

FREE - donations accepted

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



AUGUST 15, 1999.

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

INVISIBLE VICTORIES

This issue marks the 13th birthday of the Carnegie Newsletter. The first edition was put together in a storage closet in the basement for Aug. 15, 1986 – 12 pages, 60 copies. It's always "that @%X#(*&^\$ rag!" to "the only paper I read from cover to cover every time!!" but the invisible victories are much deeper and more profound.

The Newsletter has become a foundation for expression of universal principles, for gathering allies and propagating the ideology of justice. The Downtown Eastside is a microcosm of global struggles. In every living being there is a thirst for limitlessness; the struggle is to progress without getting overcome with the sky-licking greed of humans, the impossibility of quenching this spiritual thirst with the desert of drugs and booze. The dogmas of criminality and clean-up being

identical are still dogma – bad theories presented as truth. The prime directive is to elevate the dignity of women, the struggle expressed through building housing and a new Women's Centre and Breaking the Silence around violence against women.. and the hidden obscenity of 23 missing women and the deaths of over 125 in just a few years. The prime directive is to raise the consciousness of humanity; the struggle to expose dark forces of gentrification, superiority complexes, forced dispersion of residents without concern for consequences and the driving greed and self-interest mistaken on purpose for enlightenment. The Newsletter is a pole in the spiritual magnet of the Downtown Eastside. All eyes are on us as the hub of a cosmic wheel, but our incredible strength is invisible, intangible, often incomprehensible. It is told to investors and speculators and interested parties alike: "you have to talk to the community" –and it's fair notice. We are not vain-glorious, nor is anything exempt from the droll dabbling of dilettantes, but the network and connections are invisible victories of enormous magnitude. BNK

By PAULR TAYLOR
Volunteer Editor



Need help?

- drug addiction?
- drug cravings?
- stress
- withdrawal symptoms?
- drug-related insomnia/anxiety/depression?

Free ear acupuncture

Vancouver Native Health Society

Community room.

449 E. Hastings

9:30 am – noon

Monday to Friday

(except holidays)

No appointment necessary

Confidential Drop-in

Treatment takes about 45 minutes

Call 254-9937

Vancouver/Richmond Health Board

Working together for better health.

RICE WINE

RICE wine



A victory for the many people who worked towards getting the Rice Liquor regulated - everyone should be proud of this victory.

Over the past 7 years, this Community lost many great people to this lethal drug called Rice Wine.

The Medical examiner, Vancouver Police Department and City hall officials got involved - truly this is a team effort.


At present it is still available. The Attorney General has made his announcement but it won't take effect until fall.

The day after the Odd Squad made the release of the Rice Wine Video came the AG's press release. The video will not be available for publication, by the way, thanks to the Rice Wine group and others in the community.

As most of you know this is going to be a struggle for those who drink Rice Wine. It seems that the Attorney General wants to meet with us more

DERA Street Market

Here's the latest update on the street market. We have set the market dates and times to each Sunday, Aug.22 to Sept.26, from 11am-5pm. The site of the market will be Abbott Street between Cordova and Hastings. DERA chose this because we want to make these blocks friendly to residents again, and hope that the market will help.

The market's purpose is to serve the residents of the Downtown Eastside first and foremost. We encourage people in all the neighbourhood's communities to provide their artwork, crafts, music, or other goods and services at the market. Residents of the Downtown Eastside will have priority when tables are allocated; we'll use sponsorships from community groups to subsidize tables for residen- 

On-going meetings

- **HIV/AIDS Support Group:** Thursdays 6-8pm, Pottery Room
- **Narcotics Anonymous:** Mondays 8:00pm. Classroom #2
- **Hep C Support Group:** Wednesdays 7:30-9:30. Classroom #2
- **Diabetic Support Group:** Fridays
Call for info on all these: 665-2220

on this issue, more consulting. Our next task is to help our people in this community, to Detoxes, treatment Centre and/or hospital stays, due to Rice Wine withdrawals. Over the next few weeks I will be contacting a few of the local hospitals who serve this neighbourhood to see if we can get emergency beds.

I understand not everyone is wanting to stop drinking; our intent is to help those who are willing to ask for help. You can call me ~ 293-5981 between 9am & 5pm, Monday - Thursday.

I would ask all organizations in this community to send faxes, email or snailmail to the AG's office - urging him to implement these recommendations As Soon As Possible!.

By MARGARET PREVOST

ts who cannot afford the \$30 monthly rental, or make other arrangements if subsidy's unavailable.

We're very pleased by the number of residents who've already signed up for the market. There are many incredibly talented people in the D.E. who can benefit from having an opportunity to bring their work to the people, and the entire community can benefit from this endeavor.

If you know people who could perform, sell or volunteer, please have them contact us at DERA. Also, if any community groups want to participate in the market by setting up information tables or sponsoring tables for residents, please let us know.

If you have any questions or concerns, call me at 662-0931. Thanks!

Sabrina Diuna

****NOTE:** The Education Committee has been re-scheduled. Seems almost everyone was busy.. so try again on Tuesday, August 24th, at 4pm

*****Help in the Downtown Eastside #21
- July 1999- available at Carnegie. *****

Street Program Staff Talk

One street programmer I talked to said, "They shouldn't be using this building for surveillance." Two police officers were arresting a couple of men about 5 yards from the tent at the south-east end of the building. They had come out of the fire exit on Main Street to make the arrest. "I'm so tired of hearing stories about that particular police officer breaking people's ribs or breaking people's ankles."

A window with the moon and some stars had been drawn in chalk on the side of the ramp beneath the bicycle stand. Someone was playing gently on a Carnegie loaner guitar by the wall. "People on the street are generally supportive, helpful sometimes, even protective. I can see some already taking a little responsibility for what happens on the corner. Little things like sweeping up seem to give them a bit of self-respect or self-esteem."

Another programmer agreed, and thought the

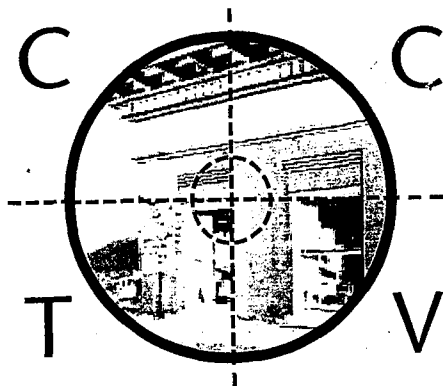
glimmerings of self-esteem might encourage people to go further towards health and/or recovery from addictions. "It is a challenge to see a project like this to fruition. We can hopefully foster co-operation between the city and the people on the street - open a dialogue, instead of using a heavy hand. It will require some give and take." This programmer thought the meaningful work of the project was making some the city's services accessible to perhaps the most marginalized people in Vancouver.

What was the most important thing about the program, I asked another. "I just want to make sure that anyone who wants help gets it. This program can go some way, perhaps a long way, to doing that."

