

FREE - donations accepted

# Carnegie



## NEWSLETTER

JANUARY 15, 2000

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

**Carnegie, as a Community Centre,  
has been here for**

# 20



# years!

**IT'S THE YEAR 2000. DEAL WITH IT.**

- Princess Margaret

## UP-COMING PRIORITIES

The early priorities on my plate for the beginning of a new year at Carnegie are three:

- \* Launching a Carnegie mission statement with Board, staff, volunteers, members
- \* Preparing a submission for renewed funding for the Street Program as part of an overall strategy for substance abuse in the community (a workshop with Street Program staff, advisory committee members, people at the corner, and security representation will be held January 12 to start this process). Of course the Program's focus is not exclusively on substance abuse - all its roles and benefits will be considered in the submission to the City.
- \* Reviewing our building security operations (with security and information staff and others). The focus will be on the three key roles performed under often challenging circumstances by our first floor staff: public relations; safety; and security. Your ideas, comments will be most welcome.

Michael Clague

**Come and join us for Carnegie's  
20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration!!**

***JANUARY 20<sup>th</sup>, 2000***

***1 - 4 p.m.***

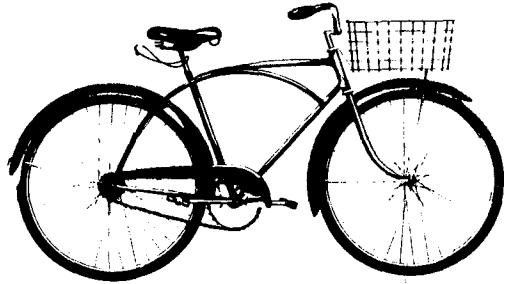
**entertainment, info displays, open  
house with snacks throughout the**

**Centre - 1-3 pm**

**Speakers and a humongous cake in  
the Theatre - 3pm**

***Dance with Ray Condo  
in the theatre 7-10pm***

***EVERYONE WELCOME!!!***



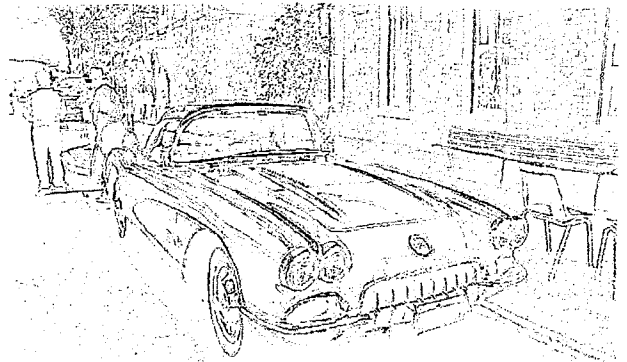
## CREATING A MISSION STATEMENT FOR CARNEGIE

A mission statement is a simple declaration of who we are, what we are about, and what we value. It's an important reminder to ourselves, to members and the public about those things that make Carnegie such a special place.

Creating a mission statement provides an opportunity for all the different sectors of Carnegie to work together in drafting a shared vision for our work: members, volunteers, board, staff - and the public. The Carnegie Board has approved the creation of a small work group to prepare a plan for how as many people as possible can be involved in creating the mission statement. This plan will then be widely circulated for comments and suggestions, - and then the process will begin.

Margaret Prevost and Alicia Mercurio are the Board members on the work group. When the other members have been confirmed the first meeting will be held.

If you have ideas for a mission statement, for how people can be involved in creating it and are interested in assisting yourself, please let me know: Michael Clague, Director (Tel: 665-3301 or drop in to my office on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor).



**Editor,**

I enjoyed the Dec. 15<sup>th</sup> issue of the Carnegie Newsletter. Chili Bob's panhandling efforts, Tony Loomes poem The Mighty Car, I.G.'s "A Christmas on the Eastside"; also the "heart" of Sam Roddan. Yours is a newsletter I am proud to be a part of. (Please don't be slighted if I didn't mention everyone)

Everything contributes to this newsletter; it is human; it is real people doing their part.

Wilhelmina caught my attention in "Food. The stuff of Life." She says that an Anglican clergyman from an underclass parish in England recently proclaimed, from his pulpit, that it "was not a sin to steal food if you are hungry."

I don't think people are going to go out en masse and steal because of this. I believe the clergy was referring to Proverbs, chapter 6, verse 30:

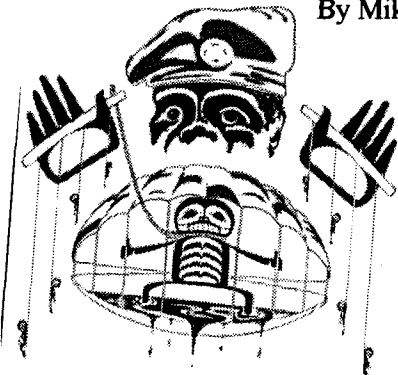
Men do not despise a thief if he steals to satisfy his soul when he is hungry.

The Church isn't sanctioning theft, and any judge will certainly 'sanction' anyone caught stealing whether poor or not. The next verse says that 'if he be found [caught] he shall restore sevenfold; he shall give all the substance of his house.' Stealing food is serious but not a sin.

Wilhelmina's article touches on other serious aspects of food – the denaturing, the threat to health and even survival through corporate farming practices. Causing people to starve because of attention to profit margins rather than life is a sin.

I know I missed the deadline for the special Millennium Issue. Happy New Year.

By Mike Bohnert



### Women's Memorial March February 14, 2000

This annual march is sponsored by organizations and individuals in the Downtown Eastside to commemorate the women who die each year due to violence in our community. Although this event is organized by women, we encourage the entire community to make a clear and public stance against violence against women.

We are writing to ask for your support in three ways:

1. Place purple ribbons\* in your windows or in a prominent place in your agency with a clear statement of your agencies' commitment to fight violence against women wherever, whenever and however it occurs. Place the poster, which we will supply, in a prominent place where people can put the names of women they have known who have gone missing or died.
2. Discuss the issue of violence against women with your staff and clients. Bring as many members as possible to the march.
3. Make a donation, either financial or through providing gifts such as blankets, arts & crafts, tobacco, beaded items or medicine bags

The opening prayers will start at 12:00 PM at the Carnegie Community Centre. The March begins at 1:00 PM. Native elders will lead the walk, stopping at locations around the Downtown Eastside where women have died.. to smudge the area and leave a rose. We will reach Oppenheimer Park for prayers and to light candles by 2:30 PM and finish the March at 3:00 with food and drumming at the Japanese language Hall, 475 Alexander Street.

