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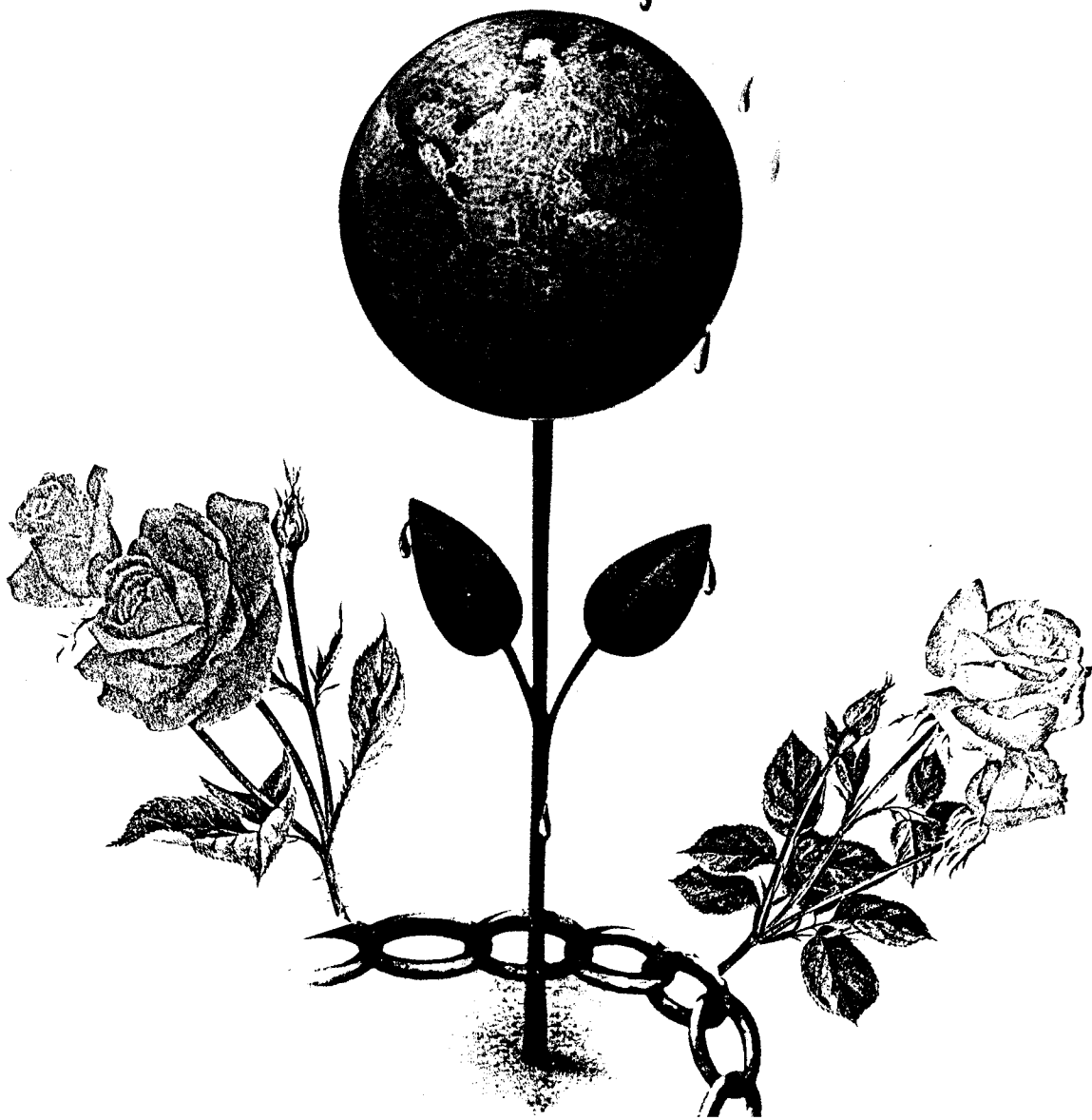
Carnegie

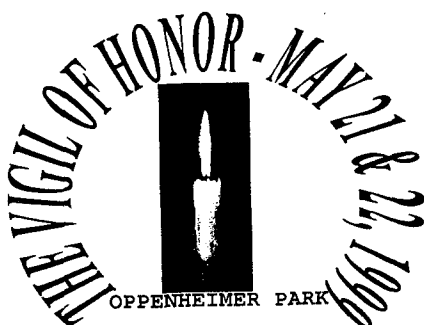
NEWSLETTER



MAY 1, 1999.

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





LET'S TRY HOPE INSTEAD OF DEATH

We are in the midst of British Columbia's first public health disaster, which, since 1993 alone, has resulted in nearly 3,000 overdose deaths and the infection of many thousands with HIV and Hepatitis. This has cost many individuals and families immeasurable personal pain. It will affect all members of BC society through lost human potential and tens of millions of dollars in medical bills. At the same time, we have had thousands of people from across the province afflicted by alcohol and rice wine addiction

Over 100 prostitutes from across the province have gone missing with less than \$1,000 a person being offered as a reward for information

We believe that healing as a society must start from a place of respect. This vigil therefore is to honor people who have died from addiction, and addiction related illnesses and harms.

This is not a protest rally

The Circle of Hope Coalition wants this Vigil of Honour to play a major part in helping us move beyond blame, punishment, scapegoating and apathy to a more enlightened response which values every human life and reduces these serious risks for all communities and all community members. We are welcoming participation from all segments of our community to send a message

to the families and loved ones of these people who died so tragically, without hope and without options. If you would like to be part of this Vigil of Hope, please call us at 253-7333 to find out how you or your organization can participate, or just show up on the days of honour

We believe that it is time for the community to set aside its' differences and petty politics and come together. It is only after we get our act together that the powers-that-be will start seriously addressing the addiction problem with any integrity.

As a female addict or alcoholic, why would you go to detox when you know that there will be no beds available, or that there will not be adequate treatment options available upon your release from detox. After banging your head against the wall several times, you just give up trying.

If you are like us, you are getting tired of the deaths, the ambulances, the police, the destruction of your neighbourhood, the deaths of friends and neighbours and the seeming lack of effort at finding solutions. We believe this must start from a place of respect and honour - respect for communities, honour of addicted citizens and hope for solutions.

Let's Offer Hope Instead Of Death.

THE VIGIL OF HONOR is being held May 21 and May 22 at Oppenheimer Park, to honor people from across the province who have died from addiction and addiction-related aids, hepatitis, alcoholism and street violence.

The Circle of Hope Coalition is hosting this 2-day event in the belief that there are many different communities, services and individuals across BC who are interested in taking part in the honouring of friends and fellow citizens who have died from these diseases, and from the inability to adequately access life-saving addiction treatment services in this province.

