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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



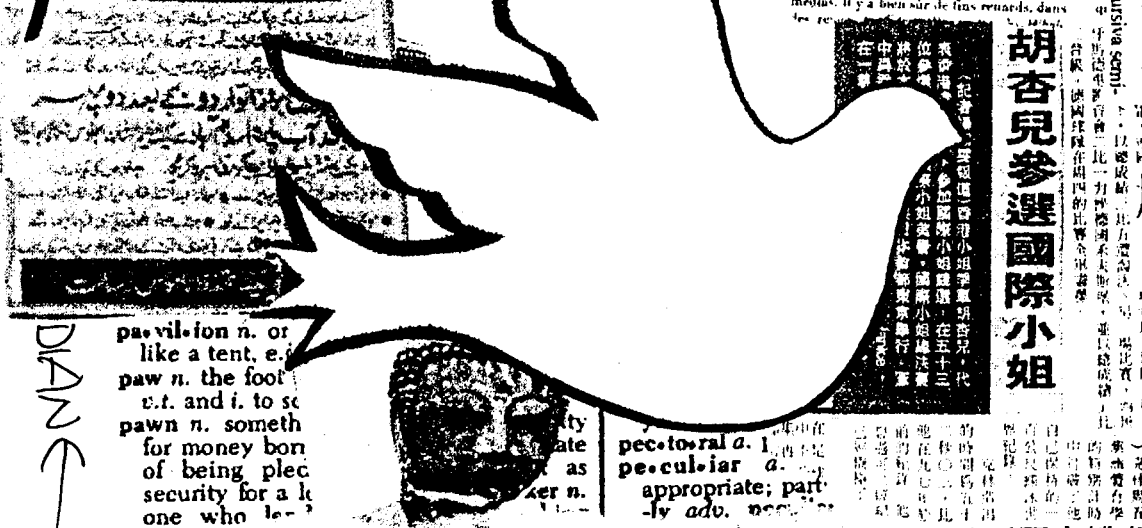
DECEMBER 15, 1999

◆ Sentimientos de culpabilidad

Violencia en Guatemala «es incontrolable»

GUATEMALA (Noticia Nacional) El Ministerio de la Defensa...

Peace on Earth



胡杏兒參選國際小姐

帕加

米蝶世績

begins with you

the calm, repose; freedom from disturbance, war, or hostilities. -able a. in a state of peace; disposed to peace; not quarrelsome. -ably adv. -ableness n. -ful

selling small articles, goods thus. -r; ped. goods. ped.es-tal n. anything of found...

tu Santo... Gracias por tu misericordia...

Through a Blue Lens

Police with a video camera and sound getting clear footage for police use. I don't miss the important message of this National Film Board film either. To help hard core drug users somehow; to improve an addict's life with harm reduction; education to the masses. Teenagers seeing this film will consider what it is they are getting into.

I was touched when "Randy", a hard core speed-ball (heroin&cocaine) shooter, receives a visit from his brother and sister-in-law. The sister-in-law is overcome by what her husband's brother looks like; she is crying thoroughly. The viewer sees a comparison while Randy, at 40, has grey hair, is emaciated and scarred, and can hardly walk without pain, his brother and sister-in-law are chubby, healthy, and likely to live to old age.

People in the downtown eastside may not need to see this film as it's something they can see at street corners and in alleys most every day. What is needed is positive action for addicts, better education for people before they start or go too far. One cop expressed the belief that if they knew how this happened - that people become addicts - something could be done.

The answers are all around us:

- gateway drugs like pot at 15-30% THC plus other hydroponic ingredients;
 - children start addictive behaviour early with excessive intake of sugar, which alters mood and can eventually lead to diabetes;
 - coffee is another problem, with caffeine+sugar the basis for many soft drinks and chocolate candy
- Physiological disorders start early on, but there are many pressures and avenues to encourage use of these 'soft' drugs. Both alcohol & marijuana are used for social reasons, but contributing factors are social condition, money, lack of support, self-destructive desires... all part of life in the modern world.

Members of the Vancouver Area Network of Drug Users had about seven seconds on the end of the CBC TV version. Can we not listen to people who have been there, who are there now?



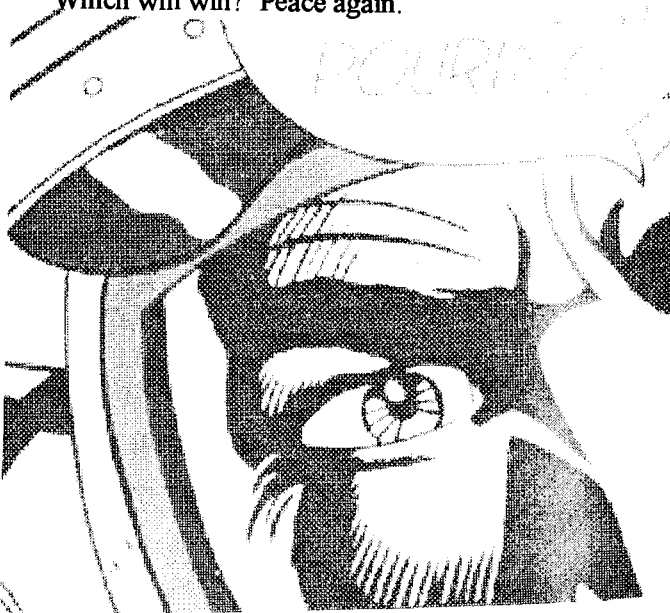
Another interesting aspect of the film was the humanizing effect on some of the mechanical "trained" police. They've realized that there's more to the drug problem than catching buyers and sellers and sending them to prison.

It's going to take a while to get effective harm reduction programs going, including treatment and detox, but will we ever break the cycle of harmful drug use? The answer is no.. but we can reduce the numbers of those who enter the living hell of addiction. It is difficult (or challenging) enough to have a happy, meaningful life. TRY, brother and sister; some are going down, some are losing as we speak. TRY.

Thanks to everyone involved in Through a Blue Lens - may it do wonderful things where before there was no answer. Peace and God help us.

By MIKE BOHNERT

The war between body and soul continues.
Which will win? Peace again.





Through a Blue Lens

A documentary film on hard drug abuse made by the Odd (Drug) Squad in the Downtown Eastside in cooperation with the National Film Board. (52 min.)

"Through A Blue Lens" was premiered at the Orpheum Theatre on November 20/99, and then shown on CBC TV National. Magazine on December 8, followed by a short panel discussion with various experts and Libby Davies, MP for Vancouver East.

The CBC TV hype for the film bordered on the hysterical. The Downtown Eastside was referred to as "a market place of drugs and despair", and the shots from the film enticing viewers to stay tuned were exploitive and voyeuristic.

The Odd Squad filmed desperately ill drug addicts in the back alleys of the Downtown Eastside. The police themselves said the purpose of the film was to shock or scare young people so they wouldn't use drugs (1), and the images of extremely ill people are certainly shocking and scary. The film had little to say, except indirectly, about constructive ways of dealing with the growing global drug problem that includes both licit and illicit drugs.

The panel that followed the film on National Magazine quickly focused on how to deal with drug misuse in a drug society when we know that the so-called war on drugs isn't working. The panelists agreed that drug misuse was a health problem, not a criminal problem, and the pain of the drug users in the film screamed for a medical approach to their anguish. The panelists intimated that more attention and money was needed for drug prevention, treatment and harm reduction programs.

