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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



FEBRUARY 15, 2000

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

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse



Leonard Peltier was wrongly convicted of murder. He spent 24 years in jail.

Free Leonard Peltier NOW

Leonard Peltier symbolizes all indigenous struggle. He is a member of the American Indian Movement (AIM) who was convicted in a kangaroo court to serve two consecutive life sentences for the deaths of two FBI agents. Two co-accused, Butler and Robideau, were found not guilty in a separate trial. On February 6th Leonard

will have been in prison for 24 years.

Why does the FBI refuse to make 6000 pages of files public?

Peltier sought political asylum in Canada. He was extradited to the USA based on a fraudulent affidavit. In 1986, the FBI admitted lying to Canadian authorities in the extradition proceedings.

Fifty-five Members of Parliament filed an unprecedented Amicus brief before the Supreme Court on Leonard's behalf to have the extradition reversed.

All appeals have failed so far. President Clinton could grant him clemency. Canada's Minister of Justice, Anne McLellan, could make a formal request to US Attorney General Janet Reno for Leonard to be freed as obligated by US/Canadian treaty laws.

It is such a sordid story that it's impossible to go into any detail in this little space. To find out more **In the Spirit of Crazy Horse** by Peter Matthiessen. This book was suppressed for eight years.

Incident at Oglala, a video documentary by Robert Redford. Many people present at the shootout on the Pine Ridge Reservation in June 1975, judges, lawyers, prosecutors, FBI agents and Leonard Peltier himself were interviewed for this film.

The International Office of the Leonard Defense Committee on the Internet at www.freepeltier.org

Please help Leonard by writing two letters!
Please write to President Bill Clinton, 1600 Pennsylvania Ave, Washington, DC 20500 and respectfully demand clemency for Leonard Peltier. Write to The Hon. Anne McLellan, House of Commons Rm 707, Confederation Bldg Ottawa K1A 0A6 and demand the release of the results and all documents related to the review of the Peltier extradition.



Lute Scheler has produced an inspiring calendar, named "Indian Rights". He acknowledges that many of his friends don't like the word 'Indian' - it wasn't their fault that Columbus was lost - but notes that the contents don't deal with Inuit or Metis so 'aboriginal' is misleading.

Each month's page focuses on an event or circumstance that has or is still impacting on Native People. Each story has links to more on the Internet, books and groups.

Lute is at 872-4212; email lrs_graphics@yahoo.com



Drying out

There you go, you fell again
Your family's getting fed up with you
You've kicked before, now they're in pain
Can't make up their minds what to do with you

You can't see your way, your minds a fog
You no longer know where you're getting off
You're on your way, when you're downtown
You try to hide that you let us all down

Chorus 1

And then you go away by yourself
You can't even make up your mind
Cause there's never enough time
And your lonely, oh, you're crying out

You can't get off, it's up or down
It's a dream-nightmare when you are around
You can't let go, you can't hold on
How did you let yourself sink so low

Cause now you've gone again you've fallen
Medics had to take you away
Your life all gone and it's all in
Vain and the whims in your days

Your family's got you, but you're not there
Your mind has gone, but no one knows where
You're not alone, but you can't see that
The docs don't know if you're coming back

Chorus 1

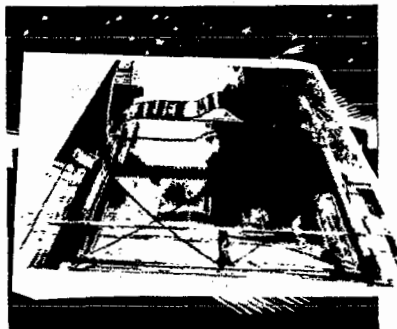
And you're only, drying out
Now you're only, dying out

The Political Future of the World

Knowing that I have been right, or as close to right as I or anyone, I presume, can be, all along only serves to irritate me, and anyone I subject to myself, to no end, each confirmation of each apparently correct estimation of each moment or event or exchange deadening my ostensible spirit, my stuffy knowing suffocating my ostensible heart, which would have or could have, I feel, quite without proof, at one point banished the horror in which I find myself messed up, if I had only had been less *terrified* of just about everything. I want to supply pertinent examples of how I have been right (more or less) all along, but all I can think of are impertinences camouflaged as analyses. Analysis, the way I do it, churns rather than elucidates. The process is a churning and the result is a churning. I churn, therefore I churn.

When, for example, I more or less crashed the Coffee and so-called Ideas group, ranting about the apparent evils of optimism, in particular optimism regarding *the political future of the world*, a willfully naïve and dangerous optimism in all respects, arising as it does from that most inane and idiotic of philosophical practices, idealism, the practice of talking and thinking about nothing by ostensibly thinking, or so-called thinking, about everything (nothing at all), I had just come from playing floor hockey for three hours – I wasn't entirely finished playing floor hockey, that grumpy, inelegant and sometimes boisterous so-called sport, as my grumpy, inelegant and boisterous behaviour at the Coffee and so-called Ideas group indicated – and for the so-called life of me couldn't get the recent news items out of my head regarding the criminal behaviour of the Vancouver Police Department and the RCMP, an organization from start to finish devoted primarily to the elimination of Indians, and the leniency with which these police groups treat the criminals within their ranks etc. Optimism from the well-fed is horrifying and offensive, I thought (churned), but optimism from the completely marginalized is inexcusable. Of course, the temptation to give in to platitudes about attitude, which (I am horrified to say) seem to be turning up on officially sanctioned posters within Carnegie, especially when

