

FREE - donations accepted.

Carnegie



NEWSLETTER

MARCH 15, 1999.

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



WORKING THE STREET AT MAIN & HASTINGS



Idol Worship



Fire Worship

Main and Hastings is the crossroads of our community. Sooner or later, everyone passes through this intersection to visit friends, go shopping, drop into Carnegie Centre or just to check out what's happening.

That's why it's so important that the corner be an inviting and secure place (as much as any street can be in the big modern city). But in fact, for many residents, it's a place to avoid. For the door staff at Carnegie, who are on the front lines of community service in this neighbourhood, it can be an especially harrowing place to work.

Some people say the situation at Main and Hastings is just a police problem - send in the troops and "clean it up." Well, that's been tried - many dozens of arrests and shakedowns in the past couple of years, but the corner remains the largest open air market of its kind on the continent.

Even the police have had to acknowledge what is painfully evident - the health and livability of a community is not just a law-and-order issue, but depends on a combination of social programs and safety measures.

After all, they blitzed Pigeon Park a few months ago, and what happened? The street trade is still here, and has moved right to Main and Hastings, where it's even more in the face of the community.

About two years ago, the Carnegie Community Centre Association came up with the idea of putting a couple of streetworkers on the corner to broaden the range of activities there and to make it more appealing to residents. This was based on successful experiences we've had in reclaiming

Oppenheimer Park for seniors, families and children, and from what we learned from the Speaking in Chalks project at Main and Hastings, where men



and women from the street trade were drawn into positive, creative activities on the corner.

There is no end to what could go on at the corner:

- Chess and checker games played on giant boards painted on the sidewalk with people standing around and watching while waiting for the bus.
- Literacy tables, that would include interpreting letters, filling out forms for people and book giveaway days.
- An outdoor cafe (the Carnegie Seniors are already gearing up).
- Musical entertainment and poetry readings.
- Public memorial services.
- Information theme days on everything from health issues to job opportunities.
- Major festival occasions, like the Day of the Dead, Canada Day, Christmas, and the spring and fall equinoxes.

If we get everyone involved in thinking up what to do (and that includes the folks "out there" too), the scene on the corner will become less threatening and certainly much more interesting and fun.

Even Vancouver City Council has endorsed the

idea, and allocated \$150,000 in December for the project for a year.

So why hasn't the program started yet? It's a sad fact that we have been stonewalled by bureaucrats in the city department that runs Carnegie, the community services division.

Even though the community thought up the idea of the streetworkers and lobbied for it, some (though by no means all) bureaucrats are trying to hijack it, convert it into a top-heavy bureaucracy, and shift the main part of the staffing and funding to Carrall Street, the so-called corridor between Gastown and Chinatown, which would primarily benefit tourist traffic.

And these bureaucrats want the very outsiders who are on record as opposed to any more social programs or social housing in our community - the Gastown and Chinatown business interests and condo "homeowners" - to pre-screen the project before it even starts!

The two top city bureaucrats have even gone so far as to declare, without bothering to consult the community, that they will send the project back to City Hall if they don't get their way.

It's a good idea to do some street programming at Pigeon Park, but not at the expense of where the main problem is. We have told the bureaucrats that the project should grow naturally from its logical starting point at Main and Hastings, then spread up Hastings towards Carrall when it is ready to take on the extra challenge.

The Portland Hotel Society, which surely knows something about the needs of people on the street, has offered us free use of space in the Sunrise Hotel for a storefront for the streetworkers. This is a more sound approach than setting up a UN-style outpost in Pigeon Park with its main backup still blocks away at Carnegie.

For us, the basic issue is one that involves the whole community - whether the long-term residents and volunteers in this neighbourhood will have a meaningful say in the decisions that are being made which affect us and our well-being. Turning the Downtown Eastside into a police state or

letting city officials and non-community outsiders call the shots is not in the interests of the great 3. majority of residents.

Already, the dispute has had an effect on the city's \$5 million 'revitalization' program for the Downtown Eastside. Community groups have started telling City Hall that this streetworker issue must be dealt with satisfactorily before they can consider other city initiatives.

Let's hope City Hall sees the writing on the wall, sooner rather than later,

By MUGGS SIGURGEIRSON

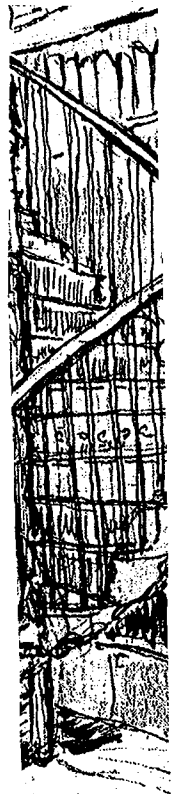


I walked the streets
through pouring rain
searching for
some peace, in vain
a lot of people
struggling with pain
trying to live
but going insane

I am not lame
I lie to myself
I need to tame
this wild impulse
I'll try to play
my way to fame
guitar and song
will be my claim

What is your name
he said with a snarl
You're all the same
he said after awhile.
Hop on the next bus
or plane or train
Get outta town -
leave Hastings & Main

Taum



I need your help.

Zelda is in the Pound. My other dog Dolly got hit by a train. Somebody let them loose from my back door. I have a little 5 year-old girl who is traumatically shaken by all of this.

The Pound wants \$185 before I can get my dog back. I only need \$135. I have the rest. If you can help, leave a message at Oppenheimer Park, Carnegie Centre or my home at 236 Jackson.

My name is Leah Dunkley. Your money will be returned and excellent karma will be bestowed upon you. Thank you.



Help! It's the Winter Blues!

Panic city! I'm experiencing all these symptoms. I've been through this before. I'm going crazy. Sound familiar? Hold it right there before you resort to any remedies that will be more harmful than helpful. It's simply the winter blues.

Light deprivation is one contributing factor, so look at the light already. Fill your eyes with light. Every chance you have, wherever you are, look at a white light bulb. Paint your homes bright white. And for heaven's sake, don't let anybody talk you into thinking you're crazy. You're not crazy!

Your body is having a natural reaction to light

Come find your way around the city using maps and public transit. We will end up in Stanley Park for an informative nature walk and lunch.