Details: Contact Jim Leyden, (604) 253-7333

This place I know, I know the stores that sell the salty rice wine, and the one's that don't. I know the working girls, and their scummy boyfriends. Cigarette butts and Jaguars. The storied buildings and the buildings with a million stories, some sad, some lies, but all true. The flux here, people moving, shifting, an alive vibrant community of people, smell them, the crackheads, black fingers curled around a pipe, dreaming of what they lost and of what they hope to find. Junkies on the nod. A concert in Carnegie, piano trio, Brahms,

Mendleson and Bach. The audience in Sunday 3. best, socks that don't match. Beat cops, cameras in the sky, private security dicks. The purse-snatcher hits an outsider, the locals, an unlikely group of vigilantes if ever one existed, swung into action. Judge, jury, sentencing court all in one. All these people I know, but they are all this place. My place. I walk in the street, enveloped, absorbed in this living breathing being.

Lou Parsons



8:00 PM
Sunday, May 30th, 1999
Alexandra Park
Vancouver, BC
(Bidwell and Pacific Avenue)

Candles will be provided

16th Annual
International

Bus service from Carnegie at 6:30 p.m.
Coffee and sandwiches before.

**AIDS
Candlelight
Memorial
& Vigil**

Sponsors: A Loving Spoonful • AIDS Vancouver • BC Coalition of People with Disabilities •
BC Persons With AIDS Society • Downtown Eastside Consumers Board •
Downtown Eastside Women's Centre • Downtown Eastside Youth Activities Society • Dr. Peter Centre •
Healing Our Spirit, BC First Nations AIDS Society • Heart of Richmond AIDS Society •
Portland Hotel Society • St. James Community Services • Vancouver Native Health •

"we fight war against our enemies, not our own citizens"

[Amsterdam Police Chief Leo Zaal
commenting on the war on drugs.]



Sure, we all want safe streets. We'd like to live healthy and respectful lives. We'd like our children to have a decent chance in the world, and we would like a community that has a place for everyone. We need to think about ways to achieve these modest goals rather than building a war machine to carry out a war on drugs - a war that has failed miserably over the past twenty years or so. After a century of world war, we should know something of its destructive power. As Leo Zaal, the Police Chief of Amsterdam, said, "We don't use that expression (war on drugs). The police are a very dangerous element in society if they are not limited. We know what war means, even those of us born after World War Two. We fight war against our enemies, not our own citizens." ("The Amsterdam Sham," by David Beers, Vancouver Magazine, October/98).

Canada is a society with huge contradictions. We're supposed to be a democracy, but we see inequality, racism and oppression everywhere. We drive our market economy with the values of accumulation, competition and aggression, and we preach that people should treat each other with generosity, co-operation and caring. Following the American example, we conduct a war on drugs, yet we are a drug society with a drug store on almost every corner. Advertisements come at us like cruise missiles seeking our inner vulnerability. The ads tell us that we're incomplete human beings unless we buy this quick fix or that quick fix - a brand name pair of jeans or a certain kind of alcohol. Advertising, and the market forces that

drive it, change us from a society of "enough" to "never enough". Most drugs in our addicted society are legal. Some are illegal. The abuse of two legal drugs, alcohol and tobacco, cause more death and destruction than all the illegal drugs put together.

When the TV cameras and itinerant reporters come to the Downtown Eastside, they record, for their commercial advantage, our humiliation on the streets. They don't record the terrible social injustice and pain that lies behind much of the drug addiction in low income neighbourhoods. Neither do they record the stable and caring community that lies behind the facade of skid road.

What those with great power repress, when they see the bad drug scene on Hastings Street, is that what they are seeing is a reflection of their own souls. It is their brutal, rigid, war on drugs that has made the drug scene worse. It has criminalized and marginalized ill people. It has forced the drug trade underground. It has taken money that should have gone to a wide range of treatment and follow-up programs that would have made the streets safer for everyone, and spent it on more police and more prisons. This futile, ongoing war is driven by fear, by misinformation, and by the military/para-military law enforcement institutions, including the U.S. private prisons which are doing well on the New York Stock Exchange. After twenty years of this war on drugs, the USA has the most catastrophic drug problem and the highest rate of throwing people in jail of all the industrial nations. The United States also has the highest rate of infant mortality and the highest rate of child poverty in the industrial nations. When you spend money on guns, you don't spend it on butter.

We in the Downtown Eastside have always respected community-minded police officers. We need the police when we're in trouble. At the same time, there are better ways to keep our streets safe, to protect our children, and to save the lives of drug users than the war on drugs. The big tent conference that took place at Oppenheimer Park last November 20, 1998, talked about some of them. Sure hope that video on the conference comes out soon.

By SANDY CAMERON

DERA, the Downtown Eastside Residents' Association, held its Annual General Meeting on April 30. This is where members get reports on the financial state of the organization and on what has occurred in the past year. It's also when the Board of Directors gets renewed.

It was on a professional note that Norm Jang, auditor and financial adviser for the past 7 or 8 years, stated that he was resigning as DERA's auditor. DERA is growing. It was during the past year that it acquired partial ownership, through a company created with the permission of the membership, of the Metropole Hotel. It is also putting much energy and commitment into various enterprises, each linked with employment creation and service to residents. Norm Jang said that, as a sole person, he must at this time resign to permit DERA to engage a firm to do the financial work he'd done. He simply doesn't have the requisite time to do the necessary work.

The elections saw five people nominated but two couldn't attend, and were taken off the list. The remaining three were acclaimed as members of the Board of Directors. DERA welcomes Paul Taylor, Jimmy Wu and Chris Laird.

People cut off welfare get harsher sentences than criminals

I believe one major solution to homelessness would be for the federal government to build hostels that provide three meals a day and a bed to sleep on. It is wrong that in a country as rich as Canada, thousands of people are living on the streets.

Currently, if someone defrauds the welfare system, they are cut off from income assistance and are sentenced to sleeping in alleys, panhandling, and dumpster diving.

Someone who cheats the welfare system should be punished, by going to jail or having their benefits cut off. However, the offender should still have the right to live in a government funded hostel shelter. To sentence someone to live

UNITY FAIR

May 7th - 11am-4:30pm

The Friendship Centre, 1607 E. Hastings

***Racism : Discrimination :
Policing : Immigration :
Colonization : Stereotypes :
Refugee policy in Canada
-The media
-The law
-The system***

Childcare and lunch are free.

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REDWIRE MAGAZINE

RACISM FREE NEIGHBOURHOOD NETWORK

in the street is too harsh a punishment.

Food and shelter are the most basic of human rights. When a murderer goes to jail, he has food, clothing and shelter paid for by the government. Yet if someone gets cut off welfare, they are left to freeze and starve on the streets. This is terribly unfair. Fraud is a far lesser crime than murder. However, a murderer is better taken care of by government than a homeless person!

Some people are homeless because they can't find a place cheap enough to rent that can be covered by welfare. Government funded hostels would provide temporary relief until an affordable place to live can be found.