To order display ribbons, flyers or posters, or for more information, call Marlene at 681-4786 or Breaking the Silence Against Violence Against Women at 682-3269 #8319

All my relations,  
Marlene Trick



## In Searching For...

A baby wolf searching for his mom's nurture  
 There are times we weep in our heart  
 To find what we need, however, the joy  
 and pain flow within our body.

Family of wolves playing in a field of flowers  
 There are times we seek in our body  
 To find what we have within, hence, the beauty  
 and compassion flow through our body.

A baby wolf learning to hunt from aunties & uncles  
 There are things we weep in our mind  
 To find what we know, thus, the knowledge  
 and wisdom flow within our body.

Family of wolves howling in the moonlight  
 There are times we weep in our spirit  
 To find our balance, still, the harmony  
 and prayers flow within our body.

Priscillia (stay beautiful)

*Dedicated to Ziggy & the rest of you beautiful people.  
 The beauty is within.*

## C'mas Parti

"Time to stimulate the nucleus acumulus," says Jim. "If I activate the pleasure centres of the brain I can motivate myself to get out there n' make some money."

I gives him a coffee ticket. "Here, have a coffee"  
 "Yeah. Oh Wow! That should help! I have a good feeling today!!"

Me too. We're having a sleep-over at Carnegie. The Dance was well-attended. Coffees from Egor. "Let's hope it's a good one without any fear."

Guess who has a new pair of glasses? It's been 4 years and the bandaids have finally come off.

Snacks and food for free. Ghee - that's kinda hard to beat. Busfare? You can't lose.

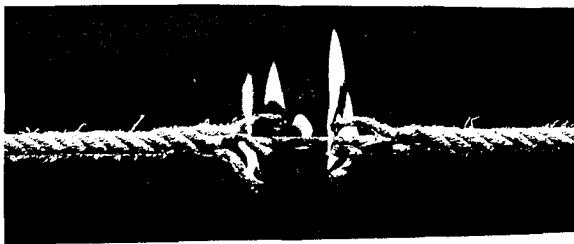
Taum



## The Thousand Crowns

Jason Olson

Kings & Queens will bow before me  
 Presidents will salute me  
 The right ones will fall back in respect  
 And the wrong one will praise me  
 Bishops & Popes will try to assassinate me  
 And lose their heads over it  
 For they know I am right and they are wrong  
 Ministers & Nuns will do hits for me  
 The four horsemen will dance for me  
 Hookers will hang with me  
 Teachers will try to get with me  
 And the wise will fear me  
 And the weak will be strong  
 And the strong will be weak  
 And I can hear the thousands  
 Cry out from both sides  
 Children and women and men  
 Crying out for being robbed of their crowns  
 Now they weep for giving up on themselves  
 Gods will fear me because they know  
 The Power of my Crown  
 The evil will slither like a snake  
 Beneath my feet  
**I WILL STAND MY GROUND  
 FOR MY CROWN**



### The Junkie

One rainy day the junkie sat next to the window lookin' out of his hotel room down on rain-soaked Hastings St. below. He had half a gram of cocaine and a paper of heroin prepared within 2 syringes sitting on the table next to him.

After another thoughtful look he picked up the cocaine needle and steadied it, aiming the point well into a vein resting on the outstretched crook of his arm. Recalling the drug-using world of Sigmund Freud's day, and the first page of *The Sign of Four* with Sherlock Holmes, he "flagged" the needle, watching as the chamber of the syringe filled with red blood liquid. He depressed the plunger.

For a fraction of a second he wondered if he got ripped off. Then. An electric shiver. A sweet dizziness and already he could feel his pulse quicken and his breath deepen. His heart was hammering now and his lungs seemed to rise into his throat. His ears filled with the sound of a thousand loud rolling kettle drums and the peal of a thousand waterfalls. This cascaded to a multi-sensory experience of orgasmic proportions and he actually believed that he was undergoing a religious experience (and who is to say he wasn't?) This went on for 3 minutes!

Yet, in the very next second following, the junkie felt a distinct diminishing of that blissful rapture. The neurons in his brain were not screaming nearly as loudly and, as he put his finger to his jugular vein, he could feel his pulse subside to its normal rate. But now he felt the other side of the erythroxylin pendulum. Anxiety waves started washing over his moods. Hastings Street looked hostile, menacing and dangerous. He was not a Christian but felt that he'd 'sinned'. Depressed, paranoid and suffused with an all-over speedy

5.



STOP DUCK  
START

kind of jittery, 'Now is the time for the heroin,' he thought.

Trembling slightly, he managed to find an unused portion of a vein farther up his arm with the other spike. Hitting home he sighed, tilted his head back and waited for the soporific tide of the opiate to permeate his body. Like the first five minutes upon awakening, like the last five before sleep but prolonged for hours, the consolation of heroin served to wash away the unpleasant aftereffects of coke.

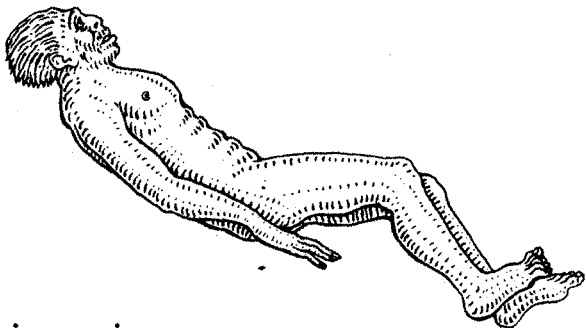
Narcoleptic spasms racked his body and he was nodding in an effort to stay awake and to look alert, but he didn't notice. He felt happy just the way he was, except for a slight nausea. The sleepy feeling deepened, but he felt that he didn't give in to sleep.

