

FREE - donations accepted

# CARNEGIE



NEWSLETTER

AUGUST 1, 1998.

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

By, for and about  
the **Bad** and  
**Dishonest**  
People of the Downtown

**Eastside**

*sandy cameron!*  
*swami donohue!*

*prytaylor!*  
*garry gust!*

*mondo yuppie!*  
*feeney!*

**SAM RODDAN!**

*poetry!*

*e boyd!*

*rupert bear!*  
*and others!*

# MONDO YUPPIE



Amid all the handwringing and finger-pointing by authorities and the media over heroin deaths, city planners finally released a package of reports detailing their game plan for the neighbourhood. A couple of news stories followed, one of which was truly informative.

A Sun reporter outlined the City's gentrification plans for the area around Victory Square. Those plans rely on a strategy of attracting younger entrepreneurs, artists and media types who like the 'gritty feel' of the inner city. A few years ago, when a bunch of us were involved in the Victory Square planning process, the planners kept saying how they wanted to appeal to alternative (whatever that means) people who wouldn't mind rubbing shoulders with poor people.

Well, the city is getting their alternative types. The Architects Institute has moved its headquarters here. The Vancouver Film School is here. Trendy yuppie entrepreneur Mark James has bought the Heritage House (there goes one more liveable hotel), etc.

Guess what, they don't really like the people who live here. The architects are already whining about the people around the neighbourhood. They just don't make those architects feel comfortable.

What's even more revealing are the attitudes of the supposedly alternative business types from West Hastings. It turns out that they're not really alternative after all. Lisa Sven, the owner of the Victory cafe (it's really a bar with food) and trendy Mondo Lisa on West Cordova, which is in the old Jackson's Beef House in the basement of the

Dominion Building is quoted as saying, "We like the edginess of the area. There is a small community of counter-culture merchants. But I know my business would do better if good, honest people didn't feel threatened to walk into this neighbourhood."

That pretty much says it all. The people who start up the businesses like the way the area feels, they just don't like the people that give it that feel.

For them, the community is the merchants, not the residents. Unless you have enough money to patronize their businesses, you're not a 'good, honest person'. They're not really counter culture in any real sense of the word. It's all style, no substance. They're just a bunch of Howe Street stockbrokers with nose rings and tattoos.

Their real motivation is, of course, profit. And they're here because, as an "internet software entrepreneur" with an office at Carrall and Hastings told the Sun reporter, the Downtown Eastside is "basically the last low cost land available in the downtown core." Meanwhile, the manager of the Cannabis Cafe thinks that Toronto-style gentrification will be just great. The operative word she uses is 'clean-up', as in sweep away all the trash.

Just like the bozos in gastown, these are the kind of people who think history resides in buildings. They think that the 'feel' of an area comes from the way it looks, rather than the people who live there. They're more interested in the value of property than the value of community.

It took about ten years for Yaletown to become a trendoid scene. So, probably by 2008, we'll be able to ride the skytrain in from New West so we can hang around the trendy Downtown Eastside scene, where we used to live. Maybe play a little squash and sip on a no-fat double latte at the Carnegie Heritage Cultural Jazz Centre (only \$2.00 cover charge). The Concord Security guards will make sure the homeless people and panhandlers don't get in our way. See you there.

E. A. Boyd

## Donations to Oppenheimer Park in JUNE

1. **Vancouver Canadians baseball tickets (30)**  
- donated by Paul Langford
  2. **Splashdown Waterpark tickets (13)**  
- donated by Splashdown
  3. **\$500 for camping equipment**  
- Burwell Grants Committee
  4. **\$206.34 for 5ft. cageball (arrives in August)**  
Oppenheimer Kids Fund (Lookout Society)
- \* If you have any questions or want to donate(!), call Allison at 665-2210.



waffleiron

my heart is too small to  
hold all the stuff  
of life

all this life  
is an overdose  
a reeling drunk

I feel dazed  
my cup runs over  
I don't know what to do

like a pubescent schoolboy  
sitting next to the  
girl with big boobs

I lay awake all night  
red neon in  
thick pink sunset  
flays me, slays me,  
sweeps me away

but then lana says  
"hey fuck you"