None wanted to talk about the vast political shell that currently envelopes, and sometimes threatens to stifle the program, but they all felt the pressure of expectations from various groups and agencies, and in particular from various levels and branches of the state. "This program has been needed for a long time. Why can't we just do it?"

* * *

"It's been, and still is, a profound learning experience," one said. "I'm surprise how much I enjoy talking to the people who come by and hang out." People were playing chess and checkers around us. It hardly seemed a contradiction that a few feet away the usual street activity associated with the front of Carnegie was taking place. In the end, a bigger challenge than gaining the trust and co-operation of drug and street involved people on the corner will be convincing the various government agencies that, in fact, there is no contradiction. But as it would mean giving up the established practice of defining all human activity in terms of moral worth, a sentiment which, when challenged, has been in the past and certainly still is seen as eroding the very foundations of power, the political pressure is certain to remain. The programmers, however, believe the project will survive and grow, and prove itself, given time. "Nothing's going to happen in a week, or even six months. But that's no reason for doing nothing at all out here."



Closed Circuit Television Surveillance of Public Space in Vancouver

A Brief Overview of Evidence from the UK
& Arguments About its Use in the
Downtown Eastside

Carnegie Community Action Project
July, 1999

Friends

Crows die to you know every now and then
there'll be a dead crow in a gutter and I feel sad
because they are my brothers my soul brothers
we all livin' offa the fat of the land
wherever I am a crow watches over me
I don't go where there ain't no crow

On the wire in the morning I say good morning
crow brother
sometimes I get long lectures on how bad I been
sometimes they just talk regular crow talk
kitchen table chatter except they are spirits now

The crow guides me, protects me, always there
in the heavy moments, spirit guide
common as a crow

I seek the sameness of all us crows

to see a dead crow in the gutter is a lesson in itself
even the corpse signifies to the student one final
reminder

R. Loewen

SURVEILLANCE in the Downtown Eastside and in General

The cameras in the Downtown Eastside are
nothing to worry about if precautions are thought
out and actions are taken. Realize that there are,
for instance, 100 surveillers to 10,000 people be-
ing surveilled, and one just gets lost in the shuffle.

Surveillers in Las Vegas, Reno etc. -- those
famous 'eye in the sky' ceiling cameras -- know
what they are looking for and can detect slights of
hand on the part of shifty customers and/or shifty
dealer-customer transactions.

And there are blind spots where the camera
cannot see. The police surveillers not only know
what they are looking for (drug transactions, ass-
aults), they also know who. The police know or
know of the local residents and who they are;
often these cameras are looking for those new in
town trying to ply their trades.

On a spiritual level it is really we who surveil
ourselves through our conscience. There is a story
of two men being told to each kill a chicken. One
killed the chicken right away, but the other man
goes away and comes back, after a long time, with
the chicken still alive, saying "I tried to kill the
chicken secretly, but everywhere I go, the chicken
sees."

By DEAN KO

The Mole Hill Living Heritage Society is
pleased to invite you to the Mole Hill Community
Celebration Day on Saturday, August 21. The
event will be held in the lane between Comox and
Pendrell, Thurlow and Butte in the West End and
will include a garage sale, Mole Hill information
table, guest speakers, community tables, childrens
activities, a raffle and much more.

This celebration focuses on the joint partnership
between the organic society residing within Mole
Hill and the City of Vancouver, BC Housing and
the Province of BC - to preserve and let prosper a
significant part of the city's heritage well into the
next century.

DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE WOMEN

Breaking The Silence By Speaking Out

509 E. Hastings St., Vancouver V6A 1P9

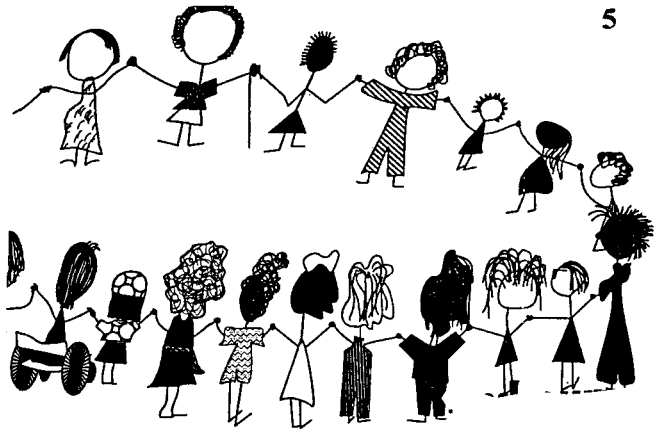
Messages: 682-3269 # 8319 Fax: 254-2150

To fellow agencies on and residents of the
Downtown Eastside,

Downtown Eastside Women Breaking the Silence by Speaking Out (Breaking the Silence) is a coalition of neighbourhood groups, agencies, and individuals on the Downtown Eastside. We have been meeting and organizing for about a year and a half to address the issue of violence in this neighbourhood in a way that focuses on the realities of women's lives. The coalition includes representatives from the Women's Centre, Carnegie Community Centre, Neighbourhood Helpers Project (the Second Mile Society), Downtown Eastside Residents' Association (D.E.R.A.), Vancouver Status of Women, and individual women with energy and commitment.

The goal of this project is to continue to bring together Downtown Eastside organizations, staff and residents to take a powerful community stand to prevent the devastating effects of violence. and address the social conditions that contribute to it, such as poverty, homelessness, ill health, drug addiction, and discrimination in its many forms. The project particularly recognizes the huge impact of violence on Aboriginal women in this community.

Last year, the campaign successfully organised educational workshops and a women's retreat. where women from this area came together to share their stories and ideas and strategize about healing approaches to working against violence against women. A long-term vision for healing and empowering this community has three parts: education, the healing process, and systemic advocacy with all levels of government. Specific projects proposed for this coming year are: public awareness campaigns about how to prevent and stop violence, workshops on training women leaders, conflict resolution, women's empowerment, healing retreats in November and May,



potlucks, strategy meetings, grief circles, a front-line workers' support group, drum making workshops, a drumming and singing group, and grieving and healing workshops.

We are writing to request your and your agency's involvement in the Breaking the Silence campaign. You can be a part of it by...

* Sending a representative from your agency to attend monthly planning and strategy meetings;

- Contacting us by phone, fax, or mail
- Participating in upcoming public education events
- Participating in 'in-house' anti-oppression workshops to sensitize workers about the importance of working across differences and in solidarity
- Promoting the Breaking the Silence Campaign within your organization, to other agencies, neighbours, friends, and allies
- Helping our coalition to lobby all levels of government to fund community initiatives to address violence against women

Violence is a complex issue that affects every member of this neighbourhood and requires multiple solutions that address its many forms.

Breaking the Silence offers us an opportunity to communicate and cooperate as a community in a coordinated way to address the issue of violence and take back power as a community.

We would like to thank you in advance for your response to this call for support.

The Downtown Eastside is rife with talent. See for yourself.

