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# Carnegie

## NEWSLETTER



JUNE 1, 1995

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

BRIDGE HOUSING  
VICTORY

CARNEGIE  
A.G.M.

NEIGHBOURHOOD  
GATHERING

BACK TO SCHOOL

WOODWARD'S

HEALING CIRCLE

POETRY

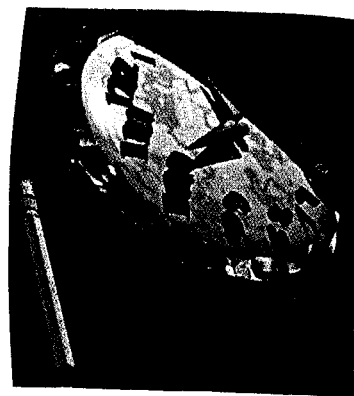
POETRY

POETRY



## *It's that time of year again*

The Annual General Meeting of the Carnegie Community Centre Assn. will be held at Carnegie Community Centre, 401 Main, at 1 p.m. on Sunday June 4th, 1995, for the purpose of hearing reports, electing directors, & all other business as may properly be brought before the meeting.



Now that it's annual general meeting time, I think it's important to reflect back on what has occurred during the past year for the Carnegie Community Centre Association and to consider what is facing us in the future,

Well, what a 12 months it has been in the most unique community centre in Canada! The Association is playing a larger role in community issues, working with other groups. We have no choice - the very survival of the community is at stake.

At this time last year we were battling Las Vegas North - the giant casino on the waterfront that would have wrecked Crab Beach and our entire neighbourhood. Thanks to the fighting spirit of our community and the unity of all groups, and support from all over the city, we beat the odds and defeated the casino.

Now we face a new threat - redevelopment and condos that are forcing up property values - leading to evictions and homelessness if we don't do something about it. Woodward's is only the tip of the iceberg, although a very big and important tip. The community is coming together solidly on this issue - to get the kind of development we can all be proud of.

Within the four walls of Carnegie, the Association has continued to help develop new programs and fund existing ones. As a

democratic organisation, the mandate of the Association is to assess the needs of its membership and work toward meeting them.

Some of our achievements this year:

- paying for repairs to the tipi used by the cultural sharing group, and for new weigh scales for the kitchen;
- renting a van that made all those summer excursions to the country possible for Carnegie people;
- helping pay for the Volunteers' out-trips all year round, and for the free chili dinners in five-week months;
- contributing \$5,000 to help pay for coffee and food and special events in Oppenheimer Park;
- co-sponsoring (and helping pay for) special events in Carnegie like Christmas, New Year's and the anniversary celebration;
- publishing the most popular and respected publication in the Downtown Eastside, the *Carnegie Newsletter*, and the most useful guide to neighbourhood services (in French, Spanish and English), *Help in the Downtown Eastside*.

So many of these activities need money, and that means fund-raising. The Association couldn't have done it without the cheerful dedication of its legion of volunteers. You are

the spirit and life's blood of our centre -  
hundreds of people who just want to give  
something back to the community.

One of the big tasks ahead of us is our  
"Royal Commission" on education. There is a  
real thirst for knowledge and learning in  
Carnegie and in our community, and we want  
to make sure that all our programs serve that  
goal. The Annual General Meeting is:

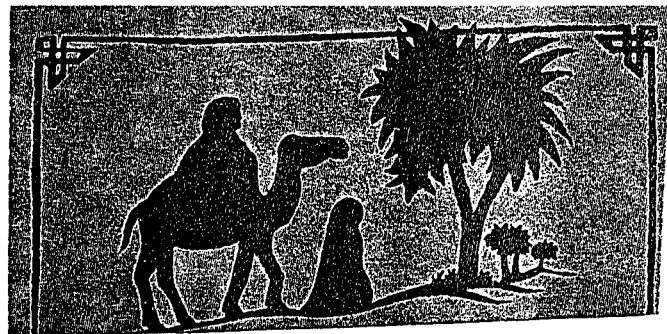
**SUNDAY, JUNE 4, at 1pm** in the  
Theatre. (Registration to vote starts at noon.)

Everyone is welcome. So, see you at  
Woodward's. I mean see you at the AGM!

By MUGGS SIGURGEIRSON  
President, CCCA



## TRY Eastern Folk Dancing



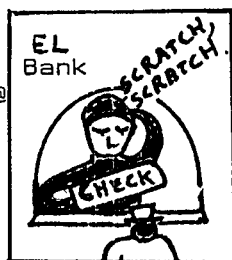
### Fridays

From May 26 to July 14

4:00 - 5:00 in gym

Please bring a scarf

**ALL WELCOME TO PARTICIPATE!**



A GREAT PIECE  
of ID

No Hassle

A B.C. Voter Registration  
Card is a good ID Card.

To get one mailed to you,  
phone: 660-6848.

All they need to know is  
your name, address, and  
S.I.S. number.

That's 660 - 6848

It doesn't stop it from happening. It comes from far away and goes around from river to ocean, country to country, from stitches to wounds and one morning when you wake up it is almost nothing, but it is here, like a sleeping disease in the middle of your chest strangling the life out of you.

Call that a sweet melancholy, a long agony, a bad souvenir,. Call that whatever you want to. It doesn't prevent the sadness of living.

Somebody killed your father, somebody killed your wife. It is too much for a young man to bear - travelling from grave to grave, leaving at every cemetery a piece of your memory. Your tears are dry now, you have cried too much already. You carry the sadness of your life like a jewel in your hand - or like an ugly face, or you carry your broken heart like a weapon in your soul - a broken utopia. It does not necessarily have to be the deepest

misery; it may be no Auchwitz. It may not be Verdun, but it is tears dropping from your eyes for the sadness of living upon rising with every day that you live.

Wherever you come from, from Peking to Tokyo, from Sarajevo to Vancouver, we all have the same pain,. We all go the same way. We all pray the same prayers; We all go the same way. They can try to understand us, those who come to us with open hands, but we won't listen. It is too late. We can't listen any more. Then, alone in the nights that never end, we start thinking of those who didn't survive the sadness of living. It doesn't prevent it from happening that it comes from far away and goes around from river to ocean, from country to country.. From an insignificant smile one morning when you wake up, it's nearly nothing, but then it's here, born again, the happiness of living.

## ZAVEN

### Human Objects

Cement forests are difficult to embrace  
You enter a maze of gravel pits with no lakes.

Secure opinions  
with painful shadows and trembling fates.

Is this what we want????

Where do those  
who think they believe  
in learning... go to relate?

Seasons change every year  
and different shades of light  
will always appear.

*Leigh Donohue*



### phoenix

men  
beat me to  
keep me  
under their  
thumb they  
try to keep me  
pregnant & in  
the kitchen but I  
will rise, out of the  
ashes, like  
a phoenix & show  
mankind what a  
woman  
will  
do

*anita stevens*

May 27, 1995, was the day in which our community was invaded by people who don't live in or around our neighbourhood. I thought that these people were Christians... they sure had me fooled. They came with signs and placards with slogans such as JESUS LOVES YOU and the beginning of the march had 10(?) Little Indians - what an insult to our people. The rest were 14,990 white people and maybe 2% Chinese.

They didn't even take the time to join in our circle; they were too involved in their parade of nonsense.

*To be human  
is much more  
than working,  
consuming,*

*accumulating.  
We are not  
economic beings,  
we are spiritual*

*beings,  
living and  
developing  
in community.*

Once again I see Christians using (our) people ...I bet hardly anyone in that march knew the names of the 10 little Indians. Their sign read "Jesus Is Chief" - come on, use your head.

Some wore their regalia. In our culture the regalia is a headdress or a blanket that is worn for a celebration on certain occasions, such as a potlatch given by a family. The potlatch was declared illegal by Christians.

Needless to say I was upset with this whole exhibition. After our ceremony I went off on a walk in our neighbourhood. Much to my surprise they were in Pigeon Park with their hands on top of a person's head; he had passed out.

I know for a fact that our community does not need the aggravation, intimidation or

anything from these people. I can only hope that they don't come here next year - I do not want to be raped of my pride and dignity again.

These 'Christians' have done enough harm, and I use the term loosely because I don't believe they are. I went to use the washroom and there was a line-up.. so I went barging in. I was greeted with 'What makes you so special?!' My reply was, "This is my neighbourhood therefore I have a right not to have to wait to use the washroom." As I

waited for the Wheelchair washroom a person in the lineup continued screaming at my friend Muggs. Then another one was saying "May the blood of Jesus Christ fall upon you!" yes, she was yelling this slogan.

Their organizer, Joe Kelder\*, once again said they were here to spread the Love... I saw no Love in the lineup. Besides, the group had carted in several gray boxes for them to use.

All I can say now is that it's over and Mayor Owen we do not want this group to come in our neighbourhood ever. We do not want to be used again especially by your people. I am still wondering where Leonore Sali's fax is - you know, the one she happened to send in the day Lorelei and I came to City Hall to speak against this march.

By the way, Leonore Sali was wrong - the

shops in Gastown were overcrowded on Saturday afternoon, the marchers left before noon on their way to Crab Park, and only came to make LOUD noise. Their fancy outfits will probably only be worn once more - on Christmas Eve.

It was sad to see that Native people were again being used and abused by the christians...when will it ever end. I can say when the people see christians as a whole at this time they are just outsmarting them, with dollar signs dangling from their ears.

## In The Dumpster

by Mr. McBinner

I have been a dumpster-diver many, many moons. I got real serious about it in '87 after the big Expo Attack.

There are many rewards and lots of competition in this game. Some are good and bad. Lately, thanks to UNITED WE CAN depot, there is lots of competition.. so much that the streets and alleys are clear of recyclable bottles and cans. It's about time.

The other night I pulled into a closed chicken place. The manager came out and scored me the leftover chicken of the day. All I have to do is keep his lot and dumpster clean and I can have it 7 nights a week. Far Out.

Then of course certain bins I used to have are locked 'cause of careless ignorant people who do not clean up their mess. Because of them all us binners suffer. Some people have no class.

If you want to contribute or have any suggestions, please leave them for Mr. McBinner at 52 E.Cordova.

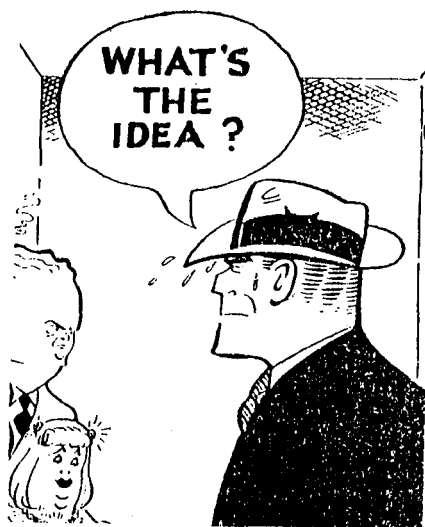
Thanks.

I'd like to say thanks to our Elders, Lorelei Hawkins and Eagle Star, for giving us the strength to over-see the marchers. Also to Allison for providing the food and dip, to Carnegie for the coffee, to Ann for keeping the fire lit, and most importantly to you the people for coming to this event.

See you at the Park on Saturday mornings.

By MARGARET PREVOST

PS: \*Write to Joe Kelder at 3463 Triumph St. in Vancouver and tell him what you think.