and I wonder why  
hatred's better than nothing?  
hope she doesn't

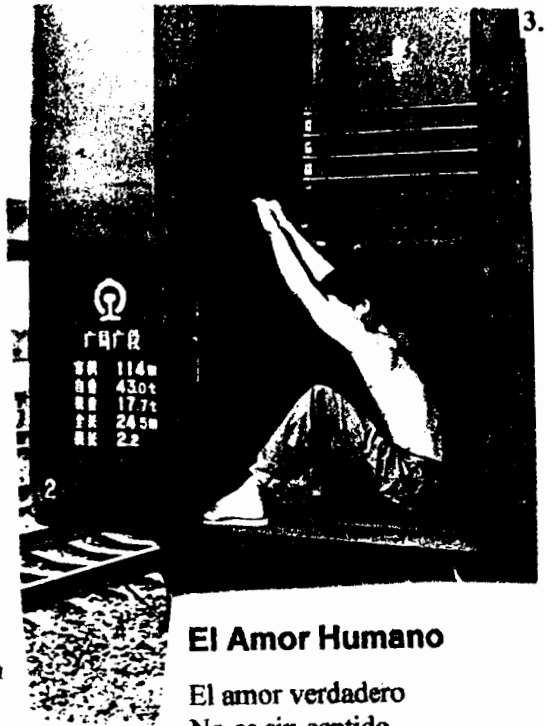
have me beat up  
staring at a pigeon  
I walk into a  
lamp standard  
living has  
pissed me to the gills as  
a woman raises her fist  
screaming at her  
lover

"you make me so  
fucking angry"

I'll probably end up looking  
deep into the eyes that  
poke me with a knife  
then dump me in  
a trashbin

the heat carries cacophony  
up through my window  
disco from downstairs  
punk from the columbia  
traffic  
shrieks of death

rupert b.



## El Amor Humano

El amor verdadero  
No es sin sentido  
Sin sentimientos  
Y sin pasion

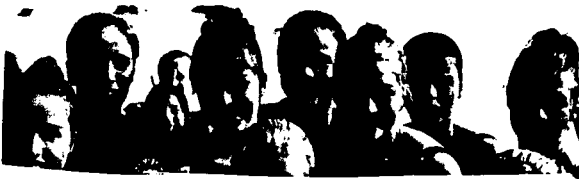
El amor verdaderp  
Es muy beclo  
Como suave viento  
Como una primavera tarde  
Como un mar azul vivo...

El amor verdadero  
Nace por poquito...  
Se ciente, se crese...  
Y se convierte  
En el mejor sentir  
Amando... Y ser amada...

Amor verdadero existes  
Donde te en cuentras?

Tamia G.





## Ah summer....Bullshit

Isn't it great to be alive... doo.. wap..duo wap. As a former Carnegie Board member I want to share my new life explorations with you. I know that many of you are actually bored listening to traffic directions from George, Egor's videos or trying to decipher Dan's articles! Summer means more than that but what I wondered? What indeed!

I decided that it was time for me to move on. I wanted to find something that actually crawled out of the Pacific Ocean and ordered a new society. At first I decided, I would spend this year looking for holy people: men and women who actually knew what it meant to be humble and full of doubt at the same time. Alas, all I could find was a high priced weekend workshop in Banff called Civil Disobedience and the Ozone or a wholesale How To book on Baseball Therapy for the United Nations. I was feeling a bit undervalued.

I thought about spending the rest of the summer lounging at crab park re-reading old McBinner articles while listening to Sister D.J on the radio but unbeknownst to me the construction madness of the new convention center was already in full swindle sound. Between the new pillions and the soggy seabus schedules floating towards shore all I could imagine was the insidious smiles of Glen Clark announcing a new starbucks( does the name Harry Reams ring a bell with anyone) I could see that my peace of mind wouldn't have a chance.. While looking for an easy escape route through the CPR fence it suddenly struck me that I could become a prophet.

" Yes I'll predict the future and become as well known as pigeon park ...maybe even more " I can see my name carved in graffiti. Leigh Donohue - Prophet for the new Millennium. Oh yea I like the sound of that!

...let's see.. for my first prediction I'll go out on a



limb and say that 1999 will be closer to the year 2000 than any year before it.

...maybe I'll have to change my name to Swami Bullshit Donohue or Leigh Van Lopsang or maybe even Commissar Swami.

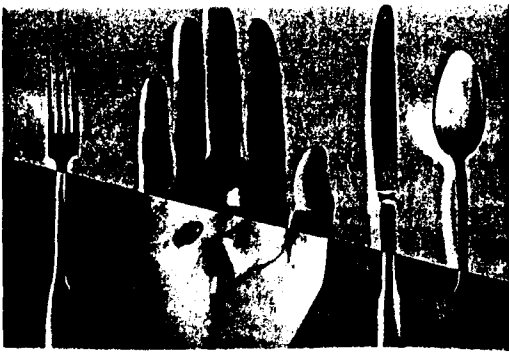
- I'll get a pair of fancy earphones and say they are connected directly to God.

