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# Carnegie

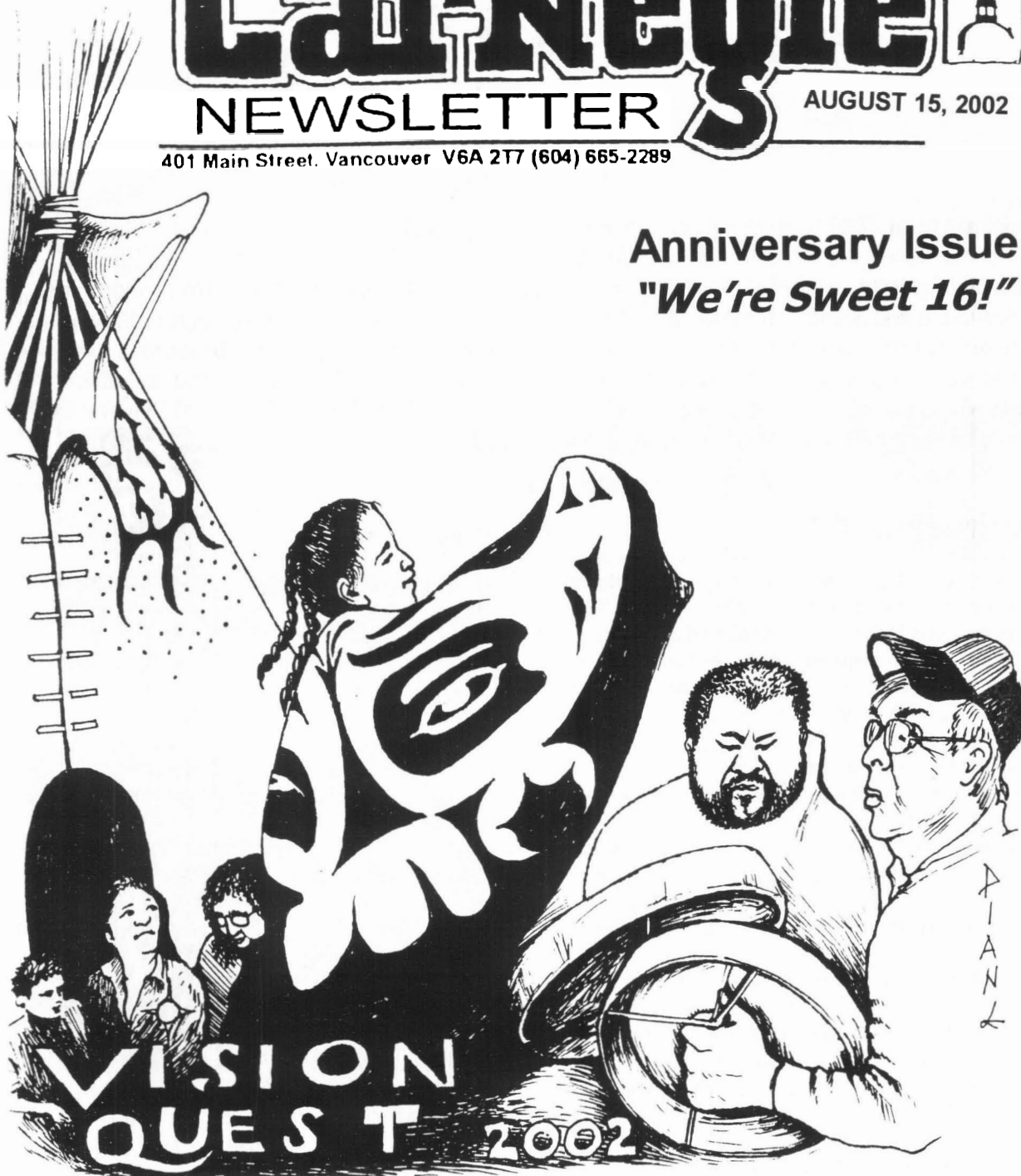


## NEWSLETTER

AUGUST 15, 2002

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

**Anniversary Issue**  
***"We're Sweet 16!"***





**Vision Quest 2002** to Honour our Mother Earth for providing Food, Medicine and Shelter to all the life on this Planet. The four day hunger ceremony is for the purpose of meditation and smudging to strengthen our inner emotional strength. Healing our Mind, Body and Spirit. Meditation and Smudge for ending violence. HIV/AIDS awareness. Smudging for all our missing women. Smudging to remember our Aboriginal Natives in prison. Honouring residential school survivors. Honouring our Downtown Eastside Community that includes everyone, law enforcement, city council, we live here together. Vision Quest 2002 invites you to come and share your prayers. Stop by and say hello.

Thank you.

### **Vision Quest 2002**

Bill Quinn



Once again, Elders in the Downtown Eastside will gather for 4 days of Fasting, Prayer, and reflection. Vision Quest Elders will be holding the 4<sup>th</sup> annual fast and feast in Oppenheimer Park, August 13<sup>th</sup> to August 17<sup>th</sup>. As is usual, a feast will be held at the end of the fast in Oppenheimer Park.

As part of the Aboriginal Culture, fasting, hardship and sacrifice have become known to us in many forms such as Sundance, Raindance, Counsel Dance, Winter Camps, and Dances. Other groups and individuals also come together in many similar forms and do so in unity against oppression in all races. Individuals bear these hardships and sacrifice for all those who need the help of the Creator and others in their lives.

The Vision Quest is a place for all - drumming, fasting, praying, reading, sharing stories, and reflecting on the hardships that people endure. Praying for justice for those who have none. Praying for health for those whose health is failing. Praying for happiness for those who are burdened with sadness. Listening to those whose hearts and lives are broken.. Poverty, addiction, and the ravages of what

has happened break lives.

Many only drink water during this time, some do eat, others drop by to say hello, others stay in the Park for the 4 days to offer support and ensure safety. Everyone has a role, just as everyone has value in this world.

This annual event is held in order to bring awareness regarding the plight of Aboriginal People and combines a spirit of Unity among all cultures to end the war on the poor.

The Downtown Eastside is one of the largest unofficial reserves in Canada. Here lives the greatest group of nations of Aboriginal peoples as well as many other ethnicities. The largest common bond is visible abject poverty.

This year has even more significance due to the massive and punitive draconian cuts ever placed on the poor and marginalized groups by any government in Canada: Cuts to Welfare, Legal Aid, Health Care, Education, and housing.

The referendum resulted in controversy among aboriginals and non-aboriginals alike. With unclear questions, unclear results, and less than 35% of the

sent ballots returned, do we really have an answer? Do British Columbians have the right to determine Aboriginal rights, does the Liberal Government have the right to overrule Federal contracts? Was any of this even legal? Perhaps it should be like the ballot boat burned on the Songhees Reserve in Esquimalt, ...and just sink out of sight.