Wednesday, March 24th

10 a.m. - 2 p.m.

sign up with Sarah in the Learning Centre



deprivation and whatever else is giving you grief. It's telling you something. Listen to your body. Pamper yourself. Rest. Look at the light. Socialize. Talk with people. And, for the love of life, stay away from those damn doctors who want to give you crazy labels and stupid drugs.

Your body is a temple. Give that temple respect, a healthy diet and fulfill its needs. If you have to let off steam, find creative outlets. And if you have to scream, scream!

Forgive yourself for whatever you've done that's bothering you. Don't dwell on it. Let it go. Get over it and move on.

As for those vices, keep 'em to a minimum. I'm drinking Japanese Plum wine and smoking Players' Light cigarettes these days.

Take your vitamins, particularly Life Brand water soluble Vitamin E. And if you have to cry, cry. Let it go. Get it out of your system. And if you're sensitive, bless you. And dare to be yourself, rather than a sheep.

You are a unique individual. Be true to yourself. This is your Yiddish-a-mama signing off.

Anita Stevens

OUR OWN HOUSE

an open letter to Mrs. Persecuted and the Bear

Dear Wannabees: Give it a rest.

Ass you well know our own house has been infiltrated and diseased. We are deceived yet again.

*We've been pushed & shoved by those who want to turn our community into another shopping mall..

*We've been deceived by upper middle-class twits who think freedom is either a men's cologne or a bank in the Bahamas..

*We've been deceived by malcontent powermongers who think (when they can) that they work for bosses at City Hall who will allow them to kiss their ass..

*We've been deceived by policies that no longer even pretend to support this community..

*We've been deceived into believing that our own neighbourhood will be recognized and saved for the multitude who pains here every hour, every day

As you may already know, a couple of admiring laggards have forsaken the needy and embraced a lying City Council. Long live "revitalization"!

*We've been deceived in our own house by those who hold their heads so high that even their own bodies had to run away.

*We've been deceived by those who see our community as nothing but dirt and cobwebs which they personally must remove (they seem to hate volunteers)

They think (when they have to) that we can be removed - swept away with that old historical broom of false authority and empty policy papers that continually try to disguise good old class bias.

*We've been deceived by the very ones who cry persecution every time they have to pay taxes.

*We've been deceived by the ones who say persecution is something they personally suffer while at the same time the homeless and destitute beg for food.

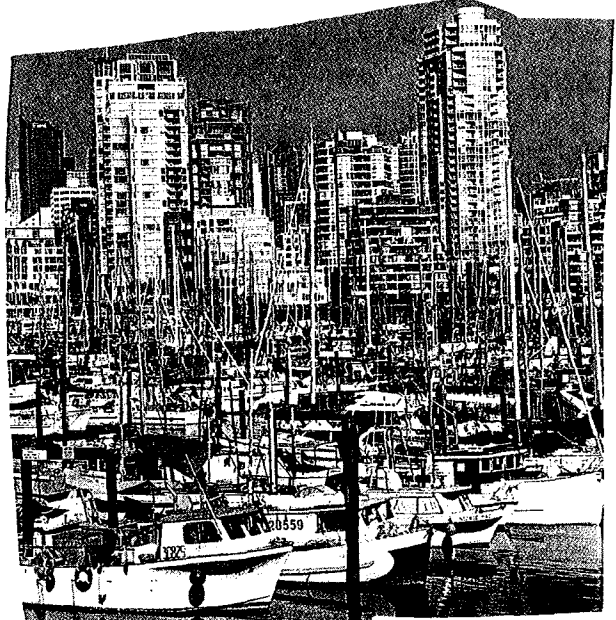
- You tell us what persecution does a well-paid consumer suffer when they themselves feed off the poor?

- You tell us what persecution does an employee bent on supporting the destruction of this neigh-

5.
Each human being is bred with a unique set of potentials that yearn to be fulfilled as surely as the acorn yearns to become the oak within it.

Aristotle

(from Gal)



bourhood endure? What do they fear?

- You tell us what persecution does that individual suffer when so many are dying in the streets?

- You tell us what kind of person can only reply "I'm being personally persecuted" when they are asked to respect and work with our duly-elected Board? What kind of agenda do you think that person really has?

- You tell us why a person who bad-mouths our Board to Council then replies that "Those people at Carnegie are persecuting me." (I'm so helpless that I have only my power&money to defend me...)

Where does a person like this turn? Will it be to us, to our association, or will it be to other wannabees who seem bent on destroying our neighbourhood? If the word professional only means liar, then perhaps all of us should start lying too so we can all be professionals.

Your faithful non-servant,

Leigh the Working-Class Donohue

Black Slicker

Black slicker in the rain
Not just the harbinger of pain
Going to his destination,
Past the junkies to the station.
Maybe he's just sent one in,
Some funky junkie, in a spin.
That's his thing.
Lord of the streets
Checking out all whom he meets.
Black and blue from head to toe
Under buckets full of snow.
Powder.
It rules the streets.
Chews up all that it meets.
Cold and brutal, like the streets.
Seeking shelter from the heat.
From the slicker in the rain,
From the copper, from the sane.

Hollywood



The sex revolution is here and I ran out of ammunition.

Joe Paul

RiceWine

The Liquor Licensing body of the government is holding long-awaited hearings and a complete review of the current distribution and sale of Rice Alcohol - commonly called rice wine.

These hearings will happen at Strathcona Community Centre over 3 days:

March 17, 3-5pm; March 25, 9:30-12

March 31, 9:30-12.

Call Jed Matthews in Victoria for more info at

1-250-360-0685



The Alcoholic / Addict's Letter

An open letter to my family and friends:

I am an alcoholic/addict. I need help. Don't allow me to lie to you and accept it for the truth, for in so doing, you encourage me to lie. The truth may be painful but get at it.

Don't let me outsmart you. This only teaches me to avoid responsibility and to lose respect for you at the same time.

Don't let me exploit you or take advantage of you. In so doing, you become an accomplice to my evasion of responsibility. Don't lecture me, scold, moralize, praise, blame or argue when I'm drunk or sober. And don't pour out my liquor; you may feel better, but the situation will be worse.

Don't accept my promises. This is just my method of postponing pain. And don't keep switching agreements. If an agreement is made, stick to it.

Don't lose your temper with me. It will destroy you, and any possibility of you helping me.

