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Carnegie


NEWSLETTER



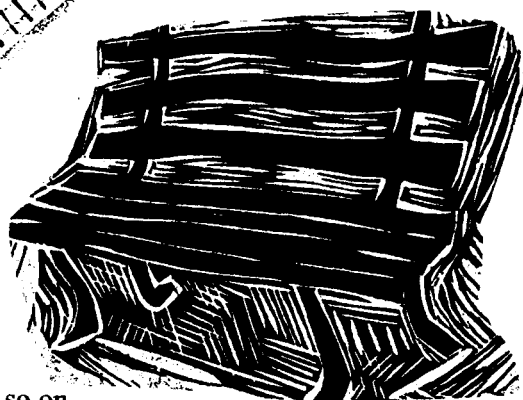
APRIL 15, 1998.

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

Poetry by Bud Osborn and Prints by Richard Tetrault - a book 'self-published' with the help of several sponsors. Such are named in the introduction, and may have been honoured for the energy on April 4, when this work was launched at the Gallery Gachet on E. Cordova.



OPPENHEIMER
PARK



Words like "dynamic", "incredible" and so on can lose a lot when used as people use "awesome" so it's left to readers to put words to their own

feelings when living this glimpse. The energy asked for is \$10, and it's worth it. Read on!

TRACY TOBIN AND THE GINSENG DRINKERS IN OPPENHEIMER PARK



ernie probably called out to me one day
ernie was a native guy
62 years old
he usually sat in the same spot on the same bench
he always had a bottle of ginseng
and ernie was always smiling
something about him made my day
when I came home from work
he'd want to know where I'd been
what I did

ernie called me "sweetie"
and always asked me to marry him
he was from saskatchewan
and estranged from a couple of kids and a wife

I always asked ernie to come to our house for dinner
I wanted him to know I really liked him
finally he came for christmas dinner last year
but when I saw him that day he was drunk and said
]"no no no"

"but you gotta come!" I told him "you promised!"
I reminded him about the dinner every day for 2 weeks

so on christmas I went looking for him in the park
and he was gone
but when I came back to the house
ernie was there
I was surprised
somebody musta helped him up the stairs
ginseng deteriorates legs
ernie couldn't walk very well

on christmas ernie was dirty and smelled of urine
smoke
and ginseng
but ernie got a present that day
a shirt
and he hung out with us for quite awhile
the kids really liked him

ernie was obviously pretty sick
but he was out in the park almost every day
it was a ritual for ernie and the other guys
they'd drink and smoke and talk and make jokes
they'd be in the park at 5 in the morning
unless it was pouring rain
5 or 6 of them

I visited my parents for 2 weeks during the holidays
and when I came back
I didn't see ernie very much
I thought it was too cold outside to be in the park
but I used to leave ernie notes at the shelter house
and after I left a note this time
carlos sent someone from the park to give me a
message
ernie died in his room
his liver went

I walked around and around oppenheimer park
for an hour
I sat in the same spot on the same bench he did
I cried and cried
I just always wanted ernie to know
I really liked him

hughie and michael were like peas in a pod
hughie had a walker
but he went a little faster than michael
who didn't have one

hughie and michael met years ago in this area
they were friends for 15 or 20 years
hughie said he came here to find work
hughie barely ate anything
hughie said his mother said all you need
is a donut and a cup of coffee a day
hughie always wore a down-filled sleeveless jacket
and a red hat

hughie and michael could talk for hours
they'd say to me:
"where ya going? why ya leaving?"
"sit down goddamit! we don't get many visitors!"

hughie would just talk and talk
hughie's family'd come from nova scotia
to take him back home and help him
but hughie'd say:
"this is my home

my friends are here"

then when I went away on a camping trip
it flashed in my mind
that one of these guys is gonna die
and when I came back
I didn't even unpack
I got out of the van
and I didn't even go in the house first
I just went into the park to see them
I looked for hughie
and one of the guys said he was in the hospital

hughie was in intensive care
it was a mystery what happened to him
everybody had a different story
hughie was found in oppenheimer lodge
he'd been laying in the same position for 3 days
quite a few times I had to help guys across the street
and to their rooms
so hughie musta fallen

hughie looked so sad in the hospital
tubes everywhere
I brought a camera
so I could finally take a picture of him
but when I saw him I didn't
I'd talk
he'd squeeze my hand
I'd say "what's michael gonna do? you better get well"
but hughie just died one morning
they thought he was getting better

michael was really depressed after hughie died
the regulars in the park worry
if they don't see someone for 3 or 4 days
so when michael hadn't been around
I freaked out
I went to oppenheimer lodge screaming:
"mike! mike!"

I called the police
thinking michael was dying in his room
but the manager got there
so I cancelled the police
the manager said he checked on michael yesterday
the manager opened his door
and michael wasn't there

the manager checked the records
he found out michael was in the hospital
michael had had seizures



3.

he'd fallen at the clinic
and they sent him to the hospital

now I know michael better than ernie or hughie
because michael's in the hospital
he's not drinking
so I can have a better conversation with him
I told michael it's important to me
that they're in the park
I go to see michael everyday
he just turned 56
he grew up in a town in b.c. so small he said:
"don't blink or you'll miss it"
michael's one of 8 kids
michael was in logging
and ended up in special homes
for people who don't take care of themselves

I took my friend jen to the hospital
she said to michael:
"I helped you up when you fell down once"
and michael said: "once?!"
"I've got more battle scars
from hittin' that old cement
than you've got years!"

maurice
has a couple of suits and ties
he always tries to give me a frying pan
he talks in loops
his brain's been shrivelled by drink
maurice talks 3 things
the calgary stampede is one of them
maurice has got a buddy kenny
and they're like peas in a pod

kenny's cousin is in the r.c.m.p.
kenny lost his fingers and legs working oil
they froze

kenny used to play guitar
he had a band
kenny can't play now
because his fingers are stubs
but he sang the other day
I think because I was there

maurice says when he wins the \$10 million lottery
he's going to buy a camper-van
maurice has got a newspaper clipping of a van
from 1978
and kenny always acts with maurice
like there's nothing wrong with maurice
maurice'll tell the same joke
6 times in a row
and kenny will laugh every time
kenny'll laugh just as hard the 6th time
as the first time



I got to know torch one day
when he was having a lot of trouble walking
he was trying to get somewhere
and I helped him
torch's eyes were black and blue
he said he fell down the stairs
but the others say torch was beat up
torch went to university
studied medicine for 2 years
he's a mechanic
"oh yeah I know who you are" torch said to me
"you're that girl"
torch said the cops busted his kneecaps
"I probably wasn't cooperating" torch said
"but I don't remember much about that night"

the people in the park share everything
especially smokes
smokes are of high importance
but they always share
like when michael was in the hospital
he had only 3 smokes
but offered one to a guy he didn't even know

auntie mary lives in the washington hotel
she's a ginseng drinker
and if michael and john and bobby and torch are out
she'll sit with them
otherwise she's on another bench
facing north
with lillian and dot and rose
they're all native people
all ginseng drinkers
but everybody has a place
and if the guys are there
the women will sit with them
and they take care of each other

auntie mary has a walker
and when there's food lineups
the younger women in their mid 40's
will stand in line and get food
for mary and the other older ones
they all share everything
and they always offer me some
they offer me ginseng and cigarettes
even though they know I'll say "no"
and they give each other clothes

when rose's husband died violently a month ago
the women were always hugging her
rose was crying and crying
lillian helped rose make funeral arrangements

the people in the park
let each other know what each of them has
and they keep each other aware
of what social services there are
and the times for things
and what you can get

I need them
I need the people in the park
but after ernie died
I made a conscious effort
to enter into the pain again
I don't want to be seen as different from them



one day maurice said about me:
 "she's my activities coordinator"
 and I said "what! I'm your friend!"
 and he laughed