Poverty exists everywhere but nowhere is it more visible than in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside.

Missing women - finally recognized as "women" and not just as prostitutes and junkies but also as people. Mothers, daughters, aunts, sisters and friends, not just from the DTES but also from all across Canada. How many would still be alive if they were seen as part of society years ago? How many would have been able to succeed if that bed was available at the treatment centre when they wanted it and how many were making extra money because they couldn't live on welfare? Will we have events, benches and cross-Canada Vigils in memory of these our forgotten sisters?

The greatest rabble of slum housing is not usually seen by the tourists in Vancouver, but may change if we get the Olympic games; just as Expo created more homelessness, so will this expensive endeavor.



We have the highest rate of Hepatitis C and B, as well as the highest rate of HIV/AIDS, more mentally ill people, more TB and more disenfranchised and marginalized people than should ever exist in Canada. And less treatment or help available.

Aboriginal people, seniors, people with disabilities, those who suffer from mental illness, those who live in the throes of addiction and those who have been physically, emotionally and sexually abused will continue to suffer be part of the carnage left by the inhumanity of the liberal agenda.

If you have a moment to share, a thought to remember, a joy or sadness in life, offer it up. Some have had blessings, some have had trauma; it is all part of why the Elders gather to hold a Vision Quest in the Downtown Eastside.

All my Relations



Carol Romanow



## 'A Place Of Grace'

for those of us Downtown Eastside women  
who struggle with how to spend our cheque \$  
on Welfare Wednesday

—*all* on drugs/alcohol? *some*?  
or maybe some on groceries?

**A Place of Grace** is a judgement-free, safe,  
no-preaching, gentle space run by and with  
neighbour women where you can stop by while  
you figure it out this month

**Wed. Aug.28 and Thurs. Aug.29**  
**8:30am - 8:00pm**

at **Breaking the Silence (BTS)**  
(501 E. Hastings @ Jackson)

from Grace Edge, neighbourhood women's hands  
and hearts, Agnes & the gang at BTS, and the  
women of 'PACE (Prostitution Alternatives  
Counselling Education)

## The Anti-Poverty Committee

42 Blood Alley Sq. Vancouver BC

604-682-2726 <apc@resist.ca>

## End The 3 Week Wait

August 7th 2002, the Anti-Poverty Committee called a demonstration and march against the devastating changes to welfare that have been made by the BC Liberal government.

A hundred and fifty people rallied at the Burrard Skytrain Station at 1pm. Rita Wong from Direct Action Against Refugee Exploitation opened the demo and spoke about how the recent cuts to social assistance are affecting people who have fled their home countries to Canada for sanctuary and instead find themselves targeted.

David Cunningham from the Anti-Poverty Committee then revved the anxious crowd up to take to the streets and march to the Regional Executive Welfare office. The crowd was confident far beyond its numbers, easily dominating the street and attracting awed expressions from the pedestrians in the downtown financial district as we chanted, **"FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT, WELFARE IS A RIGHT!"** & **"MURRAY COELL, BIG BUSINESS CLOWN, WE WILL SHUT THE PROVINCE DOWN!"**

We arrived at the office to face a line of bike cops in front of the double glass doors that led to the lobby of the building with the Executive Welfare office nestled on its sixth floor. The people at the front pushed their signs in the faces of the police and beat on the glass doors while others in the crowd put stickers with the demands on them on the glass and the marble columns.

Right at that moment a banner reading **"DEFEAT THIS GOVERNMENT!"** dropped from the balcony above the crowd and two women dressed in "work-out clothes" who had been hiding in the fitness world upstairs cheered with the rest of the demonstrators below them. The crowd beat on the windows and chanted, **"LET US IN! LET US IN!"** The police looked stunned and did nothing. A group of six demonstrators raced around to the back of the building and snuck into the lobby to force one of the doors open into the line of police outside.

The officials in the office and the police conceded to a meeting with two delegates if the protesters who had infiltrated the building would agree to leave.

The crowd celebrated and demanded that the media be allowed to film the meeting but the officials refused, terrified at the idea of their comments being caught on film. This meeting with bureaucrats yielded little to no gains, with no commitments regarding the APC demands.



The APC demands:

- 1) **END THE 3 WEEK WAIT** - feed the hungry, house the homeless, care for the sick. We also call for an end to discrimination against refugees and the quota system that determines eligibility.
- 2) **END THE FORCED FAMILY MAINTENANCE PROGRAM** - support and respect women fleeing abuse.
- 3) **PROVIDE ADEQUATE CHILDCARE** - for single parents and children receiving and applying for welfare.

These demands are not unrealistic. These demands are not impossible. These demands are based on a simple principle that no person should go hungry, be homeless or be endangered. These demands were issued by the APC as part of our campaign against the BC Liberal government. They've been endorsed by a growing number of unions as well as women, senior, anti-poverty and student groups across the province.

The APC considers today's demonstration a success

because of the level of solidarity that was expressed by the endorsement of the demands. These are connections and bases of unity that we are proud to be part of and anxious to develop into a continued and powerful unified front against this government. The action was a success because of the militant confidence of the people in the demonstration; we brought demands with us and, together, we made them heard and refused to back down until they were. We will continue to step up our defense to these attacks as well as mobilize an uncompromising fightback against this government. The BC Liberals picked the fight and, united, the people of this province will win it.

#### **Demands Endorsed By:**

BC Government Employees Union; Canadian Union of Public Employees BC; Hospital Employees Union BC; Working Group on Poverty; End Legislated Poverty; Seniors Network of BC; Prepare the General Strike Committee; North Shore Action Coalition;

Pivot Legal Society; Vancouver Area Network of 5 Drug Users; Kamloops Society for Health and Income Options; Simon Fraser Students Society; Nanaimo Women's Resources Society; North Shore Women's Centre; Franciscan Sisters of Atonement; Benita Bunjun, Naomi North, Meera Shah, Vancouver Status of Women; Moms on the Drive; Federated Anti-Poverty Groups of BC; Long Haul Newspaper; Canadian Palestinian Network; Women Against Violence Against Women. M. Stainsby, C. Jacob, External and College Relations Coordinators for Douglas College Students Union; Tenants Rights Action Coalition; Alberni Social Justice Group; People's Opposition; Mike Lebowitz, Professor Emeritus, Economics, SFU; Queers United Against Capitalism; Ethical Environmental Consulting; Sound Resistance; Palestine Solidarity Group; (and dozens of important & 'un'important individuals).



**Women ... every Saturday**

**1 - 4 pm**

**PACE Health Network (PHN)**

has a Drop-In for all  
women *sex* workers  
at

our sister agency

***Breaking the Silence***

(501 E. Hastings @ Jackson)

stop by for supplies, safety tips, snacks,  
connecting ... Kara & Joyce

#### **Help for Sisyphus**

One day Sisyphus had had enough. He walked away.. boulder be damned.