defying said platitudes inevitably results in one being so-called written off or treated as having a so-called bad attitude (being real, one might say), is great But if one does give in, if only in word, as they say, that is often enough, or more than enough, to constitute giving in completely. In fact,



it always constitutes complete capitulation to the inanity that passes for so-called mental health or so-called community or whatever else is held to be *really, really important*. Stagnant phrases resonant with triteness exhumed by charlatans from some heap of rejected hallmark greetings are not valuable in any way, but are rather insults, I thought, directed at those who are supposed, by some perverted twisting of class sentiment, to be *dying* to hear just such insults from people either too afraid or too intransigently unreal to be so-called real, I thought. Of course, I did not know that only days after I crashed the Coffee and so-called Ideas group, Austria would have yet another, but this time more overt Nazi sympathizer as president, for example, but it seemed to prove me right yet again, as they say, that there was (and is) absolutely not excuse for optimism. *The political future of the world* is nothing other than what you see now, I thought, only worse, nothing at all to do with what you want. Ravenousness for ideas, old age, new age, classical etc., is a direct reflection of and exacerbation of our present civilization's ravenousness for natural and unnatural resources and everything else, in all cases directed by the so-called expertise of so-called experts. Just as every bit of land is legislated and ruled and so-called owned, I thought, so our lives, and even what we can think within our lives.

The Carnegie Street Program in Review - and plans for year two.

It's been controversial since starting on the last day of May. The Street Program has also been the subject of ridicule, praise, condemnation and heart felt testimonials.. yet few appreciate how much work goes into changing peoples' minds.

For those who have not yet experienced the



scene on the corner of Main & Hastings (and, by extension, throughout the Downtown Eastside) there are, on average, 45-50 people on this corner at the entrance to Carnegie Community Centre at any time – day and night. The majority are users and user/dealers and about 10% are non-addicted dealers. The population is mostly local and includes working women, homeless, drinkers and addicts with multicultural backgrounds.

It is the largest open-air drug market in North America.

Behind this is the Carnegie Centre, the living room of the neighbourhood, which sees over 2000 individuals a day come through its doors. Access to Carnegie is open to anyone who is neither drunk, abusive nor stoned. Many of the regulars on the corner are barred from entering the building and using any of its facilities.

The Street Program staff and steering committee prepared a draft report on their reason for being, activities, direction and future plans. From Page 1:

“...to provide information, services, friendly contact for people whose alcohol and/or drug use and behaviour makes them inadmissible to Carnegie, and to create a safe space on the corner for everyone – Carnegie members, the general public and substance users. The long term goal is



to contribute towards the closure of the open drug activity at Main and Hastings.

The long term goal will only be achievable if Carnegie and other community organizations, City Hall, the Health Board, and the police work together in a “four pillar” approach: harm reduction, treatment, prevention, enforcement.

The approach of the program is to recover the corner – now dominated by drug-dealing and drug-related behaviour – through providing a range of activities in open tents. These include:

- *Information and referrals about physical and mental health and social services: via personal contact, video and print materials
- *Literacy support (resume & letter writing, etc.)
- *Cultural activities and community celebrations
- *Music and entertainment
- *Arts and crafts; cards and board games
- *Out-trips
- *Haircuts
- *Aromatherapy, Shiatsu Massage
- *Support to the Street Nurses (who periodically provide inoculation and other services in the tents)
- *Publishing a small newsletter for corner people

Staff continually move throughout the scene, and have good results at times in getting users to be responsible for their behaviour. It can be frightening for members of the general public to wend their way through such a crowd, and thoughts of a larger picture and long-term goals can get lost in the face of perceived aggression or outright violence. Dealers will move if their operation is causing congestion; users will refrain from fixing in their neck on the bench while people wait for a bus; some of the dealers will not sell to kids... and some could care less.

Sterile observations tend to focus on what's to be

seen, and there is still a strong element in favour of police weeps every 15 minutes, 24 hours a day.

Success may be a sterile word as well. The only measure is change itself, and developing positive relationships with other agencies, organizations and businesses is part of the ongoing education everyone needs, including the staff and corner people and the public.

Three long term features of the Street Program are: 1) provision of effective information and referral services; 2) the availability of desperately needed resources like treatment and a sobering centre; and 3) the renewal of Main and Hastings as an attractive community space.

Again and more so in the foreseeable future, the need to emulate the successful models in Frankfurt, Germany, Switzerland and England in terms of harm reduction and treatment will be hammered home in all forums and discussions on the 'revitalisation' of the Downtown Eastside.

The conclusion of the report assures all that

SCARE CHANGE?

City Council, not content at intimidating panhandlers out of existence through punitive bylaws, now intends to scare them off with good old-fashioned marketplace competition.

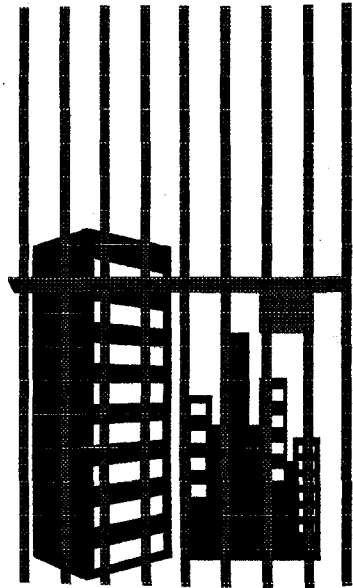
Yellow (appropriately coloured) beg-o-meters have now been installed at various locations throughout the city core to - in the words of Councillor Lynne Kennedy - "give people another option to contribute to charity." (Is writing a cheque and stuffing it into an envelope too cumbersome for people to manage?) The money collected through these "not quite slots" is destined for worthy charities that assist the poor. Which ones? Who decides? How much goes to each? Will they be audited to ensure they don't distribute cash directly back to street people?