I don't want a care-giver and care-givee relationship
 I feel honoured to be included
 and if I tell them I need a job
 they jump in with their suggestions

I don't want just to give
 I want to receive
 it's not that I don't want to give
 but they need to give
 and I need to receive
 I volunteer at an agency near the park
 the director says we need to be strong
 but I'm not stronger
 than the people in the park

the native women
 really have a sense of community
 they bring it to the park with them
 a native woman told me
 how important the park is
 she said:
 "what do you see?
 what do you smell?
 these people with money can live other places
 we need this park
 this air
 and sky
 and mountains
 what do you hear?
 birds
 people weren't created to live in tiny rooms
 we need this park and the trees
 and places to meet"

she's a ginseng drinker like you wouldn't believe
 but she said:
 "whoever brings in those drugs that kill my people
 are no good"

the native women speak a very inclusive language
 "our family
 our children
 our people"

5.

and when a rumour got out
 that michael was dying
 the men and women in the park
 were telling me michael was in a bad way
 I said: "he was good last night"
 and they said:
 "tell him we love him
 we need him
 tell him to come back here"

my hope
 is to help people get to know each other
 like at the hospital michael's in
 there was a guy in the other bed
 and for days they never talked to each other
 they didn't even know each other's names
 so I sat on a bed across from them
 I talked to michael and then the other guy
 and that got them talking to each other

once I met this guy curt
 a white guy
 he was sleeping on the basketball court in the park
 there was a native guy sleeping nearby on a bench
 curt had no money
 because of the 3 month residency required for welfare
 it was really cold out
 curt said he came here to find work
 then I went to make something to eat for both of them
 and when I came back
 curt had given one of his 2 blankets
 to the native guy





My Feelings on Rice Wine & Salty and The People Who Drink It

Hi everyone! I hope your day is going great. Myself I am doing okay but I am really fed up - hurt and mad at the Rice Wine world.

First of all a lot of you know me, and for those who don't my name is Grace Edge. I am a Coast Salish Native and I go to school at First United Church. I am a cocaine addict and an alcoholic but I only drink (beer). I have tried the Rice Wine and ohh what a disgusting taste.

My question is why drink something that tastes so bad? I can understand that it is cheap and a lot of you are on a fixed income, but don't you think a real bottle of wine or a case of beer would be better? When I was drinking a lot I lived in Chilliwack, BC, and a bunch of us would get together and buy gallons of wine, Red or White, or a couple of 24's, and go to the park and have a good time and laugh. When we were done that was it. No one passed out and no fighting. If, by chance, someone did pass out, we all stayed together not leaving them to get robbed, beaten or try to walk home staggering drunk.

I see so many of our Brothers and Sisters passed out, beaten and landing in hospital or, God bless their souls, dead from this Rice and Salty wine. My goodness, what is it going to take for you to

The

Song Circle

is back!

**In Carnegie's theatre
Fridays, 1:00 - 3:00**

**You don't have to play
any instrument.**

Sing!
Play percussion!

FREE

stop drinking this crap? You see your brothers and sisters dying of this and yet you keep using it.

Stop. Cigarette break...

Well I'm back and what did I see but a paddy wagon taking another brother away. I walk back to class with a feeling of despair. I have a great deal of love and respect for all my brothers and sisters out there, and I wish you could and would take a look at what is happening to you.

I am starting a petition to get the Rice and Salty Wine taken off the shelves. I hope to have your support. I pray our Great Father watches over all of you. You're in my prayers. Good luck everyone, and may all your dreams come true!

Wishing you all a sober day. To my friends - TJ, Ken and to the love of my life George D. Willie Jr., I wish you all safe and loving sober long life.

All my Relations

Grace Edge (Willie)

*PS: Thank you Pastor Bob, teachers Jane, Sally
and Bonnie, and staff at First Church.*



Carnegie Volunteers Are The Bestest and, with a Polaroid and a photocopier, what you see is what we got. The secret society of people in these snaps is exclusive to them, so maybe a little bird will land on your shoulder and whisper "I'm in there!"

*Mountain Equipment Co-op donated 2 tents to Oppenheimer Park and DERA and DEYAS donated money to help get a 3rd one.

If we could we'd love forever
 Before the end of time I'd like to say you're mine.
 After all has been said and done
 Before the end of time
 a lover's breath put in a rhyme
 Authority has said we may not love
 But if love were Love it may be allowed
 Before we have the perfect love,
 What must we go through?

Elizabeth Thorpe

NO ROOM AT THE INN

A forum on hotel room replacement and downtown core housing

Residential hotel rooms in the Downtown Core area are threatened by gentrification and development pressures. Given that these rooms are the last stop before the street, it is crucial that we protect the existing supply and encourage development of affordable alternatives.

Vancouver City and the Provincial Government both acknowledge the importance of this stock, but what will be built in its place?

Forum Panelists

Frank Gilbert, Community Affairs Coordinator,
DERA

Jim Green, Community Development Unit,
Province of BC

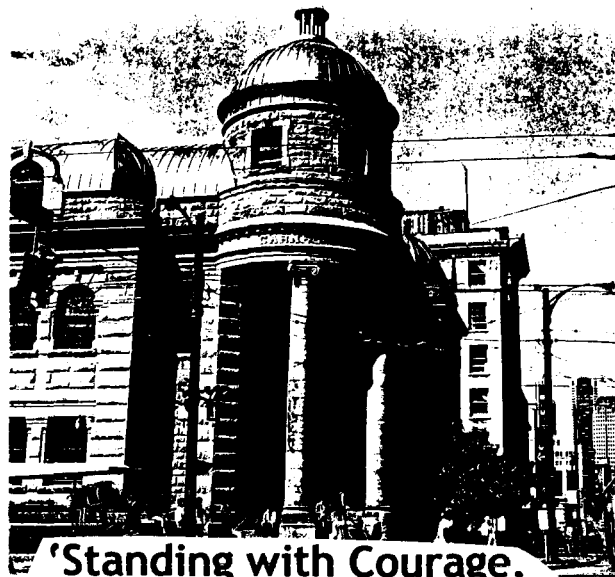
Tom Laviolette, Housing Advocate,
Carnegie Action Project

Karen O'Shannacery, Director,
Lookout Emergency Aid Shelter

Tuesday, April 21, 7:00-9:00pm.

**Fletcher Challenge Auditorium
SFU Harbour Centre, 515 W. Hastings**

**Sponsored by
Tenants' Rights Action Coalition
Lower Mainland Network for Affordable Housing**



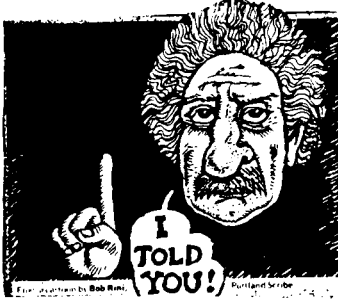
'Standing with Courage, Strength, and Pride'

is a totem pole that has been carved by volunteers and will be raised on **April 25** at 1:00 at **Oppenheimer Park**. This pole is a memorial dedicated to all those who have died in the downtown eastside. We realize how difficult it is for residents to be apart of these events outside of the downtown eastside so we are inviting all the agencies, and especially all who use the agencies to help raise the totem pole and be apart of the celebration that will follow.

The 34' pole has been over a year in the making and is the only one in a Vancouver park other than Stanley Park. This project is partially funded by Carnegie Association, Vancouver Parks Board, VanCity, and the Hawthorne Foundation. It has been done by totally by volunteers except for the preparation of the log. Thank you to Dick Baker and all the other volunteer carvers and especially to Tom Oleman, and Kathi Bentall who have contributed countless hours to this project since it's beginning.

We invite everyone to be apart of this historic event.

