

FREE - donations accepted

CARNEGIE



NEWSLETTER

FEBRUARY 15, 1999.

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



give me a "C"; give me an "A"; give me an "R";
give me an "N"; give me an "E"; give me a "G";
give me an "I"; give me an "E" -- What does it
spell? CARNEGIE.

give me a "V"; give me an "A"; give me an "N" --
What does it spell? VAN

hip hip horay -- CARNEGIE is getting a VAN!!

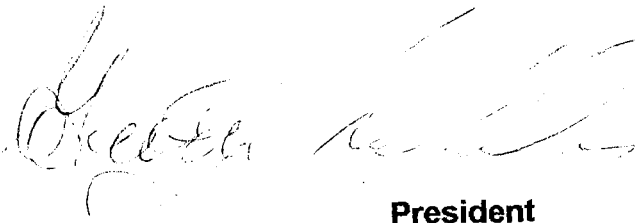
The Carnegie Seniors Executive have been fundraising to purchase a van for -oohh - it seems ions of centuries ago. Late October 1998, CanWest Bus Sales offered the Seniors a fully equipped used touring bus at a very affordable price. With a downpayment which is funded through the Seniors Lottery Foundation, the Seniors were able to obtain a loan through the City of Vancouver with affordable monthly payments.

It's only a matter of paperwork to go through yet, and the Carnegie will have their own touring bus.

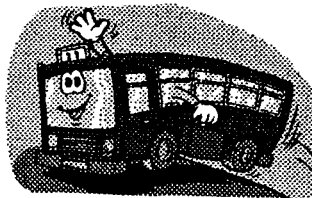
Our hopes are, that by the end of February, we will see Gram (the Carnegie Centre's 1999 Volunteer of the Year) and Andy Huclack (Carnegie Centre's 1998 Seniors Executive Vice President) cut the red bow presenting the touring bus to the Carnegie.

With many thanks to Seniors Lottery Foundation, Carnegie Community Centre's 1998 & 1999 Senior's Executive, Rob Chan (City of Vancouver), Ted Droettboom (City of Vancouver), Marilyn Sarti (Carnegie's Director), the Carnegie Community Centre Association, Sandy MacKeigan (Seniors Programmer) and all those who support the Seniors through their coffee sales in making this touring bus a reality.

Special thanks to our coffee seller who worked their Bunns off to make this possible.



President



Margaret Prevost, President, Carnegie Assoc.

Dear Margaret,

I just finished reading your January President's Report in the Carnegie Newsletter about impacts that the sale of rice wine has on our community.

I want to reiterate that my position, going back to when I was on City Council, has always been for the regulation of the sale of rice and cooking wine. I have consistently supported the need for Council to conduct frequent show cause hearings against businesses that engage in the illegal sale of rice and

cooking wine. As the local MLA, I remain committed to seeing appropriate regulation in place for the sale of rice wine and action against those who dont comply. I know the health impacts are devastating, including irreparable damage to the brain, kidneys and throat.. sometimes death. This cannot continue and I completely support you and your ongoing efforts and dedication to the residents of the Downtown Eastside. If I can be of any assistance, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Sincerely,

Jenny Wai Ching Kwan, MLA

Volunteer Vancouver

301-3102 Main Street, Vancouver, BC V5T 3G7

Dear Sir/Madam:

I am writing this letter in support of 'Gram' as the Carnegie Community Centre Association's nominee to your organisation as Vancouver's Volunteer-of-the-Year. 'Gram' is a very special person and she has been with us for many, many years. I would like to say that she is an institution at the Carnegie Centre but that would deny the personality that has made such a deep impression on everyone - staff, other volunteers, and patrons of the Centre - with whom she has come in contact.

'Gram' has a real name but I am not going to give you it because she has been 'Gram' as long as any of us can remember and it is 'Gram' who we are nominating.

In all our long association with her, 'Gram' has never asked anything for herself, not even the kitchen/concession tickets that we provide to every volunteer at the Carnegie Centre. But, she has given her heart and soul to our Centre, and she has embraced the residents of the Downtown Eastside with her heart, her kindness and her acceptance.

In addition to her welcoming presence at the Carnegie Centre, 'Gram' has single-handedly brought Vancouver's art and culture within reach of our community residents, most of whom would not otherwise be able to experience them. She can produce tickets to an extraordinary performance at the drop of a hat and then she fills those seats with people, many of whom have never been able to afford tickets to a play, an opera or a ballet. By this alone, she has enriched the lives of many in our community.

Dealing with 'Gram' comes with a price. She demands and receives, from everyone she encounters, a standard of behaviour that exceeds expectation. And she does it all with a smile, a slight suggestion or a piece of gum if someone is having a coughing attack in the middle of a performance.

I think 'Gram' is 87 years old this year, though I might be mistaken by 48 years. When I told her that she was Carnegie Centre's nominee for Vancouver's Volunteer-of-the-Year, she hugged me and said that she would do everything she could to be the best Volunteer-of-the-Year she could be. That says it all.

Respectfully submitted, on behalf of the Board of Directors of the Carnegie Community Centre Association,

Peter Fairchild,
Chairperson, Volunteer Committee.

Dear 'Gram',

4 February 1999

This letter is to tell you, officially, that the Board of Directors of the Carnegie Community Centre Association has selected you as our Volunteer-of-the-Year, and that we are nominating you as our



recommendation to be the Volunteer-of-the-Year for the entire City of Vancouver.

'Gram', you have enriched the lives of every person working in, volunteering at or using the Carnegie Centre. I am not going to embarrass you by listing everything you have done for us and how we all feel about you. However, I am enclosing a copy of the letter that the Board has sent to Volunteer Vancouver so you will know how much we appreciate you.