Don't allow your anxiety for us to compel you to do what I must do for myself...

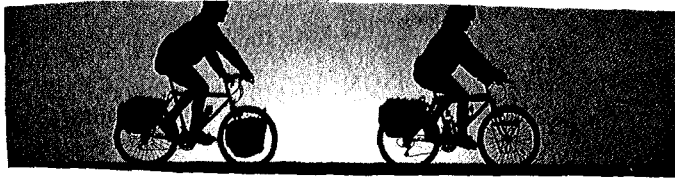
Don't cover up or abort the consequences of my drinking and using. It reduces the crisis but perpetuates the illness.

Above all, don't run away from reality as I do. Alcoholism, my illness, gets worse as my drinking continues. Start now to learn, to understand, and to plan for my recovery. I need help from a doctor, a counsellor, or a psychologist, a recovered alcoholic, from God. I cannot help myself.

I hate myself, but I love you. To do nothing is the worst choice you can make for me.

Please help me.

Your Alcoholic/Addict



In 1971 the Vancouver Mental Patients' Association was founded and chartered as a non-profit society. Its main goal was to give a voice and a supporting environment to local mental health consumers. The membership was initially 30 people and now is over 2600. Our long-time director, Barry Niles, oversees the day-to-day operations. He is himself a longtime mental health consumer, and makes no secret of it.

Some of the MPA's activities include systematic advocacy for Riverview Hospital patients, and patients at large: housing for people released from Riverview and the Psychiatric Assessment Unit.. and legal outreach in Vancouver and Surrey to ensure that members who go afoul of the law have a full understanding of the legal process.

The MPA operates several group homes, designed to prepare patients for reintegration into society at large. They recently purchased the Hampton Hotel on Powell Street, which houses approximately 50 mental health consumers. Another place, Phoenix House, is a final stage preparation facility for consumers to re-enter society on an outpatient basis.

The MPA also has a program called Supported Independent Living, which provides consumers with subsidies for apartment living while keeping them in contact with available support systems. The Super S.I.L. program is aimed at lower-functioning consumers, and provides a more frequent contact with the support system network.

The MPA's Community Resource Centre, at 1731 W.4th Ave., is a multipurpose drop-in centre aimed at providing a safe place for consumers to go and socialize with others. It provides a month-to-month variety of programs and outings, showers, computers, free clothing from donations and 2 meals a day at a cost of 25 cents each. The centre averages 120

meals per day, done with no budget on donations alone. It also runs a food bank the first three Thursdays of each month.

The MPA is also involved in lobbying for changes in government policy, and for more services - not only for its membership but for the mental health community at large.

On a more personal note, I am now in my third year as a member of the Board of Directors of the MPA. I too am a mental health consumer, as I have a condition called Chronic Refractory Depression.

What few people know is that approximately 15% of the population will suffer from a mental health disorder at some point in their life. Some disorders may be of short duration while others may be permanent. Some are brought about by a severe trauma; others are a result of illness such as Lupus or Parkinson's Disease (impairing mental function). Some are caused by a chemical imbalance in the body or brain, which can be present from birth, while others are a result of aging.

It is important to understand that any kind of community is not immune from such concerns. However, experience has proven that an active mind is of great help in stabilizing, if not actually mending, such conditions, and serves as great proactive therapy.

In my case, bridge is my mental exercise. Since having resumed playing bridge two years ago I have met some wonderful folks and have also seen a number of people who themselves are dealing with sources of mental illness. Given the fact that a

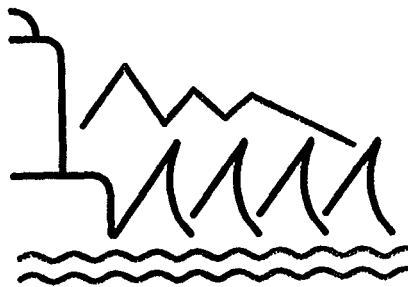
number of these conditions are permanent and progressing, the benefits of socializing and playing bridge are incalculable.

In sports, soccer is considered the most beautiful game and, at cards, bridge is it.

So the next time you see some experienced players whose skills are in decline, be kind, for it could, and may eventually, happen to you.

By JULIAN LEVESQUE

[for more information about the MPA, please feel free to call its office at 738-2811]



BRIDGE UNDER THE SAILS

The 1999 Spring
North American Bridge Championships
Vancouver - March 18-28
Call Phil Wood for details at 271-8636



In the thin loam, each rock a word
a creek-washed stone
Granite: ingrained
with torment of fire and weight
Crystal and sediment linked hot
all change, in thoughts,
As well as things
Snyder.

HAVE YOU EVER PLAYED A WIND OR BRASS INSTRUMENT? DO YOU WANT TO?

Help start a Downtown Eastside marching band. You could get music lessons for free and access to your own instrument! All levels of musical experience are welcome.

My name is Meg and I'm a UBC student working with Earle Peach and Jim Green. I am working on a project to start a community-established-and-run Downtown Eastside marching band. If you are interested or have any questions, leave a message at 977-4133. Please be sure to leave your name, a method of contact, and which instrument(s) you are interested in playing.

Changes are coming for us here in the Downtown Eastside. Hooray for us!.. the ones who care about our community. We all have to give back, to honor those who have died here and encourage others to help with good change.

At last we have a final say in these matters - in helping our community grow. I believe in justice and God's will to save us from our own destruction

Maybe in our next life we won't have to worry about drugs and alcohol.

Keep the faith, my brothers and sisters.

From little sister Marie Lands

THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE

A TIME FOR MEDIATION or A TIME TO TAKE A STAND?

9.

A discussion paper by Marg Green

Solutions to the problems of the Downtown Eastside will not be found through mediation, nor through an expensive office of planners and consultants dropped into the middle of the neighbourhood. Like many of the area's residents and organizations, I cannot greet the Revitalization Plan announced last week with any degree of hope because, in my view, its framework is wrong. It fails to recognize the sociological and historical factors that underlie the current situation. It is a reaction to symptoms rather than causes and treats issues of social justice and community survival as if they were quarrels between neighbours.

