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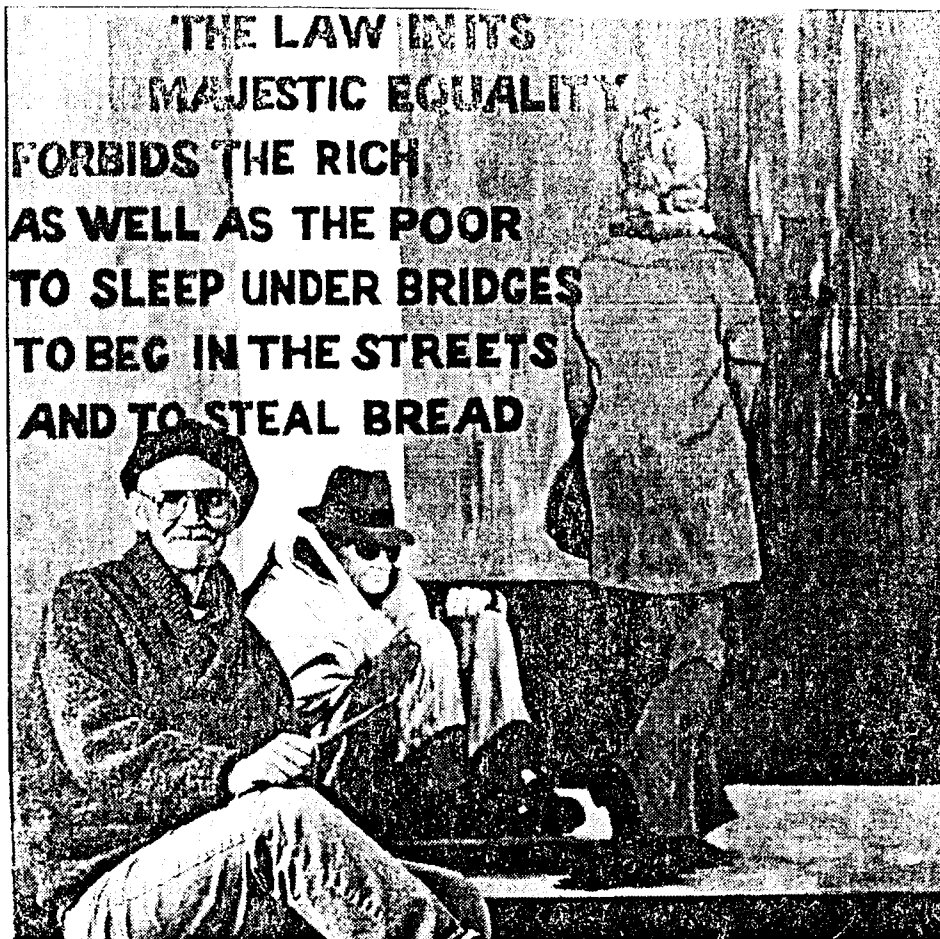
Carnegie



NEWSLETTER

APRIL 1, 1997.

401 Main Street, Vancouver V6A 2T7 (604) 665-2220



Bruce Eriksen

1928 - 1997

He Will Be Remembered

Bruce Eriksen, one of the founders of the Downtown Eastside Residents' Association (DERA) and a long-time member of the Coalition of Progressive Electors (COPE), died on March 16th after a year-long fight with cancer. He was 69 years old.

Every time we say "DERA", Eriksen will be remembered, for along with other residents, he was determined to build a citizens' organization.

Every time we say "The Downtown Eastside", Eriksen will be remembered, for he did much to change the negative image of our community. "The people who live here, they call it the Downtown Eastside," Eriksen said.

Every time we overcome addiction, and turn to help our neighbour, Eriksen will be remembered, for that is what he did.

Every time we fight for decent housing, a decent standard of living and a decent community, Eriksen will be remembered.

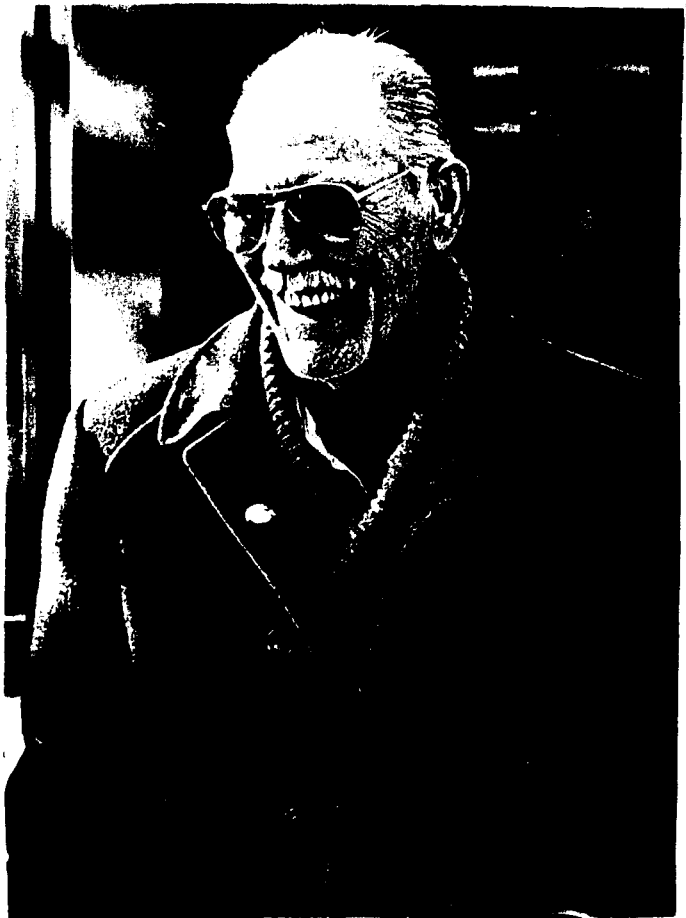
Every time we figure out what it is we are willing to die for, Eriksen will be remembered, for he ignored threats against his life; if his death could help the Downtown Eastside, then so be it. And every time we refuse to quit, Eriksen will be remembered, for Bruce Eriksen never, never gave up.

Every time we enter the Carnegie Centre, Eriksen will be remembered, for more than any other person he fought to win this place for our community.

Every time we find the courage to begin again, Eriksen will be remembered, for he was drifter, sailor, logger, construction worker, machinist, iron worker, artist, woodworker, gardener, social activist, and City Councillor who knew from the depths of his being what a person who wasn't born with a silver spoon was up against in this world.

Under Bruce's leadership, DERA won many victories in the 1970's, including a bylaw requiring hotels and rooming houses to have sprinkler systems, rezoning to protect housing in the Downtown Eastside, and the establishment of the Carnegie Community Centre.

In 1980 Bruce was elected to City Council as a member of COPE, and was re-elected for a total



Bruce Eriksen

1928 - 1997

of six consecutive times, retiring in 1993. He was the Chair of the Community Services Committee and was a tireless spokesperson for the ordinary citizens of Vancouver.

To Bruce's wife, Libby Davies, and his son, Lief, we offer our hand in solidarity. The challenge he has left us is clear. Now it's up to us.

By SANDY CAMERON

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CONGRATULATIONS

to

DAVID WONG

Carnegie Community Centre's 1997 VOLUNTEER OF THE YEAR

Carnegie Centre simply wouldn't be if it weren't for its volunteers. There are approximately 500 volunteers who help out over the course of a year and about 150 of those help with the day-to-day functioning of the Centre.

Volunteers perform in the widest variety of jobs imaginable, from cutting hair to monitoring our Internet site to contributing to our popular twice-a-month newsletter.

Volunteers also attend meetings and help make the decisions that determine how our Volunteer Program and Carnegie Centre as a whole will operate. A vast majority of the volunteers are residents of the Downtown Eastside and make use of the same services they provide, which makes our volunteers the most qualified people for the work they do.

David Wong has worked in our community kitchen for eight years. Every evening, from 6:00-10:30, David is in the kitchen, behind the scenes, doing the dishes. Every night, 365 nights a year (well, 350 nights at least), David is washing the dishes from the evening rush. In 1996, David worked 2000 hours, more than any other volunteer in the history of Carnegie.

David was chosen as our 1997 Volunteer of the Year by a selection committee made up of his peers. The committee had to choose between a number of very active members of this community and ultimately chose the nominee whose service, while perhaps less visible, has impacted this organization and this community centre from its

very foundation. Some would say the kitchen is the cornerstone of Carnegie and that David is the cornerstone of the kitchen.

Every month the Carnegie Centre puts on a dinner for our volunteers. The kitchen staff and volunteers create one of their gourmet spreads, and volunteers are invited to relax and eat together while they are entertained with live music. By 6:00 when David starts his shift, the dinner is over and there are something like 1000 dishes to be done ASAP. This is just part of the load that David has been shouldering for eight years.

3.

David Wong has not only been chosen as the Volunteer of the Year for Carnegie but has also won the Community Service Award for all of Vancouver. This has made us all very proud, especially David.

By SANDY McKIEGAN

where
i live...