The film is based on the false premise that young

people can be shocked or frightened into not using drugs. Research shows that trying to scare youth into abstaining from drugs won't work. Sensational stories or pictures of drug abuse undermine the credibility of drug education programs. Young people know that the drug problem, with licit as well as illicit drugs, is far too complex to be solved by simplistic slogans such as "Just say No." They know that the great majority of youth who experiment with drugs do not go on to become drug abusers. Certain people are more at risk than others, and the link between drug misuse, family dysfunction and social deprivation is very strong. Unfortunately, the film doesn't address this. (2)

"Through A Blue Lens" raises far more questions than can be addressed in one article. In January, I'm going to write a couple of articles on what an effective drug education program in schools might look like.

The police officers who made the film touched the pain of ill people in the Downtown Eastside, and they were moved by that suffering. Once we have experienced the suffering of others, we are never quite the same as we were before. In my view, these officers are travelling in the direction of a medical/harm reduction model of drug regulation, although they don't specifically say so. The pain of the anguished people they filmed demands it.

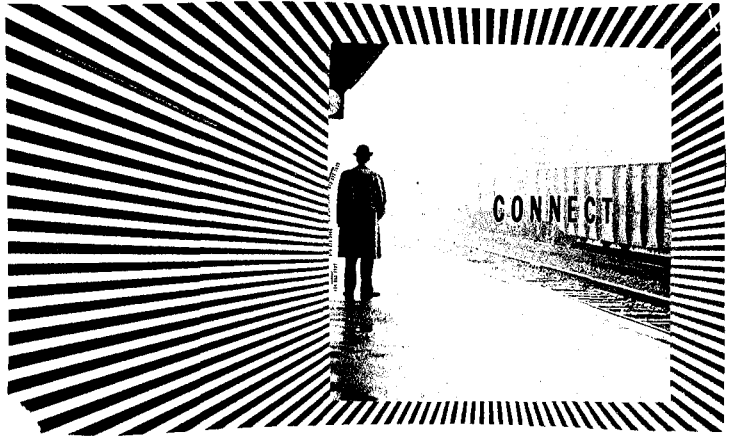
By SANDY CAMERON

(1) Conversation with Odd Squad police officers — CBC TV, 6:00p.m. News, Cover Story, Nov.19/99.

(2) Currie, Elliott, Reckoning - Drugs. The Cities And The American Future, Hill & Wang, 1993.

A Message

carriers of the way
we can befriend each other
comforting even as we confront
our challenges,
trying again and again
to reap some consolation for ourselves
sick at heart and weary
needing to rest in the arms of care
overriding curiosity and expedience
the urgency that propels us on and eventually
no matter how hard
you choke it back
erupts in a scream that shatters
all complacency
after millennia you know better
than to try this in the street
you have died for this
so many times you have grown
canny and can endure
countless denials



only so long
before you do explode
or self destruct
prophets of the world unite
to articulate the scream
to put a stop to false profits
and the sundering of all souls
from the world

dedicated to britt (*Delayne*)

LIBBY DAVIES, MP. VANCOUVER EAST

December 1, 1999

Dear Editor,

Yet another report, more expert opinion, more recommendations telling us that Canada's approach to the public health crisis of injection drug users and AIDS has taken a terrible toll on lives and has caused devastation in local communities. The report, "Injection Drug Use and HIV/AIDS: Legal and Ethical Issues" released last week by the Canadian HIV/AIDS Legal Network has laid it out: all the facts, the suffering and the insanity of the failed traditional response by government.

As the MP representing the Downtown Eastside community in Vancouver, where the epicentre of this health crisis rages, I have written, met, bugged and challenged Allan Rock Minister of Health, to act and heed the reports piling up while

lives are needlessly lost.

"That, in the opinion of this House, the government in co-operation *with* the provinces, implement clinical, multi-centre heroin prescription trials for injection opiate users, including protocols for rigorous scientific assessment and evaluation." [*Motion by Libby Davies, MP Vancouver East*]

In April of this year the government refused to support my motion before Parliament to implement multi-centre heroin prescription trials for injection drug users, as part of a comprehensive approach to reduce the harm of obtaining drugs on the street.

It's time to stop passing the buck because lives hang in the balance. How many more people have to die before Allan Rock takes action?

I implore the Minister of Health to act quickly on this new report and implement its recommendations, before it's too late.

In Each of Us

There's hope in each one of us
... like a gray whale migrating to its birth of origin.

There's love in each one of us
... like a mother wolf nurturing her newborn pups

There's faith in each one of us
... like a bear cub playing in a field alone

There's humour in each one of us
... like a wolf pup stumbling over his own feet

There's balance in each one of us
... like a salmon spawning up the river

There's beauty in each one of us
... like nature intended to bring upon us

All my relations

PS Stay Beautiful

Priscillia '99

angels don't dwell just in heaven
flying about on radiant wings
they are walking around here on earth
doing impossible things

manifesting as the kindness of strangers
calming savage despair
bringing hope to those lost in suffering
with the quality of their care

not conspicuous in their aspect
nothing obvious to set them apart
you can recognize your angels
by the opening in your heart

you cannot order an angel
nor arrange to keep one near
in the storm of crises and trouble
that's when the angels appear

in the places of desolation
they are lights that glow
revealing divine potential
allowing it to grow



5.

(coffee) + (ideas)

: a discussion group

Every Tuesday, 7 to 9 PM

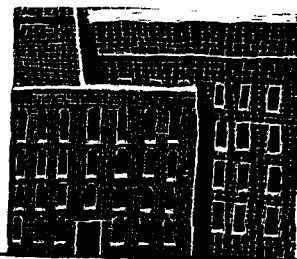
Carnegie Centre 3rd floor

moderator: Nathan Popkin

BOOKS, VIDEOS, GUEST SPEAKERS

Bring your energy & your ideas!

REFRESHMENTS SERVED



we can act as angels for each other
dispensing kindness that stays
after the brief encounter is over
and we go our separate ways

it may be we give birth to each other
when we pass love along
in serenity and grace
our tired spirits grow strong

you who have been angels for me
uplifting me with a smile
may I live up to your examples
that your efforts be shown worthwhile

Delayne

this poem is dedicated to the beautiful folk at serenity house; Joan in particular and to earl and lisa and the DeLanays and the man in the bookstore and sarah on the ferry and all of those angels who helped me on my way to and especially from Port Angeles

Millennium Madness

By Robert R. Rich

Daniel 5:25 The Handwriting on the wall.



MENE MENE TEKEL UPMARSIN

PAUL: With considerable interest I read your article in the Newsletter, Dec. 1, 1999. You appear to be discouraged, but as you know, sometimes we have to judge an article by reading between the lines.

For example, you state what you've written could be taken as "sour grapes rhetoric."

I do not believe it is "sour grapes". I believe it is the grapes of wrath. Which brings me around to John Steinbeck and his famous novel. A young Henry Fonda portrayed Tom Joad in the movie, and at the end I remember he went out into the world to find out what was "really going on." Tom Joad had already found out the contractors would pay little wages and if you didn't like it, you got nothing.

Steinbeck had already seen "the Handwriting on the wall".

Another was F. Scott Fitzgerald. In one of his novels, a crowd stumbled on to a Bolshevik, and decided to go to Bolshevik headquarters and punch them up. Two drunken soldiers joined the crowd, and when they got there, a soldier made a

lunge for a Bolshevik, and fell out the window. As he went from an upper story window, he killed himself.

This makes the army look sort of stupid, doesn't it? (Do I read The System?) Some people were writing somewhat cryptically, as in the United States you couldn't write bad things about Capitalism. (And expect to get published.)

I can't remember who it was who said that "Every great writer is something of a seer," but the greatest of all was Ernest Hemingway.

In The Old Man and the Sea, he describes the old man who wanted to catch that big fish, the biggest of all, but the sharks ate it up and, when he got back, all he had left was a skeleton.

