

FREE - donations accepted.

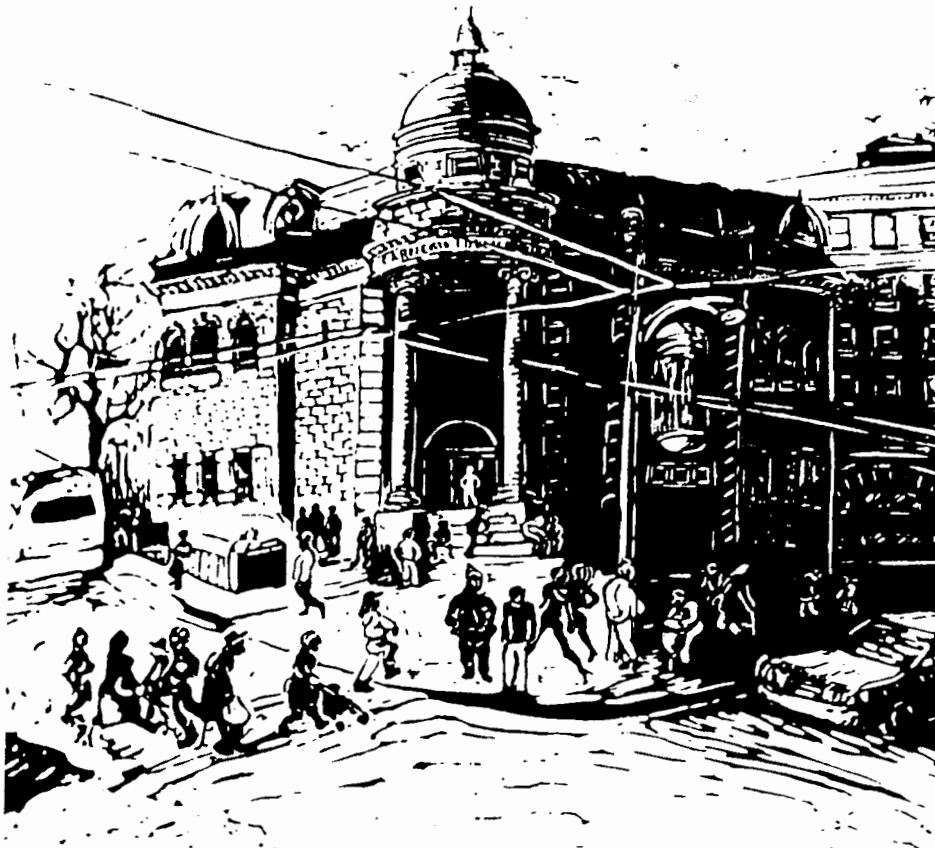
Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



August 15, 1997

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





Let's talk...*

...about slowing the spread of HIV/AIDS in the downtown eastside.



...about how your Community Health Committee is working on this problem and others.



When: Monday August 18th 7:00 PM

Where: Theatre E, 254 East Hastings

Who: CHC#2 wants to hear from residents of the Downtown Eastside, Gastown, Strathcona, Grandview - Woodland and City Gate

Light refreshments will be served. Cantonese and Spanish translation available.

* If you can't make this meeting, call Vickie at 682-3088 or look for our Community Report inside the Carnegie Newsletter.



YOUTH & STUDENTS RESIST IMPERIALIST GLOBALIZATION!



Open to all youth and students
- high school
- college or university
- working
- include a friend

YOUTH & STUDENTS SAY NO TO APEC!

Conference
September 19-21, 1997
Vancouver, B.C.

Presented by the Youth and Students of
the NO! to APEC Coalition



Native "Two-Spirited" Youth Group Starting in September
(Native Gay, Lesbian, Transgendered, Bisexual youth)
Written By David Kirk

This coming September a new project will focus on serving Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, and Transgendered youth who are of First Nations' Ancestry. A joint effort between the Urban Native Youth Association and Family Services of Greater Vancouver, the program will be under the direction of Michael Cook, Coordinator of Sexually Exploited Youth at the Urban Native Youth Association. Co-facilitators will be Jackie Lynne and David Kirk.

