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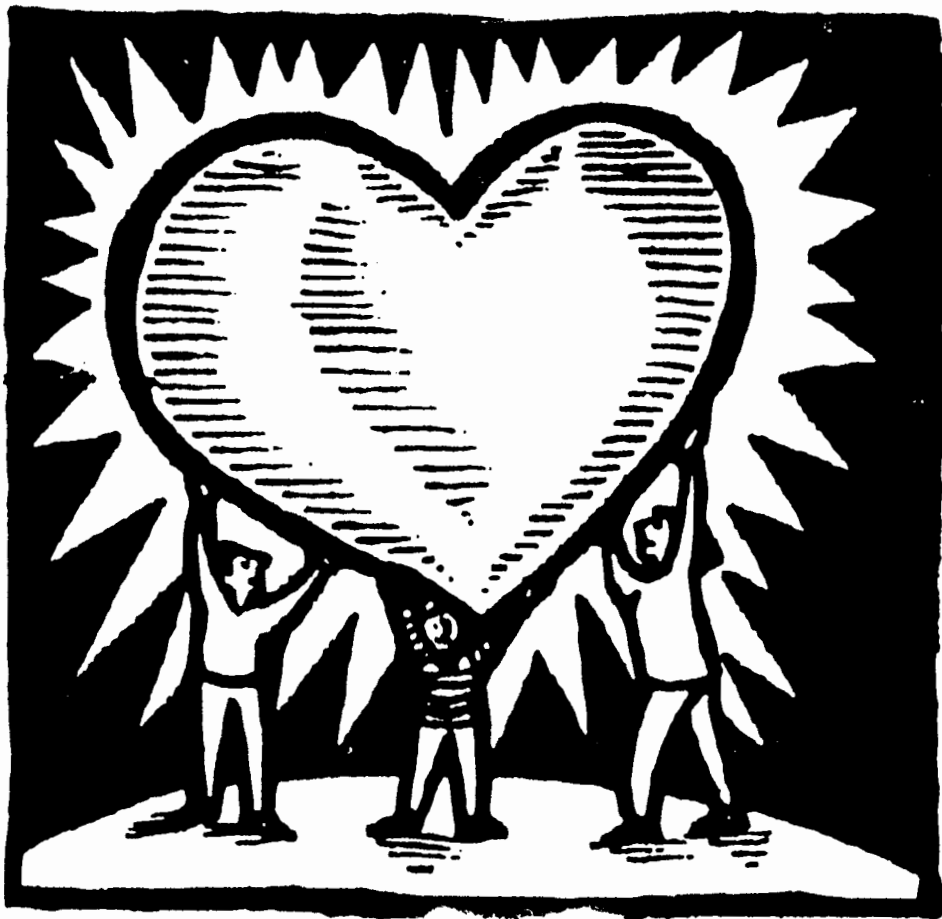
Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



February 15th, 1998

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



One Big Victory

Poetry from Burnaby Correction Centre for Women

Mental Health and Poverty



One small step for welfare: One giant step for Totalitarianism

My search for truth and justice in this world has ended on a note that can be described as only sad. If these gems do exist, they cannot be uncovered here. And so with this said, I am ready to embrace the LIE. The LIE being that if indeed we were all created in the image of a loving God then all post creation matters have fallen into the hands of an uncaring government. Yes I am now willing to admit that we, as a race, are nothing but living experiments at their disposal. For years I've been able to balk at this revelation due to my undying faith in the power of the human spirit. By believing in the passion, imagination and resilience each and everyone of us; the substance beneath the shine. Now, however, even that belief has been shattered. For the value of human life can and does fit into a simple monetary equation. And that equation is that those with are worthy and those without are worthless.

As sad as it appears, the government's latest move to implement the new information consent form is proof that the monetary equation is true. Those of us on social assistance, who've been plagued by poor bashing, degraded and dehumanized before must now yet sink further to the point of being made utterly disposable. Everything about us can and will be used against us from this day on. The thought police are around

the bend and we are surely under arrest for living the way we do. God bless us.

Information is a potent tool and can be used in many ways. Often in the hands of authority it leads abuse however. And for those who have already or will sign the form, the path to such abuse on behalf of the government has just begun. One example of information that the government already has is that it is possible for a human being to sustain itself on a support income of less than one hundred and seventy five dollars a month, This vital bit of information hands the reigns to those in charge to set a budget that makes an allowance for legislated poverty. Worse still, the mere acceptance of such poverty leads to a continual cycle of suffering without relief.

I'd like to point out two cases, true to the best of my knowledge, wherein the transfer of information from an individual to a person in position of authority lead to drastic consequences on the part of the latter. The first concerns a middle-aged man who attended a psychiatrist's office twice a week for consultations in the 1950's. At one of these sessions the man felt it appropriate to mention that he had recurring fantasies of becoming a woman. The doctor in charge quickly took control and had the man institutionalized where he received shock therapy every day for a period of thirty days. At the end of this time, the man had lost most of his memory and remained confused for the remainder of his adult life. He later died a broken, homeless man in the downtown center of Toronto.

The second case scenario involves a man who trained horses. He was adept at this and loved the beasts as if they were his own. Upon discovering that these horses were shot with large amounts of drugs in order to boot and fix the going races, he protested loudly and was heard for a while. That is until an illegal search through his past medical records revealed that he had suffered from a manic depressive episode when younger. Suddenly the man's protestations were simply the rantings of a raving lunatic to anyone who cared to listen. His

claims were dismissed as untruths.

Are we really headed toward a state of totalitarian control? Please revamp my sense of truth and justice. Help me believe again in us, in people first. The value of human life is inherent, not a measure of productivity. We are not numbers, nor are we dollar signs, for God's sake are people, people, people. . . .

Jitter bug

The RESPECT MARCH

G.Gust

Yearly it comes;
February fourteenth,
Valentine's day
In the Downtown Eastside.
Missing and dead
But held still dear,
To be never forgotten.



How strange. The other day I was perusing the work of British novelist Eric Blair. Eric was a visionary and prophet, who some thought was ahead of his time. He sometimes went by his other name - George Orwell.

What is even more frightening than Orwell's book 1984 is its Afterword by Erich Fromm, a renowned psychologist. Fromm says:

"The mood it expresses is that of near despair about the future of man, and unless the course of history changes, man (sic) all over the world will lose most of their human qualities, will become soulless automatons, and not even be aware of it."

Not even be aware of it! He goes on to say:

"Or does human nature have a dynamism which will react to the violation of basic human needs by attempting to change an inhuman society into a human one?"

(Remember, this is Erich Fromm talking, not Orwell.)

And didn't I say myself that "Once they start that system, you might be the next to go." You, dear reader, whoever you may be.. you may be the next to go. Not only are the poor people going to go - everyone is going to go. Lately there seems to be

some bizarre, strange idea going around that if you sacrifice others you can save yourself... Uh uh. We all live in the same world.

Is there still a way out? Fromm goes on to say:

"One can react to this picture in two ways: either by becoming more hopeless and resigned, or by feeling there is still time and by responding with greater clarity and greater courage. I am sure that neither Orwell nor Huxley nor Zamyatin insist that this world of insanity is bound to come."

I hope not but it will unless we do something to stop it. I say to myself "Let your voice be heard."

