

FREE - donations accepted

Carnegie



NEWSLETTER

SEPTEMBER 15, 1999.

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

Treat the earth and all that dwell thereon with respect

Remain close to the Great Spirit

Show great respect for your fellow beings

Work together for the benefit of all Mankind

Give assistance and kindness wherever needed

Do what you know to be right

Look after the well-being of mind and body

Dedicate a share of your efforts to the greater good

Be truthful and honest at all times

Take full responsibility for your actions

Lore

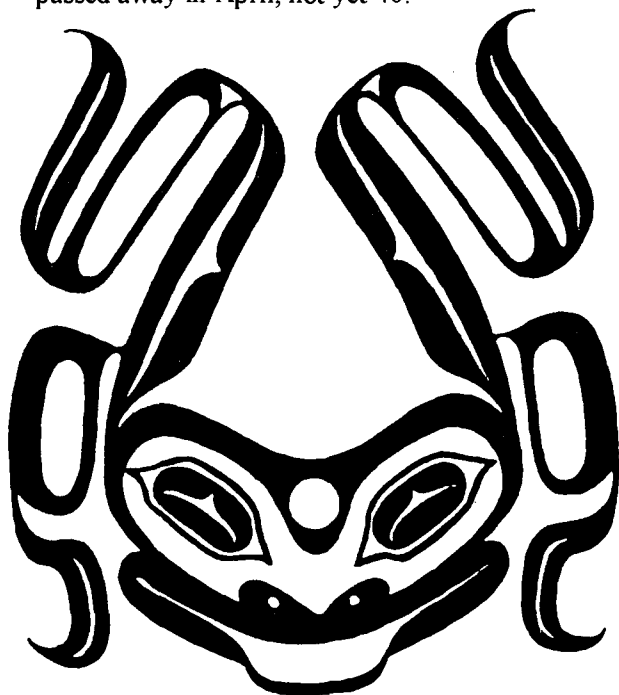
Krill

Housing

Co-op!



Lore Krill became a resident of the Downtown Eastside in 1986 as a single mom with 3 kids. It was at the Four Sisters Co-op. Stable housing worked its magic and her talents as an organizer and doer found expression with several years as President. She went on, helping to found the PRIDE Centre, Main&Hastings Community Development Society, Four Corners Community Savings and Bruce Eriksen Place. It was never a one-woman show; it was having commitments and goals. Lore struggled with many in our community to get decent housing for all. She passed away in April, not yet 40.



Jim O'Dea was Master of Ceremonies, saying that he'd just returned from China, where the former city-state of Hong Kong builds up to 95,000 units of public housing a year, and has concrete plans to house all poor people by 2003.

It was with great excitement that Moe Sihota, Minister of Social Development and Economic Security, announced a HOMES BC project from the courtyard of the Four Sisters Co-op. The Lore Krill Housing Co-op is made up of two separate

buildings, one at 65 W.Cordova with 106 suites for urban singles, costing \$12.9 million, and one at 223 E.Georgia with 97 units for seniors and families, costing \$15.4 million. "These are the first two co-op housing projects in the Downtown Eastside that the provincial government has ever taken the lead in funding," Sihota said. He also said that poor people have a right to the dignity and values that the more affluent take for granted.

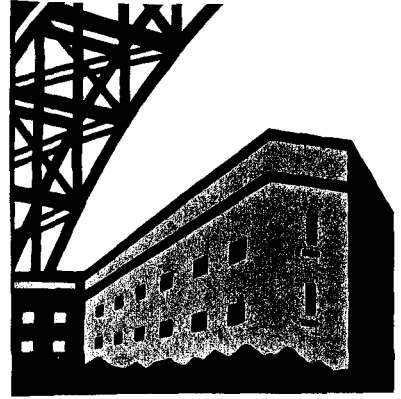
Moe introduced Jenny Kwan, the MLA for Vancouver-Mt Pleasant and Minister of Women's Equality. Jenny began her community work at DERA and then went into civic politics. "Safe, affordable housing is a right, not a privilege, and we need more options for people in the Downtown Eastside." She referred to the housing in the neighbourhood that begins to answer the need – Four Sisters being a model for changing minds about families being housed here – but knowing and urging the federal government to make the crucial commitment it opted out of in 1992. Echoing mandates of the draft Vancouver Agreement, Kwan called for all 3 levels of government to work together with the local community (and not try to impose what's opposed by the grassroots).

The prepared remarks of Phil Owen were, thankfully, just on paper as Acting Mayor Nancy Chia-vario spoke for the City of Vancouver. It was refreshing to hear an NPA councilor acknowledge that SRO hotels are not adequate housing.. that they are only a last stop before becoming homeless. Nancy said, "It was with pride that we, from BC, could state (at a recent national meeting of municipalities) that we are one of only two provinces in Canada that has a government which still believes in the necessity of and promotes social housing." She went on to recognise poverty as the core issue under drug abuse, substance misuse, poor health and poor housing.

Marg Green is the President of the Woodward's Co-op Committee. She and a number of others have been working with the hope of 200+ units of co-op housing since the days of Woodward's [and the scam (that seems apparent) of Kassem Aghtai and FAMA Holdings. He gave the community the

finger and sided with the degenerate classism of the Gastown Homeowners et al. (sorry, got carried away)] Marg named Muggs., Kathleen, Eldon and Maggie, Mike, Leigh, Stephen and Jim of the Community Development Unit, Suzanne and Stuart of Terra Housing and Lore, again, working to make this new housing a reality. She referred to the constant vigilance needed to struggle with those promoting gentrification and the elimination of services used by the vast majority of residents.

The last speaker was Linda Shpikula, from the Co-op Housing Federation of BC, who welcomed the Lore Krill Housing Co-op as another victory for the community people who have gotten decent housing in the face of developers who want nothing to do with social or public housing. Linda described herself as a "low income urban single" – usually the last to get thought of as special needs places get funding and those in her 'category' are left to fend for themselves.



There will be more on how, where and when to apply for a unit, but it's happening!!

By PAULR TAYLOR

[Thanks to the friends of Karen Mae Tyler, on whose memorial card the art and front-page words appeared.]