Historically there have been other groups available in the lower mainland, but there has not been a group whose purpose is to meet the specific needs of First Nations' queer youth. The current project began with identification of a need for an aboriginal queer youth group and has been 'in the works' for the past year, with funding becoming available only recently. The target population at this time is aboriginal youth between the ages of 16 and 24 years living in the greater Vancouver area and the Lower Mainland.

The purpose of the project is to address issues that Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, and Transgendered youth are facing and begin to assist in exploring, understanding and dealing with the challenges they face. Some of the issues may include alcohol and drug abuse, sexual abuse, prostitution, and HIV/AIDS. This program will provide group sessions and one-to-one in counseling order to meet the stated aims of counseling as well as continuing wellness through building confidence and healthy personal perspectives.

Starting with a first meeting on the 11th of September, 1997, the youth group will be meeting every Thursday between 7pm and 9pm at the Street Youth Services building located at 1058 Seymour Street. At this first meeting, all attending will get acquainted over pizza. If you would like more information please contact Jackie, David, Michael or Jeremiah at our office at 254-7746.

JESUS AND MARY
in the memory of Phil Ochs

Jesus and Mary arrived one day
on the local greyhound bus
from the Aegean Sea.
They rented a room at the Sunrise Hotel
and then started off to the local pawn shop
to get a used T.V.

Only the new
P.B.S versions
of Oedipus the King
and the summer reruns
of old Cecil B. de Mille movies
could be seen.

Later...outside
on the street
all they could hear
was shame based speeches
about their adoptive father.

Jesus and Mary decided to
run off to
a reservation near
the Shaughnessy golf course
but the money changers
from southlands
decided to stone them
for their possibly
redemptive qualities.

As they walked across
a wet
but level playing field
Jesus asked,
"What do you think is going on?"

Mary while checking out the time
left on their bus transfers said,
"Oh it must be time
for school to start"
"By the way" she asked
"are you hungry?"

LEIGH DONOHUE



EFFECTIVELY DOMINO

"Blast", Domino thought to himself. He had been trying to learn how to juggle for the last week. He thought that it would help him keep his mind off of smoking. Something that he had been trying to do for the last little while. Maria had told him to use anything other than the apples that he had been practicing with. She was thrilled that he had decided to quit smoking, but she wanted to save the rest of the antique dishes that were left after the disasters in the last couple of days.

Maria is a very understanding person. Though she does have her moments. Not that anyone can blame her. Domino is an adventure to live with. What can she do? She knew what she was getting into when she married him.

"I'm going shopping now", "Don't forget what I said about the juggling." Maria yelled as she was running out the door. "Ya, sure, luv ya, don't forget my sixpack." She faintly heard as she was walking to the car.

"Home free .," yelled Domino at the top of his lungs and then he remembered that his voice carried out the window, across the yard and into the neighbors house. He knows this only for the fact that Mrs. Trolly had quite often let it be known that his taste in music was not appreciated by her ears. At that moment, he slid into the kitchen. Ever so slightly took a peek around the corner from the lassyway corridor. "Well, k guess Grandma moses hasn't got her ears on yet." He thought, and casually walked into the living room and chose three small apples to practice with. "I don't think that these can do much harm." The one thing about Domino is that once he had something on his mind. You couldn't change it. He had to get it out of his system .

"One.. two three." One, two, three." At that moment Domino thought that he had the world by the tail. "Well, lets see if we can do it again." "One, two, three." "One, two, three." "I can't believe I did it twice." "I'll show those mimes in the old town square what a real act is all about. " Another thing about Domino. Once he psych's himself up. He becomes dangerously overconfident. That's when SHIT HIT'S THE FAN.

Maria has always lived antique dishes and othr such things. A while back. she was at a yard sale. She was very pleased with what she found. A bowl full of ceramic fruit. "What a find." she thought. She was on top of the world. "How could aanyone in they're right mind put things like this in a common yard sale?" She quickly scooped them up. She was full of enthusiasm all the way home. "I can't wait to show Domino."

"Well, I think if i'm good enough with these apples." "These ones over here should be a sinch." Domino felt on a roll and there was no stopping him now. "And these are the perfect sizeas well!" He chose threeof the flashiest looking ones. He was very pleased at how they fit into his hands. "One, two, three. " "Whew." "What a thrill." "I can do it again." he thought. "One, two, OOPS!" Domino froze. Closed his eyes and waited for the inevitable. "Crash." The tinkleing of little pieces of what wer the ceramic apples were scatterin on the floor in front of him.