Editor,



DERA President Ian MacRae's thoughtful discussion of the Downtown Vancouver Business Improvement Association and the Vancouver Recovery Club's efforts to eradicate the unsightly presence of panhandlers from the streets of their personal little profit-taking fiefdom has neatly touched a nerve for me. Since the start two years ago, I have found daily newspapers' slobbering praise for this insidious program to "socially sanitize" the downtown [and gastown] business district to be disturbing and dishonest at best; more often fiendishly cruel and manipulative. Like MacRae, I am revolted that the Vancouver Recovery Club has imprudently allowed its name to be used to lend an air of dignity and compassion to a scheme born essentially of greed and malevolence.

The Business Improvement Association's basic intention - to remove from the view of tourists and potential customers any reminder of the poor and their condition - is certainly nothing new in the human repertoire of avarice. The Nazi regime devised a breathtakingly simple method to remove from German, Polish and French streets the persons it deemed inconvenient to the business at hand. Off duty police and military personnel have been employed by business associations in Rio de Janeiro and Guatemala City to round up/execute homeless street children whose begging might have been an annoyance to tourists and shoppers. In beach resort cities of Jalisco, Guerrero and Quintano Roo, Mexican citizens are kept out of the sight of unwitting foreign sunbathers by armed guards and steel barriers.

A somewhat new approach to this old dilemma is the Business Improvement Association's pitiful attempt to disguise its crude rousting of unsavoury human refuse within the shifty subterfuge of a

velvet glove. With the complicity of the *Province* and *Vancouver Sun*, we are being asked to believe that the city's homeless are being plied with kind advice and mugs of hot chocolate while the association's members distribute "information cards" advising the public not to encourage panhandlers in their substance abuse by giving them spare change - a new and softer twist to the old adage "ignore them and maybe they'll go away". If history teaches us one clear thing, it is this: Unless something is done to address the causes of poverty, addiction and economic injustice, these things will not just go away.

Some Vancouverites will remember Mayor Tom Campbell, who fancied the use of tear gas, billy clubs and police officers on horseback to keep the unruly locals in line. In light of the latest sugar-coated smarminess from the Business Improvement Association, the methods of Tom Terrific seem to have had a certain quaint, honest simplicity that is almost endearing.

Butch Burwash

FREE!

HEY! IT'S
VOLUNTEER
APPRECIATION
WEEK...

EIGHT
BALL

Pool Tournament!
OPEN TO ALL VOLUNTEERS
Prizes to be Announced
April 17th at 1:00 pm

COME & JOIN IN THE FUN!!!



City Politicians Sign On for the new, improved War on the Poor

Here we go again. Gentrification was supposed to make everything down here so much better. Importing yuppies, however, only made things worse. Since the arrival of the middle class hasn't done the job it was supposed to, the City will turn to physical force.

In the same way that the Vancouver police pushed most of the street drug action down here in the late 1980s, they will now push not only it, but large numbers of other people out of here. Soon, we'll have a nice safe, clean neighbourhood. Too bad most of us won't be around to enjoy it.

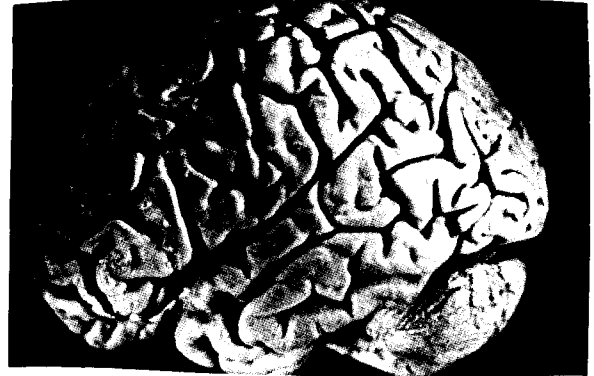
Civic officials have long desired to send a substantial number of the people who live down here (and probably many who live in Mount Pleasant and Grandview as well) out to New Westminster and North Surrey. Now they're preparing to make that desire a reality.

Check it out.

In the late 1980s, the Vancouver Police Dept. initiated a strategy to push the street drug trade off Granville Mall and out of Mount Pleasant. Where did they send it to? Hastings Street, of course. (Although the Police have never publicly admitted it, they get very defensive whenever anyone confronts them with it.) This was just a couple of years after the very same police began pushing the sex trade onto Hastings Street.

Unfortunately for us, this police action coincided with the avalanche of cheap, high-quality cocaine and heroin that hit Vancouver. This was a recipe for disaster. You mix up a whole bunch of people from different street scenes and add some good dope and money from the nearby sex-trade. Voila, instant drug market!

Will the police, the planners, or the politicians accept any responsibility for their roles in creating



Life-size depiction of NPA councillor's brain.

the current situation in the Downtown Eastside? No way. They're trying to blame it on the needle exchange ~~and~~, of course, on drug users themselves.

At the end of March, a city councillor claimed that people's "tolerance is reaching its limit." In the *West End Times*, Alan Herbert said that "the incidental minor crimes associated with city living are reaching an intolerable level." He's not talking about murder, assault, violence, guns, traffic deaths or mayhem like that. He's talking about panhandling, squeegee kids and IV drug use.

The same week, city council started a so-called audit of the DEYAS needle exchange. Councillor Gordon Price declared his support for the War on Drugs, claiming that harm reduction is a "narrow... model" that hurts communities. In an interview with the Kerrisdale-based *Vancouver Courier* newspaper, Price blamed the needle exchange for "prostitution, drug use, panhandling and illegal vending." This will be some fair audit, eh (wink, wink, nudge, nudge)?

Meanwhile, the gastown Business Improvement Association is actively promoting its plan for a 'safety corridor' for tourists along Carrall Street. This will, of course, involve more intense policing of Pigeon Park. Not necessarily a bad thing, unless you remember that this is a plan designed to boost tourism, not resident safety. Its boosters already have rent-a-cops who harass Downtown Eastside



Stay in your rooms. Shut up.

Go away.



residents when they don't fit in with the gastown scheme of things.

Finally, Parks Board commissioner Alan DeGenova, who actually lives in West Van and sells real estate downtown and in the East End, invited a group of people to an April 6th meeting to discuss the problems in Andy Livingstone Park. Apparently park staff are finding 4 to 5 needles a day (gasp!) in the park, which provides playing fields for soccer and field hockey teams from around the lower mainland. Surprisingly, however, at this meeting very few words were spoken about A. L. Park. Most of the talk centred around the proposed Carrall Street tourist corridor.

(Too bad we didn't get this much attention when we were finding 40 to 50 needles a day in Oppenheimer Park. I guess people from West Vancouver don't use Oppenheimer.)

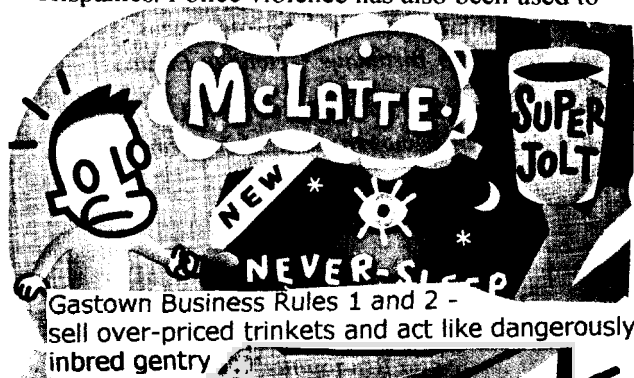
The list of formal invitees to this meeting, with a couple of exceptions, was composed entirely of agency staff and/or property-owners. Not a single hotel resident on this list, and only one tenant. Of course, Commissioner DeGenova and his staff probably don't know anyone who lives in a hotel. Heck, they probably don't even know anyone who pays rent under \$1,000/month.

Now it's possible that the close timing of all these events is just coincidence, but I don't think so. In a few weeks, criminologist George Kelling will be visiting Vancouver at the behest of a couple of downtown business groups. Kelling is an inventor of the "fixing broken windows" concept of crime-fighting. It's based on the idea that things like panhandling, jay-walking, drug using, are signs of disrespect for the law. When you let

the little things go, according to this line of reasoning, it encourages people to commit even bigger, more violent crimes. Therefore, if you crack down on these little things, it will also stem the heavier stuff.