IN CONCERT

JENNY ARNTZEN

and

TERRA INCOGNITA

FEATURING SPECIAL GUESTS

GEORGINA BETTS
TOM ARNTZEN

Sunday, April 20, 1997

2:00 pm

Tickets \$5.00



800 E. Broadway
Mt. Pleasant Neighbourhood House

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 708-8767





One of a kind.

Bruce Eriksen was born in Winnipeg and lost his mother at an early age. Even though he only had a grade three education he would match wits with any university graduate.

Bruce was one of a kind, and never forgot where he had come from. A place like City Hall could not change his character and he continued to fight for the downtrodden.

When Dera first started I used to think of Bruce Eriksen, Libby Davies and Jean Swanson as The Three Amigos. All three were great organizers and it was extremely easy for them to get the local residents involved. My son Wayne and I had many adventures with Bruce, especially when he organized job searches at various companies. Perhaps we should revive this sort of protest.

Bruce took us to apply for many jobs at many places, including the post office, CBC, Cominco and Vanderzalm's garden spot on the Lougheed Highway in Burnaby. This last was an outstanding example - a group of us went there to apply for jobs. Wayne was only three and I had him dressed in a hard hat and he was carrying a lunch bucket and a shovel. He also had a sign saying, "Here's my shovel. Where's the job?"

By travelling with Bruce we learned that we could tackle anyone. When we went to a big corporation, Bruce would ask for someone high up on the ladder. Then he would tell them, "Some day I will be back for your job!"

I know that Libby and Lief have many happy memories of Bruce and this will give them inspiration to carry on. Bruce's spirit shall be guiding us when we fight the cutbacks during the federal election.

By IRENE SCHMIDT



The Learning Centre - *the saga continues*

Welcome to the Carnegie Learning Centre!

If you want to improve your reading, writing or number-crunching skills, then the Learning Centre is the place to be. If you want some time on the computer or help with your resume, come on in.

If you're looking for an informal, community-based approach to learning, where you can advance at your own pace and with no pressure to fit into some rigid structure, why, where else but the Learning Centre?

As it has for the past ten years, the Carnegie Learning Centre is offering all these programs at no cost to anyone who walks in the door, and it will continue to do so.

You may have heard that the Vancouver School Board has withdrawn from the Learning Centre as of April 1. Well, we're carrying on with the co-operation and financial support of the East Vancouver Skills connection, Human Resources Development Canada (formerly CEIC) and Capilano College. We will have new staff to coordinate everything (the drop-in, aboriginal program, morning discussion group, Sheila Baxter's writing course and more), and the volunteer tutors are still enthusiastic in their commitment. Long-time instructor Wendy Pederson has agreed to be on hand for the first two weeks to help smooth the transition.

As for the Vancouver School Board, yes, they left us in the lurch and we're not happy about it. Considering all the money that they made out of this neighbourhood through provincial grants, you'd think they'd have more consideration. The school board is supposed to be promoting education. This neighbourhood is more in need of adult literacy than any other, but where is the school board? Out counting dollars.

(I'm not talking about the school board staff. Wendy, Sharon, Claude and Brad have been dedicated, conscientious teachers - real believers in adult literacy. It's the higher-up bureaucrats and the trustees who are to blame.)*

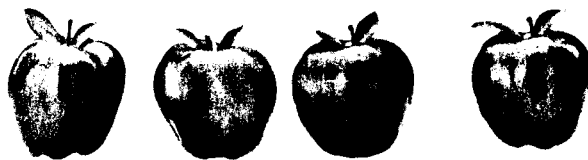
When we went to the school board last week to

present our case, we were treated very rudely. In fact, one of the teacher's union people told the board she had never seen a delegation get such a rude reception. We got a much better reception on the Rafe Mair show. Leigh Donohue, chairperson of our education committee, talked about the courage of adult learners who are trying to get an

education after so many bad experiences in school. Rafe Mair said it was tragic what the school board was doing, and he praised what he called the "excellent work of the Learning Centre". You can see for yourself - just drop by any day of the week, from now on into the future.

By MUGGS SIGURGEIRSON

(* The planning - to walk out of the Learning Centre, to shut it down - seems to have started in earnest over 2 years ago. Lex Baas, the coordinator previous to Brian Graham, got many staff and a myriad of new programs and the Learning Centre was bursting at the seams. He left and Brian was hired. There began a dramatic shift away from the informal, community-based style that Muggs refers to and which Carnegie is known for all over the Lower Mainland. The shift was encouraged by this same school board, or more specifically Ken Harvey, head bureaucrat for Adult Basic Education. Funding from the provincial government was being milked on the basis of "registered" students, so classes were set up and advertised in education pamphlets - we were listed as one of four VSB Adult Learning Centres and people from everywhere were encouraged to come to Carnegie if they couldn't get the courses or classes they wanted at the other three. Tutors here, instead of having one to five learners at a time, found themselves teaching classes - and each class had to have a minimum



number of "registered" students or it was cancelled! Brian was a great yes-man with a born-again smile and tried to run Carnegie according to the Kindergarten-Grade 12 model. Fat chance.

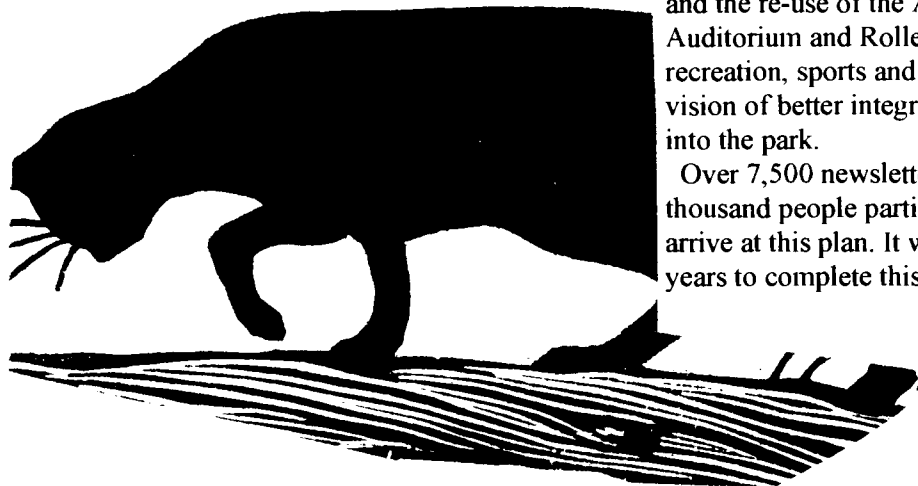
The point of milking this neighbourhood for a lot of money is true, but when the people, residents and users of Carnegie, stopped coming, the anger and tension was palpable. To make a long story short, the VSB and their point-man Ken Harvey had the Downtown East Education Centre planned for months, while walking Carnegie tutors and board members and staff through a charade of consultation. Crying poverty, they said Carnegie didn't and couldn't meet their criteria of registration, so, sorry. At the exact same time they pay Brian \$80,000 a year, pour tens of thousands of dollars into renovations for DEEC, try and screw Carnegie out of new grant money and display a sidewalk sign offering exactly the same services and programs Carnegie's Learning Centre has had for years. However, in order to get 'informal, self-paced help..computer access..help with ESL..you have to register and be accepted.

This is repetitive, but Muggs has said what has always been known: Carnegie won't die and the Learning won't shut down because of the sleaziness of higher-up bureaucrats and the pass-the-buck/bash-the-NDP-for-our-own-greed group of NPA trustees.

This is the Downtown Eastside! ... *Editor.*)



SUNDAY: Today I woke up doing my usual thing around the house. By noon I was already tired - my medication makes me feel that way every day - so I went upstairs with Marlowe. As I opened the door and entered his house I called for him but he did not answer. I went into the bedroom, since he is usually sleeping on the bed, I found magazines on the floor, the screens beside them and both windows locked shut.



I called him a few more times, then went to check if he was in the kitchen. His water and food dishes were missing and his litter box was gone, so I presumed that he had packed and run away!

I soon found the note which explained the whole ordeal which had occurred last night. I called the owner's brother, Tim, who lives in the same building. I asked him if he had Marlowe. He did.

He told me that what had happened was that Marlowe had escaped through the bedroom window onto the balcony of 'his' neighbours, at 4:30 in the morning, and had attacked the poor people in their sleep. Then they had to catch him and take him to Tim's at 5 in the morning.

The lady next door was beaten and scratched severely during her nightmare.

Marlowe was grounded and was not allowed to watch TV that night with me.

By OLIVIA PALOMINO

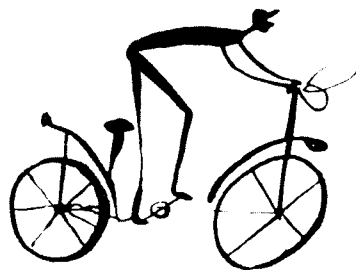
Hastings Park

The final plans for Hastings Park have been approved after many meetings and questionnaires.

Key features in the plan are a large sanctuary with a stream, several ponds, marsh, trees and meadows, and a viewing area on Windermere Hill with fabulous views of mountains and water. There will also be a central trail for New Brighton Park, sports fields in the Empire Stadium bowl, and the re-use of the Agrodome, Forum, Garden Auditorium and Rollerland for community recreation, sports and the arts. There's even a vision of better integration of the horse racetrack into the park.