Orwell says in his appendix to 1984:

"The word *free* still existed in Newspeak, but it could only be used in such statements as "This dog is free from lice"; "This field is free from weeds." It could not be used in its old sense of "politically free" or "intellectually free" since political and intellectual freedom no longer existed even as concepts and were therefore, of necessity, nameless."

Not even as concepts.

Let your voice be heard.

By ROBERT R. RICH

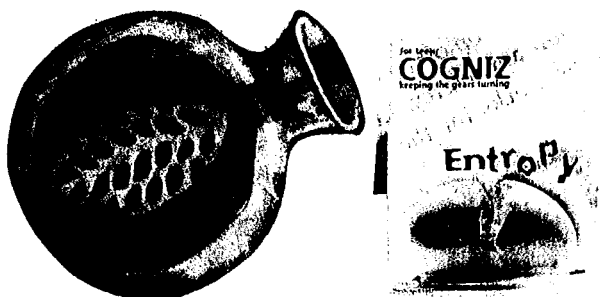
Dear FFEFXx: pg. 11 "On Playing the Game"

In regards to your article "On Playing the Game" I found the information slightly unprofessional for a "wanna be" mentally ill. The procedures for application of disability benefits level II, for instance, is only possible by a diagnosis from a benefactor of Psycho Therapy of Psychiatry which may mean more than (as suggested) "eight cups of coffee." The roughly 400 mg. of caffeine in your system for 24 hours will be antedoted with possibly 900 mg. of lithium for 15 years of 204 mg. of Haloperidol (antipsychotic tranquillizer) for say 10 years. Easy? You forgot one thing. The trauma or diagnosis leading up to this diagnosis. There may be in its later stages: one to two moths of listlessness, depression, fear and anxiety, climaxing in loss of logic, hitch-hiking or wandering aimlessly around an unknown city, thinking that someone is after you, maybe winding up in a ditch somewhere . . .

Does this look like the game? Getting off the disability benefits you have so tactfully and strategically applied for is the fun-ding, I mean fun-thing. It's not a nest-egg by any means. Being immersed back into the NORMAL way of doing thigs: paying rent, putting away saving, entertaining in the Big Apple of Vancouver, keeping your country place . . . is not easy. YOU now have a SERIOUS diagnosis (just for that \$771.00 per month). You have been analyzed umpteen years, sometimes 10, maybe 20. Your brains are picked of all or any childhood memories. You now have less self-esteem than you ever had because everything you have done in the last decade has been questioned (I agree the system is defeating the purpose, but . . .) You are at the mercy of your family, your "old" friends, your employer, your doctor. All of whom merely have to mention your disability to make you want to crawl into a paper bag, to threaten your dignity and to maintain the control and power that originally prevailed. Yes,. This "pens doors" for

me, as you suggested. It makes me realize my choice is to cloose to buy my week on grocereis on the Eastside instead of that chocolate cake and latte on the West for the same.

Getting sloshed at the end of the day? Let's just say a shot of Anisette perhaps? And to be able to say to myself 'I made it'. I made through one more day of disability playing MY game.



Dear Paul,

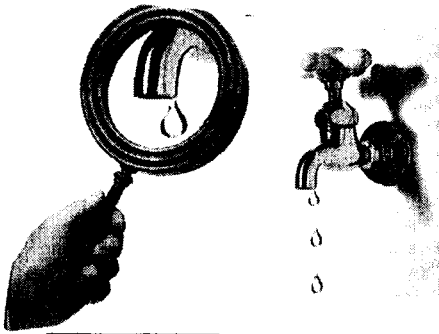
I am no stranger to the 'slums' (some would prefer 'skid row') and poverty, having grown up there. Also I picked cans my first years of homelessness until I got the support portion of a cheque. I'd spend some of it on people who still couldn't get welfare. I have a disability, yet to be acknowledged for what it is.

The psychiatric profession is, I understand, the richest in the world. It makes me nervous to see your newsletter listing labels for things.. it's the last place I expected it. There is a multi-billion dollar drug industry and people are often misdiagnosed. People who show too much feeling or know too much about government control (especially at the deeper levels like mind-control experiments in psych wards) are typed for continual relegation to the fringes - like my sheet always labels me as Crazy... (friends & I, as old hippies, learned not to trust the system, had that intuitive feeling proven true, and were categorized for marginalisation and 'fish-in-a-net' treatment from then on, every time we had to use it).

I work with meeting basic needs - for survival

and dignity - and just ask that you look carefully at labels like "_____ personality disorder" and calls for individuals to attach such labels to themselves.

Buckaroo



You Are Invited:



**PROSE
POETRY &
PERFORMANCE**

Coffee Nights

**at GALLERY GACHET
88 E. CORDOVA
(between Carrall & Columbia)**

**next event date:
Friday, Feb. 27 1998
8:00 p.m.**

'open mike' format

**for further information call:
Myriam Nelson, 687-2468**

Borderline...

As a child, Cindy had gone from one foster home to another. Some had been bad or abusive so by the age of fifteen she had had enough. Life on the streets wasn't much better. Often she'd wander around with a dazed, sinking feeling of not knowing who she was or what was actually real in her life. As the years went on she was unable to develop stable relationships and her condition deteriorated (into prostitution) - for most of her life she had felt abandoned and even when on the street corner she would hope anybody would stop and pick her up. Cindy would swing from idealizing a man (to the point of following him for weeks) to 'throwing him away' in fits of anger; mood swings would have her cut herself with a razor just to bring back some reality. Certainly the pain felt real even if nothing else did.

Cindy's instability is similar to what is classified in the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* as a borderline personality disorder. Many people in the Downtown Eastside suffer from this or other forms of mental disorder.

Sadly, treatment is next to non-existent. Local mental health programs are heavily into medication and residents seldom get referrals to treatment clinics located in other areas of the city.

Recently the BC Minister of Health, Joy McPhail, stated publicly that \$125 million would be spent on housing for people with mental handicaps. I'd like to see some of this money used to fund an Eastside treatment clinic - one that would treat various psychiatric disorders such as borderline personality disorder. In such a clinic people could receive effective psychiatric testing, assessments and therapy. Just educating residents of the Downtown Eastside about the nature of psychiatric conditions would be better than keeping them in the dark, which is what happens now.

The Minister of Health announces \$125 million for accommodations for mentally disabled people - in time plans can be ignored, promises can be broken and an individual's words forgotten, but

I'm going to make sure these are remembered.

By STEPHEN KINNIS



C'mon down to Hastings Street!

Just what we needed -- another 24-hour store on the Strip.

The city permits and licenses department has just approved the opening of an all-night grocery store in the main floor of the Roosevelt Hotel, 166 East Hastings, just across the land from the Carnegie Centre.

The approval came before the community even had a chance to raise a stink about it. So close to Carnegie and to the corner of Main and Hastings, the location is a very sensitive one, and needs to be protected from becoming a cigarette, candy bar and pop magnet for the street crime scene.

There are so many points of travesty about this that it's hard to know where to begin.

* Even as 24-hour groceries go, the licensee, MJM Groceries, is hardly a good corporate citizen. It has already been hit with a seven day suspension for its business practices at its

LARGE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS

FRIDAY'S 2 PM
CARNEGIE 3RD FLOOR

Diets don't work - Pills KILL



Diet Industries / Media TRASHES us
\$ \$ for PROFIT \$ \$

Young people die from
BULIMIA AND ANOREXIA

FIGHT BACK
We Ain't Gonna Take It No More

Dora and Sheila



current location, 56 East Hastings.