- I'll wear dark sunglasses and predict more jokes from Chris Laird and Vance .



- I'll declare that in this century you will witness the kitchen follies revue playing volleyball games against the rebellious seniors choir. Yes our very own seniors that harmonized so well on such favorites as " Where is the Corn and Give us back our Buns" The main prize for the tournament will be a Chili Burger with bean sprouts and then encased in plastic wrap and placed majestically atop a rusty refrigerator shelf by Jeff Clerk. I can also sense a director who will continue to lead her obedient gossips to open confrontation with our Association. "Down with the board" they will yell " Hell no we won't go anywhere we don't like" Some volunteers are not even nice people. "Get a job" ,they'll sing "I did."

- Also in 98-99 I predict that all communication within Carnegie will be banned unless it can be proven to be banal, apolitical and clean enough for



a Phillip Owen fund-raising barbecue. (The police will continue to wring their hands and sing "What can we do" or they'll hum "Please let us look through your windows" or that perennial favorite "Where have all the new constables gone.") Mark Tonner will see the light and actually donate some money to a charity that helps drug users. Yes my friends with your help I can see myself as a new profiteer for the Millennium. Join me brother and sisters. Come with me and together we'll find a new direction and maybe a new ?????

- For my long term prognostication credibility I predict that the phrase "Native Elder" will finally be defined. - That an election will be called, that the social fabric of Canada will continue to be as bad as it is now, that the Woodwards committee will finally make a decisive move. That Bill Vanderslam will be turfed out of reform and back to his green houses. That Irene Schmidt will be elected and serve her term with compassion even while advocating for Dan Feeny. That more people will actually write poetry instead of prose disguised as poetry. That Jeff Sommers will finish his Ph.D. thesis and become Canada's most famous Brew Master. That the high priestess of Carnegie exactitude is probably going to have an affair with George Puke because she mistakenly believes he is the famous Newt Gingrich in disguise. I can see a new drug. It will be cheaper and more dangerous than the ones we have today. At first it will be given freely and be called "Partnerships in Professionalism" "A complete perk and downer in one" I can see more tourist buses and more homelessness. I can see the people of this community holding on to something more powerful than the irrelevant exhibits of

professional undertakers and other so-called developers. What these people really subscribe to is a view that if you can't keep your head in the clouds then you might as well keep it up your ass. This community will always be more than some bullshit middle or upper class definition of .....Fill in the blanks?

Swami Leigh Van Lopsang Donohue



Here, from the office of Dick Wad, are the Top Ten Martian jokes

1. Whwhere does the Martian President live?  
- In the Green House.
2. Who was King Kong in the Martian movie?  
- The Green Giant.
3. What do Martians use for money?  
- Greenbacks
4. Why doesn't Captain Kirk tell Martian jokes?  
- Some might hear him.
5. Whhhat is the UN Peace Corps called on Mars?  
- Greenpeace.
6. Why do Martians have antennae on their head?  
- stereo
7. What's the biggest Earth holiday for Martians?  
- St. Patrick's Day.
8. What do Martians like to eat?  
- Marsmallows
9. Why don't Martians visit the Grand Canyon?  
- too much like home.
10. What is Martian ID?  
- a Green card.

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## DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE WOMEN



### Break the Silence Against Violence!!

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Join us in a campaign to fight violence against  
women in the Downtown Eastside!!

- Workshops, Speak-outs, Events
- A three-day Women's Retreat

Do you want to be involved?  
Call 682-3269 Mailbox #8319



# The Classics at Carnegie Hall

A concert of music from  
the Viennese classical era  
(Mozart and Haydn) by  
**Harmonie Woodwind Ensemble**

**Saturday, Aug. 15**  
**7 pm**  
**in the theatre**

**All Welcome!**



## PRISONERS' JUSTICE DAY

August 10th is a day set aside each year when prisoners and supporters gather to honour the memory of the men and women who have died unnatural deaths inside Canadian prisons.

On August 10, 1974, Eddie Nalon bled to death in a solitary confinement unit at Millhaven Maximum Security Prison near Kingston, Ontario, when the call button in that unit failed to work. An inquest later found that the call buttons in that unit had been deactivated by the guards. Prisoners at Millhaven marked the anniversary of Eddie's death by fasting and refusing to work.

What started as a one-time event behind the walls of Millhaven has become an international day of solidarity. On this day prisoners around the world fast, refuse to work and remain in their cells while supporters organize community events to draw public attention to the conditions inside prisons.