—Chris Lindsay, Kelowna

Libraries And Class

The corporate media tells us there is no such thing as class. "We all have the same opportunities," it says. But we have to recognize the difference between young people for whom opportunity means going to university and young people for whom opportunity means cleaning car windows.

Public libraries must find ways to help low income citizens use the library system. Fines for late books and fees for the use of library equipment are now acceptable ways to raise money, but they can make it impossible for poor people to use the library.

People who are poor do not enjoy the same access to library resources as well-to-do people. Our Carnegie Library, one of the most-used libraries in Vancouver, tries to break down the barriers that prevent low income citizens from using libraries. With a "Carnegie Only" card, a person can take out materials from the Reading Room. These materials are not subject to overdue fines or lost charges, but if you lose a book, you are asked to replace the lost item with another book if you can. To get a "Carnegie Only" reading room card, you don't need proof of your address. All you need is a document with your name on it.

Residents of the Downtown Eastside read a lot. The Carnegie Reading Room is essential to them.

Doubledrum Mike

(helped by "Libraries, Class and the Poor People's Policy," by Sanford Berman, American Libraries, March, 1998.)



Film: KEYS TO KINGDOMS

On Saturday, April 17, a free film was shown at the Pacific Cinematique on Howe Street. It was

Keys to Kingdoms, portraying a poem from a book of the same title by Bud Osborn. The film was quite surprisingly brilliant, not the grunge pastiche type of film that I was expecting. In fact, I have seen films at first run theatres that I have paid for that were worse!

The film is set in the Downtown Eastside with a cast of characters and a nightmarish scape that resembles a Peter Breughel painting.

The protagonist, a younger Bud Osborn, gets drawn into the inevitable spiraling vortex of drunkenness, depravity and degeneration of his immediate neighbours living with him in a run-down, dilapidated skid row hotel (Cordova Rooms made especially to look that way. Usually these hotles are clean because they have to pass Health Inspection.) His neighbours include Cliff, a rough-housing, touque-wearing, mustachioed, stubblefaced bogey who lures Bud into a lurid physical threat against a tired bootlegger, and a First Nations fellow who referred to himself as "Satan".

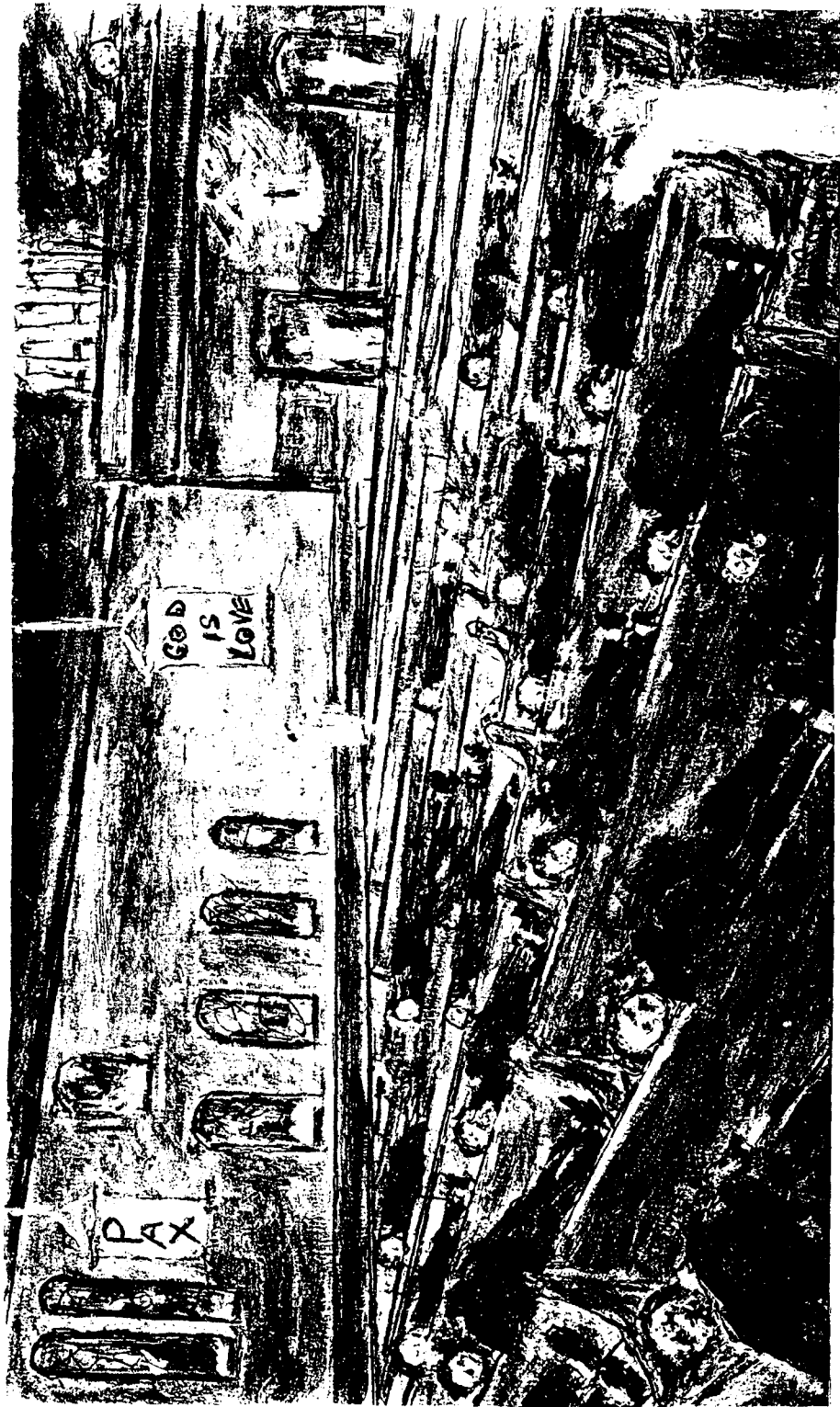
Bud goes through a physical attack by the grandson of the bootlegger. Bud was coerced into threatening, countless rude awakenings and loud yells by his picaresque neighbours, and is finally blamed for the disappearance of a \$5 bill that was lying on 'Satan's' desktop (a \$5 bill that Bud earlier saw Satan's girlfriend put into her purse). Satan tries to gain entry to Bud's room with a hatchet, in that fine Kubrickian way, and Alex, a homicidal knife-wielding maniac, is at Bud's window also trying to get into the room. I won't give away the ending but I couldn't help thinking of a Steely Dan song Any Major Dude. It goes:

"When the demon is at your door

In the morning it won't be there no more
Any Major Dude would tell you."

The film was set against a slow, lingering, smoky jazz soundtrack and Bud Osborn's eloquent narration was a brilliant added element of Bertolt Brecht's distancing. The director, Nathaniel Geary, will be destined for greatness. There was not one moment in the film that dragged. Quite engrossing!