He was no place. He was no one - for too long he was, in his own mind, 'he who pushes the stone'. Time was not connected to him in any way; he was just all dressed up with nowhere to go... times infinity.

**We've** been helping ever since. (Hey, work is work)

Stephen Belkin

Dr. Laura Schlessinger is a US radio personality who dispenses advice to people who call in to her radio show. Recently, she said that, as an observant Orthodox Jew, homosexuality is an abomination according to Leviticus 18:22, and cannot be condoned under any circumstance.

The following is an open letter to Dr. Laura penned by a US resident, which was posted on the Internet. It's funny, as well as informative:

### Dear Dr. Laura:

Thank you for doing so much to educate people regarding God's Law. I have learned a great deal from your show, and try to share that knowledge with as many people as I can. When someone tries to defend the homosexual lifestyle, for example, I simply remind them that Leviticus 18:22 clearly states it to be an abomination. .... End of debate.

I do need some advice from you, however, regarding some other specific laws and how to follow them.

1. When I burn a bull on the altar as a sacrifice, I know it creates a pleasing odour for the Lord - Lev.1:9. The problem is my neighbors. They claim the odor is not pleasing to them. Should I smite them?
2. I would like to sell my daughter into slavery, as sanctioned in Exodus 21:7. In this day and age, what do you think would be a fair price for her?
3. I know that I'm allowed no contact with a woman while she is in her period of menstrual cleanliness - Lev.15:19-24. The problem is, how do I tell? I have tried asking, but most women take offence.
4. Lev. 25:44 states that I may indeed possess slaves, both male and female, provided they are purchased from neighboring nations. A friend of mine claims that this applies to Mexicans, but not Canadians. Can you clarify? Why can't I own Canadians?
5. I have a neighbor who insists on working on the Sabbath. Exodus 35:2 clearly states he should be put to death. Am I morally obligated to kill him myself?
6. A friend of mine feels that even though eating shellfish is an abomination - Lev. 11:10, it is a lesser abomination than homosexuality. I don't agree. Can you settle this?
7. Lev. 21:20 states that I may not approach the altar of God if I have a defect in my sight. I have to admit that I wear reading glasses. Does my vision have to be 20/20, or is there some wiggle room here?

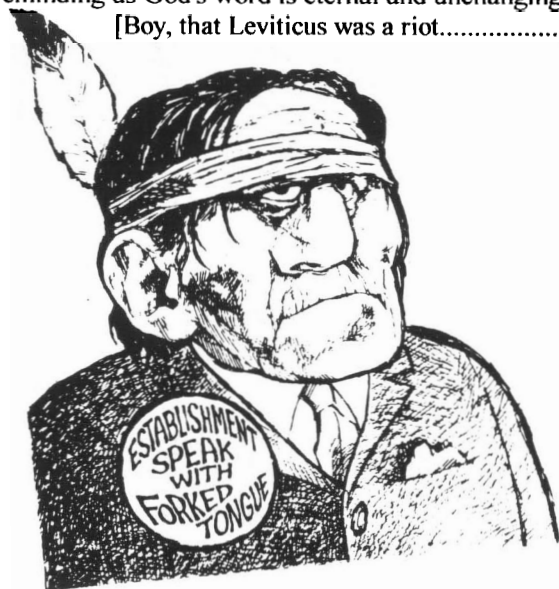
8. Most of my male friends get their hair trimmed, including the hair around their temples, even though this is expressly forbidden by Lev.19:27. How should they die?

9. I know from Lev. 11:6-8 that touching the skin of a dead pig makes me unclean, but may I still play football if I wear gloves?

10. My uncle has a farm. He violates Lev. 19:19 by planting two different crops in the same field, as does his wife by wearing garments made of two different kinds of thread (cotton/polyester blend). He also tends to curse and blaspheme a lot. Is it really necessary that we go to all the trouble of getting the whole town together to stone them? -Lev.24:10-16. Couldn't we just burn them to death at a private family affair like we do with people who sleep with their in-laws? (Lev.20:14)

I know you have studied these things extensively, so I am confident you can help. Thank you again for reminding us God's word is eternal and unchanging.

[Boy, that Leviticus was a riot.....]



### Shared Future

- A poem for Russia

The past a prison makes  
of memories' joy and pain;  
The moment, too brief is - ...  
Only the future stays.

Stephen Belkin



*[\*Following is a letter delivered here that didn't see the light of day at the Courier. You wonder who is paying for this smear campaign against Dera...and why none of the letters sent in damning the lop-side 'reporting' have been printed]*

#### **To the reporter who is dogging Dera.**

This feels like a witch hunt to me. Someone with a bad taste in their mouth has been allowed to rip this organization to pieces and I think it is time someone had a different attitude towards this whole big picture that has been presented to you.

It's sad to know that a minister is knocking Dera and at the same time his organization is in the throws of opening a nice clean shooting gallery with new needles and nice clean water for people to use.

I live in the building where there was a murder. Of course this murder could happen anywhere in this city, including a pig farm not long ago, and it took years to figure that one out. Murder happens in every neighbourhood, sad but true. There is no blood flowing in our stairwells and to my knowledge the stairwell is not a shooting gallery and the back door is not open. This building is home to a lot of people and it is a really lovely building. I believe that if you spoke to a lot of the people here you would find that they are happy in their homes.

As for the Pub - I work there. It's a lovely place for anyone to come to. Contrary to your article we do not take people's "last dime." Most of the customers I have been serving down in this neighbourhood for the past 20 years and none of them are worse for ware. You forget that this is a neighbourhood like any other place. The only difference is your children

have become drug addicted and they have all landed in my neighborhood because you do not want them in yours. You don't want Mr and Mrs neighbour to see your sons and daughters bouncing off the walls up in your neighbourhood so they live in my back lane. Shame on you.

People like Dera and other organizations in my neighbourhood are trying to make life better for your sons and daughters so you can wash your hands of it all. People who live in glass houses should never throw stones. Every time I hear an ambulance in my neighbourhood I wonder whose child has overdosed. Everyone is not perfect including you and I am sure your closet has a few skeletons in it.

Thanks for reading

Brenda Kereluk

**Comments?  
Concerns?**

**Contact  
Jenny**

**Wai Ching  
Kwan, MLA**



**Working for You**

1070-1641 Commercial Dr., V5L 3Y3

Phone: 775-0790 Fax: 775-0881

Office hours: Tuesday-Friday 9am-4pm

#### **In the Garden**

Well, one day I was just sitting around, and I started to get a case of the poor-me's. I decided to go out and work in the garden, as we have a small garden around our apartment block and I have permission to work there.

Well, I noticed there were quite a lot of weeds, mostly great big ones, and I began picking them; before long I'd worked up a sweat, as it was a hot day, and I started to get sore legs.