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

Back by popular demand in an
open-air concert!

"Four Neat Guys"

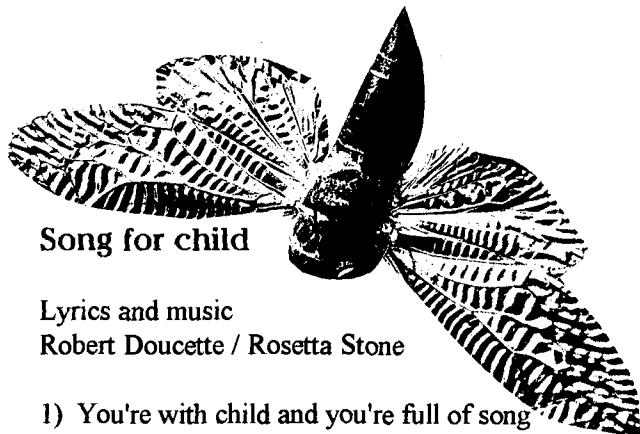
Saxophone quartet presenting works from Bach
and Debussy to Scott Joplin and Stan Kenton

SATURDAY, SEPT.18, at 2 PM

OPPENHEIMER PARK

ALL WELCOME!

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



Song for child

Lyrics and music

Robert Doucette / Rosetta Stone

- 1) You're with child and you're full of song
Babies coming and it won't be long
Full of laughter ready for fun and games
And your world will never be the same

Family and friends will come and bring you gifts
Watch you both grow through the life you'll live
Caring for each other all the while
Bringing each other only endless smiles

- 2) Baby's here now and the family's one
And a life of love has now just begun
Every birthday, every holiday
Makes moms new lifes work fun and play

Kindergarten's done and now it's off to school
The child learns to live within new rules
Recess, homework, lots of study time
Waiting for school's out, bell to chime

Baby's grown and now has married
And looks in wonder at new life carried
Every birthday, anniversary
Makes for one happy life story

- 3) Grandmas extended family celebrates
The joy of life God put on their plate
Memories of nurturing, yet to come
Will ensure this family stays as one

	:D	C_{add2}	G	D	D	C_{add2}	G	D		
Bb	F	Bb	F	C	G	Bb	Am	C:		C
Gm	F	C	G	Bb	F	Bb	Am	C		
D	C_{add2}	G	D							



It's Karaoke Time

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the guys who came to my rescue to keep the Karaoke program going at the Carnegie Centre.

I especially thank Dean, Robert and Murray, Robert Doucette and-of-course Egor and David. Also, thanks to all the people who came by to do the Karaoke without the benefit of having coffee on the side. Coffee would be nice as we enjoy the patrons who come by to try their voices and become "stars" for one night, and appreciate the bravery to get up and sing to their heart's content.

I would also like to thank Nancy, who has been a great supporter of our Karaoke since the beginning. Without your help, Nancy, I probably would have walked out too. My deepest appreciation goes out to all the people who supported me on my first solo night as M.C. or DJ whatever you want to call it. I can honestly say this was the most successful night of all. (I didn't know there were so many people who like Karaoke!) Thank you all and keep coming back. It happens once a month at Carnegie – our very own Karaoke!!

Eva Britt



Can you identify
this famous
Carnegie
personality?

5.
To be outcast within one's Family is fine, but when you're ignored for whatever you do by your co-workers it brings a feeling of abandonment.
One walks through life being nice, doing your best to others.. no. it's not worth it. The knife can only be stabbed in your back so many times until your spirit dies.
I do not belong. I was raised as a 'black sheep'; unfortunately, I continue to be treated as one — part of the wall.
[submitted anonymously]

Songwriting Workshop

Tuesday and Wednesday
12:30 – 2 PM
Starting September 14
In classroom 2
Focus will be on lyric writing

All Welcome

Hosted by Robert Doucette

Community Feedback on the Draft Vancouver Agreement

The Vancouver Agreement is a draft document that lays the groundwork for ways the municipal, provincial and federal governments can work together, and work with the community, on revitalizing the Downtown Eastside and other areas of Vancouver.

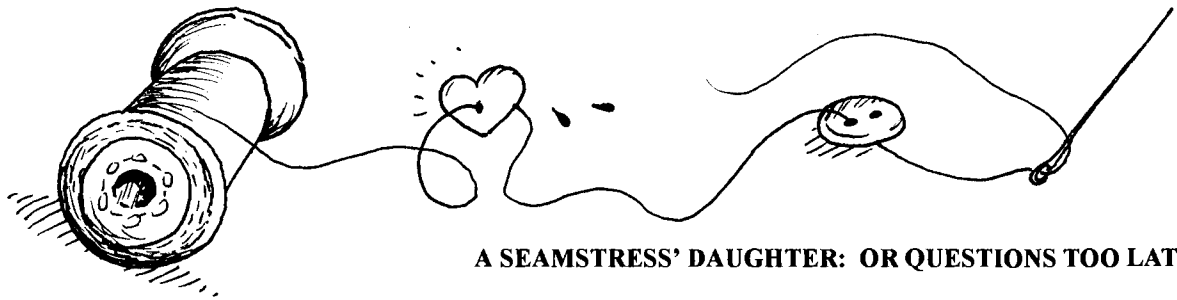
The initial goal of the Vancouver Agreement is to work with the residents in neighbourhoods in and around the Downtown Eastside to develop a healthy and sustainable community.

We would like to hear from you so we can properly address the concerns of residents, business owners, community groups and others, before we finalize and implement the agreement.

To find out more about this draft agreement and to share your views, you are encouraged to attend one of the following public meetings:

September 17, 1999 10a.m. to 12noon
Carnegie Community Centre
401 Main Street, Vancouver

September 21, 1999 10a.m. to 12noon
La Boussole
45 W, Cordova Street, Vancouver
(facilitation in French)



A SEAMSTRESS' DAUGHTER: OR QUESTIONS TOO LATE

Heaven or Hell

Life is dirty sometimes obscene
once you've waded in
you can never be clean

Life is hopeless that's a fact!
a fairytale that's totally cracked

But live it up, live it well!
'cause maybe heaven is just like hell
judging from earth who can tell?