Sounds reasonable, right? Wrong.

In practice, this method involves unleashing the police against the poor and ethnic minorities. In New York, where Kelling's method has been applied with tremendous success, reports of police violence have skyrocketed. Panhandlers have been routinely punched out by cops. The New York police have used the campaign as a licence for intimidation and violence directed at black people and Hispanics. Police violence has also been used to



push homeless people right out of lower and mid-town Manhattan into the Bronx and Long Island.

If you think Vancouver is immune from this kind of thing, think again. And if you think that only panhandlers, homeless people and drug users will be its victims, think again.

In his *Courier* interview, councillor Price made a revealing comment. He questioned whether poor people should have access to community services, asking "why more and more money is going to those who are significantly disadvantaged if it's only worsening the situation?"

Price's question is only rhetorical. Just by asking it, he gives himself an answer, which is this: 'Providing community services for people who have very little money only makes the situation worse.'

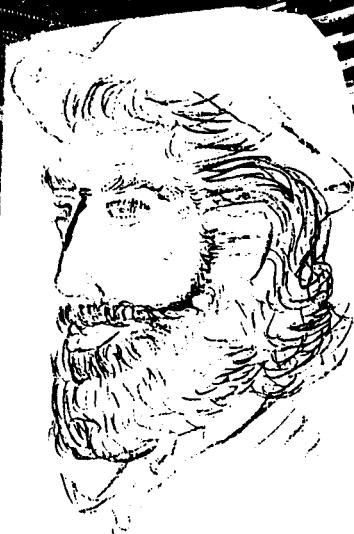
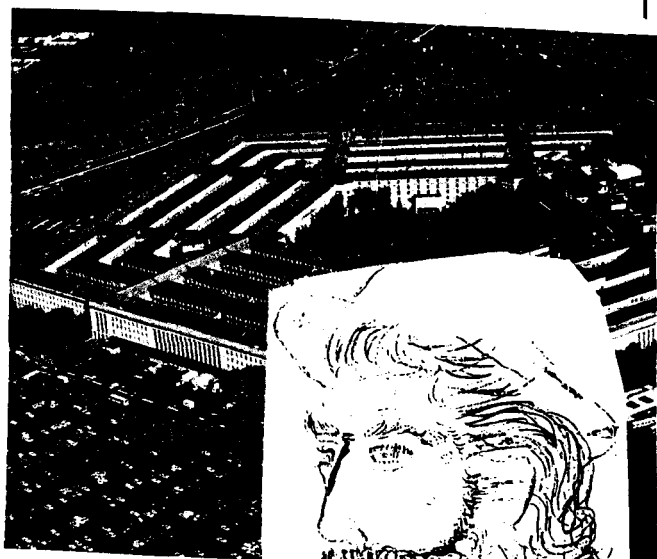
But, if services are not the answer, then what is? By questioning the value of the harm reduction

approach to drug use, Price forecloses the possibility of decriminalizing and medicalizing hard drug use in order to take it off the streets. The only other answer, then, is to send in more police. The police chief says they are already on their way. And who will be the people to whom the police direct their action? At "those who are . . . disadvantaged." Guess who that means?

Of course, the police don't actually change the real situation of people, or the conditions in which they live. They just shuffle things around. People who get shuffled around don't usually get much say in the matter. When those people do speak up, the authorities just keep smiling and talking about what a great job they're doing. Welcome to the 1990's version of the class war.

Anyone got a skytrain ticket to New West?

By JEFF SOMMERS



In The Dumpster

binner@vcn.bc.ca



Editor,

This is a complaint about a complaint about Security thugs who, by the way, act more macho and patriarchal than friendly. Too bad the security in the library is not sensitive enough to tell when people are being sensitive.

My friend and I said a few words to each other, quietly, about a book, and were suddenly attacked with a comment that the library was "for reading" - what a stressed-out mess this place is!!

There should be security for the security here as I've heard people complain. Too bad you've got nothing better to do than complain.

"an anonymous complaint"

fax: 684-8442

voice: 682-3269, #8072

Greetings fellow bidders & bidderettes.

Mr. McBinner has been informed that 2-litre beer containers are now 30 cents. At last, we have won a small victory. How about raising those pop cans!

A couple of weeks ago I went to see my doctor to get my stitches out (I got cracked in the head with a tire iron) and to get my allotment of Triazolam. He is a good doctor but instead gave me a prescription for calcium? - which I don't need...

A belated Happy Easter to all - watch you don't step in any Easter Bunny turds.

May The Bins Be With You. And hey! let's be careful out there.

By MR. McBINNER



Newsletter of the Carnegie

Community Action Project

April 15, 1998

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



**A Forum
on
Hotel Room
Replacement
and
Downtown
Core
Housing**

For details see
inside

Does this ever sound familiar !

*The following story deals with the conversion of a residential hotel to a backpackers hostel in New York City late last year. It sounds all too familiar to what the Downtown Eastside is experiencing. The **Clarence Hotel** (at Seymour and Pender St.) is currently the latest hotel to undergo conversion.*

Aladdin Hotel: Former Longacre Hotel is a Continuing Concern

by Clarissa Cruz

from *Hell's Kitchen Online*, October 4, 1997

Tenants of the Aladdin Hotel at 317 W. 45th Street are the latest victims in the power struggle between commercial and residential interests in the ongoing revitalization of Times Square. Formerly known as the Longacre Hotel, the newly renovated establishment now is seeking to attract foreign travelers by billing itself as a youth hostel located in the heart of the theater district.

It's not okay with longtime residents of the building's single room occupancy units, however. Now the predominantly elderly and immigrant tenants must share hallway, kitchen and bathroom space with young, international travelers vacationing in New York. Furthermore, advocates for building residents claim that current management is trying to force long-term residents out of the hotel via evictions, buyouts, and poor maintenance.

"The tenants have been through hell," said Sarah Desmond, tenant organizer for the Housing

Conservation Coordinators (HCC) in Manhattan. "The building is in horrible shape."

In June, Thomas Hanke, formerly of the Gershwin Hotel, took over management at the Aladdin. Since then, the air-conditioned lobby has been completely renovated to become more attractive to young travelers. Piped in Rod Stewart music, brightly colored carpeting, and a brand-new, distressed metal check-in desk exist in stark contrast to the poor conditions of many tenant rooms.

Short-term visitors are attractive to management because they pay higher daily rates, as opposed to the rent-controlled apartments of permanent residents, said Laurie Marin, staff attorney at the West Side SRO Law Project in Manhattan. The Aladdin is now courting young travelers by advertising a "flying carpet rooftop bar" and offering shared rooms for about \$22 a night and private rooms from \$65-75. By contrast, seven-year resident Wren Norwood pays \$117.65 a month.

But the thirty or so remaining long-term residents complain that the influx of vacationers is harming their quality of life. "Tenants feel invaded by backpackers in their twenties," says Marin. "The kids are on vacation and they're partying. Meanwhile the bathrooms are disastrous and the kitchens are little more than garbage storage areas."

Norwood also complained about the lack of security. "The bathrooms are coed and people walk in on you all the time because the doors don't lock," she says. "There are four or five people to a room, and the noise is just crazy."

A recent walk around the hotel confirmed this. In already-cramped hallways, broken furniture, new bunkbed frames and empty boxes were stacked on stained carpeted floors littered with

bits of plastic and cigarette butts. Open doors revealed rooms containing groups of three or four travelers, mostly young international vacationers in town for a few days. The "rooftop bar" consisted of little more than a tar-covered rooftop patio with fake grass flooring, three card tables and three potted palm trees. The emergency fire door was propped open with a wooden chair.