The urgent need for change within both the criminal justice and prison systems is accentuated when we look at the increasing number of prisoner deaths in Canada. The most recent toll from Stats Canada indicates that, for the 1996-97 period, there were 101 deaths of federal prisoners and 44 deaths of provincial prisoners. Prisoner deaths from murder, suicide and neglect can and must be prevented.

This year will mark 22 years since the first Prisoners' Justice Day Memorial was held outside the gates of the old BC Penitentiary. On **Sunday, August 9**, there will be a Memorial Rally outside the Vancouver Pre-Trial Centre at 275 E. Cordova from 1 -3pm. This event will include the BCPWA Prison Outreach Project, Third World Alliance, Kris Lyons, Karlene Faith, The Ts'peten Defense Committee, Kelly White, Eddie Rouse, Wayne Compton, The Lil'wat Drummers, Daughters of the Wind, and LOUD. This is free to the public and there will be children's activities on site.

**~RED ALERT~ D.E.~**

# SILENT KILLER

It damages internal organs.  
Let's STOP this KILLER poison.

If a member of your family or a friend  
has been affected:

Let's hear about in a short story & if  
you have a picture of your loved one -

Please leave ATTENTION:  
Margaret Prevost @ Carnegie Centre  
401 Main Street

Let's STOP talking about

**R. I. C. E. W. I. N. E.**

IT'S time for ACTION:  
~Responsibility IS on all PERSONS  
Selling this Poison!

Poem written about the alley  
Between the Carnegie Centre  
And the Roosevelt Hotel



Today I saw nothing in the alley  
Neil left his keys in the door last night  
and no one touched them  
sometimes it's a desert out there

Yesterday in the alley  
I saw a man bent over  
with his hair wrapped in a cloth  
he was going thru the garbage  
fallen out of a dumpster

I saw at night four mice run across  
I keep my head down  
because I am afraid that they will  
bite at my ankles

3 days of sweating and nothing's changing sick  
in the alley today and things are very, very serious  
get that feeling like I'm not going to make it  
feels like  
ghost of my using days

He said if you're going to stay there do you want  
me to get you a piece? - but you know  
I've never felt safer  
I went to DERA yesterday the worker said there  
are more guns and things in the alley

another ambulance slid down  
the alley last night  
red light bleeds over our  
makeshift curtain bedsheets  
spirit of the one who has o'd  
will haunt me  
in my memory

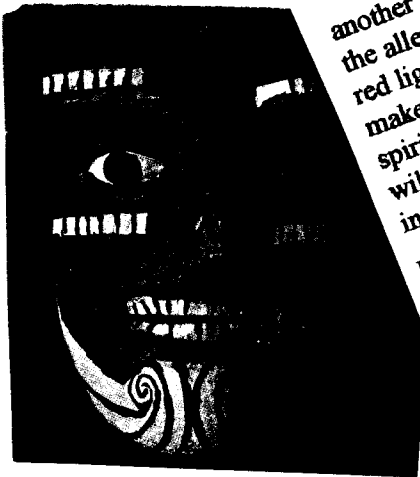
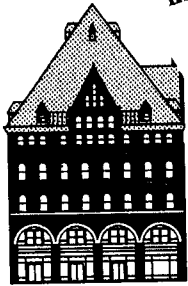
I think of you  
and I'm as bitter as the urine in the alley  
that pools in the cobblestone  
because you won't get clean  
The way I want you to  
I catch Lee Yung

fixing something and smoking in the alley  
he asks me if I'm working  
and I think  
Yeah - as I memorize waitressing tips  
serve from the left and clear to the right  
except for drinks which you serve to the right  
don't wring your hands  
she said



Sometimes I  
Sometimes I  
last night a man  
this morning a woman  
"And who will look  
if something happens to  
today I open my door only  
blow the hot breath of fire and  
maybe the holy spirit's rising  
in the alley this morning  
there's been a dead rat in the alley for  
the street cleaner goes up and down but  
it remains

suffering and resistance  
resistance and suffering  
resistance and persistence and generosity  
a man who lived under the Georgia viaduct  
offered me busfare to get home  
women with a thousand hurts greater than mine  
rallied around my pain  
things I saw in the alley





and always let them know  
who is in control  
this morning I ran out of the alley and the bus was  
coming - Dane lifted the window  
and called my name  
The sun was high in the sky  
And I was on fire  
With the whole corner of  
Hastings and Main

Someone switched the "m" in Main for a "p"  
and now it reads Pain Street  
I could explode with joy in the alley  
I could implode with pain in the alley  
A man was praying in the alley  
A woman paced up and down crying  
"Look after my children  
Look after me?"