By DEAN KO



Church as Shelter

At first glance, the body of the church might well be mistaken for a morgue.. place of internment.. giant sepulchre.. charnel house.. mortuary.. last resting place.. modern day catacomb...

More accurately, in these modern times, it's a casualty centre, a haven, a fall-out shelter for the homeless.

Sam Roddan

Gallery Gachet - 88 E. Cordova

Kathleen Yearwood & poet Rebecca Fredrickson are putting on a show and performing on **Thursday, MAY 13** at 8:00 pm. Admission is \$4 - \$7.

*"Yearwood sings songs that make your blood flow a little faster...
and makes all the oppressed ghosts crawl towards the surface."*

The artwork of Naufus Ramirez-Figueroa is on display starting May 7. It is called *Flesh Garden*

Tell Yourself

Tell me what I say
Tell me what I say
I can't play a dealing game
Pushing rocks sweet cocaine
Seeing people half outa their brain
Lining my pockets with other peoples pain
Creeping the streets like some kind of ghoul
Workin' with cum drunk bitches
And crack head fools
Tell me what I say
Tell me what I say
I can't play no pimping game
Having my sweet woman
Live in shame
I could always live that way
A tender trap a good slap
And that bitch will pay
Her mind body soul
Under my control, hit it one time
Then out on the stroll
But there's no track rats sleepin' in my bed
I even go there I'd wake up dead
My old lady is tough like lead
Did you get that boy? Tell me what I said



Friends

I miss my friend
 I don't have many.
 Sometimes I don't want any.
 The times we had live in my mind,
 It seems we were two of a kind.
 Rock 'n Roll Knights, Cocaine days.
 Playing the bars in our younger days.
 Then, one day, it all just ended.
 I'm left here
 Missing the man I befriended.
 When things are bad
 When my life's in the shitter
 I laugh at us, man,
 We were hard hitters.
 Boozing, drugging, sparks all around,
 Two bad boys running & fucking around.
 When shit hit the fan, you were always there,
 I know here, inside, I will always care.

Hollywood



Allow me to Enlighten You

You know what? I'm fuckin' sick and tired of
 Jesus' murder being blamed on the Jews. Bejesus!
 Were you there? Was I? Who nailed him? 'The
 Roman Soldiers.. (you potheads!).. under the
 jealous governor Pontius Pilate for fuck's sake.
 Even the humble Pope said it was the Roman
 soldiers.

So what can I say? Sometimes even good people
 do bad things? Naughty Roman soldiers.. naughty
 Pontius Pilate.. bad boys.

Whatcha gonna do when they come for you?

Anita Stevens

**Carnegie Community Centre
 Association.....Presents....**

The Carnegie Classics

'SILK ROAD'

**Classical Chinese music ensemble
 (Juno Award nominees)**

**THURSDAY, MAY 13, AT 4 PM
 IN THE THEATRE
 ALL WELCOME!**

(Thanks to the Leon & Thea Koerner Foundation
 for their financial support)

The Inter-Urban Idea

2 West Hastings Street

By SHARON KRAVITZ



B.C. ELECTRIC RAILWAY - INTER-URBAN TRAIN
LAST IN USE IN 1964

—In beginning to heal, get better, or restore, whatever you're comfortable with, there must be an acceptance of all parts. Regardless, of whether we are dealing with ourselves, our families, or our communities..if the intention is to truly help each other, then we must momentarily cease judgment, and look at the larger picture.

In the past 15 years, the Downtown Eastside as a community has suffered from thousands of devastating losses. The losses of sisters and brothers, friends, parents and lovers, are so frequent that the accumulation of deaths has numbed many people. The losses of affordable housing have displaced the elderly, the sick and the poor into circumstances which have frequently resulted in death. Through all of this, there are still people who are willing to donate \$10 from their welfare cheque to give to a man to take his brother's ashes back to El Salvador; there are still people willing to fight for their space in their community; there are many people, regardless of circumstance, that will treat you like family, be kind, buy someone a coffee, and share their story. It's much like a small town,

coupled with the impacts of an economically distressed inner city.

The struggles of the Downtown Eastside are widely known. There are, however, many untold stories of this extraordinary community, a community that holds the history of our city, a history that is gradually being erased. In 20 years, when people speak of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside, they may recount the First people of the Musqueam Squamish Burrard territory whose land the area was built on; the Inter Urban Railway and the heyday of Hastings Street in the 40's; the Union protests; the Icons - Green, Eriksen, Davies; they may speak of the drug trade, "skid road", the HIV epidemic, poverty, and gentrification.

There is deep concern and wondering if there will be any remnants of the community that we, as residents, community activists and workers, have come to know. Our community may be financially weak, but never lacking the creativity and strength of spirit that is born out of tragedies and financial circumstances that demand creative solutions. It is a community regardless of desensitizing body count and third world conditions, and it continues to remain hopeful and resilient but still vulnerable.

The devastating route of full gentrification of the Downtown Eastside is not an option. There is a tremendous creative opportunity to develop alternative solutions to full gentrification, primarily through working with the current resource base of the community. There is no shortage of resourceful, highly creative people in the DES but there is a shortage of energy, and financial knowledge.

With the abundance of talent and resources of community residents, joined with financial mentoring and a new and inspiring space, we may have an opportunity to work towards creating a healthier community and a prolific partnership.

The Inter Urban Railway, located at 2 West Hastings, was a part of Vancouver's history, and The Inter Urban in 1999 intends to be part of the Downtown Eastside's future, a future that includes the current community, and solutions that are culturally, spiritually and socio-economically relevant to it's residents.

[*An idea... Walls of Change plays as a focus for the enormous talent and creativity of residents. The space at 2 West Hastings was used to create one of the murals - the one that now adorns the streetfront of the new Portland Hotel Society's building just down the street. The potential of this space and the myriad uses to which it could be put, the resulting benefits, positive collaborations, healing and more have become a prime fascination for many. A strategy meeting was held where people voiced their visions of what could be, and the challenge of keeping the positive and necessary ahead of the negative and vested interests is right there. The interweaving layers of bureaucratic, social and political complexity are likened to a buzzsaw; and money drives this engine. There will be more on what's possible in the next issue.]



"People call me a feminist whenever I differentiate myself from a doormat."

-Rebecca West

"Whatever women do they must do twice as well as men to be thought of half as good. Luckily this is not difficult."

-Charlotte Whitton

"To recommend thrift to the poor is both grotesque and insulting. It is like advising a man who is starving to eat less."

-Oscar Wilde

"Is God a figment of our imagination, or are we a figment of God's?"



Passage...



Lore Krill passes through.. some say she passed away. I first met her at the Four Sisters co-op in 1986. She was in a 3-bedroom with three young children and a single parent. Liz was the youngest at 3, then John-Paul at 5 and Anna at 8.