"Obviously, someone coming in to spend the night cares less about having to be clean, quiet and safe," said Desmond.

"There are a lot of complaints about theft, drugs and noise at the hotel," says Officer Paul Sulback of the Midtown North Precinct. "Much of the clientele are travelers who don't have a lot of money to stay at a nicer place."

Twenty-four-year-old Scott Harris from Queensland, Australia, was sharing a room with three other twentysomething tourists he met at the airport. He spent the last three days "doing New York" and was leaving for Los Angeles the following morning.

"I think it's smart of them to turn this into a youth hostel," said Harris. "They'd make a lot of money, and besides, there were these really cranky, old women downstairs. Typical New York."

Clarissa Cruz is a graduate student at the Columbia University School of Journalism.



**The
Conversion
of
Residential
Hotels**

NO ROOM AT THE INN

A Forum on Hotel Room Replacement and Downtown Core Housing

Tuesday, April 21, 1998
7:00 - 9:00 p.m.

SFU Harbour Centre, 515 West
Hastings
Fletcher Challenge Auditorium, Room
1900

Forum Panellists:

Frank Gilbert, DERA;
Jim Green, Community Development
Unit, BC Government;
Tom Laviolette, CCAP;
Karen O'Shannacey, Lookout
Emergency Aid Shelter

Sponsored by: Tenants Rights Action
Coalition & Lower Mainland Network
for Affordable Housing

Residential hotel rooms in the Downtown core area are threatened by gentrification and development pressures. Given that these rooms are the last stop before the street, it is crucial that we protect the existing supply and encourage the development of affordable alternatives. Vancouver City Plan and the Provincial Government both acknowledge the importance of this stock. But what will built in its place ?

In the United States...

"Out of 14.5 million low-income renter households eligible for federal housing assistance, only 4.1 million (28%) receive it.

Mostly wealthy homeowners in the US are the recipients of \$58.3 billion to homeowner tax breaks, which is about three times the size of the entire 1996 HUD (Housing and Urban Development) budget of \$19 billion.

(Peter Dreier. 1997 *Journal American Planning*)

[HUD is equivalent to Canada's Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation, CMHC]

Open to the public

The **Gastown Historic Area Planning Committee** (GHAPC) holds public meetings each third Wednesday of the month. The meetings are held at the **Water Street Café** (300 Water St.), 4 p.m., second floor.

On the agenda for the next meeting, today, April 15th, includes a discussion about the City's **Housing Plan** for the Downtown Eastside.

Often GHAPC meetings and minutes display some of the latest rhetoric aimed at "dismantling," "dispersing," or dividing the Downtown Eastside community between the "undeserving" and "deserving" poor. So, if you are interested in how GHAPC feels about your community you may find some of these meetings worth attending.



Owner of Yaletown Brewing Company & Restaurant buys majority ownership of the Heritage Hotel

Kitsilano and Yaletown hipster, **Mark James**, has decided to be a landlord of a Downtown Eastside hotel. Known to by many Eastsiders as a well run residential hotel, the future of the **Heritage Hotel** is now uncertain. Will it become a "boutique" hotel with its own brew pub or will it remain a residential hotel with bars and a lounge friendly to the gay and lesbian community?

Right now well over eighty percent of the rooms are for long term monthly residents, many of whom are clients of PWA (Persons With Aids Society).

According to newspaper reports, Mr. James has no immediate plans for the Heritage Hotel.

With "The Europa" complex under construction across the street, the gentrification of the Heritage Hotel in the next two to four years is a strong possibility. Few believe Mr. James is in to operating a residential hotel in the long term.

City Council has had for close to a year now the ability to enact a **hotel conversion control by-law**. Unfortunately, very little is being said up at city hall regarding this proposed by-law. It is barely mentioned in the City's *Housing Plan Issues* document for the Downtown Eastside. CCAP is beginning to feel like it's a no-goer, even though we've lost over 700 hotel units in the past two years. We'll be able to add the 100 units in the Heritage Hotel to that list very soon.

Recreation and Cultural Development: A Strategy for the Downtown Eastside



Recreation and cultural development is, I think, a practical and healthy way to address concerns around both substance abuse and disabilities in individuals who reside in the Downtown Eastside neighbourhood. There are 26 social service groups locally but not one sponsors recreational or cultural programs for First Nations people.

As an Aboriginal person with a physical disability, I will try to give you my perspective on how recreation and cultural development can be used effectively to address not only widespread cooking wine addiction but also more general issues affecting First Nations persons with disabilities living in SRO (single room occupancy) hotels in the Main & Hastings area.

The population living within a four-block radius of Main & Hastings is at least 50% First Nations. Most of these people live without cooking facilities, bathrooms, TV, even a sense of security - amenities that most ordinary Canadians take for granted. Most of these people are unemployed or underemployed and many live with some disability. Recently this area was designated "high risk" for HIV infection and AIDS by the Vancouver/Richmond Health Board. The incidence of these diseases is epidemic in the Downtown Eastside.

The causes are complex; however, it is obvious that diseases, the drinking of cooking wine, the abuse of drugs and alcohol in general are all contributing factors to the probability of people in this area becoming disabled.

Another salient factor is that many persons of the area are third-generation substance abusers. Each

and every family I know has someone who has a disability, either physical or substance-related. The two are inseparable. Substance abuse, whether of alcohol or drugs, usually leads to a disability of some description.

Enough has been said about this obviously neglected population apart from the grim statistic that Vancouver has the dubious distinction of having the 2nd-worst street drug problem in North America. (I believe the lower eastside of Manhattan supersedes us in this respect.)

Many people have died of an overdose or been found dead in their rooms... perhaps their liver finally gave out. Whether these tragedies have been intentional or otherwise, who is to say?

I have witnessed attempts by churches, non-profit organizations and the City of Vancouver to make the Main & Hastings area a better place for all



who live here, but somehow, with all these good intentions and all that money, the situation here just gets worse. In particular, the situation of First Nations people with disabilities is deplorable. The area around Main & Hastings is the biggest reservation in British Columbia, yet it has no Chief, no Band Council, no proper representation on issues relevant to First Nations people:

One thing to keep in mind is the importance of First Nations people representing themselves in the community. I think it is unfair to put the responsibility on any one group to address this.

To attack this horrendous problem we need enlightened or at least imaginative legislation. Money and top-down bureaucracy have done little to alleviate the suffering of our fellow human beings. Perhaps some simpler solutions would

achieve a greater measure of success.

I sincerely believe that investing in cultural and recreational development will reap a great reward in lives bettered, lives saved. This investment may take the form of softball teams, wheelchair basketball, outings into nature, pow-wows, sweat lodge ceremonies... whatever seems appropriate and which people want to do.

In conclusion, I feel that a people which has lost its connection to its cultural traditions has lost much of what keeps it healthy and whole. Some people need re-education in the area of First Nations culture. The devastating effects of enforced institutionalization, by way of the residential school system, and the degradation inherent in the reservation system, are prime factors in the current demoralization of a culture that was once proud and viable in its own right.

By FRED ARRANCE



My dear brother, Rolf Rathke

Rolf came out west the year before I did. He spent time hitching between Vancouver, Calgary and Toronto. He was a carpenter.

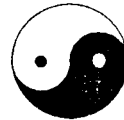
He built anything well and was a good worker. He had a lot of friends, especially in this area.

My brother had a Chinese girlfriend and lived in Chinatown, having a truck he was working on too. We lived close to each other and we were close.

SEATED SHIATSU



- Starting April 2nd -



- ② What? A relaxing Shiatsu treatment, done on a special chair. No need to remove your clothing.
- ② Where? In the ART GALLERY, on the 3rd Floor
- ② When? On THURSDAYS, 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.
- ② How? Sign up with Rika in the Program Office or come and see for yourself.
- ② Who? Véronique, a Certified Shiatsu Practitioner

This is a story about 4 people: EVERYBODY, SOMEBODY, ANYBODY and NOBODY.