Over 7,500 newsletters were mailed out and two thousand people participated in public events to arrive at this plan. It will take approximately 20 years to complete this lengthy project.

By IRENE SCHMIDT



**CARNEGIE CENTRE'S
1997**

SENIORS EXECUTIVE

Norman Mark - President
Brian Paley - Vice President
Peter Law - Secretary
Karl Schmidt - Treasurer

CONGRATULATIONS!

A Bear Story



“Carry a gun in the mountains,”
the old prospector said.

“Grizzly bears live here,
and the only good bear
is a dead bear.”

I tried to carry a gun,
a 30-30 lever action,
but it was no good.

The strap slipped off my shoulder.
The barrel hit the back of my head.
When I put the rifle down

to do some serious prospecting,
I had to backtrack to find it.
So one day I decided to leave it behind.

As for grizzly bears,
Native Elders had taught me
to speak well of them.

“Those who ridicule the bears
are being arrogant,” they had said.

“Be respectful;
the bears were created before us;
they are our older sisters and brothers;
there is much to learn from them.

On June 30th I left camp
without a rifle,
but armed with positive thoughts
about bears.

Up the side of a mountain I went
prospecting step by step,
the sky clear, the day warm -
through the timber
across meadow land
with its mountain flowers
bright as stars,
up talus slopes
over huge rocks
towards the top,
the falling away of earth
the opening up of heaven.

Stepping around a rock bluff
into a saddle between two peaks
I met a bear

standing sideways to me
fifty feet away
silver-tipped
a mountain in himself.
For a moment the world stopped.

No voice to call
no legs to run
no me to move.

Then silently we listened,
the bear and I,
at seven thousand feet
on a ridge between two peaks
under the summer sky.

“Be polite to the bears,” the Elders had said.

“They are our relatives.
They have been here longer than us.”

“Excuse me,” I said,
I didn’t mean to intrude....”

The bear sniffed the air,
but he didn’t charge.

“You have climbed the mountain
to escape the flies
or to cool off
or to catch a whistler,”

I continued.

“Don’t fear me;
I am a stranger
who will leave no track.”

The bear listened,
not moving.

As I talked
I began to back down
the talus slope,
avoiding the rock bluff,
around which I’d come.

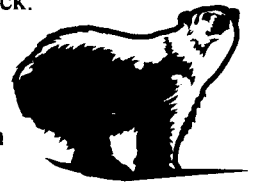
To disappear suddenly
would be dangerous.

“We share the same sun,” I said,

“and the beauty of this mountain.

The wind that cools you also cools me.”

The bear began to move
along the ridge



towards the further peak.
Then he stopped.
The huge head turned again,
watching.
"This day we have met," I said,
"and we have met forever."

The bear moved away again,
and as I crept down the talus slope
we lost sight of each other.
Then I ran to the campsite
and made a cup of tea.
The old prospector returned soon after.
"Did you see any bears?" he asked.
"No," I replied.
"Did you take the gun?"
"No," I said. "No more gun for me."

Sandy Cameron



In The Dumpster

mcbinner@hotmail.com
binner@vcn.bc.ca

Dear fellow binners & binnerettes,
What's an Academy Award to us in the DE? All it means to me is Oscar screwed up all my favourite TV shows. The only winner in my mind is the late Bruce Eriksen. This newsletter and the Carnegie and many other past and future projects would not exist without him and the other people with him who had the guts to insist on change.

I remember when there was a 'hit' out on him from the darkest area of "skid row" Shame, shame on the *Vancouver Sun* for their headline saying "Champion of Skid Road Dies". Bruce fought all this time for the "Downtown Eastside", not for 'skid road'. Also, to sharpen the point, it's 'skid row'... Respects to Libby and Lief.

Now for the Ken Report:

Soon (nobody knows when) we will be able to recycle the non-returnables, according to the Throne Speech. (No, not Earle Peach.)

In Stanford Connecticut, some dude tried to page his dealer. He dialed the wrong number and got a cop. They set up a sting and nailed the dude with possession of heroin.

The system, in its wisdom, sucks. Twenty years ago I came to this country with F.A. Now I've got twice as much F.A. (Good luck Pierre!)

Long Live the Learning Centre & thanks Sharon!
May The Bins Be With You. and Hey! let's be careful out there.

MUSIC for the soul

**Come to the acoustic cabaret on *Tues, April 1st.*
No drums(!) No bass(!) No electric guitars(!!!)**

**The feature is the Jewish Folk Choir,
performing at 8:30 p.m. The Folk Choir
performs beautiful arrangements of traditional
Jewish (and other songs), and has around 30
numbers.**

Earle Peach



We all know water is heavier than gas, so gas evaporates faster than water. Gas is death and water is life. Every day water goes into the clouds and every day gas goes into the clouds. The clouds collect it. The gas interferes with the water in the clouds, so we get acid rain - it interferes with life.

Doris Leslie

By Mr. McBINNER

Dear Mr. Laviolette

Re: "quality of people is not up to par."

In response to your letter dated March 10 and the article in the Vancouver Sun dated March 5, I wish to make an apology to anyone who may have been offended by my comments.

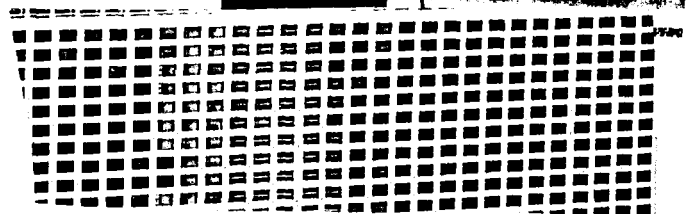
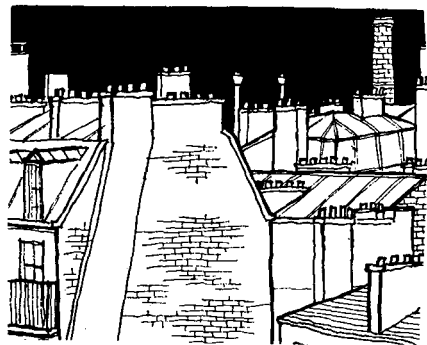
The comments were made in casual conversation and I am unaware of exactly what may or may not have been said. I believe I may have been misquoted by the Sun reporter. Perhaps more carefully thought-out comments should have been made.

I understand that the area is home to many residents of this city, and believe that through careful planning the area could be home to many more people in the future. The Hastings/Gastown area is an important part of our City and has a heritage which all Vancouverites are proud.

Sincerely,

Alex Yuen

cc: DERA



Selections from The Carnegie Newsletter are being posted (temporarily) to the following web pages:
<http://mypage.direct.ca/f/feenped/>
<http://homepage.usr.com/c/carnegie>
If you have any graphics of the DES on floppy disk that would be appropriate for these pages, please bring them to the Association Office, and we will copy them. Or mail them to:
feenped@direct.ca
with "Carnegie" (no quotes) in the subject line.
Thanks.

My experience about cutting hair at Carnegie: Nine years ago I wanted to cut hair. I was going to be a volunteer. I worked on Sundays and started with a pair of scissors and a comb. It started very slow and I worked at it for a year or so. Then I started to do it on Thursdays too, always from 1-3.

My work increased and I was named volunteer of the month. One year later I was named Volunteer of the Year! I was interviewed and, as more people found out about the free, good haircuts, everyone wanted me to work more.

Now my hours are from 1-3 on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays. I still work at Carnegie, and work hard, but my job is good. People keep coming back because they get good haircuts.

By DORIS LESLIE

Families, Collectives and Groups

For those of us who have grown into adults by way of foster-parents, abandoned childhoods and/or dysfunctional families, the problems and histories that we share can sometimes be described as self-destructive. Unfortunately, most of us have been very good at defending what destroys us.

It's true that we've been taught not to trust, not to



talk, and not to feel. In our seemingly never-ending search for understanding, we look (consciously and unconsciously) for a friendship, a ready-made family, or acceptance in an environment that others (those whom we believe did not grow up in dysfunctional families) can give us.

I find that the people we dream of have very little understanding of the profound nature and incredible needs that adult children of dysfunctional families have acquired. Again and again we ourselves objectify our lives by gloaming into inadequate theories that can ultimately lead us into alcohol, drugs, prostitution, isolation, gambling, violence, suicide, false personalities... It's important to note that these self-destructive behaviours justify themselves while we literally self-destruct.

We couple anger, fear and a profound sense of loneliness. During all this chaos we demand to be loved while, at the same time, wanting to be left alone to ride off into some romantic sunset. This push/pull or double message behaviour is very difficult for those outside the experience to understand. We, as the 'expendable victims' of both imagined and real abuse, must find fair ways to explore our needs while, at the same time, being

able to communicate with those around us who really do care.