Since the City now engages in a form of institutionalized panhandling, why aren't they required to observe their own regulations? It is a contravention of the bylaw to pan adjacent to a bus stop. At least two of these contraptions (on Granville/ on Cordova at the Seabus Terminal) are next to bus stops. It is a contravention of the bylaw to pan after dark. Why aren't these machines covered up

public discussions and involvement are part and parcel of the future of this program. Last page: 5.

"Drug addiction has damaged and destroyed many lives. The effects on a society ill-equipped to handle a public health crisis of this magnitude can be devastating. The words of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. as they applied to Black people can just as easily be applied to those who are addicted"

"There is nothing more dangerous than to build a society, with a large segment of people in that society, who feel they have no stake in it; who feel that they have nothing to lose. People who have a stake in their society protect that society, but when they don't have it, they unconsciously want to destroy it."



overnight?

The real reason for these preposterous machines is not to provide meaningful aid to the downtrodden, but to reassure upscale merchants that no effort has been spared to vacuum the streets of unsightly street people who have no purchasing power in the "real world". Don't expect to see any of these machines appearing anytime soon in front of Save-On-Meats or United We Can. Even poor people know an elaborate scam when they see one. Giving to these machines only encourages the abuse of yellow paint, by people who should know better.

By IAN MacRAE



Notes from the Reading Room

February is Black History Month. There is a display of books in the large glass case on the third floor to mark the occasion. They are books found, here, in the Carnegie collection, or brought in from other branches of the Vancouver Public Library. Those of you who are interested in borrowing any of these titles may place holds on them in the Reading Room. They will be in the display case until the end of February and we'll distribute them after that. If you notice that the title you want has a Carnegie label on it, I can get it for you right away.

At the first meeting of the Carnegie Book Club, we decided that the first title we want to tackle is Margaret Atwood's *Alias Grace*. There are three copies of it in the Reading Room.. more coming. soon . We will meet once a month, so our next meeting is March 6 in the gallery on the 3rd floor at 3:00pm. I have also put together, in a duotang folder, a sampling of the criticism and analysis I've found on the internet. It will be with the copies of the book at the check-out desk. We want to make sure that whoever is interested in joining us feels welcome to do so. Even if you haven't had a chance to read the book, come anyway!

We have already begun to work on enhancing our collection of books in Spanish. We have weeded out some old and rather tired looking specimens and have already gotten in some new items which you Spanish speakers, out there, may be interested in. If you don't have a library card, please inquire and we'll show you just how easy it is to get one.

Freedom to Read Week this year is Feb. 27 to Mar. 4, . Try to read a book which, for some reason in the past, has been banned. I'm going to try to find some lists of books which have been banned and post them one of the bulletin boards in

the Reading Room.

I'd like to offer my thanks to the people who returned all those bags and boxes of Carnegie books they found around the neighbourhood. We are most grateful!! If any of you comes across Carnegie Reading Room books in your daily routine which seem to have lost their way, would you please bring them back to the Reading Room. Many thanks.

Dick Turner, Acting Branch Head



View From My Window

There is a young couple barely eighteen
Sitting on the sidewalk, arms extended, thin.
The faces are callow and their dress is sparse
They are undernourished; it isn't a farce!

They ask for handouts.. some food and/or money,
And yet, on occasion, call each other "Honey".
As people pass, some of them will stop
Others become angry, nearly losing their top.

Sitting there for hours, from morning 'til night
Time passes away but no handout in sight...
In all kinds of weather - in cold or in heat -
It's probably been month since they tasted meat.

The hands, not extended to a Light above
Are holding each other's to sustain their love
To keep them together for better or worse
Lest their love perish and turn into dross.

She's wrapped in a blanket like a chrysalis
When she's exhausted her head's on his knees;
Trusting him completely she takes little space
Dreaming like an infant in a warm embrace.

And the people pass.. some will stop
Others in rage will lose their top.
Some pray amidst this starvation
Come Lord. Be with us. Save this nation.

Gabe Karamanian

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.

2000 DONATIONS Libby D.-\$55
 Sam R.-\$15 Nancy W.-\$20 Eve E.-\$3
 Margaret D.-\$6 Shyamala G.-\$18
 Joy T.-\$6 Jennifer M.-\$2 Val A.\$36
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Carnegie

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401 Main Street, Vancouver V6J 1T7 (604) 681-1100

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

**Submission Deadline
 for next issue
 Jan Friday, February 25**

carnnews@direct.ca

The Downtown Eastside Residents Association can help you with:

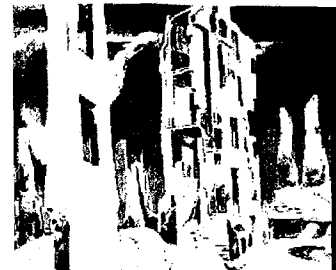
- Welfare problems
- Landlord disputes
- Housing problems
- Unsafe living conditions

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!

We lied.