Carnegie CD Project Fundraiser

Friday, August 27, 1999
At The Firehall Arts Centre
1280 East Cordova St.,
6 - 11 PM

Appearing: Earle Peach, Sue Skoda, Colleen Muriel, Peggy Wilson, Max and Nadya, Joyce Morgan, Joanne Hamen, Mike Richter, Robert Doucette, Robert Escott, Dave McConnell and *special guests*.

ADMISSION BY DONATION

Universal language spoken here!

This project is being sponsored by The Carnegie Community Centre Association. The Firehall Arts Centre has graciously donated the theatre for this event.

For details, contact: Rika Uto at (604) 6653003



The Interurban

How could something as subjective as Art be critiqued? Critics' reviews are biased and senseless. They could give a bad review because they don't like the gallery owner or don't agree with the gallery manager's politics; they would be at an exhibition of Picasso paintings and say that they do not like surreal cubist abstracts or complain that the Impressionist painting they are reviewing is not a Realist painting... or that they do not like the neighbourhood the gallery is in.

These highbrow critics with their upturned noses could have an entirely new and different place to vent their erudite steam at the InterUrban. This would be at the corner of Hastings and Carrall, the site vacated by the Bank of Montreal and, most recently, one home of the Walls of Change.

The wonderful Miss Sharon Kravitz (Speaking in

Chalk), the Portland Hotel Society, Arts in Action, the Carnegie Community Centre Association and others are asking the City for \$600,000 (not a lot of money in today's economy) to help finance an art gallery and working art centre.. kind of like the Downtown Eastside's version of the House of Medici. This would re-upgrade a downgraded section of Vancouver.

Who opposes? Probably the middle-rich – the same people who year after petition for low (or lower) welfare rates and then have the nerve to tell recipients how to spend their money or at least criticize them for how they do spend these hard-waited-for welfare dollars. They know that the poor are controlled by deception. Ostensibly they claim to be helping all of the poor and often enlist them on their tirades but when all is said and done all are not helped, only the small group determined to be 'truly deserving.'

Very few cultivated people have less than \$25-\$30,000 a year, and seem to naturally side with the more well-to-do because they imagine that any liberty conceded to the poor is a threat to their own liberty. Foreseeing some dismal Marxist utopia as the alternative, the educated man prefers to keep things as they are. He probably does not like his fellow-rich very much but supposes that even the vulgarest of them are less inimical to his pleasures, more his kind of people than the poor, and that he'd better stand by them. It is this fear of a supposedly dangerous mob that makes nearly all intelligent, semi-wealthy people conservative in their opinions. Ironically, these people are in favour of the Carrall St. corridor; this InterUrban project can and will only enhance that.

The earliest cave paintings and sand scrawlings have shown that everyone, from the rich to the poor, needs art. Never mind the Group of Seven. With this art project there will be a Group of Sevens or dozens or hundreds and possibly, in time, a Group of Thousands.

The InterUrban – a place where artists could create, display and (if they wanted to) sell their paintings. Think about it, for Art's sake.

By DEAN KO

ELDERS Summer Gathering

The 23rd annual BC Elders' Gathering took place in Kamloops Aug. 2-4. Our group left Vancouver early and after a hot trip arrived at the huge building. Eva and I started looking for old friends while making the rounds viewing the numerous beautiful crafts and displays.

After supper we were treated to a talent show and Pow Wow. There was also dancing by the various tribes and Lorelei and her grandchildren put on quite a performance.

The next day had Eva, Karin, Brenda and I at Lookout Point seeing all of Kamloops and making plans to return to pick the abundant sage the next morning. We also got to Interior Indian Friendship Centre in North Kamloops, where we met with Donna, formerly a staff person at the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre. Small world! The Elders have a special room where they work on crafts and socialize. Eva and I had fun at some thrift stores and looking for a postcard for Adie, a friend who couldn't come.

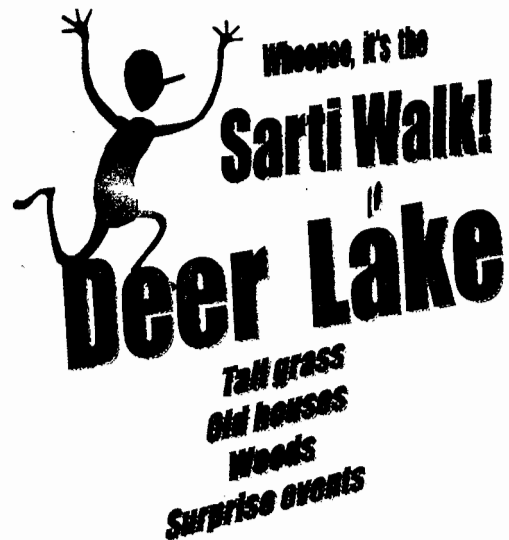
When we arrived back at the Gathering we asked about workshops..times and places..wanting to go to "Hands on Healing" (this would help us a great deal with our work in the city) but couldn't find it.

From 5-6 pm there was a dinner and a give-away honouring the Elders and Supreme Chiefs. There was also entertainment and a fashion show with local models, followed by an Old Time Dance!

The next day we picked sage and received a hands-on education on various medicinal plants. When we got back to Vancouver I took and burned some sage in Carnegie's Theatre.

Many thanks to Chief Manny Jules, Chief Arthur Manuel, King and Queen John & Susan Seymour, Kamloops city council, Interior Indian Friendship Centre, and the various performers, organizers and volunteers for a wonderful experience. All my relations.

By IRENE SCHMIDT



Thursday, August 19, from 9 am to 4 pm

Register ahead of time

with Rika or at third floor office

Simon Fraser University, Gerontology Research Centre **Volunteer Opportunity** "Universal Design Project"

We are looking for adults of all ages and abilities to help us test kitchen and bathroom designs.

Volunteers fill out a short questionnaire and then complete 9 ordinary household tasks and tell us what they liked and didn't like about the different designs. Your visit will be about one hour; we will do our best to find a time that fits your schedule.

We offer coffee, tea and cookies and \$10 to each volunteer to offset transportation costs.

555 Seymour (at the corner of Dunsmuir and Seymour), one block north of The Bay downtown.

To volunteer or ask for more information, call Mary Ann at 291-5180 or Michele at 522-8872.

Come by yourself or invite a friend to join you! With your help we can find the best designs that meet the needs of seniors and persons with different abilities, to help them live independently.



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

Back by popular demand in an
open-air concert!

**Armadillo String
Quartet**

Ensemble of two violins, viola and cello playing works from
the Baroque and Classical periods, with some modern surprises

**MONDAY, AUGUST 23, at 2 PM
OPPENHEIMER PARK
ALL WELCOME!**

Carnegie Book Club

The Carnegie Book Club met on Tuesday, August 10th at 12:00 in the Art Gallery. During the previous month the members of the club had been reading Angela's Ashes by Frank McCourt.