It's presumptuous to write a biography of such an extraordinary person, so the points remembered and seen by many people are Lore's volunteer and community work. She was the president of Four Sisters co-op for some years ..a founding member of Main & Hastings Community Development Society and worked with many other volunteers to create the Four Corners Community Savings. Lore was most at home with **P.R.I.D.E.**, working as its Director since the centre's inception.

The community held a celebration of her life, in the lower level of the Four corners building at Main & Hastings. I couldn't go - depression and loss. Many people came together to bid her farewell, and many more hold her memory dear.

Baba Nam Kevalam.

"Multi-year partnership for social housing in Vancouver"

"1000 units of social housing," was the gist of an excited report. The person was convinced that the provincial and city governments had gotten together and were promising a thousand new units by yesterday, or the day after tomorrow at the latest. I remembered getting a fax with a short reminder of an announcement that was being made in a few days time. Another fax came today and the facts were clearer.

BC Housing has been involved in providing 1400 units of rental housing since 1994. Of these, 1000 were social housing, for low-income residents of Vancouver. Of the thousand, 450 were developed as replacement housing for the loss of single-occupancy hotels in the downtown area.

This information was background for the latest project - in Mount Pleasant - of 18 one-bedroom units for people with mental illnesses and a further 100 units for low-income people. Good & Better..

There is a city-owned site at 55 East Hastings, where BC Housing and the City are helping Central Residence provide 100 units; there is a new development across the street through BC Housing and Main&Hastings Housing Society; the Metropole is being completely refurbished by DERA and the DERA Housing Society is excited about the Alex Geir site and over 400 units; the City just kicked in \$1 million towards the renovation of the Sunrise and Washington hotels; Cordova House is up and running again; Vancouver Native Housing is starting on 98 units at 27 West Pender; the Portland Hotel Society has its new premises about half done and the Woodward's Co-op committee is looking to close on 2 sites to put some housing in the ground.

[**The Woodward's building itself is as empty as ever. Kassem Aghtai remains as sleazy as ever - he screamed and whined for concessions and relaxations and special consideration, promising half of this historic building for social housing, then stabbed the community in the heart by refusing to come clean about the money. Turned out



that he'd never intended to go through with the lauded plan, and put the whole thing on the market almost immediately. Once he got the development permit to build all condos everything just ground to a halt. He tried to stiff demolition contractors for about \$300,000 and is asking \$25 million for the site. He paid \$16.7 million, then sold the parking garage to the City of Vancouver the next day for \$10 million. He's got less than \$7 million of somebody's money tied up and wants to almost quadruple it for his "effort". BC Housing tried to get that project going and hung in with Aghtai for 14 months while staff frustration grew by leaps and bounds. A cover of ye olde *Carnegie Newsletter* invoked an ancient curse on his house for 5 generations, and that still holds true. If Aghtai and his phalanx of lawyers reads this, please sue.]

A meeting of many organizations and interested groups happened at the Library in April. It was to look at the vested interests trying to get a narrow version of "revitalization" in place under the noses of residents. The Community Housing Plan and its principles were firm for many as a basis for any changes. Housing for local residents is the starting point of any plan, and it can't be priced at market rates. We live here, and BC Housing and the City of Vancouver can be part of our future.

By PAULR TAYLOR

Missing Women a memorial

Wednesday, May 12, 1999

First United Church, 320 East Hastings (at Gore)

2:00PM

Followed by a walk to CRAB Park

Gathering and bench dedication at CRAB Park

(North end of Main Street over the overpass)

3:30PM

Refreshments will follow.

Wheelchair accessible.

Rides available from the church to the park for seniors and people with disabilities.

For more information, contact Maggie deVries at 669-9047.

Website: www.missingpeople.net

**Please join us to remember our loved ones,
honour their lives and grieve their disappearance.**

Ruth Meta (*Common Concerns*), and her crew of authors, publishers, fans, and several children took Carnegie Art Gallery by storm last night. (April 21st). Together with writers from the Carnegie Writer's Group and Learning Centre, Ruth and friends put on a program to accentuate and celebrate the literary talent of our community, and of literacy everywhere.

The featured authors included Persimmon Blackbridge who read from her book, *Sunnybrook. (A True Story with Lies)*. Persimmon read her tragic-comic tale of working in an institution for the 'retarded' with flair and a wicked sense of irony. Rita Wong read from *Monkeypuzzie*: the reflections of a child growing up~ and working in a family neighbourhood store. And some pretty powerful erotic poetry. Finally, Yvon Chartrand gave a magnificent performance of storytelling in the traditional Quebecois style,

Not to be forgotten are our own Carnegie Writers. They were numerous and talented in very unique ways. It would be unfair to speak about the particular writers I heard, and the names I remembered. However, I think that the success of the evening will encourage others (I know you're out there) to join in the next time.

Wilhelmina Miles
Learner/Tutor (L.C.)

DOWNTOWN STD CLINIC - 219 Main; Monday - Friday, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.
EASTSIDE NEEDLE EXCHANGE - 221 Main; 8:30 a.m. - 8 p.m. every day
YOUTH NEEDLE EXCHANGE VAN - 3 Routes
ACTIVITIES City - 5:45 p.m. - 11:45 p.m.
SOCIETY Overnight - 12:30 a.m. - 8:30 a.m.
 Downtown Eastside - 5:30 p.m. 1:30 a.m.

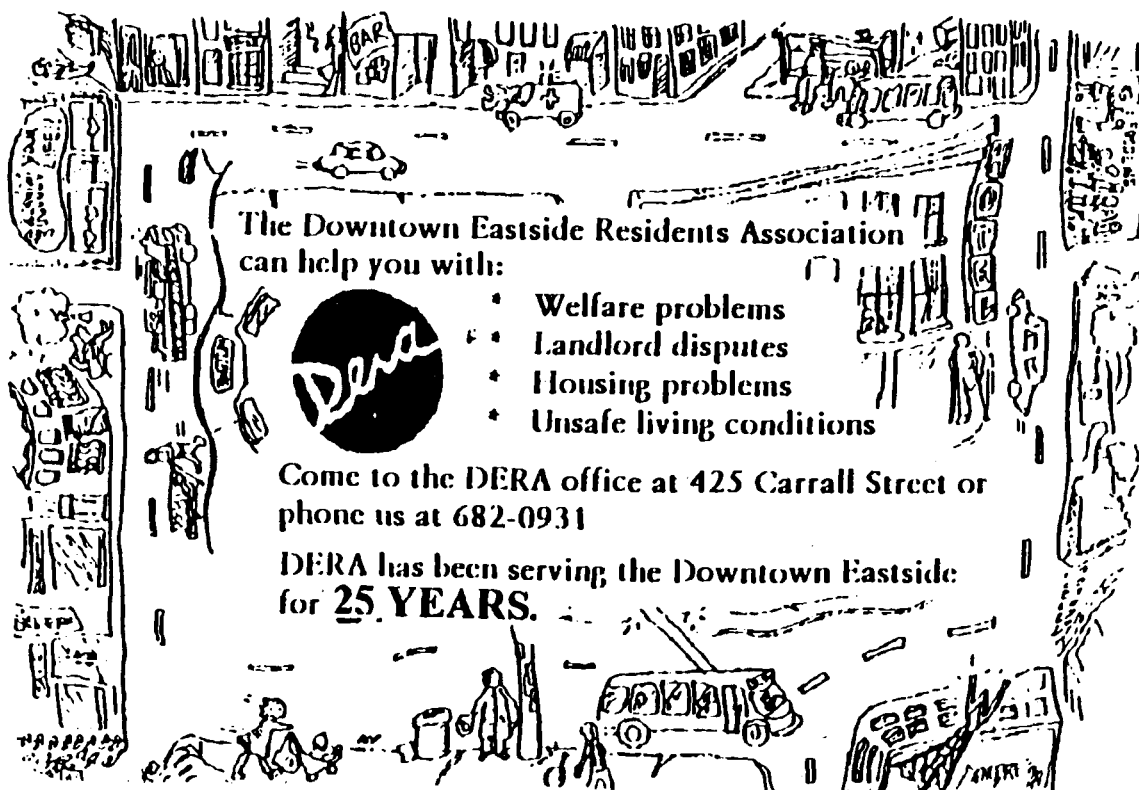
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Carnegie
 NEWSLETTER
 101 Main Street, Vancouver V6A 1T7 (604) 686 1230