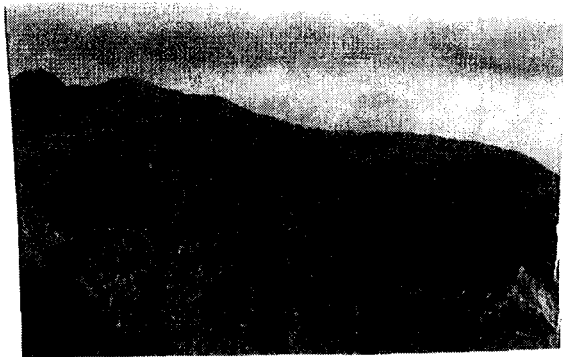
* The Roosevelt is just going through a turnaround as a place to live, thanks to the efforts of community groups like the Main and Hastings Society (Kathleen Boyes) and the Carnegie Community Action Project (Tom Laviolette and Shawn Millar), and the city housing relocators Judy Graves and Al Draycott. They put pressure on the owners to clear out the criminal elements, renovate the building and start renting out some clean decent rooms.

* The community and the city are just launching a campaign to reclaim the street for the majority people who live around here. That's where the big mural project and other activities planned for this spring and summer come in.

People can call or write city licence inspector Paul Teichroeb (873-7611) and Mayor Philip Owen (873-7621), both at Vancouver City Hall, 453 West 12th, Vancouver, BC V5Y 1V4, to get them to ride that place hard, and shut them down as soon as they start breaking the law.

And if you're looking for a place to live, the Roosevelt has fairly large, bright rooms, cleaned up. It's not perfect -- rents are \$350 - \$375, and there's no elevator, so you have to be in shape both financially and physically. But the more rooms that are filled with stable residents, the easier it will be to make sure the conditions don't start to slide again.

Ira Weiss



Straight from Nepal

Friends,

I am on the terrace of a small lodge looking across the valley to the small village of Junkeri. It is already in shadow here, but the last of the late afternoon sun is shining like diamonds on the Himalayan peaks; the sky is clear and blue, promise of a cold night. Tonight is the full moon.

It has been three hard but beautiful days, trekking in from Jivi -- three of some twenty one days through to Gorkyo and the Everest base camp region which I hope to be able to reach. The weather has some say in this -- there is snow above Namche Bayaar (I love the names). Another fall could make it impassible. It feels like a fairly optimistic goal at the moment in any case, considering how bagged I feel.

But in the morning, after the various aches and strains have eased and the sun shinges so warmly, it seems completely amazing to be here in this spectacular countryside, wandering along these trails through terraced hills and villages, and it doesn't really much matter where I reach in the end. It is definitely off-season for trekking now and while I am hiking in the company of a young French fellow, he is usually so far ahead of me (old bones, big pack) and there are so few other westerners on the trail, that I am most of the time ambling along quite on my own.

That's it, but for the frequent encounters with the Nepalese along the trails, the calls of "Nameste!" from the fields. There is a nice connection with the sherpas along the way as they

rest their packs, sweating, tired, on stone ledges and I stumble over to rest as well. Obviously can't draw too close a parallel -- it doesn't escape me or them that I do this, perversely, for "fun", while they get paid bloody little for long hours of struggling up and down these hills. Earlier today I tried to stand with one of their packs -- they use a wicker basket with shoulder straps, but most of the weight is carried by a band over the forehead. I could hardly even budge it, let alone stand. . . . 80 kilos! And we had just crossed a pass at 3500 metres, where the trail was ice! It gave them considerable amusement to seem me try and fail so convincingly.

This type of teahouse trekking certainly has its detractors, and it's easy to see the impact of foreigners on local culture and ecology is not always beneficial. I had some interesting discussions with myself as to whether I was justified in coming, but I'll spare you the deliberations. It does feel like an extraordinary privilege to have this window on the world -- hanging out in the evening by the light of a coal oil lamp, like am now -- yes I've moved inside, it's dark and cold -- watching the kids and puppies playing while the mother makes dinner over the wood fire (dahl bhat and Tibetan bread again), bunches of garlic hanging from the rafters, pictures of the Buddha and the Dalai Lama on the wall. I feel lucky to be here.

I'm rambling . . . characteristically. It's mid-January and in a month I will be flying from Delhi to London where I have just a week and a half before returning home just before the end of February. It seems very soon . . . still lots to see.

But looking forward to seeing you all, to hearing about the goings on at the Centre and in the Downtown Eastside over the past four months -- and to planting my garden.

Hope you are all well. See you soon.

as usual,
Daniel

I'll post his from Namche Bayaar, but I don't know how reliable the mails are. Hope it reaches you before I do.

-In Self-defense-
KILLING THE MONSTER

Garry
Gust

Demanding the abolition of capitalism is not a matter of rhetorical whinning from the expanding lower classes; it's a case of ending a system of economics that increasingly continues to make more and more people unwanted and unnecessary in the global community.

In the capitalist scheme of things, corporations raise money from investors and bankers to expand or create new businesses. Massive profits are made, investors are given dividends and corporate executives get richer.

But, a good portion of profits is used for **research & development** to find more efficient ways of producing goods and services that will further increase the profit.

Over the past few decades countless numbers of people have lost life-long jobs to such research & development efficiencies, and the problem gets worse every year as machines replace workers for the profit monster.

In the early stages of mechanical job displacement, most people were unconcerned as long as their job wasn't threatened. But as the 1990s come to a close, job security is walking a not-so-tight rope over the canyon of unemployment, welfare, family breakup, drug/alcohol addiction and swelling crime.

But still the corporations and politicians claim we need **more** economic growth and friendlier investment loopholes to feed the capitalist profit monster who's appetite never ceases but, always increases.

Growth! What has economic growth done for Canadians in the past 50 years?

In the 1950s an average family could afford to buy a house with only one parent working for a wage, and the other raising the children and maintaining the household.

Today, economic growth has brought the average family to a place where both parents must work to even sustain a modest lifestyle let alone buying a house.

Economic growth has forced very young children to be part-time inmates of day care centres depriving them of the once normal security of stable family conditions.

Capitalistic economic growth has made it almost next to impossible for young people to get a full university education unless they happen to be children of wealthy parents who are part of the small elite who gained their riches off the sweat of the same workers who are soon to be deemed unnecessary.

This tragic state of modern affairs can only be remedied by killing the insatiable monster of capitalism with its endless need for "growth" and uncontrolled profits at the expense of an equal global society.

If more economic growth leads to harsher lifestyle struggles, we need less economic growth.

If more investment causes more economic growth, we need less investment.

If more profits mean greater research & development efficiencies, we need less profits.