So be it.

The book keeps saying "He just went out too far." If he had been content to stay close to shore he could have gotten smaller ones as the other men did. But he wanted too much.

The sharks didn't want much. They only wanted a small bit, here and there. You can't hardly blame them.

After all, that is their nature in the scheme of things.

But he went too far out. He wanted too much for himself, and he didn't really need it.

Great reading your article, Paul, and you state there are "...holes in the wall of The System."

I prefer to say there are cracks in the wall. Actually, there have been cracks in the wall for years, and the cracks are lengthening, and before long there will be a tsunami: a tidal wave of anger, frustration, and hate.

Or, as Marc Anthony once said: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

What will happen, I don't know, but I feel something is going to give.

After all, the sharks were making holes in the big fish, weren't they?

Your Friend.

Robert R. Rich



No Code of Ethics

The Four Corners Community Savings' Advisory Council election will be held on January 15 from 10am-2pm at 390 Main Street, Vancouver. Make sure your voice is heard in the development of YOUR community. Info: Carla at 606-0141

What about the 'Heart'?

Education keeps a sharp focus on the 'brain'.. how better to make it tick, figure out disease, fathom the genes. not the same focus on the 'heart'.. how to help it cope with the abandoned, the unloved, the rejected, the lost and betrayed.

Sam Roddan

Submissions for Special Millenium Issue

of the Carnegie Newsletter

Short pieces (say 100 words or so)
FOR THE AGES!

Get your stuff in by December 19th at
the latest!!!!

I was interested to read Irene Schmndt's letter to the editor, *'No Code of Ethics'*. in the December 1st. edition of the *Carnegie Newsletter*. Although the editor is correct in her assertion that the Newsletter has never been impartial, or partial, for that matter, due to the mostly unedited nature of submissions, it seems to me the use of the word 'impartial' has been used to confuse the issue, rather than to explain. Except for the egregious typos which are the *beta noir* of poets. what you see is what you get.

The tone of elitist sarcasm in the editor's response to Ms. Schmidt's justified complaint was not lost on the people I talked to. We feel that the editor of the Newsletter is stepping beyond the bounds of a reasonable and unemotional reply to Irene's letter. Are "journalists" beyond the pale of good manners and common decency? In the Carnegie Newsletter it seems so.

To hide behind the "*we are only volunteers*" is a

feeble excuse at best. As to being "*humble and misguided*", I subscribe to the latter being closer to the issue. Furthermore, the retort 'Speak for Yourself' smacks of childishness.

My question here is "Does courtesy in journalism count for anything?" I guess not. I am very disappointed with the peevish and vindictive attitude in whoever hides behind the title "THE EDITOR".

Thank you for your attention and space,

Wilhelmina Harriman-Miles,
Learner/Tutor

[How can one resolve anything when one side presents such sanctimonious eloquence, claiming innocent ignorance of 'her' or 'whoever'? You have answered your own question. Thank you.]

[[PaulR Taylor, volunteer editor]]

Intermittent

Intermittent light
Red amber white
Intermittent breathing
Chest cavity heaving
Irregular heart beat
Bluing hands
Bluing feet
Permanent stillness
Hastings shuffle
Overdose illness.

LOVERS RACE

Not first, not second,
Can't even place.
Looking at your love like a horse race.
I go flat out.
To the wire.
Trying to be what you desire.
I can beat a mortal foe.
Don't you know I'm good to go.
I know you try to break away.
Free up some time, for me today.
I hate playing second fiddle.
I don't want to put you in the middle.
Seems to me, it's fact not fiction.
I can't compete with your addiction.

HOLLYWOOD is;

MICHAEL J. ROWE
October, 18, 1959.
LEEI)S sub district of ST.MARY'S
GREAT BRITAIN

Entered CANADA, 21 SEPTEMBER 1970.

At age 11, I was in a new land. Reunited with my parents after seven years of being farmed out. I'm a voyeur, that is to say I like to watch people. I caught an eye full when I was a kid.
Trippin' like a dog that's been kicked too much, sporting my British accent. I guess it wasn't all

of the body; a wound, a scar, a kir
the other traps a bankrupt socie
that connects you to othe
the pleasures of the bod
who are similarly ma
exploits to try to r
yourself offer
guishable f
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ODE TO LEGS

Legs... that's what Rod called him
I heard his addiction did him in
It's a sin the way he was livin'
Wired like a good thing
Situation no win.
I never knew him as a happy guy
I met the man who wanted to die
He was trying everyday
I could never play that way
He would do those dead man hits
Lucky as a bitch without the tits
(or the legs for that matter)
He had none. A drug binge was his only run
Story was he jumped in front of a train
Trying to kill the pain in his brain
He didn't pass away that day
Train just took his legs away
Before he died he knew real pain
reliving his deed again and again
If you're thinking about checking out
Try putting a pistol in your mouth.

that bad. At 13, I thought I was Michael Jackson. I sang day and night.
My parental units split up for the second or third time and Mom, my brother and I ended up in downtown Toronto. After months of searching I found and fell in with a "bad crowd." Drugs, sex and Alice Cooper.
I got popped for car theft and a two week crime spree at 14 and a half. Partner turned me in for a lighter sentence. He killed a guard in Guelph Reformatory so he's still behind bars. Rat Bastard!! I did six months in Bowmanville Training School. We seen some spookey shit. We done some scaiy hits. I'm not proud of all of it. So I process by writing about the shit. I'm looking for a world that's all good, not like what's happening in some 'hoods. Some people see me as the bad guy. They don't take the time to really know me. I ain't nothing but a fun lovin homey. If you've read this, I've planted the seed. You want to see the tree, READ! ! !!!

HOT TODDYS FOR SANTA CLAUS

Belles and mistletoe
Ho Ho Ho
Oh maginumber lottery
O wish'er me
My wish a more humane society

A log burning
plight of the homeless
tired hungry and cold
ill-fitting clothes smell
forlorn
Hot toddys for Santa Claus
hot coffee
hot cocoa ago go go

Oh English society
the Golden Rule
Do unto others and
remember the fury of Cain.

Taum

Christmas Eve At Muskrat Lake

On Christmas Eve
the entire village
went tobogganing
on the sloping banks
of Muskrat Lake.
Everyone was bundled up
in mukluks
parkas
mitts
and scarves.
Some came to watch,
others to ride
on this festive night
of clouds and stars.

Some toboggans scooted down
like otters.
Others slide sideways. and
still others turned over.
Tiny children
with wide eyes
were held firmly by parents
who rode with them.
Everyone who wanted a ride
found a place on a toboggan.
No one was left out.



Jeremiah, who was six,
tugged on my arm.
Come for a ride, he said,
and I rode with Jeremiah
and as many of his friends
as would fit on the toboggan.
Down the hill we went
with shouts and screams
and the toboggan skidded sideways
and we all fell off
and Jeremiah jumped up,
eyes shining,
and ran after the toboggan.

Big, fluffy flakes of snow
began to fall
from the dark sky.
Children tried to catch snowflakes
on their tongues,
and older folks stood still
and let the large flakes
land on their heads
and outstretched hands.

Blessings

As I walked
out of the house
this morning

I saw a twig
on the path
in the shape

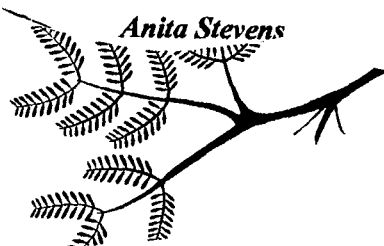
Of the Hebrew
symbol, life

When fall sheds
its leaves
and all seems bleak

A tree
leaves a sign
of life
at your feet

An uplifting moment
and all is well

Anita Stevens



Gradually people started
to go home.