SAM SLANDERS RIDES AGAIN

Dear Sam Slanders,

You see me on the street, you always act surprised. You say: "How are you, good luck," but you don't mean it.

(signed)

Bob Dylan

Dear Bob

Go crawl back under your Baptist rock, ya scrawny little wimp!

Yrs Truly

Sam Slanders

So now little man, you've grown tired of grass, hash, LSD and cocaine... and someone, pretending to be a friend, says, "I'll introduce you to Miss Heroin!"

"Well, Honey, before you start to fool around with me,  
Just let me inform you how it will be,  
For I will seduce you and make you my slave,  
I've sent stronger men than you to their grave.

"You think you could never be a disgrace.  
- and end up an addict to 'poppy seed waste'  
So you start inhaling me one afternoon,  
You'll take me in your arm very soon.

"Once I have entered deep down in your veins  
The claiming will nearly drive you insane.  
You will need lots of money, as you have been told,  
For Darling, I am much more expensive than gold.

"You will swindle your mother just for a buck,  
You'll turn into something vile and corrupt,  
You'll mug and steal for my narcotic charm,  
And feel contentment when I'm in your arm.

"The day you realize the monster you've grown,  
You'll solemnly promise to leave me alone.  
If you think you've got some mystical knack,  
Then, Sweetie, try getting me off your back.

"The vomit, the cramps, your guts tied up in knots,  
The jangling nerves screaming for just one more shot,  
The hot chills and cold sweats along with 'withdrawal' pains  
Can only be cured by my little white grains.

"There's no other way and there's no where to look  
For deep down inside you know you are hooked,  
You'll desperately run to a pusher and then -  
You'll welcome me back in your arms once again.

"And when you return as I have foretold,  
You'll give me your body and soul.  
You'll give me your morals, your conscience and heart,  
And you'll be mine 'til death do us part."

IRONM  
RUMBLE,  
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BECOM  
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AND WAR ITS  
IME, AS ARMED  
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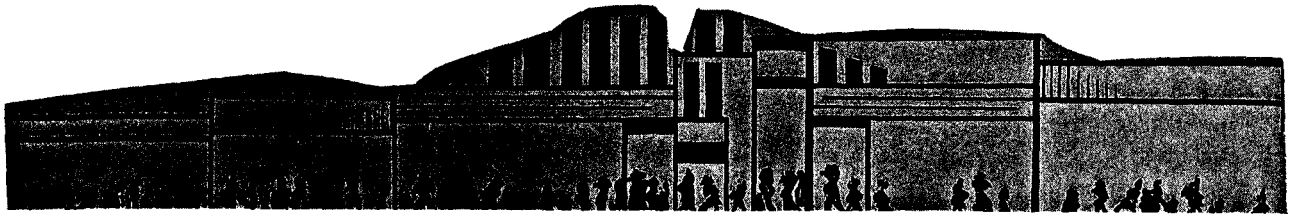
## Bridging the Troubled Waters

The Bridge Housing project for women in the Downtown Eastside is going to happen. It's unanimous.

The project won approval from every member of the City's Development Permit Board at a meeting on May 23; not only

Women's Centre - the project will be a comprehensive resource centre for women of the neighbourhood.

Can you imagine - the Gasbags actually tried to block this much-needed residence because they don't want any more social projects in "their" neighbourhood! How cruel and



approval but praise for how well-conceived it is, and how much needed.

It was a satisfying victory for the community which has been campaigning for this project over the opposition of the Gastown business and condo crowd. More than 400 letters from individuals and community groups have been collected.

The Bridge project will house women who are living in dangerous or substandard conditions in hotels or other accommodations. They may be in abusive relationships, getting hassled by landlords or abusive strangers living nearby.

There are about 2000 women living in the Downtown Eastside, compared to 7000 men. More than 600 of the women are over 65, and at least 80 are over the age of 85.

Studies have shown that the women living here get sick more often and die younger than women in other neighbourhoods.

The project will contain 47 housing units at Columbia and Cordova, in the parking lot across from both the Columbia Hotel and Crabtree Corner. At the street level it will be the new home for the Downtown Eastside

heartless can they get?

They are the small clique of business interests and condo owners that control the Gastown Heritage Area Planning Committee (GHAPC), a city-appointed body that is supposed to watchdog heritage issues, but now wants to call the shots for not only Gastown but a big chunk of the rest of the Downtown Eastside.

Of the seven members of GHAPC, five have a direct interest in increasing property values in the area, as representing local restaurants, developers, architects and landowners.

This includes two members who acknowledge they are in conflict of interest on key issues: Jon Ellis, who is employed on the proposed Woodward's development, and Jim Lehto, working for the owner of the Cambie Hotel, who is converting to a bed-and-breakfast. Of course, neither will vote on the issues in conflict, but they get to speak on them and hang out with their buddies.

The "community-resident" representative on GHAPC is Mike (Mr. Condo) McCoy. See Elizabeth Aird's column, reprinted in this issue of the Carnegie Newsletter, to see where



he's coming from.

More than 1200 low income people live in hotels in the area. They certainly have an interest in the real estate market - if property values go up, they get evicted to make way



Editor,

I read your newspaper all the time and really enjoy it

In my travels in the wind, I've met many native brothers and sisters who ride. With powwow season starting up, it would be fun to establish camaraderie and an opportunity to expand friendships and share our common culture & native spirituality. So:

Dear Readers,

I am a woman who's been riding my own motorcycle for several years. Recently I was reunited with my birth mother and my native Cree cultural roots.

I am interested in starting a native bikers' association and would like to invite interested parties to either write to me

Joy Ward

19346 71st Ave., RR #16

SURREY, BC V4N 3G6

or phone/fax:

(604) 574-3313

All my relations,

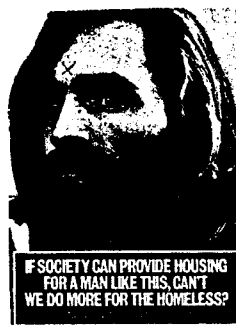
Joy Ward

(PS: Yeah -- it's a Harley!)

for richer tenants. Simple as that. It's already happening in the Cambie Hotel. 9

But are they represented on GHAPC? Silly question.

By MARTY PANZA.



### *To the People of Carnegie*

I would like to take this time to Thank all of you for believing in me and selecting me as Volunteer of the Year. I am very honoured and will do my best to represent the people of Carnegie and the community.

As I explained in Steve Rose's article, I was beside myself when telling that information, but the things I have been doing these past 6 years I have enjoyed. It was you, the people, who made my volunteer work easy and most of you carried me when I wasn't able to do my work.

Being chairperson of the Volunteers it was difficult enough picking the Volunteer of the Month, let alone of the year. I believe you should all give yourselves a handshake.

It's not one volunteer who makes a difference - it's all of us.,

Once again, thank you for believing in me.

Margaret Prevost

## Letters

FROM PAGE 4

### Run this letter, or else...

Your report about the failure of the *Vancouver Sun* to publish timely rebuttals of its editorial position on health care omitted some points [Straight Talk, April 28-May 5].

As you observed, the *Sun* let three months pass before it published a letter to the editor from B.C.'s three major health unions criticizing an editorial of January 13. But our letter dated January 19 and published April 13 was just the last straw of a long-running battle with the *Sun* to get the other side into the paper about the value of the Employment Security Agreement in health care.

For almost two years, the *Sun*, through editorial writers and columnist Vaughn Palmer, has parroted the line of business leaders, some senior hospital bureaucrats, and the Liberal opposition condemning the health accord as a "sweetheart deal" for "friends of the NDP".

In fact, while B.C. has experienced serious downsizing of acute-care hospitals in the past two years, the accord has saved British Columbians from the excesses of service disruptions and staff reductions that have plagued efforts to reform health care in other parts of the country.

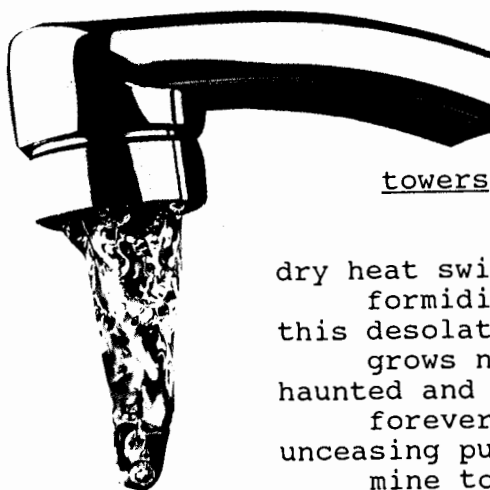
Palmer had launched a previous attack last November. The three unions then collaborated on an Op-Ed piece in rebuttal. When the piece wasn't published, a union staffer called the *Sun* and was told the paper does not publish Op-Ed columns in response to editorials or columns. That the *Sun* had just published a piece from the B.C. Medical Association (criticizing a *Sun* editorial about user fees) was a special case, she was told.

Unable to get their point of view into the *Sun*, the health unions requested what turned out to be an extremely acrimonious meeting with

the *Sun* editorial board on February 21. Nobody from *Sun* senior management bothered to attend.

The *Sun*'s publication of our letter almost three months after it was sent demonstrates an abuse of its responsibility to provide a range of viewpoints to its readers. From our point of view, the paper is simply perpetuating the agenda of the multinational corporations that own it.

Ivory Warner  
President, B.C. Nurses' Union  
Burnaby



towers

dry heat swirling  
formidable towers  
this desolate abyss  
grows no tender flowers  
haunted and driven  
forever it seems  
unceasing punishment  
mine to keep

where God watching?  
life i need  
where living water?  
only sand i see  
i scurry from pain  
comfort to seek  
but find sweet refuge  
only in dreams

i hope for a spring  
my garden to water  
just a thought away  
beyond those towers  
storms cannot last  
so they say  
where fear is -  
there Is The Way



# WHO LOSES?

Life is measured in growth, not stagnation. Experience, both in practical and academic terms, forms the signposts of education.

Although the methods and dynamics used follow proven beneficial guidelines, as instilled by the volunteer coordinator, there seems to be a growing animosity between the roles of tutor and teacher. This situation is occurring because of unclear role definition.

Teachers are the recognized leaders in education in terms of having the formal academic qualifications. They have put in many years of required study to earn that recognition in the teaching profession. Their paycheques are a direct reflection of their dedication to educate others.

Tutors, on the other hand, do not usually hold teaching degrees. Some may be working towards degrees in other fields, and collecting practicum credits. Some may be skilled in particular fields, such as communication or counselling. But all have the desire to share their knowledge with the community of which they are a part. Their non-existent paycheques are a direct reflection of their dedication to help others.

Everyone has something to share, be it knowledge, experience, or even concepts such as motivation or role models. At the same time, everyone has needs - needs of respect, responsibilities, guidelines and, most of all, the need to feel useful and accepted.

Tutors are not teaching assistants. Nor are they just aides, a tool to use to do the odds and ends left over by a teacher, or an overloaded schedule. It is a great waste not to utilise, let alone not to recognize potential in any individual.

Most tutors come from the community and therefore have their finger on the pulse of that



community. They are seen by students in supermarkets, libraries, or community involvement events. They already have a common bond. This rapport enables a tutor to take a more relaxed, unstructured stance in the classroom.

