

FREE - donations accepted.

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



AUGUST 1, 1999.

Carnegie Corner

Celebration

Street Program launched with a 4-hour Fest of information tables, street nurses, face-painting, a piñata with candies and condoms, free food and an incredible cake. It was launched with words from Margaret Prevost (da Prez), Libby (MP), Jenny (MLA), Donald MacP (escaped director) and Philip from shitty hall. The stars of the show are numerous, yet almost

every-one got thanked by Sharon Kravitz, the ubiquitous Wish Queen.

Ian Mulgrew was there and appeared sober, which was better than at Carnegie's AGM in June - he trashed the street program on its 2nd day or first week for not magically transforming the corner into someone's idea of desert paradise. As a wordsmith, is that apparent arrogance or just insensitive insecurity? ... a good time was had by all!

PRT

We sat in the Poet's
 Corner. Words shower-
 ed like a gentle rain..
 others fell like hail,
 bruised the heart,
 swept the soul with
 ice-cold pain. But,
 out of the storm of
 language, we found
 words brimming
 with life, bonding
 brothers, sisters,
 comrades in ties that
 nothing in all hell
 could break asunder.

Sam Roddan



FESTIVAL OF DELIGHTS AT CRAB PARK

Once upon a time there was a little kitten. His name was Mittens. He likes to play with a small ball that makes a noise when you shake it. The ball was given to a young native boy at the Festival of Delights by this incredible person wearing a large mask and an enormous hoop skirt. The boy was happy with the ball and ran back to his family, who spent the day on the beach

I went to say hello to Dimitri, but he was mesmerized by the juggler. The first familiar face was Anita. She gave me a big smile & hug.

Barbara said they had given out 900 burritos and that wasn't enough, so I figured I had missed out. Someone announced "COFFEE" so I went there, got a burrito and a coffee with milk.

A short man using a cane arrived, walking hand-in-hand with his sweetheart. (It was so romantic.)

Leith hid her shoes under the bench. We were sitting across from Libby.

All day, picking up garbage & bottles, was Robert – working like mad.

Unfortunately this tanker turned over on the road. There was this spill. It was weird.

Earle was running around all day, going from stage to stage.

René of the First Nations was dancing with some others. Her family were drumming and singing. (I remember René from Carnegie in 1980.) When they did their Spirit Dance, they asked all the men to take off their hats, including the president of WAND!

If you were not there, you missed a great festival
 To wind up – Mittens plays with the ball of wool.
 Her mother scoops her up in her arms and they go to sleep.

By PEARL



Streethiker

lyrics & music Robert Doucette

- 1) By the side of the road
A lonely streethiker, getting old
An empty street light paves her way
Another trick and she's fixed her day
 - 2) See her children, eyes opened wide
They cannot stomach what's not inside
Some say this life of theirs was meant to be
What's truly sad is that we blame destiny
- Bridge* How can we go to where
We've always been
Repeat the same mistakes
All over again
Are we that short-sighted
And myopically turned
There's just one quick lesson here
And it's over learned
- 3) At the dawning of the night
When the morning breaks, will she be alright
There's no one around as far as the eye can see
And we convince ourselves she does this
Cause she's free

Verse [A, E⁶, F#m; A, E⁶, F#m, D]

[A, E⁶, F#m, G; A, E, D]

Bridge [D, E, A, F#m] x3

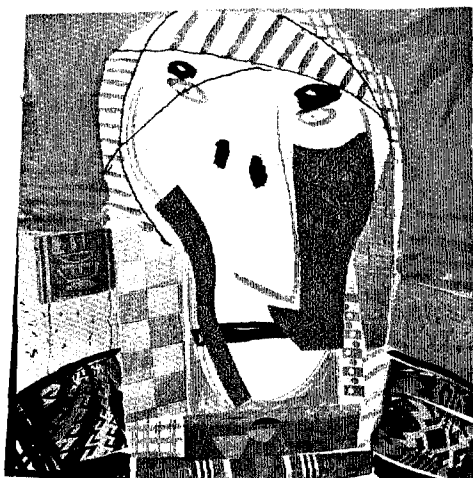
[A, E, D]

bottom

3.

i wish i weren't such a
lowlife
wish i could afford a soul filled
with respectable dreams and aspirations
instead of the lonely old woman who
sits in that empty place wanting nothing
waiting to die
weren't such a lowlife
i would show my love extravagantly
with fineties
born of righteous labour
i hate my relentless neediness
and the disdain those i love look at me through
lowlife drug addict
giving the shirt off my back for even
just a gesture
of getting high
i used to think i gave up the world to
follow god
when
god's the one you just can't shake
i feel i'm a big mistake
"i hate myself and i want to die"
so much i can almost taste it
i wish i weren't such a lowlife
wish i could buy you lunch
wish i gave you ten bucks
wish i could make it at work

jiang chang



No Human Rights for Beggars in the Nation's Capital

Following a rather odd series of coincidences, I found myself sleeping on a grate across the street from a luxury hotel in Ottawa. One night in December I quietly sat upon my dufflebag and cupped a toque in my hands. Although I didn't ask anyone for money, and I hadn't been drinking, the police decided that I was an illegal and unwelcome sot... er ... sight. I was told that:

1. It was against the law in Ottawa to beg.
2. I wouldn't receive a fine.
3. The officer would get a court order to prohibit me from begging.
4. If I was ever seen begging again I'd be taken to jail with no right to go before a judge.

I went to the library to check out the by-law and much to my surprise it really was against the law to ask for charity *unless* you do it for a registered organisation. Alarm bells went off in my head. - not bells so much as... CUCKOO... CUCKOO!