There were children
to put to bed,
and hands and feet
to be warmed.

It stopped snowing,
and stars were visible
among the clouds.

In the distance
a wolf howled,
and the dogs at Muskrat Lake
took up the call.

"Praise to the night and the stars,"
they sang,
"and on earth, peace and goodwill."

Sandy Cameron

A Christmas in the Eastside



Dear Santa:

The Line-up's begin early on Christmas day in the Eastside and every year the crowd gets younger and larger. Crowds of lonely hungry neighbors stand, marking time, waiting for the turkeys with trimmings. Doors open to the church basement and damp, dog fur smelling neighbors rush in, shivering and shuddering, cold and wet. Inside the sparsely furnished large basement, greetings of good will are shared with shiny happy people guiding us to our seats, surrounded by succinct dejection, confirmed with grunts to convey thanks while eyes search the floor aimlessly. The seasonal melancholy, that keeps the meal silent, is not something I can build a bridge and get over, Santa. Welfare was early this year. I was going to save, but when you don't have money for a long time... it flowed through my hands like scalding water. I'm a grasshopper this year Santa.. I hope it won't be used against me.

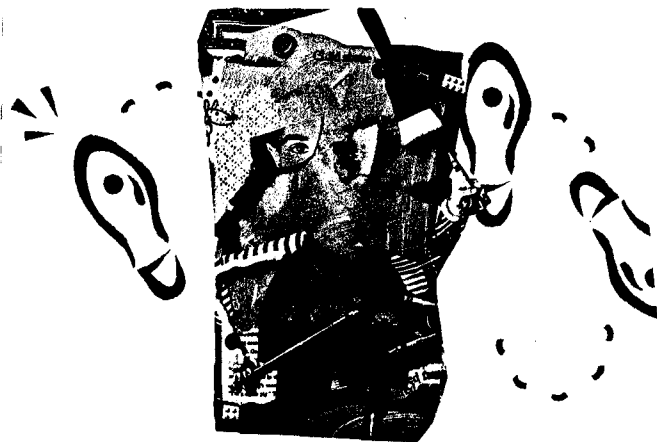
I'm not sure if I was a good boy or not Santa. I haven't been evicted from my cold hotel room yet, although there's still time left on the calendar. I'm tired this year Santa, bone weary. I don't know if I can muster the good will to raise a smile, so I hope you can turn my frown upside down with a merry "Ho, Ho" and warm chubby smile, inside the faded, no knobs, one station, twelve inch black and white TV.

I really, really tried this year Santa. I really did. Welfare said if I jumped through hoops things would get better, but all I was rewarded with was a new skill - jumping through hoops. As you can

see by the roaches sunning themselves, watching TV and eating my food, the only thing that's changed are TV stations. What do I want for Christmas? I want to share a hug., Santa. I'm so willing to share.

My turkey dinner had and no where to go and all day to get there, nothing to do and all day to do it, I think of my neighbors who drug sleep the day and night away, contentedly dreaming of something better. My belly full of turkey and my heart aching with the overwhelming need for a hug, I wander the streets aimlessly with others who "had" to get out of the hotels-from-hell rooms.

Santa, sometimes I don't wanna be me, I feel like I'm playing at being civilized, like some horrible monster standing in front of a mirror image deluding myself into thinking I'm a creature of



unique beauty. I'm sorry Santa for being one of "those" people, I want to blame something, anything, but I can't easily fool myself anymore. I'm being escorted, hustled outside the door.

The short lived season of altruism and good will towards man will be locked and stored with lights, trees and discarded toys. Tomorrow's the twenty-sixth and Christmas is over. The turkey with trimmings is soup, while off in the corner is an old man with only one boot. The girls are out in full force, it's not a matter of choice, heroin bugs crawling over their skin and cocaine cravings cry their name, but the community and its life are still the same.

Written by I. G.

Hep C's Protest

Jingle bells my liver swells
Hep C's on its way
It's not fun when you are sick
Damn near every day

Losing weight, sweaty nights
Uncertainty and fear
Without the coverage of our Meds
There is no Christmas cheer

Give us Meds – give us hope
Ccover it today
Until you do we'll be back
We will not go away.

HEP C – THE KILLER DISEASE

Medication is not covered if you have this disease

- have you ever had surgery or a miscarriage?
 - do you have RH- blood? Does your mother?
 - have you had a blood transfusion?
 - have you worked as a firemen, ambulance aid, medic, homecare worker, nurse?
- Dentists, doctors, hairdressers, smoking a joint or sharing a cigarette can all be sources of Hep C.
Drug Users have HIV/AIDS at a rate of 30%
and Hep C at a rate of 90%.

Did you ever or are you a current user? Surprise!
1 or 2 times 20 years ago counts too. *What have you shared?*

AST, ALT, Viral load, ultrasound, liver biopsy..
Ask your doctor – Get Smart... Get Tested!!!

i dream of demons

i dream of demons
they all over me
all in me
i slowly rising to the
awareness
terror
astral gang rape
slimy rubbing
in my sleep
walk

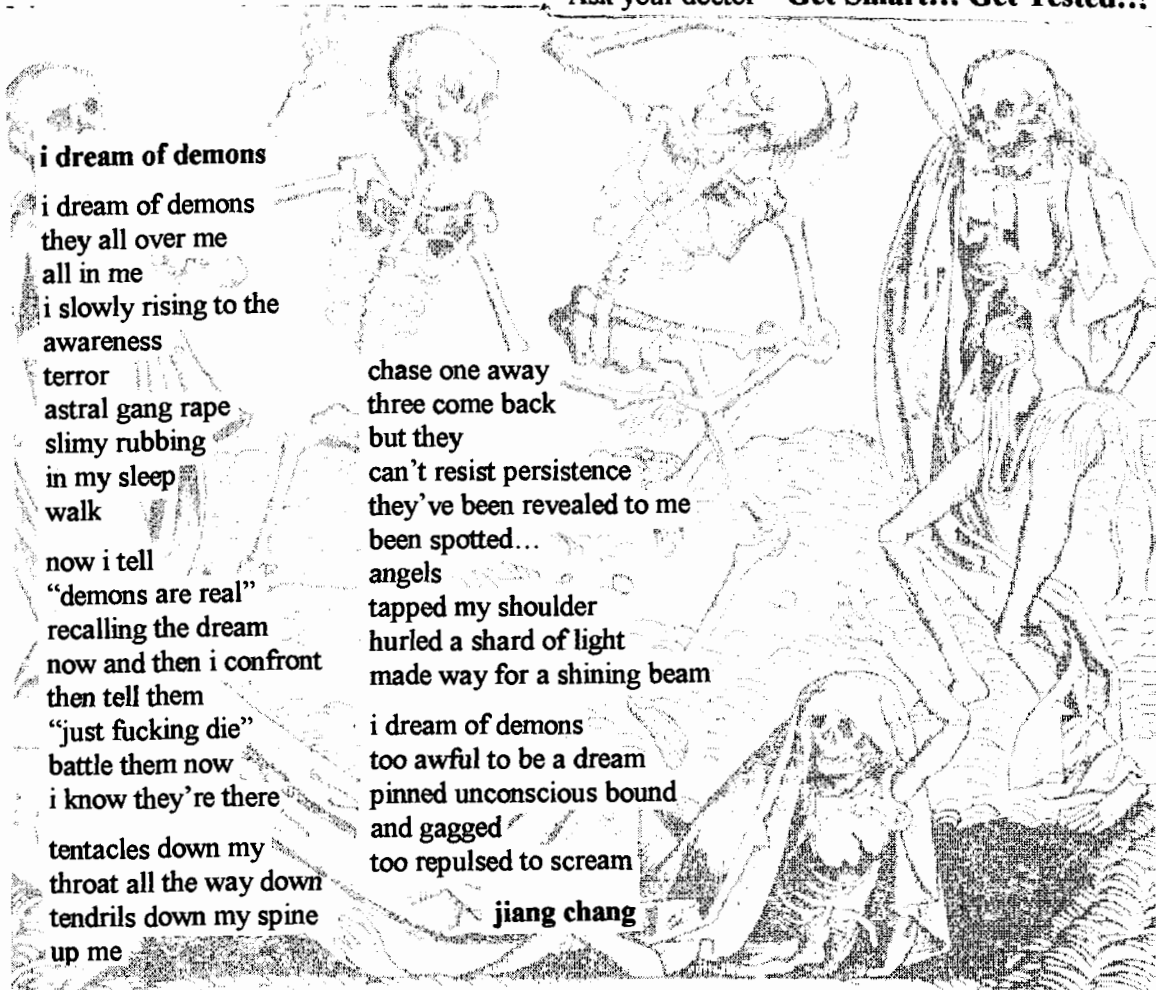
now i tell
“demons are real”
recalling the dream
now and then i confront
then tell them
“just fucking die”
battle them now
i know they're there