Angela's Ashes is the true story of McCourt's childhood in New York City and Limerick, Ireland. In the book, McCourt maintains that "Worse than the ordinary miserable childhood is the miserable Irish childhood, and worse yet is the miserable Irish Catholic childhood." The members of the Book Club felt that his depiction of poverty and alcoholism was very moving, and that the book was a worthwhile read

The Carnegie Book Club members are reading The Cure for Death by Lightning by Gail Anderson-Dargatz for the next meeting (Tuesday, September 14th at 12:00 in the Art Gallery). This work of fiction has been highly acclaimed and is set in British Columbia. All are welcome to join the Book Club. Those who are interested, please contact Andrew in the Library.

Each morning I wake up
And the sun is shining
Coffee poured into my cup
Birds singing and bees whining.

Off to work with little play
Work work work that must be done
An emptiness that won't go away
Another case that I have won.

Another day, another dollar
People still rushing around
"Evening paper!" a newsboy hollers
As I leave this forsaken downtown.

An evening alone once again
Just me, my coffee and MASH reruns
or Captain Kangaroo or Mother Hen
Life alone is no fun.

I just wish I had someone here
To hold and love and be loved in return
Maybe to call Honey or Dear
An emptiness that still burns.

Tony Dunne



sunshine

on downtown eastside sidewalks
glows fresh crimson
like rose petals fallen
from ransacked gardens of the broken-hearted

from those who wear the violent evenings on faces bruised black & purple
whose teeth are kicked through panicked mouths begging mercy
whose sight is slashed blind by knives of darkness
inside murdered souls whose lives are worn out demolitions
in screaming alleys of vomit & unending misfortunes

& for those crawling drunk & sick
into jaws of rabid doorways & handcuffs of the police

& for those who fall or get pushed or raving leap
from caged-in hotel windows of desperation & hate & grief

& for those lining up more patient than saints
in cold rain & seagull shit to receive crusts of bread

& for those smoking crack beside railroad tracks of uselessness
to derail a birthplace renovated into exile

& for those plunging needles through veins seeking ecstasy
but flowing with nervous shame & misery

& for those whose scared runaway skin is sold
without hope to hypocrisy's ghosts

& for those cheated by political schemes
& are drowned in tidal waves of unknown committees

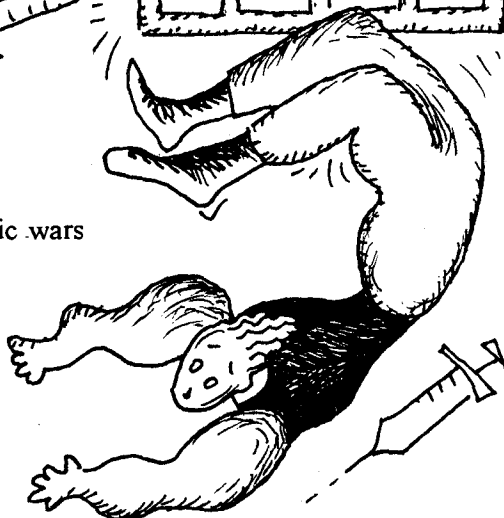
& for those hardened like steel by the arson
of their childhoods' gentle visionary love of the real

& for the refugees pouring in from the earth's economic wars

& for refugees fleeing wars in the roots of their hair

& for those straight-jacketed into numbers & things
whose withered spirits don't interest
the scientific god who has forsaken them

down here



& for those smelling & looking like death
staggering through whirling neon vertigoes of east hast
& whose leering faces are smeared with rejection

& for those run over by monstrous rush hours of mountains & skyscrapers
of enormous wealth & who get busted for jaywalking a puddle of small debt

& for those whose lungs are wrecked
in a quicksand of malnourished infested tubercular rent

& for those eaten by fears sending them reeling from a breeze turning a corner
or a shadow thrown over them reminding them of all they've tried to forget

& for those whose inarticulate cries for help
are thrown out like garbage arrived from hell

& for those who survive on what's tossed aside into gutters of abundance denied

& for those who have nowhere to be & no way to live

& are somewhere naked & shaking with a life no one else could endure

& for those who are loneliness frozen in tiny rooms & whose mental rainbows of aliveness & joy
are sucked dry by fragmenting screens of colour teevees

& for those overdosed on jealousy & bitterness for what might've been
for the bad luck decades that've bitten them & whose frustrations carve wounds inside & out

& for those whose unshed tears are choking them
or who can't stop crying & die of exposure

& for those who are nothing without a job & have no one to employ them
except more trouble pushing them out on a limb & over the edge..
crushing the life out of anyone beneath them when they fall

& for those fighting terrorizing voices in their heads
reviling betraying & possessing them

& for those who can't help driving everyone else away from them

& for petty sneak thieves stealing pieces of themselves
& for killers of plum trees & the moon

& for the abandoned & damned adolescents
unleashing vandalism & fists of vengeance

& for those whose children are stolen by social cops
& are driven mad by the anguish of unnatural loss



& for those peddling every remnant of innocence
& pawning every friend belonging to them for another fix or a bottle
creating a purpose out of a daily nothingness

& for those who've grown old & left behind a breath at a time
but whose battered dignity is a victory of their own

& for those whose religion is a lottery-bingo-longshot addiction
reversing their history & bringing salvation but

whose numbers never get picked or called & whose horses never come through

& for those struggling to make against all odds an authentic personal change

& for those who can't stand to be alone & can't stand to be known by anyone

& for those picking fights out of a disabled desire for human communion
& end up with their lives & others in ruins

& for those boasting of being on top of
what is obviously pinning them to illusions of mutilated lightning

