believe they are really out of control and they have no way of stopping the youth.

Margaret

It's No Time To Fold

Congratulations to all those who came out to the Carnegie Public Meeting on the Mirage Casino. The September 22nd gathering sent out a strong, clear message to the City of Vancouver: A mega-Project with a Mega-Casino would have major destructive impacts on neighbourhood housing, crime, traffic, local business, gambling addiction, local charities and more. In short, Steve Wynn's Las Vegas mirage is too big a gamble for the downtown eastside community and the whole city.

Congratulations to everyone who has sent that "NO CASINO" message. It has been heard around the entire city.

Unfortunately this doesn't mean that the Mirage is gone. The Casino is down and a little faded, but this is not the time to get out of the game. When the Mirage/VLC folks put this mega-project on hold, they were hoping we would fold. The Carnegie meeting proved once again that we are in this for the long haul. And there still are a number of things that can be done.

1. Phone Premier Mike Harcourt's Office (253-7905) and let him know what you think of the Casino.
2. Phone and record your views on the City's Casino Review Talkback Line (871-6236)
3. Phone Mayor Philip Owen (873-7621) ↗



If you have done all your phoning and you want to talk directly to the Mayor and City Council (before they make their decision), then you will be interested in these upcoming Public Hearings:

Tuesday, October 19 (Robson Square Media)

Wednesday, Oct. 20 (Robson Sq. Media Cntr)

Friday, October 21 (City Hall)

To get on the speaker's list for any of these meetings, phone the City Clerk's Office at 873-7276, or just show up on the night of your choice.

Remember, this mega-mirage will not go away unless we speak out. That is still our best bet.

By JOHN SHAYLER



THE BRAINWASHED BLUES:

**Wally Opal recommends more
Community Policing.**

**"Community Policing is the wave of the
future" Van. cop quoted on CBC News.**

Well, I really don't want to insult my friends but I gotta tell ya - you're all a bunch of gutless wonders! What good is your politics, your meetings, your grant money & social service jobs when all you do is rationalize the images your brains picked up from television, newspapers & compromised government propaganda?

Once you get taken over by a promotional image such as "Community Policing", it seems impossible for you to clearly & logically assess the situation. Obviously more cop

shops with cute posters urging people to join the police force are a waste of public funds. Certainly if you really are determined to make a safe environment for children & elders you will be brave enough to admit that radical changes to laws & attitudes are the most direct & effective way to tackle this problem.

It's the criminal activity surrounding illegal drug use that causes these nightmares & the sooner we all wake up from our propaganda-induced trance & understand the vicious circles we're going around in as a result of stupid intolerant laws & sanctimonious job protection the more likely it is that we will actually solved these problems & create a more peaceful atmosphere in the streets, alleyways, bars & old hotels that are the breeding grounds for drug-related violence & perversions.

Why are our official community "leaders" so hypnotized by police language? Why do they not see that these are job promoters who can't tell the truth because their wages depend on telling the lies their bosses expect to hear?

Even Justice Wally Opal, after hearing horrendous testimonys from citizens with first-hand experience of deceptive heavy-handed police state tactics, couldn't get the cop propaganda out of his weak-kneed mind. So after hearing & witnessing directly the public nightmare that is Law Enforcement, the Honourable Justice Wally Opal opens his mouth and recommends more "Community Policing". Believe me, this has absolutely nothing to do with solving the problem of crime in the streets! People kill each other & terrorize their neighbours over drug deals gone bad! - & why do drug deals go bad? Because they are legislated into the category of criminal behaviour & left there like a drowning man screaming for help while the lifeguard thinks,

"Well, Gee, maybe if I open another lifeguard store this problem will go away..."

Are these people playing with a full deck? Or is it marked cards from America that runs the intolerant drug-war attitude that criminalizes our streets?

If drugs were legal with maximum truthful educational materials made available the street-crime level on the streets of Vancouver would drop 70% - guaranteed.