Maria was feeling happy as she drove into the driveway. Usually it takes her much linger to finish her weekly shopping trip. "Hey, you know our deal." She said as hse walked into the front door. "I do the shopping and you carry in the....." "Why do youi have that look on your face?" "I've seen that look before.." "In the past couple of days, in fact." Maria instantly ran into the living room. She started to take a careful look around.

Within a few moments. Domino walkin in trying to muster up the best poutty face he could. "I love you." "Hey , how about I take ----you --to -- dinner----tonight?" Maria slowly turned around. Whenever she was getting ready to blow up. She began in slow motion. Of course, that didn't last very long. It was amazing how effectively Domino's body created the DOMINO EFFECT with furniture as he fell into it.

LUKE AUGER



In The Dumpster

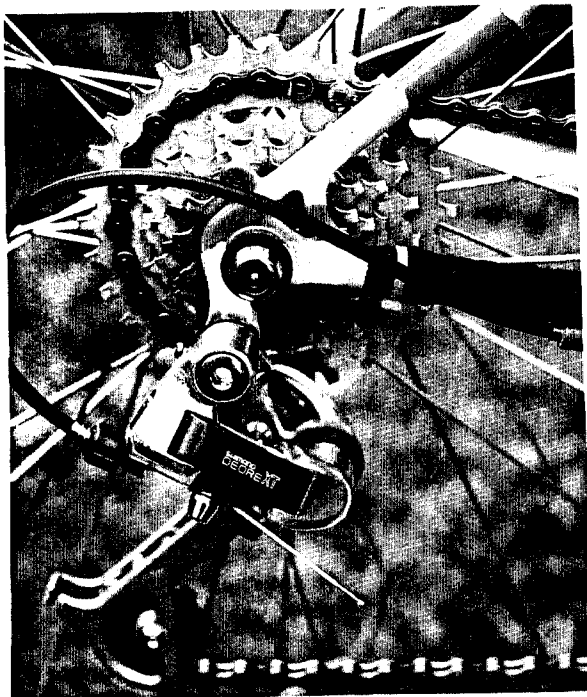
Dear Fellow Binnners and Binnerettes:

On Thursday morning Aug. 7th about 2:15 AM 7 shots were fired on Water Street between Carrall and Water. A man was hit in the head but as I heard he will live. Shitty Hall wants to evict people from the Granville Street Hotels to make way for nite spots that will be open til 3am for drinking and drug selling. We already have problems in the D.E lets not add to it by allowing crap like this to happen . Shitty hall won't listen won't listen to any of us down here. May the bins be with you . and hey lets be carfull out there.



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

Money makes many friends, but the poor is seperated from his neighbour. Proverb 19:4



TRASHOPPER SAYS

Well here I am up in the Middle of the Gobi in the good old Mongolian Republic. Man is it cold. I never ate so much rice in my life! I was trying to get to Hong Kong but I got on thec wrong train. Easy to get on the wrong train when you can't speak chinese or Mandrian . Later, right now I've got to teach english in Delger Suma. It takes 5 days by doonkey. Gotta go. By for now

SOUP ON WHEELS
for Ellen Woodsworth

You know
God would never serve soup
made with sour vegetables
Likewise
I don't think
God would ever
serve canned prayers
to fashioned-minded men
wearing
designer sandals
with sport motifs
In fact
I think
God is a woman
not some gunslinger
from Mount Sinai
Her soups a fresh meadow
of seasonal vegetables
and homemade bread.

They also say
that God is
a prisoner.
A prisoner
of violent
human pretensions.
Still others say
that God is a window
made of poetry
and unconditional love
She is very familiar with
the poverty
of choice.
Convicts say
that gods a door
with crossed legs
and that she
sits peacefully
outside empty courtrooms
and comedy stores.



Some say Gods only
a sacred suggestion
taken from the
new pagan rituals
of modern proletariats
and the other nominal
consequences of capitalism.
Some say God
humbly slides around the neighborhood
disguised as a traffic light
or an old lottery ticket.

They say you can find her
on the floors of the stock exchange
or hanging around Main and Hastings
watching the lonely
pour between thier partners
looking for a friend.
Could this God
ever serve
sour soup
and stale bread ?