He thought of the passing of time. Then he was walking in the passing meadows of the countryside he had known in his youth. He was kissing the lips of his girlfriend as he lay naked with her in the meadow. As he leaned closer to kiss her, her body, his vision, the room melted and blended together in a kind of heat, but then this heat expanded in all directions and was transformed into a glowing ball of bright golden light.

About half a week later, after knocking and getting no answer, the landlord had allowed the police and paramedics into his room. His death was declared accidental and another unmarked coroner's van rolled out of the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver.

Every year dozens of people die from using intravenous drugs. The best solution is not to use such drugs at all. But, if you feel that you must, then take the proper precautions.

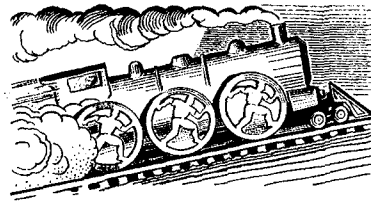
DEAN KO



## war in america

hitching from los angeles to san francisco  
made it to paso robles  
standing in front of a sign which said  
**NO HITCHHIKING BEYOND THIS POINT**  
so i was all right  
a good spot  
cars whizzing by  
and a wide shoulder for them to pull over  
2 police cars braked to a stop in front of me  
just to check my i.d. i figured  
but the cop out of the nearest cruiser  
swaggered towards me  
and said  
“from the other side of the road  
i didn’t know whether to come over here  
and jump you or rape you” -  
my long hair musta confused him  
but what could i say?  
“let me think about that choice for awhile?”  
i had a small valise with me  
the cop began going through it  
he looked up at me and said  
“what if i find marijuana in here?”  
“i don’t have any” i said  
“yeah” he said “but what if i find some?”  
“i don’t have any,” i repeated  
“yeah” he replied  
“but what if i find some!”  
oh  
it finally dawned on me  
he was a magician  
he was a cop  
he could do anything he wanted  
anytime to anyone  
including finding marijuana  
where there wasn’t any  
“i don’t know what if you find some” i said  
“what’s the matter” he asked me

“don’t you use it?”  
“no” i said  
“why not” he said “everybody else does?”  
i had no response to that either  
then he dumped the valise upside down  
on the hood of his squad car  
turned to me and said  
“take everything out of your pockets  
and put it on the hood”  
i had a few coins  
and half a pack of cigarettes  
in my jeans pockets  
and there was a book  
in the inside pocket  
of the coat i was wearing  
i reached for it  
both cops drew their guns  
and pointed them at me  
“hold it right there!” one of them said  
“whaddayou got in there?”  
“a book” i said  
“a book!” he exclaimed  
like he never heard of one before  
“take it out slowly” he said  
so i did  
and put it on the hood  
the other cop picked up a notebook  
i’d been writing poems in  
he opened it  
read a couple lines out loud  
they both laughed  
he snapped the spine in 2  
pages fluttered loose  
he emptied my pack of cigarettes  
and broke them into pieces  
examining them  
i assumed  
for marijuana  
and the cop said  
“you know we could take you  
out in the desert right now  
and shoot you  
and no one would ever know”  
he stood there  
he grinned at me



waiting for me to say something  
 but what the fuck  
 can you say to that?  
     he scared me though  
 and he knew it  
     he liked it that i was scared  
 he said  
     “we’re gonna have to  
 strip you bare ass naked  
 get in the car”  
 i got in the car  
     in the front seat  
 he was behind the wheel  
     the other cop shoved in behind me  
     the one grabbed my hair  
     and hauled me by it, under the steering wheel  
 the other cop yanked my pants down  
     he used a long slender metal flashlight  
     and shoved it  
     right up my ass  
 it hurt and i jerked  
     my head hit the steering column  
     the cop pulled my hair harder  
     and said  
 “what’d you find? nothin huh?”  
 all right” he said  
 and let me sit up  
     the other cop got out of the car  
     the cop started the engine  
     he said  
 “you better get that shit  
     off the hood of my car  
 or i’m gonna take it with me”  
     he pressed down on the gas pedal  
     i jumped out  
     i held my pants with one hand  
 and tried to sweep my things off the hood  
 with the other  
 they roared away  
     fishtailing in the gravel  
 on the shoulder of the highway  
     little stones spit back into me

they were gone  
 and i’m standing there  
 my things all over the place  
 i looked up at the blank blue sky  
 i gathered my stuff  
 put my clothes back together  
 stuck out my thumb  
 i was rattled  
 definitely rattled  
     but a. mustang stopped for me rightaway  
     it’s an awol soldier  
     hurrying to fort ord  
 “get in” he said. “grab a beer”  
     the backseat was full of 6 packs  
     “okay thanks” i said  
     he drove like a maniac  
  
 i sat back  
     and relaxed

Bud Osborn

**millennium cactus**

**January, 2000**  
**and the millennium cactus**  
**brings forth its flowers**  
**pink, mauve and white**  
**strange petals**  
**singing a song**  
**that children sing.**

**These petals are wings**  
**that lift me**  
**into Chief Joseph’s vision,**  
**“The earth and myself**  
**are of one mind.”**  
**We know this**  
**in the Downtown Eastside**  
**singing a song**  
**that children sing.**

**Sandy Cameron**



## Health & Fitness

on Tuesdays @ 6pm  
Carnegie Community Centre  
Classroom 2, 3rd floor

**January 18. Tony Murgui**, kitchen wizard extraordinaire, is going to show us how to perform miracles with only a 2 burner hotplate and a very small amount of money.

**January 25. Dr. Mike Burns** of the Main St. Clinic...will be talking about arthritis, depression, diabetes, hormones, endorphins, menopause, osteoporosis and epilepsy plus answering any questions you may have.

**FREE**

run for you life  
682-3269 box 9126

## Reading Room News

Greetings everyone! My name is Dick Turner and I'm the new and temporary branch-head of the Reading Room. I'm sorry it's taken me so long to introduce myself to you. By now many of you will have seen me in the library, librarying away. Please come in, have a look and say 'Hello' I'll be here until the end of September, 2000, when Mary will return to the fold from a temporary stint at Strathcona.

Ruth-McGibbon, Carnegie Board Member and chairperson of the Library Committee, and I will take turns writing a small column for the newsletter. That way, you'll always have some word of what's going on in the Library

First is the resurrection of the Carnegie Book Club! Both Ruth and I have heard from several people that they've missed it. We'd like very much to be involved with this kind of club, so Ruth and I will be hosting an initial meeting on Monday, February 7<sup>th</sup> at 3:00pm in the Art Gallery on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor.