TORA



"Community Policing"

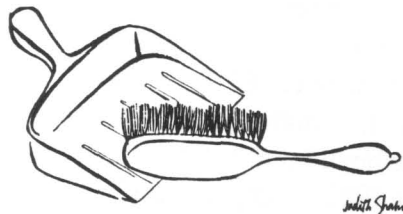
The DERA General Membership meeting was again the site of interaction between residents of the Downtown Eastside and the Police. At the last meeting the new Chief of Police, Ray Canuel, heard many residents voice their concerns over the huge increase in heroin-related crime, the virtual saturation of the area with this drug and the fallout caused by it - robberies, assaults, muggings, theft, burglaries, gang violence, fear to walk the street, junkies shooting up everywhere, prostitution in the alleys and back lanes on every block, parks having become battle zones, used needles and condoms littering elementary school grounds, local business drying up and being replaced with pawnshops and 24-hour stores helping perpetuate the growing incidence of The Deal.

At this last meeting Inspector Bob Taylor and Corporal Kash Head (pronounced HEED)

came to talk about "Community Policing". In this approach, there is a Community Safety office opened in the neighbourhood from which local programs and activity to deal with the particular community's problems are addressed.

Taylor spoke of the drug problem and related activities from a far more knowledgeable stance than did Canuel. Canuel tried to tell us that we have a problem in perception..we just 'think' we have a problem and he couldn't see what we're so upset about. Taylor spoke of the positive things he and the Police Department are doing and Head spoke of the differences in different areas needing solutions based on input from local residents.

When it came time to speak, residents lined up to voice their despair at relying on the police, citing incidents of unsatisfactory responses. Underlying virtually all comments was the feeling that the police are doing little to make a change and that they are indifferent to the quality of life for the majority of



residents. Taylor voiced the fear that many residents have - "there's nothing we can do" and "the drug abuse of 6000 people is not a problem the police can solve."

On this point many people agree, but it's too easy to blame the police for not making mass arrests every day. Residents see drug activity on E.Hastings and crowds of people outside Carnegie and along the streets; the violence, drug dealing and related criminal activity starts as early as 7am and continues all day

every day until the wee hours of the morning. It's also too easy to complain of the most visible incidences, on the corner of Main & Hastings or all along the 100-block of E. Hastings, as the extent of the problem, but this area is like "ground zero". It's just so much bullshit when the police and government and powers-that-be all sing in unison that it's "beyond them." This point was made again and again - that no one is taking a stand on the drug-violence-crime because it's now 'contained' in the least worried about area of the city, and as long as it doesn't get out to the 'nicer' parts of town everyone is content


to ignore it. Again and again it was stated that this kind of thing would not be tolerated for 5 minutes anywhere else in Vancouver.

One motion passed at the end of the meeting has DERA, in conjunction with other local agencies, supporting the establishment of a Community Safety office.

A second motion was support in principle for the treatment of heroin use as a medical, rather than a criminal, matter.

The location of the Community Safety Office may be in the space recently vacated by Doug's Men's Wear at 14 E. Hastings.

By PAULR TAYLOR



The Presence of Absence *(What I Know About Walt)*

A cement rhinoceros at the zoo. I want to climb upon its back but my tiny arms won't stretch far enough. Frustrated, I cry. Then his large strong arms lift me astride the rhino, brace me while I ride there - king of the jungle.

He disappeared.

Edie, his mother, handed me a telephone and said: "Listen, and you can hear your father speaking from heaven."

Pat, my mother, told me I never knew him: "He died in the war." But if that were true, I'd never have been born.

My father had given me his name, and it caught in my throat. I stammered the first one that came to mind: "It's Don." "No, it isn't," said my newest little friend, "it's Bud."

I was afraid to ask questions but his army footlocker was in the basement. I frequently searched the faces in photographs of crew members lined up in front of bombers for one I'd somehow recognize. I held his purple heart medal and thought it very beautiful, but a poor exchange.

Pat kept his books. Novels, poetry, plays. I scanned them for traces of him, puzzled over underlined passages and attempted to decipher handwritten notes in the margins. The only thing I understood was that my father had put his own hand to this very page.