Teachers are a direct necessity for academic learning, a tried and proven method. They are notoriously overworked, dedicated, underpaid and generally appreciated by society. They are a valuable asset to everyone.

Tutors are a direct necessity for community learning, a tried and proven method. They are notoriously overworked, dedicated, unpaid, and generally appreciated by the community. They are a valuable asset to everyone.

Every culture has basic rules; so must the Learning Centre. Too many committees, too much red tape, too much political in-fighting, however caused, creates dissension and stifles creativity. The result: Tutors leave for a place with less problems, for they only want to help educate; Teachers end up with increased workload duties, creating stress and possible burn-out.

Education is the ultimate goal of every student, tutor and teacher. Dissension should have no part. The only criteria should be: Are the needs of the student being met? Surely things can be harmonized quickly, maybe by direct meetings between all parties. If not, the ultimate loser is the STUDENT.

(former tutor at the Learning Centre)  
By PHIL W.



## BACK TO SCHOOL

By all accounts, the Cain Inquiry into drug use in BC was a very useful exercise. Coroner Vince Kane talked to a lot of people, did some excellent research and came up with a lot of sensible recommendations on how to deal with the problem of drugs.

That's the process that Carnegie's education committee will use in tackling another very important issue in our community - the need and desire for education by residents.

The census data tell us the Downtown East-side has the lowest literacy rate in the province. About 40 per cent of residents could use help in basic reading and arithmetic just to fill out forms and comprehend important notices.

At the same time there are many neighbourhood residents who have a language other than English as their mother tongue. Still others need and want to complete their Grade 12 or get some sort of training to help them find employment.

Carnegie has long been one of the leading educational institutions in the community. The thirst for knowledge and education here is obvious.

For example, the kitchen has provided basic skills and motivation to numerous volunteers who later went out and got training or jobs.

Our library is always jammed.. one of the highest reader usage's in Vancouver. The Learning Centre is a very busy place, bursting at the seams.

We want to hear from the community on what kind of educational programs are the priority. With limited space in the Centre, who should we be accommodating first? What are the main neighbourhood needs? How can our education programs be improved?

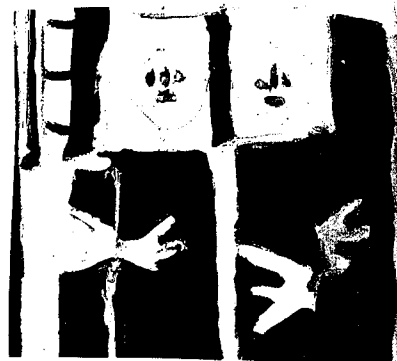
Like the Cain inquiry, we will hold public meetings - in Carnegie, in the hotels, with any other group or individual in the community - sort of a royal commission on education. There will be surveys and interviews. The education committee of the Association will talk to people in the bars, on the street, wherever anybody will venture an opinion.

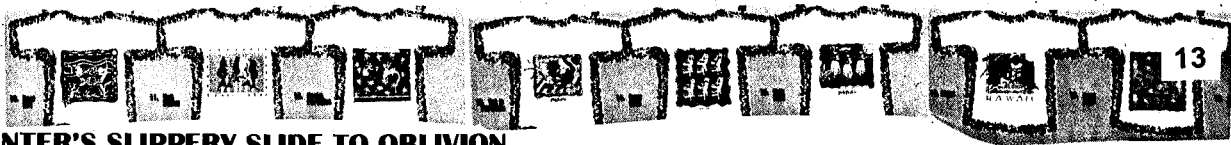
Everybody will get their say. All opinions, views and information will be aired and made public. At the end of the process the community will have identified their priorities and we will know the way forward.

This is a big project. To do the job right, the Cain Inquiry took almost a year. We expect to spend the summer on the basic research and fact-finding.

The effort will be worth it. Access to education is one of our most cherished rights.

By MUGGS SIGURGEIRSON





## WINTER'S SLIPPERY SLIDE TO OBLIVION

When the flakes began to fall  
Boots were needed  
Sweaters, a warm coat  
Tongue  
Apartment living means no shovelling

Freezing days  
Make life inside pleasurable  
Reading, watching t.v.  
All that housework stuff  
Observing the neighbours

The third floor  
Overlooks the houses of the next street  
I see many things  
And with winter here  
Have time to snoop

Old lady in house next door  
lets young relative clean snow from walk  
Shop for her, Run errands  
But no tidying messy house  
Or yard, she must pay by the hour

Skinny, bent woman must be 90  
Lets her cat out  
Cat has one leg missing, has to hop down steps  
Old lady forgets to close the door  
Leaving it open a crack

Back door opens into kitchen  
Fine for cat, not old folk  
What to do?  
Worried but said nothing  
Old lady snarly, mean

"Mind your own business,"  
She said once  
When queried on her cat's health  
Woman may be freezing to death  
In the piles of newspapers

Yes, she's a character  
Clutter is everywhere  
Magazines piled high on back porch  
Boxes under her patio full of cans  
Her back yard is crowded with bushes

Uncut grass and tall trees fill the fenced-in lot  
Where her sister used to sit  
In the summer, when she was well  
But dominated by her older sibling  
An overpowering manager

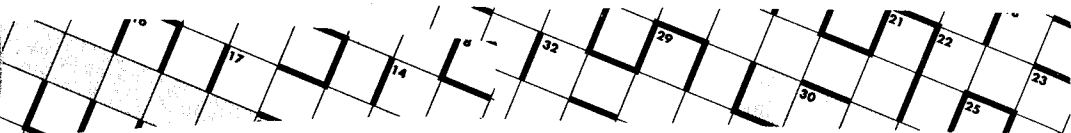
One day I saw her sister fall  
In among the bushes,  
She turned into a helpless invalid  
A bruise on her foot turned black  
The young relative called the doctor

The Doctor knocked on the door  
Was told he wasn't needed  
The next week the sister died  
Gangrene had killed her  
Going from the foot to her heart

Now, remembering, I wondered  
Should I call the cops to check out the house?  
Hours go by  
Cat comes and goes, appears restless  
I finally call cops

She was sleeping, was fine  
Answers back door, bad mood  
Wearing a coat  
Tells cops to mind their own business  
closes door with a bang

A week later the cat is at the door  
Can't get in, hasn't for a day  
I take a chance  
Buy some catfood  
Feed the poor cat



The relative comes  
No one answers knock  
Relative can't get in  
Uses broken branch of tree on window  
Shouting doesn't help

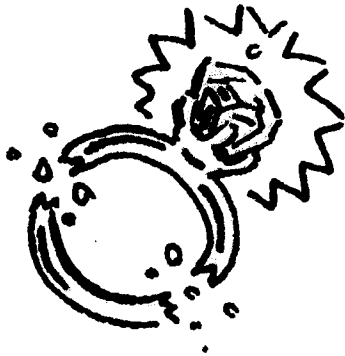
Relative calls the cops  
Who break the door down  
Next thing I know  
There's the coroner's car  
The mean old thing had died

It took several trips of truck loads of trash  
To clean out the  
woman's house, and yard  
And professional house cleaners  
Had to clean the house to get it ready to sell

I took a trip through the old building  
And saw how simple it was inside  
The kitchen cupboards are ceiling high  
Old plumbing, old fixtures  
An antique house from the turn of the century

She was the rich daughter of a pioneer  
Never married, stuck in a rut  
She had a story to tell  
Had experienced history  
But her life has no meaning now.

*Dora Sanders*



### leaving childhood behind

i rode a thin-silver sheet  
slicing and slipping  
it darted into a white,  
billow-edged fog  
i tumbled in and curled up,  
burroughed into that  
smooth-soft womb

later, I crept out and played  
with other children  
I explored the grass in  
nurturing-sunshine rays  
i walked away along the beach  
when I looked back,  
the small-grass and toys  
were still there

i waved at the children,  
they called; they wait  
i am tired  
i can not go back  
they are so far away,  
my heart aches.....

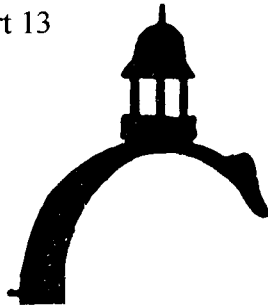
Windy Haven/nov/93

### all in the head

havana, hawaii and hawk  
on the wing  
drifting smoke from cigar  
island mirage hazy  
haunting, asylum 'havior  
it's all in the head

Windy Haven/aug/93





## **DERA Meets Fred Wyder**

On February 5, 1976, Bruce Eriksen, Libby Davies and Jean Swanson of DERA took the bus to meet Fred Wyder, who had made a commercial bid on the Carnegie building.

Although the Bentall Centre on Burrard Street, where Wyder had his office, was only ten blocks from Main and Hastings, the distance was astronomical in terms of wealth and lifestyle. The DERA workers lived from hand to mouth. Wyder was part of a large real estate and construction business.

The purpose of the meeting was to discuss Wyder's bid to turn Carnegie into an office and restaurant complex with a thirty-five year lease. Eriksen wanted Wyder to withdraw his bid. Wyder entertained the possibility of a compromise, expressing the hope that "we may be able to work something out that is beneficial to both of us." (*Van.Sun*, Feb.5/76)

The discussion took place in Wyder's finely-appointed office in an atmosphere of mutual respect. Coffee was served and the two parties were, no doubt, curious about each other. It wasn't often that the rich met the poor in a spirit of dialogue.

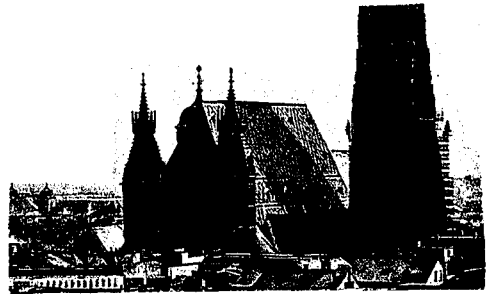
Eriksen told Wyder that DERA could not support a compromise on the use of Carnegie because the building belonged to the people

of Vancouver and a commercial enterprise 15 should not be a part of it. He said that all the space in the building was needed for community activities and that commercial activities would endanger the provincial grant for which DERA, with the help of the City, had applied. (*Sun* Feb.6/76)

Then Eriksen suggested that Wyder use his "great wealth and construction companies" to renovate Carnegie as a community centre, and donate it to the city.

Wyder, responding in a manner to fit the occasion, pointed dramatically to a photograph of his infant daughter holding a single rose and exclaimed, "What do I tell her when I've given away the family wealth?" (*Sun* Feb.6)

After the meeting, which ended amicably but inconclusively, Wyder offered to drive Erik-sen, Davies and Swanson to Carnegie where he and Eriksen would have their



pictures taken by the media. The luxurious cars in the executive parking lot beneath the Bentall Centre caused the DERA workers to stare in wonder. They were, indeed, in a world far different from the poverty of the Downtown Eastside.

Later Wyder did withdraw his bid on Carnegie, and he withdrew his bid to run for Mayor as well. He had treated the representatives of the Downtown Eastside with respect and they remembered him positively.

On February 11, 1976, a meeting of the

Community Services Committee took place in the empty Carnegie building at 2:00 in the afternoon. This meeting was a turning point in the history of the fight for the Carnegie Centre. At it, Councillor Sweeney, who had supported the Mayor's memo to sell Carnegie at one point, and had voted to lease Carnegie for commercial purposes at the City Council meeting of November 18, 1975, changed his mind and voted to preserve the building for community use.