There was an important job to be done and EVERYBODY was asked to do it. EVERYBODY was sure SOMEBODY would do it. SOMEBODY got angry about that because it was EVERYBODY's job. EVERYBODY thought ANYBODY could do it, but NOBODY realised that EVERYBODY wouldn't do it.

It ended up that EVERYBODY blamed SOMEBODY when NOBODY actually asked ANYBODY.

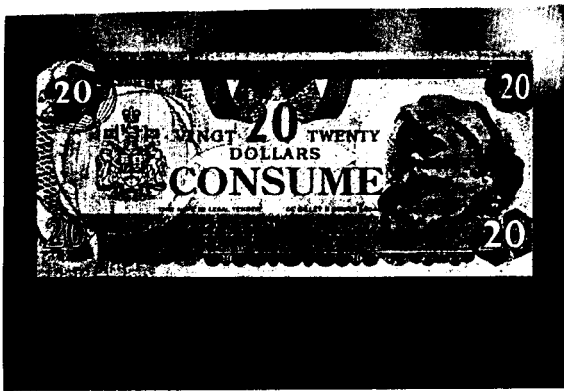
Author unknown.

He was with me when I had my baby, Kane, and he was at my marriage.

The last time Rolf called me, he said he was leaving. He was supposed to come over, but he never did. That was two years ago.

I reported him as missing but he was never found. My father guessed that he's not alive. My late brother, Rolf Rathke.

By DORIS LESLIE



The Shattering of the Working Class Part 2

The transformation of citizens into individual consumers has been devastating for democracy, which concerns the common good, and for the working class that once held the values of mutual aid and solidarity.

Consumerism, with its intense advertising, builds the addictive society. There is a commodity for every anxiety and without that "thing" our lives are incomplete. Consumerism annexes the energy and generosity of citizens for its own profit. It replaces authentic relationship with the commoditized shadows of pop and sports heroes. (1)

The consumer attitude sees social problems in an individual, technological way. It reduces the problem of control over our lives from collective action for the common good to a multitude of small purchasing acts. (2) It makes it difficult for us to understand "class" as an organizing principle in society.

The consumer attitude privatizes issues so they are not seen as public. (3) It makes my life into my individual affair, and ignores the relationships that bind us together as human beings in community.

Consumerism refers the whole of life to the market. Market relations, however, are only monetary relations. The market discriminates on the basis of wealth. It reinforces inequality and divides people into winners and losers. In market relations, those who have much get more.

In our tired, disillusioned bones, we know that

consumerism does not bring happiness, and that it is addictive. Instead of addiction we long for authenticity, respectful relations with others and a sense of belonging to a place and a people.

We have been twisted out of shape by the consumer, casino society, but not completely. We know the global economy isn't working for us. We see the unemployment and part-time work at low wages. We see the family violence, alcoholism, drug abuse, and youth suicide. We see the growing gap between rich and poor. We know that all the commodities in the world won't fill the emptiness at the centre of a society based on the individual accumulation of material goods.

We still have a sense of common decency and responsibility, however. The attitudes of the wealthiest Canadians and the rest of us are really quite different concerning the kind of Canada we would like to live in. More on this next time.

By SANDY CAMERON

(1) *A World To Win - The Reconstruction of the Post-War Working Class*, by Jeremy Seabrook and Trevor Blackwell, page 101.

(2) *Thinking Sociologically*, by Zygmunt Bauman, p204.

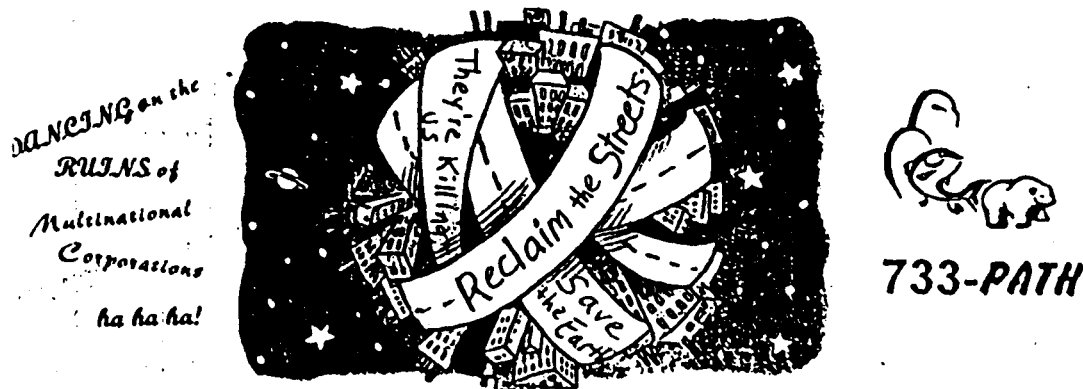
(3) Ibid.



ANTI-CORPORATE EARTH DAY!

Saturday April 18, 1998

Grandview Park, Commercial Drive, Vancouver



Coming together to celebrate spring. Empowering ourselves to reclaim our space.
Educating each other about the corporate agenda and the "new world order."
Learning how to create change in the community. Join Us!

SATURDAY APRIL 18 (Subject to change! Workshops can still be scheduled)

12 Noon Peace March begins at Trout Lake with giant puppets

1:00 kNow MAI Rally with speakers

2:00 The First Tree Huggers; Storytelling by Karenza; Saving the Stoltmann Wilderness; panel discussion with Joe Foy (WCWC) and Questions and Answers about Compassionate Use with Star (Cannabis Compassion Club)
kNow MAI workshop

3:00 Free Food Feast with Food Not Bombs and Drum Jam (bring drums)

4:00 The Return of Commercial Hemp with Doug Brown (Westhemp) Participatory Democracy with Doug Warkentin (Green Party)

5:00 Raffle, Music, Drumming, Fire Juggling

6:00 Storytelling for Grown-Ups; Taking Action Against Homelessness with Homes Not Jails

8:00 Big House Party For EARTH NIGHT! (Place TBA at the Park)





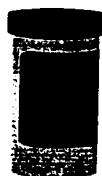
THE NEXT MEETING
OF THE
CARNEGIE DIABETIC
SUPPORT GROUP

WILL BE ON FRI. APRIL 17 TH
AT 7 P.M.

IN CLASSROOM 2 , THIRD FLOOR
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTER
AN HOUR LONG VIDEO WILL BE
SHOWN

FOR MORE INFORMATION
CONTACT

**CHRIS LAIRD AT
665-2220**



Sick of Hotel Complainers

I am really tired of hearing about our small and dingy hotel rooms. Well, I have a small hotel room and I don't have any complaints.

I've always had a hard life. Raped, beaten, sexual & mental & emotional abuse. I've done time in the crowbar hotel, worked the streets, done drugs and alcohol to get rid of the pain. Then I met a man, had a great home and, as things go, we split and here I am back in a hotel. It is not one of the best but it beats the streets or the park.

What I'd like to say is "Look in the mirror and see who looks back." I've tried to take my life, by overdosing, slashing, pills, but then I looked around me and asked "What am I doing?" Clean up your room, your clothes, especially yourself!

I was robbed of my belongings and started again. I have nice clothes, with help from churches and people. I took apart a calendar and put it up on the wall to brighten the place up. I sweep and wash my floors and walls every other day. I live in a palace in my own world.