But I just kept picking and picking and picking - it was me versus the weeds: it was just those damn weeds.. and the rest of the world ceased to exist.

And after a while I stepped back: I had a spot about one foot square, but I felt sort of good. I felt like I was winning.

Before long, the guy behind our block looked over the fence and said:

"What are you growing there?"

I said: "dandelions" and we had a good laugh over that. We stopped and talked for a while, and then I went back to work.

It seems we don't talk to our neighbours much, these days, over the back fence. I think it was Robert Frost who once said: "When I see walls, I want to tear them down." Walls around gardens, he's referring to.

I kept getting these one-foot squares and before long I had a fair patch of land. I think it was Eric Fromm, a renowned psychologist, who had a theory that an animal needs a certain amount of land around it or it won't be able to function properly. He also thought of the obvious thing: a human being is an animal.

When the Americans say: "I like the wide open spaces," this isn't simply bravado. I don't know how many people can still remember when Gene Autrey used to sing: "Give me land, land, land, lots of land. Don't fence me in." We are getting too crowded, and the results of that are probably not good.

Sometimes I got right into the garden (literally). I would pick up some soil, and crumble it beneath my fingers. The earth has a particular aroma, but it seems we have forgotten our connection to the land.

John Steinbeck alludes to this in *The Grapes of Wrath*. Steinbeck says:

"The man sitting in the iron seat did not look like a man; gloved, goggled, rubber dust mask over nose and mouth, he was a part of the monster, a robot in the seat. A twitch at the controls could swerve the cat, but the driver's hands could not twitch because the monster that built the tractor, the monster that sent the tractor out, had somehow got into driver's hands, into his brain and muscle, had goggled him and muzzled him in his mind, muzzled his speech, goggled his perception, muzzled his protest. He could not see the land as it was, he could not smell the land as it smelled; his feet did not stamp the clods or feel the warmth and power of the earth. He loved the land no more than the bank loved the land."

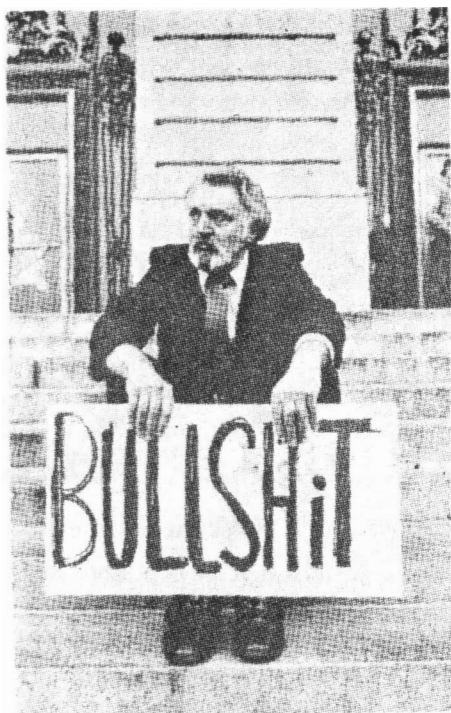


After a while, I stepped back, and I had a nice patch of land (about 10 feet by 2 feet, I think it was). But that looked pretty good to me, and I had beaten the weeds. More important, I felt a lot better. The hate and tension.. *hate* had gone out of me! (Took it out on the weeds!) Sometimes I suffer from arthritis and all that stretching and bending seems to alleviate it too. Even more important, I felt like I had accomplished something.

And the management gave me some seeds to plant, someday I would be able to come along and see the nice flowers.

By ROBERT RICH





## A Broken Arm, Burnaby Emergency and Gordon Campbell

It was a Friday when I left Carnegie about 5:00 pm, and saw an east-bound #135 bus about to pull into the bus stop on Hastings near Main. Well, I wanted to catch that bus, so I took off like Harry Jerome at the Olympics. I'm not Harry Jerome, though. I'm a senior citizen, and my legs reminded me of that when they collapsed under me and I fell on the sidewalk. I jumped up, caught the bus, and then realized something was wrong with my left arm. It's not very smart for seniors to go chasing after buses.

That evening Jean drove me to Burnaby Hospital Emergency. Friday nights are generally busy (at Emergency), but because of the cut-backs to health care by Gordon Campbell and the neo-liberal elite that runs the provincial government, this Friday was a nightmare. Sick people were standing in line to see the admitting nurse - very old people, mothers holding babies, people on crutches, people in wheelchairs. There was no privacy. The nurse interviewed patients right there, and she, poor soul, was working flat out. I admire all hospital staff who work tremendously hard in a medical system that Gordon

Campbell is wrecking in the interests of private profit. <sup>9</sup>

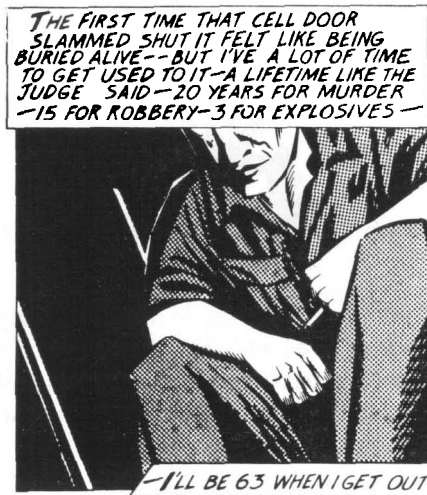
Obviously the Emergency Department was understaffed, and the atmosphere in the room was one of stress and frustration. Many people were waiting to see a doctor. One patient was wheeled away by a security guard doubling as an orderly. "What's going on here?" I wondered.

A sign in Emergency Department said "TRIAGE". Triage refers to the process of grading marketable produce. It also refers to the sorting and allocation of treatment to patients - especially battle and disaster victims - according to a system of priorities designed to maximize the number of survivors. Triage implies that health care is scarce, and has to be rationed out. Yet Canada is producing more material wealth now than it ever has in its history. We can easily afford a comprehensive health care system, especially if we control the price of drugs. The nightmare I saw in the Emergency Department was a direct result of provincial, and federal, government policies designed to undermine our public medicare system.

Many of the ill people waiting to see a doctor looked a lot sicker than me. "Bless them," I thought, "I hope they are not rejected because they are not considered to be "marketable produce". Then I left

The next day a doctor informed me that a bone in my left arm was cracked and chipped. "Why didn't you go to Emergency last night?" she asked me.

By Sandy Cameron



## Americans Protest The American Empire

In an open letter to the world, about 100 of the United States' most distinguished artists, writers and educators protested the totalitarian direction of George Bush's government. Their letter, part of it quoted here, was published in *The Herald* in Sydney, Australia, on June 17, 2002.