The other exception to the ban is if you are a musician or Street performer. I made a sign that stated, " *Silent Harmonica Player Performing Poverty in Nottingham Forest*", bought a \$4 harmonica and went back out. The police continued to harass me. We were at an uncomfortable standoff, and only one side was armed.

As Christmas approached I witnessed the irony of the police sweeps along Elgin St. (a major commercial avenue). While the merchants were happily profiting from the story of the birth of a child in a stable, their cash registers ring ding ding up sales, the police were chasing away beggars (HO HO HO).

In January I returned and took the sign away. In March the police ticketed me. There was no amount written on the ticket and the law doesn't state a minimum. The maximum penalty is \$5,000.00. CUCKOO... CUCKOO!

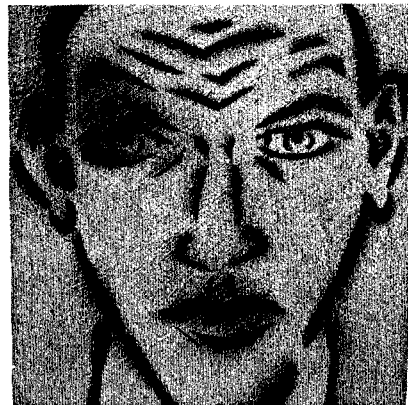
When I first discovered the way in which some police get excited with power from this by-law I



sought legal help from the clinic at the University of Ottawa. They referred me to NAPO (National Anti-Poverty Organisation) where I've been able to use their phones, fax machines and most importantly the staff, who have provided moral and practical support.

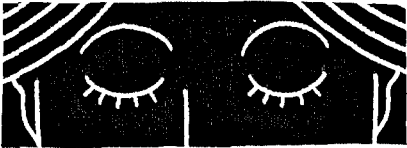
An articling student from a law firm in Toronto contacted me at the offices of NAPO following a phone conversation she had with Mike Farrell. I was informed that Canadian Civil Liberties was interested in a civil suit against the City of Ottawa on the grounds that the by-law was unconstitutional. A lawyer with the firm suggested a number of lawyers I might want to contact here in Ottawa. After shopping for a lawyer over two weeks it felt like I had shysters coming out the Ying-yang.

Marc Ertel agreed to defend me on a pro bono basis [free] citing provisions in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms which supersede a law that is based on greed and unfounded perceptions. I was not receiving welfare, had never consumed alcohol when I begged and was not in front of any



commercial establishment. On my third visit to court the City dropped the charges, thereby avoiding a challenge to a most unjust law. The city claimed it didn't have enough evidence. What an odd claim.. considering I admitted to having had received \$3 the morning I was ticketed!

Early in May I met with a liaison officer from the mayor's office. The meeting took place at NAPO. Both the Executive Director (Laurie Rektor) and Assistant Director (Mike Farrell) of NAPO were present at the meeting. It is strange that Mayor Jim Watson would suggest that his understanding of the by-law's intention was to curb nuisances when his office had been informed that that wasn't what was going on with enforcement. Ten days ago a beggar who was quietly sitting on Elgin Street was told by the police to go away. I immediately took up his spot. When the police officer returned three minutes later she walked in



A Lesson In Life.

I've learnt a lot from being incarcerated. I have spent the majority of my life in either a penal institution, or a psychiatric institution.

Being in these places you learn a lot about people.. not only other inmates or patients, but also from the staff members at those facilities. I feel that I have a greater understanding of people in general, today

You really learn a lot by being locked up for extended periods of time. It is also a great opportunity to get to know yourself & to learn how to change & grew to be the person that you would feel the most comfortable with.

I never used to look at it as being an opportunity, of any kind, but today I am very grateful to be in jail. To be given the chance to improve who I am. I can honestly say that, today I am very fond of myself as a person. I strive to one day love myself as well.

front of me and said nothing. It begs the question: Is the law an ass?

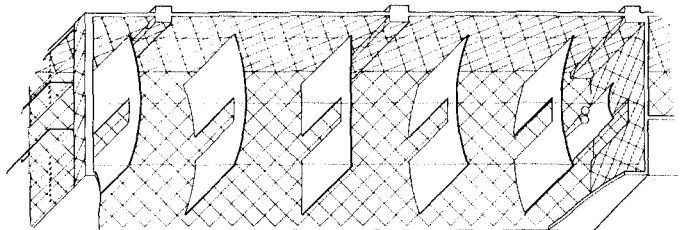
5.

While NAPO pursues court challenges in Winnipeg and Vancouver we're looking to see if there is a possibility to a political solution here in Ottawa. There is no question the present law is unworthy of a just society. The question that remains is whether or not the citizens of Ottawa want to actively pursue a just society.

Standing in front of city hall can take my breath away. The buildings are a communion of glass, stone and metal. Galvanized by the harmony of geometric patterns and a plea laid in stone at the entrance that demands we "speak up", I am moved to publicly call upon the mayor and city council to proclaim a temporary moratorium on passive begging while the police, the city, the business community, NAPO and outreach organisations work on a new by-law.