Drug Education in Schools - - A Conclusion

Here are some approaches to drug education in schools that are not recommended:

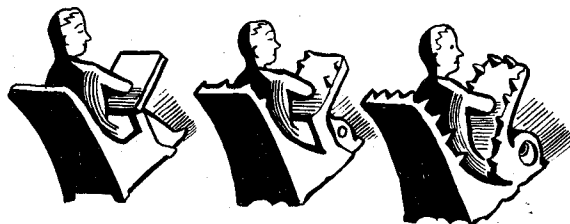
- drug education in isolation from a wider school, community, social and environmental context.
- drug prevention strategies that have illegal drugs as their main focus, while drugs associated with the most harm - tobacco, alcohol, over-the-counter medication and prescription drugs - are ignored.
- the "Just Say No" approach. The phrase is meaningless because it has no socioeconomic context. This approach is too simplistic, and is not supported by research.
- the use of fear as the primary means of influencing behaviour. (1)

An effective school drug education program would include the following:

- a shift in perception from the problem of use as viewed by adults to the problem with use as viewed by young people.
- respect for the opinions of young people.
- an understanding that the program is part of a larger health curriculum, taught by school-based personnel using a variety of community resources. The "drug problem" is a public health problem. The Ottawa Charter of 1986 stated that, "The fundamental conditions and resources for health are peace, shelter, education, food, income...social justice and equity."
- a discussion of the various models of drug control: (a) prohibition model (war on drugs); (b) medical model (treatment); (c) harm reduction model (programs to save lives and protect the health of both users and the general public); (d) legalization model (not the same as decriminalization). This discussion could include alcohol and

tobacco regulation in our society, and the drug control policies of other countries. (2)

- an exploration of the social, psychological and economic reasons why some people are high risk with regard to drug misuse while others aren't. (3) Students might consider ways to help their friends and others who might be in trouble with drugs. Part of this discussion could include the difference (significant) between "use" and "abuse". (4)
- accurate information about drugs, their effects and their dangers.
- information on places to go for help for those in trouble with drugs



when dreamin', I'm guided through another world
time and time again
at sunrise I fight to stay asleep
coz I don't wanna leave the comfort of this place
coz there's a hunger, longing to escape
from the life I live when I'm awake
so let's go there
let's make our escape
come on let's go there
let's ask can we stay
can you take me higher?
to a place where blind men see
can you take me higher?
to a place with golden streets

[unsigned graffiti found in a stall of the
Men's Room at Langara College]
-submitted by Altered Nation

- information about the laws on drugs.
- insight into the drug society in which we live, and the roll of advertising as pusher.
- a global perspective on drug use, especially with regard to children. The world's ten to thirty million street children are at high risk of developing drug abuse problems, glue being one of the most used substances. (5)

In an ideal world there wouldn't be a drug problem, and abstinence might be widely practiced. In the real world of North America at least fifty percent of students don't abstain. We need effective drug education programs to prevent drug abuse and drug problems. (6)

By SANDY CAMERON

References

- (1) McKeown, Cecile, "School Drug Education: Policy Position Paper for the Australian Professional Society on Alcohol and Other Drugs (APSAD)", in the APSAD Newsletter, 3(2), 1998.
- (2) See also Kay, James & Cohen, Julian, The Parents' Complete Guide To Young People And Drugs, Vermilion, London (UK), 1998.
- (2) See MacPherson, Donald. Comprehensive Systems of Care For Drug Users in Switzerland and Frankfurt, Germany, Social Planning, City of Vancouver, 1999.
- (3) See Currie, Elliott, Reckoning - Drugs, The Cities, And The American Future, Hill & Wang, 1993.
- (4) Rosenbaum, Marsha, Safety First: A Reality-Based Approach To Teens, Drugs and Drug Education, The Lindsmith Centre — West, San Francisco, 1999.
- (5) "Turning To Kids Before They Turn To Drugs", UN Chronicle, vol.35, issue 2, 1996.
- (6) Rosenbaum, Marsha, Safety First: A Reality-Based Approach To Teens, Drugs and Drug Education, The Lindsmith Centre - West, San Francisco, 1999.

SLUM CLEARANCE

Do you remember a few years ago when all of those drug addicts were ODing in their *hundreds*.

That was the same time that they were importing all those millionaires from overseas.

..KWAM

DERA

Meeting Notice

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the
Downtown Eastside Residents' Association
will be held

Friday, Feb. 25, 2000 10 am to noon
Pendera, 133 west Pender

Note: A member is eligible to vote or run for election to the Board of Directors only if he or she has been a member for 14 days immediately prior to the meeting. *Please bring proof of address.*

IT IS I

It is I who decides who rides
the dragon of blissful peace,
Cacooned in a cloud of endless
softness, No pain, guaranteed.
Trust in me.. we've met before.

It is I who deems worthy to rock
their cradles of shattered dreams
Having been blown to smithereens.
In your bottomless pit of refuse and
regrets, I alone can solve the mystical
riddle of your earthly thread.
Count on me; we've met before.

It is I who creates the tapestries in
your confused, carnal mindset, and
Only I can paint the canvasses
of your unholy spirit.
Believe in me. We've met before.

It is I whose force flows slowly, lazily
through the hushed tombs and jagged
catacombs of your brittle, frigid,
yet still beating heart.
I'll always protect you; I really do care.
When you are down but not out
You know that you will always return
to me - we've met before, so many times.