Onto the alley and  
before me  
and water in my soul

for days  
but still

Shona heard a woman screaming  
ran outside - two men walking away  
her nose is bleeding  
says she got burned  
she attempts a smile and then backs away  
and what about yesterday  
two police cars two cops mocking



a man  
handcuffed  
announce his name over a speaker  
play with their alarms  
public humiliation  
his only crime was  
sticking a needle

in his own arm.

I'm thinking of you again  
about how where you grew up  
in Northern B.C.  
all the kids died of  
drinking and driving

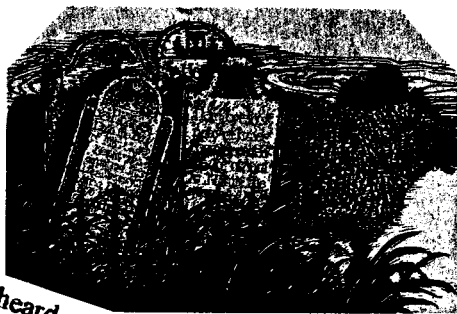
I know C.R. is coming  
because I hear a harmonica  
In the alley  
yesterday his socks were airing to dry  
In the alley  
Music bridges the stillness  
from the Carnegie  
First Nations drumming and chanting  
slide guitar and then someone's  
singing and whistling  
in the alley

at 3 a.m. I awake to the clank of a dumpster  
Shona woke to Bud reading poetry in the alley  
in the middle of the afternoon  
a man calls desperately for Peter

Someone's coughing and puking and spitting up  
poverty

I ask myself at the same time I ask you  
Do you love me  
See the good in me  
Believe in me  
Nurture me  
Accept me  
Accepting you

Irene Loughlin





WE ARE POOR.

Chinese.  
 Korean.  
 Vietnamese.  
 Thai.  
 Japanese.  
 Taiwanese.  
 Cambodian.  
 Burmese.  
 Filipino.  
 Lofian.  
 Indonesian.  
 Pacific Islanders.

Living in the Downtown Eastside &  
 Chinatown's hotels  
 in rotting houses  
 on sidewalks, heating vents  
 under bridges.

Waiting in food line ups  
 Sipping weak coffee  
 sitting playing Mah Jong in  
 crowded rooms.

You tell us, "You're all the same.  
 Asians. Rich Orientals. Immigrants."  
 Hide our history under  
 white rice paper.  
 Voiceless at high noon.

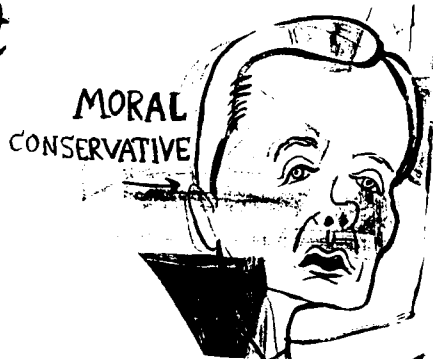
While we slave in factories  
 & ghettos  
 Colonized. Colonizers.  
 Yellow Peril.

三工  
 土  
 高  
 三  
 津

## JOYS AND HELLS OF CAMPING OUT

Oh the joys of camping in "Dear Dead Days"... Great memories of Ellphinstone... Artaban... Fircom by the sea... Bacon, Eggs, Marshmallows.. Hot Cocoa.. Camp fires under the stars... Pack up your troubles... Moonlight and roses.. Gitchee Gumee by the sea water... Far cry today from good friends camped out near the dumpster in the wilderness of a dark lane in the downtown eastside... Blanket pitched next to a stinking pile of garbage... Asphalt and/or bed rock for a mattress... No stars but flickering street lamps... No coyote howl but screams of brakes... sirens... stumble sounds... imprecations like black thunder...

Sam Roddan



### Class And Solidarity

"If You Have Come To Free Me..."

Noam Chomsky writes in his book "Class Warfare" that today "business tastes blood. They think they can roll back the whole social contract that's been developed over the past century...labour rights, human rights...anything other than making profit tomorrow." (page 50)

Many citizens are aware that the times are harsh. In fact, a majority of people are "strongly opposed to everything that's going on." (Chomsky, page 57) Often we don't know what to do in the face of this global war against ordinary people. Some bury their heads in the sand. Others become cynical, and still others lash out in anger at those closest to them, or at minority groups that are themselves powerless.