I will say that we all believe that you are a very special person and we are going to do everything we can to convince Volunteer Vancouver to make you the City's Volunteer-of-the-Year. You deserve this and more. By unanimous decision of the Board of Directors, Carnegie Community Centre Association.

For Margaret Prevost, President, CCCA



Neighbourhood News

* Got a phonecall asking about a rally/demonstration. "It's about social housing and it's in Oppenheimer Park at noon on Wednesday." "You know more than I do." Turns out it was supposed to mirror a rally in Ottawa about homelessness and poverty. The one there had about 300 people present and 10 got arrested. The one here had about 50 people, yet people who are anti-poverty activists with track records or involved in housing as a social issue were pretty scarce. Reps from other groups came & spoke, talking about Native Youth, Rape Relief, harm reduction, but few groups in the Downtown Eastside had much to do with it. Organizers are still 'aligned' (to be polite) with Bill Kay and his miraculously-appearing-for-free paper. It's sad when people get used and their legitimate

energy gets slimed. It's a no-go...

* On Tuesday, February 9, in the afternoon, some kind of demonstration or march happened outside Carnegie, but no one knows what it was about!
* On Wednesday, February 10, the owners of a bunch of 24-hour stores near Carrall & Hastings held a demonstration - with press attending - saying they were closing their stores to protest the violence. Seems that the person in MJM got beaten to within an inch of his life a few days before. One owner tried to blame Carnegie Action Project volunteers, who got MJM on the evening news a few days before the beating because the guy was still selling rice wine to alcoholics and he'd lied and tried to cover it up while telling said volunteers to get out of his store. The police were pretty clear that the beating had to do with cigarettes and a rip-off, but the owners are concerned. Maybe having 6 or 13 such 24-hour convenience stores within a block of each other and them all thriving says something about the kind of business that really goes on 24 hours a day...

* The Police Liaison meeting was attended by over twenty people. The issue of Missing Persons was first and foremost - and almost all missing people from the Downtown Eastside are working women. The cop running the meeting got a little bent when Mark Townsend made statements that treatment of cases of people from here is according to unwritten policy - women living in this area and working the streets are tacitly relegated to secondary priorities because 'their lifestyle is inherently dangerous.'

The initial reaction was indignant, but Liz Evans, the psychiatric nurse on staff at the Portland Hotel, re-minded the cop(s) she had reported two women missing in the last 3 weeks, yet no one - no police officers, no investigators, no social workers - had called, written, e-mailed or contacted any staff at the Portland to ask any questions about either woman. It was as if they just weren't important. The issue is alive and growing... Dave Dixon said that any kids under 17 found 'cruising' in the area are immediately picked up and sent home or put in care of the Ministry of Children and Families.

* The Police Inspector was transferred out and a formal protest was filed with the Police Complaint Commissioner. The concerns in the document go to policy decisions made by the senior management of the police department - namely Chief Constable Chambers (3 glasses of wine and driving!) and Mayor Philip Owen ("I'm going to clean up the Downtown Eastside" - à la Gastown-chic of the McCoy/Bennett/Whorral/Sali grunge who just ganged up on Russ Foster and pressured the police to transfer him out of the Gastown Community Police office because he wouldn't lead the rent-a-cops in their crusade to run all undesirables out of Dodge .. er, Gastown...) - and ask what the role is, in black&white, of the community in any & all such decisions and the entire decision-making process. As a major accomplishment, the complaint was accepted by the Complaint Commissioner and the entire matter will be investigated.

* A story in the *Vancouver Sun* about methadone was followed by one espousing "turf wars" as the major stumbling block in getting better treatment facilities (to be read as getting any more treatment facilities...) It never named people but the story underneath the vague generalities is ugly. Seems that one doctor is really into prescribing methadone while being on the Board of the Health service responsible for funding it and being a co-owner of the halfway houses for methadone users that automatically get their whole welfare cheques while not even providing beds or food or programs of any kind - essentially a piece of floor out in the 'burbs

somewhere for \$500 a week, 'cause no one can stay any longer without going hungry or being driven to use again. The article has the un-named locals calling such a doctor a 'methadone-pusher' but ascribes it to some kind of philosophical difference rather than seeing greed for what it is. It's all pabulum for the nice-white "better people". * Great ideas are just bubbling from Sharon Kravitz (Speaking in Chalk, Walls of Change) and have to do with making the first floor of the build-



I always hated those bastards on welfare. Now I am one.

ing at Carrall & Hastings into a multi-use centre for the community. Arts, crafts, an industrial kitchen, murals, teaching, training, sharing of skills, displays and selling of local work, a drop-in and casual interchange... the owner of the space gets blown away by the creative possibilities being seriously considered. Sharon has learned from the ground up what's involved in getting literally dozens of individuals and agencies and businesses to contribute their own bits to making something happen - the **Walls of Change** project is a shining example of just what is possible. The word "Gleaning" will soon be a part of our vocabulary, as Sharon has information on this for using the few unkempt patches of land in the area for food while contacting organic growers and markets for the not-quite-perfect ('non-commercial-but-fine') fruits and vegetables that don't make it to the stores. More on this soon.

PRT

Drugs ("dope") may lead to nowhere but
at least it's the scenic route to the grave.