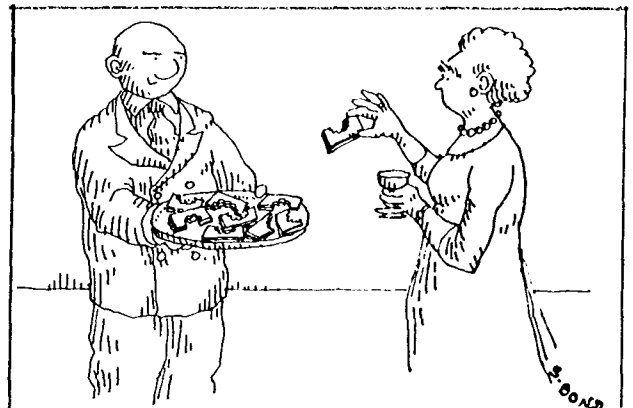
In order to have every employable person occupied in a meaningful job, industries **must** be less efficient.

It's as simple as that.

Profits must be balanced and spread out for the good of all instead of the minority elite.

We are not here to satisfy the whims of powerful corporations and their investors. But that's exactly what's been going on since the industrial age began, and it must soon stop before human society becomes irreparably fractured.

And, more so, before the capitalist Beast obliterates everyone and everything.



THE EMPTY CHURCH

The Empty Church, except for the ever eccentric "passing strange," peculiar Fundamentalist Missions, is a symbol of our time . . . First United Mission is a unique exception -- a bulwark of struggle for the good life.

But I often wonder if many of our empty churches could better serve our community if they were converted into shelters for the poor and needy. A gathering place, a common room, a library, a consulting and advocacy centre. A fast food service for the hungry and poor in spirit. And set apart, let there be a small but simple room in which to take stock, ponder moves, say a prayer, search for the blessedness at the heart of things.

Sam Roddan



THE EMPTY CHURCH

ONE GIANT VICTORY

We just had a wonderful illustration of how low income people win by sticking together in large numbers. Because of this, you and I no longer have to sign those dreadful welfare consent forms. They have been rescinded thanks to the many people who protested. **POWER TO THE PEOPLE!**

The anger and fear started when clients including seniors received the form giving the

Ministry permission to not only investigate you, but also your entire family.

Because of the numerous complaints too agencies, including Carnegie, it was decided to have a public meeting in this centre to brainstorm for further actions beside letter writing. I have never seen so much anger against the provincial government. At this meeting, we decided to have a bonfire to destroy consent forms. This was done on Weds., February 10 at 1 pm at Pigeon Park and we were surrounded by media.

The moral of this story is -- always think positive, no matter how bad things become. If we stick together, we can win!

Irene Schmidt

For the street wise, mentally, souly, and whole heartedly challenged to get to:

STATE OF DIVINE LOVE

Come out , come out were ever you are!

angle flight storey to mount your heart

it's who you are, not how you're perceived in their world

as they see what they want to see and hear what they wish to have heard

it's all a crazy illusion, said the sea captain of the Lady Love Voyageur

said he was going to sail the Atlantic, I was free to come - or was I?

he murmured

and as we hit the seas of individuality blues

he pulled out his ukelele and played me this fish tail sailor tune

WRITING LETTERS FROM NOWHERE IS HOW YOU SPEND YOUR TIME

STUCK OUT IN THE WILDERNESS APART FROM THE REAL DIVINE

It's not what you write, but where you write them from

as your pen writes to the rhythm of a tribulating pitter patter

dead human drum

personkind is free to choose life or death, you deserve life

leave nowhere, enter Eden, you've paid freedom's price

those battles you fought and notoriously won

knowledge so deep in trials cradled in the sun

then the prophet prince of holy risers said,

if you think this is a revolution going the wrong way

then your mind will be a leper of torment and you'll write verse

that is stunted in stepping stones turned to vain

WRITING LETTERS FROM NOWHERE IS HOW YOU SPEND YOUR TIME

STUCK OUT IN THE WILDERNESS APART FROM THE REAL DIVINE

Remember what it was like before the flood

like that only better now redeemed in love

as this is the anthem to soldiers who died

searching out what they had to memorize

but now that its embedded into your heart, soul, and conscious brain

leave the captivation torment, leave the paint

then the messiah of mercy cried out, what else do I have to say

to convince you of this?

C.R. Avery

is it the voice inside your head that's keepin' you from sellin' out

to the light of your covenant bliss?

WRITING LETTERS FROM NOWHERE IS HOW YOU SPEND YOUR TIME

STUCK OUT IN THE WILDERNESS APART FROM THE REAL DIVINE

CAUSE THE ONLY THING WE DONE WRONG

WAS STAY IN THE WILDERNESS TOO GOD DAMN LONG!

Nowhere to now here to the here and Now

in a state of Divine Love.



Newsletter of the Carnegie
Community Action Project

February 15, 1998

Want to get involved ! Call 689-0397 or come see us at Carnegie (2nd fl.)

R.I.P. Plaza Hotel (1912 - 1918)



NEXT VICTIM: CLARENCE HOTEL

Plaza Hotel (806 Richards St.): Some key dates in its life

1912: Richelieu Rooms opens its doors to rooming house renters

1969: Current manager, Miss Boden, begins her work as live-in manager of the Plaza Hotel

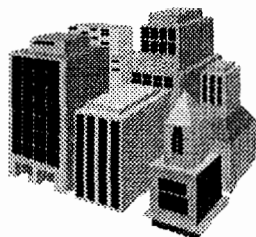
June 1997: Fire partially damages numerous rooms, many residents lose their home, just over a dozen residents remain.

December 15th, 1997: Development Permit Board approves Good Fortunes' application for a condo development (to be a rental building) on a lot that includes the Plaza Hotel.

February 5th, 1998: Council approves a density bonus (6 extra storeys) in lieu of a community contribution (a music library/centre) by the developer.

What is ironic about the Plaza Hotel fiasco is that preserving the Plaza could also have been grounds for requesting extra density. Instead, we lose one community contribution and replace it with another (the music library/centre). As usual, low-income housing is the big loser.

Speaking of loses, the **Clarence Hotel** (515 Seymour St.) will be evicting all 37 or so residents at the end of this month so that Vancouver can have another backpackers hostel.



Were the
Plaza used
to be

Some Words of Advice

CCAP asks 2 Downtown Eastside agencies their advice dealing with gentrification in the neighbourhood.

By Jim Ford

Impact on community service resources, tougher hotel anti-conversion measures and learn from other models were some of the insights garnered in a recent questionnaire on gentrification in Downtown Eastside.

A questionnaire was distributed to two of the primary service organizations – St. James Social Services and the Evelyn Saller Centre. Highlighted in the questionnaire were the effects gentrification would have on services, community measures to counter gentrification processes and ideas to improve the community.

Opinions and ideas varied but they packed a lot of insight. Regarding gentrification impact on services, it was mentioned that some would be subject to resistance from some of the new residents. For example, the Needle Exchange or Dugout. Loss of SROs due to development was another concern.

Perceptions to barriers were similar. Lack of understanding, mistrust, fear, fixed low-income creation crime, lack of affordable housing causing a "have" and "have-not" atmosphere and a wish to "clean-up" the streets.

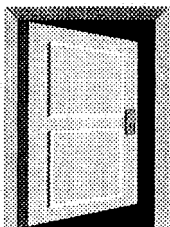
Ideas and suggestions to alleviate those obstacles were attractive and enhancing. Included were more street councilors to offset conflict between low and upper income residents, educational efforts, and a mix of housing options. Also suggested was better interplay between agencies and community residents and more intensive coordinated planning by the city and developers

was mentioned as a helpful towards saving SROs and prevent further rental increases.