Robyn Livingstone

i love the way (soda)



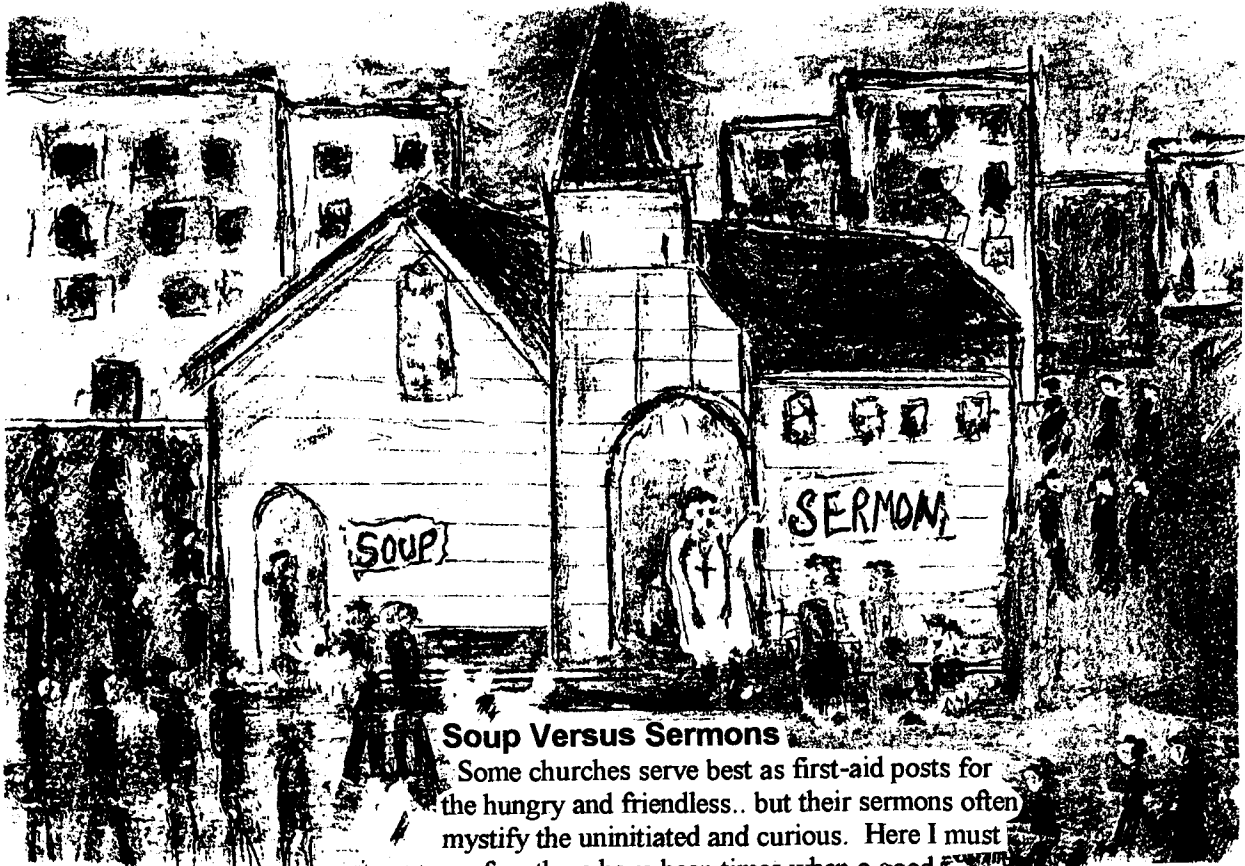
i love the way you bend
when you're picking at the ground
the way you concentrate
like there's nothing else around
it's the way you scrape your mouthpiece
how you always push your brillo
roasting out a burnt toke
till your stem glows and cracks

i love the way you chisel
when you chip off of my rock
and the way you always grind me
lets me know i'm not alone
you look into my eyes
when you punk me off with bunk
it makes it all worthwhile
to know you'd do it all again

i made off with your radio
i didn't know it didn't work
i got a five-piece for it anyways
and it's just too small to share
i'll leave you hid behind the chair
you really think the narcs are coming
i'll think of you and hold my breath
hold your pushstick hold your lighter

and i love the way you bend
when you're picking at the ground
and the way you concentrate
like there's nothing else around

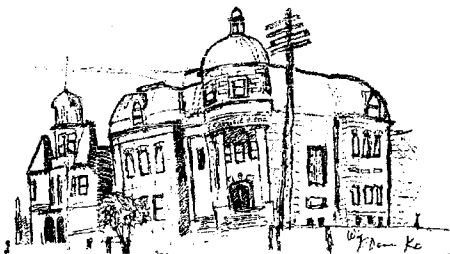
jiang chang



Soup Versus Sermons

Some churches serve best as first-aid posts for the hungry and friendless.. but their sermons often mystify the uninitiated and curious. Here I must confess there have been times when a good sermon (with a bowl of hot soup) toughened my backbone, stirred my soul, set me on my way.

Sam Roddan



My Life as a Carnegie Volunteer

Part 2 of Part 1

• At all times of the day and night a shifting assortment of people mill about the entrance to Carnegie. Why here? Who are these people and where do they come from? Where do they go? When do they eat and sleep and why do they scare me? On my earliest trips here, I keep my head down, not to engage on any level. When I am a bit more at ease, I notice that the crowd is made up of individuals. Not all of them are violent. Or even unpleasant. Many of them are clean and dressed with some attention to style, although most have been living under exceedingly rough and difficult conditions and too many are simply in tatters, beyond any fashion statement. Too many expose terrible afflictions, weeping sores, symptoms of malnutrition and infection, the ravages of toxic overload. Occasionally, more often than not, there will be a fresh young face, aglow with life, already starting to look furtive. Here, hope is relegated to the next score.

