

FREE - donations accepted.

# Carnegie



NEWSLETTER

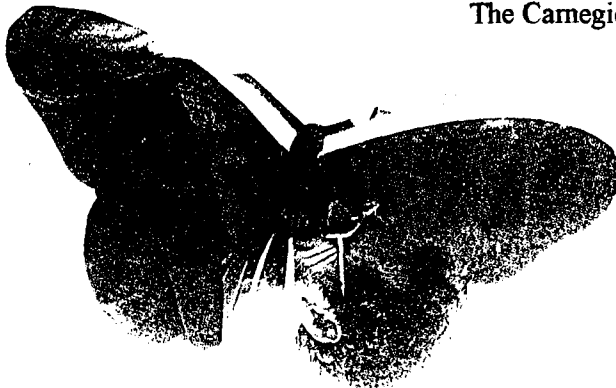
JUNE 15, 1999.

401 Main Street, Vancouver V6A 2T7 (604) 681-2220

beginnings  
are such  
delicate times...



...and THE STREETWORK 'PROGRAM' at Main&Hastings outside Carnegie is happening. Ideas can be talked to death, interest no one, be killed in their infancy, or can take hold with more support than anyone could imagine. In barely 2 weeks tables have held crafts, chess&checkers, book-giveaways, health & local information; people have poured their hearts into speaking with chalks on the sidewalk and continuously add to a pad of poster-size paper with one question "*What would you like to see or do here?*" Again and maybe on the flip side, this is barely 2 weeks and harassment over chalked statements, a freaked-out situation with a deal or trick going bad and a streetworker being the referee, rampant cynicism... can mess things up.



The Carnegie Association Program Committee will hold an  
**INFORMATION & IDEA SESSION**  
Tuesday, June 29<sup>th</sup>,  
3:00 p.m.  
Art Gallery, 3<sup>rd</sup> floor



Camegie on a Friday afternoon brings about fifty interested citizens who live and/or work in the neighbourhood together to meet with the Vancouver Police in a public forum, organized by DERA, to discuss installation of surveillance cameras.



The police recognized the Downtown Eastside as having a disproportionate amount of crime associated with the neighbourhood, thus being a target of this tool in an arsenal of initiatives. Speakers for cameras rationalized an invasive method, whereby financial and social disparities demonstrate surveillance has a role dealing with often destructive, self inflicted social roles.

Juggin it, and tweakin with a painful, shadowy companion dancing drunkenly in the street all display the insatiable need. Drug brawls follow when craving peaks and unpaid street loans are not received. We have a health system strangled at the top by governments unwilling to recognize a crisis or epidemic. The same governments and those backing them prefer to deal with social problems piecemeal - and of course the police found in their research that law and order responses are appropriate, and difficult to refute. Their findings show that, for the city's prime locations, 24 hour surveillance is pragmatic and cost effective. However, health services hands are tied and policy must be adhered to. Cameras drive the health crisis underground. While the police sweep the street for nuisance offenses, committed by confused, distant, drug erratic bundles of needy health problems, the discarded 'trash' go into the corners of society, remnants of the new breed of cutbacks and closures, ridiculed and insulted.

Those alienated by drugs again return to wet, dark, dank, feces ridden alleys, doorways and desperation-soaked hotel rooms. Back to violent

***The Eastside can be a source of inspiration to become productive, responsible and self-sufficient should fate find you sleeping in a hotel room on the corner of Ghetto & Main, but the Eastside can also be a source of overwhelming frustration and anger.***



drug crime in hotel rooms, back to people dying overdosed because they couldn't wait.. no one was around and the dealer didn't care. Back to the days of health problems being social crimes we don't talk about. Back to the days of whispers and paranoia to score. Back to the days of 'out of sight out of mind'. Bright, intelligent, articulate people have embraced and promoted a tool that indirectly punishes the whole and not the perpetrators. Passersby look at you with contempt and disdain, making a health problem criminal, leaving you feeling worthless.

Based on the information provided by the police, the numbers and cameras were impressive in reducing the amount of street level crime, but, while people die in vain chasing the dragon, carpet surfing, peaking and tweakin, government is idle or setting up cameras so a select few can witness an erroneous war on drugs. One only has to look at any prison to see, with exception, only the poor serving time. While I can respect the police when confronted with criticism of various governmental legislation, (or lack thereof), for a national health/drug strategy, this community and poverty related health crimes need the police's day to day experience - in any capacity - to bring awareness and understanding to often misleading or misdirected health directives and policies. The worst form of poor bashing is apathy and cameras

are apathetically quiet, staring down with an unblinking, uncaring eye.

The Eastside can be a source of inspiration to become productive, responsible and self-sufficient should fate find you sleeping in a hotel room on the corner of Ghetto and Main, but the Eastside can also be a source of overwhelming frustration and anger. During a person's tenure in the Eastside, welfare, foodbanks, clinics, social programs, employment training, education and contact with social agencies all invariably require information that invades a person's life. With the exception of B.C. Benefits, the majority of human agencies show sensitivity. The Eastside is keenly aware of the anger and frustration associated with being monitored, studied and observed. This community has been vocal about being scrutinized, making invaders aware of how demeaning it is to be watched. Cameras have their place but Eastside residents should take painstaking care, whatever rational or reason the cameras use, that wealth creation and distribution that flow from the sad tragic need to create employment stays in the community and motivates solutions to deal with longstanding health problems.

Are you, your partner or a member of your family diagnosed with Hep C?



# Hep C Support Group

WEDNESDAYS  
7:30 - 9:30 PM  
Starting June 16



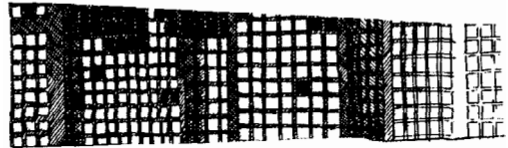
**Carnegie Centre  
Classroom #2 Third Floor**

In the first couple of weeks, we will discuss what you need and want from the group. Medical? Information? Peer support? Advocacy? Come with your ideas!!!

**While the rest of the world  
is preparing for the new millenium**



*you'll be sitting back thinking how the best things  
in your life are already Y2K compliant.*



## HEALTH INFO TABLES



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

June 15	Asian Society for the Intervention of AIDS
June 22	Hep C Support Group
June 29	Hep C information: Persons With Aids Society

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.