We appreciated and value these insights and information. Hopefully they will be considered in future housing endeavours. Thank you all who contributed and all the best to future endeavours.

Life in a Single Room Occupancy (SRO)

*Sorry, No
Visitors
Possible*



By MJ Kelly

As a resident of an SRO in the Downtown Eastside for the last three years, my "home" has consisted of a 13 by 10 ft rectangle (130 sq./ft) with one window and no bathroom. Rent is \$345 per month.

There are many drawbacks to this lifestyle. Most SROs were initially built as hotels early in this century. They are ancient, unkept and were never intended to be used for long term, monthly tenancies. As such, they lack a lot of the amenities that most Canadians take for granted.

My actual living space is approximately 110 square feet. A closet and kitchenette displace the other 20 or 50 square feet. The kitchenette has a half fridge that I must get on my knees to access. The stove is built into the fridge and consists of two burners, there is no oven. This makes it hard to do proper grocery shopping because of the limited freezing capacity of the unit. Cupboard space is at a premium as dishes, foodstuffs and

toiletries fight for space. It's not uncommon to hear mice trying to get at my foodstuffs in the wee hours of the morning.

The bathroom is down the hall and shared by numerous persons at all hours of the day and night. I have contracted athlete's foot three times during my stay in this SRO.

Four bars from divergent cultures empty onto the streets at 2-3 am every weekend adding to sleep difficulties. The must be jammed up against the wall due to lack of space. Often I've woken up by turning over while sleeping and banging into the wall.

Entertaining company is pretty well out of the question at two or more people over crowd the room. I own a mountain bike that is currently stored on the ceiling. There is no storage. I'll basically have to sit on it to make room for it in my floor space

Living in such a confined space leaves absolutely no room for wall hangings, keepsakes and things of sentimental value. Virtually all of the things that make home a HOME! I experience a constant feeling of upheaval, of being in transit due largely in part to Vancouver's oppressive rental housing market. But I am part of this community

I can't help but think of the grave costs to individuals in terms of physical and mental health alone associated with this lifestyle. I'm not writing to complain; just to tell it like it is to live in an SRO. Residents of the Downtown Eastside are well past noticing the huge housing crisis in this community.

Art



Against Homelessness

In March of 1998, a collective of community activists and artists will be holding a series of concerts, readings, murals, street art and performance, gallery shows, and information open houses to draw attention to the housing and homelessness crisis in Vancouver.

We are looking for people and organizations interested in contributing their art, writing, street theatre ideas, or organizing experience. You don't have to be a professional artist to contribute.

For more information call the **Urban Youth Alliance @ 681-3676**

Also sponsored by the Gallery Gachet and CCAP

Youth Housing on Homelessness and Gentrification

March 5th , 1998 from 1 – 5pm

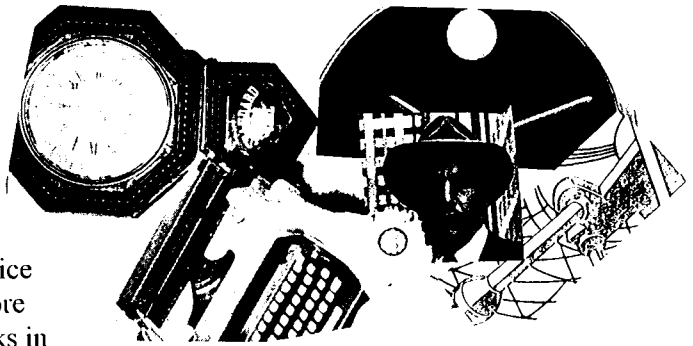
@ Aboriginal Friendship Centre, 1607
E. Hastings St.

for more info call Urban Youth
Alliance @ 681-3676

Two friends pass away

Linda Gains, resident of the Portland Hotel, will be missed by many people who knew her in the Downtown Eastside. Her subtle humour and frequent flirting were her gift to the community.

Ron Stalling, resident of the New Continental, will be remembered as Granville St. resident who cared deeply about the existing low-income community around Granville St. He worked hard as a board member of the Downtown Granville Tenants Association.



7
The British Columbia Government and Service Employees' Union (BCGEU) has become more and more active against the provincial cutbacks in welfare and the destruction of the social safety net.

This is largely because Financial Assistance Workers and Social Workers who are activists in the Union recognize that clients and workers have a common interest: a strong social safety net and strong social programs mean protection for the poor and unemployed while providing job satisfaction and job security for workers. Job satisfaction means smaller caseloads and enough time to actually be of assistance to clients. Cutbacks in social programs directly cause horrendous workloads with insufficient workers to do the job.

Burnout and stress leaves continue to soar. Line staff, along with community workers and welfare advocates, see the results of punitive, short-sighted social policy first hand. Among them are Social Workers who are keenly aware of the devastating impact of BC Benefits on the families with whom they work. Most important, these activists are motivated by their disgust at the attack on the most vulnerable members of society through the BC Benefits Program.

John Shields, president of the BCGEU, has spoken out against BC Benefits at a number of labour and political meetings. As well, line staff who are Union activists have organised and taken part in rallies and marches against the poor-bashing aspects of BC Benefits.

It has been (and no doubt will continue to be) an uphill battle to stop this attack on social programs and the poor. If we recognize our common interest and work together on these issues, we can win.

Ginger Richards

(Ginger is a member of her BCGEU local executive and works as an FAW)

The Beginnings of Working Class Consciousness

The industrial working class grew out of the industrial revolution of the 19th century. Even in the early 1800's working people understood that they were being exploited by the owners of the "dark satanic mills." Take the much maligned Luddites for example.

The Luddites were skilled workers in the English woolen industry in the early 1800's. New machines such as power looms and shearing frames were taking their jobs, and they demanded protection against displacement by machinery as a constitutional right. They wanted a gradual introduction of new machinery with alternative employment for displaced workers. They also wanted a legal minimum wage, better working conditions, especially for women and children, and the right to organize trade unions.

Luddites were defending more than their own jobs. they saw the huge cotton mills advancing with their long hours of work, exploitation of child labour, and the reduction of workers to objects in the marketplace -- all of this powered by the mean-spirited, degrading ideology of unregulated market-drive economics.

As E.P. Thompson said in his excellent book, *The Making of the English Working Class*, "the principle behind Luddism was the regulation of industrial growth according to ethical priorities, and the pursuit of profit subordinated to human needs."

Because the English Parliament had blocked all constitutional means of reform, the Luddites



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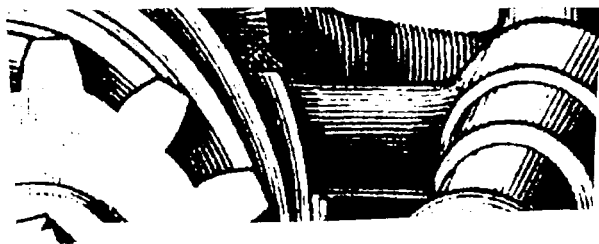


OPERATING HOURS
MON - FRI 9:30AM - 5:00PM
SAT - SUN 9:30 - 12 NOON

FULL REFUND ON SOFT DRINK CONTAINERS

Ministry of Human Resources Fact Sheet BC Benefits Consent Form

- The Ministry of Human Resources is reviewing the current BC Benefits Consent Form as a result of concerns expressed by MLAs and individual citizens.
- There is a legal requirement to verify income and asset information provided by clients when they apply for BC Benefits.
- The consent form was updated in April, 1997 to reflect changes in both the legislation (GAIN to BC Benefits) and the ministry name (Social Services to Human Resources)
- Current BC Benefits clients who choose not to sign the consent form will continue to receive benefits. Benefits will not be stopped on the basis of a client's refusal to consent, pending the results of the review.
- New applicants will still be required to sign the new consent form, as that is the only legal vehicle through which the Ministry can currently issue benefits.