Councillor Sweeney had conservative views on many subjects, but he was known by his

colleagues as a person with a social conscience. When he "saw" that residents of the Downtown Eastside had no "social amenities" (to use his phrase), his conscience spoke to him. Maybe the great heart of the Carnegie building spoke to him as well, whispering the words of Andrew Carnegie's maternal grandfather: "Every man a lord, every woman a lady and every child an heir."

More on the February 11th meeting next time

By SANDY CAMERON  
(To be continued)

## A Prophetic Voice

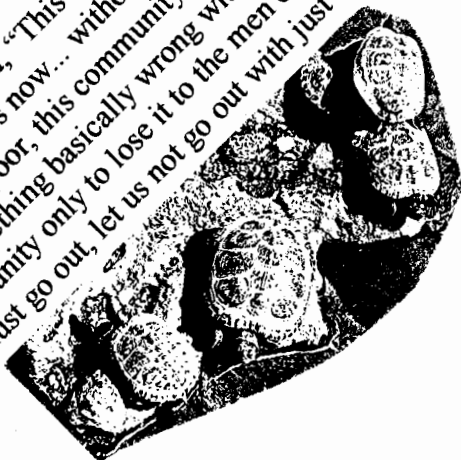


In the Carnegie Newsletter, October 1, 1986, Tom Lewis wrote an article: "Will Dollars Chase Port Out?"

In the article Lewis said, "This area is a developer's dream... I have felt this change coming for some years now... without a concerted effort to supply decent housing affordable by the poor, this community will dissolve."

"There is something basically wrong with a society that will allow the poor to develop a better community only to lose it to the men of greed."

"If we must go out, let us not go out with just a whimper."





Getting old never bothered me before. Every gray hair and each new wrinkle was like a medal of honor from Nature.

When my chin doubled I simply grew a beard. When my belly quadrupled I merely bought bigger pants and kept marching along to Father Time's tempo.

But something happened, in this my 49th year, that put the shivers in my bones and caused me to morosely browse through the obituary columns looking at the ages of the newly departed.

It started early this year on the day I began weeding at my Strathcona Gardens plot. Bending and twisting for hours on end brought the usual aches and pains, but when I sat on my sofa that night I knew from experience that I'd feel better in the morning. Wrong!

An ache in my lower back remained when I woke up, and it stayed there for the next two days.

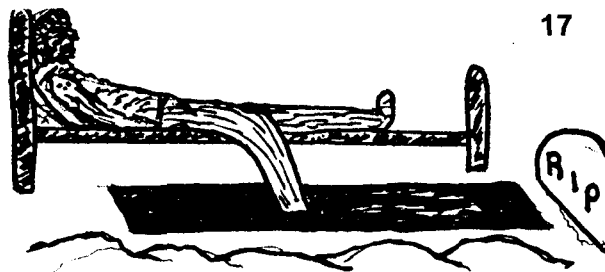
A week later I was back at the Gardens and within minutes a stabbing pain occurred every time I got up from bending over.

I could almost hear the cheering of the revengeful weeds that I'd laid to rest in the compost as I throbbed my way home through Strathcona's cherry blossomed streets.

As I tried to sleep that night I searched for that one elusive position where the pain could not follow, without success.

For the next three nights I slept in ten minute stretches only to be woken up by my own moaning.

Then the awful truth descended upon me like the darkness of a total eclipse: I was now officially "old" and not likely to rebound from injuries as I had in my previous 48 years.



My daily walks found me limping slowly down the streets of Chinatown like a three-legged dog cowering from all who passed by.

I contemplated buying a cane but vanity ruled out such a visable show of decadence.

Instead I made an appointment with Dr. Lawson Baird whose sympathetic qualities rival those of Mother Teresa.

After telling Dr Baird of my chronically crippling back ache, he simply said: "You shouldn't be having these pains for so long."

"But I'm getting old." I replied with self-righteous resolution.

"You're not old," he said in mock sternness. "You're a few pounds overweight, and your muscles need toning."

The doctor then wrote out two prescriptions. One for a muscle relaxant, and the other for a physiotherapy/ exercise program in the new YWCA building.

Later that afternoon I found myself lying on a high table in an office with windows that overlooked a swimming pool with a half dozen women doing water aerobics.

On the end of the table, crouching over my feet and pushing my knees upward, was a very healthy looking young woman of about 22 named Heather, who I've secretly nicknamed "Ms. Wonderful."

△

She hopped down from the table and told me to sit over the edge, to test my reflexes.

She tapped my knee several times with a small rubber hammer, but nothing happened.

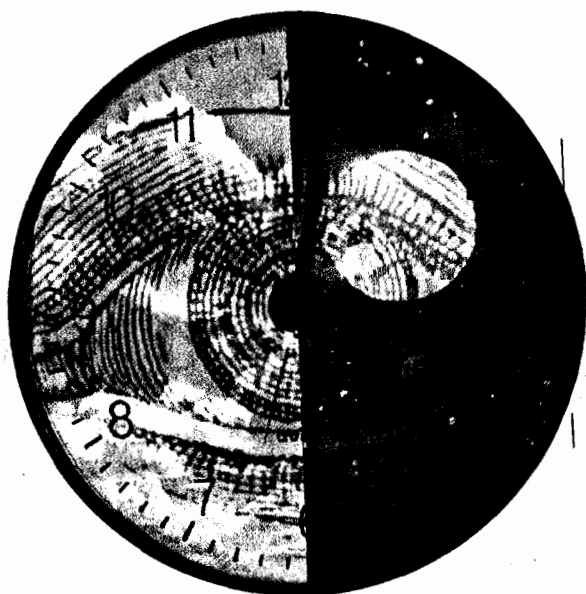
"I think you're dead." she muttered, which caused me to produce the first of several laughs that we shared during our half hour session.

Walking home later with renewed vigor, I studied my new lease on life. In the next week or two I'd be taking exercise lessons from Ms. Wonderful, to learn how to get back into shape, and stay there.

My one-foot-in-the-grave attitude of the previous few day was completely turned around by these remarkable Care-givers in this outstanding Health Care system of ours, and I got back on track with the march of time.

(Take that, Preston Manning)

So, let fifty come with its silver dust and dozey river blood flow, because soon I'll be happy to be pushing sixty.



## ***A DREAM SHELTER***

I dream of long battles  
with bugs,  
other tenants,  
both dirty and noisy.

I dream of trying to convince  
my landlord  
to fix my plumbing,  
make stove repairs,  
give me some heat,  
or do a litany of things.

These dreams recall  
my daily life.

Sometimes  
when I see empty houses  
and Woodward's  
I dream of living there  
with reasonable rents

I picture long clean halls  
good carpeting, no garbage,  
halls and rooms well-lighted.

I dream of clean rooms  
hot water, proper bathrooms  
I want so badly  
to be warm,  
to have a decent life.

Woodward's has the space  
I envision secure apartments  
happy faces  
a decent existence  
for me  
and others like me.

Dora Sanders

## EARLY DAYS AT WOODWARDS

Mom always shopped at Woodward's, particularly during the late twenties when the family lived on Oxford Street, not too far away from the Hastings and Abbott site. But later, when we moved to Renfrew and the Grandview Highway area, she continued buying her groceries there. It was a long way to go and seemed to take many hour of travelling time, but for her it was the only place to shop.

She wanted to be home before the children got home from school and in time to have dinner on the table for Dad. It took a lot of planning and effort to get home on time. She did it though, no matter what stores were built nearer our area through the thirties, forties, fifties and sixties. She slowed down a bit in her later years but was forever faithful to Woodward's. My grandfather also shopped there; he had to come from Fort Kells in Surrey and buy in bulk so he wouldn't have to make the trip very often.

The store had a lot to offer, especially at Christmas time. Woodward's was the only place to shop at during the Christmas season

as far as I was concerned. Granddad didn't want anything for Christmas, but when pressed he'd say "Just a stick of candy." The six foot-long candy canes Mom bought were not always in one piece after changing buses twice and walking two blocks with other parcels but she said that was the only place in Vancouver that she could buy what she wanted at bargain prices.

Those storefront windows were so well decorated at Christmas, so magical, even adults were drawn to them. That's right, the adults! There always seemed to be more adults crowding around them than kids, because I was a child and had to protest that I couldn't see the elves do their movements for all the grown ups standing in the way and refusing to move.

I'm into my 60's now, but those windows stand out in my memory as the high point of Christmas. Better than any present. I don't remember the gifts I got, only those elves, and dolls that did things. If only the store could be renovated for low-income families, I'd feel that the magic had come full circle.

By DORA SANDERS



## Woodward's - A Place that was Shared

The first Woodward's store opened on March 1, 1892, at what is now the corner of Georgia and Main Streets in the Downtown Eastside. It was a working person's store in a working person's neighbourhood and sold boots, shoes, groceries, drygoods and men's wear. The policy was cash only, and Woodward's attracted customers by selling more cheaply than its competitors.

Woodward's prospered during the Klondike gold rush of 1898. Tens of thousands of prospectors and miners passed through Vancouver on their way to the Yukon. Approximately sixty hotels existed in the Downtown area in those days. They catered to the workers in mining, fishing and logging, and in the secondary industries that supported these primary resource activities. What is now called the Downtown Eastside was home to these people when they weren't in the camps - and it is still their home. Woodward's carried the supplies these workers required, and even knew where to get hold of a dog team if a person needed one.

In 1901 Charles Woodward bought a lot on the north-west corner of Hastings and Abbott Streets for \$25,000. In one corner of the lot was a swamp, eight feet below the elevation of the wooden sidewalk. Huge skunk cabbages and fat bull frogs lived in the swamp.

Woodward's built a new store, a three-storey building with basement, at this location on the corner of Hastings and Abbott, and opened for business on November 4, 1903. The store covered the full size of the 132 foot by 66 foot lot.

Woodward's Department Store became a social as well as commercial Centre for the

Downtown Eastside. It was a place that was shared. Charles Woodward would often have a four-piece orchestra play in the store on Saturday nights.

In 1910 Woodward's was holding a twenty-five cents day. In the 1950's that event developed into the famous \$1.49 day.

After the First World War, the grocery department changed to a self-serving "Grocery". This idea was very popular, enabling Woodward's to lower its prices on food. The Food Floor became an important part of the store; for many citizens it was the heart of Hastings Street. It became



internationally known and was called "Canada's Foremost Food Floor".

Customers came from all over Vancouver to shop at Woodward's, especially from Vancouver's eastside. For example, Downtown Eastside residents used Woodward's as a social centre where they could meet their friends, share a coffee, and buy their groceries.



The store itself fostered a family feeling among its employees and customers. Hundreds of Woodward's employees had at least twenty years' service with the store. They knew their customers by name.

Now the Woodward's building is an empty shell, and the human and commercial loss to the community is enormous. The building needs to be brought back to life as the bustling centre it used to be. Affordable and other housing would accomplish this, with preference for the low income residents Woodward's always respected.

Also, a large public market with a variety of stores could be a part of a new Woodward's development, recapturing the vitality of earlier days and respecting the long history of the Downtown Eastside.

See you at Woodward's.