It's in this regard that I want to talk about the differences between Collectives, Families and groups. For many adult children of alcoholics and/or dysfunctional families (ACOA's), the distinction between these categories is shapeless or completely obscure. A major major desire of ACOA's is to be in a family, to be loved and cared for by a family able to mirror or reflect back positive experiences. We want to create memories that extol adventure or peace instead of the constant reminders that we share problems and neurotic behaviour with horrific memories of abuse and violence. But I worry that we and others believe we can create an environment that could be emotionally safe for everyone. I think we first need to accept that this idea itself is probably self-destructive.. an impossible fairy tale. It objectifies too many feelings and tries to create an ongoing situation that's impossible to relax in. There is no place that can remain safe unless we can embrace our own impatience, accept our many histories and trust that the differences that exist within ourselves and others are part of a larger whole.

A collective is not a family, and a group is not a collective. A family in North America is not a political unit per se. A family is usually more than its beliefs and values, more than measurement and use (blood ties for example). A group or a collective, on the other hand, can aspire (although falsely I think) to be a politically motivated entity whose social function and relevance is usually tied to notions of specific community action. Community ranges from local to global, and community change does exist.

As an ACOA child I cannot usually make these distinctions. When I hear someone talking about a member of their family in a calm or ordinary way I can become very depressed. Each time the phrase "my family" creeps into my expression it's usually a very negative phrase with strong emotional content.

The word "collective" became a magic part of my vocabulary and philosophical outlook about five years ago. After I did some research I decided



that the collective decision-making process was one that I would try. After several years of stumbling, both with and without friends, in this process I've now decided to make sure that I never forget that the collective (as I know it) is not a family. It may and does break into smaller control and power groups, but I don't see anything wrong with this in principle. The motives they share for change may be similar but one's credibility within the collective is still linked to the old capitalist notion of the nuclear family with parents in charge and children doing as they're told.

It has fascinated me in recent weeks to see issues I feel a need to touch being seen as an isolated but public expression of taboo subjects. It wasn't that long ago that the public expression of personal feelings was not 'allowed'. Now the questions of who is in charge, who decides, what is permitted and what is still taboo... who controls the contradictions? You? Me? Us?

What I'm trying to express to the many sides of this dilemma is that we may have unconsciously perverted our groups into nuclear capitalist family fantasies or nuclear family collectives. It seems to me that everyone's healthy need for extended families has been co-opted by our isolationist society and most of us are just letting it happen.

We all know intuitively that it is a natural human desire to be accepted and loved. If our culture is sick then so are we. You and I must have a higher goal to keep our vision clear.

I hope I've been able to add some openings to what I see as a serious isolationist problem.

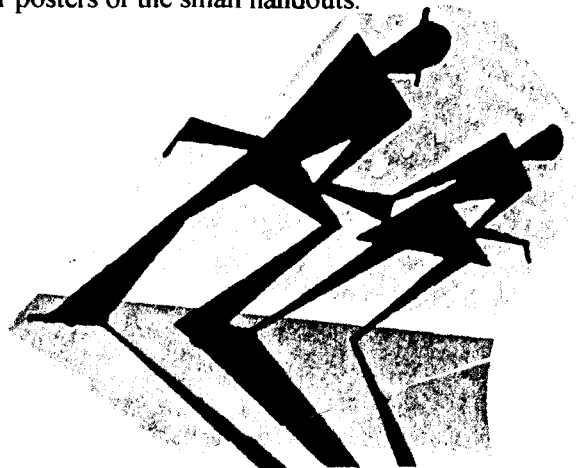
By LEIGH DONOHUE

A while ago a number of small handouts were left in the Carnegie. They advertised something called New Start. It sounded like another job training thing where you learned to look for work where there was none. Asking a few people got similar responses - "It's a religious thing."

Then the founder, Joseph Peltier, dropped off a large sheet with some interesting art printed on it; he asked if New Start could be advertised in the Carnegie Newsletter. The only information was still that it was a) a religious thing, and b) a born-again cheerleading for doing anything to stop using drugs, living on the street, being on welfare, or into prostitution - with the proverbial 'Lord's help'.

Joseph came back a few days ago and gave an explanation. "I'm an artist and New Start is my way of using my art to both make a living and to help people get off the street and become independent of drugs, alcohol and crime. People take prints of my work, on cards and other media, and get a commission for selling it. I encourage them to get behind the whole idea and put their heart in it. If an individual rips me off, then they are out of it for good. Also, the program is sponsored by a church but there is no preaching to either the workers or to the people. The church is helping with tax receipts, and is solidly behind the New Start concept."

And it goes from there. If you're interested, look for posters or the small handouts.



O Canada

Our Rich and Unfair Land
Food Lines are Long

And Decent Work is Gone
With Bleeding Hearts

We Face each Day
No Jobs for You and Me

With Hands Outstretched
O Canada

We asked for a change from Thee
God Save Our Land

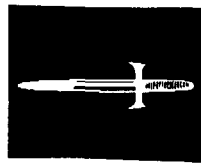
Let Greed be Gone
O Canada

What has become of Thee
O Canada

The Tears Run Fast and Free.



Erika Aumueller



Film Commentary: *ROMEO & JULIET*

The modern version of this Shakespearean classic is a treat for the eyes as well as the ears. Set in the Los Angeles-like Verona Beach, this splendidly colourful vision has all the intensity of the '90's fashion-obsessed, glittery style of the celebration of life while faithfully retaining the Bard's original Elizabethan script.

It is the story of two young lovers on the opposite sides of a Hatfield/McCoy type of rivalling families; namely the Capulets and the Montagues.

Romeo Montague, of the British/Irish Montague gang family, met Juliet Capulet, of an Italian gang family, at a party hosted by Juliet's parents.

"Oh she doth teach the torches to burn bright.."

"Did I love til now? Forswear it sight. For I never saw true beauty til this night," said Romeo when he laid eyes for the first time on the beautiful Juliet.


Traditionally, this is one of the most challenging of Shakespeare's roles to cast. See, in the story, Romeo is 15 and Juliet is 13. More often than not, by the time a woman is old enough to understand Juliet, she is too old to play her. Juliet is the quintessential archetype of incipient depth and wisdom in the face of the turbulence of which the pubescent age is notorious for.

Romeo is no dullard either. He knew the value of love. Too often, fascists love nothing more than to find a young person who does not know their own worth, but this is certainly not the case with Romeo. He knew enough not to take his woman for granted. Male youths of today, bombarded by MTV influences, believe that they will be surrounded by women all their lives and all they have to do is just pick and choose. However, after scholastic graduation, the veil lifts and only then is the folly of that presumption apparent.

As the plot of the film progresses, the rivalry of the two families is too powerful to ignore and, in an existential yet tragic twist of fate, Romeo's friend, Mercutio Montague, is killed by Tybalt (King of Cats) Capulet. Romeo avenges Mercutio's death only to face banishment, which he cannot stand.

"There is no world outside Verona's walls."

Juliet is counselled by her parents to forget Romeo and to marry Paris, a wealthy man who is none other than the page to the Prince of Verona.

The two lovers think of a plan to avoid the requirement imposed on them by an imperious, officious, uncaring society, but when even that goes wrong, the lovers make a move that shows that Love transcends all. I won't give away the ending... 

Claire Danes is cast as the nubile young Juliet and Leonardo DiCaprio is the heroic, swashbuckling, manly youth Romeo, and they cast an exemplary performance upon the silver stage.

This movie is very acidic and, to those in the know, Romeo is seen dropping a hit of acid with a heart illustrated on the tab just before going to the Capulet's party where he first meets Juliet. A psychedelic experience! A must-see for aspiring lovers.

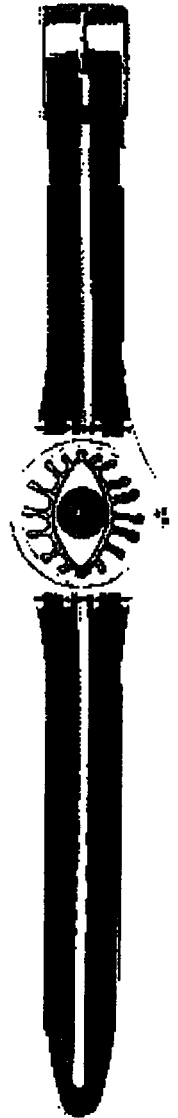
By DEAN KO

from: **PSALM OF DESPERATION IN
THE CITY OF CAIN, 1992**

13.

leo just left
said the guy next door called the cops
on him and frankie his junkie girlfriend
for making too much noise
the cops took frankie away
on old warrants
but leo said he
wanted my company
wanted somebody to talk to
said he'd give me a free fix
for listening
leo said talking to me
helps take some pressure off him
but I wonder
will it ever be that way
is it even supposed to be that way
o Lord
between us?
it's Saturday night
and the citizens of the city of cain
are playing bingo
getting drunk
picking butts
hacking computers
ordering pizzas
watching strippers
shooting coke
telling jokes
going to movies
to rock and roll joints
to churches
to satanic masses
to emergency wards
to blackjack casinos
to buy blue jeans
ice cream
and special blended coffees
the citizens of the city of cain
are watching teevee
screwing diseases into each other
driving automobiles around the bend
jogging

and drinking bottled water
using each other like heroin
breaking each other's bones and hopes
throwing children out the windows
of their homes
and the citizens of the city of cain
are going to meetings
alcoholics anonymous
narcotics anonymous
gamblers
prostitutes
sexaholics
shoppers anonymous
singles doubles lonely triples
sado-maso group support
overeaters undereaters and emotions
anonymous
the citizens of the city of cain
are laughing crying praying and cursing
seeking relief
using telephones like machiavelli
yeah Lord
here
in the city of cain
where we are asked
literally
to take our own lives
to save
the city of cain
and I sit
with less feeling than a dirty sock
thinking about You
and the distance I put between us
my family
the suicides and murderers
the thieves and convicts and rapists
the drunks and drug addicts
I stink like a goat
most of the time
a scapegoat



but shit

You

You came

didn't You

just for me

and my lovely family?