The Big Empty

Walking around this big empty town
there's no warmth in its sound
locks on the windows bars on the doors
its lifeblood is only dispensed
and sold in stores

Some cutting people may get along
but something here tastes so wrong
and I can't sing so sad a song

Welfare-itis

Welfare-itis got its
down and out death grip on me
Sally soup liners
paint no colour fantasy

Something from nothing?
is it possible to escape or invent
You beg steal and borrow
and only end up bent

I'm a seamstress' daughter, but I sew no fine seam;
There's blood on the shirt where I sewed the button.
Embroidery to me is medieval torture: crochet an arcane mystery,
And isn't a broken zipper just the devil's work.

I failed Home Economics; we called it Domestic Science
In that bright and shiny, newer-than—new world of the fifties
Giving credibility and validity to all those homey chores —
I'm not sure that we succeeded.

I especially despised Dusting 101
And "after four years you can't tell the difference"*
I know Mother you could have.

Mother, to you the greatest shame was an ill-kept house;
a poorly—cooked meal.

The authentic shames were well-kept family secrets—
a conspiracy of silence

But the skeletons came tumbling out when I gained the courage
to bear the answers to my questions.

Memories of your busy sewing machine Mother
The time it's needle impaled my childish finger
I had to wait so long, so long for you to remove it.
Memories always kept me fearful of the pain.

Memories kept me fearful of the dark.
For swearing like my father I endured the closet prison
For at three I knew all that sailor's lingo, but not the meaning
It sure got results though

Mother, did I partake in your shame
Or did you ban me from you kitchen and your confidence
For some reason I still have not the courage to ask.

Much later you taught my son to cook and sew
Using patience that came with age and distance;
He became adept at these handy skills.

My fingers still bleed in the sewing—in the sewing.

Wilhelmina Miles,

Three poems by Kenny Hawley

• "The Naked Civil Servant" Quentin Crisp

Frankfurt, Germany – An Intelligent Approach To Drug Misuse

In June, 1999, the Social Planning Department of the City of Vancouver published a report by Donald MacPherson called Comprehensive Systems Of Care For Drug Users in Switzerland And Frankfurt, Germany. In the last *Carnegie Newsletter* (Sept.1/99) we presented Donald's insights into harm reduction programs in Switzerland. In this article we will talk about the harm reduction programs Donald saw at first hand in Frankfurt, Germany.

From 1989 to 1999 the City of Frankfurt has developed a drug control program that has led to a dramatic reduction in crime and a dramatic improvement in the health of drug users in the inner city.

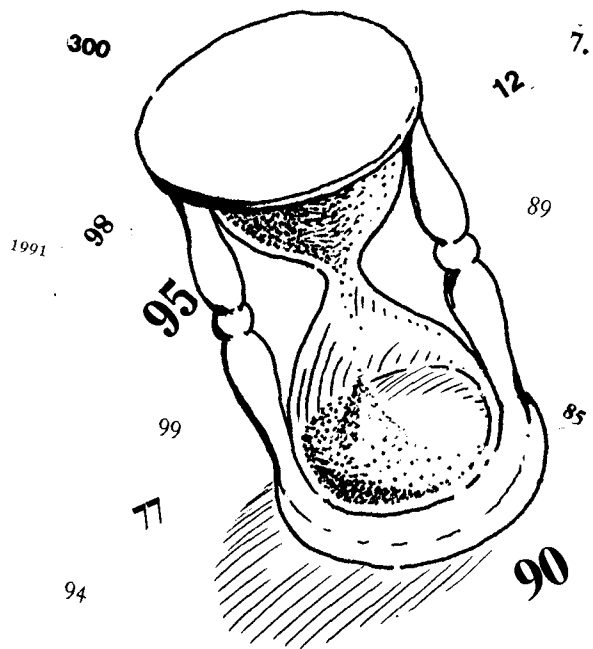
By the late 1980's there was a large, open, street drug scene in Frankfurt. The HIV rate among intravenous drug users was about 25%, and the overdose death rate climbed from 31 in 1965 to 147 in 1991. Efforts to control the drug scene with police power had very little success.

In 1989, Frankfurt created the position of Drug Policy Coordinator, and a lot of effort went into coordinating an intelligent response to the horrendous drug scene. City, Health, Justice Department, Social Service, Housing and Police workers co-operated together on a consistent basis. The downtown business people, who were concerned about the tourist trade, pushed hard for a coordinated approach, and even funded some of the initial steps to develop the plan.

Methadone programs were expanded, and Frankfurt built an additional 300 shelter beds for drug users, 6 multi-service crisis centres, an expanded needle exchange, and more harm reduction education programs. The City of Frankfurt also hired more outreach workers, and operated work training programs for users.

The police cracked down on the open drug scene, and gave maps to users so they could find the new services.

Between 1994 and 1996, Frankfurt established 5 safe injection sites (health rooms) which helped to diminish the street drug scene and brought users into contact with health services. By 1997 there were only 12 overdose deaths in Frankfurt, and



there has not been one fatal overdose in the health rooms in the city since they were established.

Harm reduction programs, with enlightened police enforcement, reduced crime significantly in Frankfurt's inner city from 1991 to 1997. Theft from cars was reduced by 36%, break-ins to apartments was reduced by 13%. Grievous bodily harm was reduced by 19%. Police registered, first time consumers of hard drugs was reduced by 39%. As users moved into harm reduction services, police were more easily able to separate addicted from non-addicted dealers. Some dealers moved to other cities, and the drug scene became less concentrated in Frankfurt. From 1994 to 1997, drug related cases in the courts had dropped by 15%.

The Frankfurt program has met both the objectives of improving public health and increasing public safety for all citizens in the central city. the program has been put in place without major changes in the national drug laws, and without a major increase in the cost of policing. It has had the full support of both the police and the business people. We in British Columbia need to learn from this intelligent drug control program.

By Sandy Cameron
to be continued

Feedback & Response to the poems by
Anthony Dunne

I felt that the one piece in particular was very touching, a very deep & heart-wrenching poem. It really makes you wake up & take notice of the reality of discrimination, not about race & all that, but even for someone's outer appearance! It is sad to know that these happenings are such a real & large part of society as a whole.