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
Wednesday, May 12



The Downtown Eastside Residents Association
 can help you with:

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

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

DERA has been serving the Downtown Eastside
 for **25 YEARS.**



Disability Issues of the D.E.S.

Disability seems to be, in my opinion, the flavour of the month, or the cash cow for non-profits in our community. Within the many mandates that claim to be servicing the Main/Hastings area on behalf of First Nations there is a reluctance by these providers to include input that may differ from the status quo. I refer to the use of traditional healing methods, both physical and spiritual. These time-honoured methods could be used effectively to help Aboriginal people come to terms with the particular problems they may be having with alcohol, drugs, and/or living with physical or mental disabilities.

Many of the illnesses I witness every day are the direct result of inappropriate or misguided methods of healing. Each culture has its own unique and valuable customs to deal with maladjustment and disease. Surely we are not so naive as to consider that one way of healing works for all cultures. This is not a one-size-fits-all situation.

We are beginning to see the resurgence of alternative healing methods. It must be that European medicine and customs do not provide the definitive answer for the health problems that plague all people. We have seen the success of traditional healing methods at Round Lake, Alkali Lake; and many smaller communities that have not been studied and filmed. Now is the time for the health professionals of Vancouver to consult with the experts in the field and to implement some of

these culturally specific methods in the urban reservation of the Downtown Eastside.

In dealing with health problems of addiction, malnutrition and the physical and mental disabilities that often go along with this lifestyle we can begin to address the huge problem of thousands of marginalized people.. people who are often homeless and walk a precarious line every day just to survive.

I do not point the finger of blame at the mainstream white culture. Our own people are also to blame. There is a lack of communication between our so-called leaders and the grassroots population in the area of health and healing in the D.E.S. Phil Fontaine should come down and see for himself the lack of concern, the outright neglect. Our elected Native leaders, the Indian Centre, United Native Nations, Vancouver Aboriginal Council and Native Health are all involved in the process of improving the quality of life of marginalized Aboriginal people. However, we down here on the street can not see any improvement in the broad health situation. In fact, it seems to be getting worse.

Poverty and disease are big business. Many people are employed; much resources are accessed. The bottom line is; however, that little is being done. We do not have forever. Many of us are dying.. dying of curable conditions.

I ask again why is it that these groups are not doing the jobs they are getting paid to do? The non-profits that access money specially earmarked for First Nations projects deliberately exclude First Nations people from their programs. Also there is no coordinated effort by the many and various agencies to get involved in the big issues of health, housing, and employment. Non-native groups who service the community, including the City of Vancouver, must take steps to see that the marginalized Aboriginal population have fair representation.

We are the people. We live here. We want to be included. Our lives are not the means for political infighting. Maybe together we can improve the lives of our people down here. We need the summit to start asking questions.

All my relations.
Fred Arrance
President, W.A.N.D.

*'Recognizing People Living with Diabetes and Hidden or
Visible Disabilities'*

*14th Annual
Cedar Cottage, Trout Lake*

POW WOW



& NATIVE ARTS & CRAFTS MARKET !

MAY 7, 8, 9th, 1999

**Place: TROUT LAKE COMMUNITY CENTRE
3350 VICTORIA DRIVE, VANCOUVER, BC**

Master of Ceremonies
Assistant MC

**HOST DRUM: EAGLE RIDGE
HONOR DRUM: BLOOD TRAVELERS**

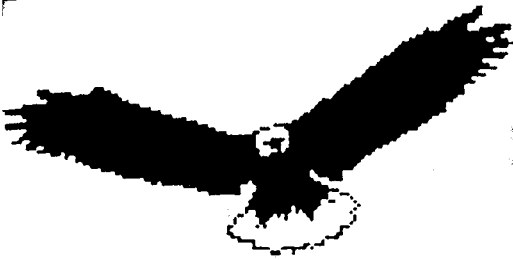
May 7 Grand Entry at 7 pm
May 8 Grand Entries: 1 pm and 7 pm
May 9 Grand Entry: 1 pm
Closing: 6:00 pm

Princess Pageant: Theresa Snow

For more info: Call Kat Norris or Kelly Woods at 874-4231

Harold Belmont
Jere Peters

**Admission
by
Donation!**



Lynn Peak

Dark was the dawn when I slipped away,
the house quiet as a tomb.
To the forest I went sick with longing
to the forest yearning for home.

Darkness concealed my going.
Silence called my name.
The city slept as I made my way
to Lynn Peak.

Dense was the mist in the valley.
Steep was the path
through the mist-shrouded trees.
My breath sang a song in the morning,
dew dampened my face.

Then, high on a ridge,
the sun shone for an instant,
and out of the sun appeared a great eagle,
head white as snow
in the grey of the dawn.
It hovered above me
wings moving slowly,
eight feet across
from one tip to the other.
"Friend," I said gently
watching the fierce eyes,
feeling the wind
from the wings on my face.
The eagle turned slightly
and soared down the valley
into the mist
that hid it from view.

Dark was the dawn when I slipped away,
the house quiet as a tomb.
To the forest I went sick with longing
to the forest yearning for home.

Sandy Cameron



Editor,

The 'poem' *ordinary everyday events* which was printed in the April 15th newsletter names me as the person who has compiled the reports edited by Bud Osborn into the form of a poem.

While it is true that I type up the DEYAS Bad Date Sheet from which these reports were drawn, I feel the credit should properly go to the women working in the sex trade who experienced and reported these awful events.