o dear God

dead God

help me

to my knees

o Lord another day

of theft and scoring

broke now for the next 3 weeks

unless I steal some more

and Lord cuba called me

very disturbed

said her prodigal son 13 years old

was off the deep end

she asked me over

I prayed at You walking there

able at least to listen to her

until sweat broke out

all over me

until my skull cracked apart

in flames

until it was time

for a hit

today I stole a copy

of st. anselm

who knows me so well

"is it thus unhappy sins

that you keep your promises?

when you drew me on

you promised sweetness

when it was done

and I was in your power

you filled me with bitterness

but when you were persuading

you were gentle with me

and when you had persuaded

you stabbed my soul to death"

o Lord

first narcotic bliss

20 years ago in new york city

as though the poppy



created just for me
my wounds and worries
so much easier
and the cross

You say I must pick up and carry
floated away
like a feather
so can bearing my cross
in reality
be any better?

Lord
never mind
tonight I'm all right
feeling no pain
a good citizen of the city of cain
I know my soul is dying
but take Your time
there's no hurry
not right now
Lord

I'm just too high
to cry on Your shoulder tonight

today I read I need
the Holy Spirit

to kiss my soul
and make it well

I need 17 more cents
for a cheeseburger
sorry man

I don't have it

I thought check day was this week
but no

we've still got 154 hours to go
I have a headache

I can't stand the street noise
powell street is possessed

freight train rumble
fire engines scream like banshees
motorcycles roar across the carpet

so-called human beings
rant and rave

I feel like I'm sitting
on the sidewalk

you want a rig?

you want some stuff?
up or down?

you want a gram?
meet me at 5:30

at the ivanhoe

I'll have a hundred of them

I'll have a hundred more
in 2 weeks

here's my phone number

we're down to ginseng alcoholics

yeah I got 6

gimme 5 bucks

we're short for a bottle of wine

you better not be a cop

I'll kick the shit outta you

it's tourist season
good panhandling in gastown
I give them a nice face
and conversation
before I ask them for money
I don't
o hell Lord
it's Spring
I'm withering
gray thin weak
I hate Spring
sunlight burns my eyes
I know there's supposed to be
beauty
but I can't get to it
and I have no courage
to turn towards You
I practice my own
diabolical communion
I swallow a handful of white pills
demerol and codeine
consuming my own
flesh and blood
transforming myself
into an anti-resurrection tomb
o Lord
goddammit
why didn't You
let me die
all those times
I really was dying
blood pumping into the grass
spine crashing against concrete
a hunting knife pressing my jugular vein
a revolver poised to shoot me
or overdosed and fading away?
and this guy
on a tape cuba gave me



says Your Kingdom is here
here?

"It's an invitation to love," he says
I might as well have an invitation
to a picnic at the south pole
but You said

"I have overcome the world"
and that's what I'm trying to do
for chrissake
that's all I ever really
wanted to do

the man on the tape says
we don't go to God alone
we have to love each other
we can't be more honest with You
than we are with other people
well

that taps me out
I want You
to save me
damn quick
but first
dear Lord
help me get
another fix

a guy shakes into walter's room
in the new brazil hotel
walter's got a flap of blow to sell him
but walter's asking in return
is demanding in desperation
the guy fix him in his jugular vein
and the guy says "sure"

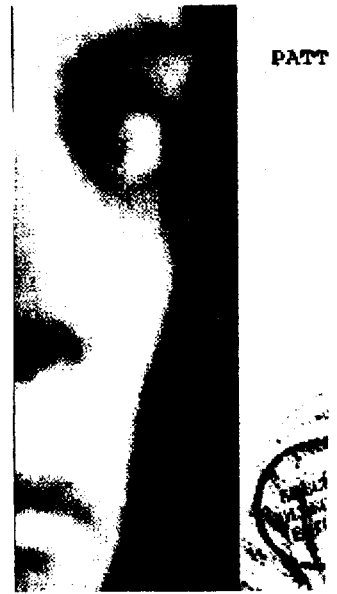
SMITH



but I wouldn't trust him
to stick a pitchfork in a haymow
today I crucify You
inside me
I keep leo company again
until 6 in the morning
spiking holes in my arms
jabbering junkie-crime-street-bullshit
with a blocked rig
pain in my elbow
still o Lord
trying to kill myself
as though I am not
dead already

as though my spirit is not
on the critical list
I am my own
doctor frankenstein
like so many of us
in the city of cain
making monsters of ourselves
and still there are
so cuba tells me
human beings I don't even know
saying prayers
for me
and for all of us

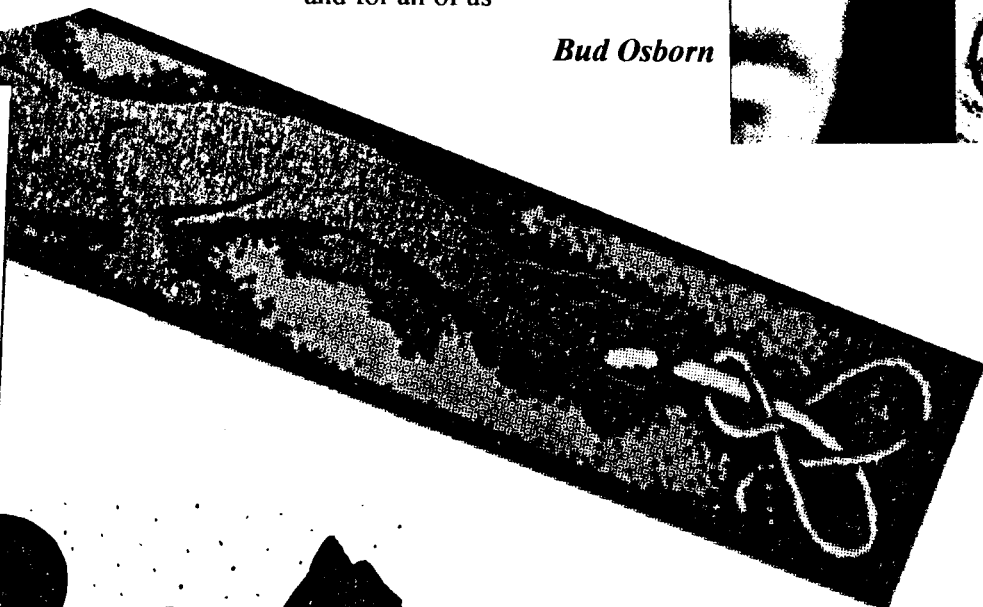
Bud Osborn



PATT

HEY JOE
(VERSION)

PISS
FACTORY



CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE SENIORS TRIP CRITERIA

This was accepted unanimously at a meeting of the Seniors Committee:

When trips are available for Carnegie seniors, the guidelines will be used (in order) for sign-up:

1. Senior Executive and coffee sellers;
2. Seniors who volunteer in other areas of the building;
3. Senior members who attend meetings on a regular basis. (We will be keeping an active file on who is attending meetings.)
4. All others who wish to go, but are not actively involved.

More welfare regulations target poor

(from The Long Haul, ELP's paper)



It wasn't enough for the government to take \$96 a month from thousands of people who are mentally or physically unable to work...

They made other regulations to the B.C. Benefits Acts in March. The regulations mean:

Failure to look for work: The government says that people who fail to seek work, fail to take training or work, or withdraw voluntarily from training or work, or people who are fired or quit work will not be able to get welfare for a certain period of time.

If you are cut off and have children, you can apply for hardship assistance. If you don't have kids, you can't get hardship.

Temporary excuses: Your Financial Assistance Worker can decide if you can be "temporarily excused" from seeking work or training if you have a medical problem.

Appeals for training: You can't appeal access to training programs unless you have a disability.

Appeal process changes: Appeal regulations say that if you appeal a cut-off or a reduction in your monthly welfare rate, you will receive your original rate from the time the Ministry receives your appeal request. The new regulation makes people repay this money if their appeal fails.

If a person is appealing their basic monthly welfare cheque being cut off, the appeal won't continue unless the person agrees to repay the amount if the appeal is turned down.

Disqualification for welfare fraud: If a person has a civil or criminal conviction for welfare fraud, or if they sign a written admission of fraud, they can be disqualified from getting any welfare for up to three months.

Hardship would be available only if children were involved and would have to be paid back.

Outstanding warrants: People who are wanted (*not convicted*) for indictable offences, or on immigration warrants cannot get welfare. They can't get hardship unless children are involved.

Co-op share purchase: The Ministry can loan people on welfare up to half of the cost of a co-op share purchase to a maximum of \$850. It has to be paid back.

Dental and eye benefits: The Ministry used to replace glasses after three years. Now it's four.