I am left with the knowledge & the belief that Anthony Dunne's poetry can be & is a very powerful & loud voice - that needs to be heard by a lot more people in all areas. He has proven his ability to express & share his innermost thoughts & concerns about issues that affect us all.

Thank-you for hearing my voice, I too am a writer & contributor to the newsletter.
I believe that we all appreciate acknowledgement

Alisha Dyke

I am writing this letter in response to the poems by Anthony Dunne. I just want him to know that he, too, is a beautiful person.

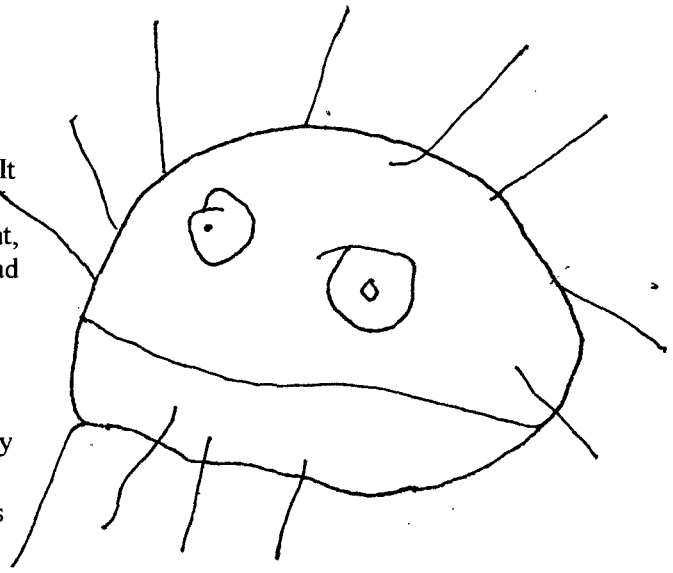
At times people can be so judgmental, but you often wonder -who are they to judge? True beauty comes from within!

Your poem without a title is beautiful. It touched me very deeply, and I only hope that it touches those who judge people on appearances or pass judgment. I am sitting here doing my time. I often wonder if these people who classify others have ever been on the receiving end of it? Everyone has at one time or another, but do they forget how it feels? Reading your poem helped me a lot.

You seem to know a lot, and I'm hoping that you keep using your skill - your beauty is rare because you do care about what other people think. If all people were the same, what would this place be like? Happy? I don't think so.

Thanks for sharing your expression with me; I have seen what's within you.

Michelle Martin



The sun is shining bright
Not a cloud in the blue sky
As I awake from a peaceful night
To give the day another try

Her eyes they are smiling at me
Her eyes show that she really cares
The happiness in her eyes I see
As she'd promised she would always be there

Her hair is a shining red
blowing softly in the air
flowing evenly across her forehead
Going nowhere

Her smile is a mile long
grinning ear to ear
Like there is nothing wrong
Thinking only of those who care

She is the lady of my life
The only one to ever be there
Someday she would be my wife
The only one who truly cared

One of a kind like her
She was so kind
Just looking at a picture
A vision in my mind

Anthony Dunne

(ideas) +
(coffee)

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21
3RD FLOOR, CLASSROOM 2
7 TO 9 PM
VIDEO & DISCUSSION

Bio-genetic Engineering
Military Technology
Science for Profit

Frankenstein's Children?

Never Let Boring Facts Interfere With a Story

BY TERRY GLAVIN

Well, here's what you do, here's where you go, good luck, carry on. Those are the precise words Glen Clark used, when he resigned on August 21, to describe the sum and substance of his advice to Dimitrios Pilarinos, a guy whom history will probably record as a braggart and a wanker who wanted a charity-casino licence a bit too much. Clark's words probably comprise a fairly honest synopsis of his talks with Pilarinos about the infamous casino application. Oddly, the advice Glen Clark had

been getting from the press gallery all along was nearly identical: well, here's what you do (resign), here's where you go (to hell), good luck (not), carry on (and die).

Coincidence?

Forget that the history of Glen Clark's downfall presented to us by the "news" media ignores most of the relevant facts. The facts are boring. It is irrelevant that the RCMP's primary "informant" was shown by the RCMP's own investigations to be a conspiracy theorist of the first rank long before the Mounties even applied for the warrant to search Glen Clark's house on March 2. Forget that they conducted the

9.

search anyway, with a BCTV camera crew in tow, on the same day, coincidentally, that the Burnaby RCMP raided the Lumbermen's Social Club at the North Burnaby Inn as part of a completely separate investigation. That's nothing.

Overlooked in this whole sorry business is the fact that the size of the basketball that Clark and his son were shooting through a back-yard hoop on the afternoon of January 23, 1999, when Pilarinos pulled up in the alley behind Clark's house in East Vancouver, matches *exactly* the circumference of BCTV legislative bureau chief Keith Baldrey's head.

Never mind that the key RCMP informant, whose identity was later revealed as Dimitri Vrahnos, claimed that he took his complaints to Liberal leader Gordon Campbell's office rather than the Burnaby RCMP because he was afraid the Burnaby cops were mobbed up and that the gangsters involved in the casino application (who, by the way, didn't even turn out to have criminal records) might do something bad to him.

Never mind that even Vrahnos himself, who wanted to remain anonymous for fear of the "dangerous characters" in the Burnaby cop shop, said repeatedly that he believed that Clark had done nothing wrong. Never mind that Vrahnos alleged that Pilarinos had repeatedly offered Clark bribes, but that Pilarinos was nonetheless a "nice guy". Never mind that Vrahnos asserted his belief that Clark turned down the bribes, then turned around and accused Clark of allowing Pilarinos to do \$100,000 worth of work on Clark's house and summer home. Set aside the fact that the total bill—most, if not all, of which Clark paid in full long ago—amounted to about \$10,000. Forget that there is no evidence that Clark did Pilarinos any return favours, except for maybe (and only maybe) making a nuisance of himself once or twice with the gaming-commission people, which is the type of thing MLAs are supposed to do, anyway.

These things are not important.