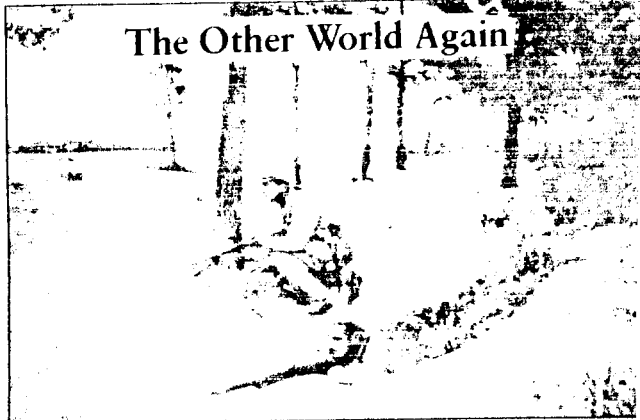
Don't blame society - look at yourself! You need respect for yourself; like they say, pull yourself up out of the gutter. Sure the world can be cruel, but your room can take you away from it all. I forget about the street, crime and all of that when I walk into my palace.

Take care, and love and respect yourself.

Proud to have a small hotel room,

Grace Edge
Keep smiling.

The Other World Again



People wonder why I don't write something positive, about anything, something other than the critical, ranting things I seem to be interested in writing about, to the exclusion of everything else, these days. When, they wonder, am I going to talk about evening, say, the way I used to, when will I write the great witch story of those summer and fall evenings back in Waterloo, Ontario, when I was young and dreamed the way I would have said, at the time, the wind dreamed, when the elms were dying or dead, dying or dead because everyone had forgotten or given up on reaching the real world any more, it seemed to me, when the real world was this other, impossible world we all, I felt, had to be trained to not care about, a world the acknowledgement of which was the biggest worry to everyone else, to the adults, a world the world seemed bent on annihilating, on denying the very existence of? (Because, truthfully, I couldn't see the world I was told about, the world referred to always with a combination of reverence and hatred, a world full of crazy, destructive demands and trinket galores, a world of wars and sweatshops and torture, which all the adults seemed preoccupied with, a world they valued in such a way as to hate passionately anything that had *nothing at all to do with that imbecilic, brutal, savage world*, I could only see what was around me, the parts I heard about from people who spoke passionately about it, in words full of color and light and darkness, what I read about that didn't seem caught up in petty worldliness and moralizing, the way all the adults seemed to be bent on

defining, for instance, *at any cost, in particular at any cost to others, to foreigners or racially distinct groups*, who was good (who was like them) and who was bad (who was not like them), and then, in the most judgmental and authoritarian manner, acting on these skewed, hateful, racist definitions. I couldn't see the laws, the so-called necessities, the momentums that everyone seemed to be referring to when they spoke of their own lives in this world. I could only see color and form and accident, shape and smell and fever, leaves, dirt, fingers, a very different movement. These composed the real world, these despised things. Whatever the others were talking about, it wasn't the world I lived in, but some kind of game, some kind of homicidal performance, a diagram of a gas station or a silo or a radio, a mesh of angers and sadnesses and greeds, a complicated and irrelevant proposal.) But people are right, I loved the evening, when I would wander off alone in the woods, even when young, especially when young, because it was safe to do so then, or so I think now, though it probably wasn't any safer then than now, though I still don't know what was dangerous, then, when I think about it, for the forest, to me, was the most protective thing in the world.

That's how I was. I wanted to get to the core of that world before it was too late, before it was gone, because, if I didn't get to the core, I would never be able to get to it at all. Did you know that worlds go? They do. You look a moment later, a year later, and the whole world of this or that is gone, gone because you didn't get to the core of it in time. And when we get older, we catch only little hints, partial memories of those worlds, of the world just below our distractions and stupidities, but we don't know what to do with it, with that distant world or with our inability to get to it, with our hints or whiffs of it, don't know how to touch it anymore, so we'd just as soon not have even the slightest whiff of it, the merest echo.

Because, for instance, if you go there, if you actually decide above all else that you want to go there and then you actually get there, no one is going to come looking for you, you won't be able

to bring anything back from there, and nothing, really, will happen while you are there. You will have gone there. That's it. Who's going to congratulate you for that? And yet, if you don't go, if you decide it's not worth it, you might as well give up on everything else too, for without it, without that world, nothing is worth anything at all, even the things that others think and say are the most valuable things in the world will be worthless, especially the things they say are of utmost, ultimate importance. They can only say such preposterous things because they are no longer even capable of remembering that there is a world below their stupidities and arrogances and distractions and destructions, a world that is *everything*.

Dan Feeney

Magic Camera

I sat alone in the Balmoral Pub near Hastings and Main, sipping a rum-and-coke and thinking about a project I'd started. I was writing a piece called "Life in the Downtown Eastside." As I sat there watching people laughing and scurrying about, a skinny dark-haired man about 25 walked over to my table, carrying a camcorder in his hand.

"Hey lady. Wanna buy a camera? \$30."

Although I knew very likely the camera didn't work or was stolen, I took a look at it anyway. It was in good shape and, when I pushed the Record button, a red light came on, indicating to me that it worked. What the hell, I thought, as I reached into my pocket, pulled out some money and handed the man \$30.

"Enjoy," was all he said as he quickly left the bar and returned to the street.

Anxious to try out the camera, I finished my drink and left the bar. Outside, Hastings Street was full of people rushing about getting their drugs..the main priority. Even though I had a camera and was taping all this, no one seemed to mind as they continued to fill their crack pipes or stick needles in their arms. I walked down to Columbia St., taping all the people standing around in front of



the Sunrise and Brandiz hotels.

After a couple of hours of walking and taping the "Street" people, I decided to go home. As soon as I walked in the door I took the tape out of the camera and put it into my VCR.

What I saw was not at all the same as what I had taped, but totally different. The people looked different, the street itself looked different.. everything was different!

"My God," I thought, "what's happening? Am I going crazy?" It was as though I was watching a horror movie! I watched closely as the street opened up, as if being ripped apart, making a large 'split' in the street. A huge beast-like hand, wrinkled and old with long black spike-like fingernails, reached out from the darkness below. It grabbed onto people, ripping out their souls. I could hear the loud screams and cries as the hand squeezed tightly around them and threw them into the huge opening. Silhouettes of people's souls floated aimlessly, crying, scared, lost and searching for a way back. I was watching this when I realised that these poor street people were not there willingly but were trapped, having no other choice but to stay on the streets forever. This street force was stronger than them. There was no way to fight this thing and win. They had no choice but to be taken, being left with only a 'shell' for a body and tombstones in their eyes.

I wish I could warn people, let them beware, but who would ever believe me when the only way to see this is through the 'eye' of my magic camera?

By LESLIE GRAINGER

**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

1998 DONATIONS
Kettle - \$18
Paula R. - \$10
Wm. B. - \$12
Joy T. - \$18
Charley B. - \$15
Libby D. - \$50
Sam R. - \$40
Rick Y. - \$45
Sharon J. - \$30
BCCW - \$25
Ray-Cam - \$10
Harold D. - \$20
Sonya S. - \$80
Nancy H. - \$35
Jennifer M. - \$15
Brenda P. \$10

Helene S. - \$18
Jenny K. - \$18
Tim S. - \$18
Thomas B. - \$14
Beth L. - \$18
Bill G. - \$9
Rolf A. - \$25
Bruce J. - \$14
BCTF - \$12
Sabitra - \$15
Susan S. - \$7
Margaret D. - \$20
DEYAS - \$50
PRIDE - \$50
Pam B. - \$20
CEEDS - \$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:**

Monday, April 27.

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



- * Welfare problems;
- * Landlord disputes;
- * Housing problems;
- * Unsafe living conditions;

**Come to the Dera office at 425 Carrall Street or
phone us at 682 - 0931**

**DERA has been serving the Downtown Eastside
for 24 years !!!!!**



PROSTITUTION

Garry Gust

Sexual prostitution facilitates a basic need that is as strong as hunger for food and thirst for water. Sexual expression must be gratified along with hunger and thirst for people to have clear perceptions of the world in which they live.

Science has taught us that a hungry child in a classroom will not learn well if his senses are focused primarily on satisfying his want of food.

A man dying of thirst in the desert will ignore all logical means of survival as he chases a fleeting mirage of water that is not really there. But it looks real because all he can focus on is gratifying deadly thirst.