Joe Paul



Tarot Poem

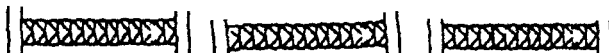
I was always bored in the gallery
One foot in tomorrow
One sunken in yesterday
And me between the worlds

Some still walk in the Celtic tradition
With an arrow thru the foot
We're gathering there what am I remembering?
It's collapsing with air
she's talking about another time
Thru a tunnel of wind
Once stood on a pedestal
Now hung from a tree

My lover said
That there was a woman in the park
Straddled over a man on a bench
While another man looked on
Once I couldn't breathe
When I was with you on Hastings Street
And was bent over at the base of a tree
And you laughed when you said
The one with the nice car
She thought I was your whore
And didn't want to help me

Golden Mile Bingo

There will be a great new place to play when
Golden Mile Bingo opens its doors for the first
time on February 12. It will be located in the old
Jackpot Bingo Hall at 877 East Hastings Street.
Play begins at noon on Wednesdays, Fridays,
Saturdays and Sundays and at 3:00 other days.
New management, friendly staff, non-smoking
section and lots of entertainment as you win!



The present situation is that we have no money
Present expectations are that we will get money
somehow

What we don't expect are loyal and trusted friends
The immediate future is the Queen of cups
Mother, wife or lover

The long term future is the moon
The journey into the underworld
Where snarling dogs snap at our heels
And there's a road ahead if only we could see it
And two gold towers our destination
Tripping up the avenue of blind faith

fog in-between us

When you get clean your eyes get
bluer and wider and see more
And I see what you must have looked like as a boy

Next I remember stepping out into the terror
My windpipe stopped up & a hand over my mouth
But now I have found again my own voice
My own voice is opening to me
And so follows the world too
She has swallowed it all up
Connected to the gentleness of it
Air in connecting and air out letting go
And in the centre just space
Will we take it all in
So that we can get to a different place

Irene Laughlin

Treat downtown residents as equals, not supplicants

Simon Davis's comments regarding agency turf in the Downtown Eastside might be more convincing if he had done some reliable research (Social agency turf wars impede drug abusers' progress, *Insight*, Feb. 9). There may be 276 social service agencies in the area if you include the SPCA, Victorian Order of Nurses and the Crisis Line, among dozens of organizations that serve the whole city.

The number of 276 was determined by former premier Mike Harcourt's staff in 1993 and has achieved the status of a mantra among those who accept it uncritically. By my own count, there are about 45 groups serving the Downtown Eastside and Strathcona, including elementary schools,

community centres, health clinics, etc., which one finds in every other neighbourhood.

As a long-time community worker in the Downtown Eastside, I have found that the level of coordination and cooperation among organizations is better than it has ever been — amazingly so given the meagre levels of funding and resources for the tasks required of them. Certainly, groups and individuals have differences over principles, as well as personality. In my experience, such differences rarely get in the way of providing effective service.

What is unique about the Downtown Eastside is the way it has been colonized in a way that could only happen in a poor neighbourhood. For decades, professionals and

public officials have presumed they know what is best for the neighbourhood, treating the entire community as a population of clients and patients. More recently, entrepreneurs have moved in on the area. Ranging from drug dealers to property developers, they consider the area only as a profit centre, to be exploited. None of these groups treats the local population as citizens of a community.

Little will change until we start treating residents of the area like equal partners in decision-making processes, rather than supplicants in need of services, addicts to exploit or public nuisances to be removed.

JEFF SOMMERS
Vancouver

The Wrong Idea

I had written a piece my friend, visiting from Kitchener, thought, months after I wrote it, when I read it to her, *said everything*, though the piece was merely the teiteration of a conversation I had had while waiting for a bus, a conversation in which I had felt, and still feel, I said *nothing*, or almost nothing, even if I had, during the conversation, prattled on and on about this and that, barely allowing the person with whom I was conversing to, as they say, get a word in edgewise, or in any other way interrupt my rather didactic string of declarations and opinions and so-called expressions of feelings, and was completely dissatisfied with it (the piece), even if I thought of it, and still think of it, as the best thing I've ever written (not at all the best conversation I've ever had). I want to write about Kilbear Park and the giggling girls and windy Harold Pt. and the bluest sky of 1971, or

about my first kiss (in the woods!) and running home elated and eating chocolate chip cookies with milk in our kitchen 15 minutes later, about the automatic paint brush assembler I operated, around which I danced like a blue collar dervish, its ten thousand adjustments, about another conversation with a philosopher who planted her feet on my chair 2 hours after we met (an inch between us) and 12 hours later was gone to Europe, but I can't, or won't. Instead of peach-colored sheets I write about the freezing grey blanket of late February, instead of the long, thoughtful walks I took late at night in my high school years I write about my obsessive search for poisonous plants, instead of the natural bonsai my brother and I found atop a dune at The Pinery, I write about the dead elms of Ontario. Otherwise, people might get *the wrong idea*.

Dan Feeny



My Life is Like the Wind

There is nothing to hold it down.