I became obsessed with learning to read. In nursery school, during naptime, I surreptitiously chewed and swallowed columns of newsprint I'd cut into strips. Fear and awe racing through me.

Father and Sons' Night. Athletic awards in the school cafeteria. I'd been one of the best runners on the undefeated cross country team, but that evening felt shame, and longing. I was the

only boy who borrowed another kid's father to present medals.

I was 15. And read in the newspaper a man killed himself by taking aspirins. I choked down more than 200.

In the emergency room, a policeman demanded a reason. "I don't know!" I cried, through tears of frustration and rage. He didn't believe me.

Pat said: "Tell anyone who asks, it was food poisoning." We never mentioned it again.

Just before I graduated from high school, Pat told me how Walt really died: "Your father hanged himself in jail., There's a newspaper story about it."

I visited Margaret, his sister, and Edie. They showed me his high school scrapbook - clippings about long distance runners. Walt loved running cross country. I was shocked. Margaret said: "You look so much like him."

21 years old and I began to feel harassed by a dark spiritual presence. I sought oblivion in drugs and alcohol.

Another angry explosion, as though my wife's love threatened an impoverishment fiercely protected within me.

I bolted the apartment. Walked to a bridge. Swung my legs over the railing. Leaned forward towards the river below, and heard a voice I identified as my father's say: "You don't want to do this." An invisible hand shoved me backwards, onto the walkway.

My wife said: "I knew where you were going and what you were going to do, but all I could think of to stop you was pray to your father to intercede."

Margaret wrote to tell me Walt didn't really kill himself, but just sort of ascended into heaven. Six weeks later, she shot Edie in the heart, then turned the gun on herself.

I abandoned my own son. Aeron was one year old., I rationalized distance from me would spare him the "curse" I believed to be poisoning my life.

Manic, Pat tried to call 'Walt Osborn' on the telephone. Told he was dead, Pat said: "That's just what they want you to think!" Her theory - Walt had been the victim of a conspiracy, because as a newspaper reporter he'd uncovered a scandal implicating important community figures.

Pat's revelation occurred after a near-fatal overdose with pills she'd been accumulating. And shortly before she was again committed to a mental hospital.

"Reporter Hangs Himself / Purple Heart War Veteran's Action Blamed On Domestic Activities In Last 3 Months."

25 years old before I had the courage to go to the public library and find the newspaper for Monday, March 27, 1950.

The entire 2nd page of the first section, all 8 columns, was devoted to my family...

Walt said: "I have to kill a guy." He suspected Pat of having an affair with another man. Walt was drinking heavily, daily. Pat said Walt assaulted her. Then she took off with a male companion whom detectives had failed to threaten away from her.

I was 3 years old, shuttled between both sides of my family like a flag captured by opposing teams in some childhood game.

Pat promised Walt he could have me, but didn't show for a meeting with him to finalize the agreement. Instead, she let Walt know she'd never give me to him.

His doctor told Walt to leave the city, take a rest, then deal with my custody; but Walt checked into a downtown hotel. He drank. Took sedatives. Margaret was there, and fearing he was going to leap from the window, called for help.

The newspaper, with a straight face, reported that later "Mr. Osborn appeared as calm as most of the other 15 persons in the room. They included four uniformed patrolmen, three detectives, newspapermen, the hotel night manager, a physician, and Mr. Osborn's sister and niece and two friends."

And Walt got on the phone to another friend: "There isn't going to be any suicide...I'm all right...Too many people beating down on me...I can't stand it any longer..."

He finally agreed to go to jail, where he was booked for "safekeeping". My father tore his suit coat into strips. Knotted them together to make a noose. And hanged himself from the grating in the ceiling of the cell.

3 photographs on the page: "Principals"- Walt and the other man in military uniforms flanking a larger photo of Pat: "Wife Was Central Figure in Domestic Triangle/ Picture of Patricia Osborn After She Learned of Her Husband's Death."

- Pat in shock, wrung-out and bewildered, like the survivor of a disaster.