It is to the credit of all the women who do this extremely dangerous work that they take the time and care to help warn others about the predators who too often prowl our streets.

Judy McGuire

To whom it may concern:

I was quite shocked to see the graphics in the last issue of the Carnegie Newsletter. In the article called "Ordinary Everyday Events", compiled by Judy McGuire and edited by Bud Osborn, I think the graphics are definitely inappropriate and degrading toward women.

Maria Teixeira



I think I'll stop sending my poems
That appear in the local newsletter
To my family

W a y back there in the Maritimes.

They carefully never mention the enclosures
tucked in with news of health and weather.
Perhaps they are horrified
By the state of street affairs in Vancouver:
- city with the 2nd worst drug, crime and poverty
In North America.

Nova Scotia hides its deviance
Shame-ridden by centuries of Puritanism.

Then again, perhaps they are not interested.
They did survive the Great Depression
And the War to end all Wars.
Their perspective may be different from mine -
A child of the munificent fifties
A semi-hippie and flower child after that.

My baby sister is working miracles with autistic kids;
Her own sons firmly on the honour roll
Baptised by total dunking-
Familiar with the Bible.

My niece is studying at Mount St. Vincent
which proudly boasts an 85% female enrollment.
Her brother is a computer whiz in Colorado-
I predict comfortable conventional futures.

Suddenly, I know why they don't mention my poems
Yes, I think I'll stop sending those pesky newsletters
B a c k east.

Coast to Coast Doggerel
Wilhelmina Miles



Massacre in Littleton

Within there's a war with self
A war that is seldom won
It had nothing to do with class or wealth
The massacre in Littleton.

They walked up and down the halls killing
Their actions had set the stage
God knows they were ready and willing
Like the guy in Stephen King's book "Rage".

They killed an innocent teacher
And murdered fourteen friends
Injuring twenty-three was another feature
Before they met their own suicidal ends.

One was named Eric Harris
Another Klebold, Dylan
They committed the type of crime, amongst the rares
That made each of them a villain.

It makes it more difficult to go to school
Where violence is now the rule
It makes one think of avoiding the scene
And dropping out at fifteen!

"This is a difference between our lands
One that truly rates"
But nationalism is as closed as racism
Human life is at stake.

Dean Ko.



Three G's

Drug Dealer, Drug Dealer
What are you going to do?

No honeys around

When the heats on you.

No helping hand when you need a buck.

Has got you hangin' your head
and sayin'

What the Fuck!

OG. OG. - ya gangster boy

In a rag-top Caddie with all the toys

Rollin on Datons as you pass by

Larceny is your bible

And I know why.

You peel the caps,

Set the traps,

Rollin with a big old stack,

'Til you're found dead

With a hole in your back!

Streetwalking baby,

Now, I'm looking at you.

Don't say "Whatever,"

'Cause that means "Fuck You!"

It doesn't matter what I say,

If there is no money, you will just walk away

You don't see people, you just see tricks.

You don't see me, just my dick!

Hollywood



Imposters under a Vest

Prostitution, picking cans

Illness, hunger, computer scans

Tacky taping of the scene

Criminal Codes that make us mean.

"Compassion-fatigue" of the middle-class

They get re-juiced and go to mass

Contagious fatigue of the working poor

On faded knees and that's for sure.

Mud on my shoes from running scared

Rust on my soul from laying bared

Beauty on the inside don't pay for that

'Show me the money" and you're a doormat.

He puts both hands behind his back

You pick the one without the lack

He shoves the powder in your face

It's in both hands, to my disgrace.

He drops the blade, I run no more

The fun begins.. I am a whore

Mary Magdelene was my name

She was a healer - not the same

They make you sick, they take your tune

They say "I love you. I'll help you soon."

I know they won't; they lie and smile,

They stick it in and turn your dial.

They get their juice from show of blood


The things they say are clear as mud

So walk together and don't look back

No D.O.A., No body sack.

NO means NO!

-Moses



My name is Anita Stevens. I've been a resident in the community for thirteen years. I consider myself honoured and privileged to live in the Downtown East side. I was honoured again two days ago when Father John David Retter of Saint James Anglican Church telephoned me to say that he had received my prose poem "The Song of Joan" and that it was profound. This is for Father Retter.

The Song of Joan

I heard the bells at Saint James Church ring eighteen times as I crouched from a sore back on the corner with my groceries. Yes, I thought, Saint James is still with me. The first three sets of three bells represent "Hail Marys" and the following nine bells are a special prayer.

I thought of the beautiful, young Japanese woman with whom I live. The number eighteen is considered very good in the Japanese culture and in the Jewish culture represents, "chai", life

I thought of my health when now and then I hear voices, have premonitions, see lights and am in touch with the spiritual, mystical and experience the occult.

I thought of Joan of Arc whom at the age of seventeen heard voices and had visions; a young girl who led the French army in battle to victory but was later burned at the stake as a witch as she could not in all honesty renounce what she did firmly believe she heard and saw and because of wearing men's clothing.

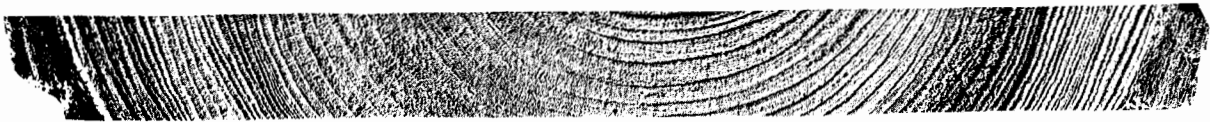
I think of all those who see and hear what others do not and are, in general, neglected, misunderstood and suffer not only the torment of the mind but the torment from those who have not walked in their shoes. I also think that, yes, it is possible, when one is traumatized, to develop a heightened sensitivity, not unlike those without sight, to experience, what others may only have an inkling, does exist.

I think of the burning chemicals (medicine) we take to lessen the trauma in order for us to be able to help ourselves and in the process, contribute to society and find venues for our energy and creativity.

I admire the tenacity, the strong survival instinct and the bravery of all those who persevere in their day to day living while enduring this condition.

The French have a phrase to describe the condition and when translated is "touched by madness from the presence of God".

The bells of Saint James Church are inspiring. They touch my heart, my soul, my mind and are the tears from my essence.



It is a sincere request from the writer of the following article that no one who has lost a loved one in the past three years read beyond this point.

To the Vancouver City Police department
and the Attorney General Of BC
Re: Evidence of crimes committed

SCENES FROM A TRANCE

Garry Gust

A van pulled up at the corner of Cordova and Gore. A young women talked to the driver thru the open window for a few minutes then got into the van.

As the electric window slid up and closed, a man In the back of the van quietly came from behind the young lady and deftly covered her face with a wet rag filled with a substance to render her unconscious.