Leigh Donohue





nest by s. millar

as towers loom
currency's cut
propaganda propagates
addicts're loosend
as cops're mugged
elders're fatten
dealers're abused
children're blackned
as eyes're blackned
cockroaches fuck
sirens wail
investors speculate
as senses dull
commuters disassociate
polittions squak
illness inhabits
as bread molds
thieves steal
tourists blanch
stomachs roll
as cameras spread
rumours spread
hotels rot
lonliness aches
as dreams die
traffic grates
pious flinch
cries echo



and all
there remains connection
an oasis reaffirming life
something here brings
us together
and unity is our struggle
collective will moves me
where I cant get alone
I am embraced by community
feeling I am home

The Downtown Eastside-Many Voices, One Hope

The downtown Eastside
is a complex community
with many individuals and groups
who work hard on its behalf.
They have one common hope-
to strengthen a community
that has been here
from the beginning
of Vancouver's history,
and now is under seige
from the threat of gentrification.

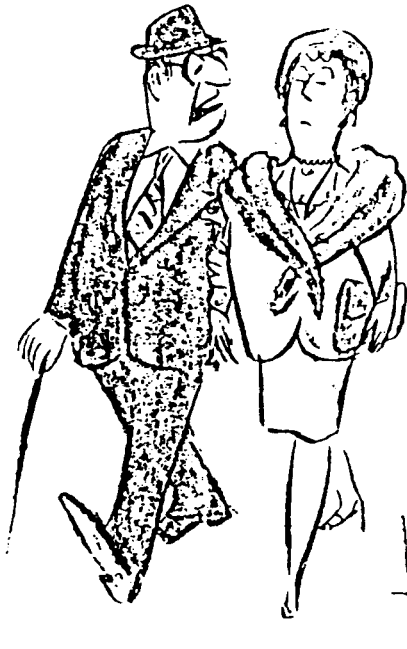
In this task
we need allies
who respect us
as we respect them;
friends who understand
that their liberation
is bound up with ours.
The Downtown Eastside is
rich in people
who reach out to others
in hope -
friends who have fought
for a just land claim,
and will never, ever, give up
until justice is done.
Friends who died fighting for
the right to form trade unions.
Friends who overcame racism,
and not only survived, but prevailed.
Friends who occupied
the Carnegie Library in 1935,
and then organized the
On-to-Ottawa Trek
in the hope of work and wages.
Friends who started D.E.R.A.,
and then won the Carnegie Centre
for the community
after a fight lasting seven years.
Friends among immigrants and refugees
who know the horror of
totalitarian states and the global economy.
Friends who fought for, and won,



Crab park.
Friends who took Oppenheimer Park
back from the drug dealers.
Friends who established
the Strathcona Community Gardens.
Friends from all over Vancouver
including a variety of churches,
who co-operated to defeat
the casino project in the D.E.
Friends who work to make
Carnegie go, DERA go, DEYAS go,
and all those other groups
that work for a better world-
not a perfect one, but a better one.
Friends such as the Political Response Group
(PRG),
a group I know as a human being
because we have worked together
on common projects .
PRG protested the March for Jesus
in the Downtown Eastside
and was instrumental in obtaining
an apology to our community
from the leaders of that march.
PRG picketed City Hall many times
in the name of Social Housing.
I know I was there
hands freezing in the winter,
soaked through in rainy weather
PRG created a multi-media play
designed to win respect for our community
The play was at Carnegie,
people liked it,
and at many churches.
Its purpose was to win allies
for a community under seige.
PRG has conducted two twenty -four hour vigils
at Woodward's
to help keep alive
the community's hopes for that building.
In my experience, PRG is
respectful of the Downtown Eastside
and its many voices.

Danny Korcia,
a respected Carnegie Board Member
who died in 1991, once said,
“ I have come to believe
that we must help each other
more than we do.
We are put down by
federal, provincial, and city governments
as winos and skid road people.
To beat that
we should stick together,
respect each other,
fight for one another.
Organized in this way,
we can prove to all of them
that we are people like them,
not the people
they categorize us to be.”

Sandy Cameron



*“There is a perfect example of what is
wrong with this country today.”*



*“There is a perfect example of what is
wrong with this country today.”*

August 1, 1997

Ian McRae
President
Downtown Eastside Residents Association

Dear Ian

I am writing this letter as a long time resident of the DES, in reference to our conversation on Sunday, July 25 and the Vancouver Sun article of Monday, July 26, 1997.