"Osborn Found His Life Frustrated And Difficult" - Interviews...His former philosophy professor: "...Walt tried to develop a mystical philosophy of his own which he tried to explain, but could not organize his thoughts. He appeared to have terrible conflicts."

Pat: "...her husband did not take much interest in their son until he was 2. Then, she said, he suddenly realized that the youngster was an image of himself, and he wanted to mold the boy into a completely self-sufficient individual, something he had wanted to do himself."

Walt's war record: "...his plane was shot down over Vienna and he suffered a compound leg fracture. He was operated on once by the Germans who had taken him prisoner and six times after his return to the United States."

"Walt Osborn's Last Days"-boxed editorial centrepiece, assuring readers it was "...not to exploit or sensationalize aspects of a grimly tragic drama" that the story was compiled, but "It was done in the hope that this community may learn something, may pause to ask itself what are the consequences of flaunting contempt for the moral laws on which our society ultimately rests."

Pat maintained that at Walt's funeral the minister said: "The wrong one died." Her mother insisted he said no such thing.

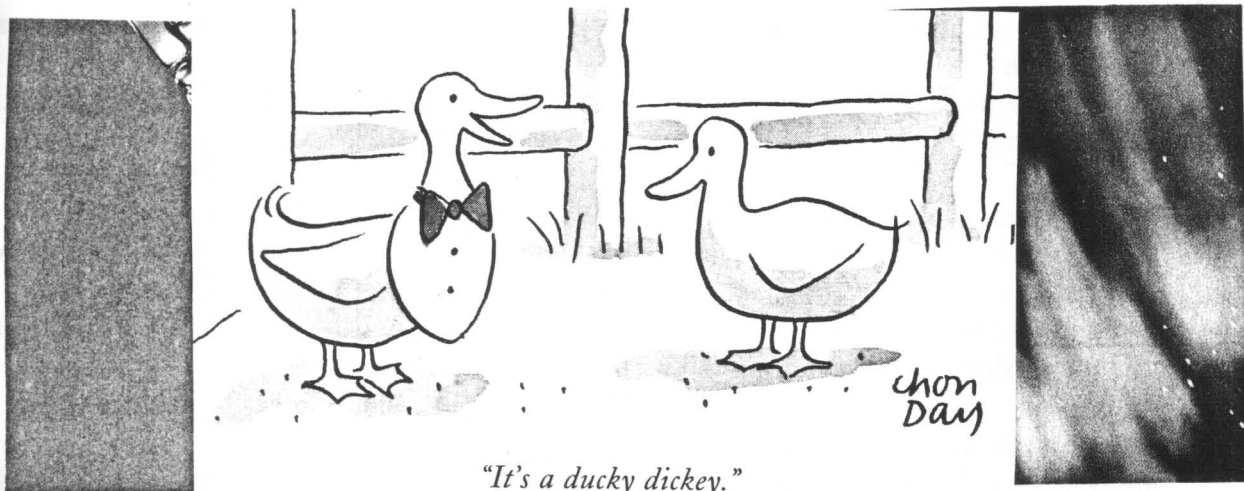
It was horrible. Both of us drunk. Pat screaming: "You'll end up just like him!" I yelled back: "You killed him!"

I went to see Sally, Walt's niece, who told me she'd battled alcoholism, depression, guilt and suicide herself. She gave me letters Walt had written to Margaret, her mother.

One letter I read and re-read, written just after his return from the war, contained cartoons he'd drawn, with accompanying captions, entitled: "Post War Plans"... "First"-a stick figure getting drunk..."Then"-sleeping one off..."And Finally"- typing..."Till This"-dancing in top hat and tuxedo, clutching a bottle in one hand and throwing money into the air with the other..."Then the Deluge"-

B4

prostrate before a menacing character brandishing a whip and saying "Get to work ya bum"... "So I'll try"-holding a placard advertising an automobile: "Buy a Guppy Six"... "This"-at a microphone announcing: "Ladies and Gents how are your bowels?"..."And this"-on one knee attempting to sell an indifferent man a shirt collar..."And wind up"-slumped against a street sign in the gutter, with a tin cup and a box of pencils..."Fini"...