(Sean O'Neill)

{Printed in NAPO's July '99 newsletter}



Alisha Dyke

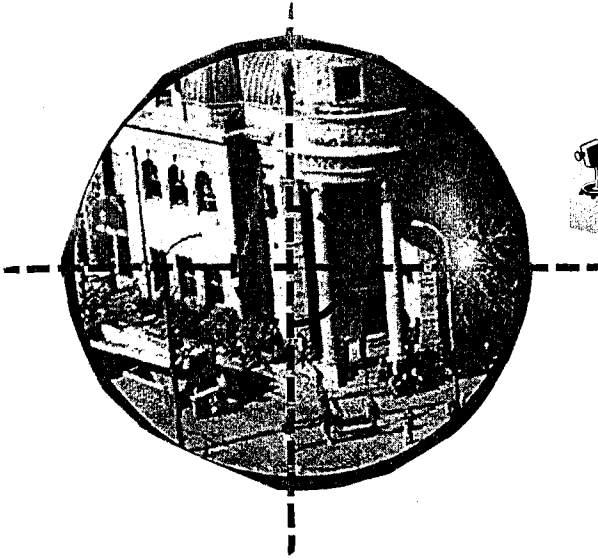
What do you find on a beach? I guess there are a wide variety of things.. You can find happiness & peace, you can find friendship &, if you're lucky, you could find romance. Tranquility is also a wonderful thing to find on a beach. You can find families coming together & loving each other, enjoying life with each other... You can also find seashells, starfish & crabs. The especially fortunate can even find pearls & gems. On the flip side you can also find loneliness & despair.

I guess you can find whatever you want when you go to the beach. You can make every experience either positive or negative or both. Only you have it in yourself to find what you are sincerely searching for... It's all up to you..

Alisha Dyke

Now you will see us

DERA again hosted a community meeting on the subject of Closed Circuit Television (CCTV). In plainspeak this is police surveillance via video



cameras in up to 29 locations in our immediate neighbourhood.

"Again" is to clarify – the first such meeting that DERA held was with the police giving their side – rationale and promises. This second meeting was with reps from the BC Civil Liberties Association for objective analysis and rebuttal of claims made by the police and the security industry.

The first and foremost point of the speaker was on privacy. The claim of increased security and reduction of crime just doesn't stand up. The feeling of being safer is like the virtual reality of TV and movies and computers – 2-dimensions but nothing tangible. Independent observations, both in England and in California, showed that crime spreads out; that only in some places did crimes of dishonesty (theft, muggings) go down while public order crime skyrocketed. In other places thefts and muggings actually increased in the areas under direct surveillance.

The BCCLA rep remarked that cameras/police watch but we cannot watch the watchers.

Carol Romanow voiced an alternative approach calling for more community policing – constables

rather than cameras – and working with people in areas of harm reduction and decriminalisation. The problems of our community are poverty, the need for decent housing, detoxes and a resource centre for residents. She questioned the police spending money on cameras instead of programs for sick and addicted individuals.

This electronic solution is designed to make the 'decent' people appear 'decent' for public view, but if anything crime will just move out of camera range. Another point made was that 2/3 of the daily influx of people come from outside the neighbourhood; that the establishment of surveillance cameras here will, in itself, be used to justify spreading their use to other neighbourhood streets.

City Council has deferred this issue and the top cop has gone to England for 6 months to a) get independent data on the practicality of cameras; or b) get his presentation more refined and come back with a righteous vengeance to 'get us up to speed' ... Most of the promotion is based on anecdotal evidence of efficiency – citing one case where an abducted child was traced or one mugging was solved. The question becomes whether the privacy of everyone is to be compromised due to the odd time when the video evidence is more than incidental. If you are the victim in such a case, video evidence would likely be a godsend and people like the feeling of being safe.. or at least safer. The flip side is that CCTV is a tool of gentrification, making people spending money and on the streets as tourists and during business hours feel safe while residents find out-of-camera areas more dangerous than ever.

The issue of getting immediate help because of a watcher seeing a crime in progress is not supported by experience. It will get prioritized and maybe even downgraded if police begin to think their work is being done by these eyes in the skies.

One final point: a town in England had 14 constables before its 'Council' learned that it faced a huge jump in insurance rates if it didn't install CCTV. After installation, the force was reduced to 3 officers and one room with tv screens – eleven people and support staff lost their jobs.

By PAUL R TAYLOR

Hockey Night at Carnegie

Organized Floor Hockey League

Starting in September

* Saturday nights 5:00-8:00

* Randomly picked teams.

Sign-up on a Bulletin Board near you!

For more info, see Tony in Learning Centre

Common Concerns Association Monthly General Meeting

&

Slightly east of Chinatown
Middle of the Afternoon Market
(Otherwise known as a Garage Sale)

Saturday, July 31st, 1-3:30

call 255-4383 for more info

Death of a Hero

John Kennedy Jr.'s death aboard that Piper Saratoga affected everyone slightly. However, probably not as much as it would have if Princess Diana hadn't died. Now we take it for granted that a celebrity could go at any time.

It seems that those Kennedy's are dropping like flies. On the average, a Kennedy dies every four years. You could almost set your watch by it.

Whereas the other Kennedy's are mostly anonymous and publicly regarded as pot-smoking, drunken hedonists, JKJ (John Kennedy Jr.) was a household name. He was a straight arrow and a presidential hopeful.

The Internet probably has more wilder, more complex conspiracy theories, but here are some guesses at why it is believed, by some or many, that his death may not have been accidental.

Perhaps – it was thought that after his father (JFK), who was rumoured to have gotten elected with help from Joe Kennedy's Italian mafia connections, thanked these same people by screwing up the Bay of Pigs invasion and ending any immediate hopes of their restoring the fine destination gambling in Cuba, made his brother Bobby the Attorney General who then went after organized crime with unprecedented vigour, establishing RICO (a law against racketeering) and both trying to head off J. Edgar Hoover (who was a closet homosexual)... THAT these same

people reached out with their unforgetting tentacles to claim another victim. Publicly it's attributed to poor piloting skills

Perhaps – it may have been a Protestant vs Catholic thing.. maybe the Reformation is still going on. JKJ would be a cinch to win because a vote for him would expiate a certain American national guilt for the death of his father. Maybe, being Irish Catholic, JKJ was secretly funneling funds to Sinn Fein and, if he were President, he would be a great help to the IRA cause and, at the same time, erode the Protestant power structure currently in the USA.