People will have to be on welfare for six months before the Ministry will pay for dental care or dentures for adults.

Hardship changes: If you are waiting for an Employment Insurance (EI) cheque and have to get welfare, you have to pay back welfare benefits you get to cover the two week EI waiting period. This measure "shows the mean-spiritedness of the government," says B.C. Coalition of People with Disabilities advocate Robin Loxton. "They are making people pay back money that they don't even get from EI." This rule does not apply if you have children. Hardship is also ended for people whose income is over the welfare amount unless you have children. An example would be a low-income working person whose cheque was stolen. Under the old rules, they would have been able to get hardship. They can't now. Hardship is also ended for people who have "excess assets."

There will be limits to the time you can receive hardship if you don't have ID.

Security deposits: Security deposits are now repayable. The first one is repayable when you request the second one or when you leave the system.

Residency requirement: The three month residency requirement is ended starting March 15th.



From a government circular:

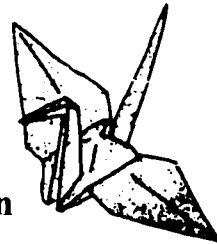
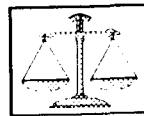
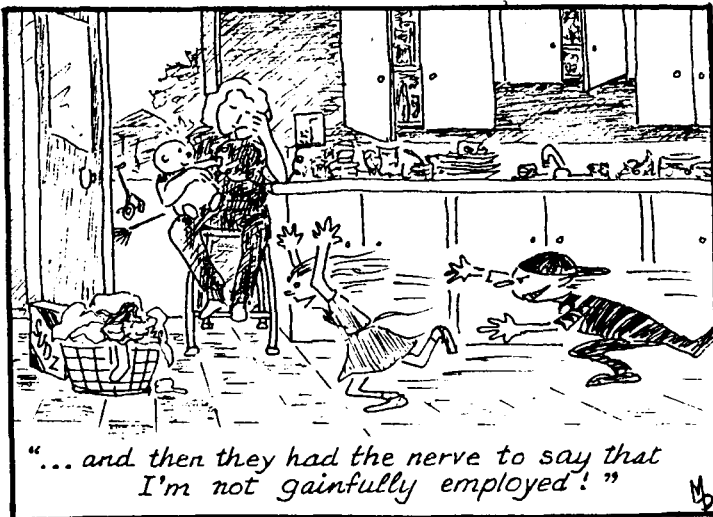
Please note that the information you provide on your application forms for BC Benefits programs must be accurate and complete. You must tell the ministry if you have applied for, or are receiving, any kind of benefit or money from any other source. The ministry uses the information you provide to determine if you are eligible for BC Benefits programs. The ministry shares information with other agencies as part of the eligibility determination process.

Information will be shared with the following agencies during 1997:

- Canada Pension Plan programs;
- Old Age Security programs;
- Ontario Social Services; and
- Revenue Canada.

...help ensure the provision of scarce financial resources for those individuals *truly in need*.

truly in need = deserving poor vs undeserving poor.
There was a groundswell of popular support at the recent NDP Convention for a complete change in BC Benefits. A resolution was overwhelmingly passed seeking to return the humanity of people to the social safety net. The forces that the government has to deal with, however, include the cutting of transfer payments by the Liberals in Ottawa equal to \$7 BILLION over 2 years. The crisis is coming.



To Bruce Eriksen

There is a great justice in cause and effect
And since no man is carefree and
Without defect
He must seek reasons for causes
And time to reflect

On those events in his life that
Warrant our praise,
We who have known him in
The sun's dying rays
Smiling and talking,
Not of the good old days

But of battles personal without
And within,
Without which the hatchling
Will never begin
To savour the confidence of
Two strong wings.

Grey wisps of wisdom embellish
Your street-hardened vault.
Wide-eyed and chipped toothed smile,
Unpretentious to a fault.
There is such calm dignity
And mischievous jest;
Busy serenity and hard-working rest.

Situation's gravity, so grave he
Must laugh,
And curse dumb the poet who
Pens epitaphs
Or doctor's statistics and statistician's
Grey graphs.

Even grained woodman dovetailed
And sleek
With ebony, oak, acacia and teak
Made wooden his thoughts
And object unique.

With rarely a nail and never a
Screw
There was nothing with wood that
He couldn't do,
Creating such new things that
Did not look new

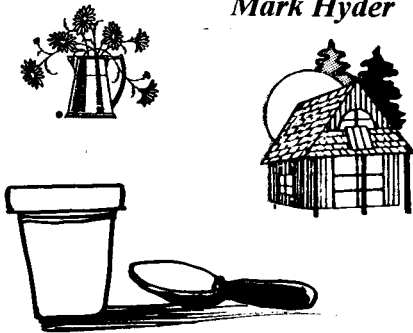
Your harboured grudges like memories
Of dreams,
Forgotten, neglected, left quietly to
Steam
In the snowfield until cooled and
Serene.

Venom never lurked in the
Spaces between your words,
Defending the poor, the downtrodden,
The nerds
Of Society from right wing gentry
Who hired sentries
To keep people like you at bay.

And emerged from childhood
I suppose with a swagger
To stand where he stood
As lean as a dagger.
The lean man in lean years
Knew how things must be:

That begging breeds humility;
Ill gotten bread captivity;
Life under bridges, serenity
and that only justice
Breeds equality.

Mark Hyder



vlc 876 commercial drive, vancouver
254-8458 fax: 254-8115

vancouver lesbian connection

women are

at
the
cen
tre

**A space for women's groups
organizing on the drive**

- readings
- political groups
- social groups
- support groups

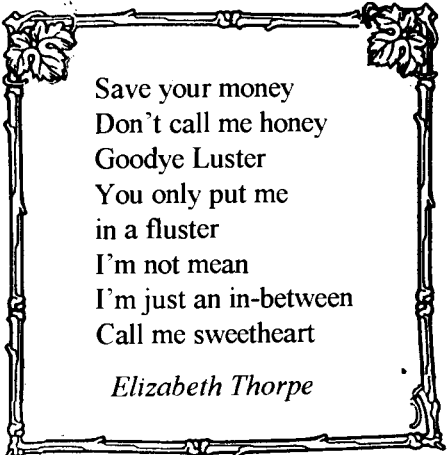
vlc provides —

- copier
- drop-in space
- kitchenette
- TV/VCR
- books on pleasure or politics
- information (health, social issues)
- coffee

centre hours:

- thurs / fri 11-7
- sat 12-5

operational funding provided by the Ministry of Womens Equality BC



Save your money
Don't call me honey
Goodye Luster
You only put me
in a fluster
I'm not mean
I'm just an in-between
Call me sweetheart

Elizabeth Thorpe



Gangs and Housing

Growth in Vancouver is increasing city-type problems, with wealthy people buying a house for the average price of \$200-\$300,000. Apartments and other lower-priced housing are the answer given to families without the money for a better place in the suburbs. When a house is mortgaged over a 15-20 year period the actual cost doubles or even triples; again this happens to those with insufficient money to buy outright. This may seem to be a grade school education of Canadian housing in the '90's. An article in the March 24 *Globe & Mail* touches on gang problems in Winnipeg, with cops estimating 1300 to 1800 teen

gang members, and dubbing said city "the street gang capital of Canada".

These two urban issues are related as governments at all levels are not supporting alternative programs in a public way. Did you know that the Ontario government won't allow a live-in drug rehabilitation situation shown to be a progressive, working method where heroin addicts learn usable skills and stay off junk? Teen and other age groups want alternatives. We must have other development models in the cities - this is where the problems and people are, and relationships need not be torn apart by distance or diversity. Gangs are a direct effect of nothing else to do.

I found myself drawn into the money-making scheme not only for lack of local alternatives but also just holding onto the imagined safety of being part of the 'majority' not seeking any alternative. My past seven years, however, were not devoted to a 40-hour, socially acceptable work week; the time has been used to learn a more sustainable way. In my case, poverty by choice, not an "inability to succeed in the Canadian Dream". I've joined the working poor.

If a politician should read this, please do what is sensible. Work with ordinary people *instead of disempowering us with an official community plan where no community involvement exists*. Have the courage to back people in making their own homes and lives and jobs. Let us be free.

By MIKE BOHNERT

Antigang meeting a turning point, Rock says

BY LAURIE BAILEY
Canadian Press

WINNIPEG — Justice Minister Allan Rock hailed a federally sponsored meeting of Winnipeg community leaders Saturday as a turning point in the war against the city's street gangs.

But two young aboriginal people, who were reluctantly allowed to participate, told the gathering of officials

and politicians that their efforts will amount to nothing if young people aren't consulted.

Edee O'Meara said native teens are trapped in gangs because they have low self-esteem and no hope.

Aboriginal communities must make children their No. 1 concern, she said, and young people need hope for the future through education and jobs.

She also said the focus must be on

rebuilding the social structure and family unit within the aboriginal community to the way it was before colonization.

"We had our own way with dealing with crime; our crime rate wasn't like what it is today," she said. "Back then our families stuck together."

Police estimate there are between 1,300 and 1,800 gang members in Winnipeg, which has been dubbed the street-gang capital of Canada.