By SANDY CAMERON



ON THE STREETS

# Prostitutes face province's most dangerous profession

ROBERT SARTI  
Vancouver Sun

She could have been a workplace statistic. Instead she became unemployed and survived.

Kelly Meyers lay in a hospital bed for three months with a head injury that nearly killed her. She even gave birth to a son while still in a coma and fighting for her life.

But don't look for an official record of Meyers' on-the-job injury. She was working in B.C.'s most dangerous profession — prostitution.

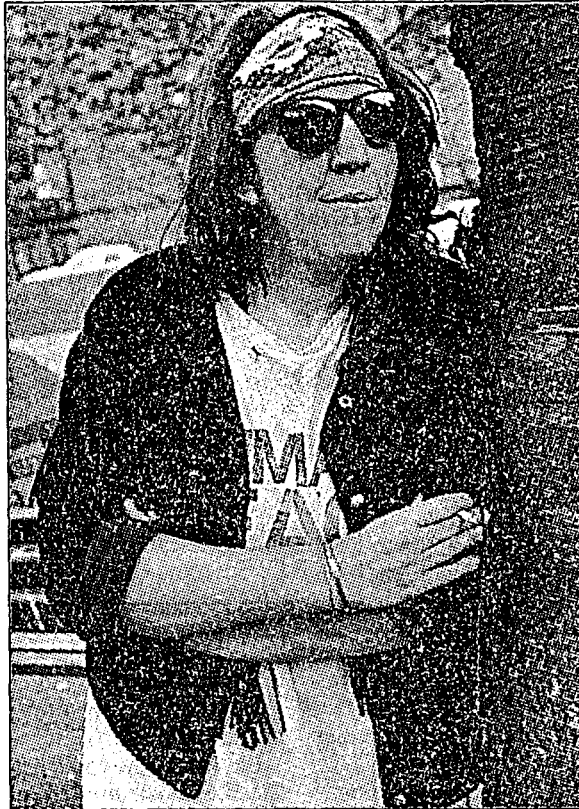
"I've seen so much violence, but as far as getting compensated for it or even recognized, it's like we don't exist," Meyers said.

A harrowing new study — not yet released — of Downtown Eastside and Strathcona prostitutes shows that 99 per cent have been assaulted on the job, often several times in a single year.

The women are injured far more often than workers in occupations considered the province's most dangerous, like mining, forestry and firefighting.

Guns, knives, fists, even moving automobiles — the men who attack them use any weapon at hand.

The provincially funded study, coordinated by street worker Sue Currie on behalf of a coalition



RALPH BOWER/Vancouver Sun

*I've seen so much violence, but as far as getting compensated for it or even recognized, it's like we don't exist.*

KELLY MEYERS

working eastside streets.

It shows most of the women had suffered abuse at home and had turned to drugs and alcohol before starting to work in the sex trade as teenagers.

Currie said the women need everything from safe affordable housing to better trained police to detox centres and education and jobs to help break the cycle of violence.

"Housing is so important," Currie said. "If they had a place they could afford, they would take fewer chances" for money.

Simon Fraser University criminologist John Lowman, who is completing his own federal study of violence against street women, said society's hypocrisy about prostitution — it's legal but frowned upon — means the women have little practical protection against men who get pleasure out of beating them up.

Meyers, 33, never saw the kick to the head from the customer who sent her to hospital. To this day, six years later, she has very little memory of the incident — so little that she hasn't even been able to lay a complaint with the police.

"I've still got the scars to show for it, though," she said, pointing to the round red gash on her throat where doctors inserted a tube to help her breathe.

of community groups, involved interviewing 150 of the 500 women

where doctors inserted a tube to help her breathe.

In 14 years working the streets, Meyers reckoned she was seriously assaulted seven times. She developed a sixth sense about danger, but sometimes her judgment was clouded by drugs.

On one occasion, a customer punched her in the face, pulled out a knife and tried to rape her in his car parked on Alexander Street. She ran from the car screaming.

A few weeks later she gasped when she saw his picture in the newspaper — charged with murdering another street woman.

In fact, she has read too many headlines about her friends — Rose Peters, Cheryl Ann Joe, her “street mother” Carol Davis, her first friend on the street, Donna Kiss, all murdered on the job.

“Donna and I worked together at Granville and Davie,” Meyers said. “She was a short little lady, sweet, wouldn’t hurt a flea.

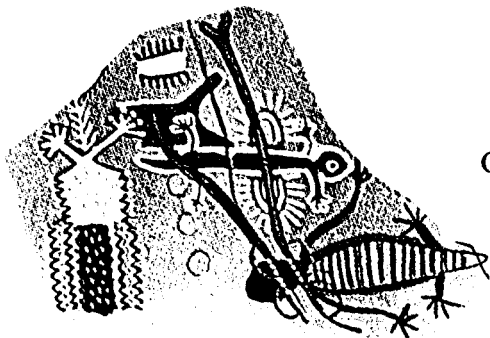
“They found her strangled in Surrey on the King George Highway.”

After getting out of the hospital, Meyers lost custody of her son and went through what she feels was a six-year-long “post-traumatic syndrome,” trying to lose herself in drugs and alcohol.

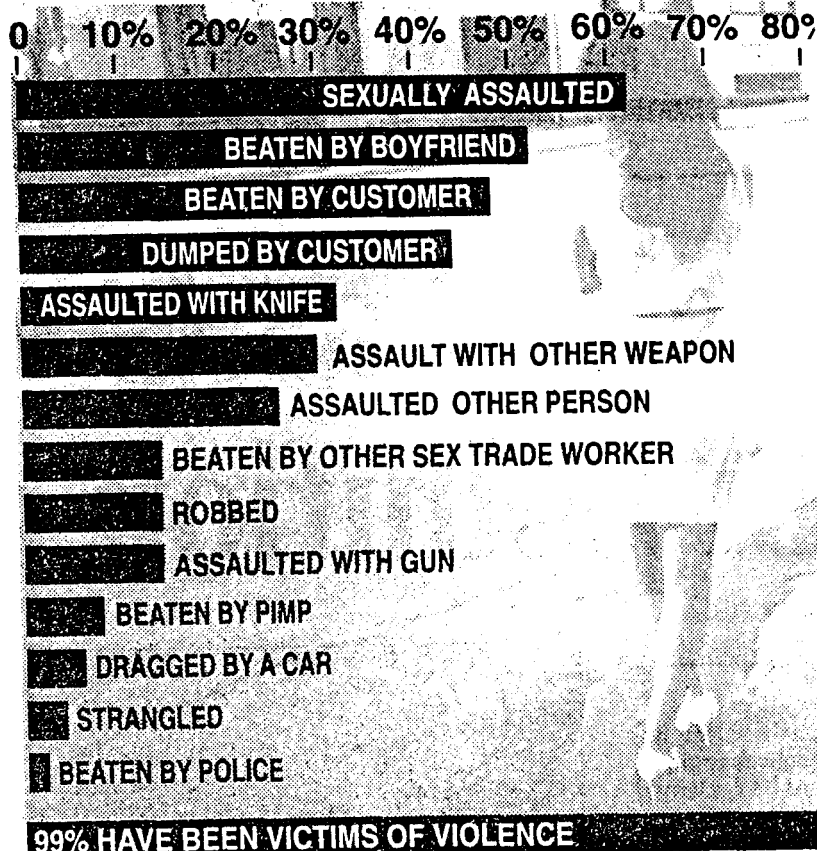
Three months ago, she finally quit the streets, and is now spending her time at the Downtown Eastside Women’s Centre, counselling other street women and pondering her future.

“I just got sick and tired of it [the violence],” she said.

“Basically, I don’t want to die.”



## Violence against prostitutes Downtown Eastside



Source: Downtown Eastside community groups

### Ode to Barium

Milk of magnesia

maelox

strawberry pink

Agent Orange

Viet Nam

GOD BLESS AMERICA

Anita Haviva Stevens



## beyond a reasonable doubt

the very air had become yellow sheets of flame

I went into a bar  
early in the morning  
only a couple of guys in there  
besides the bartender

I was oh so friendly  
oh so gregarious  
I shot a game of eight-ball with one guy  
sat next to another guy  
cracked jokes  
and asked him questions about himself

I ingratiated myself so well  
the guy bought me several drinks  
and showed me a gun he had with him

and just when he thought  
he could relax with me  
just when he believed  
we were on the same wave-length  
and becoming fast friends  
I insulted the guy

he wasn't sure he heard me right  
he let it go

I insulted him again  
I knew him well enough by then  
to make it personal

at first he was hurt  
he'd trusted me  
he thought he liked me  
he thought he knew me  
he thought I genuinely liked his company

but then he got angry  
and was right where I'd been leading him

I got off my bar stool  
walked a few feet to the front door of the bar  
turned around  
grinned at the guy  
and insulted him once more  
as deeply as I could

he jumped from his stool  
pulled out the gun  
aimed it right at me

I opened my stance  
to give him a wide-open shot  
at my heart

I said to him  
"come on...shoot...what are you...a coward?"

I looked in his eyes  
he looked into mine  
horror gripped his

he dropped the gun

I laughed at him

I walked outside  
and thrilled imagining his conversation  
with the police  
if he'd killed me-

a detective saying to him:

'let me get this straight...this guy was leaving the bar...  
he was unarmed...he wasn't threatening you in any way...  
he said something...you didn't like...and you got off your stool...  
pulled out the gun...and shot him dead...is that right?'

the real story  
of what goes on between human beings  
never comes out in court  
or in the newspapers

and only rarely  
in the understanding  
of those involved

the very air becomes yellow sheets of flame

*Bud Osborn*

# 'Mr. Condo' excluded only from neighbors' poverty

ELIZABETH AIRD

*"I am a casualty of the politics of exclusion"*

— Michael McCoy

**O**h, my. Now we have middle-class white guys using fancy words to claim they're victims. This pompous bit of nonsense is the first sentence from an Opinion page piece in yesterday's *Sun*, written by a fellow named Michael McCoy.

McCoy is one of the new condo owners in Gastown. He writes that he and his partner moved there 2½ years ago. McCoy's name comes up a lot when you talk to Downtown Eastsiders. He's perceived as Mr. Condo, the guy who cheerleads for new market housing going in there.

After I wrote a few columns saying that Woodward's shouldn't be entirely given over to market condos, McCoy left an abusive message on my voice mail, told me there was no point in talking to him, and didn't leave a number.

He isn't the only one who thinks that I'm being unfair to middle-class Gastown loft-dwellers. Another caller left this message: "I know everyone down there is feeling very battered by you."

The idea that professionals with chi-chi lofts can feel "battered" is laughable. Maybe these people should look out their windows at folks who've really been battered by life.

I don't know if the condo people are terminally self-centred, utterly

missing the point, or purposely trying to mislead the rest of the city.



For McCoy to complain that he's "excluded" from anything is absurd. Excluded? Quite the opposite.

McCoy sits on the Gastown Area Planning Committee, a citizens' advisory group whose members are appointed by city council. He was appointed in January.

McCoy gets to sit and talk at meetings with the very people who are helping shape the Downtown Eastside. Two fellow members, Jon Ellis and Jim Lehto, are former city-hall planners who are now consultants. We're talking connected, here: Ellis's best man at his second wedding was city manager Ken Dobell, the most powerful man at city hall.