Gathering Place

The Library steps have always been a gathering place... Back in the '30s it was crowded with loggers on leave, roamers, birds in passage, strays, nomads, foot sloggers, pilgrims,... a host of humans their way, plus rounders, sightseers, church folks out for a Sunday stroll. Today it's still crowded with the loved, unloved, lost and found.

Sam Roddan

What is important is that "*Vancouver Sun* city columnist Ian Mulgrew" is the only word sequence in the English language known to rhyme with "RCMP Staff Sgt. Peter Montague", the cop whom Liberal leader Gordon Campbell approached a couple of years back to run for the Liberal party in White Rock.

It does not matter that the fanciful and elaborate delusions Vrahnos delivered to the Liberal party were packaged and forwarded to the RCMP's internal-investigations section, which advised that the matter would be pursued by the proceeds-of-crime section, but, somehow, the file landed on Montague's desk over at commercial crime. It is only hilarious that one of the heftiest chunks of written allegations the RCMP submitted to the judge in their

search-warrant application was a four-page document that came from Steve Letts, director of the provincial gaming-audit-and-investigation office, who got it from *Vancouver Sun* reporter Rick Ouston, who got it from Vrahnos. Neither is there anything untoward about the fact that the *Vancouver Sun* has abstained from printing all of Vrahnos's stories about which guy is a drug dealer and which guy is a pimp and which guy's wife is a whore. It's a family newspaper. Relax.

What matters, I think, is that Glen Clark is guilty. He is guilty, as police surveillance records clearly show, of attending what was, apparently, a potluck dinner with a bunch of neighbourhood people at

Pilarinos's house on January 15, 1999. He is guilty of allowing Pilarinos into his own house, of allowing Pilarinos to return a forgotten salad bowl, of being seen in another house in the neighbourhood with Pilarinos, of talking to Pilarinos over the back fence for a few minutes, of walking down an alley with Pilarinos to look at a house being built, and so on. Clearly and obviously, Clark should spend the rest of his life being sodomized in a dank and foreboding penitentiary.

It is silly to attribute Clark's ill fortune to a Liberal-RCMP-media conspiracy. The police investigation into Clark's alleged misdeeds—so far, at least—has only raised questions about conflicts of interest, bias, and incompetence among the

Mounties. The Liberals are just along for the free ride the news organizations gladly provide. Far from being neutral observers of these events, the news media have been central participants, as was Vrahnos himself: Vrahnos edited the Lumbermen's club's casino application, vetted the partners' various documents for grammar and spelling, enjoyed being one of the boys, and, finally, made a very, very bad smell. The only investigative journalism involved here has

consisted of guessing which news-room wise ass will be the first to put Glen Clark's name in the same sentence as the words *Internet pornography*, *illegal gambling operation*, *police investigation*, and *bribe*. Some conspiracy. Put people like the Sun's Vaughan Palmer, CKNW's Rafe Mair, Peter Montague, and Gordon Campbell together in a room, and

you don't get sufficient eye-hand coordination, let alone panache, to prosecute a decent conspiracy.

Put aside the public interest. Refrain from the use of nouns such as *coup* or compound adjectives such as *Pravda-like*. Do these things and you can admit it's all been very entertaining, allowing us to reflect, now and then, upon amusing questions.

Carnegie Community Centre invites
you to a



Celebration of Literacy in the Downtown Eastside

Friday, September 17th

Readers, writers and artists from in and around the Carnegie Community Centre and Downtown Eastside will be featured. All are welcome to attend and participate.

1:00pm - 3:30pm Readings and art in the 3rd floor gallery, followed by refreshments
1:00pm - 5:00pm Chalk drawing, stories, face painting etc. on the street

Also, join us in the evening for Rap music and dancing in the Carnegie Theatre from 7:30pm - 10:00pm.

Sponsored by the Vancouver Public Library, Carnegie Learning Centre and Carnegie Community Centre, 401 Main St., Vancouver



Women's Alternative Health Care Information

Meet with Diane at the Downtown Eastside
Women's Centre at 1:00 on Sept. 30
call 258-4109

Diane is a volunteer advocate for the
Vancouver Women's Health Collective

Ask a Knife

Paul Wright

Do you know what it's like?
To sit at the table
in the middle of the night
and ask a knife
'Will you be a friend?'
Can you take away the pain?
Can you take away the loneliness?
Can you fill the emptiness?
Can you truly be a friend?
Do you know what it's like?

How can you buy
what the addictions sell?

Selling the body
Into the nite.

Selling the soul
into the darkness.

Selling themselves
to those who will pay

How much will you pay
For the spirit, for the soul?

How much do you want
to own.. to control?

How can you pay
for the spirit, for the soul?

Glistening with death
It lay in the lane
A little piece of plastic
With a stainless steel tip.

omissi n

By the way, Thanks for Saving Me

My name is Jack and I am a crow, lucky to be alive
Flew right into a Toyota Landcruiser.. damn near killed me
the next morning the witch touched me with her stick,
said "he'll do"; I thought I was doomed.

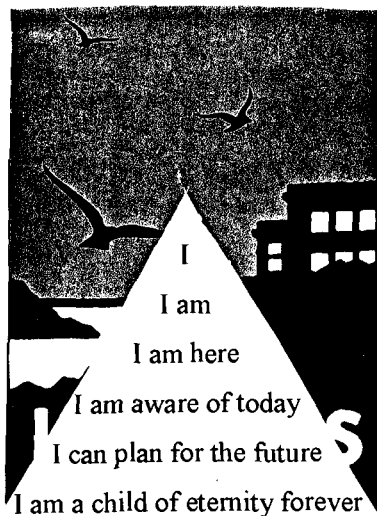
The Witch picked me up out of the gutter
took her months to thaw the veneer of toughness
all us tough old crows have to have somehow
one day I straightened out on the porch

I got used to her pampering so I stayed sick
I sit crooked-legged just to be near her
months as she constructed spiderwebs with her needles
Imagine.. a crow in love with a human

But soon I'd steal popcorn from her table
and demand to be noticed, crooked on my perch
Soon she thought 'if that crow's that vocal
he ought go back to being a crow, you know