# carnegie community centre association

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

To: David Lee  
Planning Department, City of Vancouver

Dear Mr. Lee,

This letter is in reference to The Haven shelter proposal of the Salvation Army. We are strongly in favor of it.

We are an association of more than 3,000 members based at the Carnegie Community Centre at Main and Hastings. The mandate of the association includes speaking out on issues involving the well-being of the community and of our mostly low-income members.

As you may know, we are located just a block from the proposed Haven site and the main Salvation Army complex of services. Every day we have to grapple with the same situation as they do. A steady stream of people come through our front door seeking assistance for the most basic survival needs. Our front door and information

staff attempt to steer them to food, shelter, counselling, whatever will help.

Some of these survival services are deeply inadequate. Shelter is one of them. We can tell people where the shelters are but all too often, when they get there, they are full up. There is a crying need for more capacity. I'm sure you have seen the statistics.

The alternative for many of these homeless people is sleeping in doorways, parked cars, empty lots, waking in the morning to roam the streets that much worse for wear, at risk to themselves and potentially to others

We are familiar with the Haven operation as it has been in operation on a temporary basis, and have satisfied ourselves that it is a caring, well-run, facility that is saving lives in our community. It serves a definite local need in the Gastown and Downtown Eastside area for people who are already here and are among the most vulnerable in our society.

Please allow the Salvation Army to continue providing this critically needed service. If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to contact me.

Muggs Sigurgeirson, Vice-President

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## Welcome to my world.

Welcome to my world.

Welcome to my mind.

Check your hip waiters

And your belly boat.

This gets deep.

I recommend you float.

Don't get caught up in the tide.

Just check it out.

Then let it ride.

If it seems I'm talking to you,

It could be true.

I've heard the Lord does not make junk.



We turn his wonders into junk  
I'm steadily hoping it'll be "all good"  
That's not what's happening in my 'hood.  
If you're in the Downtown Eastside  
Hollywood says, "Think and Stay Alive!"

HOLLYWOOD

**THE LONER**  
**Garry Gust**

It's October 2035 and the world is functioning on Nano technology and virtual reality. Every mechanical device has been miniaturized to the size of atoms, thanks to Nano research, and all the comforts a human could desire are supplied by virtual reality.

It is also in this world that Joe Wellsley finds himself arriving home after an easy day at the laboratory where he develops new games and devices to keep the idle populations occupied.

The idle populations evolved into their inertia as Nano miniaturization research began to succeed in the second decade. Then, within the span of twenty years, most jobs that required physical labour were eliminated by Nano technologies.

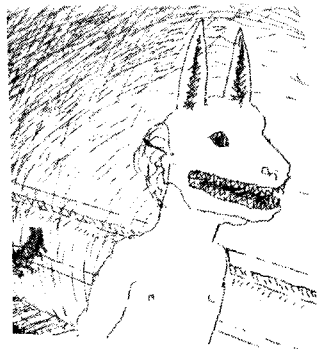
Joe was one of the lucky few who actually had a job that required him to leave home each day to a place of employment. Most others in the general population were house bound, doing small chores for the Central Government on the E-Net.

As Joe walked up to his door he stared at the IRIS-READER that unlocked and opened the bars and door. The bars were necessary to keep out a small group of citizens who were mad about their idleness and enjoyed breaking into houses to relieve their boredom.

Automatically, lights flicked on, ovens that moments ago were refrigerators began to heat up as Joe entered the home where he lived alone. As he walked into his bathroom the shower came to life and spewed out water to the exact temperature of Joe's liking. He undressed and was sprayed from head to foot with a living anti-bacterial soap that scrubbed his body then fell off into the drain.

Minutes later the water shut itself off as an instant blast of air from the ceiling outlet completely dried Joe's freshly cleaned anatomy. He stepped out of the shower and prepared to relieve his addiction before the intense loneliness came upon him, as it usually did at this time of the evening.

From a shelf he took his most prized possessions. He put two of them in his ear canals, then carefully put his Virtual—R contact lenses on. Again, from head to foot, he was sprayed with a Nano-sensitizing substance that would last till his next shower.

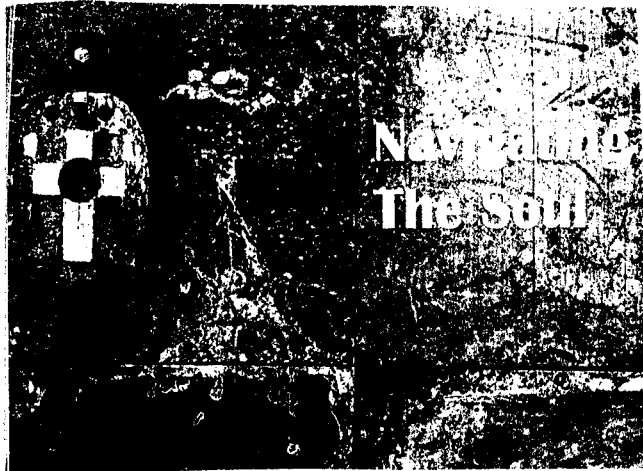


Joe walked to the kitchen where three small children ran up and hugged him while they shouted in chorus: "Daddy, daddy!"

Then a beautiful woman got up from her chair, walked over to Joe and fell into his arms with a long kiss.

"How was your day?" she whispered.

Joe looked deeply into her eyes. "It's perfect, now, my darling."



navigating the soul v.t. 1. to sail with a deep awareness of who we really are, to set forth with the wisdom that all our ships are propelled by the same spirit, a spirit which moves us out of our separateness and wishes to guide us toward the extraordinary adventure of communing with one another

- Gary Morin

new work by Gary Augustine Morin

June 11 - July 10 1999

Gallery Gachet 88 E.Cordova

Maximillian Price  
A lost man  
In desert sands  
Waxing faint before movie houses  
Westerns playing all night on his camel  
The black & white antennae swerving in the wind

A flaxen reed shaken in the boughing breeze  
His bus of lumbering dromedaries  
Drinking in the midnite blue  
Night air & fanciful castles  
Built by belaboured minds  
Free of sunsets, and canon boom

The robe of ghostly figure  
Traversing a stage in the dark  
Howling of dogs  
Lisping of the servant eunuch  
He's not a man in the sands of time  
Westerners playing all night on the camel

Goes on  
The cuminous  
Sky bus of camels strung  
Together out of nothing  
A manufactured flowing stage  
Like the owl desert for a mouse

Rudolf Penner



# CARNEGIE LEARNING CENTRE YEAR END PAR-TAY

Thurs. June 17

2 - 5 pm

3rd Floor Gallery



**FEATURING:** Strummin' Carl  
Rockin' Rick



Readings from the Paddlewheeler Book  
Youth Community Action Jazz Band

**FOOD! FUN! FUN-KAY!**

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## **DAWN Canada: DisAbled Women's Network Canada**

**If you are a woman with any type of disability, who is not eligible for EI  
AND**

**You believe you have no skills or  
your skills are not enough to get the job you've always wanted,  
You qualify for this first-ever skills development program  
specifically tailored for women like you.**

Let us show you how to turn your life experiences into a package that will intrigue an employer, let you go back to school, or reach for another goal of your selection.