Ordinary people have been fighting for human rights for over two hundred years, and today we have an international business class that sees human rights as a restraint on its ability to make money. Those with power have divided the majority of citizens who oppose the global economy into "special interest groups." The Canadian Establishment is skilled at turning loggers against environmentalists, youth against seniors, the employed against the unemployed, men against women, frightened citizens against immigrants, and one ethnic group against another. We forget that the mother of all interest groups is the business class itself.

If we are to fight successfully against the transnational global economy, we have to

*fireball*  
the fireball again  
middle of the night  
I'll get up  
if I smell smoke  
*r.bear*



understand our own oppression and how that oppression is linked to the oppression of others - First Nations people who are still trying to negotiate land claims, seniors who are facing cuts to pension plans, youth who are experiencing huge unemployment and severe cuts in income, low income citizens who are suffering from cuts to social programs, workers who have no job security, see wages falling, and can't find full-time employment, women who hold the great majority of the lowest paid jobs in society, ill people neglected by a medical system under siege, students who can no longer afford post-secondary education, teachers who are frustrated by fifteen-years of cuts to education, small business people who cannot compete against corporate giants, and human beings throughout the world who are forced to move from one country to another because of a global economy that is creating unemployment everywhere.

As Lila Watson, an Aborigine Elder from Australia has said, "If you have come to free me, you are wasting your time. But if you have come because your liberation is bound up with mine, come let us work together."

Sandy Cameron

**DOWNTOWN  
EASTSIDE  
YOUTH  
ACTIVITIES  
SOCIETY**

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

**City - 5:45 p.m. - 11:45 p.m.  
Overnight - 12:30 a.m. - 8:30 a.m.  
Downtown Eastside - 5:30 p.m. 1:30 a.m.**

Wisconsin Historical Society - \$30

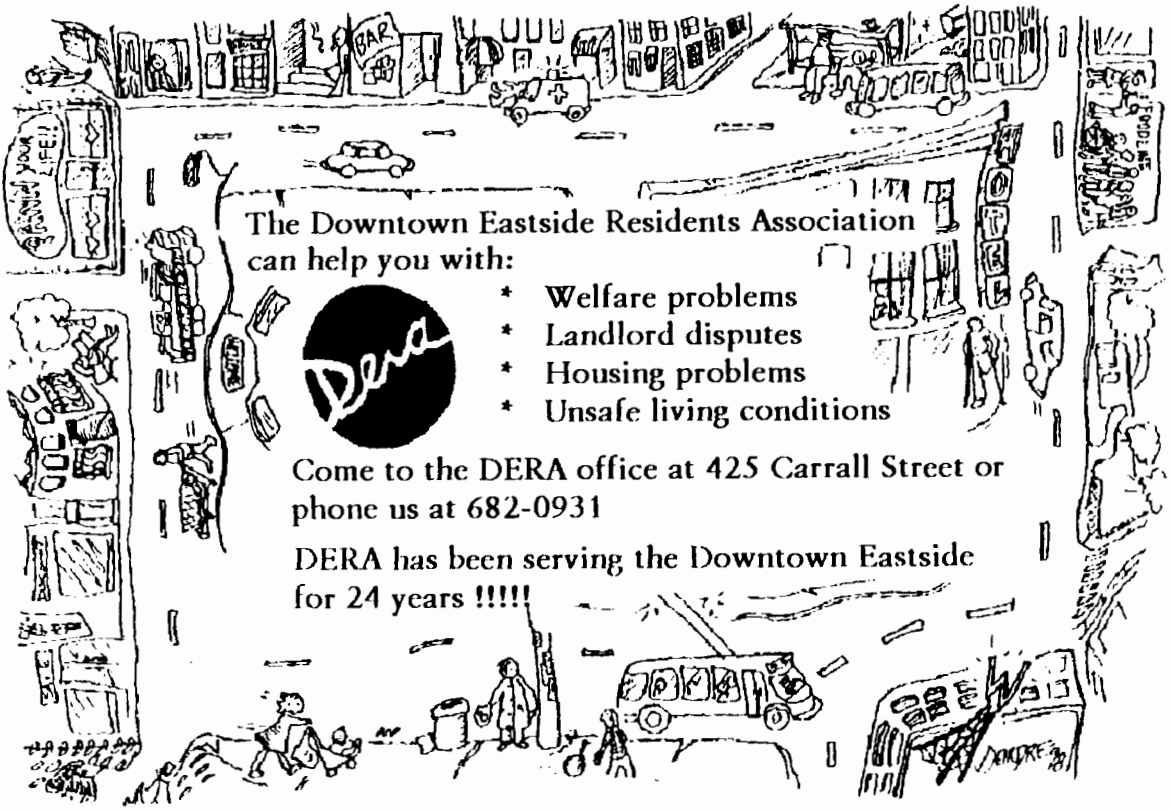
**1998 DONATIONS**  
Kettle - \$18  
Paula R. - \$10  
Wm. B. - \$32  
Joy T. - \$18  
Charley B. - \$15  
Libby D. - \$50  
Sam R. - \$40  
Rick Y. - \$45  
Sharon J. - \$30  
BCCW - \$25  
Ray-Cam - \$10  
Harold D. - \$20  
Sonya S. - \$80  
Nancy H. - \$35  
Jennifer M. - \$15  
Brenda P. \$10