(Rico, an 8 yr-old street kid in Rio de Janeiro)

(This poem dedicated in collective resistance to the recent changes in the child pornography law)

Children abandoned in the streets of the world
Their life is like the wind - nothing to hold them down
Scattered in sleeping bags
Or huddled together in corners
Sad, hardened faces carved by bad weather
Some are dying inside
Displaced, shot on church steps
Pulled out of bed, shamed in school
Made to work 'til sunset
Raped and stolen and assassinated
Slaves to economies
Of prostitution and pornography
Money changing hands
Cold-blooded murder raining
Like the time it got inside and I was tryin' to kick it
But it was kickin' me inside

Children kept behind fences
Some making clothing in factories
For the children in North America to wear
And some well-dressed children
Drowning themselves
In pools of loneliness and abandonment
Some the bottle and the needle have piped
Into the hell of anonymous cars

The children of Ireland
Played in mud puddles and
Underneath clothing lines
Pelting rocks at armoured trucks
And running about boxes of guns
Stored in basements

And some of the children of this racist country
Have been reserved contaminated land
And their bodies instead of growing
Like strong reeds in clear water

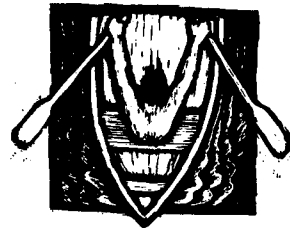
Women's Writings

In honour of the women in our community, we invite all women to submit writings to the Carnegie Newsletter. We invite you to send us your poems, commentaries, personal writings, announcements, rants or what have you... We'll put these writings together in a special women's insert in the newsletter. There is a drop-off envelope on the door of the staff office in the Learning Centre (3rd floor, Carnegie).

For more information, contact Beverley or Sarah at the Women Break the Silence project.

Ph# 682-3269 mailbox# 8319.

We look forward to hearing from you!



Were sprayed with pesticides
Damaged by alcohol, stolen language and beatings

Children hiding in closets
At seven he hid in cardboard boxes
At 12 pushed to the ground with a gun to his head
At thirteen father to an abandoned family
Children are hanging upside down on monkey-bars
Spare the rod and spoil the child

Small adults in baroque paintings
Skipping developmental stages
Collectively we should be calling them home
But they've been turned out of their father's house

Pawns of the world's power structures
Crushed in the constructs of economic pyramids
Last on the list of global priorities

Irene Laughlin



"What we have here is a failure to communicate."
Cool Hand Luke

An article in the *Vancouver Sun*, "Carnegie Centre conflict imperils bridge-building" (Jan.30/99), suggests that there is a breakdown in communication between the Carnegie Community Centre Association and the Carnegie Centre Director. The smooth running of the Centre depends on good communication, and if a conflict exists, let it be resolved by mediation or conflict resolution.

When the Carnegie Centre opened in 1980, Carnegie patrons had little say in how the Centre was run. Instead of a Board elected by Carnegie members, there was an Advisory Committee to the Director, appointed by City Council. The first Carnegie Director, Jim McDowell, worked hard to give Carnegie patrons more say in how the Centre was run. In his speech at the opening ceremonies, January 20, 1980, McDowell said, "...education is a political act because I know it involves people in learning about the relationships between power and powerlessness... I think this Centre should belong to the people who live and work in this part of the city so they can use it to improve the quality of their lives."

How to share power would be a major question at the Carnegie Centre from day one - and it's still a major question.

By the time Jim McDowell left Carnegie in February 1983, the Advisory Committee had changed its name to the Carnegie Community Centre Advisory Board, and the members of the Carnegie Community Centre Association, incorporated on September 7, 1982, had the power to elect 15 of the 21 Board members. In the next few

years, the 6 appointed members were dropped, leaving the Carnegie Community Centre Association elected Board of 15 members.

In April, 1987, a new Carnegie Community Centre Association Board helped to build a process of consultation involving the Carnegie Director, the Association Board and City Hall that would enable the Centre to run smoothly for the next ten years. Among the Carnegie members who were on the Board were Irene Schmidt, Paul Taylor, Sheila Baxter, Sam Snobelen, Bharb Gudmundson and Muggs Sigurgeirson. The Board stressed the role of the Carnegie Community Centre Association as the voice of Carnegie patrons, and as an advisor to the Carnegie Director. True, the Carnegie Community Centre Association had no legal position from which to demand a significant voice in the running of Carnegie, but it did have a powerful, moral right. The Centre wasn't just a drop-in place for Carnegie patrons. It was their living room, and some patrons have been active at Carnegie since 1980. Also, the hard work of Carnegie's hundreds of volunteers, plus a committed staff, made the Centre a success. Without its volunteers, Carnegie could not function. To question the right of Carnegie members to be part of the decision making process in their own living room through their own Association is to undermine the democratic process about which Jim McDowell spoke so eloquently.

A win/win conflict resolution process is based on the idea that most conflicts have several possible solutions. It recognises that there may be differences between us, but we are more likely to be successful if we work together to resolve them. It involves respect for others, patience, being open to other points of view, not taking issues personally and keeping lines of communication open. At a time when the level of stress is so high in the Downtown Eastside, surely we can make a determined effort to resolve our differences with respectful dialogue.

By SANDY CAMERON

BROWN BAGGER SERIES
on
WELFARE RIGHTS

- March 1 End Legislated Poverty
March 8 BC Coalition of People with Disabilities: Advocacy Access Program
March 15 D.E.R.A.

12:30 - 1:30 P.m.

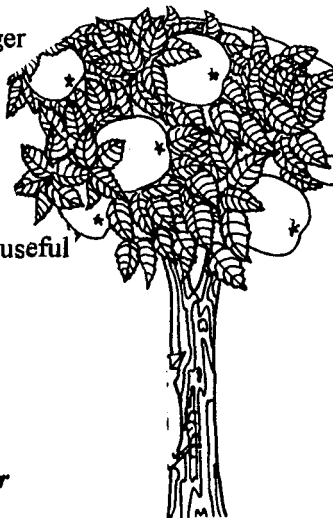
Art Gallery, Third Floor, Carnegie

Please join us for a brief presentation, lots of discussion and coffee!