"It's a ducky dickey."

Walt sold cars, broadcast for a radio station, used a typewriter, drank and died broke; but what shook me was that the hotel he was in the night he died was located on the same street as the one on the sign in his last cartoon...

My common-law wife, Marie, and I, ended up in a skid row hotel room, where alcohol and the by now intolerably oppressive "presence" combined to drive me damned near out the window.. I felt my life depended upon making some direct response to this phenomena.

All I could think of to do was dance, and speak to my father through a photograph of him.

I pleaded with him to move on elsewhere, to leave me alone. I told him I couldn't stand it anymore. I prayed for him, told him I loved him, hated him, understood why he did it, understood nothing. Begged him to leave for both our sakes.

I was drunk, sweating, gasping, with tears pouring down my face. Dancing in that miserable hotel room until I collapsed, in a nearly sober state, feeling deeply relieved.

That same evening, Marie lay ill with pneumonia. She later told me her spirit departed her body and encountered my father's sprit. A dark presence. She guided him across a threshold of some kind, before returning to this life. Doctors told her she'd had a "near-death experience."

All I know is that since that night I haven't sensed Walt's "presence" pressuring me.

Told what I know about Walt, the director of the drug treatment centre, a former Franciscan Brother, gazed a few moments and finally said: "It's your lightning."

He made it sound like a gift, instead of the curse I'd been convinced had destroyed my life. Every psychologist, counselor and psychiatrist I'd met, in jails, halfway houses and suicide wards had reinforced my belief with their variations on one theme: 'Poor bastard. No wonder you're so screwed-up. Lucky you've survived this long.'

67

But this time I felt struck by lightning myself: Illumination flashing across the black landscape of my life.

I asked myself "Have I taken all this too literally? Instead of an obviously self-absorbed escape plan, couldn't suicide be a powerful desire to abandon an existence of futility, resentment and remorse for a purposeful life aimed at forgiveness and learning how to love - like a tree shattered by a lightning bolt, apparently burned out and dead, but patiently producing new life in a kind of resurrection?"

Out of the blue, after so many years, Aeron called and said he wanted to see me. He'd just turned 25. One of the first things he said to me was: "Yeah, my mother's right. We do look a lot alike."

He hugged me close to him. Buried his face in my chest. I wrapped my arms around him. My old rationalization for leaving him - that he would not be like me if he did not know me - was exposed when he told me about his life: drug addiction, alcoholism, suicidal urges.

He expressed tremendous rage towards everything and everyone except the one person most responsible for the deep wound from which his suffering originated.

And Aeron made my excuses for me. As I had with Walt. Wars and mothers. Nothing, though, assuaging the pain, stigma, guilt, of rejection.

I told Aeron I should've stayed close to him, been his father, no matter what. That's what I wished from Walt. And perhaps the one thing he most wanted from his own father, Rex, who abandoned Walt when he was a child, never to reappear in Walt's life.

I was overtaken by an encompassing love for Aeron of which I believed myself incapable. Aeron said: "I need you. Don't disappear again." I told him there was no longer anything that could drive me away.

After all, I think it was Kafka who said it: "Presence is irrefutable."