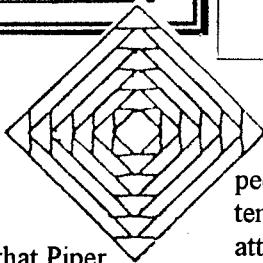
To honour JKJ and his family, it would be best to believe that it was a malevolent air pocket that sent him and his passengers crashing into the sea. It is good that their bodies were found before the fishes did much damage. Instead of a gravesite, they would have a national plaque or monument.

They were cremated and buried at sea, although conspiracy theorists could have a field day disputing whether those were actually their ashes. It is not entirely unheard of for a funeral parlour to give the bereaved family an urn filled with oak tree ashes. Maybe JKJ's body is still intact at a classified military hospital.

There goes a National Hero.. a true Twentieth Century Man.

By DEAN KO

(Dedicated to the memory of John Kennedy Jr., Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy & Lauren Bessette.)



A Hand Outstretched

June 5th, 1999,
was Seniors' Day
at Oppenheimer Park.
I 'd been asked
to read some poems,
but when I got to the mike
just before lunch, most people
were in the food line-up
at the other end of the park.
A few strangers talked
quietly in the back row,
and in the centre
of the empty front row
sat a First Nations guy.
Heavy-set this man, dressed
in denim that had seen better days.
He appeared to be asleep.



"It's a privilege for me
to be in Oppenheimer Park
where so many struggles
for human rights
have taken place,"
I said to the empty chairs.
Trees stirred in the wind.

A seagull swooped gracefully
and landed beside a garbage can.

"I see a totem pole," I said.

The Native guy lifted his head,
and his eyes questioned me.

"A beautiful totem pole
that was raised
one year ago," I continued.

He smiled, and waved one hand.

Then I read the poem,

The Oppenheimer Park Totem Pole,
and he, the Dark and myself
formed a circle,
intimate as a bird singing,
vast as the sky.

When I stepped down
from the platform,
he stretched out his hand,
and I turned to him.
We shook hands
and the light surrounding him
shimmered like sun on water.

"I'll never forget your words," he said.
"Your listening gave them life," I replied,
knowing that he understood the poem
better than I ever would.

"The totem pole is for everyone," he said.
"Yes," I said, "for everyone."

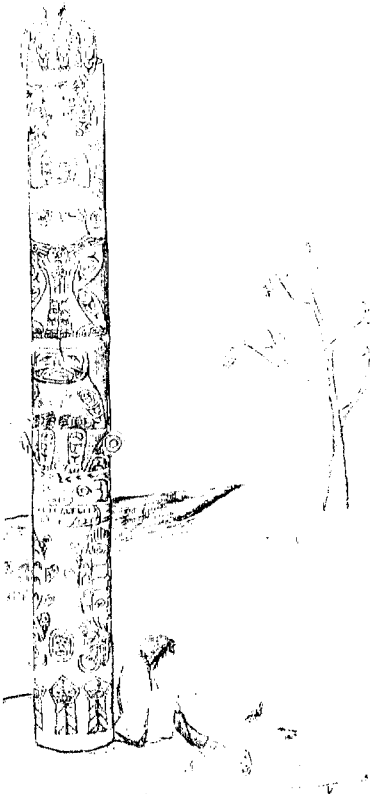
We smiled,
and I felt blessed
to meet this man,

my brother.

So did we remember
the community of those

who have died
in the Downtown Eastside,
and so did we rededicate ourselves
to the struggle
for hope and for justice.

Sandy Cameron





NEWLETTER OF THE CARNEGIE
COMMUNITY **A**CTION **P**ROJECT

August 1, 1999

FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL 689-0397 OR DROP BY OUR OFFICE, CARNEGIE 2ND FLOOR

FEDERAL MINISTER RESPONSIBLE FOR HOMELESSNESS VISITS CARNEGIE CENTRE

Reaction: She's a nice lady, but Mr. Chretien gave her no money and no new programs to reduce homelessness across Canada. So there wasn't much to talk about.

Claudette
Bradshaw

Misnister of
Labour,
Responsible for
Homelessness
across Canada

(Picture: Claudette sitting
down for coffee with
Muggs, Sandy, Margaret
and Sonny at Carnegie)



RICE ALCOHOL (SEE INSIDE
FOR DETAILS)

MINISTER LISTENS, PROMISES LITTLE

This month (July 15th), the Carnegie Centre had the opportunity to meet the newly appointed Federal Minister responsible for homelessness in Canada. Claudette Bradshaw is first and foremost the Minister of Labour, but in April, Prime Minister Chretien gave her the job of "coordinating" a federal response to the crisis of homelessness throughout Canada. Her appointment coincided with a Toronto conference on homelessness, which CCAP was able to attend. The homelessness situation in Toronto is far worse than here in Vancouver and thanks to the good work of the Ontario Coalition Against Poverty and the Toronto Disaster Relief Committee the federal government was exposed for their direct role in increasing homelessness in Canada when they backed out of co-op and social housing between 1992 and 1993.

Claudette was on a tour of Canadian cities and we were told that she will be preparing a brief for cabinet sometime in the fall. While Claudette went on about bringing greater efficiency to existing programs to deal with homelessness, those present at the meeting made it clear to her that the problem is the lack of federal funding for social housing and the solution is to get back into the production of low-income housing. It's as simple as that.

Housing and Homeless Network of BC

Here in Vancouver, a lobby group has been

formed to join in a national effort to pressure the federal government to get back into housing. The national campaign includes what is called "**The 1% solution**," which is basically a doubling of the current federal funds available for housing. The Vancouver group is called the "Housing and Homeless Network of BC." The local effort includes a postcard campaign (cards are available at the CCAP office) and coordination of local action for a national day-of-action sometime in October. For more info call CCAP at 689-0397.