It is important to remember, as you are tempted to turn quickly away from this disturbing population, that these people do come from somewhere, are merely representative of a deep disorder in society, by-products of the fundamental sickness that permeates all levels. The main thing that distinguishes the street addict from others is visibility and cash flow: money which can buy not only the desired commodities, legal or not, but also the environments and activities that protect and sanction those who can afford to be discreet. The street is there for those who have lost everything or never had much in the first place. The folks that congregate here are our lost brothers and sisters, parents and children and aunts and uncles, torn out of

our society, outcast.

So this is what the wild west has come to, only our outlaws aren't riding into town with six shooters, they're shooting themselves up to escape the future they've been assigned, or at least to make it seem tolerable. Living in the confines of a small room or having no place at all to call home, no proper kitchen facilities or washroom, no ski trips or jaunts to a warmer place, no "Home Entertainment Centre" no money for movies or cultural events for diversion and education, standing for hours in line in the rain for free meals or the food bank: it helps to be in a drug haze. If you've got no job, no place to make a contribution, no prospects, why not stay drunk or stoned? Why not band together to try to alleviate common adversities and grief?

Into this mix cavorts the Carnegie Street Program. With its colourful tents and often carnival atmosphere, the program is a brazen excursion into marked territory, an attempt to bring some of the amenities and activities that go on inside the centre to that part of the community that does not meet the clean and sober criteria for admission. Where the Law still makes a random show of enforcing its heavy handed presence, the Carnegie Street Program offers a benign, multi-faceted approach. The six days a week it is present are each devoted to a theme or activity. Crafts and board games are generally made available and gradually, as trust is built, folks are drawn to participate. Some activities are more successful than others. Drawing in chalks is popular, karaoke singalongs and the music circle are enjoyed by passers by as well as those involved. Sometimes the kitchen sends welcome offerings, and the street nurses have their day.

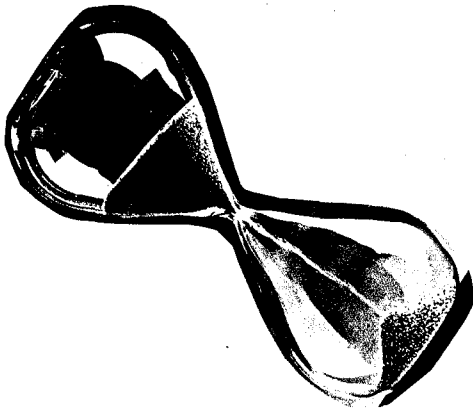
At the very least, the Street Program has made a significant difference in making the approach to Carnegie more welcoming and accessible. Can it be expected to do more? With the war on drugs so obviously a failure, what constitutes success? Providing an ongoing forum for such questions and a venue for genuine dialogue is a good beginning. Chances are that this more realistic and tolerant method of interaction may allow for more meaningful change than simply and ineffectively trying

to eradicate condemned behavior. Working with other like-minded groups and with those directly affected, the possibility of getting to the root of the problem is far more likely to emerge than if the "problem" is locked up or moved along. Certainly ignoring the genuine problems that stare us in the face (if we can bear to look) will leave us unprepared as this consumer-orientated society disintegrates and its casualties are washed up here on our shores.

Carnegie Centre is about maintaining a sense of integrity in the face of oppression, affirmation in the face of despair. Getting inside the building is definitely worthwhile.

- a volunteer

to be cont



Reefer Medicine Sparks Home Invasion

On January 21, I was preparing a submission for the *Carnegie Newsletter* and my home was invaded. Some people sure pick the strangest times to pull these dangerous, stupid stunts.

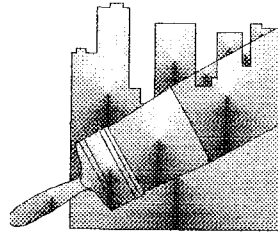
I had written the lead sentence: "Most pot smokers could care less if they get busted for smoking reefer." Not inclined to write much, I then left the desk to smoke a joint, have some tea and listen to some tunes in the living room. Everything was normal.

Suddenly, as I took a toke and exhaled, I heard the distinctive sound of keys squeakily turning deadbolts.. the high-pitched noise piercing the music. Investigating, I discovered three of Vancouver's Finest entering my residence without a warrant. Not wanting to be shot at or clubbed

Pain

Some days pain is a constant companion
My only surety, a kind of harsh friend,
But, by some lucky chance, some trick
Of rest, and fun and serenity
And my friend disappears,
I feel high
Mere normalcy a rush –
A heady mix –
Pleasure in the joy of living –
Absence of awareness of my physical prison.

Wilhelmina



and pepper-sprayed (like Rodney King was), I voluntarily raised my hands to the side, after placing the unextinguished reefer in a hallway ashtray.

They asked the routine stuff, frisked me and searched the place. I knew for certain that the manager let them in when he was feeling good, but I wanted to check their version of the truth.

"Who, or what are you looking for, and how did you get in?" They hesitated, and one answered, "We were knocking and the door was open. We're investigating the source of the marijuana odour. You should pay closer attention to your security."

The manager later confirmed that he'd given them access via master keys.