This initiative seems to be based on a commonly portrayed picture of the Downtown Eastside which misses the mark in several counts:



- The Downtown Eastside is not an empty wasteland that needs new strategies in order to attract investment. It does not fit the pattern of Winnipeg or other North American cities where the core has declined because of disinvestment. This is not an inner city that has been abandoned. The problem facing the Downtown Eastside at this time is not that no one wants to invest there, but rather that they do. In this context, *revitalization* becomes another name for *displacement*.
- The central issue is a land issue. Vancouver's downtown core is a peninsula that cannot expand in any other direction. There are more cranes working in the downtown core than in most other Canadian cities.. evidence that the central area is still growing. Land in the Downtown Eastside is relatively cheap - cheap, that is, in comparison to the rest of downtown but still out of the reach of the low-income residents for whom this part of the city is home. Many developers are interested in the area. With International Village nearing completion and the Trade and Convention centre on the horizon, the pressures for development can only increase.
- The Downtown Eastside is, contrary to popular belief, a very stable area. Most of the population consists of long-term residents. Even in the single room occupancy (SRO) hotels, it is not uncommon to find people who have lived in the same hotel room for 15 or more years. It is not a question of instability, but of poverty. The area is populated by about 10,000 of the city's poorest people and another 5,000 people with low to moderate incomes. In fact, the 1991 census showed that income levels have fallen dramatically in relation to the City of Vancouver as a whole. The widening gap between the poor and Vancouverites with comfortable incomes now means that people in this neighbourhood have incomes at only 34% of the city-wide average. This figure is down from 55% in 1970. Many people live in substandard housing in old SRO hotels or rooming houses that have been allowed to decline. (Note that for this substandard housing they pay some of the highest per-square-foot rates in the city: \$350/month for a 10'x12' room is almost \$3 per square foot.) Most of the housing is owned by absentee landlords, i.e. by landlords who do not live in

this community. The value of this housing now lies primarily in the land the old buildings occupy rather than in the rental value, so long as the rental market consists of such a low-income population. Renovation is not done except for a conversion to other uses. The land that the low-income community needs for replacement or upgraded housing is now wanted for development and redevelopment for the low-end condo market. With Vancouver land prices among the highest on the continent it should be no surprise that providing decent housing for the low-income population is no longer a money-making proposition. The instability of the neighbourhood lies not in its population base but in the precariousness of the housing supply for a population whose incomes are inadequate to meet basic needs.

- The social problems of the Downtown Eastside have been compounded by policies of the City of Vancouver and actions of the police in “cleaning up” other neighbourhoods. Several years ago I was in a community meeting with city planners in which an official suggested that the Downtown Eastside should consider opposing the redevelopment of the area that now is Yaletown and support the creation of a “zone of tolerance” in that area. Otherwise all the problems of the drug trade and sex trade would end up in the Downtown Eastside. That is exactly what we have seen in recent years: Granville Street, Davie and Mt. Pleasant have all gone through “clean-ups” during which the street scene was actually pushed into the Downtown Eastside. Policing standards in the Downtown Eastside were deliberately more lax so that much illicit activity would confine itself to this area. In the summer of ‘97 there were actually sidewalk sales of drugs out on tables in the 100-block of East Hastings, within 2 blocks of the central police station. Meanwhile patrols of both city police and private security were increasing in the adjacent tourist and merchant areas of Gastown and Chinatown. Pressure from the low-income community finally brought neighbourhood policing to the Downtown Eastside, but the situation was already out of control. Drug and sex-trade enforcement and non-enforcement policies have created an escalated street scene that worries residents and business alike, and in which drug users themselves are a very vulnerable and at-risk segment of our community. This has become the sole focus of the media and of revitalization plans and is masking the underlying issues of land and poverty.
- The Downtown Eastside is not rife with infighting and organizational turf wars - at least not more than any other area with tough issues to face. This is an outsider’s view that seems to be cultivated as a rationale for rejecting solutions put forth by the community. Downtown Eastside organizations have a greater ability to work together than they are given credit for (see the Community Housing Plan, the Alcohol and Drug Strategy, etc.). In fact many activists believe that the capacity and desire to work together is greater now than it has been any time within the past 10 years. It is true that residents and workers are often in crisis mode because the community is so under stress. Sure, we yell at each other at times. Each person and group feels passionately about the people and issues they



are directly involved with. There are not nearly enough resources to meet all the needs, so of course there is the desire to protect one's own programs. But whenever groups do meet around an issue, there is a basic consensus that soon emerges (e.g. the Community Housing Plan). Because everyone is stretched to the limit, we do not take the time (or enough time) for reflection and developing of collective strategies. It is not mediation that we need, but rather support that strengthens the organizing capacity of the low-income community, enabling it to work on long-term solutions instead of only the crisis of the day.

- Mediation is the wrong response to the situation we face. Mediation sounds like a commendable notion and is appropriate when there is a conflict based on misunderstanding, fear, or miscommunication. It can also enable relatively equal adversaries to negotiate a compromise beneficial or acceptable to both sides. But, mediation is not an effective way to protect a vulnerable group against a stronger one, nor to resolve situations of neglect, abuse or violation of rights. I see the situation in the Downtown Eastside as primarily a land issue compounded by a concentration of Vancouver's social ills. Measures must be taken to ensure the survival of the Downtown Eastside's existing low-income community before this community can negotiate compromises. At this point it would be negotiating away its very right to survival.

Singing with Peggy



Fridays 10:30 a.m. to
12:30 p.m.
in the theatre or in
classroom 2

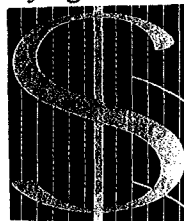


In The Dumpster

binner@vcn.bc.ca

Greetings fellow binners and binnerettes.

Gotta quit getting the Swine Flu (drinking like a pig). Yesterday I looked in my closet and caught



my hangers mating. At least they didn't come out of the closet. (I must be a very lonely person.)

Looks like our treasured mayor Uncle Phil is running for another term. What does one expect from the No People Allowed (NPA) Party?

Fear not! Downtown Eastside townspersons - hell, er, help is on the way via the Middle Finger Party. Thatr is if you all get together and vote for Mr. McBinner as your Mayor and Supreme Exalted Leader. Remember, it's not what your city can do for you but what you can do to your city.