THE VANCOUVER AGREEMENT

At the same time as Claudette was touring the Downtown Eastside, Mayor Philip Owen, Provincial Minister Jenny Kwan and Federal MP Hedy Fry announced a tri-level agreement for Vancouver, initially focusing on the Downtown Eastside. Winnipeg and Edmonton have had similar agreements.

The goal of the agreement is to develop "a healthy and sustainable community." This is a five year agreement, which will begin with the establishment of a number of committees and round table that are to include community representation.

There are three major components where work will be focused: 1) Community Health and Safety 2) Economic and Social Development 3) Community Capacity Building.

More on this later.

AG to recommend actions to deal with Rice Alcohol

It has been three months since Ted Matthews, a consultant contracted by the Liquor Control and Licensing Branch, released the report *Rice Alcohol Background Paper*. It now appears that the Attorney General is ready to make recommendations to curb the misuse of Rice Alcohol in Downtown Eastside. A press release is expected in the next few days.

Here are a few excerpts from Mr. Matthews report.

- Importation of Rice Alcohol almost doubled between 1997 and 1998.

Total importation for 1997 was 58 shipments and 286,733 litres, while in 1998, 81 shipments and 402,596 litres were imported. (p.5)

- Alcohol related deaths (most Rice Alcohol) as report by the Coroner.

In 1997, 21 cases were reported. In 1998, this figure almost doubled to 39. (p.11)

NEXT

Community
Directions
Meeting

August 5

4 pm

-

6 pm

Strathcona
Community
Centre





ATTENTION:

These benches have caused one Gastown resident to expose his intolerance and extreme dislike for the Downtown Eastside.

The **Dugout** is being pressured to remove these benches and, in fact, get out of Gastown altogether.

An explicit example of the gentrification at work in the Downtown Eastside.

Boomtown ! More Gentrification rhetoric and the "frontier" mentality.

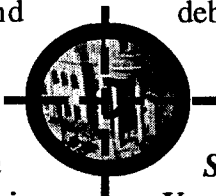
"With revitalization, we have the opportunity to create a funky, pedestrian-friendly European-style village like Granville Island," said Villegas, "Five years from now Boomtown [the Downtown Eastside] is going to take off. Look at the map of Vancouver. Coal Harbour, Downtown South, the Concord Pacific lands and False Creek have all been built up. This is last undeveloped area 10 minutes from downtown. It's going to happen."

(Vancouver Echo, Wednesday, July 21, 1999).

CCAP releases a booklet on CCTVs

The debate has begun regarding the implementation of Closed Circuit TVs for the Downtown Eastside. CCAP has just published a ten-page booklet, which reviews some of the research and debate on the CCTVs in the UK and US.

For a copy of *Television Public Space in Vancouver: A Brief Overview of Evidence from the UK and argument about its use in the Downtown Eastside*, drop by the CCAP office or look for it in outlets across the Downtown Eastside.



Closed Circuit Surveillance of

DRUG POLICY EDUCATION

COMPREHENSIVE SYSTEMS OF CARE FOR DRUG USERS IN SWITZERLAND AND FRANKFURT, GERMANY

A REPORT FROM THE 10TH INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE REDUCATION OF DRUG RELATED HARM AND A TOUR OF HARM REDUCTION SERVICES IN FRANKFURT, GERMANY

Prepared by Donald MacPherson, Social Planning Department, City of Vancouver, June, 1999

For a copy contact the Social Planning Department, City of Vancouver.

CCAP has gratefully received funding from the **Vancouver Foundation** to continue its work on community development and the implications of "revitalization" for the Downtown Eastside.

AUTUMN IN JULY
Garry Gust

After weeks with no sunshine in June and July, I got quite ill. All energy seemed to leave my being, and my wits went on a terrible holiday. I laid on the sofa for days feeling like I was a hundred and twenty years old.

Being somewhat recovered now from this strange malady I would like to protest loudly that on July summer days the temperature never rose above 13 degrees!

But to whom can I send this protest? God? General Motors? The hippy dippy weatherman?

.....
HELP! I've got a friend in Tbilisi, Georgia (former USSR) who is a Web Master and Internet Trainer.

She wants to immigrate to Canada, but the Canadian Embassy requires that she either has \$9,500, or, an offer of employment from a Canadian company.

If you or anyone you know is in a position to offer her employment, I'll send you her resume. Contact me at glust@direct.ca

.....
AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY SIMILAR (adapted from the I-Net)

An attractive elderly woman comes to Vancouver for the first time and walks into the Carnegie then asks at the desk for Marvin.

Shortly after, a young man comes up to the elderly woman and says: "I'm Marvin?"

"Hello my dear," said the woman, "I've been watching you and I'll give you \$200 if you make love with me."

Well, Marvin felt sorry for the elderly lady so he took her home with him.

The next day the elderly woman returned to the Carnegie and again offers Marvin \$200 to make love to her.

He agrees and takes her home again.

On the third day the \$200 offer is repeated, and once again Marvin and the elderly woman go home and make love.

After they finish, Marvin asks the woman: "Where are you from?"

"I'm from Prince George," replied the elderly lady as she got dressed to go.