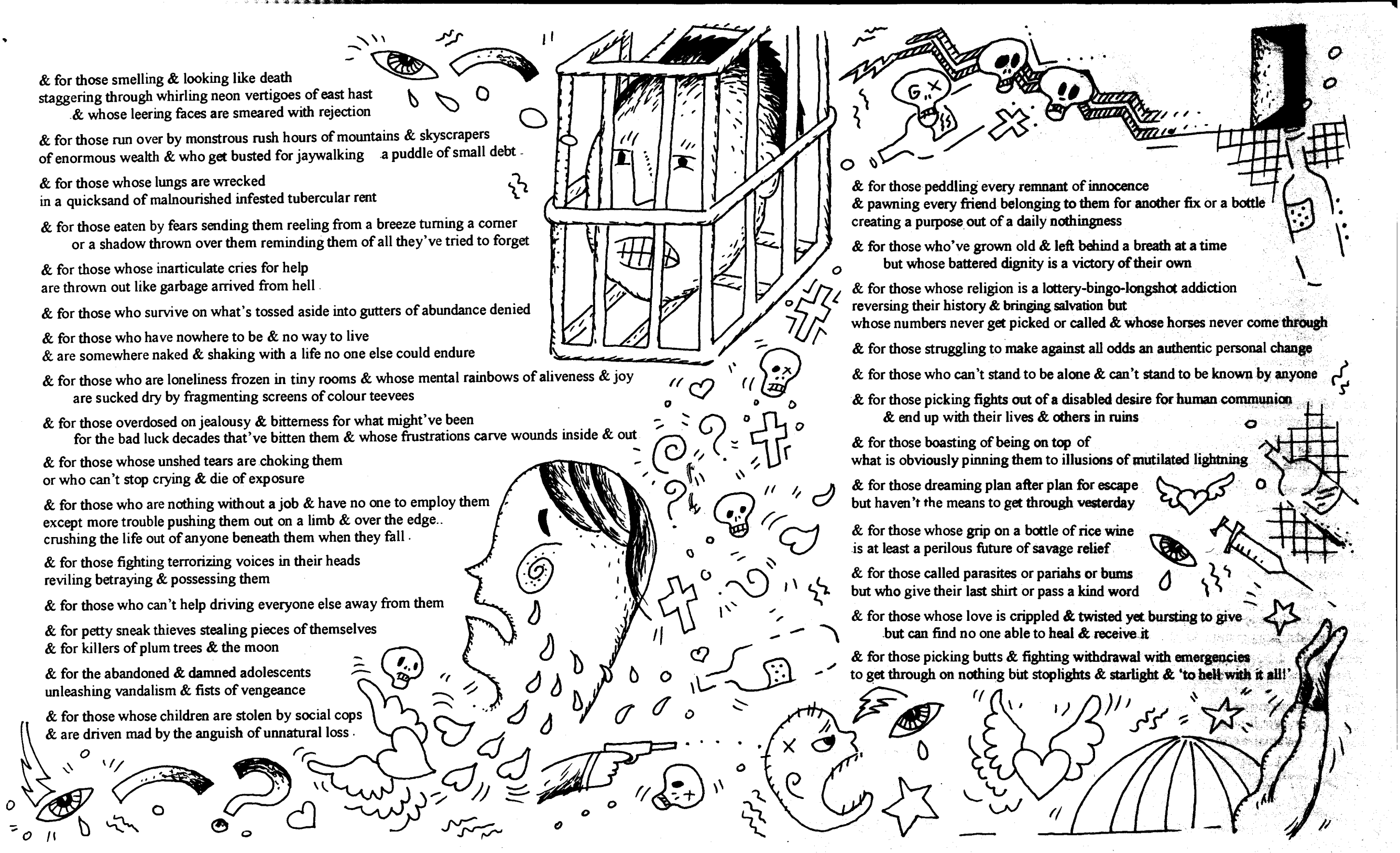
& for those dreaming plan after plan for escape
but haven't the means to get through yesterday

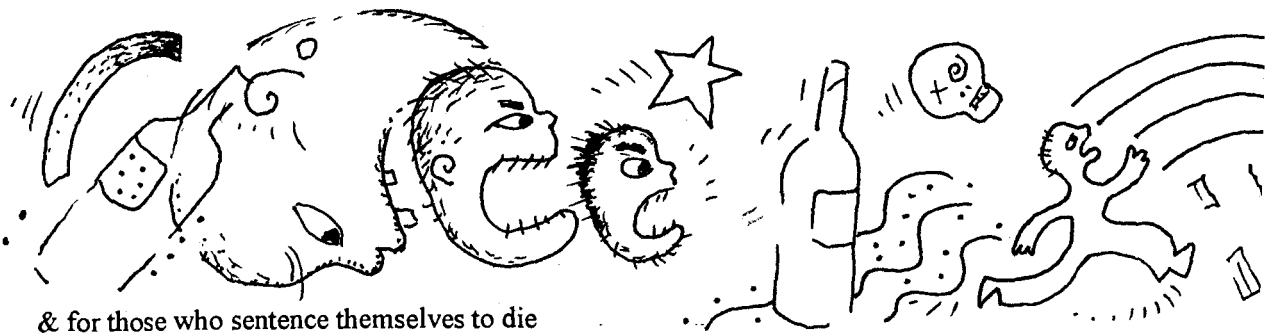
& for those whose grip on a bottle of rice wine
is at least a perilous future of savage relief

& for those called parasites or pariahs or bums
but who give their last shirt or pass a kind word

& for those whose love is crippled & twisted yet bursting to give
but can find no one able to heal & receive it

& for those picking butts & fighting withdrawal with emergencies
to get through on nothing but stoplights & starlight & 'to hell with it all!'





& for those who sentence themselves to die
obsessed with bridges & razor blades & calculations of barbiturates & alcohol

for those wandering day & night searching curbs & glances for wallets & miracles

& for those fed up & disgusted enough to live quietly out of shopping carts
beneath viaducts or hidden in trees in the parks

& for those who've never known a moment's peace & are so dirty & ugly & mean
it's worth time in the bucket to shatter self-satisfied expressions
of tourists strolling by looking clean

& for those gripped by wheelchairs wobbling on canes lurching between crutches
of unrelenting pain & whose courage mocks a world speeding by in disdain

& for those deliberately sabotaging every attempt at helping themselves adjust
to a mass social madness accurately perceived as more insane than themselves

& for those trying to get by & take care of a family
on little more than defiance & love in overwhelmed & worried eyes.

& for those collapsing in shadows
pissing their lives down the front of their pants

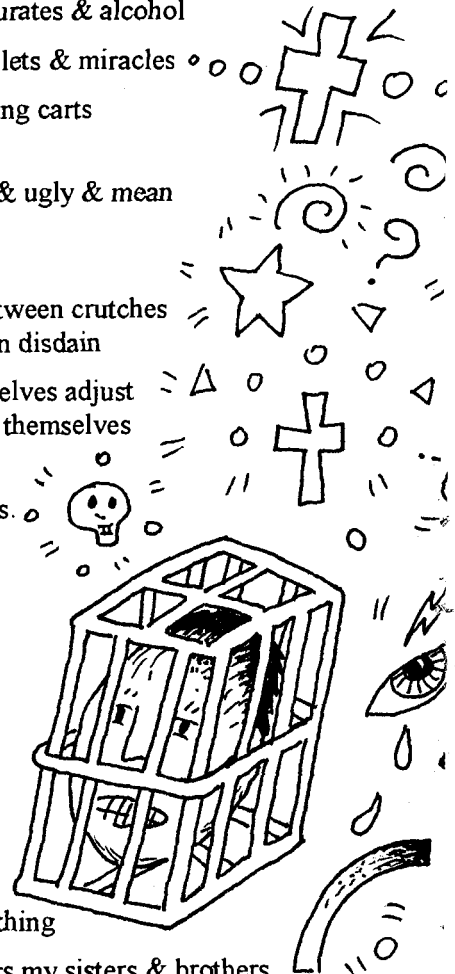
& for those whose tattoos & time dots
are the only possessions that haven't been lost or stolen from them

& for those talking only to birds & stones & sweeping evil spirits
from the air with magical movements of their hands

& for those longtime lovers & partners holding together
amidst years raining down upon them a bad human weather

& for those the most frightening fearing no one & nothing
after having fear kicked out of them as soon as they could feel anything

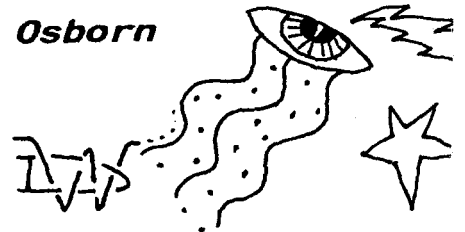
for these my own my selves my tortured prey & degraded predators my sisters & brothers
let my words sing a prayer not a curse to the tragic & sacred mystery of our beautiful suffering
eternal worth