This 4 month course (3 days/week - 8 weeks class/8 weeks community placement) will run June 7 - Sept 24. A second course is tentatively set to run Aug 8 - Nov 26. You can learn new skills, network with other women, feel better about yourself, set your own goals and get support to reach for them.

**A training allowance will be available for participants**

**For more information or to set up an interview**

**Contact: Monika Chappell**

604.294.9958

or

604.294.6842 fax

## On Advice from D

Part One

On advice from D, I went for a walk through the rainy city, toward Stanley Park, where I expected, rather foolishly, to find an answer to the problem that had been on my mind for days, the recurring problem that had dogged me off and on, as they say, for years, a problem of which I had first become aware one rainy afternoon when I was about 10 years old and alone in the house where I grew up, watching the immense and noisy (in the wind) poplars that divided our property from the next sway in the wind, while, occasionally, cars passed by the end of our long gravel driveway, on the way to or from Erbsville or Mannheim or Baden, or one of the other villages nearby named for German cities and towns, or for Pennsylvania Dutch settlers, whom the Kitchener-Waterloo so-called elite were, and no doubt, as they say, still are embarrassingly fond of building statues of or naming streets for, or on their way to or from one of the universities past the firing range, past the ramshackle house surrounded by bush where a former principal of Erbsville Public School, and, in all likelihood, witch, lived. Walking toward Stanley Park set me off on a series of memories regarding my so-called hometown, in fact the village of Rummelhardt, which has now been enveloped by Kitchener-Waterloo, memories of the time and place when and where the problem apparently began, among the dying elms of Ontario, as I like to say, and in particular when overcast, low-pressure and humid skies threatened to break into storm, but held back, as it were, giving my head more than ample to time to begin the long and painful descent into migraine, migraine that would only cease when the storm finally did break, sometimes after only a few hours, but other times not for days, days during which I

could only sleep at all with the greatest effort, during which I lay in bed and wound my arms around my head and scrunched up my legs into all sorts of pretzel positions, trying to find one probably imaginary position that would ease the pain of the migraine enough for me to sleep until the storm broke.



One can certainly polka or march toward demise, I thought, stroll or sprint headlong, somberly or elated, which I hoped I wasn't doing, walking toward Stanley Park in the rain, remembering the afternoon I first realized I, and everyone else, was going to, as they say, sooner or later, die. The moment we realize we are self-conscious is the moment we realize we are mortal. All our so-called endeavours, everything we think and do, is based on this identity of self-consciousness with knowledge of death, I thought. It matters little if we hear or see or so-called understand things so-called correctly or not, whether we believe in what we see or hear or not etc. We might as well think a song on the radio is actually about a friend or former friend of ours. It makes us neither unstable nor insane. It simply doesn't matter, I thought, and is far less dangerous than thinking there is even the possibility of there being any kind of agreement or similarity, let alone identity, between what might obtain out there, whatever that is, and what we fantasize.

Dan Feeney



**LOST CAT - grey with black stripes.**

We travelled across Canada together. I miss him very much. Please return him to the Living Room Drop-in at 528 Powell. Staff will keep him until I come in. \$50 reward, no questions asked. Thanks.

## ***Poetry Night***

**Tuesday, June 29, 1999 - 7pm-10pm**

at

**Carnegie Hall**

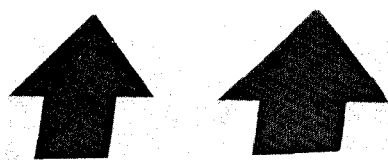


***"I'm not talkin' New York, I'm talkin'  
Main&Hastings"***

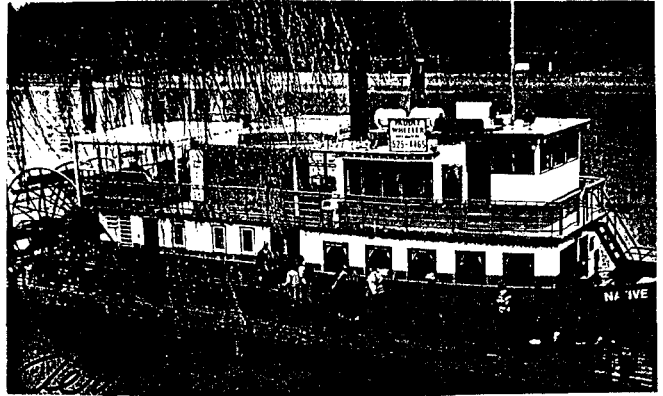
Mistress of Ceremonies Anita Stevens

**Sign-up 7-7:30 ... Ten minutes each!**

**Refreshments!!!**



**Carnegie Association**



I write on behalf of Carnegie Learning Centre. We - learners, students, tutors and volunteers - we like to thank you for your generous donation of \$846 in support of our Paddlewheeler cruise up the Fraser River.

For months we planned & organized it. This trip allowed us to relive the excitement of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. It was an excellent educational experience that encouraged growth & development. It was a golden opportunity to take an outing in nature and wide open spaces. We were able to express our impressions of the scenery through writing, sketches, poems & photographs. We each could pursue our own vision on an individual basis, but it was also a chance to greet old friends and meet new ones.

Mingling with everyone allowed each of us to go at our own pace and in our own time, encouraged with fresh ideas & knowledge to reach personal success like a beautiful but slow-blooming flower what a splendid exercise for the mind!!

A memorable voyage was had by all and we continue to meet every Wednesday to work on our writing & art display in the art gallery. The journey goes on.