Val A. - \$50  
Neil N. - \$20  
Helene S. - \$18  
Jenny K. - \$18  
Tim S. - \$18  
Thomas B. - \$14  
Beth L. - \$18  
Bill G. - \$100  
Rolf A. - \$25  
Bruce J. - \$14  
BCTF - \$12  
Sabitra - \$15  
Susan S. - \$7  
Margaret D. - \$20  
DEYAS - \$150  
PRIDE - \$50  
Pam B. - \$20  
CEEDS - \$50



THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE  
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION  
Articles represent the views of contributors  
and not of the Association.

**Submission Deadline  
for next issue  
Tuesday, August 12.**



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 !!!!!

June 10. A very nice-sounding lady from Roger's phoned today. She extended the **last** invitation to sign up for ME TV before they yanked it from my cable box.

Because she talked so nice, I decided to tell her, nicely, why I wasn't interested in the "package".

- I listed: 1. There's nothing on ME TV that I really like.
2. The only station I watch with any regularity is the History channel, but they repeat their programs too much, and they show mostly two or one star movies.
3. And mostly, I won't ever get ME TV if I'm forced to subsidize the Golf channel, or the car crashes that pervade on the Speedvision channel.
4. Even if I could afford it, it's not worth it.

The nice-sounding lady listened to me, then she closed with: "Well, if at any time in the future you change your mind, give Roger's a call."

Several hours later I was thinking of the nice lady, and I began to analyze the reasons I had given her for declining her invitation. My reasons were sincere, but something was missing in my response.

Then the answer filtered into my consciousness.

What I arrived at was that the extra channels on ME TV caused me to channel surf more, and thus, I never got hooked on any of the new stations. No new loyalties were formed.

I was constantly switching stations. Watching a bit of this and a few minutes of that, until something held my interest.

Such interest-holders were seldom on the ME TV channels.

I got really sick of channel surfing, and so, with the help of the TV guide, I became more selective, and if nothing in the TV guide looked good I'd just listen to the radio which is also a good form of "artificial company".

And that's the second part of my thesis.

Single people, bachelors, bachelorettes, people who live alone are probably among the majority who didn't sign up for ME TV.

Why not? It's confusing but stick with me.

Single people like some stability in their lives. And that is lacking when we become addicted to channel surfing!

We want to know that if there's nothing else to do, there's always Sherlock Holmes at seven o'clock on A&E, or good old Ally McBeal at nine.

Channel surfing detracts from quality TV watching. Thus, I didn't sign up, and I welcome the day when the extra, unwanted ME TV channels are removed and no longer intrude upon my home.

On the other hand, people who have children or roommates are probably among the majority who did sign up for ME TV because of peer pressure.

And also, because people who live with others aren't likely to be channel surfers lest they become very unpopular with their cohabiters.

So, there it is; the main reasons I won't be forking out any money on the looming 500 channel world of the near future - I couldn't handle it.

....

I sure wish I could talk to the nice-sounding lady again and tell her all this.

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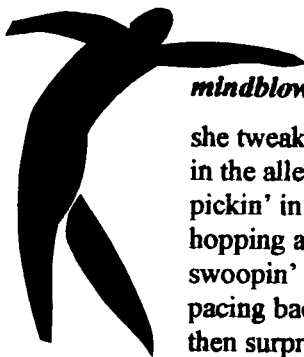
(\*This was written as input into an article being submitted to *The Drum*)

Stuart: It's a challenge to write without getting personally involved. (*Failed again.*)

It seems to be expedient for bureaucrats (and yes, Virginia, the administrators of the Vancouver Police Department are bureaucrats) to lump all recipients of particular funds or doing the same kind of work into the same category. Out of general cynicism and into naming names: the Chief of Police and the Mayor of Vancouver champion the idea that all participation in Neighbourhood Safety Offices (NSOs) should be voluntary - i.e. that no one should be in a paid position - this is narrow-minded and lacking in awareness.