You can rally your support with Dick Wad, my campaign manager, at DICK_WAD@Canada.com if you are on-line. If not you can leave a message at Carnegie's front desk.

My snuggle bunny is warm and sweet,
My snuggle bunny will warm my feet,
My snuggle bunny is hard to beat,
My snuggle bunny is really neat.

to M.R.

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

By MR. McBINNER

While Exploring Self-Same for Judy Graves

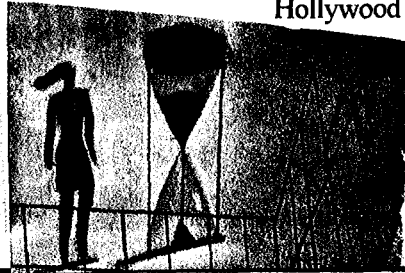
Poetry is like Breathing
sometimes I'm conscious of its presence
sometimes I'm not
It can rise and fall
like a passing thunderstorm
It teases you
with reassuring contradictions
and then leaves you
with your presuming.
Like a dutiful Pufrock
you investigate
life and death in unison:
"Keep breathing!" they say, "keep breathing."
We are the lyricists of those colourful sunsets
and watch as they lay claim
to the equality of a Burrard Inlet.
Here we are
atop the immortal Georgia Straight
trying to feign spontaneity.
Sometimes the present calls to you
from a familiar place
One that's wrapped with tattered teddy bears
and travelling picture ponies.
Is it time to stop?
Rest awhile!
Watch them play with our unruly contradictions.
Wonder and imperfection
ticker-tape and cartoons.
Feelings are mixed with reasonable perceptions
and then, suddenly, there is only thought.
Here a praxis or sorts takes over and we leap
into the known like a long lost friend.
I love to steady myself with this first person,
or third person.. it's all the same.
What a cheeky laughter this lad loves to portray
I suppose that words and ideas
are competent enough
but sometimes those passengers want poetry
to sing colours across all the nations.
"Keep breathing," I say, "keep breathing."

Leigh Donohue

cocaine reeper

I look over Cordova - past the Sally Ann,
Pencil and paper in my hand,
Not crying--but trying to understand
what has happened to this child-like man.
I see ghosts on Hastings Street -
from the Regent, Balmoral and Brandiz -
The cocaine reeper, corpse in his hand
Just missed me boy ----understand,
I'm not running but I'm not free----
Man, he's taken so many!
Gets his fill on welfare day
He just takes their souls away
Dicks and Dollies in the dust
Addiction touches all of us.
Burning out we fade away
what has happened to our pay
- welfare day to welfare day -
burning out we fade away

Hollywood



Wonder of wonders

Dan Tetrault

has missed at least 2 whole days of work due to the state of his health - we don't know if this is due to extremely good health or bad health; all we know is *Mr. 11 million sick hours* is not here!! So, *Mr. it's all mind over matter this sick stuff* (add sound byte of coughs, sniffles and a horking bit) thanks for making the rest of us look human.

(after 17 years it's about time...)

**We miss you Dan, but stay away and get better.
We still need you. Take good care of yourself.**

From the Volunteers, Patrons and Staff of Carnegie

The Beatniks

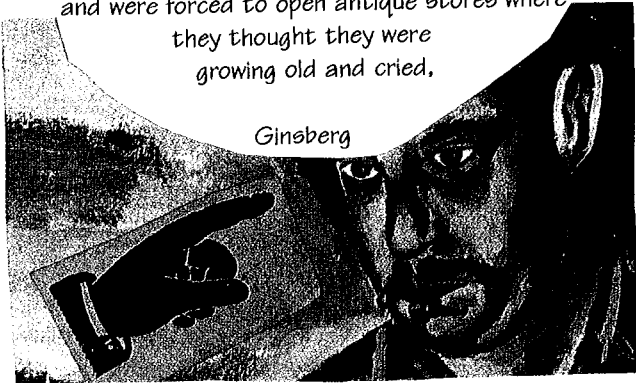
As we near the beginning of the 21st century hardly anyone thinks of the beatniks. They're considered a 50's fad of goatee-wearing, black beret-sporting, bongo-playing pot smokers who listened to jazz..and that in this time of the Internet, cellphones, hip-hop and ecstasy the beatniks seem hopelessly old fashioned and somewhat irrelevant.

The first beatniks were the post-war disaffected; veterans who, after seeing first-hand the extent of

*who burned cigarette holes in their arms protesting
the narcotic
tobacco haze of Capitalism,*

*who cut their wrists three times successively
unsuccessfully, gave up
and were forced to open antique stores where
they thought they were
growing old and cried.*

Ginsberg



human suffering, travelled up and down American highways looking for any roadside guru - some even went to Switzerland to talk to Carl Jung.

These are the substance of which the beatniks are the shadow. These people were not interested in drugs or hot rods or jazz; they lived a life which traces to Zen culture which traces to Tantra which has roots to the dawn of human civilization. The modern man spends 8 to 10 hours a day servicing and maintaining his materialistic existence, whereas the aboriginal spends the same time in leisurely and cultural pursuits.

The ideal of the beatnik is a model of a literary motif of freedom and transcendentalism in

America. There was the influences of John Muir, Walt Whitman, Henry David Thoreau, American bum... and then they added some Buddhism to it. In the late fifties the basketball-sized Sputnik satellite was launched. That these bohemians were 'beatifics in the age of sputniks' dated them, and then their name was shortened to beatniks.

About the time they got their moniker Buddhism was already beginning to significantly influence the movement and stars arose from a group that shunned mainstream fame: Jack Kerovac, Dianne di Prima, Allen Ginsberg, Joanne Kyger, Leonore Kandel, William S. Burroughs, the Zen poet Gary Snyder, and not least of all Alan Watts.

Zen Buddhism was introduced to the west mainly by D.T.Suzuki, of the Rinza School. Zen Buddhism is about meditation and philosophy and the insights that arise from it.

Some were more into Zen than others. Gary Snyder had actually spent time meditating in a Zen temple in Japan. Others like Jack Kerovac had tried meditation a few times but mostly just thought about Zen, which is all right too.