Ned Ludd who gave his name to the Luddite cause.

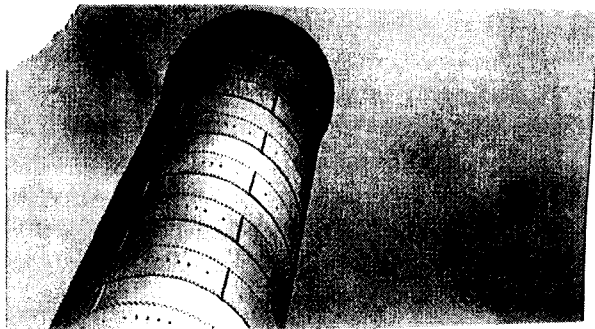
Eventually the Luddite struggle was crushed, but the vision of the workers lived on in the Ten Hour Movement (which turned into the eight hour working day) and the fight for the democratic vote. William Cobbett reflected the Luddite dream when he wrote about the rights of working people were forced into destructive action against property. "We will never lay down Arms till the House of Commons passes an Act to put down all machinery hurtful to commonality . . . We petition no more -- that won't do -- fighting must," said

in 1833: "Among those rights was the right to . . . have a living out of the land of our birth in exchange for our labour duly and honestly performed; the right, in case we fell into distress, to have our wants sufficiently relieved out of the produce of the land, whether that distress arose from sickness, from decrepitude, from old age, or from the inability to find employment."

Today our rights, including the right to a decent job at a decent wage, are being taken away from us by a global economy driven by the same Scrooge-had-it-right ideology against which the Luddites fought.

Our Luddite brothers and sisters were part of the two hundred year fight for a more democratic and just society. We, also are part of that long haul.

Sandy Cameron



Straight from the suburbs

So here we go folks, more rights and freedoms down the tube. I don't like the bicycle helmet law because it gives the cops the power to stop and process anyone not wearing their subservience on their head. How about the Port Coquitlam by-law if you smoke a cigarette in a bus shelter you may be stopped and processed by the RCMP.

I say processed because that is what the cops are busy doing after they violate your rights, freedoms and privacy. Society is being altered by cops and police minded thinking. I was concerned when I saw camera tubes high above a new intersection seemingly wired into a new cop shop a few years back. Why worry? Now there are camera watching you when you drive over the second narrows bridge, the freeway from Vancouver to Port Mann, at least seven camera southbound through Massey tunnel, a multitude around Pitt River Bridge, the list goes on and on. Of course they are there for public safety, traffic control. If you believe that you are unaware of ever-increasing police powers throughout our society. What we need is a privacy commission with legal power to advocate. Citizens' rights.

A few years ago police were not officially allowed know if you were on welfare. Today police are legally allowed to go into welfare information. If you are on welfare your rights are signed away or you don't get the benefit of Canadian charity. Private charities are not legal in Canada because of the welfare system. Don't forget they also keep you coming and going basically disempowered because they have computers that don't forget anything.

THE POET'S LAMENT

I see poetry on B.C. Transit
sponsored by some idiot who makes me rancid
When I went to school, and learned about prose,
I was told "Larry, it must rhyme---or no rose."

The Carnegie; The Kettle;
The Livingroom too
all "crazy" places,
just like a zoo.

My wit is very sharp,
my pencil very barbed,
when I want to make a statement
I ain't talking no lard. (to be cont'd.)

It is sad the way BC and Canada are going. True north strong and free? Not anymore. I hear on the radio there will be letters sent around to welfare recipients authorizing landlords, police and relatives to be questioned if someone is entitled to or should have welfare. Again, if you don't sign away your rights -- no money to live on.

I can see increases in crime and homelessness because of these laws. We are losing creative input because we have a government that has no compelling reason to listen. Members of Parliament get over one hundred thousand dollars a year in salaries and benefits and when was the last time you actually were allowed to speak to one? Why is this country going to hell in a handbag? Let's stop blaming the criminals for everything. Society is to be blamed which is why we need local communities which are fair to all members. Are convicts being accepted or helped back into society? It's more like "you are in our town now; you make one mistake and back into the can you go." I'll leave it at that for now; maybe the ordinary citizen will stand up for their rights. I won't hold my breath.

Mike Bohnert

Waves Around the Room a Valentine Story

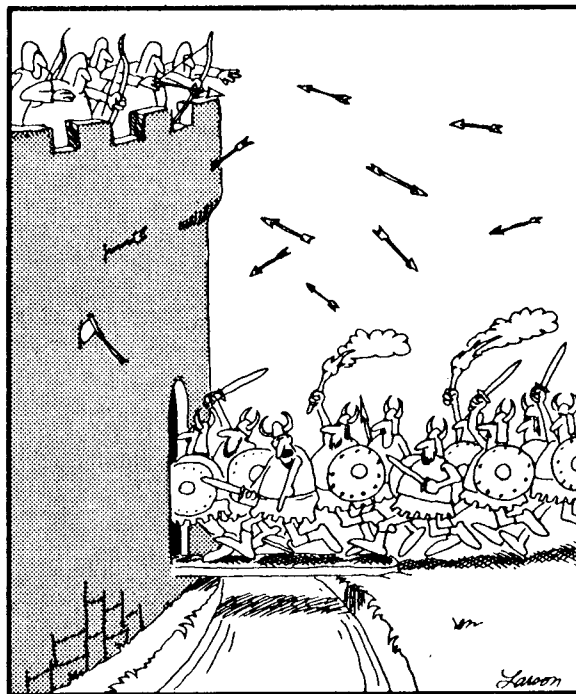
I was holding my small radio in my hand. It was late, almost three AM and I was listening to the radio while sitting up in my easy chair. I had doubled up a comforter and placed it over me. There was also a blanket, folded over many times at the ready to place over my head and my ears to cut sounds when they came. These sounds would be aimed at me to keep me from sleeping in case I snored again. I hadn't been able to sleep for three weeks because of the sounds which rumbled over my sofa bed.

I had to keep the radio low because I mustn't disturb the people in the apartments to my right and left. The walls seem to be very thin and sound carries at night. It was because of the thin walls that I was having a disagreement with the elderly lady on my right over my radio being too loud. She, or one of her caregivers, were always shouting 'Turn your radio down'. Now, this night, as during the previous three weeks, high frequency waves were coming at where I was sitting from first one side of my bachelor suite, then the others. I was sure both neighbours were sending out these sound waves deliberately. Why, they other neighbourhood, a brand new tenant, I don't know, but I'd heard the lady on my right talking with the lady on my left. I just assumed the second lady welfare state in cahoots with the first lady.

Was she a relative or a friend. I didn't quite say as much when I wrote a letter to our manager describing these high frequency noises and dropped it in the office mail slot. I had mentioned in the letter that I didn't want to move because of the convenience of the building to shopping and the affordable rent.