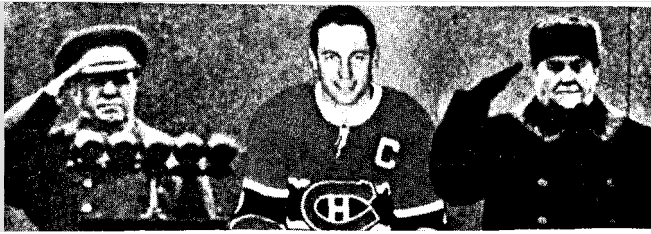
An incident happened in the Reading Room a

few days ago that we want to share with you. A thoughtful gentleman brought us two large plastic shopping bags full of books he'd found in some of the local watering holes. The books were all in very good condition, but they were all Carnegie Reading Room books and not one of them had been checked out. We're just a little bit concerned about security, as you can imagine.

The whole point of the Reading Room is to share the material – once it's been legitimately used to return it so others can make use of it too. For example, if you find a terrific book about your special interest, check it out on your (Carnegie or VPL) library card, take it, enjoy it, but then *please, please* bring it back so someone else can have the same enjoyment and benefit as you. Just taking the item means that only one person gets the benefit and enjoyment from it, and no one else. Remember, we are just caretakers of all the material you see in the Reading Room.

If anyone of you sees a lost Carnegie book anywhere during your travels, we would be most grateful if you'd bring it back to us, so everyone else can look at too.





I work very hard as a poet to express my thoughts, feelings, observations and experiences on paper. Much time and thought goes into my writing. Each letter, capitalized or not, each word, the positioning of each word on a page, each space, punctuation; all of these are involved in a decision-making process to give form and substance to each poem. When, after all the time, thought and effort, a poem has been published, to see that body of work, that creation changed without being consulted can be greatly distressing. What would have been the outcome if Einstein's work had been changed without consulting him; What of Madam Currie's work? Beethoven's fifth Symphony? The Charter of Rights? The Declaration of Independence? A body of work so carefully, lovingly, painstakingly and thoughtfully prepared must be respected.

Anita Stevens

Gremlins come in many forms: glitches in the system, viruses in the computer, coffee grounds in the cup, eggshells in the eggs, and the Bulletin Board Ghost.

This ghost waits for one of us information fools to put up a notice then rips it off. Notices for important meetings are taken down before the meeting – information is removed before it can be informative.

Rumour has it that it's someone's 'job' to clean the bulletin boards, but this insidious stuff is more likely being done by someone in the employ of 'yer honor' Phil Owen or the 'moral right'. God forbid that the evil addicts or slovenly poor should know about A.A. or N.A., seniors' programs or movies, HIV/AIDS support groups or pottery!

Who is the bulletin board vandal??

Carol R.

[Hepatitis support group is Monday, 6-8 pm]

DIVISIONS

Daniel Rajala

So we divide the years  
Into days and months  
Times that were special  
Times we like to forget  
What causes me to fall

I can also triumph over  
Looking for the real me  
Without deciding what is  
wrong and what is right

and we wonder what is it  
That part in me I don't like  
I have to learn to love  
The same world I live in  
Is also where I have sinned

We decide what to change  
What should stay the same  
Especially moments like this  
Just before the year 2000.

Dear Dean,

Thank you so much for your very thoughtful and common sense letter on marijuana, and our antiquated laws that are illogical, and in some cases harmful.

I have visited the Compassion Club and believe they provide very important medical help for people suffering from disease and pain.

I have pushed very hard in Ottawa and advocated for reform of our drug laws, and I will continue to do this. I have also worked to get badly needed help for injection drug users in the Downtown Eastside by pushing for a heroin maintenance program, and better treatment, health care and housing.

I do think there are growing numbers of people who recognize that we need drug law reform; so your letter helps me keep the pressure on the government. I have attached some excerpts from Parliament for your information.

Thanks for taking the time to write. I always read your articles in the Carnegie Newsletter

Sincerely,  
Libby Davies, MP



### from the suicide ward #2

a woman  
who sat in silence  
slumped  
rocking slightly  
and weeping  
in group therapy  
everyday  
smashed jagged glass  
out of her bathroom mirror  
and slashed herself  
because she was told  
she wasn't getting any better  
and had to go home  
to her  
white suburban middleclass  
family

but after  
her violent revolt  
she looked radiant  
and defiant  
and was very friendly  
and outgoing  
because she was told  
that now  
she couldn't  
go  
back  
home

Bud Osborn

### to a comrade

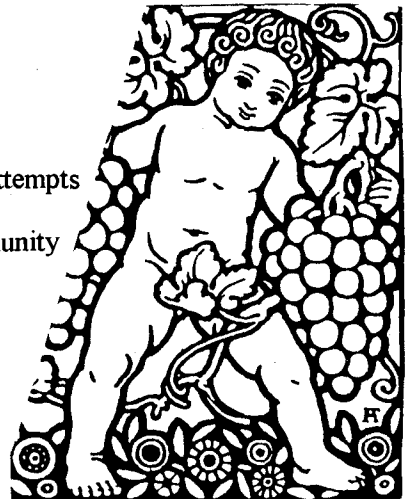
you said it was your worst moment  
a year ago  
surrounded  
by prominent members of our community  
who were calling  
for your head or at least  
the ultimate punishment  
a community can inflict  
banishment

and there you were  
given a moment  
to speak  
and instead of defending yourself  
or attacking your accusers  
spoke  
hopefully  
that from all the trouble  
a stronger community would emerge

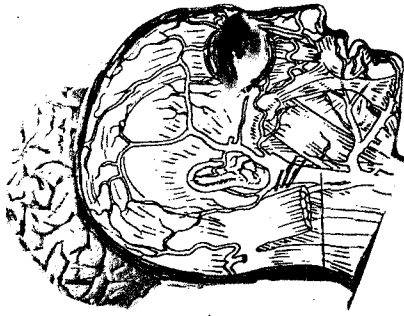
i watched you return to your seat  
below where i stood  
in the crowded balcony  
you were wearing a long dress  
and though i didn't know you then  
admit having  
sexual thoughts  
even in the midst  
of such intense politics  
and i wondered  
how shapely your legs were

and now  
a year later  
the tension  
anxiety  
and fear  
arising from our attempts  
to help  
a brutalized community  
relents  
for one  
glorious moment

your long legs  
wrap  
decisively  
around me



Bud Osborn



## Some Thoughts On Effective Drug Education in Schools

Drug education in schools is not a new idea, although effective drug education programs are hard to find. In the Adolescent Survey, 1987, by R. Chamberlayne, 67.8 percent of students in B.C. reported that they had no more than two classes in drug and alcohol education in their lives.