Within minutes the van enters a waterfront warehouse and is met by 3 men in white smocks, who carry the unconscious women into a sterilized room. One of the men administers a syringe into the woman's left ear effectively killing her brain. Her clothes are removed and her body is cleaned with a disinfectant solution, then packed in ice.

The 3 men in smocks return to the van and congratulate the driver and his accomplice. Both parties seem to have a difference-of-language problem, but they communicate jovially.

One of the smocked men leaves, then returns with a canvas bag. The driver examines the contents and counts out 30 half inch stacks of 20 dollar bills.

The van pulls out of the Warehouse and the 3 men return to the sterilized room. They remove the woman's kidneys and liver, which are put in solution-filled containers that are quickly placed in a small air-conditioned delivery truck.

One of the men removes his smock. He's wearing green work clothes, which seems to provoke good-natured teasing from his colleagues. He gets into the delivery truck and pulls out across the railway tracks and drives up to Hastings Street, where he cautiously turns right and blends into the traffic

After a few blocks he sees a police car in his rear view mirror. He calmly flicks the turn signal and leaves Hastings. He watches for the police car in his mirror. It keeps going down the street. Relieved, he stops at the red light at Gore and Cordova. A woman steps close to the curve and waves at him. He smiles and shakes his head 'no' at her, she mouths the word "shit" then resumes her vigil on the corner.

The truck pulls away and turns on Powell Street. then across the Main street overpass to a large parking area on the waterfront and stops near a light blue BMW.

The man leaves the keys in the ashtray, gets out and walks to the BMW. He leans on the car for several minutes until he sees a young man approach the van. The two men make quick eye contact then both get into their vehicles and drive away in different directions

The van makes a short journey to a pier where it drives onto a small industrial ferry. It pulls out of Burrard Inlet and cruises around to outer English Bay where it rendezvouses with an anchored freighter.

Within days another set of 'Have you Seen This Woman?' posters are taped onto windows and light poles in the Downtown Eastside, where they'll hang and slowly fade as the season changes, and then they'll be replaced by others in the Detectively impotent and abandoned community.

Carnegie Community Centre Mental Health Information Tables

* May 4th - 1:00-3:00

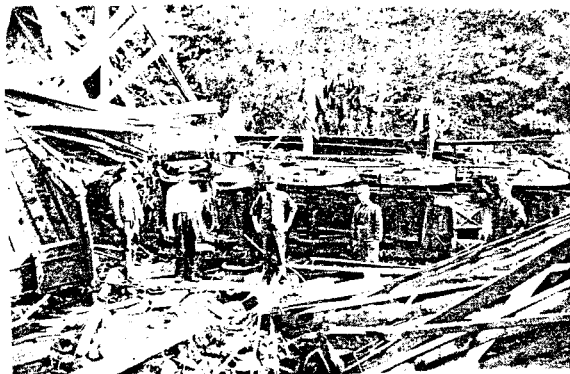
Suicide Prevention Centre

* May 1st - 1:00-3:00

BC Schizophrenia Society

The information tables will be on the Main Floor by the Information Desk (by the Reading Room).

At the tables will be representatives of the organizations and free literature. All are welcome.



Working On The Railroad

Andy wants a job as a signalman on the railways. He is told to meet the inspector at the signal box. The inspector puts this question to him:

"What would you do if you realized that two trains were heading for each other on the same track?" Andy says, "I would switch the points for one of the trains."

"What if the lever broke?" asked the inspector. "Then I'd dash down out of the signal box," said Andy, "and I'd use the manual lever over there."

"What if that had been struck by lightning?" "Then," Andy continues, "I'd run back into the signal box and phone the next signal box."

"What if the phone was engaged?" "Well in that case," persevered Andy, "I'd rush down out of the box and use the public emergency phone at the level crossing up there."

"What if that was vandalized?" "Oh, well then I'd run into the village and get my uncle Silas."

This puzzles the inspector, so he asks, "Why would you do that?" "Because he's never seen a train wreck..."

(Submitted by Carl)

Song Semi-Circle

Fridays in
the
Carnegie Theatre
10:30 AM to 12:30PM



all welcome



Pacific DAWN

Pacific Disabled Women's Network

Meeting, Book Launch, Speakers Pin Fundraising Campaign Launch & Social

- BC Women's Hospital and Health Centre
Room E311, 4500 Oak

Tuesday, May 4, 6:30-9:30

In Celebration of International Midwives Day

- There will be an interactive panel discussion with researchers, midwives, nurses, physicians, activists, policy makers, care providers & students.
- BC Women's Hospital and Health Centre
Room E311, 4500 Oak
Thursday, May 6, 10am - noon.

For more information, call 254-8586

Life on the Playing Field

The Downtown Eastside, according to many Blind-side observers, is a writhing snake-pit... but not in my books.

There is more life, character and magic here than in any Uptown Anywhere.

Look at a school playing field. At a recess it bursts with beauty, colour, singing. Spirits, like wild flowers in a jungle, leap into life.

No one can deny the evil that exists in parts of the Downtown Eastside, but who in our midst can label, betray or savage the great majority who have taken up a good life in this community?

Sam Roddan



A Solution you can Bank On



Competitive
Products
A Full Range
of Services
Security
Guaranteed



PHOTO: LINDA JANE PETELKO

**ATM CARDS NOW AVAILABLE.
COME IN AND APPLY FOR
YOURS TODAY!**

Four Corners Community Savings
is located in the Downtown Eastside.
Bank with us, and invest in creative
solutions for communities.

Contact us at (604) 606-0133 • 390 Main Street

THREE YEARS!!!

Four Corners Community Savings celebrated its third birthday on April 22, with a 3-hour party. The idea was to hear from key players, supporters and people who work there - in all respects both paid and unpaid.

Jim Green welcomed everyone and spoke of the uniqueness of this facility, both in terms of philosophy - awareness of and respect for the collaterals of poverty - and Four Corners being the first of its kind in North America.

I didn't get everyone's name or position, but the accolades were from the heart. Geoff was a familiar face from Free Trade days and he spoke of the Canadian Auto Workers' support and deposit of one million dollars; Lorne works as a teller and likes what the place is doing in the community; John is a stranger in a strange land - "finding a bank with a heart" - after 30 years in

the business; someone from South Africa, noted for the oddity of walking in one day and just hanging in there with the rest of the volunteers, was really pleased and excited - the Four Corners Support Fund Society is going to be official in about a month! The exclamation is justified, based on the little I got from his talk: - if you want a loan, to get an idea off the ground or just to buy something, no bank will talk to you if you don't have collateral - something of value that the loaner can take if you don't pay. What this fund does, after your idea, plan or purchase is seen as legitimate, is to guarantee covering a missed payment. I won't try to confuse or misrepresent this service, but it's taken about 2 years to get through all the regulations and obstacles to providing it. That in itself is good

The party included food, soft drinks and local entertainment. "Banking with Community Spirit" - it can grow on you!

By PAULR TAYLOR