Bud Osborn



Artwork by Diane Wood



On Advice from D

Part 2

What is really out there, out here, I thought, is rain and real estate. Rain and real estate are the *conditions* of this walk toward Stanley Park, the *conditions* of life in this city and in this country. Through the glass door of a store that had gone bankrupt, I saw 12 people, some of whom I knew to be city employees or community activists, sitting around a table with clipboards and reports and pens, discussing, apparently, the past, the present and the future. There were blinds over the windows, which faced the notorious drug so-called haven Pigeon Park, a triangular area of concrete with a couple planters and a couple benches, deserted at the time, but the door was uncovered. I wanted to stop and peer through the glass door again, to gawp, as it were, but I did not want to be seen peering through the glass by the people inside, some of whom would, as they say, have something to say to me about it afterwards, when I ran into them on the street. I had not, in fact, walked more than three or four blocks toward Stanley Park, when I remembered an incident from my second year in this city, the only so-called major city in North America that doesn't have a ward system, a fact that is hardly ever mentioned but which colours everything that happens in the city. an incident that had become my favourite anecdote regarding Vancouver and Vancouver's situation.

A young, scruffy-looking man with a large backpack gets on the bus at Commercial drive, sits across the aisle from me and says: "So, what do people do in Vancouver? Where do they go? I've been here a week and I don't know." I reply that I've been in the city for 2 years, and I don't know where people go or what they do here either. An older man in the back seat, wearing shorts and a sleeveless T-shirt says, "Listen; I've been here 17 years, and *you don't want to know.*" Three years later, at the same spot on Hastings Street where this anecdotal bus story had occurred, I passed by a group of police and ambulance attendants gathered around the body of a



young native man who had leaped from the roof of the hotel where he had lived. He must have been running, I overheard one of the police officers say, to have landed in the middle of this four lane road. The wide sidewalk in front of the hotel was filled with people, and I had to nudge and negotiate my way past.

We will all, I thought be circumferenced sometime, but for now we are at the circumference. The Downtown Eastside is surrounded by the rest of Vancouver. by the lower mainland, as they say, in the same way that this man was surrounded by ambulance attendants and police, and passers-by, I thought. Vancouver doesn't want to know, anymore than we, standing around or passing by, want to know, I thought. Three years after observing the aftermath of this man's jump, I thought, I thought I'd forgotten it, until, in fact, this walk toward Stanley Park on D's advice, until I'd started recollecting Rummelhardt, in fact, and my so-called childhood, the scene of my so-called catholic so-called up-bringing. Our lives, I thought, are standing in the aftermath of other's, until we are gone.

The man's last act, I thought, was to fly.

Dan Feeney

Downtown Eastside

Take a walk on the outside
Just slide and ride and glide
Demonstrate your urban pride
And visit the Downtown Eastside.

The sidewalks are sotted with dirt
And wetted with yesterday's rain
The people are caricatures of hurt
As they struggle through their pain.

Drug dealers and streetwalkers
Form a soft parade
To passing cars and gawkers
Who think they have it made.

To the secretly addicted
Who luxuriate day by day
The downtown eastside sickbed
Is just a mistake away.

Those who have lived in this neighbourhood
For any time of length
See in these streets a common good
And find a certain strength.

These bowels of hells are burning
The teeth of these streets are sharp
One day they'll find their spirits have been earning
To be an angel with a harp.

Pass us not with your insolence
Turn not your snobby nose to sneer
For the very hubris of your insolence
Will be sure to find you here.

These downtown eastside people
Have not their dreams come to fruition
But every person standing by the street pole
Is strong with intuition.

I'll end this poem with a saying
That has often been told
A song that has often been playing
Sings "All that glitters is not gold."*

*William Shakespeare

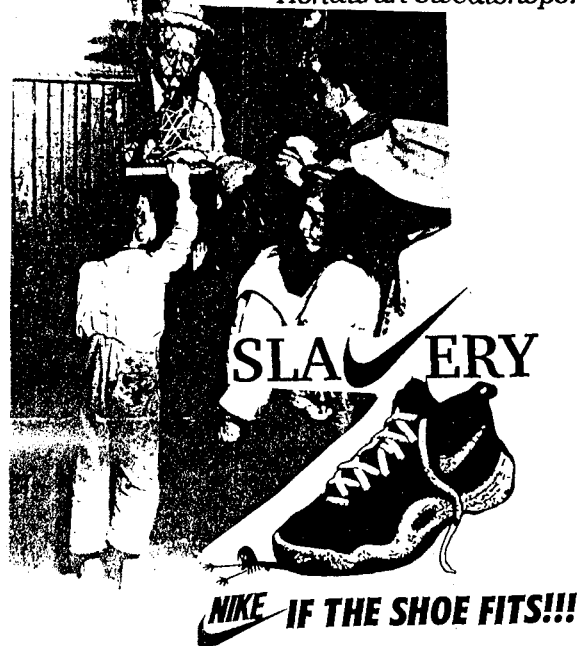
Dean Ko

CHECK IT OUT

"My first endorsement was for Kraft when I was 17,
and I didn't think I had to go check out the cows."

- Kathie Lee Gifford,

*TV star, after reports that her clothing line, sold at
Wal-Mart stores, was being made by 13- and 14-
year-old children working 20-hour days in
Honduran sweatshops.*



Why worry?

There are only two things to worry about:
either you are well or you are sick.
If you are well, there's nothing to worry about.
But if you are sick, there are only two things to
worry about:
either you get well or you die.
If you get well, there's nothing to worry about.
But if you die, there are only two things to worry
about:
either you will go to heaven or hell.
If you go to heaven, there's nothing to worry
about.
But if you go to hell, you'll be so busy shaking
hands with friends, you won't have time to worry.

Submitted by Belrina and Joe Paul

**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 - 6:45 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 V6A 1T1 (604) 682-1100

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

Articles represent the views of contributors
and not of the Association.

**Submission Deadline
for next issue
Friday, August 27**



The Downtown Eastside Residents Association can help you with:

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

DERA

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!

The War Against Youth And The Politics Of Hate



The war against crime is turning into a war against youth. Bernard Schissel, a teacher at the University of Saskatchewan, describes this war in his book Blaming Children: Youth Crime, Moral Panics and the Politics of Hate. (1)

The increase in unemployed youth, underemployed youth, poor youth, homeless youth, street kids, young prostitutes, panhandlers and squeegee kids is a direct result of government policies that have reduced welfare rates, slashed unemployment insurance, decimated affordable housing, caused wages to drop and unemployment to increase, abolished the Canada Assistance Plan (CAP) that contained the right to income when in need and the right to adequate income, and rejected the social responsibility to create the decent jobs and healthy communities that young people need in order to participate in adult society.