Ellis is now a consultant on the proposal to turn Woodward's into 350 condos. Lehto is a consultant on the Cambie Hotel, at Cambie and Cordova, beside the Woodward's site. Owner Sam Yehia is turning the upper floors of the hotel from long-term, single-room occupancy

into a bed-and-breakfast.

McCoy further complains that he's getting an unfair rap by others of us "who have constructed a perception of rich . . . self-indulgent people whose sole purpose in life appears to be the emigration of some of their neighbors."

He just doesn't get it. This isn't about the media or anyone else "constructing perceptions" of wealth just so we can take a run at the McCoys of the world.

Fact is, McCoy is rich compared to a guy living on a disability pension in a cockroach-ridden room. McCoy has a regular job, a bank account, a mortgage. He can write cheques and go out for dinner. Maybe he has his own TV, maybe even a car.

I lived in that neighborhood for four years, and you'd better believe I felt rich compared to most of my neighbors. It's the only place I've ever lived where men twice my age called me "ma'am" because I was so well-dressed compared to them. For McCoy to complain about being called rich makes me sick.

McCoy and his confreres talk all the time about achieving "balance" in the Downtown Eastside. They say there's already too much social housing down there, that we need the new condos to equal things out.

Not so, says Jim O'Dea, a Gastown loft-owner and neighbor of McCoy's. O'Dea, formerly with CMHC and now a principal in Terra Housing, has been involved in building housing in the neighborhood since 1981. "The fact is, the market



housing that's going in in the area is going in way faster than any social housing that's ever gone in."

That's why long-time community people are scared. The loss of long-term single rooms is already happening with the switchover at Yehia's Cambie Hotel, but the only big housing projects coming up are for people who can afford to buy. The people living in hotel rooms, rooming houses and on the street, not the Michael McCoys, are the only ones who have the right to talk about the politics of exclusion.

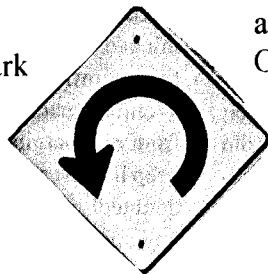
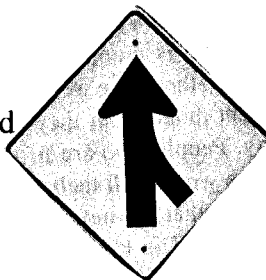
### ***Good/Bad Indifference***

Why do the good ones  
fall in love with the bad ones?  
& why do the bad fall  
in love with the good?

One man's/woman's good  
is another man's/woman's bad  
& vicety-versa.

Are you afraid of the dark?

You never know what might  
be lurking there in the shadows  
Cities & nations are designed  
for fear of what might happen tomorrow.  
A fear of sin & a guilty heart create  
our religions & psychiatries  
Our drugs are designed  
to keep us happy so we can  
hold our heads up out of the dark



i.e.  
inequity = iniquity



Are you afraid of the dark?  
Is it the coils of the friendly  
serpent of night that make you cringe?  
A child-molester might be  
hiding in the bushes.  
Insane skinheads might be  
lurking in that doorway.  
Asian gangs might be  
staking out the parking lot.

But I am a friend of darkness  
You are a friend of darkness  
We walk together  
on beds of hot coals  
We sleep together  
in gypsy camps under the stars  
Our magical weapons  
sheathed in our minds

We are of many nations  
and many dreams  
Our way is not restricted.



TORA

## Dumpster-Diver Does Deed Despite Defamation

Thursday 12/95. On the day mentioned I went to the Gathering Place, a sort of uptown Carnegie; of course I went to play music in the open jam managed by our own music director, Rosetta Stone, who is quite competent at this trying task,

While waiting for my time to play I wandered around the area checking the dumpsters. In one right behind it I noticed a plain white kitchen garbage bag, pristine and all by its lonely self. I climbed in and lo and behold another wallet full of ID but no money.

After my last episode at McDonald's (The Great Egg McMuffin Caper) where I was threatened with extortion charges by the great movie moguls of Crescent Productions, I was loathe to do the right thing.

From an application this lady had filled out as a volunteer for the New Westminster Police force, I got her phone number. This again gave me pause - the thought of dealing with more 'police' mentality. However I phoned a number of times, finally reaching her at home, and made arrangements to meet her, on her way to school, at Granville Square at 7:30 the next morning.

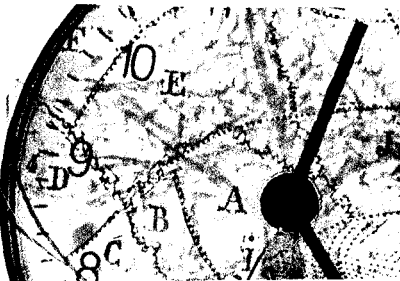
She was late so I went in to find out if there really was a school there. I asked at the Security desk, they said yes, then they asked why I wanted to know. I replied, "It's none of your business." Finally I relented, told them, and immediately they wanted the wallet. I said, "No., I'll give it to the person who owns it." They suggested that I should have turned it in to the police. Ha ha. Last week I tried giving them a stolen bike and they wouldn't take it.. too much paperwork.

Just then I spotted her, judging from what she'd said she'd be wearing. I said, "There she is," and started out. Security said, "You can't go outside." I said, "You have no constitutional right to detain me and can go XXXX yourself."

They followed me outside and I gave the lady her wallet. She gave me a \$7 reward, but considering the ID had a street value of \$100 or more... I ask where's the pride of being, what merit, when every time you do the right thing you get jammed up for it.

I then learned she had phoned the Security for her protection, to which I replied "Where is my protection?"

By TOM LEWIS



Getting the kids up for school in the morning is the day's biggest challenge.

Teenagers are the only known mammals that wake up asleep.

June & Joe Paul



## **maddeningly going insane again**

here I am  
maddeningly going insane again  
  
there you are  
driving me to the brink, again  
  
here I am  
wondering all about life again  
  
repenting the past  
hating the present  
  
dreading the future  
thinking of pills, pills, pills again  
  
to resolve a past  
to unravel a present  
  
to rekindle an interest  
in the future  
  
to reassemble an assembly line  
of pieces picked apart  
  
by frivolous hands  
dropped, banged, bumped, bitten, chewed  
  
and spat back  
onto the belt of bitterness, again.

anita stevens



## **Employment Update**

A chance meeting on the street with Les and Francesca; after hearing that each was part of the effort to get Four Corners Community Savings up and running, we set a time to meet and go over what that involved..

There had been a meeting in Carnegie some weeks ago with the new version of The Puck Stops Here - a plan to give local people applications, interviews and training for jobs at 3 locations: G.M.Place, the Ford Theatre and Four Corners. The original plan was proposed when the new arena was presented as a done deal, and community activists were concerned that such a development should be a forium for local employment.

Les was the general manager of Gulf & Fraser Fishermen's Credit Union when he retired. Francesca works for the federal government, Employment & Immigration, and has administered many Job Development projects in this area.

Both are enthusiastic and realistic, and much of the probing - to see if they were aware of the obstacles/difficulties/barriers that local people face in getting work - got them high marks. Les has much experience in how formal financial institutions treat low income people, and sees the attitude of workers as crucial. He will be directly involved in training and hiring for Four Corners, where there will be 12 positions. The site of the training and job prep is 425 Carrall, where Francesca will work with people applying at all 3 sites.

For more info, call 660-2323 or 669-1927.

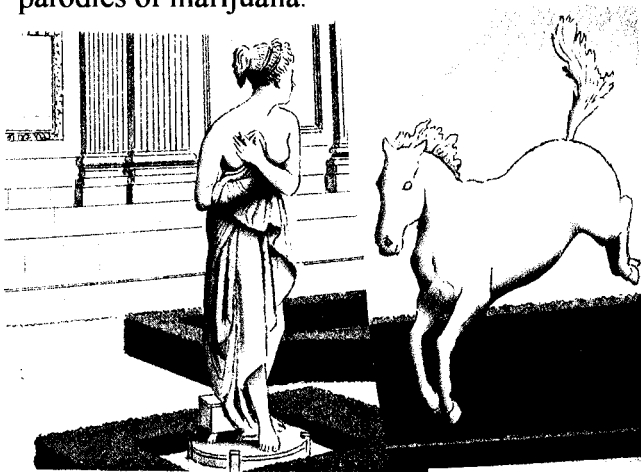
# The new Ivy League

A prevalent phenomenon in this neighbourhood is the presence of junkies. This is nothing new, as intravenous activities have been around for over a hundred years. Sherlock Holmes (of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle), Sigmund Freud and Jules Verne were just a few prominent figures who indulged in the occasional subcutaneous thrill.

Interestingly enough, in those times the cost of the needle far outweighed the cost of the drug; some of those Victorian rigs were made from hummingbird bones. Today it's the other way around. Then it was a rich man's problem, now it's a poor man's problem.

There may be a stigmatic appeal to shooting up. Jesus was impaled with spikes, too. When I see one junkie with an arm outstretched to be injected by another junkie, I think of Christ extending his arm towards the Roman Centurion with hammer and nail... like the junkies would be willing to be symbolically 'crucified' to atone for whatever petty grievances they feel they have.

I did try injecting cocaine and heroin a year ago, for a period, as a scientific experiment. To give it the benefit of the doubt, I didn't like it. Coke and smack seem like inferior parodies of marijuana.



A junkies' union, advertised as "IV Feed", is a good idea. It could be called the Ivy League (IV league, intravenous league).

Interestingly, a cop car's lights (red & blue) could signify red for the arteries and blue for the veins... a hemomorphic message that would be instantly understandable to a junkie (and maybe not to anyone else).

Yet I like my junkie brothers and sisters. The variegated point personalities are a fantastic *dramatis personae* without whom life in general would be far less interesting. Some of the greatest influences in my life are junkies or have been junkies then stopped.

I guess I'm too health-conscious or maybe too narcissistic to contend with a skin complication or dermatological discolouration just for a fucking drug trip.

Overall I am of the opinion that all drugs should be legalized and decriminalized. Their illegality only serves as a pretext for an international police apparatus. They say that the ghetto bum is responsible for the urban infiltration of intravenous white powder drugs. Yet what 'skid row' citizen would have the money, planes, boats to finance a monthly run to Bolivia, Peru or even Thailand?

Please take good care of yourself.

By DEAN KO

## A SMOKE-FREE SYSTEM



If you really enjoy smoking a cigarette with your cup of coffee, think about this... the time is coming when you will be forcibly evicted from your Community Centre (the "centre" of your community?) for the "crime" of being as you are.

Paperwork, demanding obedience to rules being made by small groups of politicians hundreds of miles away is passing from desk to desk along a chain of command that will very soon arrive on your doorstep. These words on paper will make you a criminal. They are designed to destroy certain small pleasures, personal indulgences, or brief enjoyments you may cling to.

Within a few months, many of us who are now considered "seniors" or "elders" or "volunteers" will lose any sense of status we now derive from this "community centre" thing. If we light a cigarette anywhere in the building we will be ordered to extinguish it or get out. If we refuse to stop smoking, we will be forced onto the front steps of the building. So many of us will have to stand around there smoking our cigarettes that we will eventually be chased away by those who value their jobs more highly than friendship.

Some of us will walk the streets, smoking & plotting revenge. We will have been victimized & criminalized by the Health Care System (a system that cares about health?).