"Let it not be said that people in the United States did nothing when their government declared war without limit and instituted stark new measures of repression. We believe that nations have the right to determine their own destiny, free from military coercion by great powers. We believe that all persons detained and prosecuted by the U.S. government should have the same right of due process. We believe that questioning, criticism and dissent must be valued and protected. We, too, watched with shock the horrific events of September 11th. But the mourning had barely begun when our leaders launched a spirit of revenge. The government now openly prepares to wage war on Iraq – a country that has no connection with September 11. We say this to the world: too many times in history people have



waited until it was too late to resist. We draw on the inspiration of those who fought slavery and all those other great causes of freedom that began with dissent. We call on all like-minded people around the world to join us." (1)

(1) an edited extract from *The New Rulers Of The World*, by John Pilger, pub. by Pan Macmillan Australia, 2002.



### Detox'd so long it looks like up to me

Her fingers hae forgotten the phone number  
Her feet don't remember the way to the pain  
She won't stop at that streetcorner of sadness  
She's walking in sunshine again.

*Hope Feathers*

### Your Place or Mine

I've been down the darkest lonesome roads  
And I can tell you where to go very slow  
You've been around the bend, I bet,  
And you know where exactly to give and get.

If I lent to you a one-hundred spot  
Would you stay within my earshot?  
I hope to hear from you real soon,  
As clear as crystal and to be in tune.

I can't begin to count the hours  
If you don't make it I will send flowers  
I love the way you ru7b your nose  
and how you curl up when you doze...

Please kiss me hard for our own sake  
Don't spend the bread.. try to eat your cake,  
I care for the way you conduct yourself  
So be safe and secure and stay off the shelf.

Remember you're the best; you're really number one  
Special, unique, a very rare and chosen person.  
Many of the rest; they can't compare with you,  
Fulfill your dreams and make them become true.

Robyn Livingstone

missing pieces  
 missing persons  
 missed opportunities  
 when midnight comes  
 i'll be at your door  
 i won't change or re-arrange what i've done  
 i've been what never will be  
 it sets me free  
 i've got an angry soul  
 i've got a heart of gold  
 and the ghost of an apology  
 the past is present  
 in a vision of the night  
 searching in the darkness  
 when nothing becomes tomorrow  
 i can show you what i've done  
 i'm not going to die  
 cross my heart and i hope you cry  
 i know what you're like  
 the time will come  
 don't try to understand

charles fortin



## Dancing With Gloria

- a love story

(for the first friend I told)

She didn't have to ask because I stumbled onto the  
 dance floor and tumbled into her intercepting arms.  
 Believe it or not it was my first time in high heels  
 (there are shoes and shoes!).

She kept me from falling so I danced with her and  
 she anced with me and we danced alone and in each  
 other's arms, and then we danced together. Even our  
 friends thought the marriage precipitous...

anonymous

## Just when you thought you knew everything...

\*Mosquito repellents don't repel. They hide you. The spray blocks the mosquito's sensors so the don't know you're there.

\*Dentists have recommended that a toothbrush be kept at least 6 feet away from a toilet to avoid airborne particles resulting from the flush.

\*The liquid inside young coconuts can be used as substitute for blood plasma.

\*No piece of paper can be folded in half more than 7 times.

\*Donkeys kill more people annually than plane crashes.

\*You burn more calories sleeping than you do watching television.

\*Oak trees do not produce acorns until they are fifty years of age or older.

\*A Boeing 747's wingspan is longer than the Wright brother's first flight.

\*Apples, not caffeine, are more efficient at waking you up in the morning.

\*Most dust particles in your house are made from dead skin.

\*Barbie's full name is Barbara Millicent Roberts.

\*Michael Jordan makes more money from Nike annually than all of the Nike factory workers in Malaysia combined.

\*Marilyn Monroe had six toes.

\*Pearls melt in vinegar.

\*Thirty-five percent of the people using personal ads for dating are already married.

\*The three most valuable brand names on earth: Marlboro, Coca Cola, and Budweiser.

\*A duck's quack doesn't echo and no one knows why.

\*And, the best for last....

Turtles can breathe through their butts



From The Library for August 15, 2002

**The Map That Changed The World.** Simon Winchester: 921 win

A very human tale of William Smith, the orphan son of a village blacksmith, with lots of pluck and little luck yet the limitless perseverance of this self-educated canal digger with his keen eye, and an insatiable curiosity about all things under topsoil turned his ideas into the world's first true geologic map. His work had huge implications which did change the world as it was known.

**Amongst God's Own: Terry Glavin and Former Students of St. Mary's.** 371.829g1a From the foreword... "I don't think any of the histories that have been written about the residential schools so far tell the whole story. There is no balance. But in Glavin's work, it is there." Bill Williams former student of St. Mary's.

**Activists Speak Out: Reflections on the pursuit of change in America** 303.48act Written by a diverse group of activists in the US who, to quote Studs Terkel, are part "of the prophetic minority who always put themselves on the line to fight for a better society". This work can remind us to appreciate the many such visionaries we have here in our midst around the Carnegie Centre.

**The Art of Basketry: Karl Lonning.** 746.41

An artistic and beautifully photographed presentation of many innovative pieces of basketry

Mary Ann, the Librarian.

*[A week or so ago many concerned residents and community activists held an overnight vigil/sleep-in on Abbott Street under the Woodward's overhang. The spirit is to keep the need for housing and the desire to see this venerable building/site used for the social housing critical to our survival.]*

## Social Housing at Woodward's

### \*\* CRITICAL \*\*

"This gathering and sleep-in, is to raise public awareness about the critical need for community housing, particularly in the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver.

Our Woodward's vigil is in solidarity with the OCAP (Ontario Coalition Against Poverty Committee) action that began at 4 p.m. today in Toronto. OCAP is using the Pope's Toronto visit to draw attention to Ontario's affordable housing and homelessness crisis.

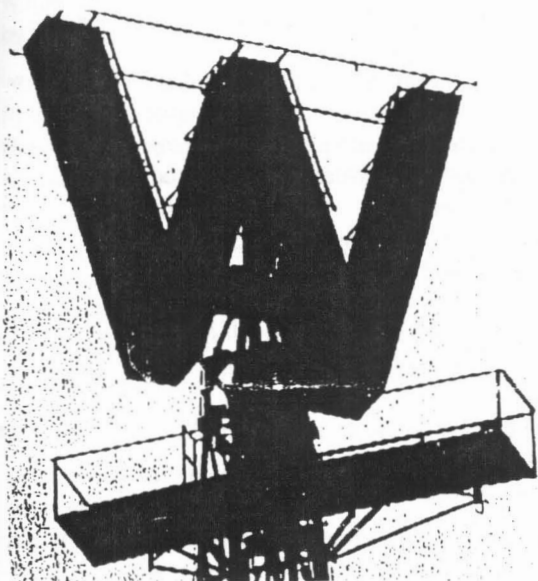
Our shared aim is to have people focus on the lack of affordable housing and increasing homelessness. With OCAP, we urge politicians to express the political will to enact *socially responsible laws that create and sustain community housing and put an end to homelessness.*

The provincial government owns the Woodward's building. We call upon the owners of the building and the three levels of government responsible for **The Vancouver Agreement** to address the issue of housing for the Downtown Eastside and the development of Woodward's for community housing.