tentacles down my
throat all the way down
tendrils down my spine
up me

chase one away
three come back
but they
can't resist persistence
they've been revealed to me
been spotted...
angels
tapped my shoulder
hurled a shard of light
made way for a shining beam

i dream of demons
too awful to be a dream
pinned unconscious bound
and gagged
too repulsed to scream

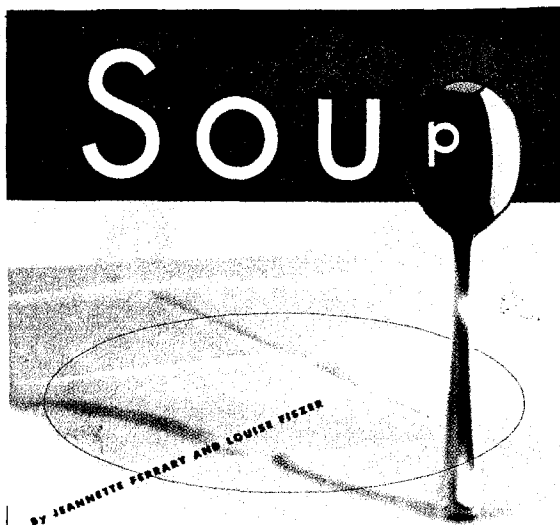
jiang chang



Food: The Stuff of Life

In the Western World we take it for granted that food, and food in sufficient quantity, is a basic human right. Indeed, of all the human rights, none is more important. A people without sufficient food are unable to demand the other basic necessities of life. It has been the case that oppressive political regimes have succeeded merely due to promises of employment, which translate as food. In other cases these regimes simply promise enough food. To a starving populace no other promise would bring such immediate response. A hungry person is ripe for any ideology that guarantees to fill the ache in her belly, and in the bellies of her children.

In the modern world of food production we have become very sophisticated. However, problems with famine and starvation remain. Even First World countries experience diseases caused, not by a lack of food, but by malnutrition, and by the consumption of food grown for an eye to the maximization of profit rather than the production



of healthy and non-contaminated food stuffs. We have enough food, but not healthy, body-and-mind building food. But we do have a choice.

Nutrition is a complicated issue. A country in which pregnant women do not receive proper nutrition experiences a generational disadvantage. Whole generations grow up unable to compete

with other nations in physical and mental capacity. Without the necessary tools to deal with their environment these children of the undernourished grow up to create an economic condition that keeps their countries backward; from keeping up in the global market, both economically and intellectually.

Lack of food is at the core of many social ills. Too much we see, even in Canada, an increasing number of the population who survive but only just. Nutrition is not their priority; getting enough to eat is. This lack of proper food contributes to ill health, especially in young children. And certainly prevents people from enjoying one of life's basic pleasures: a healthy, well-balanced diet that promotes or aids the cultivation of a healthy spirit. Good food is more than just vitamins and minerals; it is the staff of life.

Perhaps in the kinds of food, and in its abundance we can see the greatest disparity between social classes. An Anglican clergyman from an under-class parish in England recently proclaimed from his pulpit that it "was not a sin to steal food if you are hungry." It appears to be a coming together of ideas that traditionally kept the starving in their place: Is this a revolutionary idea or just one whose time has come - that the poor have the church-sanctioned right to take from society what they need to live?

Yes, to talk of food is not just to speak of basic human rights. I could go on - about the improper use of land for efficient food production; the market-driven forces that create a *bigger is better* philosophy of farming. More and larger animals.. and vegetables that please the eye and the pocket of the businessmen, but contribute little to the health of the consumer or the economy of smaller and ecologically sound operations. And we have come to a place where having sufficient food is not the comfort it used to be. Our food, due to the relentless push for profit, has become a means by which we can become sick. We need to look carefully at the new cost-effective means of farming, and also to examine the methods of traditional farming. If we have the knowledge to feed our world properly, perhaps then we can begin to deal with the other questions that plague humankind: war, pestilence, disease.

Wilhelmina Miles

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

1999 DONATIONS Libby D. -\$90
Sam R. -\$20 Nancy W. -\$20 Agnes -\$6
Margaret D. -\$25 Shyamala G. -\$25
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Carnegie

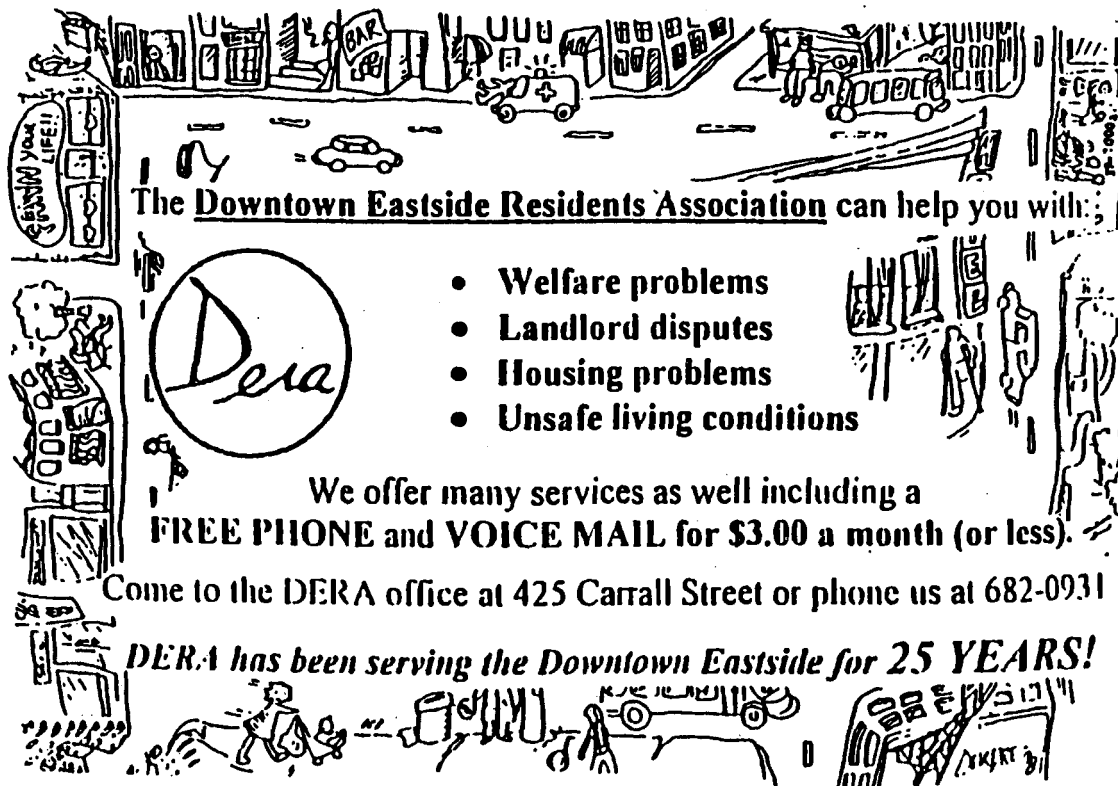
NEWSLETTER

101 Main Street, Vancouver V6A 1T1 (604) 682-1300

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
Thursday, January 13.**

carnnews@direct.ca



The Downtown Eastside Residents Association can help you with:

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

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

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

DERA has been serving the Downtown Eastside for 25 YEARS!