The main idea of traditional drug education programs was abstinence: a "Just Say No" approach. It was believed that only total abstinence could save an individual from inevitable destruction, and a major method used to convey this message was fear. (1) Research, and our own experience, show that the "Just Say No" approach doesn't work, not taking into account the social and

economic forces behind drug misuse. Research also shows that using fear to scare people from using drugs is not effective. We live in a drug society, and students see adults using licit (and illicit) drugs all the time. They want an intelligent approach to drugs, not one based on fear or panic.

Why should we - all of us including parents and their children - be concerned about effective drug education programs? First of all, we live in a drug society with drug stores everywhere. Advertisements come at us like cruise missiles seeking our inner vulnerability. The ads tell us that we're incomplete human beings unless we buy this quick fix or that quick fix - a brand name pair of jeans, a certain kind of alcohol, or an over-the-counter or prescription drug. Most drugs in our addicted society are licit. Some are illicit. The abuse of two licit drugs, alcohol and tobacco, causes more death and destruction than all the illicit drugs put together.

Secondly, the war on drugs hasn't worked. It has criminalized and marginalized ill people. It has forced the drug trade underground. It has taken the money that should have gone to a wide range of treatment and follow-up programs, and spent it on more police and more prisons. After twenty years of the war on drugs, the United

trouble

i lay in bed hearing the horrid shrieks of someone being stabbed and it's no big deal... common... all night long violence cuts through the air to my ears and it's just part of the usual soundscape... the music of home... i dream of kitchens where salads are tossed through waves of sitar and songbirds, yet am grateful for charity hot dogs through suffering lineups that smell like shit... am grateful for my hotel

room with a tub and no roaches...

am grateful...

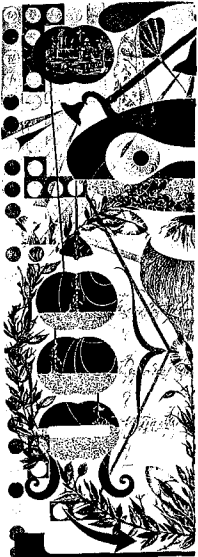
having seen what i've seen and knowing what i know would it be possible to lay by a window by a quiet clean street and ever be used to it?...

would gratitude grow in proportion to my standard of living and would i leap naked 'cross the floor dialing frantically urgent 911

crying "there's trouble across town!?"...

trouble in the downtown east side...

jiang chang



States has the most catastrophic drug problem and the highest rate of throwing people in jail of all the industrial nations.(2)

Thirdly, the HIV/AIDS epidemic, first noticed among drug users in 1983-84, pushed the need for alternatives to drug policies based on prohibition. Public health and safety became the major concern, and health care workers and police began to see drug addiction as a serious health concern that is inappropriately dealt with by the criminal justice system. (3)

Fourthly, there has been an upward trend in drug use among youth and adults in Canada, the United States and Great Britain in the last few years. This trend may be global as the drug most used by the world's ten to thirty million street children is glue. Most young people in Canada use at least one drug - alcohol, tobacco, caffeine (in many soft drinks as well as tea and coffee), and cannabis being the main ones. Therefore, the principle of only two choices, abstinence or abuse, has to be

challenged. The concern now becomes not only the prevalence of use, but the harmful consequences of use. (4)

These four concerns will help shape an effective drug education program for schools.

By SANDY CAMERON  
to be continued

### References

(1)Rosenbaum, Marsha, Safety First: A Reality-Based Approach to Teens, Drugs and Drug Education, The Lindesmith Centre — West, San Francisco, 1999.

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

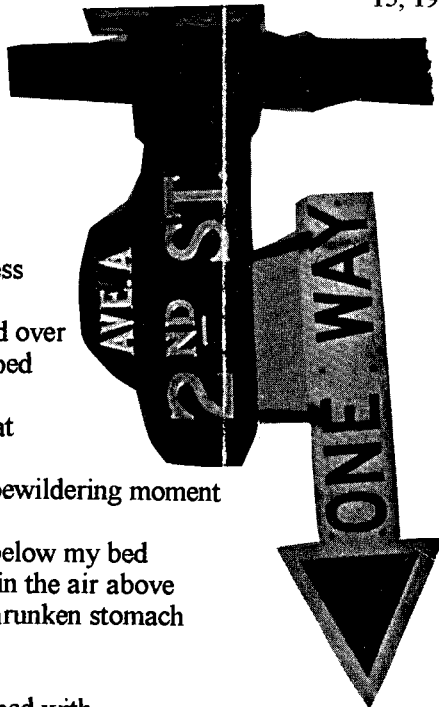
(3)MacPherson, Donald, Comprehensive Systems Of Care For Drug Users in Switzerland and Frankfurt, Germany, Social Planning Department, City of Vancouver, 1999.

(4)Poulin, C. & Elliott, D., "Alcohol, tobacco and cannabis use among Nova Scotia adolescents: implications for prevention and harm reduction," Canadian Medical Association Journal, vol. 156, May 15, 1997.

to seek

45 years old  
broke and homeless  
and waking up  
like death warmed over  
in another detox bed  
breathing pain  
each drop of sweat  
hopeless  
but for one long bewildering moment  
hunger  
rose like a flood below my bed  
burst into flames in the air above  
deeper than my shrunken stomach  
hunger  
howled out  
and left me burdened with  
appetite

Bud Osborn



poem found  
on the 100-block  
east hastings street  
19 january 1999





# A TALE OF TWO SOCCER MOMS...



**(coffee) + (ideas)**  
: a discussion group

## On a Three Dog Night

On a three dog night I met a man with three dogs  
 Quietly shivering on the cold concrete  
 By contrast their master's hand was warm  
 In fear and hope that they would be gone  
 when I returned from shopping  
 I approached the corner but they were still there  
 I nervously offered a meal for him and the dogs  
 He only wanted a shower.  
 Reluctantly they came to my warm and cozy room  
 The dogs loved it, but the master was nervous  
 He did not take a shower  
 Even I know the folly of showering  
 under these conditions -  
 If you sleep in the cold you cannot afford the  
 luxury of cleanliness  
 Pneumonia lies down that path.