The International Covenant on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights (an international bill of rights that includes the Universal Declaration on Human Rights and the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights) declares in Article 11:

*"the right of everyone to an adequate standard of living for himself and his family, including adequate food, clothing and housing, and to the continuous improvement of living conditions".*

In 1991, the province promised that 220 social housing units would be built inside the Woodward's building. When the Liberals were elected, they put a freeze on all community housing projects. After the freeze was lifted they cancelled all the units that were scheduled to be built in Woodward's.



**We had the location, and we had the units... what are the Liberals doing with our Woodward's housing units?**

The Woodward's Building is *the heart and soul* of the Downtown Eastside. It has been empty for far too long. Low-income residents deserve to have decent and affordable housing. Woodward's has been for the community in the past and *will be* for the community in the future.

**Yes!**

We thus bear witness here, and beyond, now and in seasons to come, to the resurrection of the soul of our city, via meaningful community housing for and at Woodward's.

**Let it be!**



## **raise shit a downtown eastside poem of resistance**

*"the myth of the frontier is an invention that rationalizes the violence of gentrification, and displacement"* —**neil smith**

*"these pioneers in the gradual gentrification of the downtown eastside say their hopes for a middle-class lifestyle are undermined by the tenderloin scene down the street"* **doug ward, 1997**

*"prominent amid the aspects of this story which have caught the imagination are the massacres of innocent peoples - atrocities committed against them and, among other horrific excesses, the ways in which towns, provinces, and whole kingdoms have been entirely cleared of their native inhabitants"* **bartolome de la casas, 1542**

there is a planetary resistance  
against consequences of globalization  
against poor people being driven from land  
they have occupied in common  
and in community for many years  
  
and while resistance to and rapidity of  
global gentrification  
differs according to specific local conditions  
we in the downtown eastside  
in the poorest and most disabled and ill community  
in canada  
are part of the resistance which includes  
the zapatistas in chiapas, mexico  
the ogoni tribe in nigeria  
and the resistance efforts on behalf of and with  
the lavalas in haiti  
the minjung in korea

the dalits in india  
the zabaleen in egypt  
the johatsu in japan  
and these are names for  
the flood  
the abandoned  
the outcasts  
the garbage people  
the homeless poor  
and marginalized people

and gentrification has become a central characteristic  
of what neil smith perceives as  
"a revengeful and reactionary viciousness against  
various populations accused of 'stealing' the city  
from the white upper classes"

and this viciousness and violence  
brought to the downtown eastside

by friendly predators  
such as builders planners architects landlords

bankers and politicians  
is like violence brought to our community  
by other predators  
by johns and oblivion seekers  
by sensationalizing journalists



by arrogant evangelizing christians  
predators like  
developers and real estate agents  
who remind of no one so much  
as gilbert jordan  
the serial killer  
who came down here repeatedly  
and seduced bribed and bullied  
10 native women  
into drinking alcohol until they were dead  
and one woman  
revived after a night with jordan  
though pronounced dead on arrival  
at st. paul's hospital  
described jordan as  
"a real decent-looking person  
very mild-mannered  
a real gentleman  
he looked like a school teacher

white shirt and tie  
I trusted him"

and in our situation in the downtown eastside  
the single weapon we wield  
like the weapon native indian prophets  
like the weapon ancient hebrew prophets  
used in situations of vicious displacement  
and threatened destruction of their communities  
was the word  
words against the power  
of money and law and politics and media  
words against a global economic system  
the word "hebrew" originally designated  
not a racial class but a social class  
of despised drifters and outcasts  
who existed on the margins of middle eastern cultures  
and those advocates  
those ancient hebrew prophets said

"the wealthy move the boundaries  
and the poor have to keep out of the way  
the poor spend the night naked, lacking clothes  
with no covering against the cold  
the child of the poor is exacted as security  
from the city comes the groan of the dying  
and the gasp of the wounded crying for help  
damn those who destroy the huts of the poor  
plundering their homes instead of building them up  
those who tear the skin from off our people  
who grind the faces of the poor  
who join house to house  
who add field to field  
until there is room for no one but them  
those who turn aside the way of the afflicted  
who trample upon the oppressed"  
and the native prophets of the americas who said

"when these times arrive  
we will leave our homes like dying deer  
the land will be sold and the people will be moved  
and many things that we used to have in this land  
will be taken from us  
we have been made to drink  
of the bitter cup of humiliation  
they have taken away our lands  
until we find ourselves fugitives, vagrants and strangers  
in our own community  
our existence as a distinct community  
seems to be drawing to a close  
our position may be compared

to a solitary tree in an open space  
where all the forest trees around have been prostrated  
by a furious tornado"

we have become a community of prophets  
in the downtown eastside  
rebuking the system  
and speaking hope and possibility into situations  
of apparent impossibility

a first nations' man recently told me  
he had come to the downtown eastside to die  
he heard the propaganda  
that this is only a place of death, disease and despair  
and since his life had become a hopeless misery  
he came here specifically to die  
but he said  
since living in the downtown eastside  
what with the people he has met  
and the groups he has found  
he now wants very much to live

and his words go directly  
to the heart of what makes for real community  
a new life out of apparent death  
and this is what we speak and live  
with our words our weapons

our words  
like bolts of lightning in a dark night  
lighting our way  
our words  
like tears like rain like cries like hail from our hearts  
feeling with each other in our suffering for each other  
our words  
angry as thunder exploding in the ears of those  
who would ignore or dismiss or inflict upon us  
what they in their ignorance think is best for us  
our words defiant as streetkids in a cop's face  
our words  
brilliant and beautiful as the rainbow I saw  
spanning our streets



our words  
of resistance and comfort and commitment  
like mountains  
our words  
prophetic on behalf of the hard-pressed poor

our words  
buttons t-shirts fliers inserts newsletters pamphlets  
posters spraypaint slogans stickers placards speeches  
interviews essays poetry songs letters chalks paints  
graffiti

for as one prophet said

"when all is dark the murderer leaves his bed  
to kill the poor and oppressed"

our words

to block the murderers' paths

our words spoken by

jeff and muggs and eldon and kathleen and frank and  
maggie and carl and lori and duncan and margaret and  
mark and sonny and ken and fred and sheila and liz  
and tora and terri and ian and chris and bob and leigh  
and jen and shawn and darren and sarah and irene and  
cathy and ann and lorelie and nick and linda and john  
and lorraine and joanne and judy and allison and sharon  
and deb and marg and dan and jean and don and libby  
and carol and lou and dayle and mo and barb and ellen  
and sandy and tom and luke and gary and travis and  
bruce and paul and deidre and jim and so many others