In the early morning hours
I've seen many things
many things that go unheard...
but you get wiser
And look beyond
to a place that only you know
where you can grow
with each new experience, stronger
someday the Creator will reveal
what each and every one of
your hurts
your lessons were for
a reason
and that knowledge will become useful
to such a high degree
that only you will know
and you will know
at that specific point
what was meant...

Marnie Crassweller



MY VEGETABLE LOVE

My love is like a lettuce leaf
Frail and limp after its day.
Used to be it had the quality of a MacIntosh-
Crisp and sweet and tart,
Or maybe a Chinese radish - hot on the tongue.
Lately it's mashed potato sandwiches declares a man
Jaded by too many nubile young loves.

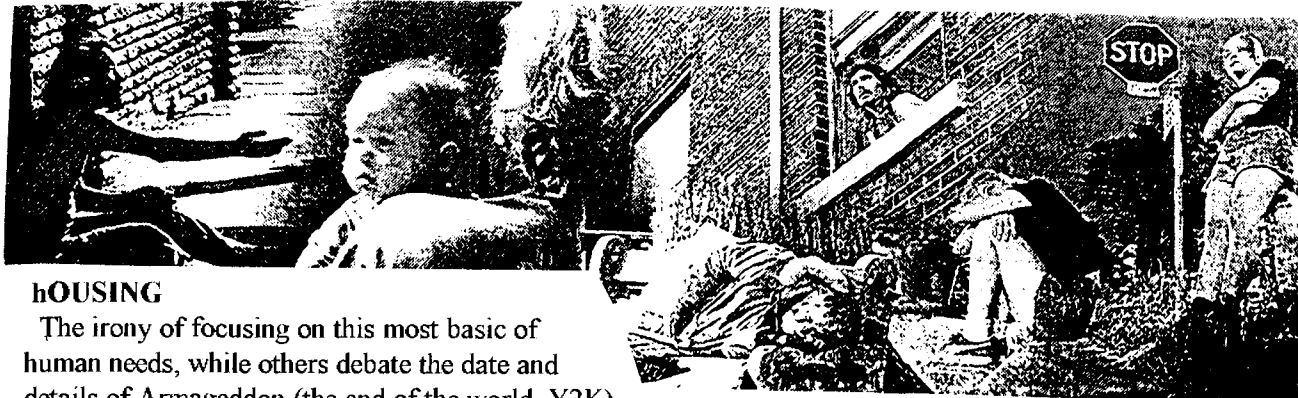
I want ruby-red tomatoes in my salade d'amour;
Organic carrots in my soupe du jour
Fresh and dirty beets for boiling in their skins.
And avocados of course.

Wilhelmina

Reminiscing over times gone by
I hurt
I loved
I cared
And by chance
by chance...

I've learned.
Can you say that you've learned
and come out above
come out knowing more
caring more
having an understanding for life
for a life less
for any life...
Care
go beyond your boundaries and listen
because listening opens doors
doors of perception
I'm thinking...
thinking...
I long to tap into
a lifetime
tap into what matters
in what matters in your feelings
So...
so I can care and learn...

Marnie Crassweller



HOUSING

The irony of focusing on this most basic of human needs, while others debate the date and details of Armageddon (the end of the world, Y2K) isn't lost on community leaders. "A lot of issues are more glamorous than social housing, but secure shelter is crucial to our health and well-being." (BC Non-Profit Housing Association)

The problem of providing adequate, affordable shelter is complex. A major impediment is the federal government's decision to eliminate funding for any new social housing initiatives in Canada. They did this in 1993. Prior to this the feds provided 2/3 of the cost and provinces picked up the other 1/3. In BC this resulted in about 1800 units a year. Over the past 5 years BC and one other province are the only ones still building social housing - all others, including Alberta and Ontario, have followed the feds and eliminated all affordable housing. The results are the recent admission by government across the land: homelessness is a national disaster.

"This is another example of the federal government balancing its books on the backs of the poor," says Vanessa Geary of Tenants' Rights Action Coalition. "And where has it gotten us? Canada is no further ahead economically relative to other nations. We're perhaps worse off economically. We're clearly worse off from a social standpoint."

Today in BC there are growing numbers of poor people in need of affordable housing, with almost 1 in 4 paying more than 50 percent of their income on rent. There is a causal link between the lack of affordable housing and homelessness, poverty, health and other social problems. The elimination of federal funding has led directly to the non-replacement of rental housing that is either demolished or converted to condominiums or just

becomes "owner-occupied" market housing.

We have only to look at Ontario to see what happens when both federal and provincial governments combine to eliminate any funding for new social housing and make cuts to other social services. As a result of these regressive policies, there are at least 30,000 homeless people in Toronto alone and over 200,000 nation-wide.

It is now incumbent on communities to seek private/public partnerships, to develop joint ventures and to raise funds from a variety of sources to provide even a fraction of needed housing. Richard Peddie of BC Housing says, "Communities are leaders in the new era of affordable housing. We follow the lead of the community, providing funds and assistance wherever possible. Municipalities hold a lot of power in that they can bring land assets to the table at lower or zero cost. They also can provide development grants or change zoning regulations. Many people hope that municipalities will use these powers to give preference to social housing initiatives in a more systematic way."

The issue of secondary suites is a thorn for city governments in that the existence of 'extra' tenants means more need for city services like water, garbage, and sewer use. The costs go up but the taxes are still assessed on the basis of these "illegal" suites not being there. Secondary suites remain a major source of affordable housing for over 100,000 people and ways are being found to satisfy all needs - public and private.