The hungry student and thirsty man are robbed of healthy perceptions of their environment, and sense only the single compressed need of easing their current distress.

For most people sexual gratification is adequately accomplished by acquiring a mate, being promiscuous, or to a lesser but more poignant extent, by raping.

These days when we hear of prostitution in the news, we hear only the worst aspects of it.

We seldom hear of the senior citizen whose spouse died years ago, and now finds comfort in visiting a prostitute once a month.

We ignore the needs of lonely introverted people who just can't find a steady mate. Why should they be starved of clean, safe sexual gratification?

More and more, governments at all levels are pushing prostitution into the murky underground where both prostitute and customer are subject to terrible risks and social stigma.

Prostitution and sexual gratification will never cease to be so long as we remain in our enduring human condition.

Governments must stop wiping their feet on the mat of basic human needs, and start addressing the best ways for prostitutes (Social Comforters) and their customers (people in need of comforting) to transact together in an atmosphere of mutual compassion and empathy, free from unwarranted judgments.

Both parties involved in sexual comforting will have fuller lives if their natural needs are satisfied. The comforters will have the security of a legitimate income to satisfy other needs, and perhaps a pride that they are making a good difference in someone else's life.

The comfortee will be relieved of his or her frustrational hunting for gratification, allowing them a fuller focus on the other needs required for a happy, healthy life.

We must certainly identify, and deal with, the needs of people who are in prostitution but don't want to be.

But we must also apply a new social civility to those people who are in that profession by personal inclination.

This can be done by not sweeping the issue under the carpet, and by perceiving prostitution openly and in clear, unbigoted focus.





Native Children deliberately infected with TB at Alberni Residential School, witnesses claim at public event.

Port Alberni - At a March 28 public forum sponsored by the United Nations Human Rights Commission, two former students at the Alberni and Christie Residential Schools claimed that they were forced to sleep in the same bed as girls dying of tuberculosis, and were given contaminated food, by church officials at these schools.

Willie Sport, 75, and Mabel Sport, 70, of Nanaimo described how fellow students were infected with tuberculosis and left to die unattended by church officials at both Native residential schools in the 1930's. Their testimony was given to the Human Rights Commissioners who have forwarded this and other evidence of murder at coastal residential schools to the Secretary-General of the United Nations.

At the same event in Port Alberni, officials of the United Church and Nuuchah-Nulth Tribal Council attempted to intimidate witnesses and disrupt the forum. Harry Wilson, 45, of Vancouver, was on the verge of sharing his testimony of having discovered a dead body at the Alberni residential school in 1967 when he was told by Ron Hamilton, a Tribal Council official, "*You'd better not talk about that dead girl, or you'll be sorry.*"

Because of Hamilton's threat, Wilson did not share his testimony at the forum. Ron Hamilton works for the Nuuchah-Nulth Tribal Council and the RCMP-affiliated Provincial Task Force into the Residential Schools.

In addition local United Church officials disrupted the forum, laughing as witnesses spoke, creating disturbances and claiming that few abuses occurred at residential schools.

"The church and tribal council people came to shut down the forum," said Harriett Nahanee, 62, of Vancouver, who organized the event. "They don't want the truth of the murders to get out because some of them are implicated. They've been intimidating and threatening people like this for years, but we won't stop."

Nahanee and others are considering legal action to prevent further disruptions of such events by church and native officials. They have called for a formal apology from the Nuuchah-Nulth Tribal Council and the United Church of Canada for the actions of their officials at the March 28 forum.

For information, contact The Circle of Justice:

Harriett Nahanee Ph: (604) 985-5817

Kevin Annett (604) 462-1086

Statement of Harry Wilson

I went to the Circle of Justice forum in Port Alberni on March 28, 1998, so that I could give my testimony about finding the dead body of a young girl at the Alberni Indian Residential School in May, 1967.

Just before I was to give my testimony to Rudy James, the United Nations Human Rights Commissioner, a man called Ron Hamilton came to talk to me. He is closely connected to the Nuuchah-Nulth Tribal Council and has worked with the RCMP on their residential school task force.

Hamilton came to me just before I was to speak and he said to me, "*Are you going to talk about that dead girl you found?*" I told him that I was. He then said to me, "*I wouldn't talk about her if I was you. If you say anything about it, you'll be sorry.*"

His words scared me, so I didn't say anything that day about what I knew. I felt that I was in

danger from Ron Hamilton.

It was the RCMP that put me in the hospital against my will after I talked about finding the dead girl. I think Ron Hamilton was trying to protect the RCMP, who he works with, by scaring me into not talking. I think the RCMP and the United Church were involved in that girl's death, and maybe even other natives too.

As Nuu-Chah-Nulth Tribal Council official Charlie Thompson left our Circle, he walked by me and said to me, "*You have half a brain and no one will miss you if you're found floating face down in the water.*"

I feel my life was being threatened by these members of the Nuu-Chah-Nulth Tribal Council.

Made and witnessed on March 31, 1998.



Uncle George

He was my Dad's brother,
and he fought in the Great War of 1914-18
Uncle George hated war,
but he went with the others.
When the order was given to attack,
he left the trenches and walked forward,
his comrades beside him.

From time to time
my uncle was allowed to go back
to England for a rest.
He never wanted to return to the trenches.
Like so many others, his nerves were gone,
and the faces of dead friends
haunted his dreams.

One time he refused to return,
but my relatives wouldn't allow that.
He had to fight for his country, didn't he?
And anyway,
you could be shot for desertion
if you didn't go back.
So they poured the booze into my uncle,
who silently was screaming
and praying,
"Please don't send me back."
Then they poured him on the train for France
where he walked slow and straight
into the fire of the machine guns.
Uncle George survived that war,
but his strength had been used up,
and the faces of dead friends
haunted his dreams.
He couldn't settle at anything,
and he drank a lot.
One day he put his head in an oven,
and turned on the gas.
You rest easy, now, uncle.
We'll take it from here.

Sandy Cameron

A Prayer for Children

We pray for children
Who put chocolate fingers everywhere,
Who like to be tickled,
Who stomp in puddles and ruin their new pants,
Who sneak Popsicles before supper,
Who erase holes in math workbooks,
Who never can find their shoes.

And we pray for those
Who stare at photographers from behind barb-wire
Who can't bounce down the street
in a pair of new sneakers,
Who never "counted potatoes,"
Who are born in places we wouldn't be caught
dead,
Who never go to the circus,
Who live in an X-rated world.

We pray for children
Who bring us sticky kisses and fistfuls of
dandelions
Who sleep with the dog and bury goldfish,
Who hug us in a hurry and forget their lunch
money,
Who cover themselves with Band-Aids and sing
off-key,
Who squeeze toothpaste all over the sink.
Who slurp their soup.

And we pray for those
Who never get dessert,
Who have no safe blanket to drag behind them,
Who watch their parents watch them die,
Who can't find any bread to steal,
Who don't have rooms to clean up,
Whose pictures aren't on anybody's dresser,
Whose monsters are real.

We pray for children
Who spend all their allowance before Tuesday,
Who throw tantrums in the grocery store and pick
at their food,
Who like ghost stories,
Who shove dirty clothes under the bed,
Who never rinse out the tub,



Who get visits from the tooth fairy,
Who don't like to be kissed in front of the carpool,
Who squirm in church and scream in the phone,
Whose tears we sometimes laugh at,
And whose smiles can make us cry.

And we pray for those
Whose nightmares come in the daytime,
Who will eat anything,
Who have never seen a dentist,
Who aren't spoiled by anybody,
Who go to bed hungry and cry themselves to sleep
Who live and move, but have no being.

We pray for children
Who want to be carried
And for those who must.
For those we never give up on
And for those who don't have a second chance.
For those we smother...
And for those who will grab the hand of anybody
kind enough to offer it.

Ina Hughs