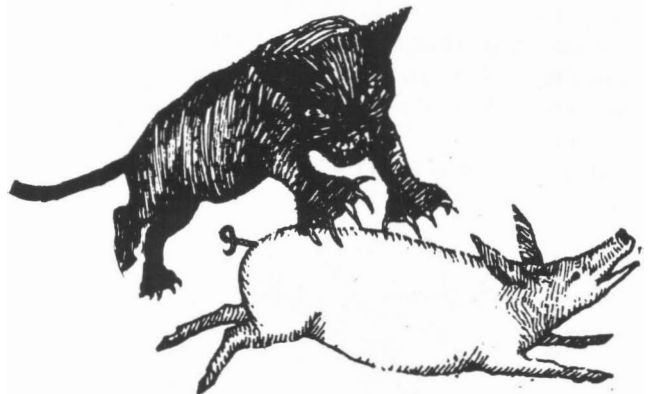


our words and our presence create  
a strange and profound unity  
outraged at each other  
disappointing each other  
misinterpreting each other  
reacting against each other  
resenting each other  
unhealed wounds dividing us  
when to be about unity  
is to be caught in a crossfire  
of conflicting ambitions understandings perspectives

still our words and our presence create  
a strange and profound and strong unity  
as in memory of the long hard nerve-wracking battles  
for the carnegie centre  
against the casino  
for crab park  
against brad holme  
for zero displacement by-laws  
against hotel evictions  
for poor people living in woodwards  
against condominium monstrosities  
and for our very name  
the downtown eastside  
removed from city maps  
the most stable community and neighbourhood  
in vancouver suddenly disappeared  
but recovered through struggle  
our name reclaimed but the meetings the pressure

the downtown eastside community  
besieged and beleaguered  
strung-out and dissipated  
running on constant low-grade burn-out fever  
meetings and meetings and meetings  
a dozen fronts to fight at the same time  
deal with one and a dozen more appear  
another dehumanizing media story  
or a new condo threat  
a hundred needs crying out all at once  
a hundred individuals with emergencies  
crying for a response  
sirens and sirens and sirens  
construction noise  
automobile mayhem  
a disabled population

a poor and ill population  
criminalized  
up against globalization  
pressure cooker emotional atmosphere  
excruciating questions and dilemmas  
so much happens so fast  
how much compromise?  
how to organize?  
where to fight?  
more sirens and screams and break-ins  
welfare cuts  
more murders and suicides  
more bodies on the sidewalks and in alleys and parks  
space and places for poor people shrinking  
and the ambiguities of advocacy  
the rumours  
the well-founded paranoias  
the political manipulations  
exploitations confusions deliberate obfuscations  
and seduction of the gentrification system  
the backroom deals somewhere else  
in office towers and government offices  
meetings and more meetings  
and yet  
beneath the ostensible reason  
for attending another goddamned meeting  
is that which truly holds us together  
holds and has held every real community together  
love  
love  
not as passive abstraction or a commodity privatized



but love  
 as fiery personal and collective social justice passion  
 love as in our public celebrations  
 love as in our public grieving  
 love going past fatigue again  
 love taking risks in the face of uncertainty  
 love as stubbornness sticking to community principles  
 love as willingness to go one more length  
 to make one more leaflet  
 love sitting down together one more time  
 love saying hello to hate and fear and goodbye  
 love as resistance, tolerance and acceptance  
 love  
 for this poor beloved community  
 reeling from global upheavals  
 love  
 taking on the consequences of a system producing  
 more wounded  
 more damaged  
 more excluded  
 more refugees  
 more unemployed and never-to-be-employed  
 and love's  
 immense capacity to care  
 and love as courage



like the other day near main and hastings  
 an old white man headed across hastings  
 in the middle of the block  
 traffic roared and blasted in both directions  
 the man was using a cane and moving very slowly  
 his eyes fixed somewhere beyond



it sure looked like he'd never make it  
 but would become  
 another vehicular maiming or death down here  
 and then a native fellow  
 waiting at the bus stop  
 like a matador dodging furious bulls  
 dodged into the traffic  
 and stopped it  
 using his body as a shield  
 and escorted the old white man safely to the curb  
 words and courage and love and hope and unity  
 if only we had  
 the means for self-determination  
 instead

"the real estate cowboys... also enlisted the cavalry of  
 city government for.. reclaiming the land and quelling  
 the natives, in its housing policy, drug crackdowns, and  
 especially in its parks strategy, the city devoted its  
 efforts not toward providing basic services and living  
 opportunities for existing residents but toward routing  
 many of the locals and subsidizing opportunities for  
 real estate development"



wrote neil smith about the lower east side of new york  
 sounds familiar, literal  
 like the day the police showed up on horseback  
 to patrol the 100 block of east hastings  
 horses on the sidewalk  
 where some of the most ill and suffering human beings  
 most drugged and drunk and staggering human beings  
 slipped and stumbled through the huge horse turds  
 left laying on the sidewalk



I remember attending a kind of gentrification summit  
called by a vancouver city planner  
to examine the city's victory square redevelopment plan  
david ley, jeff sommers, nick blomley. and chris olds  
reached a similar conclusion  
the plan does nothing to prevent  
displacement and gentrification  
but when recently reminded of this verdict  
the city planner still pushing his plan said  
"I don't care if god and david ley..."

and that's just it  
the necessity for heeding  
the prophetic blast and rallying cry  
delivered by larry campbell  
now the provincial coroner  
in the carnegie centre last summer

"raise shit," he said

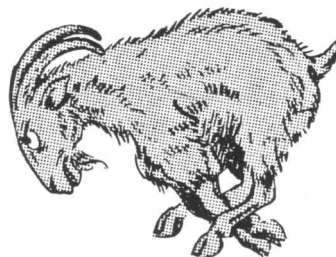
raise shit  
against the kind of "urban cleansing"  
gentrification unleashes  
it's a war  
against the poorest of the poor  
1,000 overdose deaths  
in the downtown eastside in 4 years  
highest rate and number of suicides in vancouver  
lowest life expectancy for both men and women  
fatal epidemics of aids and hepatitis c  
and lack of humane housing  
identified as a major factor  
in all this violence against us

raise shit  
when a friend of mine, a gay native man, tells me  
"I'll try anything to get a decent home  
'm gonna become a mental case