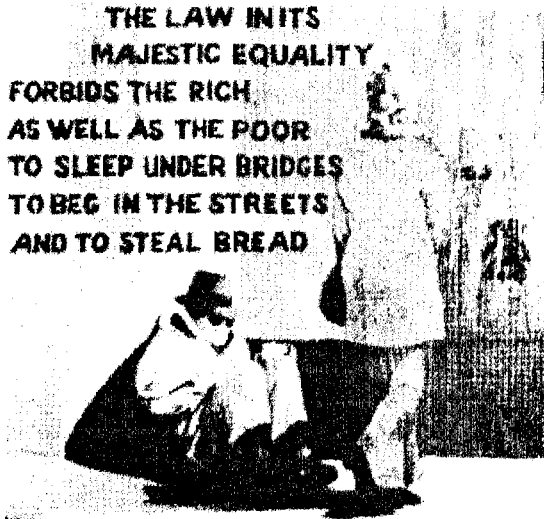
"Prince George!" shouted Marvin with glee, "I'm from Prince George too."

"I know," said the elderly woman, "Your mother gave me \$600 to give to you."..... ;=)

TAKING ANOTHER LOOK AT CLASS

BY SANDY CAMERON

THE LAW IN ITS
MAJESTIC EQUALITY
FORBIDS THE RICH
AS WELL AS THE POOR
TO SLEEP UNDER BRIDGES
TO BEG IN THE STREETS
AND TO STEAL BREAD



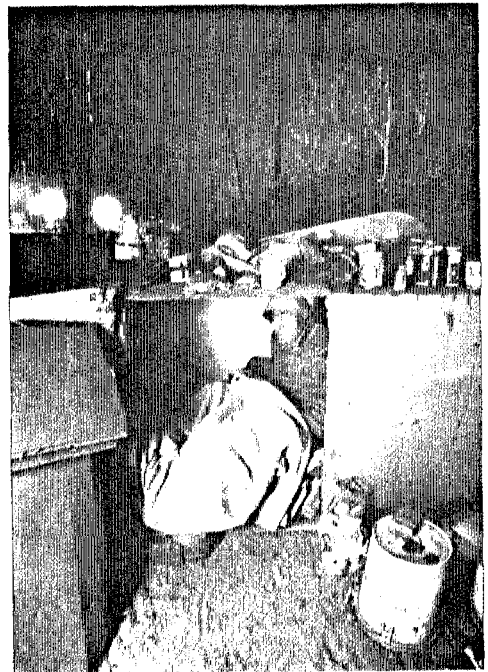
This book is from a deeply intuitive level – Sandy Cameron touches issues in plain language and shatters the illusion of Canada and the elite capitalist world being 'classless.' Get a copy from the Newsletter office (donations accepted). Sponsored by the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives and the Carnegie Community Centre Association.

Ontario Re-Elects Mike Harris

Low-income citizens in Ontario are braced for another barrage of bullets that Harris and his "common sense" cohorts are firing into Ontario's dying social safety net. The original poor-bashing platform (that got business 100% behind it with corporate-dictated trashing of the NDP in the media and sabotaging government financial planning to accommodate preserving the safety net) resulted in reductions of basic assistance by 21.6%, removed 370,000 recipients from the system and introduced workfare.

New measures will ensure:

- Welfare recipients must pass basic math and literacy tests. Although remedial training will be offered to those who fail, refusal to participate could result in a loss of benefits.
- Eligibility Review Officers (ERO's) can force welfare recipients to undergo drug tests and mandatory treatment (although only 6% of social service clients have alcohol-related problems and illegal drug use affects approximately 2% of the population). This tactic is a clear violation of civil rights under both the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms and the Ontario Human Rights Code! It's also common knowledge that drug treatment works best if addicts are positively motivated to kick the habit rather than coerced. Failure to comply could also mean the cancellation of benefits.
- The Ontario government will permanently remove from the system anyone convicted of welfare fraud. In comparison to health-care fraud which costs \$3.5 billion per year, Ontario welfare fraud totals \$17 million on an annual basis.
- More than 500,000 people have been placed in workfare jobs (work for welfare – about \$1.50 an hour) or training over the past 4 years (including voluntary positions, jobs with government and non-profit agencies) and most recently in the private sector. Now Harris wants to double the number of people in the program. Plans will be expanded to include stints in parks and road maintenance services- a move which could require



legislation to change existing collective agreements with some unions. (Most agreements have a dim view of jobs being given to virtual slave labour and driving down wage demands.) And cities and towns which do not support workfare placements could be penalized!

According to a recent report "**Broken Promises: Welfare Reform in Ontario**," by Workfare Watch, a joint project of the Ontario Social Safety Network and the Community Social Planning Council Toronto, *Ontario Works* (the province's new welfare program) is a bureaucratic charade which fails to offer the promised 'hand up' - meaningful training, employment supports, transportation and child-care.

For a copy of the report contact:

Workfare Watch

c/o Community Social Planning Council of Toronto
2 Carlton Street, Suite 1001

Toronto, ON

MSB 1J3

ph: (416) 351-0095

fax: (416) 351-0107

<http://www.welfarewatch.toronto.ca>



A little child shall lead them

At times we all need a "little drummer boy" to stir up flagging spirits.. Give us a gentle boot in the rear.. Help us arise and shine.. Take the bull by the horns.. Kick against the pricks..get on with the job (if you can find one)...

Sam Roddan

OUCH!!!

A friend of mine, we'll call her Lisa, has been in a wheel chair for years, unable to walk. An artist who paints individual flowers, she has been fiercely independent for years, doing art shows and working in a store front. Lisa has a camper van with a machine which lifts her chair up and inside her van, then she moves into the driver's seat. She gets out by sitting in her chair and being lifted out & down. She goes camping on her own.

Some years ago I was working in an art gallery when Lisa came to visit. Her chair came down the incline toward the gallery entrance too quickly and she tipped out, falling to the cement drive. I ran out to help her but she sent me away, reached up and locked the brakes on the chair. She pulled herself up into the chair and entered the gallery, unfazed.