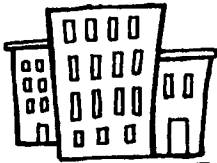
[Another way to provide more affordable housing is for the government to look at how the private

sector does business. BC Housing paid over \$5 million to buy the Sunrise and Washington hotels. Normal transactions involve putting up about \$350,000 in cash to make a purchase of this size and financing the rest. If the government had done it the way private entrepreneurs do it, up to 15 hotels could have been purchased. This is very simplified but worth considering.]

“Municipal incentives are great and we need more of them, more often,” said Sean McEwen of the Lower Mainland Network for Affordable Housing. “But governments at all levels need to look at housing funding as an important part of our social safety network. If we don’t wake up to the problem the shortage of affordable housing will cost us dearly as a society, economically as well as socially.”

(*Most of this came from BC Housing, as part of promoting a series on social housing on the Knowledge Network. It is in 6 parts and airs on Tuesdays at 7:00 p.m. & Saturdays at 2:00 p.m.)

“Affordable Housing Opens Doors”



Come one .. Come All!

Carnegie Volunteers, Tutors & Learners

Free oldstyle Mississippi Paddlewheel

Great River Trip

Free Eats & Drinks

Free Fun (laughing, funny friends, nice & jolly)

Enjoy the Smell of the Sea

and beautiful scenes you’ve never seen

Meet every Wednesday at 2 p.m.

Carnegie Learning Centre



Waiter Was Wrong Robber

Being a prime bank robbery suspect wasn’t exactly the way Mike White planned to kick off the new year. Several eyewitnesses alerted authorities just before New Year’s that they had observed him running frantically from the bank at Commercial and Broadway with an undisclosed amount of cash in a duffel bag. They further alleged that he masterminded the heist as he thriftily utilised the bus as the getaway vehicle.

“To put it gently, my wife and I were having a heated lovers’ dispute,” says White, a waiter at the Patricia Hotel. “We were arguing for a good half-hour when suddenly I realized I had less than 20 minutes to bus it to work. She was still screaming at me.”

Bolting from his home, White boarded the Sky-train and got off at Broadway Station where he raced across Broadway to catch the northbound bus on Commercial.

“Everything was fine and dandy until two stops down,” White states. “It really choked me up because several cops surrounded the bus with guns pointing at my head. I thought my wife called the cops on me. Believe me, if I thought you could print the things that I was thinking, ...”

No injuries were reported in this mistaken identity ordeal as police explained to White that their suspect bore an uncanny resemblance to him. The real crook is still at large, possibly even sippin’ margarita’s with a bunch of bikini-clad babes on a tropical island...

By RUSSELL CROSSLEY

**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.**

1999 DONATIONS Libby D.-\$50
Sam R.-\$20 Nancy W.-\$20 Agnes -\$6
Margaret D.-\$25 Shyamala G.-\$25
Jenny K.-\$18 Joy T.-\$25 Eve E.-\$20
Rick Y.-\$25 Jennifer M.-\$20 Val A.\$9
Thomas B.-\$16 Harold D.-\$3
Rolf A.-\$10 Bruce J.-\$18 Susan S.-\$7
Kettle -\$18 Sonya S.-\$60 Beth L.-\$25
Nancy H.-\$18 BCTF-\$10 Yukiko-\$10
DEYAS-\$20 PRIDE-\$20 Wm. B.-\$18
Heather S.-\$4 BCCW-\$20 Bill G.-\$80
Wisconsin Historical Society -\$20
Anonymous -\$3 RayCam -\$70 Brenda P.-\$10
Van M.P.A. -\$75 Rolf A. -\$45

FREE -donations accepted

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

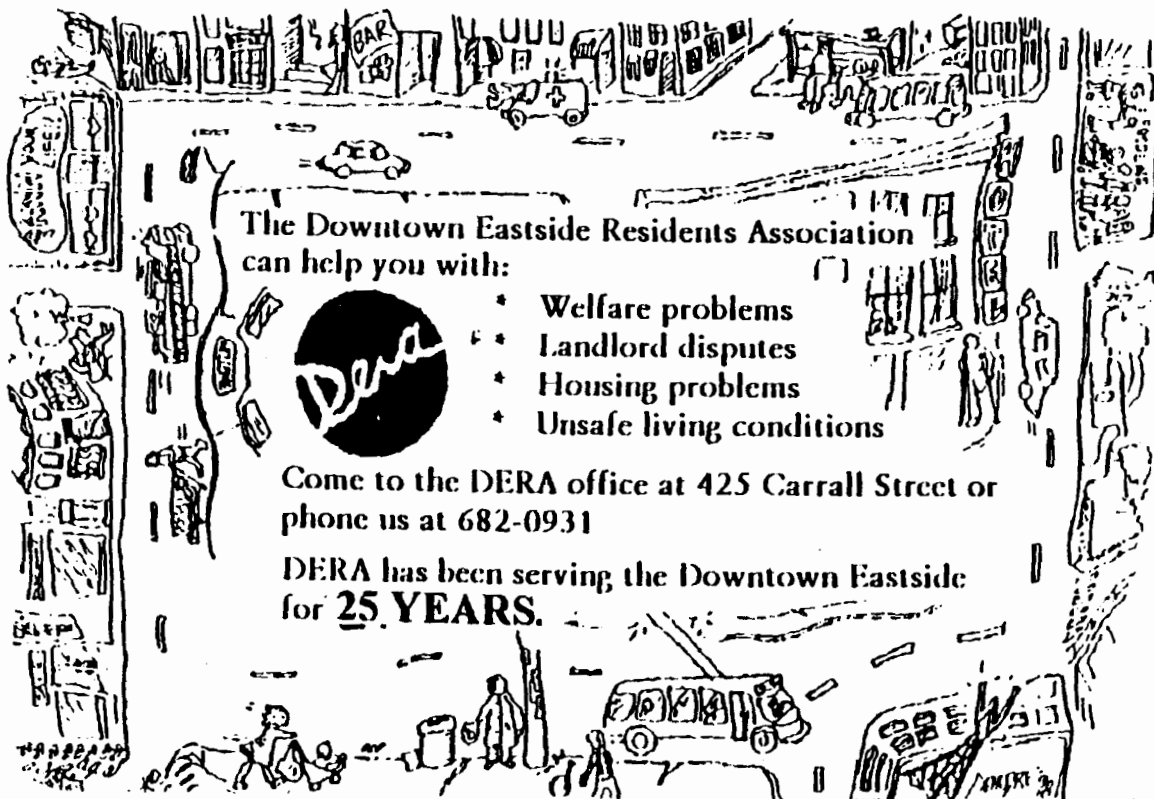
401 Main Street, Vancouver V6P 1T7 (604) 682-3288