I had to keep the window open and the heat down despite the cold outside because the noise was worse than a hum. It was a loud rumble.

My upper arms and shoulders were vibrating and my ears were hurting because of the high frequency waves. One of the workers in the building had said the sounds were the fault of BC



"Ool Goldfish, everyone! Goldfish!"

Tel which is nearby but no one else was complaining. I couldn't even sit on my sofa because my shoulders and back of my neck felt extremely uncomfortable. I had screamed at my neighbour the day before, telling her she was torturing me, now I was trying to keep calm. If she was getting back at me for snoring she was doing an incredible job for an 85 year old.

I heard and felt the high pitched sound waves coming at me and in an act of desperation held the radio up in front of my face. My radio is small and has a battery in it in case the hydro goes out.

The radio seemed to stop the sound waves and throw them back, then I moved the radio a little and the sound waves went with it. I used the radio like a shield and when the ones at my back came at me I did the same with them, turning around to meet them. The noise appeared to change. I did more waving motions with the radio in front of me and suddenly the high frequency waves were going around the room and around and around in a circle. I had somehow made the two into one. I quickly turned off the radio and all my lights and sat in silence. It was cold out and I shivered both

from the cold and fear. The tv had died the week before from all the high frequency sound waves going at it so everything was unplugged.

Sitting in the darkness listening to this cicle of high frequency waves, I noticed the ladies in the other two apartments appeared to be upset too. There was total silence as this sound circled and circled around the walls. I thought I was being brilliant when I got the idea that if I could make the waves go in a circle, maybe I could sned out the open window, or up at the ceiling where there are no apartments above. I would perform a miracle. I had to turn on some lights to do this. All i managed to do was stop the waves from going there in a circle. The noise refused to be sent out the window and began bouncing off me and then my radio again in earnest. Eventually I had to start the new day and things got quieter.

I had written to the manager of the building about the high frequency sounds. She didn't call. I thought she was arranging for a head shrink to come and talk to me as she had once before when I complained. I felt I could be imagining all the noise. I had even gone to the police the day before and been told they couldn't do anything. I felt it was because they thought I was a loony bin.

I called my doctor to make an appointment to have my ears checked. Maybe I am nuts and just imagining the sounds. The manager seems to want to ignore me for the time being. I get an appointment for 1 o'clock the same day! I left the radio on low when I went out the door, but felt guilty even though they have been giving me a bad time, maybe. I walked to the doctor's in a puring rain. The doctor says my ears are fine, not to worry.

When I arrived home I had a message on the answering machine from the manager. "Come in and see me sometime today." I think she wants to tell me off. I go down to the office stil waring my wet coat. She is very busy, "I can't talk, come back later." It's no big deal." I think OK but I am sure she is going to recommend I see a head shrink when she does have time to talk to me.

In the morning I go down to check my



mailbox. The manager is there and calls me into the office.

"I phoned Mrs. S 's daughter who is in the other suite you're complaining about too. Apparently they both have microwave ovens, and that is what you're hearing and Mrs. S. is going into a care home in two months time anyway so the problem won't continue." Her phone rings and she answers it. Astonished I turn to leave. I'm not going to be visited by a head shrink! Great!

Nine hours later, after a quiet period in my suite I notice a return of the sounds which come gradually, but there is a change in their tones. Their microwaves have been moved from the front room area to their kitchens. Those noises are much easier to take, away from where I spend most of my time. Later, after midnight nother sound fills my front room. Two radios are playing softly.

They switch to other stations which emit another type of sound wave. I call a friend. She says, "They have set their dials just off a station, probably one at the lower end of the dial. That would cause those high pitched sounds." My radio interferes with their sounds too, but the effort of fighting off their sound waves with my own is tiring.

I sleep in my chair with the comforter over me, the window open and the blanket at my head. The traffic noises irritate them. The old woman shouts at me, "Close your window." Is she nuts?

Valentines day is coming up. I buy two musical valentine cards. I place the cards in my living room on on each side of the room. The open

cards play the same romantic tune, a nice soothing old fashioned melody. The volume won't suddenly go up as has happened with my radio when the older lady turned something off in her apartment. We share plug-in lines, apparently. The tinny music should last at least a week. I hear the old woman talking and put my ear to her wall. she says something about that old tune. The other lady is with her. She remembers that song, too.

I keep the volume low on the radio. Wary of their games, afraid they might kill my radio too I turn it off. The music from the cards helps me fall asleep for about an hour until I no more and they realize I am asleep. They find me with their 'off the station' high frequency noise and i have to oi out, into the stairwell to escape the discomfort of the sound waves. When I return there is silence. I quietly sink into my bed and fal asleep to the valentine card tunes. When I am awakend because

I must have snored, the waves are turned off almost right away. For four years now the old woman on the right side has wakened me when I snored. For four years she has been getting madder and I have left my radio on in revenge. The other person was added just lately. Now, their high frequency waves are getting softer. When it is convenient I buy two more cards with similar tunes and have them ready. Music is soothing these savage beasts.

I hope I am there to see the day the older one moves to the care home. I am sure she won't be allowed to vent her spleen on anyone there. The daughter is another problem but I will probably be allowed to snore to my hearts content in my sofa bed. All I'll need do is keep th window open, and a musical card playing against the far wall, I hope. I hope.

Dora Sanders

VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN

BY LESLIE GRAINGER.

♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀

♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀

Violence against Women
what causes the slayings?
for women all over
the thought is enslaving.

To remember the women
who were killed over the years
It sparks tender feelings
It brings many tears.

Why does it happen?
What is in the mans head
who enjoy killing women
and watch them lie dead.

I think to myself often
"why are we the prey"
to these sick vicious men
taking lives everyday.

To feel our friends spirits
And remember their love
Although they were murdered,
they still shine from above...



IFor Kelly;

Seems like yesterday, we laughed and played
but now you're gone, you were taken away.

Life isn't what it seems to be
no words can express what you mean to me.

Even though you're gone, I feel you here today
my heart is with you buddy, this goes without a say.

I try to block it out, that night they took you my friend
but no matter how I try, it plays back to me again.

Lesley Grainger

February 12 1998

I would give anything to hear your voice,
and feel your loving breath
I know your still living, your life after death.

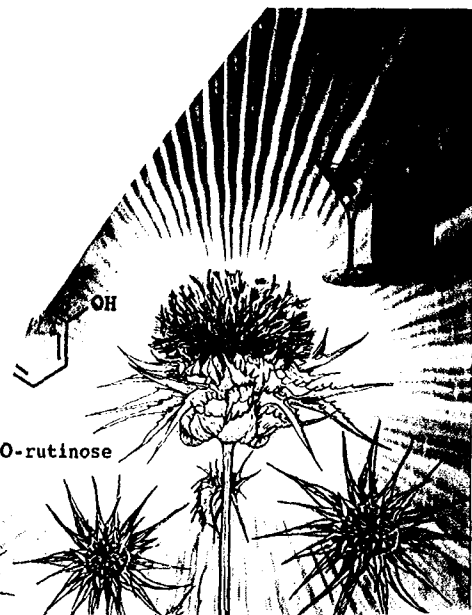
I miss you so much, the words can't define
I wish I could turn back the hands of time.