I'll even go into an institution if it'll help me  
get a decent home"

raise shit  
when both young people and hardcore addicts  
either deliberately infect themselves with h.i.v. or  
take no precautions to prevent infection so that they  
have a better chance at  
obtaining housing, income, health care and meals

raise shit  
when a city cop in a newspaper column says  
"the locals were at their best fighting and howling  
and calls drug addicts "vampires"



raise shit  
when an extremely influential north american ]  
theoretician of displacement, george kelling  
is brought to vancouver  
by the business people and the police  
to define and divide our community against itself  
against panhandlers and prostitutes

raise shit  
when a city planner in with the convention centre scam  
says "the voters of vancouver can easily live with  
20 to 25,000 homeless people and not even notice"

and when I think of raising shit  
I think of this basketball team I once played on  
composed of middle-aged beat-up alcoholics  
and addicts from the streets  
who'd been sober for awhile  
and we entered a city recreational league  
against teams that were  
younger, stronger, faster, healthier and more skilled  
and though we lost most games by a large margin  
we determined that  
no matter what the score  
each hotshot team we played would know  
by their fatigue and sweat and bruises  
that they had been in a game

that they were up against an opponent  
we knew we couldn't outjump or outrun those teams  
but we sure could raise shit  
better than they could  
and amazingly we actually won a few games

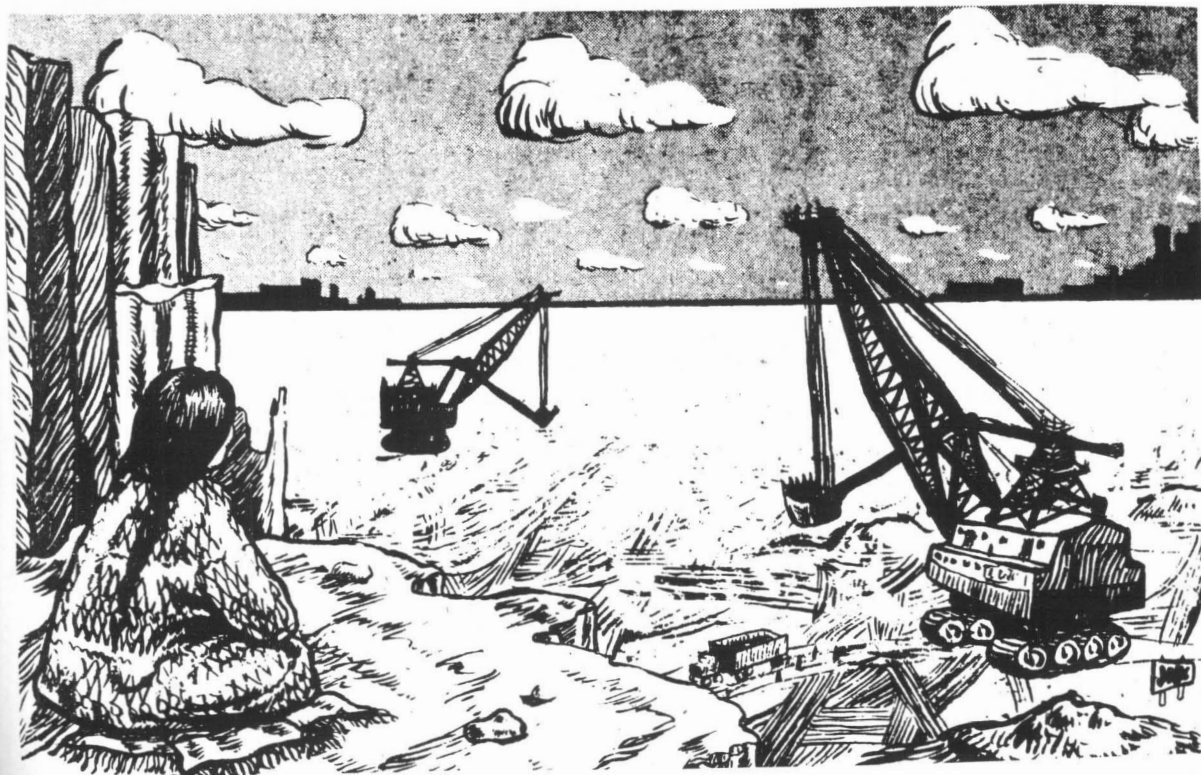
to raise shit is to actively resist  
and we resist with our presence  
with our words  
with our love  
with our courage

we resist  
person by person  
square foot by square foot  
room by room  
building by building  
block by block

we resist  
because we are a community  
of prophets, of activists, of advocates,  
of volunteers, and agency workers  
and we, you and I, us  
are all that stands between

the unique vulnerable troubled life-giving and death-  
attacked community of the downtown eastside  
we are all that stands between our vast community  
and those who would  
gentrify and displace and replace it  
replace with greed  
the singular leadership we have here  
where it is said we lack  
a single dynamic individual leader  
but we have  
the most powerful leader there is  
the most effective leader we can have  
in this grave situation  
our community  
our community itself  
has emerged as our leader  
the downtown eastside community itself  
leads us  
and it is to our credit that this is so  
for it is from our  
prophetic, courageous, conflictual and loving  
unity  
that our community  
raises shit  
and resists

***Bud Osborn***



**DOWNTOWN  
EASTSIDE  
YOUTH  
ACTIVITIES  
SOCIETY**

**STD CLINIC - 219 Main; Monday to Friday, 10am - 6pm**  
**NEEDLE EXCHANGE - 221 Main; 8:30am - 8pm every day**  
**NEEDLE EXCHANGE VAN - 3 Routes:**

**- 5:45pm - 11:45pm**

**Overnight - 12:30am - 8:30am**

**Downtown Eastside - 5:30pm - 1:30am**

**2002 DONATIONS Libby D. - \$81**

Sam R. - \$20 Eve E. - \$18 Nancy H. - \$50

Margaret D. - \$22 Sabitri G. - \$22

Hulda R. - \$25 Val A. - \$18 Wm B. - \$27

Harold D. - \$9 Mary C. - \$71 Paula R. - \$35

Rolf A. - \$75 Bruce J. - \$18 Peggy - \$25

Kettle - \$18 Sonya S. - \$100 BCTF - \$10

Bill G. - \$100 Wes K. - \$36 Charley B. - \$25

DEYAS - \$125 RayCam - \$25 LSS - \$200

John S. - \$36 Paddy - \$75 Sarah E. - \$10

The Edge - \$200 Maggie R. - \$100

Jo's Mom - \$25 Charles F. - \$10

Mennonite CC - \$85 Rosemary Z. - \$40

Joanna N. - \$40 Jenny K. - \$18

Charlotte F. - \$20 Nancy C. - \$50

Debbie - \$20 Glen B. - \$100 Penny G. - \$40

Jelly Bean - \$20 Louise's Mom - \$20

Anonymous - \$18



**THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE  
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**Articles represent the views of individual  
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**Submission Deadline  
for next issue:  
Tuesday, August 27**