He left, refusing tea or coffee. Only water, he said  
 I think the dogs would've stayed. I wanted them to.  
 But they keep him warm...  
 It was a three dog night.

Wilhelmina

Every Tuesday, 7 to 9 PM

Carnegie Centre 3rd floor  
 moderator: Nathan Popkin

**BOOKS, VIDEOS, GUEST SPEAKERS**  
**BRING YOUR ENERGY & YOUR IDEAS!**

- |   |
|---|
| <p>Jan 18 - Edward Shaffer<br/>         Oil and the Middle East</p> <p>Jan 25 - Jay Hamburger<br/>         Poetry, Drama and Politics</p> <p>Feb 1 - Ernest Heikkanen<br/>         The Politics of Publishing</p> |
|---|

## REFRESHMENTS SERVED

For those of you who didn't get your millennium article in for the extremely rare Millennium Issue of the *Carnegie Newsletter*, too bad. Deadline for the next one is December 30, 2999.

**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 - 5:45 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  
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FREE - donations accepted

# Carnegie

## NEWSLETTER

101 Main Street, Vancouver V6P 1T7 (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  
 January 29, Monday. 3**

[carnnews@direct.ca](mailto:carnnews@direct.ca)

**The Downtown Eastside Residents Association can help you with:**

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

**DERA**

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

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

**DERA has been serving the Downtown Eastside for 25 YEARS!**



## IN THE DUMPSTER

*binner@ycn.bc.ca*

Greetings fellow bidders & bidderettes:

Say what? Year 2000 already? Wow! I had a Good Christmas, I must say. After video taping all the happenings at Carnegie on Christmas Eve, I finally copped some good old shuteye. I then went to the celebration army (the salvation navy was closed.) After pigging out on turkey dinner and apple pie with whip cream, I went home and unwrapped the usual \$250 of Christmas presents I bought myself. This year I made sure I was extra ripped when I went shopping so that I wouldn't remember what I bought. Trashhopper and Tom Lewis would have been very proud. I then went to Carnegie to enjoy Christmas and the 3 pm dinner.

All of you who knew me last xmas know the difference in me; still, it's a long haul from the crap that was renting space in my head.

Anyway on New Year's Eve there was karaoke in the senior's lounge; three cheers for Tony Dunne who MC'd the event and to Andy for singing along. As for Kai and Stacy's duet, I want my money back as they were a no show. In all fairness they and all the staff and Volunteers (a special thanks to *Santa*) deserve a real round of applause. *Clapclap*

This is the first year on record Mr. McBinner didn't partake in getting the swine flue. But in all seriousness there is a bad flu bug out there that has killed, so please look after yourselves.

Thanks to Earl Peach we were once again treated to the "Jewish Folk Choir." Also a thank you to the street program, flutist Colleen Muriel, Sandy from the Senior's lounge, the Solstice Singers, the Section 8 Band and Egor.

I won the dork er door prize at the dance, a glass mug with butterscotch lifesavers. Plus I won a

New Year's dinner ticket from the senior's draw. Year 2000 also brings in a new law. No smoking. I haven't smoked since Oct.31/86, but it has me smoking mad. One may not smoke in any public place but one can purchase almost any drug or buy sex from children without fear of the law. Have an excellent year and hey! Let's be careful out there.

By Mr. McBINNER

**\*\*From the offices of Dick Wad - The Top Ten.**

10/ In just two days tomorrow will be yesterday  
9/ I wanted to be a procrastinator but never got around to it.

8/ My friend has kleptomania. When it gets bad he takes something for it.

7/ Love is grand; divorce is 10 grand.

6/ Mayors and diapers have something in common  
They both need changing regularly and for the same reason.

5/ A 2 lb. box of candy makes you gain 5 lbs.

4/ Time is a great healer but a poor beautician.

3/ Age doesn't always bring wisdom, age comes alone.

2/ Life not only begins at forty, it begins to show.

1/ It's all mind over matter, if you have no mind it won't matter.

Neighbourhood News

By PAULR TAYLOR

\* The Downtown Eastside Residents Association (DERA) had a community feast on New Year's Eve day from noon until about 4 o'clock. Terry Hanley is the executive officer at Dera. Back in the summer, she had an idea that people in the Downtown Eastside generally get seconds - day-old, culls, donated stuff - in daily line-ups so let's have a barbecue and serve steak! with baked potatoes, sour cream, and stuff.

Terry's partner, Eric Stamp, is from the Cree Nation in Alberta. Eric went back to Alberta and hunted with a friend, getting moose, elk and deer, going through 3 trucks, getting seriously ill, relatives and old friends dying and respect for tradition while December 31 kept coming...

The story was in the *Vancouver Sun* (sometimes

a reporter or three gets decent) and dozens of volunteers pitched in with labour and money and in-kind stuff to turn out over 1300 top quality steaks. According to all reports the line of people

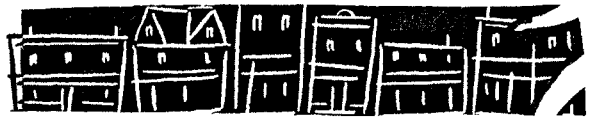


never stopped. When it got down to just 50 steaks left, the hundred or so people still in line were okay with that, getting extra potatoes and stuff.

The Mayor got his picture taken, staying for an hour rather than the 15 minutes promised; one of the judges who came to the dinner in Carnegie a few weeks ago brought his wife and barbequed for 4 hours straight (steaks, not her) and then made a donation of \$500. A couple of longshoremen came at 7am, just getting off a graveyard shift, and proceeded to fix everything that didn't work yet. It made the heavy rain just another part of a great day in Ye Olde Doontoon Eside.