Sincerely,

Jerry Jerome





**Collectives**

Back some time between 1970 and 1973 a Vancouver artist named Carole Itter worked on creating and showing a collection of pictures of chickens and eggs, rather delicately underlining the chicken industry. But in me rang the resonance of a word in the world of the despised, the objectified, "chickie," "chicken boy", "chick" which I thought was "tres chic, chicken-a-la-king, the functional consumer product, small and controllable, imprisoned in boxes in which they could not turn around till they died of their horrible life having produced hundreds of eggs.

The freest day of their life is the day they're snatched out of their pens into crates, loaded onto trucks to be delivered squawking and flapping to the dark downtown factories where the poor live. One day near Francis Street, where I lived, a few escaped and a local biker grabbed them for his dogs to do in on the front lawn of the apartment building.. where he left the blood-soaked white feathered carcasses for all the street to see.

I once lived on a wilder island where I heard the chicken species isn't so easy to tame; not all of them, anyway. Some neighbours of mine had previously had a rooster and a hen house to raise their own eggs but at night the rooster always got free and flew up into the boughs of a large cedar tree and, when they came home into the unlighted clearing in the moonless forest, the rooster would physically attack them. They finally did manage to capture it and kill it with some effort on their part, physically, morally, and spiritually.

For they knew it had brooded how to get them, all those years, watching at them through their low-light, kerosene lantern-illuminated window. Watched them smoking and drinking and talking and working and making love. Them hearing it cry to the distant brood at dawn and that cry coming from all over the Chicken Mountains, "Yahoooooo! I'm still alive! How about youuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!"

In the city of Vancouver in the Downtown Eastside, where I presently live, the Canada Goose monopolizes the parks, shedding billions of acidic turds which can destroy a field sized public lawn if they are crowded enough and encouraged (as they are) to breed and remain by holy crazies bicycling in litres of wheat and then not removed by the Parks Board Goose Replacement Patrol.

The Canada Goose: you know what they look like, all the same, the ashy brown large bodies, long necks and heads black as tights, with maori warrior white markings. They love to gather in collectives, each goose the height of a six or seven year-old child. They will form huge circles in Spring, babysitting the golden communal nucleus of new born goslings.

Later in the goslings' development, certain geese at the perimeter of the herd will try to steal food that the goslings are eating and certain parenting geese will hiss and chase them away. People find this family arrangement delightful and bring crusts of bread to toss into the centre and to some extent the adult geese allow their goslings to be approached.

Often when the human beings leave, the whole tribe, much like a feather mosaic of an enormous dark egg with yellow yolk wander off together. And if an ignorant dog or human child runs in to disrupt the geese they will turn suddenly and attack the aggressor with a resolve and intention that is surprising to those who don't know geese.

Sometimes you'll see a crazy old codger trying to catch one with a coat or an umbrella. Maybe he intends to free himself at Xmas or Thanksgiving from the need to go to Mission Gospel for a dinner in his mad dance of joy and desire, forgetting the difficulty of roasting a goose on a hot plate next to a cranky smoke alarm in his narrow room.



In the old days you could gather with fellow indigents on the old hobo flats and drink wine and light a fire and build yourself a lean-to. That was where the stream ran [that was called "False Creek" as if to deny its essence and existence], coming from way up above Renfrew Street... an arm of the Pacific Ocean though the Straits of Georgia extended way past Strathcona. What were these names in Salishan? The railway filled in huge amounts of land, where did it come from? Who did the filling? Where are their pictures or songs? For years there were a nightmare of tracks and ditches filled with blackberry bushes completely dismaying any attempt for a kid to cross it, though I tried. Now the tracks are gone and only the lines of cotton-wood trees indicate as magical summer vibrating green harps under a windy blue sky where the body of False Creek still lies.

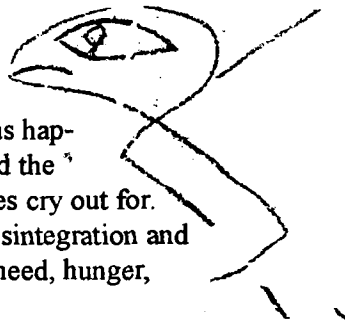
Now there are social housing developments and condominium developments and gentle yuppy housing and deeper darker downtown the derelict hotels where the old-timers still live, a place of more sinister joys and dangers than the hobo jungle, though arising like it from the theft of working capital of the human collective. It's deeper in the musty lively clefts of the city, toward and around Powell and Main and up to Dunsmuir and Granville where the old geezers live now, down from the forest mountains of their youth into old brick and dry-rot, oil-soaked, insect partying, madman wailings, and inextinguishable silences. At the end of their hard-working lives they have to choose between eating properly or meeting their friends and drinking or shooting up and running from the fires that overtake the Ohio Rooms, the Lucky Lodge, the Silver Hotel, the Majestic, the Regal, the Grand, the Lion Hotel, Wing's rooms.

The forests are largely logged, the sinister and useful poisons of the ground dug up and let free to float in the air. And something has happened to the living earth and all life tums to strange quarters to find the meat or grain their weirdly and variously reassembled chromosomes cry out for. Amazing music and shriekings of metal on metal. The beauty of disintegration and decay of aged constructions. Weeds, trees, birds and pain. Pain of need, hunger, loneliness, sex drive, greatness or fame.

Geese still stick together but the human, a mammal with always some kind of affliction, paralysis or overdrive, physical, mental, emotional, spiritual, has needs sometimes subversive to its very being; society demands the silencing of its primal voices and some people need to find out what it is that's deserting our internal subways, our synapses, aortas, enzymes in bloodstreams, seeking in the explosion of cocaine or alcohol or heroin to break thru what some liar has been telling yu all y'r life.

In the little brick cubicles of hidden rooms the mystery of solitude and what's beyond solitude, the mad babel of everyone in the bar, logic leaping loose and laughing out the seven story building to the concrete sidewalk below.

By day on the street I find myself walking and encounter a woman kicking another woman who is lying on the ground, her crutches bouncing away and out of reach. We are at Hastings and Main, the photographer's Skid Road, residence of stacked humans free to go to the many beer parlours where they can talk to their



friends, go out for a hamburger at "Save On Meats" and go back to their room for a nap or a rap at the old typewriter (if tolerated by neighbours on either side of the plaster.)