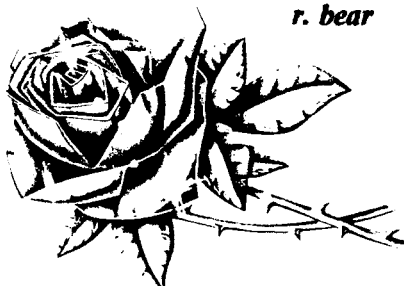
To be specific again, this idea is ludicrous when the work done by Deb Mearns at the Downtown Eastside's NSO on Hastings Street is lumped in with NSOs throughout the city. Stereotypically, Community Police Offices are vacant most of the time, or are deserted except for a lone volunteer on the front desk. This is taken as "the nature of the thing" and adequate reason to downgrade all NSOs to just places for cops to frequent when they get time?. The work done by Deb is on the most crucial issues in the area - that of children being exploited for sex, both through involvement in 'voluntary' solicitation and outright coercion due to the immigrant status of themselves and/or members of their family. Kids as young as 11 have been forced to become prostitutes (some even being chained to beds) to pay off their parents' head tax (paid via 'loans' from pimps); they are also coerced into being mules for drugs. Part and parcel of Deb's work is to be on the edge of the drug situation, gang interaction and which quasi-businesses are fronts for both.

Protesting loudly or demonstrating has little effect, especially when few people want to admit to the size of this problem. Deb is permitted to practice law; she has tremendous energy and the expertise to push buttons of people up and down the hierarchy of the Police and the municipal, provincial and federal governments. The advisory committee



*mindblower*

she tweakin'  
in the alley  
pickin' in pebbles 'nd glass  
hopping and bending  
swoopin' and swayin'  
pacing back and forth  
then surprise surprise  
on the black tarmac  
a one-handed cartwheel  
followed by a  
handspring!



*r. bear*



which supports and networks around this work keeps abreast of all actions by Police and various task forces. Deb spearheads the gathering and presentation of reports, activities and discoveries on how current procedures play out, often to the embarrassment of the mentioned hierarchies. On a most cynical note, it seems that this "volunteers only" thing is designed to take Deb and her work out of the picture, since it is full-time and more. It also seems to be gearing up to eliminate volunteers at NSOs who are street-wise or ex-addicts, by dint of them having to undergo a 'police investigation' and/or training to do what they are already doing.

Making the staff position at the Downtown Eastside's NSO non-existent by this blind approach ignores the positive work done to date and likens it with the empty space of so many other NSOs. Look to improving this, not relegating it to being just another empty storefront.

Respectfully submitted,  
PaulR Taylor

A preacher wanted to raise money for his church and, being told there was a fortune in the horse racing business, decided to buy one & enter it into the races. However, at the local auction, the going prices for horses was so steep that he ended up buying a donkey.

He figured that since he had it he might as well go ahead & enter it into a race. To his surprise it came in Third. The next day the racing sheets carried this headline:

**PREACHER'S ASS SHOWS!**

The preacher was so pleased with the donkey that he entered it again & this time the paper said:

**PREACHER'S ASS OUT IN FRONT!**

The Bishop was so upset with this type of publicity that he ordered the preacher not to enter the donkey in another race. The newspaper printed this:

**BISHOP SCRATCHES PREACHER'S ASS!**

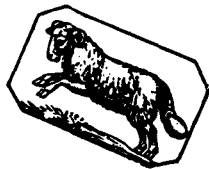
This was just too much for the Bishop, so he ordered the preacher to get rid of the donkey. The preacher decided to give it to a nun in the near-by convent. The headline ran:

**NUN HAS BEST ASS IN TOWN!**

The bishop fainted. He informed the nun that she would have to dispose of the donkey. She finally found a farmer who was willing to buy it for \$10, and the paper said:

**NUN PEDDLES ASS FOR TEN BUCKS!**

They buried the bishop the next day...



## **Drugs, Health & Carnegie**

**The Board of Directors is meeting  
to talk about this**

**Saturday, August 8, 2 p.m.**

*in the theatre*

### **Unwomanly Thoughts**

how I used to wish you dead  
my old love,  
unworthy opponent in the daily struggle;  
how I used to wish you dead

watching you sleeping peacefully  
after some fresh assault or torture

you, stronger, smarter, bigger  
without the need of my love to keep you fearful of  
abandonment

you, a decent man bedeviled by the potent potion  
pulsing through your brain;  
two persons.

I in love with one; shackled to the other.  
only your peaceful death would ease my heart.

H Harriman