By BUD OSBORN



CROSSWORD # 5

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

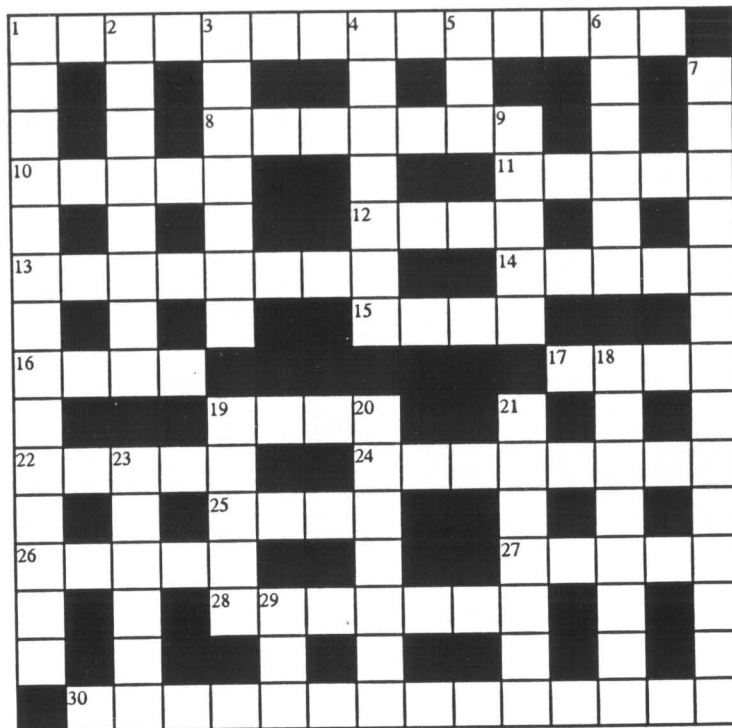
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ACROSS

- Exceed (with Go) (5,3,6)
- Criminal (7)
- Tall tales (5)
- Flower cluster (5)
- Religious leader (4)
- Added (8)
- European (5)
- Per (4)
- Body part (4)
- Save (4)
- Women's name (4)
- Restore (5)
- Rebel (4,4)
- Span (4)
- Gorge (5)
- Basketball hoops (5)
- Number (7)
- Hears gossip (4,3,7)

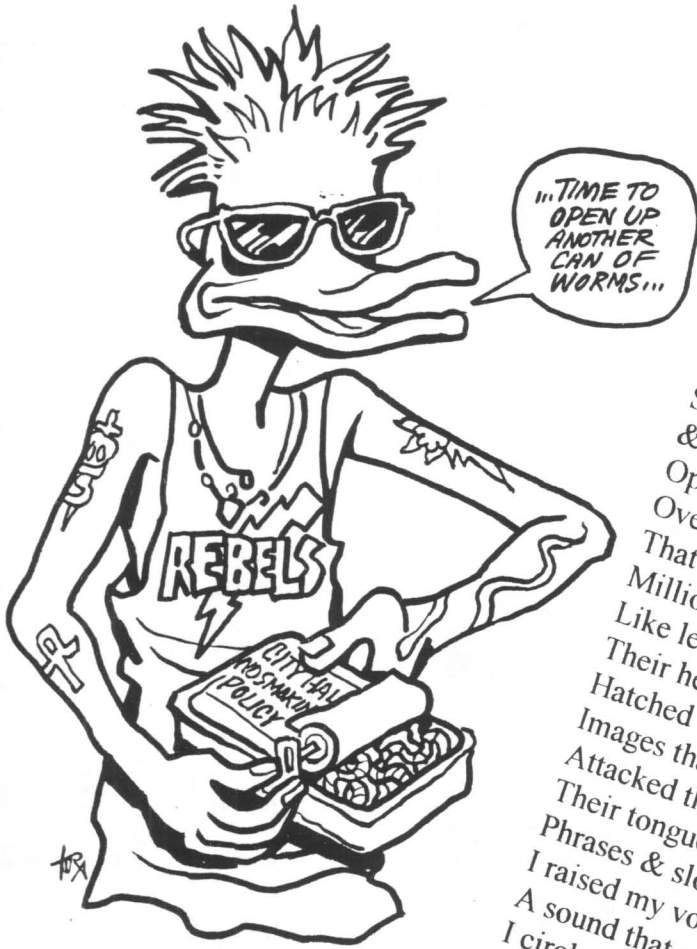
DOWN

- Marx Bros. movie (1,3,2,3,5)
- Short live musical (8)
- Religious letter (7)
- Deer skin (3,4)
- Airport abbreviation (3)
- Agile (6)
- Humpty's doctors? (3,3,5,3)
- Meal (5)
- Play music quickly (8)
- East Indian priest (5)
- Hockey player (7)
- Open a jar (7)
- Subtlety (6)
- Financial gain (3)