Neighbourhood News

On November 30 the Battle of Seattle “ragged” as grandmothers, nuns, students, workers, unions, the odd anarchist and other ordinary people took 135 countries and the emphatically non-aligned CEO’s of transnationals to the mat. The media spin was great as they labeled it “violent” and condemned all the “professional protestors” for causing the poor mayor to let police and even the national guard run amok with tear gas and rubber bullets.

Michael Moore wrote Downsize This! reacting to corporate America’s penchant for profit at any loss. The media keeps highlighting how wonderful it is for athletes to make megamillions, for billions to be there for the taking on the Internet, while poverty and homelessness and drug abuse and sex with kids are reported as aberrations. Moore calls the stoppage of business-as-usual a major victory; Maude Barlow of the Council of Canadians marks this event as worthy of all human beings – it made Clinton reverse everything (in the glare of the *real* public eye) as he called upon the WTO to impose sanctions on any nation that had children in sweatshops or which refused the rights of workers to organize unions. These tactics are just the tip of the iceberg for transnational greed’s desire to play nations off against each other in the never-ending

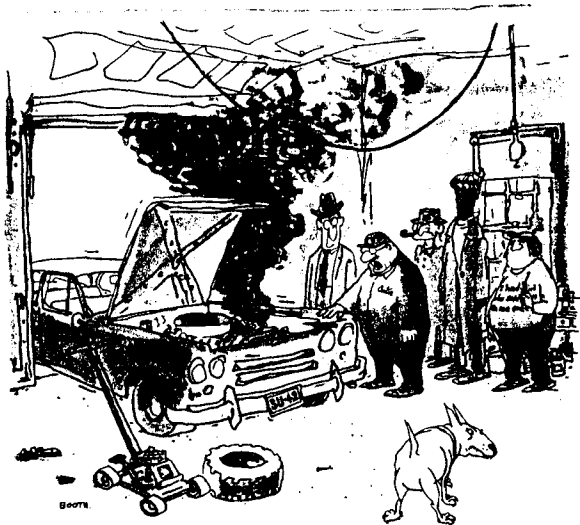
pressure for less taxes, lax environmental laws, lower wages and no restrictions to exploitation of any resource. There is certainly more to come!

* On November 30 about forty judges came to Carnegie Centre for an excellent meal and a few hours with reps from many community groups. It was the first time that this annual gathering chose a geographic area to learn more about, but the top-heavy coverage given to our community mandated the magistrates’ need-to-know. Holier-than-thou vigilantes demand 20-year prison sentences for users and mentally ill or dual diagnosis patients, and condemn judges (and anyone else) who sees drug abuse as a health issue.

Frank Gilbert of DERA and Liz Evans of the Portland Hotel Society spoke on Barriers to Housing; there was a presentation on Navigating Mentally Ill People Within the Justice System; Judy McGuire of DEYAS and Deb Mearns of the Neighbourhood Safety Office were scheduled to talk on Hard Targeting Strategies for Dealing With High Risk Youth; and Gustavo Carcuz of SOS spoke on the connection between Latin American immigrants and refugees in the Downtown Eastside.

All in all, it was a great forum for dialogue with people who are permitted to pass judgment.

* An Open House was held on December 7 for a Resource Centre for drug users in the Downtown Eastside. As highlighted in the *Through a Blue Lens* critiques, harm reduction strategies are supposedly joined at the hip with the legalisation of all drugs. Not so. It was just sad that all the research and information from Canada, the US, Germany, Switzerland and England.. and public meetings and international conferences have given police and politicians little if any enlightenment. Back to the Resource Centre: most users are denied entry to facilities that have a criteria for patrons – “straight and sober”. The Open House hoped to allay fears of nearby businesses/residents



“That metallic grinding means her throwout bearings are shot. She’s backfiring through her carburetor. The tick indicates transmission trouble, and the smoke means she’s on fire.”

over being 'invaded' by an army of drug users, and to answer questions on how the facility at 575 Drake will operate. A committee of locals had taken the idea of a resource centre to many groups and residents over the last 2 years, and heard many concerns and suggestions. It seemed to some that a step in the process had been missed – the next thing was an announcement that a building had been selected and purchased and here it is! There will be ongoing education for everyone, and a year's permit from the City to operate this Centre. Keep your fingers crossed...

The Coalition Against "Free" Trade started in 1988, struggled to expose and oppose the FTA, became the Action Canada Network in BC and demonstrated every which way against NAFTA. People moved on, strategies changed and evolved, and CAFT has been dormant (in that form) since late 1996. There was money sitting in an account and the remaining three signers chose to divide this equally amongst the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre, the Bruce Eriksen Memorial Fund and the Carnegie Community Association.



"Say when."

In the dumpster

Binner@vcn.bc.ca

Greetings fellow binner & binnerettes:

Merry christmas happy hannuka sing don fie lock. Just want to remind all not to forget to put popping corn in yer stuffing. When the corn pops yer turkey is done.

Here from the offices of dick wad dick_wad@canada.com are.

The Top Ten reasons xmas is a cool holiday.

10. Get hosed and barf on neighbor's plastic Santa
9. No bills for a month
8. Crashing parties for free food
7. Dressing the dog up like rudolf
6. Peeing on neighbor's lawn
5. No work
4. Free gifts
3. Christmas tree kills my sweaty sock smells
2. Passing out under xmas tree after drinking grandma's egg nog.

And the number 1 reason xmas holiday is cool. Finding last year's two front teeth in gravy.

Happy holiday

PRT

By Mr. Mcbinner

T'was da night before welfare and all through da land
Everybody was starving both woman and man
Da minister of welfare was in bed but awake
He was getting some that night so da checks they could wait

Then all of a sudden there arose such a clatter
"que pasa?" he yelled! "say what? Waz da matter?"
He jumped outta bed through da kitchen he ran
Tripped over da cat and knocked over da fan

He looked down da hallway and what did appear?
A binner, a native, and few o' their peers
A tired old woman her face full of woe
Gave out a yell "hey cough up da doe!"

The minister pouted "I'm sorry I'm wrong"
But alas of course we've all heard that song
He gave out the cheques and he passed out some beer
Then he said with a sneer " see ya same time next year!"

Merry Christmas from Carl MacDonald



Prohibition

Rice wine drinkers in the Downtown Eastside might know of the interesting occurrence in humankind's anthropological history – the period between 1920 and 1933 in the U.S. known as Prohibition.

In pre-prohibition America many citizens went around in a semi-perpetual alcoholic haze. Babies were often pacified with a little rum in their bottles. A wake-up drink, a 10:30-at-work drink, aperitifs at lunch, some whiskey at dinner and some dark rum flavoured with apples at bedtime was the curriculum vitae for drink aficionados.. the everyday working person.