\* The proposed Resource Centre for drug users is going to the Development Permit Board. Those supporting it have mostly done their homework or have first-hand experience with the crying need for such a place. An open house at the facility was a forum for concerns and questions on who would run it, what kind of operation it would be, what precautions and safety issues needed clarification.. What also came out was virulent opposition from people who see nothing but disaster, who will see their property become worthless, a neighbourhood overrun with drugged crazies and abandonment by any and all authorities. Both sides, both points of view have some merit, but it quickly becomes apparent who is being purposely blind.

\* A handful of business owners in Strathcona used what influence they have to get Council to vote on the formation of an official business improvement association. The public wording was valid only on the principle of encouraging business.. of keeping and improving local business endeavours. Very few community groups were even aware of this BIA proposal coming before Council. Frank



Gilbert, DERA organizer and community relations officer, spoke in favour of the general principle of improving business but condemned the budget item of \$80,000 specifically for rent-a-cops. The *Sun* of course reported this as "DERA in favour" and other community activists used the opportunity to bash DERA. (It's a favoured pastime.. hohum)

The direct wording of the Strathcona Area Merchants Society (SAMS) has attacks on prostitution, drug trafficking, B&E's, 24-hour stores, ... but the language makes it obvious that the proponents, like the owner of the Patricia Hotel (who evicted Olaf Solheim for Expo and he just died of confusion) want "zero tolerance, no undesirables, absolute refusal to allow any drug or alcohol treatment facilities and, (of course) decentralization of social services. "Why should everything be located here(sic)!!!"

\* Community Directions held 2 workshops on the concept of community economic development, one in December and the second in January. Mike Lewis was the resource person, having years of direct experience in community enterprise. The most basic concepts – economics, profit, assets, credit, research & planning and infrastructure – were all explored with applications towards what is happening with individuals and organisations right now. There are some basic differences between local people working for the betterment of their surroundings and 'experts' descending with crackerjack revitalization schemes. Timetables and funding deadlines are still trying to control agendas, but it remains to be seen how the Downtown Eastside & Strathcona areas will meet the challenge of slobbering speculators ready to sacrifice anything for a quick buck. The matters of import include acquiring land for good, low-cost housing, preventing displacement and permitting endeavours that don't cater to gentrification. The first principle is and remains developing our own plan.

Ken Lyotier, mover & shaker at United We Can, has been appointed to the Vancouver/Richmond Health Board. Congratulations! Get as much advice and preparation as possible from former members. Word has it that it is or can be a snakepit. Talk to Deb Mearns and Bud Osborn.



## East End Easy

Easy to just be, so difficult to die  
Comin' down too fast.. slow it down  
Tough to act upon – try harder  
Freewheelin' round the asphalt  
Rose buds, gritty grayish, empty.  
I will not enlist in your class war.  
Ever. Be off with you. Exit.  
Beyond my reality... please.  
With all due respect to your demons,  
I can create my own dreams, casting  
my being to the stellars of my choice,  
stars that you have never heard of,  
that you cannot even comprehend  
with your shriveled, closed mind.  
Be kind to someone at least once  
in your dreary, chilling, throwaway life  
Save your flickering spirit.  
Try it. You can't buy it.  
I will wait for you  
(I am very, very patient)

Display your face; stroll out of the mist;  
Be accountable.. true to yourself.  
You will be heard with respect.  
[We aren't going anywhere for the time being]  
Always to be in your murky shadows  
as well as a piercing light  
blinding your tunnel vision forever.  
I always knew, deep down  
- a diamond in a lump of coal  
Your release, your emancipation is critical  
What was that!?

Thank you / you're more than welcome /  
(that wasn't as hard as you thought, was it).  
Easy does it.. everything, my friend.

Robyn Livingstone

## An obituary

Roderick MacIsaac passed away December 15,  
1999 at the age of 79. He is survived by his son  
Roderick and many relatives and friends.

**GO WILD AND LIVE FREE**

## Healing Prayer

Mother Earth  
Father Sky  
Sister Wind  
Brother Sea

Crystal of Stone  
Feather of Eagle  
Wand of Light  
Help set us free



## Ring out wild bells

Come New Year's and once again I wince at  
Father Time. The born-again babe, the worn-thin  
myths. Then I hear the bells.. remember long, lost  
friends.. marvel at the blest who still hold fast to  
indestructible dreams.

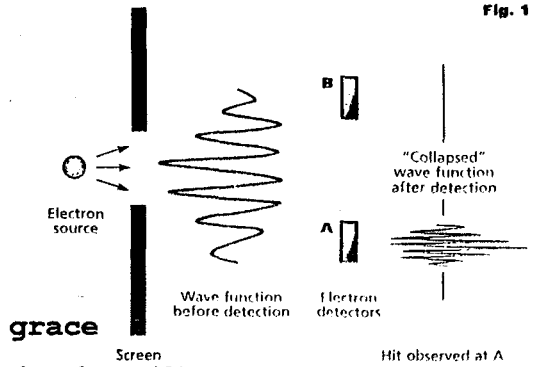
Sam Roddan



### 'Twas The Night Before Cheque Day

'Twas the night before cheque day  
 When all through the house  
 Not a creature was stirring  
 not even a mouse.  
 The money I get is so meager  
 It's not fair  
 I have holes in my socks  
 And the cupboards are bare.  
 Santa was here with 12 little helpers  
 To brighten up Xmas he let out a yelper –  
 "... on Donner, on Cupid,  
 on Blitzen and Dasher.  
 It's Main & Hastings," he groaned,  
 "Good God, there's a flasher!"  
 Some of the people here are so sick  
 The bughouse (Riverview) has closed  
 We get the short end of the stick.  
 Carnegie! Carnegie! –  
 That fair damsel in distress  
 has been my life saver  
 when I was a mess.  
 "... It will never shut down.."  
 I cry to anyone who can hear-  
 "Xmas has arrived"  
 so let's break out some cheer.  
 "... on Prancer, on Dancer..."  
 There's Parliament Hill  
 We're off to get Libby (Davies)  
 She's needed here still.  
 I'm moving out of this old neighbourhood  
 It's been a hard teacher  
 but I prefer the soft woods (forest)  
 I've pounded the pavement  
 When my bus pass was not near  
 So I think I'll help Santa (Libby)  
 and her eight tiny reindeer.