It's a cool Vancouver summer late afternoon, 1999, outside a prominent nineteenth century edifice, now a community centre. Up its stone stairs one enters between pillars under a lintel inscribed Carnegie Library. On the street are illuminated stain glass portraits of Robbie Burns, Sir Philip Sidney, Milton, Shakespeare in a rainbow mosaic.

I stand beside the two women and say, "Hey, you can't do that," to the woman who is doing the kicking. But she continues to kick the woman on the ground and I say, "Quit kicking her or I'll call the police." The woman on the ground is attempting to crawl away but can't. I say, "I know what you look like. I can see you. I will recognize you in court."

At that point she does stop kicking and looks at me. I am forced to describe herself to myself then and there. I have made a promise I may not be able to keep. She seems to be in her early thirties, about five foot four. I am five foot five and three quarters. She has short, curly dark brown hair, olive skin, dark eyes and she is wearing glasses. She has on a new-looking leather bomber jacket, very new blue jeans and low-heeled but stylish boots. The woman lying on the ground looks much younger, her hair is long, glowing blue-black and her face and bare arms and décolletage in a pink angora sleeveless sweater seem lighter. With her crutches she wears black tights and extreme black spike heels.

The woman in the bomber jacket looks at me with extreme hostility, then suddenly bends down and embraces the woman on the ground and tells me, "Fuck off. This is my sister!" to which the woman lying there indicates her agreement.. Down Hastings Street an older man waves his arm calling out, "Hey, that's my cousin.

A lot of people gather round and are looking at me and I turn around and walk away as quickly as I can, totally chicken. After I wait for the street light and cross the street and look around it looks to me that everyone is kicking the woman on the ground. I don't go to the police.

*Maxine g*



## GED English Preparation

David Water will present a series of workshops on preparation for the GED examination.

Place: Conference Room  
Carnegie Learning Centre (3rd Floor)

Time: Monday & Wednesdays  
10:am to 12 Noon

Dates: June 14, 16, 21, 23, 28 & 30.

## The Learning Centre Presents

Exciting workshops with Jim Morin. Topics will include: Math, Science and Statistics; Geology.

## WOMEN & HEALTH

Are you getting Your needs met??

For alternative health care information,  
telephone Dian at 258-4109  
(Advocate)

Vancouver Women's Health Collective

Monday

June 21, 1999  
4pm - 5pm

Geology and Geological  
Hazards in Vancouver and  
Lower Mainland  
Jim Morin

Monday

June 28, 1999  
4pm - 5pm

More on Math and Science  
Jim Morin

# CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

1999-2000 Board of Directors

## Table Officers

*President:* Margaret Prevost  
*Vice-President:* Muggs Sigurgeirson  
*Treasurer:* Jeff Sommers  
*Secretary:* Ruth McGibbon  
*Member-at-Large:* Alicia Mercurio

## Members

Fred Arrance  
 Eva Britt  
 Peter Fairchild  
 Lorelie Hawkins  
 Chris Laird  
 James Pau  
 Mike Rennie  
 Carol Romanow  
 Irene Schmidt  
 Paul Taylor

## Committees

PROGRAM		COMMUNITY RELATIONS		EDUCATION	
Chris	Mike	Alicia	Jeff	Fred	Lorelei
Eva	Muggs	Chris	Mike	Irene	Muggs
Fred	Paul	Irene	Muggs	James	Peter
Irene	Peter	James	Paul	Jeff	
Ruth		Ruth			
LIBRARY		OPPENHEIMER		VOLUNTEER	
Alicia	James	Alicia	Lorelei	Carol	Mike
Fred	Muggs	Eva	Mike	Chris	Peter
Irene	Ruth	Irene	Muggs	Eva	
FINANCE		SENIORS			
Eva	Peter	Carol	James		
James	Jeff	Mike			

## Meeting Times

Board of Directors: 1<sup>st</sup> Thursday of the month - Theatre - @ 7:00 p.m.

Finance Committee: On Wednesday the day before the Board - Assoc. Office - @ 4:00 p.m.

Program Committee: On Tuesday the day before Finance - Assoc. Office - @ 4:00 p.m.

Community Relations: On Thursday one week before the Board - Assoc. Office - @ 4:00 p.m.

Oppenheimer Park: On Thursday two weeks before the Board - Oppenheimer Park - @ 4:00 p.m.

Education Committee: On Tuesday two weeks before Program - Classroom #2 - @ 4:00 p.m.

Library Committee: On Wednesday one week before cheque-day - Assoc. Office - @ 3:30 p.m.

Volunteer Committee: On Wednesday one week before cheque-day - Classroom #2 - @ 2:00 p.m.

Seniors Support Group: 3<sup>rd</sup> Thursday of the month - Theatre - @ 2:00 p.m.

Cross  
 THAT Line

**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  
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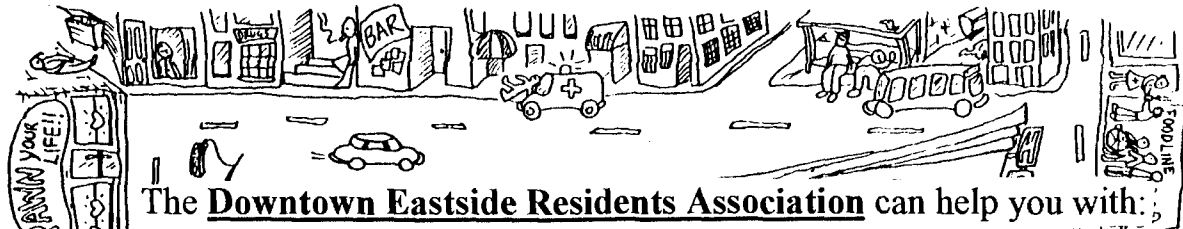
# Carnegie

## NEWSLETTER

101 Main Street, Vancouver V6P 1T7 (604) 681-1120

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE  
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION  
Articles represent the views of contributors  
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**Submission Deadline  
for next issue  
Monday, June 29.**



The Downtown Eastside Residents Association can help you with:

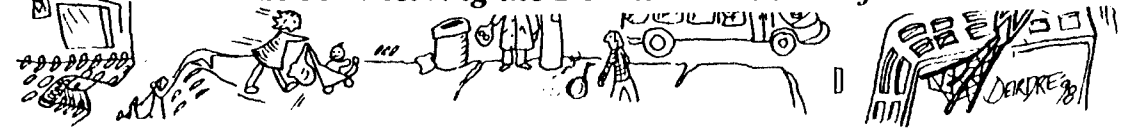


- Welfare problems
- Landlord disputes
- Housing problems
- Unsafe living conditions