Priests were offered rum throughout their stay at a parishioner's house and a farewell drink for politeness' sake. Some priests made as many as 20 house calls a day. It was said that 50% of priests died alcoholics.

At the stroke of midnight, January 16, 1920, America went dry. "Prohibition is better than no alcohol at all," a famous American philosopher said. Every law has its loopholes and, apparently, the Volstead Act that was Prohibition permitted industrial alcohol, sacramental wine, certain patent medicines, doctors' prescriptions (limited to 1 pint every 10 days), toilet preparations, flavouring extracts, syrups, vinegar and cider. Brewers were permitted to stay open provided they limited themselves to making "near beer" with a maximum 0.5% alcohol content.

The day before Prohibition, the *New York Daily News* offered its readers this timely and invaluable advice:

"You may drink intoxicating liquor in your own home or in the home of a friend when you are a bona fide guest. You may buy intoxicating liquor on a bona fide prescription of a doctor. A pint can

be bought every 10 days.

"You may consider any place you live permanently as your home. If you have more than one home, you may keep a store of liquor in each.

"You may keep liquor in any storage room or club locker, provided the storage place is for the exclusive use of yourself, family or bona fide friends.

"You may get a permit to move liquor when you change your residence.

"You may manufacture, sell or transport liquor for non-beverage or sacramental purposes provided you obtain a government permit."

The *New York Daily News* also reminded readers that hip-flasks, consuming alcohol on hotel or restaurant premises, manufacturing of alcohol above 0.5% alc., storage of alcohol in a place other than one's own home and signs advertising for liquor were illegal under the Volstead Act.

Prohibition went on for 13 years and the illegal, underground purveyors of alcohol flourished and became rich. Organized crime gangs fought each other for money and territory. Alcohol was served in teapots and coffee cups in 'speakeasys.'

People demonstrated and allied for a repeal of the 18th Amendment. Before the end of Prohibition, the lineup of applicants for licenses to sell draft beer in New York went on for a couple of blocks. After the end of Prohibition, for a short time, such was the demand for legal booze that some banks turned over their premises temporarily to serve as liquor stores.

There is a problem of similar proportions in today's society - prohibition of drugs. For everyone who says that this is good there are just as many who say that it is bad. In the States it was largely women's groups, the Temperance Movement and the Christian Right (including the racist Ku Klux Klan, one of the most uncompromising advocates for a dry America) who pushed for Prohibition.

Legalization and decriminalization (of all drugs) is better than prohibition.

By DEAN KO

Prohibition: Thirteen Years that Changed America by Edward Behr. Arcade Publishing NY 1996



FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS

Sometimes if you look for miracles
They can be found on city streets
LIFE, becomes such a serious game
When two souls meet unexpectedly
Wrestle with desires and set the rules
A perfect marriage of danger and fun
He was a handsome young stranger
All dressed in the black sporting gear
With the black jock runners on his feet
As we walked that mile together down
Sidewalks of uncertainty and suspense
What the story was doesn't matter and
More important how we parted company
The look of joy as I got out of my clothes
A streak of light running down the street
For hundreds of other people to notice
On that dark and rainy night in December.

SHUTTLE TO MARS

New ideas these days on earth
"Are like a breath of fresh air"
Yet sometimes people hate you
When you are a poet who gets
The best ideas by going streaking
Hate you for trying to make money
Selling poetry books on the street
That you've worked hard to make
People can hate you when you love
Them and put shoes on their feet
People hate you when you prevent
Anyone from taking their purse when
They are passed out on the sidewalk
Drunk and in the wrong part of town
People hate you when you're different
Than them, in any old way it seems
People hate you when you're a junkie
And it's not your fault you got that way
I'm surprised that the one thing that
Isn't against the law these days is, hating
But I hear there are tickets you can buy
For a new space shuttle to planet Mars
To a colony where all that's there is hate.

D a n i e l R a j a l a

LOST EMPEROR

How much time have I lost
Thinking about all of those
Nice things I could buy myself
All the different clothes to wear
The sweet candies and desserts
The many flashing colored lights
And all the elaborate decorations
That never satisfy me very long
I think about all the dark places
There are to visit inside my brain
That seem to be valued the most
When they're buried deep within

I know now that people out there
Don't live in a world of their own
And that there is a common road
Where their lives do touch and
What I wish for this Christmas is
A change of heart that is as much
As the finely shaped form of the
Naked body of a man set against
A background of priceless objects
Of art made from ivory and jade
From those lost ancient holy days.



Spare change, anyone?

Vancouver's notorious anti-panhandling bylaw has more bark than bite. Rentacops and city police are using the bylaw to intimidate and sweep panhandlers off the streets. But they won't actually charge anyone with a violation because they fear - with good reason - that the bylaw will be thrown out of court.

I should know. Twice in the past year, I've gone out to panhandle to try to get a ticket, twice I've been threatened with arrest when I refused to move along, twice I was told I would be charged.

I'm still waiting.

Once was in Gastown and once in Chinatown, two areas where the businesses hire security guards to "clean up" the streets so tourists won't be offended by the sight of social problems.

Both times, I set up shop in front of banks, with my sign reading, "Too old to be retrained, too young for a pension. Spare change please." The bylaw, passed in 1998 by the NPA-dominated city council, specifically bans panhandling in front of banks, as well as liquor stores, bus stops and supermarkets. Of course, the bylaw is highly discriminatory against the poor, and an attack on freedom of speech. That's the legal basis for a court challenge already under way by Federated Anti-Poverty Groups of B.C., End Legislated Poverty and the National Anti-Poverty Organization under the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. On both occasions, I was pulling in a few bucks, mainly from sympathetic low-income people. In fact, I actually had to turn down some offers of change because my benefactors looked in worse shape than I was purporting to be.

Then the rentacops appeared. They told me panhandling was illegal and I better move on or face arrest. That was bad legal advice, since the bylaw bestows no power of arrest on the police. It's just a ticket and a fine, like for overtime parking or jaywalking.

When I wouldn't budge, the rentacops called for backup. The real cops arrived, and handed me a sheet listing all the free food & shelter in the city. One cop warned me I would be arrested and

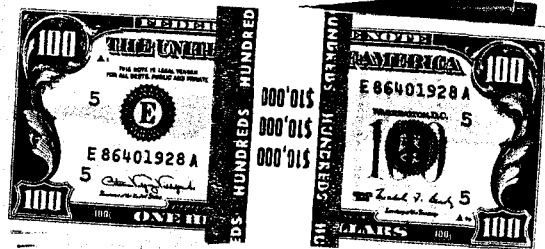
transported out of the neighbourhood. As he must have known, this would have been a totally illegal arrest - unfortunately, the kind of mistreatment that poor people without a support group as witnesses routinely face on the streets.

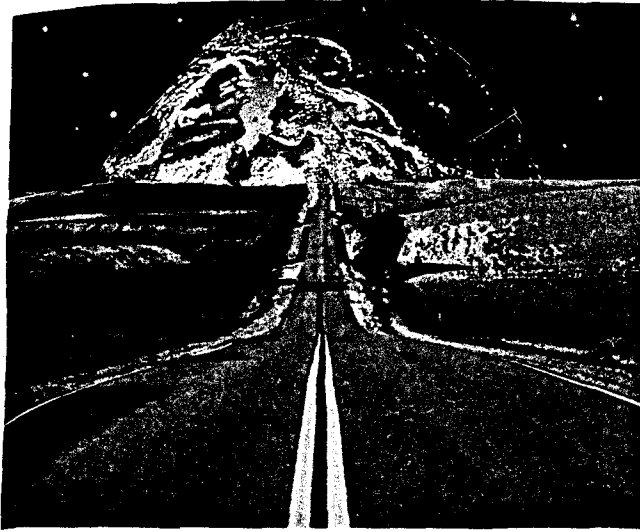
Both times, we ended the standoff with a compromise. In Gastown, the cops said if I left they'd report me to the Crown Council and I'd be ticketed by mail. That never happened. In Chinatown, the cops finally had to give me a ticket, the first and only one ever issued in Vancouver I promptly reported it to the lawyers who are handling the Charter case. They were looking for a ticket to bolster their arguments.