At this time a distinction between square Zen and beat Zen arose. Those who practiced Zen as an austere form of religion, who didn't do drugs and actually lived a life of meditation/contemplation as prescribed by the Japanese were square Zennists. Beat Zen included meditation and a life strongly influenced by that philosophy.. but it also included dips into Yoga techniques, marijuana as a daily standby, some alcohol, hallucinogens such as LSD, peyote and psilocybin, and all manner of literature.

It has been suggested that if square Zen and beat Zen rub together, an amazingly lively type of Zen will arise from the hassle.

Zen beatniks were regular people from all social and economic backgrounds. They were not sexless ascetics or superhuman; they were people who floated more easily upon the ocean of transience and insecurity.

By DEAN KO
(part 2 next issue)



Headlines Theatre and the Firehall Arts Centre are presenting the **Latino Theatre Group** in *Que Pasa with la Raza, eh?* This was written and directed by Carmen Aguirre and will be performed at Firehall, 280 E.Cordova, March 17-27 @ 8pm. Tickets are \$14; students and seniors \$12.

The **Latino Theatre Group** has been working under the umbrella of **Headlines Theatre** for the last four years. The Group represents a true voice of the Latino Community in Vancouver. *Que Pasa with la Raza, eh?* follows the story of six people, each coming from a different Latin-American country, as they try to cope with issues of sex, love, cultural identity, deportation and poverty. "One of the most important things to me in writing the play was to capture the humour that this group and Latino culture has, and that ability to really laugh at yourself and at the world in the most horrible situations you could be," says Aguirre.

HEALTH INFO TABLES



Every Tuesday, 1:00 - 3:00 PM
Main Floor

How Little We Really Know

How little we really know what goes on in the combo-kitchen-livingroom-parlour-bedroom (and often bathroom) of a one-room "suite" in some of the tenements in our community.

I haven't been in one of these hell-holes since I delivered hampers from a mission church at Christmas back in the '30's... but what I remember most, from those perilous days, was the amazing survival of spirit of the single mother - her endurance, family strength and passion for life.

Sam Roddan

March 16	Persons with AIDS Society: HIV/Hep C info
March 23	TB info and outreach
March 30	Street nurse and DEYAS outreach worker

If you have any questions or if you are interested in setting up an info table, please contact Rika in the Program Office, 665-3003.

Voting And Class War

"And I always thought: the very simplest words must be enough. When I say what things are like, everyone's heart must be torn to shreds.. that you'll go down if you don't stand up for yourself. Surely you see that."

- Bertolt Brecht



We look for the words that will describe our own experience. We avoid the language of the oppressor - language which, in its technical abstraction, dehumanizes us and blames us for the faults of an economic system that creates great poverty alongside great wealth. "Language is always the crucial battlefield...Left to the media, the bureaucrats, the professors and the administrators, language degenerates into one more weapon in the armory of elite rule." (Strong Democracy, by B. Barber, p.197)

We search for the pattern that will unite the many groups and social movements which oppose the corporate global economy. We live with the ambiguity of a changing time, knowing that those who claim they have all the answers, may not even have the right questions.

We get involved with a group that is trying to make things better. There are many such groups in the Downtown Eastside. Volunteering with one of them is an expression of dignity and caring. It is a way for us to find meaning in a technological society that has no use for many of its citizens.

Once we're involved in a neighbourhood project, we look for people to support us. We seek out elected representatives who will fight with us. We vote, not as isolated individuals, but as a community. We clarify what side of the fence we're on, and

we discover who is there with us. As Pat Smith wrote on one of her posters, "Class consciousness is knowing what side of the fence you're on. Class analysis is finding out who is there with you."

When one million Canadians returned from the Second World War, the power of their votes caused Prime Minister Mackenzie King to shift the Liberal Party in the direction of social democracy. Today the corporate takeover of Canada has divided and confused us. We can't fight big money with our money because we don't have much, but we can fight organized money (the corporations) with organized people.

The most inspiring example of the power of the vote in our lifetime is the democratic revolution in South Africa. To avoid mass bloodshed, both Nelson Mandela of the African National Congress (ANC) and de Klerk of the National Party, supported the election of April 27, 1994 - South Africa's first national, nonracial, one-person, one-vote election. More than twenty million people voted, most of them voting for the first time, and the ANC trained over 100,000 people to assist with voter education. The ANC won 62.6 per cent of the vote, and formed the new government. "After more than three centuries of rule," Mandela wrote, "the white minority was conceding defeat and turning over power to the black majority." (Long Walk To Freedom, by Nelson Mandela, pub. by Little, Brown & Co., 1994, p.539)

On May 10, 1994, a huge rainbow gathering took place in Pretoria, once the seat of white supremacy for the installation of South Africa's first democratic, nonracial government. In his speech on that occasion, President Mandela said, "We, who were outlaws not so long ago, have today been given the rare privilege to be host to the nations of the world on our own soil...We have, at last, achieved our political emancipation. We pledge ourselves to liberate all our people from the continuing bondage of poverty, deprivation, suffering, gender and other discrimination. Never, never and never again shall it be that this beautiful land will again experience the oppression of one by another." (Mandela, p.540)

Let us, in Canada, do likewise.

By Sandy Cameron

**THE
PENTHOUSE**

TRAVEL TIP OF THE MONTH

COMPUTERS FOR ~~DUMMIES~~ COMPLETE IDIOTS

Garry Gust

Thanks to the Magician Merlin of Dreamscapes, I at long last have a computer, with which I've been in a life and death struggle for over three months.

Armed with only a mouse and computer manuals that assume you already know what you're doing, I slowly clawed my way out from the handicap of being computerly challenged, and am currently qualifying myself as an astronaut in Cyberspace.

The internet, I've discovered, is indeed all it was cracked up to be. So far I've entered sites in Scotland, Chicago, Nashville and even Vancouver, browsing through personal web pages of people who like to share the intimate details of their lives and offer e-mail addresses if you'd like to make a comment on how good or bad their web pages look.

Some web pages even have photographs but my internet server, Vancouver Community Net, accesses only written text and not graphics, which is just as well considering there are several porno sites on the Net and that would slow down my traveling.

So if you have children The Vancouver Community Net (257-3811) would be a good internet server for you, and it only costs an annual donation of 25 bucks...oops, sorry that's 25 loonies.