"You won't find anything illegal in my room," I stated. "You mean there's nothin' illegal, illegal," the officer asked, as he picked up five joints off my desk and smiled. "Mmm, smells good." He tossed them next to my lead sentence before reminding me to keep my doors locked. They departed without further ado.

"Yes indeed it is, officer," I responded in a courteous tone. It helps block out the pain and it's all organic too.

By RUSSEL CROSSLEY

All the Living Creatures

From Love Poems

New studies in the field of anthropology would have us believe that falling in love is more or less a bodily function. It is a device once devised by the living

for the purpose of inter-cellular exchange.

Loving—so the story goes—is about the penis and the opening in the belly, proper timing and territorial claims;

male and female groupings sizing each other up and sizing each other down.

Scientific specimens broadcasting squeaks and scents across the land and the sea with their twisting genes of the opposite strands luring each other into a split.

There are chimpanzees, coniferous trees,

loud-mouthed men,

howling dogs, their fleas and

the genes of the fleas—all

examples spewing garbled messages,

screwing their own brains

or whatever is left of it.

The flood of secretion

penetrating some other nuclei.

This is what love is

according to the gurus of popular science.

Their own looney conclusions

get broadcasted

across the land and the sea

similarly to the scents

and the squeaks of all the rest of

the animal kingdom—

out of fear of extinction.

Nowhere would

the academicians mention

the complexity of the needs

of an individual.

It is because common sense

would never provide for

their own scientific up-keep.

Common sense is the reason why the beneficiaries of academic research fear the discoveries of love most.

Love, in its stunning simplicity, is the falling for a wonderful companion.

It is the rhythmic drumming of the hearts necessary

to fend off the bogey-man—

a beastly animal within who lives off the rotting content of memories.

Unconditional love fills our hearts with awe and gratitude

for what is known as a gift of acceptance. The acceptance of one's

humanity, Your Worship, not the stuff of gonads.

Love that fills our lives with meaning is best explained through

the sonnets of Petrarca;

although it can be traced

back to the antics of songbirds.

It brings about

a sense of happiness

but only under the condition

that, as a species, we haven't yet lost the necessary faculties.

I can imagine how,

for Moray eels their watery dugout

brings about an experience of

living horror; how the abandoned

eggs of amphibians

grow into cold-blooded offspring;

how the cruel joke of genetics

brings about swarms of

mosquitoes into the skies with no

sense of wonder. This is where

the theory of evolution

stops dead in its tracks; since, the

building blocks of life need nothing

but the everlasting darkness to go on.

Just imagine microbes waiting there

through billions of Darwinian years

for their hosts to show up for a

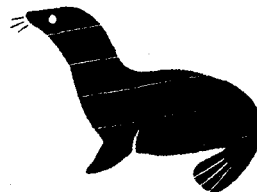
loveless meal. These are the twisting

claims of theoretical science

struggling to survive as the fittest

in its own dispirited world

of bodily functions.



Richard Tylman

Feel

Cry, why dost thou feel sad, despair or worse
Hopeless resignation, sense atrophy,
pain daily, age breakdown;
Joy, fantasy, desire, dreams, life, suffer
Is this God's design?
What unloving monster consigns children to
living hell, agony.
Canst thou help with unbiast support
- pure, compassionate, fearless-
but that's over. Life's many blows have
broken spirit..to face justice in a pill, to face
a starving child & say I need my obesity
or else I'll die - why must we feel?

Andy Carson

love...

love, love love, love
Love can be whatever our heart desires
Love at first sight. Love melts our heart into
various colours. Colours that are, at times,
psychelic; which enlighten any mood we
are in. To love is to be whoever we are.
Even the slightest fart we let out in front
of our love does not matter. Hey, that's
part of nature. Love is more than gas
and molecules, even more than a piece
of delicious, scrumptious, lathering
layering Brussels chocolate, huckle
berry cheesecake. Love tends to
be carefree and exciting from the
world around us. Love can mend
the pain and torment. Love
is part of healing. Love
is humour. My first
love was love at
first sight. My
heart was so
wired, like
naturally
being
high

All my relations
Priscillia May

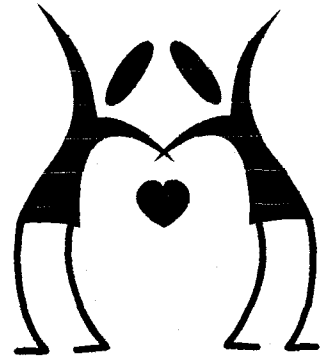
CARNEGIE CABARET

*sing your songs
read (vial) your
broken hearted
love poems
share your worst case,
your recovery stories
bring Kleenex,
valentines*



Wednesday, February 16
7 - 10:15 PM
theatre

no weapons



HAPPY VALENTINE'S



DAY

from mr. mcbinner

BC Benefits & Your Income Tax Return

Revenue Canada Taxation requires that the Province of British Columbia provide a T5007 tax slip to all persons who received \$500 or more in BC Benefits income support during 1999.