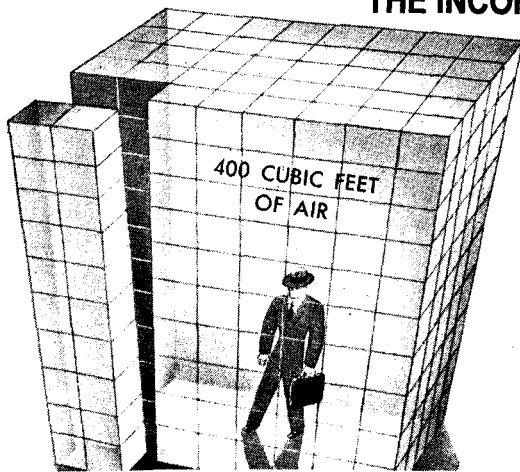
It will be a very unhealthy situation for this community; maybe we should say it will be devastating for those who once belonged to a community - for those who thought they were a community, who were propagandized into believing their ways were acceptable.

This will happen suddenly as the bureaucratic axe falls on smokers. The resentment this will cause can only lead to problems that will be much worse than smoking, but at least we will find out who our friends & enemies really are.

TORA



## THE INCORRUPTIBLE LEARNING CENTRE



It is always useful to examine things, situations, people, from the point of view of first principles. First principles are the basic building blocks, the foundation stones of our attitudes & understandings. While individual feelings, thoughts, situations & identities come & go like the seasons, first principles are eternal; their basic nature is unchanged by the mood-swings of society, fashion or individual desires.

First principles in a 3-dimensional world such as this one always present two faces - heads or tails, up or down, in or out, & so on. Two things always revolve around a centre which they hold in common, whether that centre is obvious or unknown. Because of the double nature of first principles, symmetry & asymmetry, balance & imbalance, are possible. Without the relationship of opposites birds could not fly, the nervous system could not branch out & enliven the flesh with understanding. First principles are the framework on which all of existence depends, the source from which it springs. The evidence of the presence of first principles is as clear to a child as it is to a nuclear physicist. They are like the two Hands of God, Krishna, Manitou, Amen, Kwan-Yin ..

whatever name the mysterious Creator of our lifetimes may be given, first Principles are His, Her, Its creative methods, tools, paintbrushes or whatever.

The "two Hands of God" are strength & weakness, pain & pleasure, sound & silence, detachment & involvement, rational & irrational; all the opposites of existence caught up in their collective centre, the axis of the universe.

Quantity & quality are first principles that must be taken into account because, more than anything else, they express the absolute interdependence of body & mind, flesh & spirit, technology & government, with which we are attempting to dance or do battle.

The dictionary defines quality as "degree of excellence" and quantity as "the property of things that is measurable." No matter how much quantity or measurability of substance or funding or statistics our world is composed of, its quality or functional effect or degree of excellence is immeasurable, being only clearly present in the states of consciousness it produces.

If quality lives up to our expectations, we are delighted. If it falls too far below our personal standards we are disappointed, depressed, miserable, angry and sometimes even revengeful. The quality of things is therefore of greater value than their quantity, yet without quantity of some kind, quality could not be experienced. When food lacks quality we barely eat it & probably shouldn't. When education lacks quality it is bound to give us intellectual indigestion.

Unfortunately our present society is obsessed with quantity because we can

measure it & thereby justify the money spent on it. Our sense of value functions on the level of more for less; we think a dead plant or animal is worth more than one that lives & grows or runs free. Of course all of us don't think this way, but material trade & commercial influences constantly push this attitude upon us, & quality, or immeasurable value, is thought of as a control factor - hence "quality control" or "damage control" is our utilitarian expression for something so important that it makes the difference between satisfaction & disappointment.

"Degree of excellence" - believe it or not - depends on mixing or proportional

arrangement of various quantities, as any good cook knows. The achievement & appreciation of quality experiences is an art.

You can play the same number of notes on the same quantity of musical instruments & come out with a kind of sound that makes people want to dance or a dissonant noise that drives them out of the room. What kind of music are we playing? What kind of food are we serving to ourselves? Both collectively as a society & individually, the quantity of our output far exceeds the quality of our experience. If we paid more attention to first principles, things would be better for us all.

TORA

Nothing will stand in the way:

When the lies the system tells  
Have killed all the friends it has  
& those who believed in  
the good life have gone bad

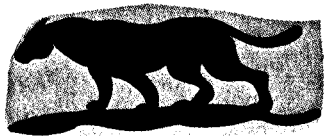
Nothing will stand in the way of revolution

When innocence has been  
Terrorized out of existence  
& legal documents drown  
your good intentions

Nothing will stand in the way of revolution

When life is cornered  
in a concrete cell  
& the gunshots of the system  
cross your mind

Nothing will stand in the way of revolution



When they smile & shake your hand  
You will know what they mean  
when they say  
Have A Good Day

& nothing will stand in the way of revolution.

TORA



**VANCOUVER  
ABORIGINAL FRIENDSHIP  
CENTRE SOCIETY**

1607 East Hastings Street  
Vancouver, B.C. V5L 1S7  
Tel: (604) 251-4844 Fax: 251-1986

ANITA ZABOTEL,  
FAS COUNSELLOR

**Fetal Alcohol Syndrome Counsellor**

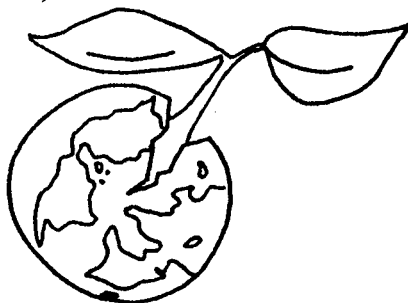
The F.A.S. Program is available at the Vancouver Aboriginal Friendship Centre. The following services are provided:

Resources and referrals;  
affects, effects and symptoms that occur to child and mother when pregnant and drinking;  
intervention, prevention and community awareness;  
information on the development stages of a baby when pregnant;  
traditional and non-traditional methods;  
resource library on FAS/FAE information;  
counselling - individual and group;  
and workshop and presentations,

There is no charge for our service.

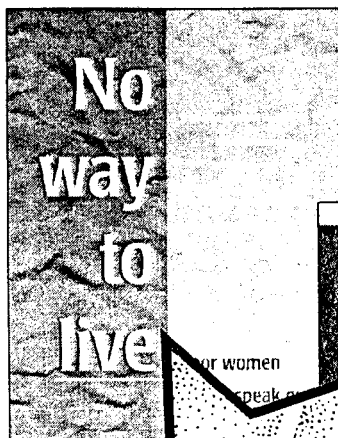
Monday to Friday, 9am to 5pm

Anita Zabotel, FAS Counsellor



"A raw and powerful book."

- Montreal Gazette



**SHEILA BAXTER**

Meet Sheila Baxter, a tireless anti-poverty activist for twenty years, and author of *Under the Viaduct*, winner of the VanCity Book Prize in 1992. For *No Way to Live* she interviewed more than 50 women who live in poverty. She tells their stories and offers their ideas and hers for solutions to the growing problem of poverty in Canada.

MONDAY, JUNE 12, 1995  
7:30 PM

NEW CENTRAL LIBRARY  
350 West Georgia Street



PRESENTED BY VANCOUVER PUBLIC LIBRARY  
AND NEW STAR BOOKS



CASCADIA - a short story by Garry Gust

Cascadia is an expanding economic zone organized by ultra right wing members of the dominant class. Cascadia is run from the major cities of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia. Its mouthpieces are politicians, corporate department heads, and a small army of floating "advisors." Its purpose is to destroy the ever-increasing socialist attitudes of the electorate, through such means as covert actions against incumbent left wing powers.

With an unlimited source of wealth in its war chest, and with key personnel in high places, the Cascadians have set out to manipulate, embarrass, and demoralize the government of B.C.:

a small team of electronics wizards was employed by the B.C. chapter of Cascadia to sabotage the communication lines at the last (and now infamous) NDP Town Hall Meeting.

A very select coalition of SoCreds disguised as Liberals and Reformists were well-prepared for this illegal action, and took great strided to ridicule the event, before and after it occurred.

Their latest action, however, has left the realm of Watergate type "dirty tricks," and has entered the treasonable sphere of international conspiracy.

When the Columbia River treaty was adopted in the sixties, B.C.'s derived benefits were kept purposely low for purely capitalistic reasons.

Now, some thirty years later, the NDP government of B.C. had recently renegotiated the Columbia River treaty to where 50 billion dollars was to be filtered into the B.C. coffers over the next 30 years.

Even though the federal governments of the United States and Canada were the

proprietors of the treaty, B.C. and the State of Washington were incharge of the negotiations via B.C. Hydro for B.C., and Bonneville Power for Washington.

Alas, the Cascadian tentacles have slithered into not only B.C.'s opposition parties, but are also well-entrenched in the Oregon based Bonneville Power, and through this unholy alliance the plot to bring down the NDP government, by disallowing the renegotiated treaty agreement, was hatched.

The Harcourt government is one of the major targets of Cascadia. But fortuneatly for us, Teflon Mike learned his politics on the streets and has developed a classical Eastside style for settling things.



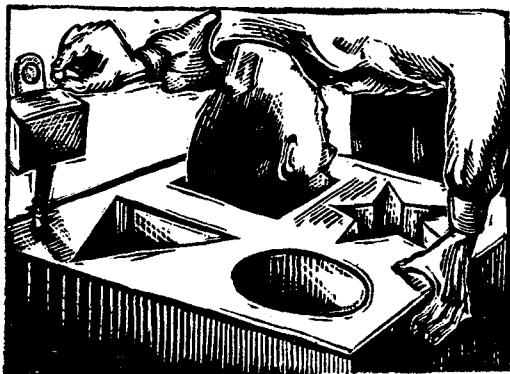
## My Stupid Little Minimalist Stories

... I carry a scotch (straight-up) to the table and announce that I will have no more lovers and will spend the rest of my life writing stupid little minimalist stories, if nothing else. One of my friends records these vows in her journal.

### Dave's Haircut

Clark goes upstairs to the attic of the Food Shelter to get some extra chairs for what we call "the dining room," where some people are drinking gin & playing cards. It is late Sunday afternoon and the soup is done, so there is not much to do until dinner. In the room at the top of the stairs, Clark sees an overturned chair and, as he goes to pick it up, he is stunned to see Dave, whose head has been shaved bald the day before by one of the people downstairs drinking, hanging by an electrical cord from a light fixture in the ceiling. Dave's heels, Clark notices, are resting on the floor.

Four days earlier Dave, 16 years old, had asked me to teach him to read.



One must know the exact words to say & one must say them in exactly the right place & the right time; then forces may be called down from Heaven.

Father Sylvan  
Gnostic Christian Priest

## My Father's Cars

To make ends meet, on weekends my father collects scrap metal to sell to junkyards. He burns up the insides of cars & tows them to one of 3 or 4 places around town.

In a field near Erbsville, my father tells my brother & I to stay in the cab of the towtruck. He pours gasoline into an abandoned car and lights it. Fire immediately engulfs the car; my brother & I notice a line of flame crawling up my father's pant leg. My brother grabs me when I try to leave the truck. "He knows what to do," my brother says. We watch silently as my father rolls around on the ground, grunting, trying to put out the fire on his clothes.