Early last year Lisa's chair tipped her and she fell to the cement, and her heavy chair fell on top of her. When she put her hands out to protect herself they got badly scraped... Lisa's legs were both broken so she went to the hospital. The doctor thought she didn't have any feelings in her legs and operated on them without giving her anything to kill the pain. She started to scream with pain but the nurse was there to cover her mouth. Lisa told her to get her hand off her face and then proceeded to have a heart attack because of the pain.

Afterwards, when she was recovering they wanted her to use the bar above the bed to lift herself, but her hands were so badly scraped she couldn't. They had to heal her hands first. The stupid doctor eventually apologized for not realizing her legs had feeling in them.

It has taken her a long time to recover. She still hasn't painted any pictures since her fall and is still, after several months, recovering from the trauma of her operation.

Some people are so weak they aren't able to put enough pressure in their fingers to press skytrain elevator buttons. There is something elevator maintenance operators should think about.

by Dora Sanders

i can't help but love people

i can't help but love people
even while humanity defines itself as
the most foul and pernicious
perversion of life ever
people are lovely
and i'm in love

i follow my nose around walking
thru souvlaki and flowers and
coffee beans down denman
incense and more coffee on the drive
poop 'nd garbage in the 'hood
and i'm floating in love with people
who're scared
happy tired suspicious
hateful bored
arrogant annoyed
er whatever ...
busy, lots ...
er whatever ...
we're all connected all the same dood
er whatever ...

tho i've learned you can't go around
gushing love at everybody 'cause
some'll get violent
punch you out
'fag"

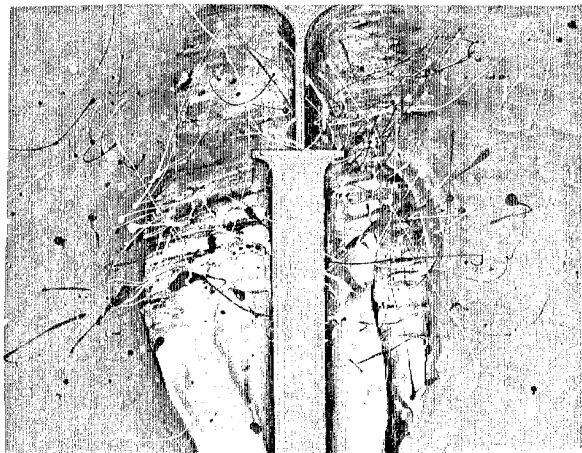
the other night i was
hurtin' so bad from doin'
coke just wanting more 'nd
a prayer went out from my angst
came back knockin' at my door in
my girlfriend
"himindificomeinvisit?"
she touched my shoulder toughted me
made me alright
better than any cracktoke could've done
"you're beautiful," she said, beautiful
still and quiet with me as i rode out the jones

jiang chiang

K L U T E

A Sunday afternoon movie on A&E.. Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland. A good movie; there is reference to nasty sex, illicit sex & murder. There is a line spoken by Klute's boss: "Every person has some tiny corner of themselves which must never be shown to the outside world." Never? or hardly ever? In my case there certainly are tiny corners, maybe two or three thousand, and I have a habit of showing them to all sorts of people... Today I wore my built-in panties and half-slip, put on the white bra and over-clothing, and walked along Franklin. I don't think I was recognized as being from one of the professions like medicine. but I have a feeling, deep in my bowels, that a hell of a lot of MDs (and most "respectable" pros) have not-so-tiny corners of themselves that they mainly keep hidden. Welcome to earth.

David Lenox



DRUG-MASTER

I have a headache, blood in my pee,
hit as a kid, no work, no play,
no nuttin' at all at all Genuine somethin' I need
PERCODAN DILAUDID TUSSIONEX
Gimmee what I want, just 12 is OK, 14, then
I'll be OK OK OK

A grand and muted litany of all of their voices,
The druggie world, come all the way around the
stars come to Robson Street Clinic trying to get
whatever they want whatever they need

David Lenox

Economics

I'm dug in and shallow
In my English Bay home
A clam evolved man
Hidden in sand.

At home I'm protected
Safe, deaf and nested
Where no more is rumour
Of surf, stir or turmoil
Or surface disturbance
Rippling the sand

Sand pacted safe tranced
'Neath surf spat spume dance
I deafen and mask
An unending sea crash
Rescissory cleansing
Economic sand trash

In daydream I'm scheming
To chance on a steeling
And bring into being
A disobeyed grey
Sand grain command
And ask other mollusks

When do we stand
To anchor the surface
Of surf battered sand
And keep fringe within
Economics of sand

'Stead dug in and shallow
In my English Bay home
I clam up and mellow
In cleansing restraint
A man husk shucked mollusk
Of economic shell game

Jerry Appleton



Homelessness Under Control

I surmise from the report given by Judy Graves to the Anglican Synod (June 1999) that we in Vancouver have much to be thankful for in the matter of affordable housing and temporary shelters. We have, compared to Toronto, a housing situation 'under control.'

Do my eyes deceive me? I do not seem to have a difficult time finding homeless people. I see them in the West End and in Kitsilano. There is a group of men who live by the Arbutus railway line, minutes away from comfortable family dwellings. I regularly talk to young men who panhandle in South Granville. They pool their money and sometimes get a room for the night. Lately I have noticed that they are not looking very clean or healthy. The friendly smiles have changed to worried pleas for spare change. I have often been tempted to invite someone home with me for dinner. I've done it before, but it doesn't really change anything, and can be humiliating for the recipient.

The precarious nature of single night shelters and flophouse hotels does not constitute a "home" in any sense of the word. And yet Ms. Graves says in her report to the Anglican Synod that "In Vancouver we have been able to prevent much homelessness through carefully limiting shelters, by retaining a stock of residential hotels, and by building housing for the very poor. The problem of homelessness in the Lower Mainland is serious, but it is not out of control."