Having destroyed the hope of a promising future for many youth, governments and the business class have blamed young people for their poverty and unemployment, and have criminalized them with mean-spirited laws such as the laws against panhandlers and squeegee kids.

Canada locks up more children per capita than

any other industrial nation, including the United States (Blaming Children, p.8). and Bernard Schissel writes that the war on youth "is a coordinated and calculated attempt to nourish the ideology that supports a society stratified on the basis of race, class and gender." (Blaming Children, p.10) When you blame youth, you don't have to deal with the unjust corporate economic system that is causing all the social misery.

The sensationalism of the media concerning violent crimes committed by youth has hidden the following facts:

- 1) There has been little real increase in serious youth crime.
- 2) Most youth crime is comprised of petty, unthinking acts.
- 3) The increase recorded in official rates of youth crime is the result of increased arrest rates and the zero tolerance mentality of the courts.

Media-led hysteria about youth crime has led to the demand for tougher laws and more police. Our society has been saturated by fear that demonizes youth and calls for more prisons. Schissel writes, "To argue that there is a need to further punish young offenders, many of whom have been punished all their lives (by poverty, dysfunctional families and child abuse) is ill-informed and unfounded on empirical findings." (p.102)

In their practice of the politics of hate, the corporate media and politicians "reframe" youth, the unemployed, the homeless and the poor from people who are excluded from the larger society because they lack resources, to people who are dangerous. This is a step towards holocaust.

A democratic society has a responsibility to include all its citizens in the rich life of a caring community. We need to remind the political and economic elite that a species that doesn't care for its young, will not survive.

By SANDY CAMERON

(1) Blaming Children - Youth Crime, Moral Panics and the Politics of Hate, by Bernard Schissel. pub. by Fernwood Publishing, Halifax, 1997.

The Japanese Festival

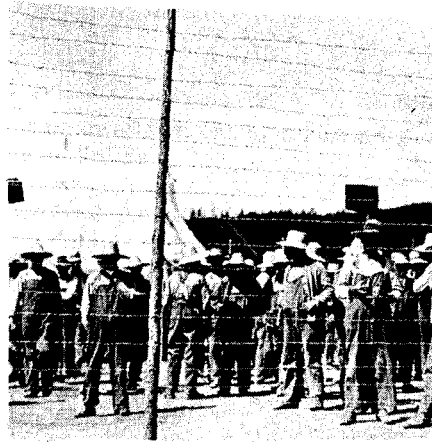
I watched them
In the park today
The Powell Street Festival
Soon covered the grass.

The people arriving
Fell under the spell
The Japanese Festival
Was alive and well.

Trampling on the spirits
Of those who were here
In that summer long ago
That summer of shame.

The fascists did come
With a vengeance descended
On those from the land
Of the rising sun.

The racists did seize
All that they had
Gave them a pittance
And told them 'be glad'



Can you imagine
Spending the winter
In a tarpaper shack
In the mountains in BC?

Three generations
In a tarpaper shack
Barbed wire all around
Armed guards on the ground.

Slave labour on a farm
Down by Thunder Bay
As a prisoner to labour
The government decreed.

It's hard to imagine
That summer long ago
Whole families torn asunder
Spirits ripe for the plunder.

We must never forget
That summer long ago
For the fascists
must never
come again.

Paul Wright

With Fear In Their Eyes

I stand on the corner
Of Hastings and Main

I watch the Elders
As they wait
for the bus
on the corner
of Hastings and Main

The Elders are watching
with fear in their eyes
-the dealers
-the thieves
as they stand
on the corner
at Hastings and Main

Why should they have
to have fear in their eyes
as they wait
for the bus
on the corner
at Hastings and Main?

Paul Wright

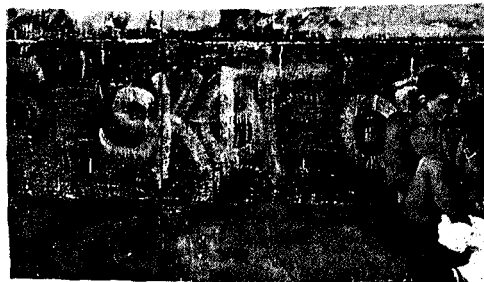
Death in a Bottle

Day after day
The empties abound
Like signposts
On the road to hell.

A fistful of nickels
A bottle of rice
A ticket
on the road to hell

38 per cent
This death in a bottle

How can they sell
death in a bottle?
A ticket
on the road to hell



How many have died
from this rice in a bottle?
How many have passed
on the road to hell?

Some spirits I have known
Some souls I have loved
Have passed, empty beside them
Like a stub for a ticket
on the road to hell.

Paul Wright

To anyone and everyone!

This is just a reminder – your life is missing something until you've heard Andy Huclack laugh!



Why not, you eat other animals don't you?

International Literacy Day Celebration September 17th

Carnegie Centre, Learning Centre and Reading Room are co-hosting an International Literacy Day celebration.

A *planning* meeting for this event will occur on

**Wednesday August 18th at 2:00pm
in the Art Gallery**

So far some of the ideas for the event are: food, readings, music, art work.... We hope to highlight literature (stories, poetry) and art (photos, paintings, drawings, etc.) with Downtown Eastside themes. If anyone reading this article would like to be involved, please come to the planning meeting on August 18th .. or prepare your poems, stories, art, for September 17th . Help us make this a great event. Thanks!!

Downtown Eastside Booklist

The Carnegie Library Committee has been working on a Downtown Eastside booklist for a few months. This list will include fiction (novels, stories, children's books, plays, and poetry collections) set in or about the Downtown Eastside (including Chinatown, Japantown & Strathcona). It's hoped that the Downtown Eastside will play a significant part in all of the items included in the booklist.

The Library Committee is trying hard to complete the booklist in time to release it at the Carnegie celebration of *International Literacy Day* on the afternoon of September 17th .

The booklist has been difficult to put together. The Committee has done its best, but we need your help. Following this article is a draft of what we have so far. Please have a look at it. If we have

Time is Money

I

Had I saved all the time that I've wasted
If every minute were a quarter in my hand
Had I listened to those I once hated
I might no be a rich man.

II

I thought I once had all the time in the world
I was young and had money that I burned
Instead of doing what others said was right
I hit the bottle and partied every night.

Chorus

And now I'm broke and broken
And live in cheap hotels
Where the living conditions put one foot in hell
As I beg for dimes and drink cheap wine.

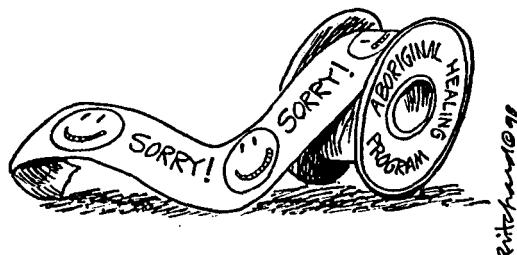
III

Now I'm old and think back on my life
Was that me with kids and a wife?
My memory's hazy and foggy
It's not clear where I've been
If given the chance would I do it again?