It is my opinion, as well as that of my wife and others I have talked to recently and in the past that 175 Sq. Ft. is inadequate, even if it is self-contained. People say that if they move into a small suite, what would they do with the stuff they have accumulated over the years. I myself say, why should I move into something that small. Downsizing for a person with money from 3000 square ft. to 1500 square ft. after the kids have grown up and left home, even has them singing the blues because they find their quarters too small. So why is DERA trying to undo all the work your own and other organizations have done to get the minimum size the city is considering pushed up to 320 square feet.

This only belittles people who are poor. Then, the article also says that for \$750 there will be suites twice the size. What person living in the DES on welfare can afford that kind of money? DERA was intended for the people of the DES and to line developers pockets. I am really appalled by this. Seeing all the hard work done by so many go down the drain is really depressing.

I would suggest that the staff and Board members look back in your files to see where your organization and other drew the line. Please check what past executive director Barb Daniel and members of other organization suggested to Brad Holmes. If you are not familiar with it, ask Tom Laviolette to see a video on that.

As to Mr. Weaver [the developer -- ed.] saying he lived in the DES, I have my doubts. If I remember correctly, he was siding with Mr. Holmes on micro-suites. He was sitting next to Sonny and me at the development permit board meeting and was saying he stayed at the Dominion Hotel for 4 months and had a home in Victoria while working in Vancouver. So I don't think he is exactly an expert on what it takes for liveability in this neighbourhood.

Some information for you: the room in the Dodson range from 150 to 220 sq. ft. with three apartments at 325 sq. ft. These are fully furnished units.

To summarize my letter, I and many others do not support this proposal.

As ever,

Eldon Jones, resident (active in working on many neighbourhood issues such as Woodward's/housing/seniors, and on the Carnegie and Second Mile boards)

Maggie Carmichael (Dodson resident, coffee room volunteer, community kitchen volunteer)



cool bud osborn

if by being cool you mean
10 below zero in february
standing on a street corner in the south bronx
trying to score
a couple hundred black and puerto rican junkies
looking hard at you
the only white face there

or if by cool you mean
trapped and pinned
in a hell-hole roominghouse in toronto
2 psychotic men
press knives against your flesh
and one of them says
"I'm going to cut your throat"

or if the cops
have drawn thier guns
pointed them at you outside los angeles
and the nastiest cop tells you
they are going to take you
into the desert
and shoot you
and no one will ever know



if by being cool you mean
situations like that
where you stay calm
make no false moves
and do not go
emotionally
around the bend into flip city

well
I have been cool in those circumstances
I survived

but if you mean
being cool
regarding me and you

well
I am afraid
I have got no idea
what you are talking about

in this dangerous situation
in this passionate circumstance in vancouver
all I want to do
is scream out my feelings for you
like some
crazy-assed fool

who is anything
but cool

MORE REAL PEOPLE, PLEASE Garry Gust

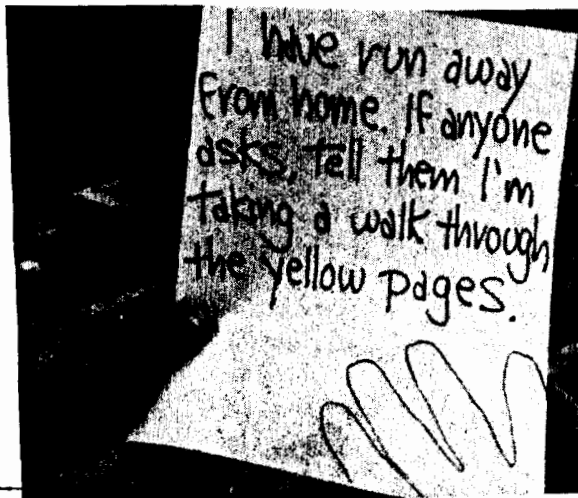
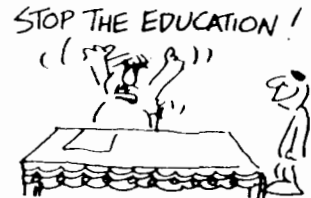
In late July the TV news was showing a story about a heat wave in Chicago. The camera was panning people trying to keep cool on a beach, then it zoomed in on a middle-aged black man and a middle-aged white man standing neck deep in the water having a laid-back conversation.