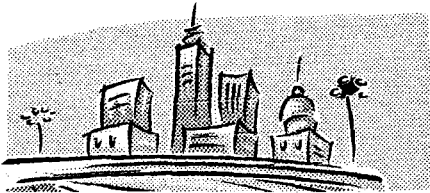
If you haven't received a tax receipt by February 29, 2000, or if you believe the amount reported on the T5007 is incorrect, please call:

660-1313

**Vancouver, Lower Mainland area
or toll-free**

1-800-665-2928

Ministry of Social Development & Economic Security



NEIGHBOURHOOD NEWS

* **Rats**, and spring hasn't yet sprung. The City laid budget cuts on the department that had the vermin control program. Rats increased, but it is almost a taboo subject. Low-income housing, meaning the run-down hotels and rooming houses, are beset with this problem due to the proliferation of boarded up and vacant buildings that rats and bugs breed in. Any open garbage bin or pile of trash can be a source of food. If you spot people leaving bags of crap or restaurants using alleys to dump their leavings, call the City Sanitation Department and report them. If rats get into your building, it's hell getting them out.

* On the weekend just passed, a number of people held a demonstration outside the Army & Navy store. Seems that A&N is a prime funder of the new Police Deployment Office across the street from Fort Cordova (the condos castled at Cordova & Carrall). The issue is Police Brutality and the Coalition Against is rallying. It is self-described as "... groups and individuals united to stop police harassment and brutality, targeted policing,

Drugstore Medicine Man

We see you in our community
Playing with spiritual values
We watch you work against your own for money.
They will always use our ways
To gain control of our lands.
You claim you are here
to help us in our struggle.
When it comes time to help
You pretend we are not here.
Drugstore Medicine Man,
what kind of help is that?

Our Spirit is not for sale
You cannot sell us out
Drugstore Medicine Man,
look at the harm you are doing.
Whose neighbourhood are you really helping?

Fred Arrance

massive police spending, police incompetence & corruption, and discriminatory law enforcement." If you want more information, call 683-7123.

This is part and parcel of a much bigger issue on crime prevention that has channeled a million \$ a year for the next 5 years into Vancouver City coffers from the National Crime Prevention Program – to revitalize/'clean up' the Downtown Eastside. The forces at work here are always complex, often conflicting and seldom at rest. The 3 levels of government – federal, provincial and municipal – signed the Vancouver Agreement last year, "to work together" and revitalization is the ubiquitous theme. Private interests have whole blocks of land & buildings, purchased at more than market value, and not for sale or even occupancy as they wait for some pin to drop (like Woodwards) – the major development that signals a juggernaut of go-for-broke speculation wherein everyone (who has money) makes a bundle. Woe to the existing community.

Symptoms of private interest include vehement opposition to any more social housing, expansion or even maintenance of current services like drug treatment/sobering centres/detoxes, opposition to

women's housing, demanding zero tolerance for any street activity, rentacops on the rise and, as above, the increase in police.

The community responds with network effort.

Every organisation has its own plans and work, and is aware of being approached by planners and developers who sow confusion or promise tidbits. The network happens informally and in coalitions to present our reality as equals. **Housing** is the prime concern of DERA Housing, Portland Hotel Society, Main&Hastings Housing, St. James and First Church, Native Housing, the Lookout and Triage. BC Housing is a major player and the City of Vancouver contributes, but the more the less when it comes to things like anti-conversion controls and demolitions. All these are in the game while the above mentioned private interests want to clean up or clean out most SRO hotels to increase the value of their holdings. This is the monster of gentrification and goes hand-in-hand with dispersal of the existing population.

Women's issues get tied up with stereotypes and relegation into categories. Violence against women gets too little public attention, but it's far



from being the only one. The Downtown Eastside Women's Centre, Crabtree Corner, WISH, Sheway and gathering places are a beginning.

Alcohol and drugs are major issues. They are part of the lives of a few thousand residents, and the concomitant behaviour and personnel won't just "go away". Harm reduction couples with treatment etc. while the enforcement aspect is touted by those with media (either owned or to play to) as the only way to ensure safety and well-being. In the mix are DEYAS (Needle Exchange, counselors, detox), the Street Nurses, VANDU, Native Health, Carnegie and the clinics.

Children, Youth and Families have all the above issues with the incredible challenge of growing up amidst and amongst. Recreation, education, peer pressure, making choices – all while faceless people in nameless meetings make decisions on money and power that may enhance something but will likely make things more difficult if you aren't 'upwardly mobile.' Watari, Strathcona & Ray-Cam, Crabtree, various churches.

Safety and Well-being are under any effort. The drug scene, old hotels, poverty, walking to school or home from the store, feeling nervous just being on the street – and how much is real and how much is grafted on because of sensational and exaggerated media hype? Families are leery of locating here, and crying wolf is getting endemic coverage. So many people believe that the Downtown Eastside is the armpit of BC and may have driven through once or twice or seen a one-sided 'documentary' that gives this as truth. Native Liaison, Native Health, Four Sisters, Lookout and the Living Room, Main&Hastings, DERA.

Community Economic Development gets backs up and ideas at about the same rate. Business has a bad name when it gets to doing what increases profits at any cost. A local endeavor to establish businesses and training opportunities must face the difficult prospect that larger, cruder powers will treat it as just competition to be crushed. Bits like lease subsidies are heard of and pursued only to have bureaucratic red tape stifle or smother; storefronts are priced way out of range as owners and developers quietly wait/speculate and the local residents are stuck with veritable ghosttown status. DERA, Common Concerns, Tradeworks, PRIDE, Four Corners are in there.

All of this just scratches the surface, and many groups named as examples and many more not mentioned here look at all of the above areas and more in their daily stuff. The coming year or three will bring tremendous change. Organising is a word for getting people involved. The old labour credo is apt:

Don't mourn, organize.

By PAULR TAYLOR