We offer many services as well including a  
**FREE PHONE and VOICE MAIL for \$3.00 a month (or less).**

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!**



## Health Management, Including The Management Of Drug Use, Is A Matter Of Public Health

It's hardly news to say that health problems are a public health concern rather than a criminal offence. Community groups in the Downtown Eastside have known this for a long time. Here is a story that will show what I mean:

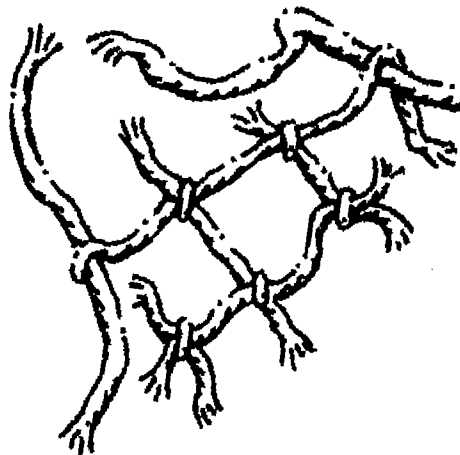
In November, 1986, the Minister of Health and Welfare in Ottawa, Jake Epp, released a report called Achieving Health For All: A Framework For Health Promotion - otherwise known as the Epp Report. Health Promotion was defined as "the process of enabling people to increase control over, and to improve, their health." (1)

In September, 1987, community leaders in the Downtown Eastside held a workshop to turn "Health Promotion" into action. They had no trouble identifying social concerns that affected health:

- a) insufficient services for people who have fallen through the cracks in the social safety net - for example, street youth and people released from institutions without adequate support;
- b) inadequate consultation and coordination of services.
- c) a critical shortage of quality affordable housing.
- d) inadequate treatment programs for people with drug and alcohol problems. (Hayes, p.214)

In 1999, Downtown Eastside residents are still waiting for their concerns to be addressed in a serious way. The lack of adequate preventive and treatment programs for those with drug problems has resulted in an HIV/AIDS epidemic in the Downtown Eastside and many overdose deaths due to the unsafe use of drugs.

The Ottawa Charter For Health Promotion, signed by 44 countries, was released at the same time as the Epp Report. The Ottawa Charter stated that, "The fundamental conditions and resources for health are peace, shelter, education, food, income... social justice and equity." The Epp Report acknowledged the connection between health and social justice, and it stated, "Health is... envisaged as a resource which gives people the ability to manage and even to change their



surroundings." No wonder community leaders in the Downtown Eastside were hopeful at their workshop in 1987!

Both the Epp Report and the Ottawa Charter recognized that health is more than just a problem for an individual. Good health is a matter of public health. People who live in a polluted environment, in rotten housing, in poverty and unemployment, and who have no hope for a decent future, probably don't enjoy good health, and this is a problem they cannot solve alone.

*"We cannot invite people to assume responsibility for their health, and then turn around and fault them for illnesses and disabilities which are the outcome of wider social and economic circumstances,"* the Epp Report said, and it recognized the responsibility of government in building a healthy society. (Hayes, p.218) The federal government, however, backed down on its promise of "Health Promotion" in the Ottawa Charter and the Epp Report. The expectations of community leaders were raised in 1986, and then smashed once again. This process can lead to cynicism, but community people in the Downtown Eastside haven't fallen into cynicism. They've kept fighting. They're still fighting. It's good to remember that sometimes.

SANDY CAMERON

(1) "The Rhetoric Of Health Promotion And The Reality Of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside: breeding Cynicism," by Michael Hayes - in Community, Environment and Health: Geographic Perspectives, edited by H. Hayes, L. Foster & H. Foster, 1992, p.213.



TWO BODY/ART PERFORMANCES:

"WESTERN LARD"

the fall of the American hamburger

by

LA ABORTADA

(A.K.A. NAUFUS RAMIREZ-FIGUEROA)

&

trē fab

SAMANTHA ZAHORCHAK

old age / death / cycle



fri june 25 1999

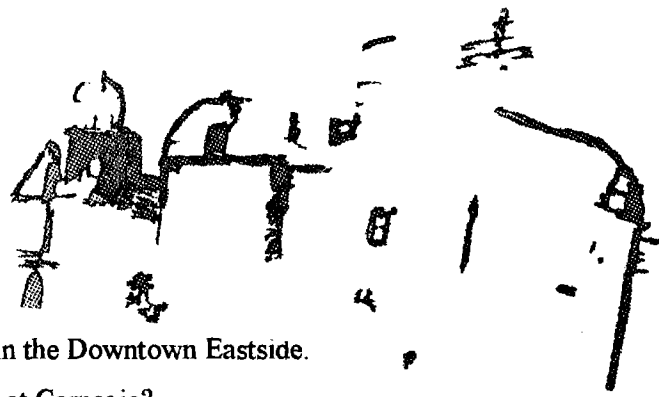
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### Notes on Sketch of Van Gogh's Bedroom

Van Gogh's bedroom at Aries in France has much to say about the goodness of "a room of one's own," the value of simplicity, lack of pretension, the warm sense of security... Many of us are appalled at the offensive luxury, bad taste, conspicuous waste in housing ideas for upscale living... Van Gogh's painting is worth millions, partly because it intensifies the inestimable worth of simple, everyday truths.

*Sam Roddan*



## Bio sphere

Rudolf Penner is an artist, musician, and poet living in the Downtown Eastside.

INTERVIEWER: Rudolf, how did you come to be at Carnegie?

RUDOLF: I came to Carnegie because I'd heard about the open jams in the theatre. I was new to Vancouver in 1986, having lived with my family in Abbotsford from 1976 - 86. I was born and raised in South Vancouver, where I attended John Oliver high school. Our home room teacher, who was one of the English teachers, one day brought a massive stereo to school. During our home room period that morning the first thing we heard was Cisco Kid, by War, pumping powerfully from a reel to reel tape deck, into our portable classroom. I thought it was a riot, and ever since have hungered and thirsted after a chance to play loud music. I'm still searching for a place to play my own music loud, and Carnegie provides at least a substitute for this hope. Although we can't play as long and as loud as we like, we musicians can at least practice a bit, with others, learning how to work together.