Well, I gotta get back out there in Cyberspace and earn my Wings. If you're interested in carrying on an intermittent dialogue or have any interesting news about the Downtown Eastside, my e-mail address is:

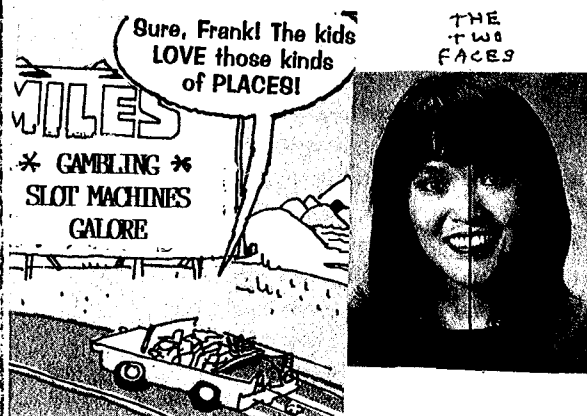
glust@van.bc.ca

- see you in space.

Vancouver, B.C.

1. Downtown beaches
2. Wide open prostitution
3. Street drugs openly available
4. Liberal laws; don't worry about getting into trouble, the jails are so full that judges and police are forced to to turn a blind eye, except for Marijuana - to keep up an appearance of keeping law and order the cops have been ordered bust grass users, go figure.
5. AIDS is rampant so don't forget your rubberjohnnies, and don't share your rig unless you're really bored with living.

%%



THE JOLLY ROGERS
G.Gust

The creatures of this water world
Lie fleshless in the deep.
The cockroach rules the decks below
While on the sails we sleep.
No spirit wind will move us now
To go and make amends.
How many hours are in the sea
Before the voyage ends?

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.-\$90
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 Pam-\$30
Rolf A.-\$35 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.-\$35 BCCW-\$20 Bill G.-\$80
Wisconsin Historical Society -\$20
Anonymous -\$3

FREE donations accepted

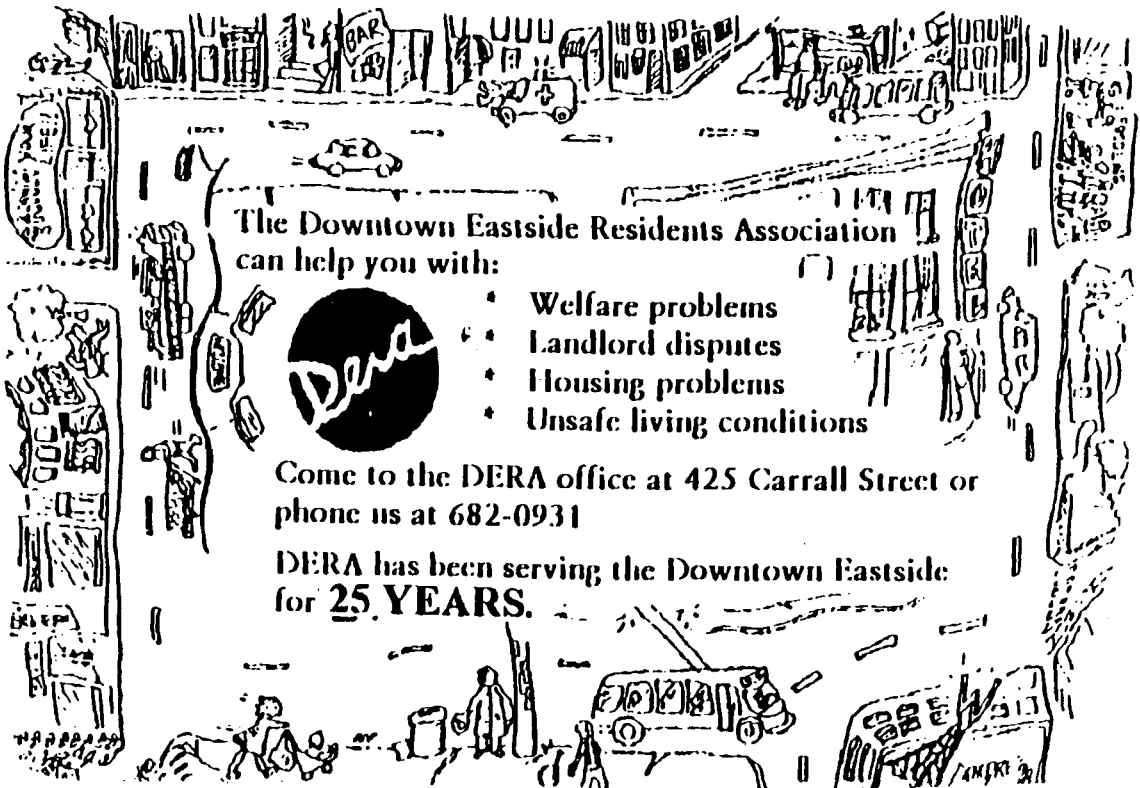
Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

101 Main Street, Vancouver V6P 1T1 (604) 682 2288

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
Monday, March 29**



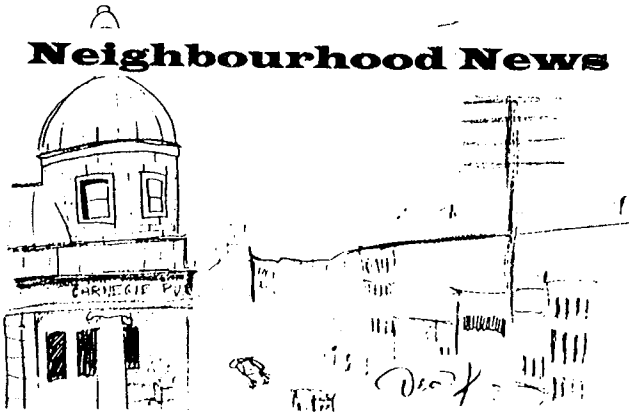
The Downtown Eastside Residents Association
can help you with:

- 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.

Neighbourhood News



* CAT - if you are a supporter of the Provincial Prostitution Unit (PPU) this stands for Community Action Team, and goes with their travelling roadshow. Each community in the province is getting a package on "how to do your bit for raising awareness of and stopping the sexual exploitation of children." The ideas seem to come straight out of a brainstorming session on "What can a few people do?"