© Robert Ducette

not included important titles, pass them on to Andrew in the Library. If we have included titles that you feel do not warrant being on the list, let Andrew know about this as well. Remember that we are looking for published titles in which the Downtown Eastside (including Chinatown, Japantown and Strathcona) plays a significant role. Just mentioning the DES a few times does not warrant a book's inclusion in the booklist.

In the future the staff of the Carnegie Library hope to put together a collection (many of the titles on the booklist) of fiction, poetry, etc. set in or about the Downtown Eastside. These books



will be put on a special Downtown Eastside bookshelf in the Library. If any of you have used books that the Library could add to this collection - that you would be willing to donate - it would be appreciated. Thanks!

Draft of the Downtown Eastside Booklist (including Chinatown, Japantown and Strathcona)

Novels and stories:

- Barid, Irene. **Waste heritage**. New York: Random House, 1939.
 Birney, Earle. **Down the long table**. Toronto: McClelland, 1955.
 Bolen, Dennis Edward. **Stupid crimes**. Vancouver: Anvil Press, 1992.
 Buday, Grant. **Monday night man : stories**. Vancouver: Anvil Press, 1995.
 Choy, Wayson. **The jade peony**. Vancouver: Douglas & McIntyre, 1995.
 Christy, Jim. **Shanghai alley**. Victoria, B.C.: Ektasis Editions, 1997.
 Deverell, William. **Needles**. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1979.
 Diamond, Marc Leslie. **Momentum**. Vancouver: Pulp Press, 1985.
 Ferone, Joseph. **Boomboom : a novel**. Vancouver: Bitterroot Press, 1998.
 Lee, Sky. **Disappearing Moon Cafe**. Vancouver: Douglas & McIntyre, 1990.
 Trower, Peter. **Dead man's ticket: a novel of the streets and the woods**. Madeira Park, B.C.: Harbour Pub., 1996.
 Trower, Peter. **Grogan's Cafe: a novel of the BC woods**. Madeira Park, BC: Harbour Pub., 93

Children's books:

- LaRouche, Adelle. **Binky and the bamboo brush**. Toronto: Gage, 1981.
 Yee, Paul. **Teach me to fly, Skyfighter! : and other stories**. Toronto: Lorimer, 1983.

Plays:

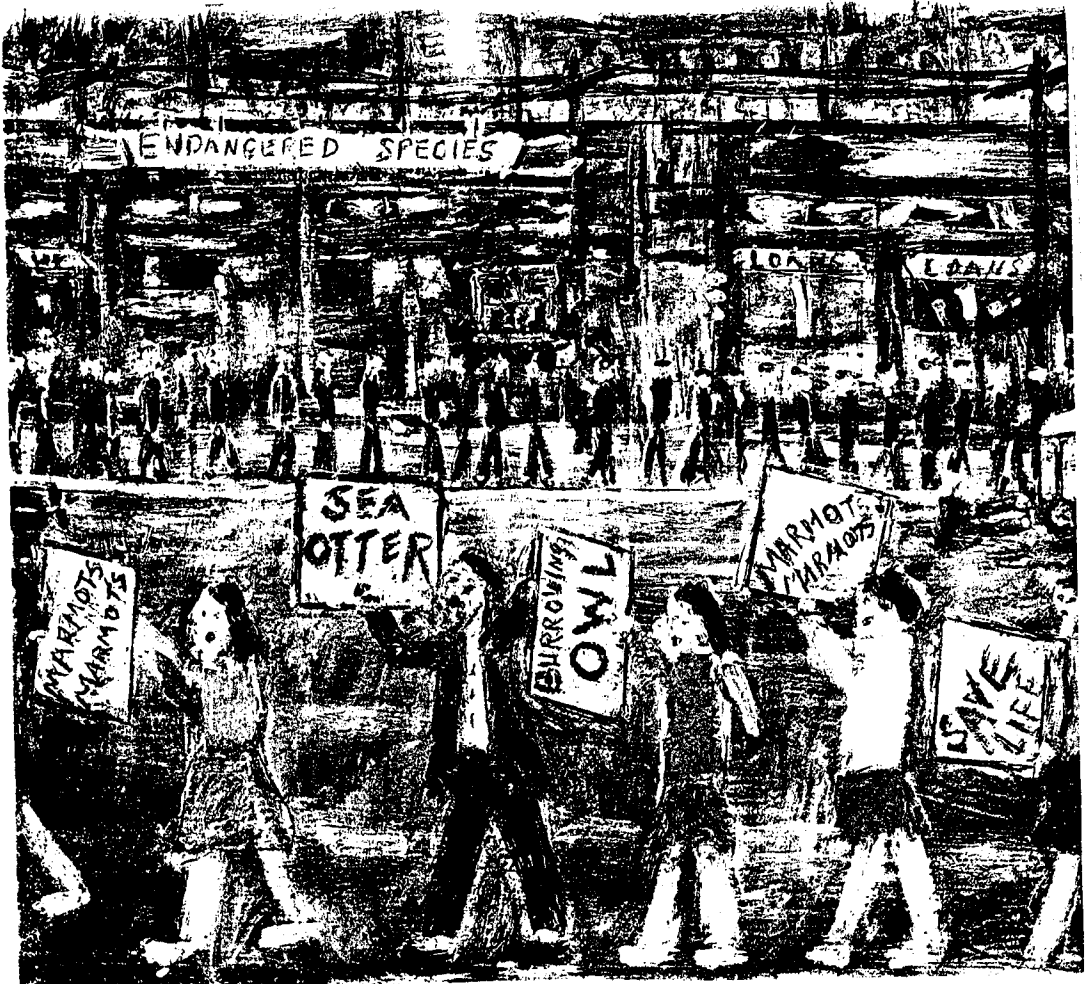
- Shiomi, Richard A. **Yellow fever**. Toronto: Playwrights Canada, 1984.

Poetry:

- Cameron, Sandy. **Downtown Eastside poems**. Vancouver: Lazara Press, 1998.
East of Main: an anthology of poems from East Vancouver. Vancouver: Pulp Press, 1989.
 Osborn, Bud. **The Hundred Block rock**. Vancouver: Pulp Press, 1999.
 Osborn, Bud. **Keys to Kingdoms**. Vancouver: Get to the Point Publishing, 1999.
 Osborn, Bud. **Lonesome monsters**. Vancouver: Anvil Press, 1995.
 Osborn, Bud. **Oppenheimer Park: poetry**. Vancouver: B. Osborn, 1998.
Untangle mercy : Writings from the Portland Hotel. Vancouver. Community Action Now, Portland Hotel Society, 1998.



"Fetch me the law for the rich, will you?"



OUR ENDANGERED SPECIES

Our culture deplores the attrition (eventual disappearance) of endangered species particularly if the subject, like a baby seal, has a cuddly, humanoid appeal. Sadly, the marginalized who live in poverty and distress are readily forgotten, or worse ignored, by strung out, well meaning protestors who cannot keep their priorities straightened out.

Sam Roddan