The camera held that shot for about five seconds then broke away.

Those were a very important five seconds captured on TV where black and white people seen together are usually squeaky-voiced actors playing the fool on situation comedies, or millionaire sports heroes trash talking each other.

But the two men in that 5 second shot didn't appear to be mediocre actors, or overpaid athletes. They looked like two ordinary Joes standing in lake Michigan probably talking about the weather.

I wish I had a poignant point to make here, but I haven't quite figured it out yet. I guess it has something to do with how powerfully television can influence our stereotypical outlook on North American society, and those five seconds were like a faint light in a dark tunnel of doom and gloom.



I like to smoke
cocaine
it almost makes me feel like
i`m in love again
for a moment
makes me feel like i`m
in love again every
time it breaks my heart

smoking cocaine
is a dangerous game
it puts you in the line of fire
pats you on the back and
says
"you`re the problem here"
the whole worlds looking down
for ways to dress its demons
and there you are
coupable
caught with the pipe in your mouth

the crackheads`re here
handing their lives over
to laughing dealers
crackheadcrackhead
"chasing the elusive
butterfly of love"
"its all her fault"
the fever burns
"git me another rock"

used to dare to dream
now it seems too
many schemes`re
blowin everything away
don`t believe in anything `m`t
dying
for an afterlife
ever aching for just
one thing
love
by fluke

or fate
or wait
love
the one
light
peace
love
I like to smoke...
it almost...

goblin 97

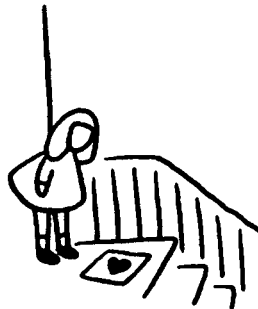
Diary self itrospection to god of Elizabeth
Thorpe Pl xxxxx

Dear Editor ,

The poor are our dears. We need them.
We should be allowed to take drugs.
We are already addicted.
Please let us take our drugs.

About two years ago
I attempted to end my own life
The offensive that followed
nearly ended my life
ECT drugs and mutiny
Four months of death threats
from another inmate.

Elizabeth Thorpe



Take heart loved one
all us lovely ladies
and your God will lead you to the One
So tired of fighting off the witches
So tired of the heat
So tired of trying to find you
So tired of this hell

Mark what a lark
we fly like angels
our souls free

Waiting for the hell to end
why won`t it be sent to me
to heaven I`be been waiting for

Elizabeth Thorpe

written for the memorial
service for cassandra
antoine, held in the
parking lot of the
patricia hotel, Friday
june 13, 1997. cassandra
was murdered.

she who was born a child
beloved of life
has been torn from her life
ruthlessly
as a child from her mother's breast

cassandra who was born a child
beloved of life
beloved of wind and sun and stars and the moon
and the hearts of her friends
has been treated
as though cursed by life

cassandra who was born a child
beloved of life
has been abandoned by those sworn to protect her
and betrayed by those paid to care for her life
and so she became a target
for the hatred of men
whose sanctioned drunken lust for power
defiled her life

cassandra who was born a child
beloved of life
but torn from her life
and treated as though cursed by life
and become a target for those who hate life
for her life
entrusted by life to us
for her life

so we gather this evening
for cassandra
our sister



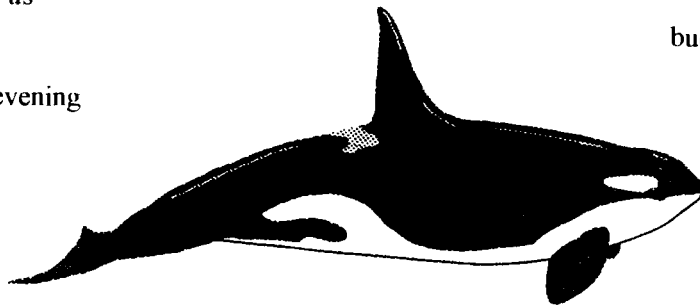
we gather for her sun
and for her stars
and for her moon
and for her need
and for her longing
and for her dreams
and for the wind of spirit and love
in her heart and in her soul