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**

Thursday, February 25.



**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 25 YEARS.**

PROVEN JOB FINDING STRATEGIES

Get Results Through: *Fourward Action Training*

(12 Week Training Program)

INDUSTRY RECOGNIZED CERTIFICATES

- ◆ SuperHost Fundamentals
- ◆ Serving It Right
- ◆ FoodSafe
- ◆ WHMIS
- ◆ Traffic Control Training
- ◆ St. John Ambulance First Aid

IN-HOUSE CERTIFICATE

- ◆ Basic Introduction to Computers

Start Date: March 8, 1999

Exclusively for:

- Those who have been in receipt of Income Assistance/BC Benefits for the last nine months or longer*.

Located at:

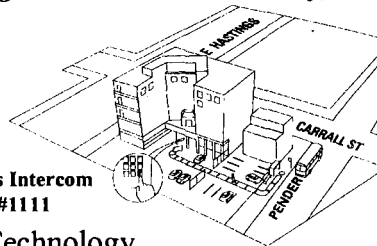
PRIDE Centre (*People Responsible for Improving Downtown Economy*)

110 - 1st Floor, 425 Carrall Street (off Pender Street)

Vancouver, BC V6B 6E3

Phone: (604) **685-1288**

Fax: (604) 669-9593



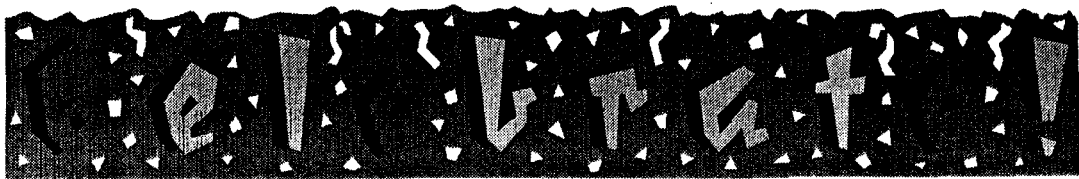
Press Intercom
#1111

Funded by the Ministry of Advanced Education, Training And Technology

* Priority given to 19-24 years old. Seats available for mature students

Four Corners Community Development Society

Attention: Get Your Resume Done! Mon-Wed-Thurs 1:00pm



CHINESE Feb. 21st NEW YEAR

VISIT TO THE
BUDHIST TEMPLE



3:00pm - Please sign up at Information
Desk if your interested.

VIDEO "Silk Road: The Art Gallery in the Desert"

- (1. The multicultural" source of Chinese tradition.)
- (2. The religious celebration with vegetarian feast.)

10:00am showing in the Art Gallery - 3rd floor



LION DANCE @ 12:00pm-12:30pm : Main Floor



CHINESE CHOIR

Thursday, February 18th 3:00pm &
Sunday, February 21st 12:30pm



LUNCHEON

A traditional luncheon in honour of our volunteers,
prepared & served by volunteers

12:30pm - theatre. Doors open at noon.



Carnegie Community Centre 401 Main Street

task force on downtown eastside drug overdose deaths

1998 marked the most drug overdose deaths
ever recorded in one year in bc
365

and there have been 2000 drug overdose deaths
in the past 6 years in british columbia
900 of these deaths
have occurred in vancouver
and 500 of those in the downtown eastside

there are already more overdose deaths this month
than for january a year ago
and now

white middleclass teenage kids are injecting heroin
in the suburbs

portland oregon and seattle
along with baltimore

have the highest
per capita
drug overdose death rates
in the entire united states

portland and seattle are the models
the attorney general of bc
and the mayor of vancouver are choosing

we have ample testimony
from europe
where they have begun to heal these wounds
of what we should do
and that is
implement safe injection sites immediately

to me
a death sentence
seems an extreme form
of abstinence

bud osborn



As we're all very aware, the Lower Mainland is a very rainy place. And, as some of us are aware of, when it rains heavily for several days the drainage system below the concrete and asphalt becomes overburdened and people find their basements flooded with stinking, bacteria-laden water flowing up through their drain pipes.

((a peatbog is capable of absorbing 12 times its own volume of water)))

If every city in the Lower Mainland had a Burns Bog, we'd be much healthier people instead of the wheezing, headachy, confused sorry lot we are.

GOVERNMENTAL ANARCHY

You knock over a cup of water. Clumsy! The water spreads across the table and before it reaches the edge you run and grab a sponge. The water is sopped up easily and then squeezed neatly into your kitchen sink. You bless the sponge and put it back in its special place.

.....
A peatbog is a very old swamp that once flourished with many plants. So many, in fact, that the plants ran out of space and died from lack of nourishment.