Guess what? The Crown has chickened out again. They told my lawyer they won't proceed with a charge while the Charter case is underway. So, Vancouver is wide open for panhandling again. Me, I'm heading out to the bank to get some cash

Spare change, anyone?

Chili Bob





The Mighty Car

Closing in upon us all,
 This new Millennium, this new year;
 We look with hope and yet feel fear.
 Anarchy is being loosed upon us everywhere
 by Mother Earth;
 We know, but we do not dare to change
 the status quo.
 Still, I see, with eyes half closed,
 the corruption that lies within our souls,
 and I wonder what great beast has ensnared us all.
 Creeping, crawling slowly upon us,
 this new century, this new year.
 Sometimes I wonder, and then I know, by far,
 the monster that has enslaved us all;
 while Mother Earth fights for her life,
 against the mighty car.

Tony Loomes

THE PRICE OF SILENCE

When they came, for the poor.
 I was silent, because I was well-off
 When they came for the homeless.
 I was silent because I had a home.
 When they came for the unemployed.
 I was silent because I had a job.
 When they came for the pensioners.
 I was silent because I had a good RRSP.
 When they came for the immigrants,
 I was silent because I was born here.
 When they came for the sick and disabled.
 I was silent because I was healthy.
 When they came for the women,
 I was silent because I was male.
 When they came for the children.
 I was silent because I was grown up
 When they came for the students,
 I was silent because I had my degree.
 When they came for the youth.
 I was silent because I was middle-aged
 When they came for the Aboriginal peoples.
 I was silent because I was Anglo-Saxon.
 When at last they came for me.
 No one was left to hear my cries.
 thanks and apologies to the late
 Bishop Martin Neimoller

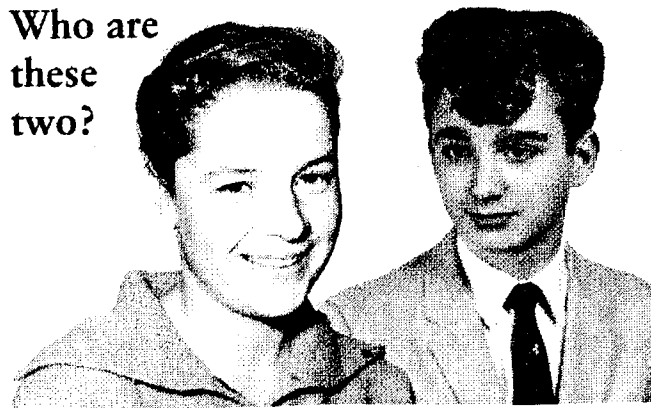
BE THANKFUL

Be thankful that you don't already have everything
 you desire. If you did, what would there be to look
 forward to?
 Be thankful when you don't know something, for
 it gives you the opportunity to learn.
 Be thankful for the difficult times. During those
 times you grow.
 Be thankful for your limitations, because they
 give you opportunities for improvement.
 Be thankful for each new challenge, because it
 will build your strength and character.
 Be thankful for your mistakes. They will teach
 you valuable lessons.
 Be thankful when you're tired and weary,
 because it means you've made a difference. It's
 easy to be thankful for the good things.
 A life of rich fulfillment comes to those who are
 also thankful for the setbacks. Gratitude can turn a
 negative into a positive.
 Find a way to be thankful for your troubles, and
 they can become your blessings.

**Eyewitness accounts from
the Battle for Seattle
Anti-WTO Jamboree
videos, street theatre, spoken word**

**Saturday, December 18, 1 – 5 pm
Carnegie**

**Who are
these
two?**



WTO protest

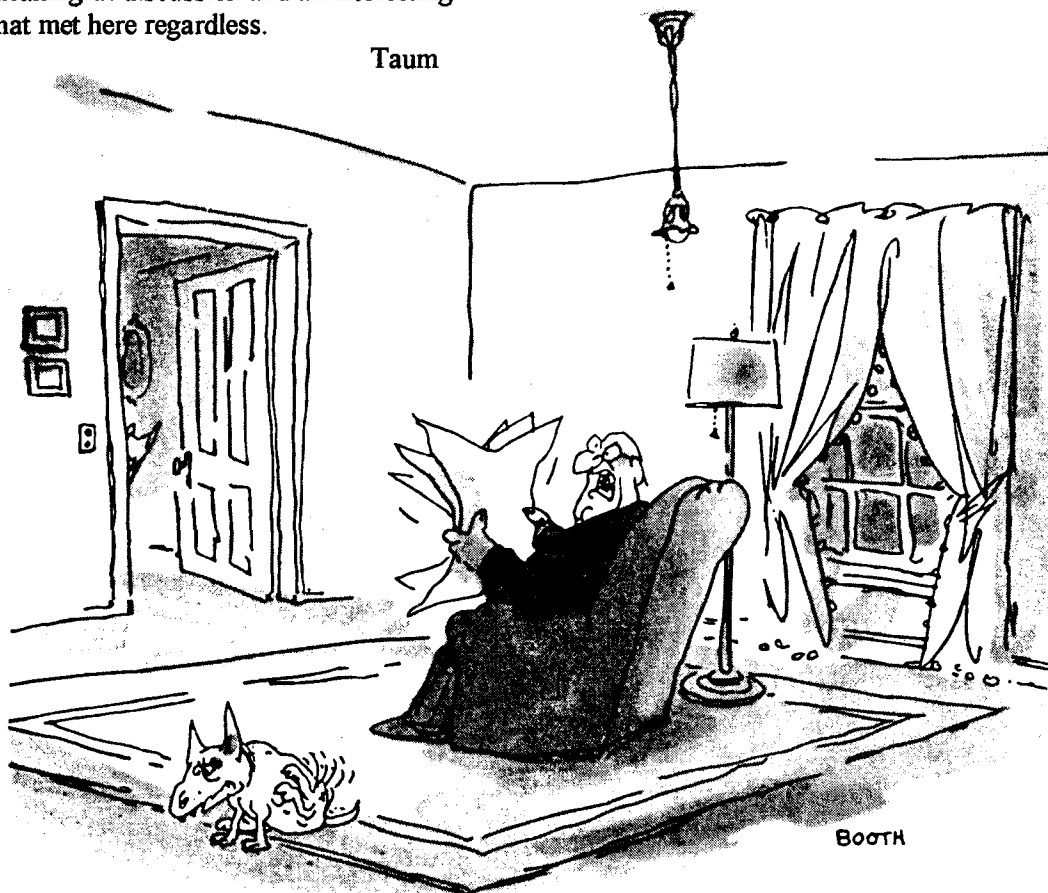
We gathered on the steps of Carnegie a 7 am.
Sssome haaad been here earlier. As we waited, six
rivers of the world dried up.

“Do you have a quarter?”

“I cutt my finger and need a pop.”

Aat 7:30 we left. The bus never arrived. But it
was a meaningful discussion and an interesting
group that met here regardless.

Taum



*“Td just like to know what in hell is happening, that’s all! Td like to know what
in hell is happening! Do you know what in hell is happening?”*