Still smoking he limps back to the truck. My brother, who is 12, drives us home. I notice my father's eyes are closed & he is very quiet.

I worry about the car that is still ablaze in the field.

### Bev's Kiss

We have been passing notes to each other for days. We decide we should kiss. At afternoon recess my sister, who is also in Grade 5, stands lookout as Beverly and I hide between the dumpster & the grey brick wall.

I'm surprised how soft & wet her mouth is. I think I can taste chocolate chip cookies & milk.

Dan Feeney



Alfred Knopf  
Franz Kafka



**DOWNTOWN  
EASTSIDE  
YOUTH  
ACTIVITIES  
SOCIETY**

**STD CLINIC - 219 Main; Monday - Friday, 10am - 6pm.  
NEEDLE EXCHANGE - 221 Main; 9am - 8pm every day.  
Needle Exchange Van - on the street every night, 6pm-2am  
(except Mondays, 6pm-midnight)**

**1994 DONATIONS**

Paula R. - \$20	Charley B. - \$32	Bill S. - \$2
Bruce J. - \$30	Stuart M. - \$50	Sandy C. - \$20
Kettle FS - \$16	Nancy H. - \$20	Cecile C. - \$10
Bill B. - \$20	Hazel M. - \$10	Law Library - \$20
Lillian H. - \$50	Joy T. - \$10	Lorne T. - \$50
Etienne S. - \$40	Diane M. - \$16	Mel L. - \$14
Adult LCC - \$12	Libby D. - \$45	Peggy G. - \$1.50
Carnegie LC - \$30	CEEDS - \$50	A. Withers - \$20
Harri S. - \$5	Sue H. - \$35	Lisa E. - \$8
Anonymous - \$60	ionya S. - \$200	



THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE  
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

Articles represent the views of individual  
contributors and not of the Association.

**Help In the Downtown Eastside (funding)**

Legal Services Society - \$930  
Ministry of Social Services - \$1,000

Joy T. - \$20  
Sara D. - \$16  
Bill S. - \$2

**Submission  
Deadline  
NEXT ISSUE**

Monday  
June 12th

**NEED HELP ?**

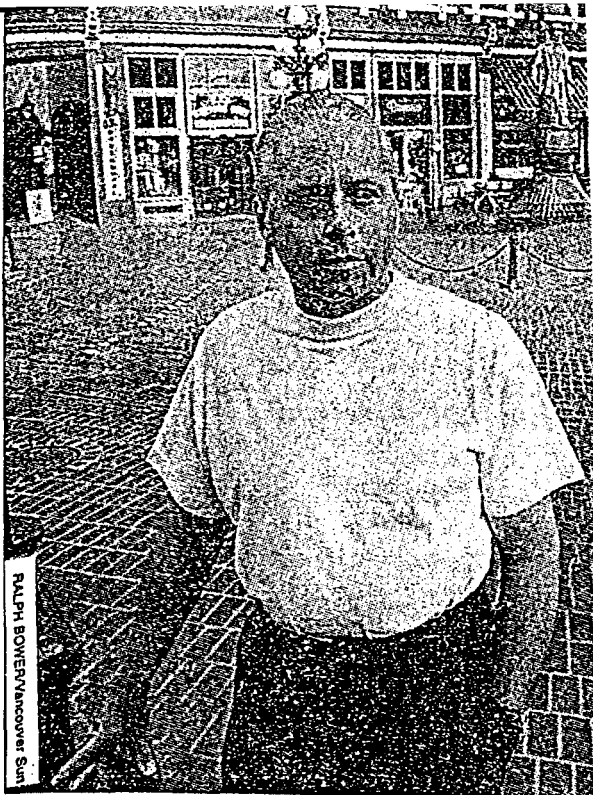
**The Downtown Eastside Residents' Association  
can help you with:**



- 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 21 YEARS.**



## NEIGHBOURHOOD NEWS

\* First and foremost is a note about  
 LAST NAME: **McCoy**,  
 FIRST NAME: **Michael**,  
 MIDDLE NAME: **Mr. Condo**

Also Known As "**The Victim**", McCoy had his opinion in the Sun after continuous harassment of the City Editor demanding balance. He's pictured here as there, just one of the neighbours in his \$50 designer T-shirt. It's so nice when the "new gentry", as he refers to himself and his friend (plurality is questionable), talk with both feet-in-mouth. Needless to say, McCoy was too insensitive to the issue of Bridge to see the outcome and went, with **Leonore Sali**, to condemn Bridge Housing - the new project for women.

Fearless, he railed. (Leonore, known for paying panhandlers to move away from "her" block, wanted the entire project stopped until she was "satisfied" (??))

Anyway, the bit of news is that a month ago, in a similar tidbit, I suggested that if McCoy and cohorts on **GHAPC** got really bent and stated that any more social housing/projects/services of any kind would be permitted 'over their dead bodies'... that someone, some civic-minded individual, "would happily oblige." This was referred to in its proper light in an article in the *Georgia Straight* and has, coupled with the original, caused McCoy to call the cops, several bureaucrats at City Hall, members of the provincial government, maybe even Interpol or CSIS, to demand whatever in the name of his being threatened with death (and maybe taxes and bad weather - who knows?!). This is, hopefully, enough space to give this one excuse.

\* **Ann Livingston** has raised a cautious question at the huge Health Conference going on, where immunisation is part of the plan - "Would it be possible to talk about decent housing, proper food, adequate child care, as the lack of them cause disease in the first place? Let's talk about raising children with enough money.. okay?" It was a strange way to look at social problems - as if people mattered and were more than statistics. It seems that most methods of dealing with health issues involve enriching multinational drug companies, rather than dealing with the issue.

\* **John Turvey** told the same Health conference people that Child Prostitution is the wrong way to go - that a "child" instantly becomes an adult if they take money for sex, and that a prostitute cannot legally be a child. They asked him to speak.

# Wealth: A Holistic View

A person is poor when he or she is unable to find deep meaning and fulfillment in life. This occurs when people are disconnected from their means of sustenance, from their cultural roots, from their natural environment, from their value base, from family and community and, more importantly, from their soul.

Disconnection leads to imbalance. All efforts to eradicate poverty must attempt to reestablish balance in life.

Economic security is of fundamental importance. Everyone should be given the opportunity to secure their fundamental necessities of life. This can best be achieved in a decentralized economy that permits greater local control over resources.

Material wealth is limited. The extreme wealth of one person is the abject poverty of another. To raise the standards of the world's poor, there must be more equitable distribution of wealth.

Attempts must also be made to enrich the intellectual and spiritual aspects of life. The pursuit of knowledge, aspiration for higher values, and aesthetic refinement will then permeate the human mind. In short, it's important to encourage people to develop all aspects of themselves in a balanced way.

—Excerpted with permission from a position paper presented by Ananda Marga Universal Relief Team (AMURT) to the UN's World Summit on Social Development in Copenhagen, Denmark, 1995

\* **Woodward's Windows** are still aglow with community art. Check it out this **Saturday, June 3rd**, for additions.

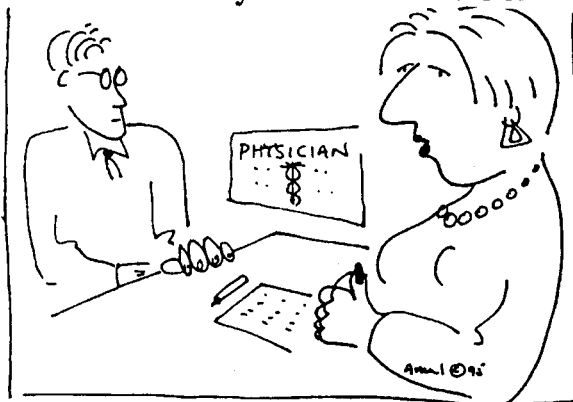
\* The **Four Sisters Co-op** held a **basketball tournament** on Saturday, at the same time that the March for Jesus was trying to appear significant in Crab Park. **Garry Jobin** was the organiser and a snatch of conversation with him conveyed the glowing success of the event. People from the local community and people from all over came, observed, played and participated. Every kid there got a prize of some kind and the entire thing is assured of being an annual event. Great work!

\* The **Strathcona Community Gardens** are energised by scores of gardeners getting together and doing a massive facelift for the summer and the **open house in July**.

\* If this is all you read (shame on you), then take another reminder of **SUNDAY, JUNE 4** in the Carnegie Theatre at 1pm for the **Annual General Meeting**.

\* **Michael McCoy & Leonore Sali &..... Don Larson?**

By **PAULR TAYLOR**



I have the feeling that the source of the medicine you require is about to be slashed and burned in some far-off Rainforest.

## Downtown Eastsiders just want to have fun



It's always a dynamite combination when you can fight the good fight and have fun doing it at the same time.

That's what's happening with Woodward's. It's a serious issue, but people are really starting to enjoy themselves - and it shows in the number of individuals and groups rallying to the cause.

The Woodward's Windows Project has been a great example of people expressing themselves joyfully, creatively and to the point. Many who usually don't come out to public events have been happily taking paint brush in hand and doing their thing at Hastings and Abbott.

"See you at Woodward's," is the new neighbourhood rallying cry. It reflects the pride and determination of residents in protecting the historic heart of our community and bringing it back to life.

The reason for all this positive energy is that the community's idea of an INCLUSIVE housing project for people from all walks of life at Woodward's makes so much sense, and the EXCLUSIVE project of expensive condos proposed by Fama Holdings is so senseless - except if your goal is to make a lot of money.. never mind the expense to the community.

Support for the community proposal is growing. Urban Core Workers Association, which represents people working in social



agencies, voted unanimously to write Fama in support of the community. And Neighbour-to-Neighbour, a coalition of dozens of community groups across the city, will help out, too.

Petitions are being circulated and letters are being sent to Fama.

You can help by writing to Fama and telling them how destructive the condo project would be. The man to write to is:

Kassem Aghtai, President  
Fama Holdings Ltd.,  
801 - 100 Park Royal South,  
West Vancouver, BC

And look for these upcoming events:

**\* Saturday, June 10, at 1pm**  
**Neighbourhood Gathering and Celebration**  
**to bring Woodward's back to life. Music,**  
**community art and fun at Woodward's**

**\* Wednesday, June 14, at 1pm, grand**  
**opening - Lost Windows of Woodward's, a**  
**photo exhibit of the window murals that**  
**have been washed off, in the Carnegie art**  
**gallery.**

# NEIGHBOURHOOD GATHERING AND CELEBRATION

Bringing Woodward's back to life...  
and back to the community

This is a wonderful opportunity for **Downtown Eastside** residents and people from other neighbourhoods to join hands around the historic Woodward's building to ensure that it becomes an **INCLUSIVE** community development, a model for our city, with affordable housing and community services which will be shared by a broad range of people. The future of the **Downtown Eastside** community depends on this.

*See you at Woodward's!*

**Saturday June 10**

**1:00-3:00 p.m.**

**Corner of Abbott & Hastings**

(Bring a Banner, if you have one)

**COMMUNITY  
ART!**

*Bring a  
Neighbour!*

**music!**

**FUN!**

If you wish to be involved in this or upcoming events, or need more information, call 689-0397,  
or drop by the Carnegie Association office (2nd floor, Carnegie Centre).