About 100 people took part in the closed meeting, billed as a round-table discussion on how to deal with the problem. They included police officers, corrections workers, aboriginal leaders and provincial and federal politicians.

Mr. Rock called the gathering the first step in a long journey to stamp out the problem.

"I don't think we'll find an improvement on Monday or Tuesday, but I do think we can look back in a year or two from now and say this may have been a turning point," he said.

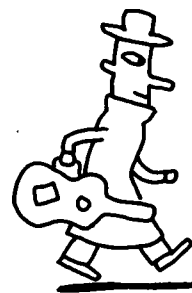
Changes in criminal law, revamped social programs and a co-ordinator for antigang measures — paid for by the

federal government — are some solutions, Mr. Rock said.

Many aboriginal people were turned away from the meeting before it got started in a community centre in the heart of gang turf.

One of those turned away was aboriginal activist Terry Nelson, who denounced the closed meeting as one at which white people were forcing their views on natives.

Lawrence Angecone, the other aboriginal youth who was allowed to address the meeting along with Ms. O'Meara, later said he urged the officials to bring young people to the table.



Groups claim economic restructuring will cause lowering of living standards

Two groups plan to protest APEC summit

Rival coalitions will mount counter-conferences when Asian-Pacific leaders meet in Vancouver in November.

ROBERT SARTI

Vancouver Sun

When the leaders of 18 Pacific Rim countries come to Vancouver for the Asian-Pacific Economic Cooperation summit in November, they will find an official opposition waiting for them — and an unofficial opposition, too.

Two coalitions of social action groups will be mounting counter-conferences to express their profound discontent with APEC policies aimed at creating a no-tariff free trade zone that would cover two billion people and half the world's commerce.

The possibility of serious protests at the summit is the reason cited by Canadian officials for mounting one of the

most extensive — and costly — security cordons in Canadian history.

The opposition groups say APEC's planned economic restructuring will cause a lowering of living standards among working people on both sides of the Pacific. And they are angry that Canada has ruled out the subject of human rights at the summit.

But the two groups don't agree on what to do about it.

The No to APEC Committee, with strong representation from Philippine expatriates and youth and environmental groups, is the more militant of the two. At last year's summit in Manila, a similar coalition staged a march of 10,000 people that overran police barricades and had to be turned back by the army.

The Peoples' Summit, with trade union backing, wants to lobby APEC to include provisions to protect the social safety net in the advanced countries and



to extend basic human rights in the Third World.

"We are the official opposition, and the No to APEC group is a wee bit to the left of us and into direct action," says John Fitzpatrick, secretary-treasurer of the Vancouver and District Labor Council.

Fitzpatrick said the labor groups' strategy is to lobby to "put the human face on free trade."

Hetty Alcuitas of the No to APEC Committee prefers to remain the unofficial opposition.

"We think that trying to convince those politicians and bankers is just reformism and won't work," said Alcuitas.

"It was tried with the [Canada-U.S.] free trade pact and North American free trade, and all that happened is living standards went down.

"We say just junk the whole APEC process and fight for justice in each country."

She confirmed the committee would be staging a march on the final day of the summit, but said no decision had been made as to its tactics.

"We want to show the leaders our feelings," she said. "They are very strong feelings."

Alcuitas was born in Canada, but her parents came from the Philippines. The Lower Mainland's Philippine community, with about 30,000 members, is the second largest in Canada and has a community hall called the Kalayaan Centre at 451 Powell, where the counter-conference is being planned.

Both counter-conferences will include workshops, speeches and cultural events.

The Peoples' Summit will cost about \$1 million to bring hundreds of delegates to a Vancouver venue, possibly the PNE. As with previous such gatherings, money is being raised from unions, church groups and United Nations agencies.

The No to APEC group is more of a shoestring operation, and is hoping that one its constituents groups, like the Langara College Students Union, will provide a meeting place.

Neither of the opposition groups is worried about a split in their ranks.

"It worked fine in Manila," said Fitzpatrick

"In fact, there were four different counter-conferences, so, if we didn't fancy the speaker at our own conference, we could run over and see what was happening at one of the others."



PUPPET PRACTISE: giant puppet of Prime Minister Jean Chrétien will be used in demonstrations at upcoming APEC conference; with puppet is Hetty Alcuitas, of Filipino-Canadian Youth Alliance (left), and Rachel Rosen, of No To APEC

•Tourism = Homelessness

Vancouver is a clean, safe and scenic place with lots of happy and courteous locals to make your visit a memorable experience.

That's how our hometown is being marketed to the rest of the world by a tourism industry that seems to think it owns us.

Convention centres, casinos, car racing on city streets, fancy new hotels and shops, new cruise ship docks - all to attract the tourist. In the process our city is being turned into a theme park. Large areas are being overrun by rich foreign tourists - from Stanley Park to Robson Street. In the summer tourist season, the park is too crowded to enjoy and the street too expensive to shop.

Here in the Downtown Eastside the situation is more desperate. Literally, residents face homelessness and the process ending this way has already

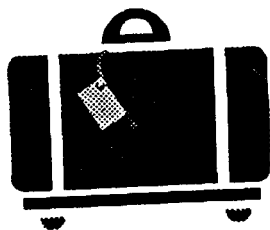
started. The Dominion Hotel is slated for conversion for rich Japanese tourists,, throwing out dozens of old-timers. The Patricia Hotel, one of the leaders in evicting residents for Expo, is almost all tourist trade now, and the Cambie is converting to bed-and-breakfast.

We defeated the casino on the waterfront but now the giant convention centre will seriously destabilize the neighbourhood, destroying low-cost housing nearby. An entire sub-area of the Downtown Eastside, called Gastown, has been turned into a tacky tourist trap. Rent-a-cops, hired by the Gasbags, drive locals off the street if their appearance is deemed offensive to the tourists(!)

Survey after survey has shown that Vancouverites want a community of neighbourhoods where they can live their lives in peace and quiet. Instead, we are getting a glitzy, high-speed and noisy "world-class city" where money talks and the rest of us walk. The amount of construction and change going on in Vancouver is unequalled anywhere in North America, except in a few Sun Belt meccas like Orlando (home of Disney World) and San Diego (home of the US Navy).

If you want a big word to describe it, call it globalization. That means local communities lose their right to plan their own futures, and large corporations can move money and jobs wherever it's most profitable. So-called "free trade" is its economic expression, and the big APEC conference coming to Vancouver in November will try to put the Pacific Rim stamp of approval on the process.

The tourist industry has a wealth of high-priced promoters and lobbyists to say how much we need

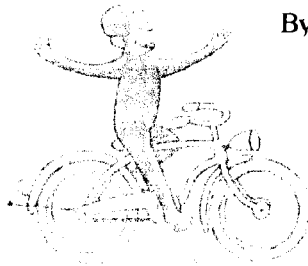


tourism, how much money it pumps into the economy. These claims are all wildly overstated, unless you count McJobs as a great advance in western civilization, and think that everyone who buys an all-terrain vehicle or eats in a downtown restaurant is a tourist.

As the debate over the casino showed, most of the money that would be spent in so-called tourist attractions is actually spent by locals, not tourists. That means that they will NOT be spending it at the local movie theatre or bowling alley. "Take it from the little to give to the big." Sound familiar? That's known as cannibalization.

Downtown Eastsiders are as hospitable as the next group of people, but there are limits. You don't have to welcome visitors who are driving you out of your home. That's why, as the summer tourist season starts to heat up, there had better be some signs that the city and the province are taking the problem of homelessness seriously. Otherwise, Vancouver might not be such a friendly place to visit in 1997.

By GEORGE METESKY



Interested in health?

Want to learn about Chinese medicine?

**Please join us at the next meeting of the
Central Neighbourhood Health Group**

When: TUESDAY APRIL 15th

**Where: Strathcona Community Centre
601 Keefer Street
Main Activities Room**

Time: 6:00 p.m.

(Refreshments will be served)

DOWNTOWN STD CLINIC - 219 Main; Monday - Friday, 10a.m. - 6p.m.
EASTSIDE NEEDLE EXCHANGE - 221 Main; 9a.m. - 8p.m. everyday
YOUTH Needle Exchange Van - on the street every night, 6p.m. -
ACTIVITIES 2p.m. (except Mondays, 6p.m. - midnight)
SOCIETY 1997 DONATIONS

Paula R.-\$10	Diane M.-\$15
Wm. B.-\$20	Lorne T.-\$20
Lillian H.-\$25	Mel L.-\$20
Joy T.-\$20	Sara D.-\$20
Frances -\$25	CEEDS -\$10
Charley B.-\$15	Susan S.-\$30
Libby D.-\$20	DEYAS -\$75
Guy M.\$10	Brigid R.-\$10
Tom D.-\$10	Amy E.-\$10
Rene F.-\$30	Kay F.-\$5
Sam R.-\$20	Anonymous 67
Neil N.-\$13	Rick Y.-\$63
Sonya Sommers-\$100	Sharon J.-\$50
Census Employees-\$200	
Holden Hotel-\$5	LSS -\$1230
B.C. PLURA -\$1000	

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

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 CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

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

**Submission Deadline
 for the next issue:
 April 11
 Friday**

NEED HELP?