I think of her as I fly, a crow again
Nice when people fix you up and don't expect
sacks of gold for the service, and you know
a crow must be a crow.. a witch the same..
(crows can't talk but I hope you know what I'm saying

R. Loewen



I am alive today, in love

I am centred right now

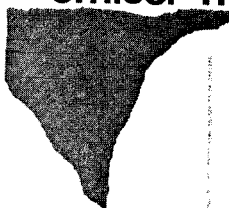
I am alive now

I am here

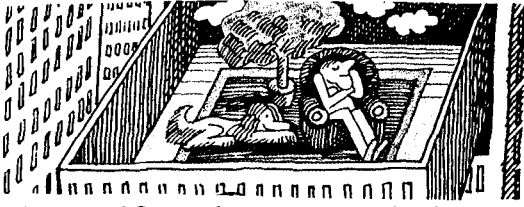
I am

I

Dreamweaver



Just a Virgin Walk with Bob Sarti



The 3rd of September was as good a day as any to take a walk with Bob Sarti and his walking group. We took a van up to Burnaby Mountain. One of the first things Bob did up there was try to find Carnegie Centre with field glasses. This set the tone for the walk, which turned out to be a mini-hike, with many of the participants commenting on how this or that was not like Carnegie, or how we couldn't do this or leave that sort of thing lying around unsupervised at Carnegie, due to threat of theft.

As we looked out over Burrard Inlet and Indian Arm, Bob had us take note of the fact that the NDP had built the Barnet Highway, which takes a winding route out to Port Moody and Coquitlam. He also mentioned that if we had taken this walk last year we'd have been hearing gun shots by now, as there were 3 rifle ranges then, at the foot of the mountain. The ranges were eliminated by the City of Burnaby, not without a fight of course, to make the area a wildlife refuge. Someone said that that was "cool".

Burnaby Mountain is known as a *cuesta*, having one steep ridge, and a gradual slope on its other side. It was formed by volcanic activity, which was halted before it could blow its stack. We ate our lunch on the grass at the summit, which is also the home of Simon Fraser University. The walkers wandered the hallowed halls for a while, picking up listings of free noonhour performances and concerts, course offerings and other magazines. Then we were off again, hiking to a community garden which actually grows vegetables such as kale, lettuce, and peppermint. Some of us regressed to swing in a secluded children's playground in the forest.

I came on this, my 1st Bob Sarti Walk expecting

to hear long-winded lectures and descriptions, but Bob kept his informative comments short and interesting. Some of the adventures you can have on these walks can be life-changing. On a previous walk at Deer Lake, Marianna Young and Paul St. Germaine were married. Brian, a minister from 1st United Church had been brought along for the ceremony. The couple was observed to be enjoying a honeymoon-like bliss on our walk around Burnaby Mountain.

We let down our hair a little on the trip, while at the the same time remaining civilized. On the way to the mountain I'd said something with a questionable word in it, and was made the recipient of 'the Bob Sarti glare', a parental sort of disapproving turn of the head and curling of the lips. When I later questioned him as to why he could say *verboden* things and I not, his answer to me was, " 'Cause you're a poet."

It's political too. As we were lounging on the grass on the last leg of our journey, Bob made us sign a paper encouraging Svend Robinson to seek NDP leadership in B.C., since we've lost Glen Clark. I refused. We passed by his office on E. Hastings and tried to drop it off as a group, but the office is closed Fridays, so the paper was slid under the door.

Our walk ended with a full-bodied cup of coffee at Fungbucks, at 3992 E. Hastings, Burnaby. Bob was loudly proclaiming the magical name for miles before we got there. When Bob asked the owner whether he got a hard time from Starbucks, he replied no, they can't touch me, because Fung's my last name. Sarti, amazed; kept reiterating how they couldn't touch him, "they can't touch him . . ."

All-in-all it was a "user-friendly" walk as Bob had described it. People can relax and have fun and are asked what they want to do. Our group didn't seem to have many strong opinions about it. Egor left early, a little after he had eaten his lunch. We were a little concerned about his health, but he knew where his limits lay.

..... by Rudolf Penner



It's a good time to be falling in love
precisely because like these times we are living out
it is so risky and precarious
it appears that nothing is stable
and even mountains do shift to ease internal pressure
and because it seems so uncertain
without the fantasy of a cozy future
love not based on such demands can maybe become
present for us in a way that is not twisted or shifty
but mutually uplifting and rejuvenating.
Our way lies through each other
we join however briefly.

Its a good time to be writing poetry
because this is a form that can contain and
elegantly express our glorious contradictions
without getting too bogged down in explanations.
A poem is a small explosion cutting through the bullshit.
It can handle tension and neglect
It can carry us beyond our own preoccupations
like music like dance
poetry need not adhere
to theory or preliminary premises
to communicate directly with the heart.

The task of poetry is to shine
to illuminate all that remains in shadow for us
including our emotional blindness
our ambivalence and fear and yearning
surprising us with juxtapositions
waking up our latent sense of balance
between wildness and order. Poetry
is necessary and capable of holding its own.

It's a vital time to be having friends
precisely because we are in such deep shit together.
Respecting each others eccentricities and limits
keeps friendship alive. It helps to be aware of our
projections and to be able to enjoy alternate realities
to share in laughter and confusion
to find and give encouragement and appreciation
to extend and cultivate and rejoice
in our wise choice of friends.
There are certainly enough malicious
downright shifty minded people all wanting
just a particular piece of us
which gives us more reasons to treasure each affinity
each act of compassion
to come up with mutual expectations
to find a place for each other in our lives with affection.



I stood in line at the food bank and at the end of it
I decided no way will I eat shit or take it as doled out
to keep the system functioning smoothly
while people are dying daily on the street
there is no forgiveness that can make compromise
acceptable. We must find and take hold
each transient window of opportunity
we must take our chances
we must trust if not in the wisdom of our culture
if not in the future as advertised then in the reality
of our experiences as they are presented to us.