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The Ascendence of Mars:



In a dream I approached
The mountain of ice
Ghosts & vampires guarding the path
Descended to devour my soul
I tore the eyes out of dragons
Smashed their bones to powder
Wading through blood & fire
I drew my sword & cut off a thousand heads
Clinging to the staff of necessity
I plunged into a poisoned fog
Screamed the name of truth
& climbed forever
I captured the abandoned City of Heaven
Scattered angels with a shake of my head
& took possession of my soul
Opening my eyes I looked out
Over the vast landscape of human life
That was my kingdom
Millions of images had attached themselves
Like leeches to the brains of my subjects
Their hearts had been eaten by worms
Hatched from eggs that were ideas
Images that were needles
Attacked their eyes
Their tongues crawled with useless words
Phrases & slogans poisoned their blood
I raised my voice & called them by name
A sound that made no sense to them
I circled them with thought
I willed them to be mine
I forced them to remember who they were
A whirlwind turned the sky around
There was laughter, open space
A light that spiraled up
& music filled the corners of my mind
I thought I heard a baby crying
A dog barking, the scream of a bird
The mountain melted under me
& I woke up in a world
Where no one dared to
speak of dreams.

mayday

I feel sorriest
for those of us who've never had
the tyrannosaurus rex of treachery & terror
trample
& tear them limb from limb

for those
are most helpless
held fast to a smiling mask
& 2 sure feet
never sinking into the quicksand
beneath the concrete
where
the
true
seed
bleeds
& blooms

Bud Osborn

might be assaulted by an irate pimp.

The Province is also sitting on some sizzling information about **Michael McCarthy**, publisher of a local paper called Change.

McCarthy, a former advertising sales thingy for the Georgia Straight, charges panhandlers 40 cents a copy for his rag. Then, these poor saps sell the paper for whatever they can get on the street.

For this, McCarthy is much celebrated by local media, which he in turn uses for corporate fundraising activities.

Now, it seems, some of the key, original panhandlers have quit working for the rag, and they're wondering what McCarthy has done with all the dough. McCarthy keeps his hands clean through the mudslinging by having his assistant respond with a column urging readers to boycott all panhandlers.

Such ingratitude toward the ones who "brung him to the dance."

Editor: EYE WITNESS REPORT

So alright already, I was getting all fired up to do a great piece on an eye witness account of a drug bust behind me as I sat waiting at the bus stop right next to Carnegie on Hastings. I was about to shout "Ain't cops great!" Well, some are and some aren't.

I noticed a Chinese bike cop running up Hastings towards Main beside her bike. She caught up to a guy and stopped him, and then a male cop came up from the other direction. She examined his pockets and found a plastic bag with some stuff in it. The other cop assisted her. The lady cop gave a speech to the man being arrested. The guy was, if anything, calm. A man tried to intervene but he got a warning and backed off.

Next thing I see as I turn away are several people jaywalking across the street. Nobody gives them a ticket or warning, even though somebody got killed last week jaywalking. They are more trouble after they're dead, blocking traffic and taking up police time.

I looked away only to see a girl lift her skirt and display her bare bottom half in a bold advertising attempt to get a customer. Well, she got looks, and two cops who were passing by on motor bikes looked but didn't bother to stop. I'm sure they thought the bold step to outwit the competition was funny. She got a john and walked away with him.

What is it with cops in this area right next to the main Police Station for Vancouver? Have they been told not to stop streetwalkers? There are so many in this area they seem to outnumber pedestrians.

Dora Sanders

THE SIOUX OPPOSED CASINOS

there was a famous man who refused to be
he cared for life and the community

when the yankees came to exterminate the Sioux and steal their lands

he happened upon the scene, loaded with the tools of the times
he armed the Sioux against Custer; He gave them modern repeating
rifles, captured form Army stores.