INT: Who were some of your first friends at Carnegie?

R: Victor Cote. He was cooking in the kitchen at the time. It took him about a year to get me to volunteer. Then I got into it full swing. I helped him prepare the soups, and did some baking. I learned how to use the herb "thyme" in boiled potatoes and ground thyme in salad dressings. I can't remember who else I was close to at that time, but I interacted with the artists, doing life drawing and sat in with the writers. Barb Gray used to be quite involved with the newsletter and I admired her style at poetry events. She once had a bunch of us over to her place for a party which included a number of writers.

INT: Have you changed much, since coming to Carnegie?

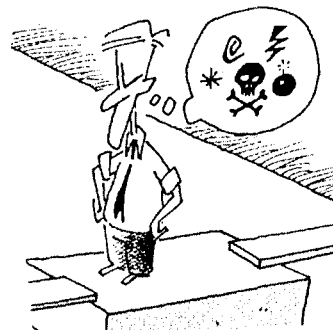
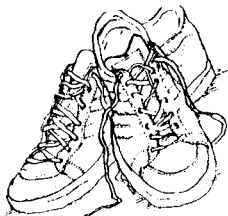
R: Yes, I'm able to relate better to people. By talking to many of the people who come here, I've been able to feel more comfortable sharing my points of view and listening to ideas that contradict mine. Although it's sometime hard to 'shut the fuck up' I find it helps build trust. I try not to tear down the other person's opinion right away. I may not even tell them my view on what we are talking about. But I might say what I want another time. Also I don't volunteer much anymore. I was getting resentful about some attitudes, and now I don't have to worry about that. If get upset by someone's actions now, I can more easily leave the centre without creating a hole in the volunteer position. Its difficult to do what you want. I try hard and don't often succeed. The Meditation program upstairs on Wednesdays, at 5:30 has helped me accept things the way they are. It's difficult to change things around Carnegie, but some things are possible. I've set my own rules for dealing with people, and if we can't agree not to get hurt. then I withdraw. I find this the best policy.

INT: How do you feel about living or walking around in the Downtown Eastside?

R: I don't like the slime and the dirt on the sidewalks. I've heard that there's a lot of tuberculosis in this area, and I wonder whether I'm walking through it and dragging the germs into my suite. I've adjusted to meeting drug dealers and users, mentally ill, ruffians, and hookers on the street. My background led me to fear people



like this. By coming to Carnegie and by being exposed to the street traffic down here, I'm better able to appreciate people who live and work here. I now realize people get into desperate straits and do what they have to do to survive. I continue doing what I think is necessary in my life: Writing poems, playing drums, meeting friends, and learning how to market my artwork. The only thing I really resent is the strong opposition I often feel, coming from many people I meet here, toward making money and getting ahead. I believe I even understand why these people feel as they do; the corporate greed, the employment abuse, the taxes taken and the control of society over the individual. Yet I've always believed in improving myself, trying to get better at what I do, trying to get paid for it. It's hard to get money out of people sometimes, for what we do, yet we're expected to pay in dollars for the things we need. That's why we need money. Although I haven't solved my money problems I resent being resented for trying to.



## Shit Saves Us

It's a bad time to be falling in love  
because it's not going to last  
People want their own way *so* much  
They are willing to sacrifice their lovers  
And expectations, about getting our own way,  
are so high; there is no compromise  
I loved, and was beaten to shit.

It's a bad time to be writing poetry  
Because no one listens to it, excepting the Poets  
Poetry books have to be glossy and glamorous  
These books are so cheap that they can't save  
the poets who write them  
People seem willing to sacrifice their solitude  
For an hour of adventure  
There is no compromise  
I wrote poetry, and was beaten to shit

It's a difficult time to have friends  
because it's not going to last  
People want their own doctrine so much  
They are willing to sacrifice their friendships  
And Expectations, about getting their own things,  
are so high, there is no compromise  
I befriended, and was beaten to shit.

It's a good time to eat shit  
Because everyone wants to give it  
And nobody will take it anymore  
We despise any form of constructive criticism  
And *destructive* criticism is anathema  
So there is no compromise  
I took shit and gave it and have concluded  
There is no time like the present, to eat shit

We can now learn shit about shit  
So take the opportunity; it may not last  
For the 21st Century is drawing to a close  
People won't take shit, and there's no compromise,  
And no time like the present, for shit save us

How can shit save us?  
We cannot keep washing it into the sea so  
Analyze it, Try it, mix it with mother earth,  
use it as fertilizer  
manage it, make it last  
For fish are frying, and humans will be next  
Take this solution to the Old Ones  
Perhaps they know a Way  
Because, as you and you say, I know shit.

**Rudolf Penner**

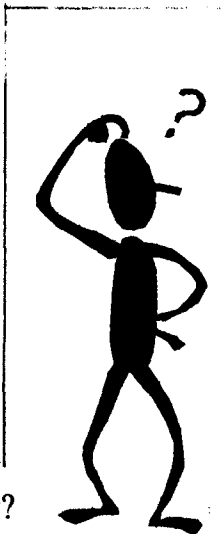
rainy tuesday night

she was missing for a week  
then showed up  
to pack her things  
between detox and a recovery house  
"i'm just so fucking angry"  
she said with tears welling up in her  
extraordinarily beautiful blue eyes  
"i'm so mad at myself for doing this...  
all i really want to do is  
drugs"  
"you deserve better than drugs"  
i tell her  
like i could be telling  
myself....

i get her like an  
expressionist painting  
not understanding much of what  
she says  
but feeling impressions  
from her essence  
she disagrees with whatever i say  
thoughtfully  
she disagrees with pretty much  
everything

i need people  
in honesty  
to be around  
be connected  
cocaine is sex  
i was never expecting to live this long  
so i'm unprepared for this  
and've really let myself go...  
watching prosperous motorists while  
standing in line for charity  
i find i can't feel much shame  
amidst so many fine comrads

jiang chang



Who is Jack Schitt?

Many people are at a loss for a response when someone says "you don't know Jack Schitt." Now, you can handle the situation.