Larry Mousseau



grace  
 she asks me if i yet  
 know the meaning of life  
 we talk of love and god and  
 how misfit we are and wonder  
 why coke and heroin  
 always seem to balance the equation...  
 if we'll ever stay clean  
 if we'll ever have enough...  
 we cuddle politely and  
 nap  
 on a mattress on the floor of  
 a beat-to-shit old house  
 and as the walls peel and mice chase roaches  
 her closeness  
 sends waves of comfort through me  
 floating in a simple bliss metal crunching  
 from the stereo  
 peace...  
 we clumsily kiss and i  
 walk home  
 buying chocolate with the bus fare  
 she gave me  
 i told her our purpose here is  
 to find our soul mate and  
 become whole that way but  
 i was quoting t.v.  
 the simpsons  
 i haven't the slightest  
 i sleep with a teddy bear  
 dreaming of no-one stopped  
 searching faces  
 simply  
 as a matter of survival...

jiang chang

# The Art of Healing Ourselves 2000

## Alternatives for Coping with Mental & Emotional Disorders

This series of workshops is devoted to exploring alternative and traditional healing and coping techniques for consumers/survivors and the community. The classes will involve participants physically as well as provide 'take-home' material with more detailed information about each area, instructional techniques and access to non-traditional practitioners.

All workshops take place at Gallery Gachet, 88 East Cordova. All are Free to consumers/survivors and \$10 to others. Space is limited to please call Eva Waldauf at 687-2468 to register  
**Healing One's Self**

Sunday, January 16, 1 pm.

Facilitator: Pauline Johnson, Cree Elder

**Art Therapy: Listening to your Inner Voice**

Sunday, January 23, 1 pm

Facilitator: Guy Payett, Art Therapist

**Foods and Moods: Introduction to Better Nutrition**

Thursday, January 27, 7 pm

Facilitator: Ingrid Verduyn, Nutritionist

**Self Care in Reflexology & Acupressure**

Sunday, January 30, 1 pm

Sheela Szymkowick, Certified Reflexologist

**Anger Management**

Monday, February 7, 7 pm

Guillermo Comesana, M.Ed.

**Conflict Resolution**

Thursday, February 17, 7 pm

Guillermo Comesana, M.Ed.

**Introduction to Stretch & Massage**

Sunday, February 20, 1 pm

Francois St. Onge, R.M.T.

**Yoga Therapy**

Thursday, February 24, 7 pm

Kate Potter, Integrative Yoga Therapist



## FOUR CORNERS SUPPORT FUND SOCIETY

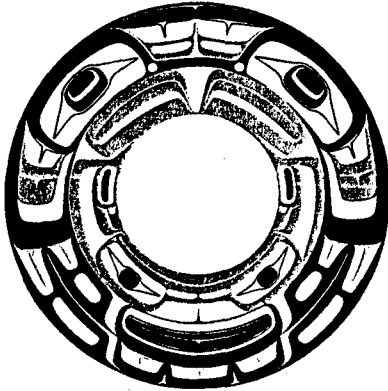
*[please accept my apology for reporting the launch of this endeavour almost 3 months after the fact. The press release resurfaced today; the announcement is dated October 21, 1999. Ed].*

The Four Corners Support Fund Society is a non-profit organisation that guarantees loans for low-income people. It aims to make credit more accessible for worthwhile causes such as small business start-ups, employment, and 'life enhancement' leading to employment.

The Society was started up by several community activists and financial experts who recognized the difficulty for low-income people to access loans without sufficient collateral. A fund was built through the independent donations of members of the Four Corners Community Savings Advisory Board, and from other charitable foundations, to help loan applicants to access loans through guarantee funds. A board of Directors was elected from the Downtown Eastside and business community, and the Four Corners Support Fund Society is now a registered non-profit society ready to support worthwhile causes through loan guarantee funds.

For more info call Barry Ferguson at 980-8252 or Carla McLean at 606-0141.

## Dim gis lukws hiiy - To change homes



On to new tomorrows ... unfortunately that means saying good-bye to the present day. I will be leaving Carnegie to go back home to the Nass Valley. After 15 years at Carnegie, as a volunteer and staff, I have learned a lot from all the people I have met.

When I first got here I had the 'Do Gooder' attitude of being here to 'fix those people', but after a few short hours I realized that I was in no way the answer to the problems of the Downtown Eastside. I quickly learned that the ignorance I had at that time did more harm than good. I would have to be more aware of the daily struggles, the abuse and neglect by some agencies and systems that were there to help. The biggest thing I learned about and admired most is the amount of courage, inner strength, and pride of the individuals that were here every day. Each day I met new people, always talking about where they were going to be next week, next month, and next year. In today's world where we struggle day to day to feed, clothe and house ourselves, it was amazing to see that everyone had plans to do more.. even if it was planning for tomorrow. I found that most people wanted to change to be able to help those in the same particular situation they were in at the time.

Our community family spirit is more wholesome than most others. We all feel the losses we endure and feel the highs of our new triumphs. We all want to ease the suffering that happens here,

## DIAMONDS

When there is no love  
It can break your heart  
Makes you go completely  
**OUT OF YOUR MIND**  
It makes you walk for miles  
And miles and wears you out  
Sometimes in life you can  
Lose your family and home  
And even your best friend  
Love can turn all of that pain  
Buried deep within the soul  
Like big black lumps of coal  
And turn them into diamonds  
**THAT SPARKLE AND SHINE.**

Daniel Rajala

even if we go about it differently, or if some ways are more effective than others. I learned from all the people that, no matter what happens anywhere and everywhere else, we will always have the Downtown Eastside to fall back on, to take care of us, no matter what we are dealing with and especially if we don't know how to deal with something.

I feel I have learned more from the people and struggles here than I could learn from any other centre or formal education. I will miss the centre every day and look forward to bringing the changes I have seen here back to my home so our small problems there would not add to the bigger problems here. Once again I would like to say thank you to all those who have shared there experiences and knowledge with me. I hope you all do well in whatever the new millennium brings and hope to see you further on down the road.

Take care  
Steve