He lived in their camps for numerous moons

He taught the Sioux warriors to shoot until they did not miss

He intermarried with the newly made widowed wives of the fallen
warriors

He cheered the Sioux for their truest beliefs in Equality (Gender Parity),
Freedom and Pride of Hard Work

He moved to the Canadian border to escape the U.S. Army hangmen.

He lived on.

Today the story of the infamous casino is plaguing us again
Today we ought therefore to recall why the Sioux fought and won at
the Battle of the Little Big Horn

In fact every revolutionary ought to celebrate the Sioux victory
every June

But don't go supporting a gambling casino

Amongst the poor peoples democracy

For the Sioux killed Major Reno at the Battle of the Little Big Horn

Now the wites (politically) have renewed his every wish (Womanizing
and Gambling) in his namesake town of Reno Nevada

Such a town full of casinos serves to show the worthless nature of
such mercenaries

They gamble with loaded houses against their intended victims
while encouraging non-productive pleasure-seeking parasitism as
the way of life.

The Sioux are a hard-working tribe with true values

For a happy life win the struggle like the Sioux

Oppose gambling casinos

PLANT gardens - community organic gardens - for a true
independent victory

Niomi

(Expunged from Historical & Herstorical texts)

Loss of self esteem, loss of self image, loss of motivation, loss of volition. These losses translate into needs. Who defines or articulates these needs? Under the current system, governments issue funds to human service agencies or providers to define and address these needs. However benign and altruistic this system may seem, providers and sympathetic core groups arbitrarily define delivery and definition of needs.

The cost to the individual who requires a service is the degradation of the individual's self-concept by the messages of deficiencies.

In the Downtown Eastside the largest deficiency is poverty. This is a disability and along with it are the extra costs associated with disability.

The extra costs are not generally financial; they are an abstract cost and this cost comes in the form of entrenchment of loss of self-esteem and self-image.

The public investments in the poor for services are given to non-poor people who are called "servicers".

The Downtown Eastside has one of the largest collections of "servicers" that routinely asserts the need for more services, agencies, and systems thus inferring that the leadership and capacities of these individuals are inadequate to solve problems. The inception of new services and agencies around people creates new environments that will guarantee deviant behaviour by people who receive these services.

Those who use these services will only become known by their deficiencies and will be serviced at the discretion of those offering the service. Active citizenship will retreat in the face of professional expertise and services will aggregate to form total environments.

These effects are so widely overlooked because of the compelling rationale for human

services. This rationale is a persuasive argument yet services that claim a success refuse to acknowledge the fact that for every one successful agency or service there are many failures.

For a community that requires so many services a new machine has been created and within this machine is the redefinition of "us", not as a people in a place, but as individuals in a system. This machine has threatened the individual by institutionally defining social programs with the power to establish authoritative definitions of need and who, what, where, when and how these needs will be addressed.

All too often society claims politicians do not have the interest of the individuals or communities at heart and measures have been instigated to stymie the lack of accountability felt by the general populace. However, this right for "servicers" to be accountable for the disbursement of funds and services is not afforded to those who must rely on the current systems and whose primary disability is only financial.

When approached for accountability, of services or servicers, self-righteous indignation is one of the responses, the other is no response; a third is to have a policy debate that focuses on setting ceilings or streamlining services. These debates only turn citizens into clients who require intervention of a paid provider.

These services have become valued institutions as they provide a comfortable lifestyle for those employed in this field. However, the analogy of a snake consuming its own tail is used to describe the fact that these "servicers" will consume more than they'll ever produce.

The perverse consequences and irony of the need for more money for more services and servicers is, for this economy to grow, problems must proliferate.

I was asked to do a cover by Rob Livingston, who always brings me a paper. You should be proud of this foot-soldier.



Food Bank & Bumper Crop

I thinned and picked apples in the Okanagan this year (1994) and put on the ground 'millions' of good apples because the company (farm) said they weren't good for selling to rich customers. At the same time the foodbanks are closing and the poor in BC go hungry. That is why I give this cover. Peace

Kevin James Dringle