It's good to have lovers and friends
if we don't expect that they will save us
or that we need to save them
or any other combination of the above.
We set ourselves up for betrayal by holding on
to our assumptions
by ignoring our intuition
by the worship of idols.
With respect nobody need compromise integrity
nor eat shit nor dish it out.
Compost is the result of transformation
and delight increases when it is shared
An hour of adventure is worth an hour of solitude.
Cherish the inspiration whoever you are
I will love you
if you don't make it too difficult for me.

Delayne

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
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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

101 Main Street, Vancouver V6P 2T7 (604) 105-2200

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**

Tuesday, September 28.



The Downtown Eastside Residents Association can help you with:



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“Northern Heart”

Beating softly is my heart, and it is full of feelings that flow freely
inside,

I can honestly say that my heart is out in the open, there is
nowhere it can hide.

Being born in the North country has given me a sense a freedom,
and my head will always be a part of that, it's a part of me,
There are no words to describe how I feel inside, I have this desire
naturally.

Northern heart, so loud in its sound, and so alive is the feelings
that are there,

It's then when I can say that I truly care.

Northern heart, born of this nature has been a great influence,
A heart such as this has some significance.

Two poems by Isadore Lahache

“Northern Lights Dancing”

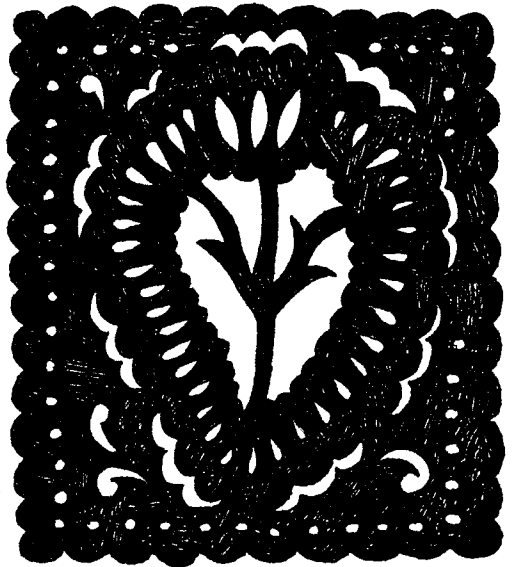
In the night, there are times when the sky lights up at night
The lights shine and glimmer they show the spirit in its
light

It is in those times when a spirit is happy, and is flowing in
feelings,

One has to be free inside to fully understand the meanings.

Northern lights dancing, is a feeling and is them for all to see,
Freedom of the spirit is growing with the heart that is free.

Northern lights dancing, captures the essence of the feeling,
and is free of malice, yes, life can be so wonderful,
it's the heart of the spirit that is so beautiful



The Wasteland Shuffle

Do the wasteland shuffle
and don't get muffled or ruffled

Grab a partner don't be square
wastelands awaitin' go grab your share
wastelands awastin' and awaitin' you there
wasteland soon be streakin' through
your skin and hair

So do the one step, two step, three step, four!
on this wonderful wasteland dancing floor

Round and round as it all falls down
it's over and under, inside and out
step lively partners
as you twist and shout

'Cause it's the wasteland boogie woogie!
it's the wasteland jamboree!
come on y'all and dance
(you know its impossible to flee!)

Kenney Hawley

bio sphere

Interviewer - Rudolf Penner



COLE

INT: Cole, what have you been up to lately?

COLE: Right now I'm mainly learning how to use the video camera, things about light, how to talk people into doing things for free (laughs).

INT: I've seen you walking around Carnegie with that video camera and stuff. Have you shot any film down here?

COLE: I did a test run in the Carnegie Theatre and the light is very particular; to get any kind of picture at all you have to have all the lights on, all the house lights on...

INT: You mean like in the Theatre?

COLE: In the theatre, ya. And like there's a thing with video: with different sources of light there's different colour temperatures apparently, and if you have two sources of light, with two different colour temperatures it can play havoc with your picture

INT: So would you say an outside light, natural light, is a different temperature than the lights in the theatre?

COLE: Ya. Usually.

INT: So what are you going to do with this once you know more about it?

COLE: I'll be able to record myself playing music or other people playing music, and maybe be able to make some underground films. Right now I'm telling people that I will record their (preferably original) material.

INT: So you're going to learn from your mistakes and from what you do?

COLE: Right.

INT: You used to be into computers quite a bit.

COLE: Well I still am. I think maybe once I've learned the use of the cameras, then I'll be able to transfer my skills to the digital equipment.

INT: So is there a digital moving film or camera or something?

COLE: Well you can already get the add-on card that you plug into the computer, and then you hook your regular video camera, to the card, and then, with the right software and enough memory or storage capabilities, then you can video tape onto the computer. The technology is advancing, so by the time they settle down to a standard, I'll be ready to convert to using the digital.

INT: How do you find living down in the Downtown Eastside?

COLE: Well it's ok when I'm not out walkin' around, but when I'm out walkin' around it's kinda depressing....(laughs) ...See, there's all these people; it's not funny and it's really sad, but you know sometimes you have to joke a little bit about it so that you don't walk around crying your eyes out when you see....like, I call them 'the walking dead' ...

INT: I recently heard that the Vancouver Board of Trade has this great vision for people down here, to make them 'self-sufficient' and all this. What do you think of something like that?

COLE: Well I think there's quite a bit of conflict there. The City has these bylaws where there'll be people out on Commercial trying to sell things they pulled out of dumpsters and then the police come along and give them fines, right?

INT: They seem to be really afraid of not getting enough taxes or something.

COLE: That's probably the bottom line. And so, I have my doubts about anything they say about making opportunities for people like that until they change their attitude on entrepreneurial things like people selling their art on the street. They'll say, OK, well we'll put out these permits, Someone was busking and the City said they had the busking permits available. Sent in his money. \$75. And this was a couple of years ago when they came up with the permits. He sent his money

in in April or May. I talked to him in July or August and he still hadn't got his permit. But he'd been harassed by the police several times, right, and, you know, like so, I'm not impressed, and it'll take a lot to impress me after what I've seen.