- ! Ask your Mayor to declare the week of March 22-28 "Stop the Sexual Exploitation of Children Awareness Week"
- ! Host a conference, community forum or town hall meeting and invite politicians, community leaders, service providers, media, ... (*youth?*)
- ! Organize a rally
- ! Ask local media to publish a series of articles on sexual exploitation (coming from the PPU)
- ! Hold a fundraiser and donate proceeds to youth-serving agencies
- ! Put up a banner on your local stroll

It all looks so positive and progressive and like this bunch is doing something. It certainly provides work for PPU members/experts/consultants and helps them justify their million-dollar budget.

If you are part of the Child and Youth Protection Strategy group meeting in the local Neighbourhood Safety Office, it's the latest in a long story of being ignored and trashed and having countless hours of time and energy ripped off with next to nothing coming back.

The PPU has been functioning as a government

initiative for some time, yet has had virtually no impact on the growing trade in kids-for-sex. The prosecution of individuals under Section 212(4) of the Criminal Code is abysmal, with something like under 10 charges being laid over a few years and maybe 2 or 3 convictions. The law itself needs to be changed, but in the meantime the skyrocketing pimping of kids is somehow getting covered by individuals and agencies and consultants all looking to get work on both sides. "Travelling roadshow" is apt - with money going to the experts and almost nothing going to prevention and aggressive prosecution.

To the point - the idea of establishing Community Action Teams comes from right here in the Downtown Eastside, from the group who work with youth at risk directly. Here is where the necessary kinds of services, be they youth detox, counselling, shelter, medical aid, peer safety, bad trick sheets, youth coalitions and on and on, are being provided while people work from this base to get in the face of those with resources and power to make crucial changes. At the same time, the group has been working for a couple of years to create a program that gives people throughout the community knowledge and a procedure to follow when predators are spotted, when kids are being bought. Training workshops, small manuals on suspicious behaviour and what kind of info is needed to proceed with charges and prosecution, what to do with this data and who to contact and what is admissible evidence and how to raise community awareness... and it all sounds repetitious after reading about what the PPU is doing, doesn't it.

Lo and behold, after reps from this PPU came to a meeting of the local group at the NSO and were raked over the coals for their (the PPU's) lack of results and ignorance in even what to do, the individuals went away and the exact ideas and ongoing efforts of the local group became a provincially-supported and funded 'flash-in-the-pan' with the exact suggestions and ways of raising awareness appearing in the circulated packages. Lo and behold, there is nothing about

actually doing anything, acknowledging members of the local group or saying "this is the work and direction coming from the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver.. these are the services/programs/ways of dealing with the sexual exploitation of children that need to be taken up everywhere." (that would be too close to admitting that people here know.)

The reaction to the rip-off was humour - you can get a grant of up to \$250(!) for an idea of a community event for this week of raising awareness... so let's apply for a grant to write a report on the do-nothingness of the PPU and their desperate rip-off of work done here to justify their continued existence, and how the local group will just keep on with its (re-named) Community Alert Team proposal and get it going on a grassroots, community level. Britannia, Kiwassa Neighbourhood House

Carnegie Choir
with Sue
Sundays 10:30 a.m. to
12:30 p.m.

and Ray-Cam Centre are already eager to get this going as kids using these places are subjected to aggressive pimps trying to recruit new flesh. The final conclusion to the grant, if granted, would be to get another \$250 to write a proposal for taking all of the money being spent on the PPU and give it to the local Child and Youth Protection Strategy people to administer and actually make it useful.

What a concept!

PRT



broken conversations

I'm afraid to put beauty in words
a melody so sweet for me was never born
I see a world of sidewalk specimens
of piss and puke
It can make us cry.
We live amongst so many theories of ourselves
Just another human in distress.
Yes I'm afraid to put beauty into words
because others may consume it.
They will trade it like money,
to buy their own reputations.
It's not our stupidity or ignorance
that brings me here sometimes...
it's our greed!
Just as every fool's alcohol is drugged with death
these days monopoly capitalism
is the guaranteed elimination of life.
Sometimes the enduring ambushes of life
revert to questions like
'If one dripping with the dead asks me to call your
name, will be it in friendship?'

a metaphysical banality.

Today and everyday every corner
of this illiterate intersection seems to house a
loudspeaker with a public grant!
"Bring out your living!" it yells
"this plague is hungry!"
Do you ever wonder why we claim to have
so many dreams worth waiting for?
Aren't we hungry too?
Is it true brothers and sisters
that we the working class have turned ourselves
into nothing more than the varying degrees
of broken sperm and molested eggs?
Once we were able to spontaneously lift
the surfaces of our ignominious childhoods
and find some curiosity and friendship.
By gum even today we enjoy watching ourselves
invent endless daredevil TV paradises.
We have lectured beauty into endless conversations
We hid her anywhere we could gesture an escape.
are we still afraid?

Leigh Donohue



- Harvey's presence will be greatly missed at the corner of Main and Hastings in front of the Carnegie Centre.

Harvey Prevest 1949 - 1999

Harvey was born in Alert Bay in 1949 - to the proud parents Ernest and Bessie Prevest.

Due to a disease called alcoholism, many of us were removed from our parents and placed in foster homes. While many of us searched for answers, Harvey's search brought him to many journeys and in many ways he lost his way. His activities landed him in juvenile detention, in trouble with the law.

During Harvey's stay in jail he was able to complete his GED; his trade was as a carpenter, building fiberglass boats for the rich people.

The biggest moment in his life was when his son Kevin Wayne was born. Also, when Harvey won \$10,000 on a scratch-and-win he went to Alert Bay and gave his father \$1,000. Dad's smile was from

ear to ear! Harvey left the next morning on the first ferry out of the bay.

Albeit, Harvey's home was in Vancouver; He has gone home to be with his mother and father.

Harvey will be missed by his nine brothers and two sisters, along with his children Michael Gus and Kevin Wayne, Melody and Cassandra, and his nieces and nephews.

Thanks for all your prayers to the family.

Acknowledgements

Prevest Family - Harvey's children and all his relatives extend heartfelt thanks to people for all your love, food, comfort and prayers that lifted our hearts during this time of grief. You are too numerous to mention, but the support that was given in o many ways will long be remembered and appreciated by the Family.

Safe journey home and God be with you all.

Gilakasla