we gather for our sister
who suffered the absence of love in our lives
cassandra
whose life lives in our lives
in our suffering
in our memory
in our resistance

we gather for cassandra
whose life lives in our loneliness
in our exclusion
in our abandonment
in our struggle for justice

cassandra who was born a child
beloved of life
has become in her death
so dearly
so deeply
beloved
of us

bud osborn



Authority Today

All the issues of importance to humanity are like a plague showing us the senselessness. Are there too many people driving too many cars? I know the speed, power, and separation from wind and noise all contribute to unconscious use...waste. Now transit is becoming overly expensive, how do we make any improvements in this city? Bicycles are a good answer but there continues to be pushing for helmets, lights, licensing, etc., this makes it higher cost while giving cops yet another law to stop someone who simply hasn't complied with money.

Does the public believe police are not abusing their authority especially when someone is stopped merely because a cop wants to process the person only looking to find out what the "computer" may or may not have on that individual. As oppression occurs people find themselves on the receiving end.

Is it not true "the rich oppress the poor", or "the police are the instrument where by wealthy oppress and suppress the poor"? Sounds like leftist dogma but fact is the wealthy powerful abusers of authority do keep low income from speaking out or visibly reminding lotus land livers there is a problem.

I remember one time I verbalised against the difficulty in getting a street mental health man's welfare cheque cashed. We were set upon by a bank robbery team of cops. It was the fourth or fifth financial institution we went to on a Friday night before sisc. When the Toronto Dominion, a chartered bank as required by law at the time refused us service five minutes to six I spoke out. We found police response to be swift and heavy handed, no effort was made to improve our lot by the police or bank manager. Thus we were "processed". Weeks later my friend ended up being taken involuntarily to Riverview because he had accumulated a "number" of police responses as an oppressed man on the street. It is a bad way to learn that cops will send a man away because a person has "cost" the taxpayers money with too many police stops recorded on computer.

Mike Bohnert



IF YOU HAVE
A MENTAL
ILLNESS AND
ISSUES WITH
DRUGS
AND/OR
ALCOHOL THIS
PROGRAM CAN
HELP CALL.

254-9060

VANCOUVER NATIVE HEALTH
&
LOOKOUT
PRESENT
PRE-RECOVERY
EMPOWERMENT PROGRAM
(P.R.E.P.)
A PROGRAM FOR THE DUAL
DIAGNOSED
(MENTAL HEALTH & SUBSTANCE
ABUSE)

A place where we will create the conditions
by which an individual can develop to the
maximum of their potential through the
opportunities at hand

DOWNTOWN STD CLINIC - 219 Main; Monday - Friday, 10a.m. - 6p.m.
EASTSIDE NEEDLE EXCHANGE - 221 Main; 8:30am-8pm everyday
YOUTH Needle Exchange Van -3 Routes: City (5:45pm-11:45pm); -
ACTIVITIES Overnight (12:30am-8:30am) Downtown Eastside (5:30pm-1:30am)
SOCIETY 1997 DONATIONS

Legal Services Society -\$1250

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|---------------|
| Paula R. -\$30 | Rocking Guys -\$30 | |
| Wm. B. -\$20 | Diane M. -\$15 | |
| Lillian H. -\$25 | Lorne T. -\$20 | |
| Joy T. -\$20 | Mel L. -\$20 | |
| Frances -\$25 | Sara D. -\$20 | |
| Charley B. -\$15 | CEEDS -\$10 | |
| Libby D. -\$40 | Susan S. -\$30 | |
| Guy H. -\$10 | DEYAS -\$75 | |
| Tom D. -\$10 | Brigid R. -\$10 | |
| Rene F. -\$30 | Amy E. -\$10 | |
| Sam R. -\$20 | Kay F. -\$5 | |
| Rick Y. -\$63 | Neil N. -\$10 | |
| BCCW -\$50 | Sharon J -\$50 | Joan D. -\$5 |
| Sonya Sommers -\$100 | Holden Hotel -\$5 | Mike M. -\$15 |
| Census Employees -\$200 | | Bill G. -\$20 |
| B.C. PLURA -\$1000 | | Ray-Cam -\$40 |

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
 CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

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

Submission Deadline
for the next issue:
 August 27, 1997

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 24 YEARS.**