Jack is the only son of Awe Schitt and O. Schitt. Awe Schitt, the fertilizer magnate, married O. Schitt, the owner of Knee-deep Schitt. Inc. In turn, Jack Schitt married Noe Schitt, and the deeply religious couple produced 6 children: Holie Schitt, the twins; Deep Schitt and Dip Schitt, Fulla Schitt, Giva Schitt and Bull Schitt, a high school dropout.

After being married for 15 years Jack and Noe divorced. Noe later married Mr. Sherlock and, because her kids were living with them, she wanted to keep her previous name. She was known as Noe Schitt-Sherlock.

Dip Schitt married Loda Schitt and they produced a cowardly son, Chicken Schitt.

Fulla Schitt and Giva Schitt were inseparable throughout childhood and consequently married the Happens brothers in a dual ceremony. The Schitt-Happens children are Dawg, Byrd, and Horse. Bull Schitt, the prodigal son, left home to tour the world. He recently returned with his bride, Pisa Schitt.

Now, when someone says you don't know Jack Schitt, you can correct them.

[Submitted by Bob]

## Smile - You're on Big Nurse's Camera -- The Police, Video Surveillance, & Displacement

The Vancouver Police proposal to spend \$500,000 on Closed Circuit Television (CCTV) in the Downtown Eastside should trouble us all. It will be a



blessing for property-owners and the tourist industry while providing very few, if any, of the benefits that are being promised for this community.

Ostensibly, the police are proposing CCTV at the request of community groups in order to fight street crime. (No groups have so far actually admitted to asking for it.) CCTV plays on the desperation of Downtown Eastside residents for a little calm and quiet in the streets on which we all have to walk every day - a little respite from the regular 'up', 'down', 'up', 'down' that every one of us is all too familiar with, not to mention all-too-frequent muggings.

Unfortunately, it's not that simple. For one thing, downtown Police have a dismal record as far as safeguarding the security of people with low incomes. That's why their role in pushing CCTV is so troubling. Check out what happened on Granville Street in the late '80s: Starting in 1985, in preparation for Expo 86, the police and city planners began pressuring heroin addicts around Granville and Davie Streets and the establishments that catered to them. By the time Expo rolled around, most of these businesses had closed or converted to tourist uses. The heroin addicts and dealers who had spent time on Granville moved their action down to Hastings (a great big thanks to the police and the city for that one!).

Three years later, in response to planners and business dreams of 'revitalizing' the Granville Mall, the police actively displaced the soft drug



scene that once dominated the Granville Mall, south of Georgia, onto Hastings Street -- to Pigeon Park (thanks again, guys!). Not too shoddy you say? We could handle some of that displacement action down here, you say? Better think again.

Not long after the police 'successfully' displaced the long-time Granville Street drug scene to Hastings Street, a new round of displacement started. But this time, it's long-time residents of SRO hotels being displaced, not drug dealers, addicts or crooks.

CCTV offers a much faster method of accomplishing this same displacement in the Downtown Eastside. It will happen in two ways.

\* First, constant video surveillance promotes a 'feel-good factor' -- the same *feeling* of safety that has historically been accomplished by police on the beat. In the context of the Downtown Eastside, this means that both tourists in gas/Chinatown and potential condo-buyers will *feel* much safer walking the streets. This means they will be more likely to stop and spend money - either buying tourist trinkets or property in the area. Of course, I have never seen a tourist or a yuppie being mugged, have you?

\* Second, this so-called feel-good factor will enhance tourism and condo development in the neighbourhood in the same way that police action affected Granville Street. By displacing street crime, or the fear of such crime, it will make the neighbourhood more desirable for people with more money, thus preparing the way for displacement of low income residents.

It took almost fifteen years for Granville Street to become more acceptable to nice, clean, middle

class people and for the residents of the area to be told to bugger off because they don't have enough money. With CCTV, this displacement effect will take place much faster in the Downtown Eastside.

The question has to be asked: Who are the police serving in this situation? Certainly not the interests of poor people. But, there is a real, viable alternative to all this. However, we need to know whether the cops and the politicians are really

interested in doing what it takes. After all, the techno-fix of video surveillance is far more sexy than real engagement with the community. It's also much, much more expensive.

Next newsletter: The alternative to CCTV and displacement. And, the real CCTV story from Britain, where video surveillance has been most widely used.

E.A. Boyd



# Sarti Walk

To Mosquito Creek in North Vancouver

*Rivers! Mountains! Forests!*

**June 22, 1999  
TUESDAY  
Meet at Info Desk at 9:00 am.**

**\*\*Sign up with Rika in the Program Office.\*\***

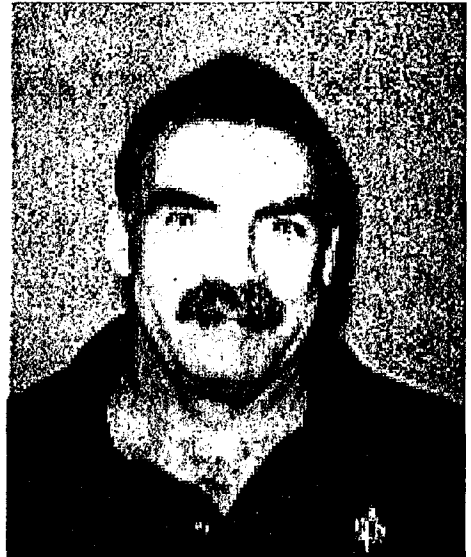
Humanities 101

The 2<sup>nd</sup> session of this course will begin in the fall of '99. It's a non-credit, barrier-free academic course offered to people unable to access traditional university programs. The intent of Humanities 101 is to 'provide a channel for people with a passion for learning' regardless of their financial situation or educational background.

It's sponsored by UBC and classes occur on Monday and Thursday evenings. The first month of classes are held in the downtown core and the rest are held on the UBC campus. There will be no costs to people enrolled in the course.

Application forms will be available on June 17<sup>th</sup> in the Carnegie Library. For more information, call Jo-lynn or Christine at 822-5820.

# WANTED



## Constable Dave Dickson

Cons. Dave Dickson has been in the Downtown Eastside community for over 19 years. He has been an officer that has shown compassion and caring. He has credibility with many people in this community - youth, seniors, sex trade workers, etc. He has been moved to 312 Main St. (the old police station) to work on missing women cases. These tasks seem to be of a nature that they could be performed by most any of the VPD. constables. The Downtown Eastside wants Dave "back on the beat" in our community. Please sign the petition

**Let Dave do his job,  
back in our community.**