Poetry Night

7 - 10 PM

Tuesday, September 28, 1999

Carnegie Theatre

Sign-up 7 - 7:30 PM

Mistress of Ceremonies - Anita

Stevens

Sun shining through the glass
It's amazing how the time has passed
She wonders where things went wrong
As the alarm plays her favourite song

She used to have a sis, Mum and Dad
She remembers all the things she had
Toys, friends and a happy home
She remembers never being alone

It was a terrible thing that he did
She ran off, cried and hid
He touched areas that were not right
She remembers mum being there
till it was brought to the light

Dad not knowing what was going on
Dad working dusk to dawn
When dad found out crap hit the fan
He was furious with Mommy and the other man

He found out that mum was seeing the other man
While he was working doing the best he can
Dad said that things would work out
But I could see that he had a doubt

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The police and C.A.S. came and took us away
I saw my dad cry that day
They took my sis and I was alone
As I sat in a foster home

Then my mum and dad got a divorce
That made my life even worse
Mommy only comes once or twice a year
Daddy comes when he is near

My world has been broken apart
And I am stuck with a new start
This is the way the story is told
By a little girl who's ten years old

Anthony Dunne

*this poem is dedicated to my lovely daughter.
... Alicia Marlene*

Carnegie Street Program

The Street Program idea began about 2 years ago as the media moniker "largest open-air drug market in North America" started to accompany other stories describing the Downtown Eastside as the armpit of BC. Knee-jerk reactions have ranged from mass arrests – everybody on the corner at a given time is automatically criminal – to calls for Carnegie to become this huge refuge with anyone allowed in to do anything they please.. coffee and phones free, too!



In between, and while the extremes continue, are the practical and hopeful. Reps from agencies and groups having direct input on the street, and those who deal with a lot of the people and problems associated with it, came to a meeting in Carnegie to talk – to comment on what's there, not there (and maybe should be) and to see what support there is when it comes time to go back to the City for renewal of funding.

The meeting started with a description of what can be seen on a daily basis: tables set up on the sidewalk at the bottom of the steps, canopies over head rain or shine, people playing chess, checkers and crib; along the north side there may be health info on AIDS, Hep A,B,C, STDs, aromatherapy, street nurses, condoms, book giveaways.. and in

the area on the east side there are circle jams without electric, crafts, art, portrait drawing... ! The corner at Main&Hastings is not the centre of the universe, but the scene outside is still ripe to be the scapegoat for anything. Dealing and fixing and tweeking continue, with people waiting for buses, passersby, the constant flow of in & out to Carnegie and smokers doing their thing.

Street Program staff strive to treat individuals with respect for difference. Safety is paramount but every situation has to get assessed while it's happening. They constantly do referrals for those needing help with anything from welfare to health to finding a place or just space. Some activities get instant volunteers – like cleaning an area or sweeping or just plowing litter – and it can be for 5 minutes or half an hour, depending. The basics are sharing this space with an eye to harm reduction and other uses besides trafficking and drug-related activity.

Comments:

- "Spread out. There are more streets and other gathering places like Pigeon Park and Victory Square This approach is thoughtful and gets our support." *Frank Gilbert, DERA*

Response – We've gone to different places for a day or an afternoon, and people here ask right away where we were. This is what the City needs to hear when we ask for the program to continue and even expand.

- "Set up a needle exchange right on the corner so people who are sick with AIDS or Hep C won't ignore health concerns and share rigs."

Carol Romanow, Consumer's Board

Only consultation with the Needle Exchange Advisory Board could give an answer to that.. They have the experience and practical knowledge on the advantages and disadvantages

- "Hold an alternative health fair as an event; you're already doing aromatherapy and maybe acupuncture or acupressure, herbs.. "

Leith Harris, resident

- "Do more direct advocacy. The theories of

welfare, medical care and even human rights are just theories now. The police make our lives worse." *Ann Livingston, VANDU*

We do referrals. Acting as direct advocates or social workers for individuals can easily take half a day per person. The police need to do a lot more in public relations, but are part of anything on the street.

- "Outreach is part of our work but is beyond our ability in practical terms. We need to network so you know what is available for immigrants and refugees." – *Gustavo, SOS*

Each organisation needs to do outreach, but can't spare staff to be at tables for hours. The program staff are in touch with DERA, DEYAS, VANDU, SOS, the street nurses, Native Health, Consumer's Board, Women's Centre and others. Agendas and philosophies differ, but harm reduction seems to be a common plan.

There was one group at the meeting who gushed about their 'ministry' finding the corner a ready-made scene for "doing service". Buzzwords were bandied about and silent (and some not-so-silent) groans echoed. "Treating these people as human beings.. everyone deserves a helping hand up.. we have volunteers standing ready to assist every soul – and so on. Proselytizing evangelicals weasel in..

By PAULR TAYLOR



WISPS OF WISDOM

Beliefs bring nothing but frustration. One who is conditioned by beliefs cannot think freely because thinking can destroy beliefs. A believer chooses not to think and belief becomes security, becomes denial. Belief is an obstacle to creative thinking.

Stress is the confusion created when one's mind overrides the body's desire to choke the living shit out of some asshole who desperately needs it

I don't know what your destiny will be, but one thing I know: The only ones among you who will be truly happy are those who will have sought and found how to serve.

The greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing.

Stop being humble, you are not that great.

I care not of what others think of what I do, but I care very much about what I think of what I do. That is character.

People are as happy as they make up their minds to be. Experience is the hardest kind of teacher. It gives you the test first, and the lesson afterward.

Now is no time to think of what you do not have. Think of what you can do with what there is.

It takes a real storm in an average person's life to make him or her realize how much worrying has been done over squalls.

Holding onto anger is like holding onto a hot coal with the intent of throwing it at someone else; you are the one who gets burned

If there is jealousy there is no love – jealousy is connected with sex, not love.

Anyone who goes to a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined.

I haven't failed. I've found 1,000 ways that don't work. Life is not a matter of having good cards, but of playing a poor hand well.

Rule 1: Don't sweat the small stuff.

Rule 2: It's all small stuff.

Rule 3: If you can't fight or flee, then flow.

If you don't mind, it don't matter.

Troubles are rooted in extreme attention to imagination senses, and thoughts. Attention should be focused internally to experience a quiet body and a calm mind. No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.

People see the world not as it is, but as they are. What isn't tried won't work.