The Downtown Eastside Residents' Association
 can help you with:

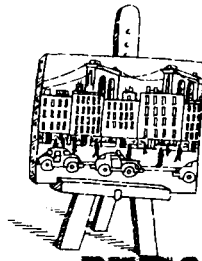
- * any welfare problem
- * information on legal rights
- * disputes with landlords
- * unsafe living conditions
- * income tax
- * UIC problems
- * finding housing
- * opening a bank account

Come into the Dera office at 425 Carrall St. or
 phone us at 682-0931.

**DERA HAS BEEN SERVING
 THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE
 FOR 23 YEARS.**



Live-in Tourists



It was early in the morning and Travis knew it was time to get up. The sun fell gently on the dirty old brown bricks that seemed to punctuate his nomadic home. He knew he had to hurry, gather up his belongings and get out of the alley before the private tourist police started to sweep the whole neighbourhood for the homeless thinkers like himself.

Travis had to fold and bend his cherished belongings until they could be cast into his small rucksack. He would then stash these hopefully worthless and puzzling acquisitions in a secret hiding place. At one time he kept everything in a shopping cart he'd found lying on its side in Blood Alley. He had taken the old cart and bent it into shapes that only a contortionist could appreciate. Travis was able to fit all his sleeping gear, including the extra newspapers and cardboard he used to protect himself, into that one cart. (The rain and heavy dew constantly made its presence known in the City of Vancouver. It could arrive in the middle of a fevered night or at the high noon of a hungry day.) But as time passed the cart became a burden to Travis's independence. It was difficult to conceal and it hampered his mobility when he went into the bush or down to the beach. He missed having the old Coleman stove with him but the rest of the apparatus just slowed him down too much.. he had to let it go.

"So this is another International City of the invisible," he muttered to himself while casting the last of his belongings into the rucksack. "Well," he laughed to himself, "I guess I have to go over to that Dutch pancake place and see if the internationals left me any food in the bin."

Travis hid his rucksack and then swept himself along the alley with the firm knowledge that he

was alive and ready for another day. Now he would have to find a way to survive for another 18 new hours. He looked up and down both sides of Cambie Street and, not noticing any imbeciles who could cause him trouble, willfully maneuvered his body out of the alley. He wanted to be invisible; he wanted to be unseen!

All the coffee hangouts were gone. The Dugout, St. James, the 2nd & 3rd floors of Carnegie, the Crosswalk, the Seniors' Centre, and so on. Everything had been replaced by *Star Worms Beverage Emporiums* where you could find chocolate-coated cockroaches at the bottom of every drink... but, most worrisome of all, was the dreaded tourist police.

Travis had heard that a fellow might be able to find a free meal up on one of the many commercial drives and in any restaurants owned by the Keena's. You had to listen to so-called revolutionary speeches researched and rewritten by an old guy called William von Revolution and his latest gaggle of followers. Travis was willing to put himself through this for a meal but he had lost that old Gortex coat he'd found and was afraid he wouldn't be able to look radical enough without it.

Before he could decide what to do a group of white multi-cultural tourists, wearing I Love Victoria pins, came stomping down Freedom

Street (it was once known as Hastings) with video cameras, collapsible golf carts, credit card clothing and funny hats made out of starling feathers.

When they saw Travis they froze. Barely turning their heads they looked at each other and began to pucker up their thin lips. You could see them trying to close up their collective nostrils (2 each) and Travis was sure that only fear of the unknown kept them from closing their eyes too. These people only knew how to laugh, be happy and clean; the sight of Travis threw them completely off guard.

Travis knew he had to get away quick. He was pissed off at himself for not being more invisible. He knew he had to think fast before the tourist police arrived to take him away. He also knew that only the homeless still knew how to think - to use their wits. The leading white multi-culturists had

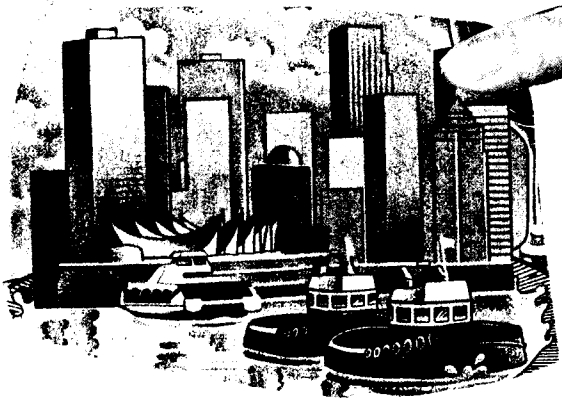
decided years before that thought was not conducive to profit so they had had it banned.

Travis decided to think and immediately had an idea! Slowly he motioned with the index finger of his right hand, moving towards the tourists and whispering, "Don't worry. I'm an undercover tourist policeman. I'm in disguise."

Upon hearing this reassuring proclamation the stunned white multi-cultural tourists began to relax. Travis excused himself after explaining further that he was working on a special case... and ran away.

As he ran towards what used to be the railyards, but now housed a traffic tunnel from North Vancouver, Travis wondered what the rest of the day would be like.

To be continued.
By LEIGH DONOHUE



And the beat goes on...

Thanks to all for your wonderful support, kind words and encouragement. You nurtured me and taught me. Lessons learned will be applied and I will LIVE.

250 letters and 20 pages of petition were sent to Paul Ramsey in Victoria and faxed to the school trustees, Ken Harvey and Donald Goodridge.

Carl MacDonald awakened my interest in the Freenet. Jenny Kwan said she'd test the educational waters in Victoria for us. Literacy

survives due to the unfailing efforts of our enlightened Volunteer tutors.

I've noticed many of you don't draw the line in the sand between ESL and literacy. You like people and want to help them succeed. Long may you run!!

Our students are the cutest, sweetest, smartest and most fun in the world!! Follow your bliss.

Love, Sharon



LEST WE FORGET

To me a bread-line is just as vicious as the line-ups of survivors and wounded I remember during World War Two. In wartime we could think of the clean sheets, letters, hot drinks, food, warm smiles from the nurses... and much, much more!...

But what do survivors look forward to today? I have put aside most of my memories of "fighting the Hun" but I can not forget the nightmares for so many who struggled to survive in the lanes, streets and jungles of our own city during the '30's.

Today, with thousands fighting the same desperate battles... who cares? Really cares?

Sam Roddan

Bread Line outside the door of old First United Mission Church at 424 Gore Avenue...January, 1931.

NEIGHBOURHOOD NEWS

- MacDonald's School got in the news and much ado about the many special needs' kids getting short shrift; asking on one hand to have more staff and not to send kids all over to other schools to be 'dealt with' - and being declared an emergency. Serious stuff; tainted a little as parents are rehearsed on when to cry and how to say certain things to get the right response from bureaucrats... all's fair, eh?
- DERA is getting solid reviews from the Law Foundation with the approval/renewal of the Advocacy Program for a full year. Just in time, too, as advocates are holding several meetings at the Evelyn Saller Centre, at 320 Alexander, to help local residents understand the new, drastic changes to the welfare rules. These workshops will be on **April 11 & 18 from 1-3 in the afternoon, then on May 2 and 16 from 1-3**. Everyone who can should go.. don't get your cheque to find it cut to the middle of the bone.
- United Native Nations is doing some good work in the neighbourhood, and just recently held their AGM at Four Sisters.
- Woodwards is almost signed - the contract that is - and it goes to the Development Permit Board on April 21st. To let people know what this is, and where things are at - work on the site, applying to live in the Co-op side, what can be done in relation to the commercial space in the basement and on the first 2 floors - there will be a public meeting at Carnegie on **Sunday, April 20. Coffee and muffins and drawings at 10am and the information meeting around 11am.**
- Other *Neighbourhood News* has been covered in various articles and poetry in this issue. Homelessness is not something affecting someone else; neither is conversion, demolition, money-grubbing greed, tourism or gentrification.
- A form letter is available (not printed here because of space) that demands that the federal government stop trying to regulate Chinese and

other herbs like prescription drugs. With the passage of Bill C-91, drug companies almost have a license to print money, with no real limits on what they can now charge for their dope. Trying to cram a lid on alternative forms of medicine at the same time is just more greed.



- The NDP was accused of genocide at the last DERA General Membership Meeting, as newly-nominated candidate Libby Davies spoke of her intention to take our concerns to Ottawa. The rant was by one of the deranged "friends of DERA" who, until told by a judge that any further crap in court would cost her real money, had been blaming DERA for all the ills of poor people. The fact of it being the dumping of the federal Liberals onto provinces and the fact of the provincial Liberals (under Gordon *bulldoze-the-Downtown Eastside* Campbell) just itching to make Ontario under Mike Harris's Tories look like a picnic in comparison - well, blame the NDP anyway but not "anyone but..."
- **APRIL 3rd** is the date for a follow-up demonstration by DERA, TRAC, CCAP and PRG on the most crucial thing in the DE - *Zero Displacement*. Be at the intersection of Clarke Drive & Powell at 7:45 in the a.m. and join in. This is the Downtown Eastside chillun. This is the only planet we have!

By PAULR TAYLOR