The thick layer of dead plants slowly sank and new plants grew over it. But they too overflourished, died, and also sank.

This process repeated itself over and over again across the generations of time. The dead layers of plants were so wet and tightly packed together that they couldn't fully decay, and, thus, the swamp became a peatbog of partially decomposed plants, capable of absorbing **twelve times its own volume of water** - like a sponge.

Near the sea and the mouth of the Fraser River is a special place called Burns Bog, where thousands of plant and animal species thrive.

Surrounding this magnificent ecosystem is an ever-increasing layer of concrete and asphalt upon which machines and vehicles produce a terrible amount of pollution that Burns Bog helps to filter from our breathing air.

But it has become painfully obvious that our leaders have no concern for long term health and well-being if there's a buck to be made or another concrete monument to be erected that will glorify their accomplishments here and now.

Our leaders have proven themselves to be dangerous people by having no regard for the distant future. They keep destroying life-sustaining forests for the sake of the "economy." They keep building up, tearing down and always expanding for the sake of the "economy." They buy and distribute contaminated blood products in the name of fiscal responsibility.

They keep diverting our attention away from their harmful folly by dividing and factionalizing us with propaganda from their corporate news machines.

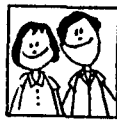
That being said, it's plain to see that if Burns Bog is to be saved, as it must be - not part of it; all of it - then the era of meek activism must end.

Garry Gust



Poetry in motion - the heart that heals

When first we spoke our loving lines
We also started listening
As we began to see each other
in ourselves
We begin to see ourselves
As loving lights
Glowing



Love has no beginning .. It has no end.

Dreamweaver



Don't Give Up

(my version)

There have been many times that I want to give up
When life's too much of a challenge and I feel like 'a pup'
A baby needing to be nurtured, coddled & loved
But there's no such thing & why look up above?

No, I'm not always this negative & so depressed
I just have these moments where there's virtually no success.
The rainbow's a cloud.. a gray one at that!!
And I've given up on hope; I'm tired of going to bat.

For 4 years I fought like a bat out of hell
Regarding my children but there was no one to tell
We were treated as the culprits, the liars, the scams
So after awhile I 'pretend' that I don't give a damn.

"Act as though"; "Pretend to be happy"
Whereas in retrospect life's ever so crappy
So please believe me that you're not alone
And as so many say, "Just pick up the phone!!"
OR WHATEVER WORKS!

Yvonne Mark

It is early morning now
My heart, it is at peace
The ego throws its doubts around
The Spirit is at peace.
The mind is waking slowly
Amazed by the new day
Light flows gently by
as it always does
A few strong waves
Breaking on the rocky shore
And the ocean is still.
Strong winds blow
Shaking all the trees
The heart is in love
Flowing gently in the Source
Careless and free
The light blesses the light
The end becomes the start
Somewhere in the middle
of all Creation.

Dreamweaver



PEACE

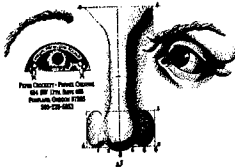
Learn to be at peace
First with yourself
Then, slowly, with everyone else
When we all learn
to be at peace
In the same moment
We will find our self
in harmony
with
All Self (Spirit)
This is love at its best

Dreamweaver

Stinging Sands
(for Fidel Castro)

Unnatural blockades of
censored rhythm crusades
Urban soldiers swimming your shores
with the syllables of dry men
There will be a day when they go
back to their ancient American
bays and bankrupt beach resorts
Then will be the awkward parades
of impeached presidents with
your stinging sands in their shoes

Leigh Donohue



Memorial Rock at Crab Park

The Heart Has Its Own Memory
is inscribed on the rock -
Native women lost their lives through
Substance abuse or violence.
Native women: sisters, mothers, daughters;
Women close to us.
February 14
We remember
Our people, our women
Abused by the system
Neglected by Native leaders.
Too bad here on the Eastside
Colonialism rears its head again
Putting native against native - just for money.
First Nations traditional people believe in the
circle system; others believe in personal profit.

For all our relations we must restore balance
For all our relations we must restore healing
Native Elders, youths, men, women and kids,
We are all part of our own past.

Fred Arrance, 1999.

The Memorial Project

(Grief for our loss, hope for our future)

Community Planning and Public Information Session

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

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28th
2:00

**A Community Public Art Project in
the form of a memorial that will be
created to grieve the loss of
members of our community to drug
overdoses and addiction-related
illness. The memorial will be
installed in the public lobby of the
new Resource Centre for Drug Users.
Please bring your ideas and input.**

**SUPPORTED BY VANDU, GALLERY GACHET,
THE RESOURCE CENTRE STEERING
COMMITTEE, THE URBAN YOUTH ALLIANCE,
AND THE COMMUNITY PUBLIC ART
PROJECT/THE OFFICE OF CULTURAL
AFFAIRS-CITY OF VANCOUVER**

**FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE
CONTACT IRENE LOUGHLIN AT 687 2468**

FOOD AND BUSFARE PROVIDED

HAUNTED BY THE LIFE AROUND US



Sam Roddan

In the wreckage of our time, ancient virtues like courage and spirit still leave me breathless. I have my escapes- faith, beliefs, an inborn trust.. but even these grow suspect when I come face to face with distress: man's inhumanity, brutal neglect, abandonment, homelessness. Life is full of contradictions, ambiguities, the inexplicable, endless confusions. It's easy to come up with words, paint things over... harder to reach out with deeds, actions, solutions.

Sam Roddan