Until the day we meet again,
here in my heart, is where I keep you my friend.

In Loving Memory Of Kelly Parsons
Murdered Jan, 1998

Also, to all the women I've known over the years
who have died violent deaths.

May they all rest in peace....



For Me....

I'm very hurt
My feelings are gone afar
I wish I understood the thoughts from afar.
I wish to be helped,
you see life's so hard
Not just
for me.
My thoughts they vary
far and wide
Sex, abuse, its not just me.
I hurt, I'm in pain
to grow is the key
to learn to love
that is the one
for me.
I hope it's quick.
It will pass for me.
Sex and abuse;
Just bad thoughts about me.

I think this poem
brings back
all those bad memories.
I think I have opened a box that's pretty scary.
I need to learn to love,
to let my heart go free.
I don't understand
just what's out there
for me.
I search and search.
I'm just not happy.
One day I will be able to close the box;
throw away that darn key.
Then I guess
it's a search
for me
the key hole
my aim to find the right key.....

Susan Smith

January 26, 1998



Some Memories of the Old Days

McDuff, George and Everyman were sitting at the table having a beer.

"What was it like in the old days?" George asked for some obscure reason.

"Not so soft in those days," Everyman replies. "When I started out down here, you could get a bed at the mission for 35 cents. If you talked to the padre at 2:00 p.m., sometimes he'd give you a free bed if you had a good story. Then you could spend your 35 cents on a bottle of Baysie. Bay Rum is off the market now. Taken off by the Board of Health.

"You could always get 35 cents in those days, stemming on the street. People would always give you something, especially hard rock miners or loggers in town for a drunk. Now they don't come down here anymore. Beer was only a dime at that time, and for five dollars you could get reasonably drunk without even stemming much. Nowadays, 35 cents isn't good for anything.

"Some of the boys would sleep in the rail cars down by the beach. That wasn't because they had no place to go. It was because they didn't get into the mission by 11:00 p.m. Nobody minded too much. There was always a few bottles of Baysie floating around.

"You had to watch out for cops, though. Sometimes they'd run you in for vagrancy if they caught you hanging around too much. Sometimes, if you met a good cop, he'd give you a dime for a beer.

"You had a strange kind of freedom in those days, an almost indescribable kind of freedom if you could make it. Not everybody could."

Robert R. Rich

February 4, 1998

The Honourable Dennis Streifel
Minister of Human Resources
Room 301 Parliament Buildings
Victoria, BC V8V 1X4

Dear Minister:

Many of my constituents have expressed grave concern and shock about the consent form that must be signed in order to maintain eligibility for assistance.

The sweeping, all encompassing nature of the consent form, allowing information gathering from such a broad range of sources including landlords, governments, foreign agencies, family, past and future employers and financial institutions, is unprecedented.

Constituents have told me they are deeply offended at being 'asked' for this so-called consent and see it as an attack on privacy and a violation of human rights and dignity. The consent form is viewed as part of a growing campaign across the country to diminish welfare rights and assistance.

I am particularly disturbed about a growing trend of data base sharing between federal and provincial agencies that places less and less value on individual rights to privacy. Rights to privacy belong to all people, and must not be infringed for the purpose of gathering information to be used to discriminate against poor people.

I sincerely ask you to review this policy and provide assurances to people that if they cannot, on principle, sign this consent form, they will not be denied their basic right to income assistance.

Yours sincerely,

Libby Davies, MP
Vancouver East

**DOWNTOWN
EASTSIDE
YOUTH
ACTIVITIES
SOCIETY**

**STD CLINIC - 219 Main; Monday-Friday, 10a.m. - 6p.m.
NEEDLE EXCHANGE - 221 Main; 8:30a.m. - 8p.m. every
NEEDLE EXCHANGE VAN 3 Routes day**

**City - 5:45p.m. - 11:45 p.m.
Overnight - 12:30a.m. - 8:30a.m.
Downtown Eastside - 5:30p.m.**

- 1:30a.m.

1997 DONATIONS

Paula R.-\$30
Wm. B.-\$20
Lillian H.-\$25
Joy T.-\$20
Frances -\$25
Charley B.-\$15
Libby D.-\$40
Guy M.-\$10
Sam R.-\$20
Rick Y.-\$63
BCCW -\$60
Joan D.-\$5
Ray-Cam -\$40
Sonya Sommers -\$100
Census Wkrs -\$200
B.C. PLURA -\$1000
VanCity Chinatown -\$200
Legal Services Society -\$1230

Nancy H.-\$40
Jennifer M.-\$20
Nathan E.-\$20
Rocking Guys-\$30
Diane M.-\$15
Lorne T.-\$20
Mel L.-\$20
Sara D.-\$20
CEEDS -\$10
Susan S.-\$30
DEYAS -\$75
Tom -\$20
Rene -\$30
Amy -\$10
Neil N.-\$10
Sharon J.-\$50

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:
February 23rd, 1998**



NEED HELP?



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

- Welfare problems;
- Landlords disputes;
- Housing problems;
- Unsafe living conditions;

Come into the Dera office at 425 Carrall Street or
phone us at 682 - 0921.

**DERA HAS BEEN SERVING THE DOWNTOWN
EASTSIDE FOR 24 YEARS.**

WOODWARDS HOUSING OUTSIDE WOODWARDS

On January 16 the Woodward's Committee met to review the latest attempts by other possible partners to get the 200 units of co-op social housing back into the Woodward's Project. VanCity and others had been trying to buy into the project but their efforts have failed. It is with great disappointment and regret that the committee concluded that all doors to the Woodward's site seem to be closed and that it must actively look at other options.

The Downtown Eastside desperately needs housing. These are 200 units of good regular sized housing - not small suites. We can no longer wait for some miracle that might get us inside the Woodward's building, and instead must get on with getting these units built.

The Woodward's Committee needs to hear from others in the community how moving off the Woodward's site might reshape the concept of this project. Some key questions are:

- Geography/Location: Where should a new site or sites be?
- Mix: Changing the site may change what kind of units will be built; for example, all sites would not be suitable for family housing. This project includes some large (4 bedroom) family units. Is it important to include family housing in the project?
- The Woodward's building was suited to large units. The original project was mostly one bedroom units with only a handful of bachelor units. Should most of the singles units be one bedroom units or is it desirable to have more bachelor suites?

Committee members want to hear from you. The committee chairperson is Marg Green at the Downtown Eastside Seniors Centre. You can also give your ideas to Tom at CCAP or talk to Muggs or Leigh who are both on the committee for Carnegie.

LOST PLACES

*A solo exhibition of new work
by landscape painter*

Don Neuman

February 20 - March 21, 1998

Join us for the opening reception:

Friday, February 20, 7-9 p.m.

My Kids and Grandma

My kids home with Grandma waiting for
mom to come home, missing mom
Dreaming and crying that mom would be
home someday.
Dreaming and crying hoping to wake up and
mom would be home
Every time the door opens the kids thinking
that mom is home
Sometimes waiting at the door for mom

GALLERY GACHET

88 east cordova st, vancouver. 687-2468

gallery hours: wed-sat 12-6 p.m.



Grandma hoping her daughter would be
home someday

Grandma Praying that her daughter to be
safe and alive

I am praying to make it through Recovery
to be Clean and Sober

Emma Joe