All due respect to Ms. Graves, but I believe that while only a small percent of our population wanders around without a permanent place to lay their heads, the problem is not yet "under control."

Lest Ms. Graves words lull us into a complacent attitude over the very real problems of a housing crisis that seems to be worsening, I think more independent studies should be done. How about talking to those people "who prefer to live outside?"

Wilhelmina Miles/LQ

*quotes from "Judy Graves addresses Synod" in *Saint James Anglican Church Cornerstone*. June 1999

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 - 6:45 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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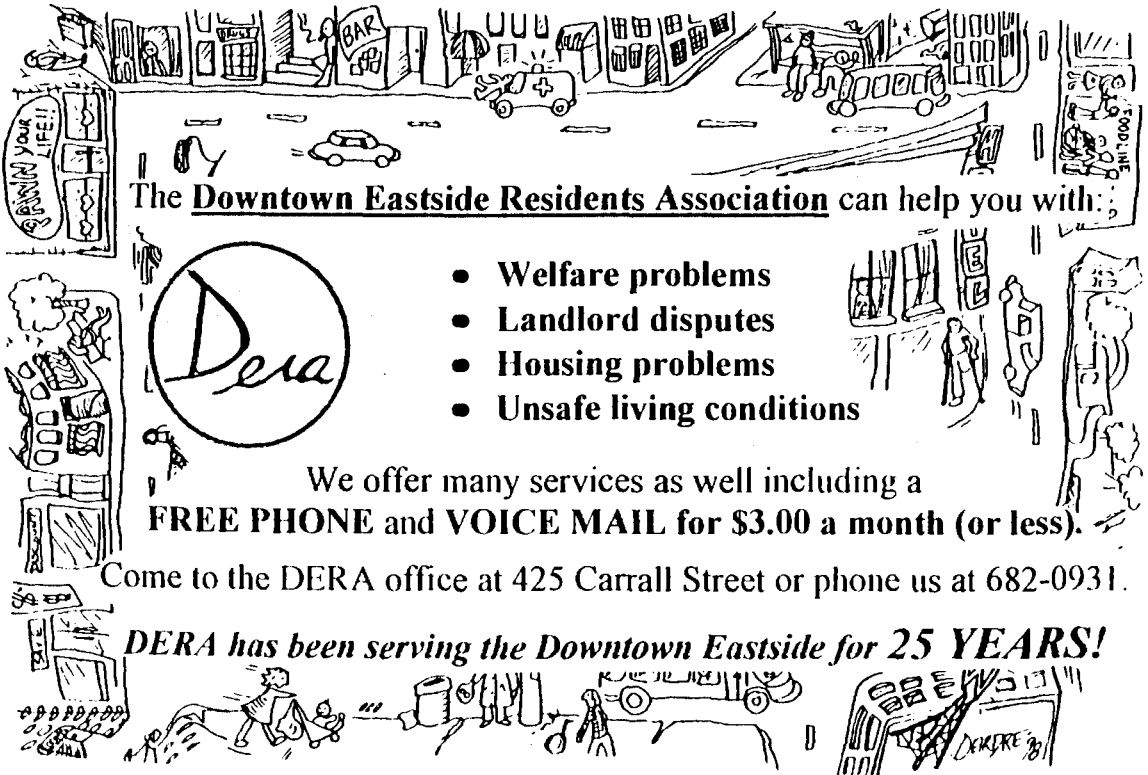
Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

101 Main Street, Vancouver V6P 1T1 (604) 682-1200

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

**Submission Deadline
for next issue
Thursday, August 12**



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!

Three times we called 911 to help revive a woman
who did not want to be revived.

Each time we heard her curse the fate that let her live.

Then the demon OD struck her two sons the same day it struck her
taking one and leaving the other to wait for his death and hers!

A mother bidding her son adieu, struggling to keep the attention
of her daughter and surviving son.

An aunt whose niece was knifed by her boyfriend, stuffed into a closet
and found days later, dead and alone - oh, so alone.

A daughter, crying from the bottom of her being over
her mother's growing pain as her children and grandchildren
die the deaths of the street one by one.

A street mother who called many her Sons, gave sage advice,
and cared deeply for those who sought her parental caring.

In each of these dimensions of a woman, a created being,
a person cried out to God

And God heard! Or at least we think God heard.

Who could not hear the cry of one who has been so much to so many?

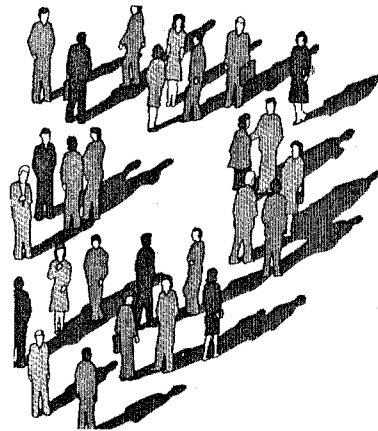
What Creator would deny an ear to a creation in her own image?

So life goes on as we wait for one more,
one more death to hopelessness and pain.

All things in nature
have their place to grow.
Trees can even flourish through stone
given otherwise
favourable conditions.

Why then must it be so hard
for people to find a place in the world
where potential for good abounds
and it is possible to live a life
not driven by fear or loneliness?
What will it take for us to agree
to relinquish terror
and live more joyfully?

Delayne



"To err is human"
...especially when we make the mistake.

Joe Paul



Mayor Owen Supports Community
Housing Plan!!! *

Let us eat Cake!

Jenny takes crack
at the piñata!

* with both hands at Street Program Opening...