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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

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604-665-2289

JUNE 1, 2004



WILLY MUNRO

died peacefully in her sleep

May 13, 1938 ~ May 18, 2004

A Beacon of Light

While sitting here I ponder what I can share, numb in disbelief that Willie is gone. I'm filled with mixed emotions as I struggle to hold back tears that well within for a very special woman who gave so much of herself to family, friends and community.

I did not have the pleasure of knowing Willie on a personal level for very long but felt like I'd known her for a lifetime by the way she touched me and those she met. From what I felt and witnessed, she was strong yet soft-spoken, friendly, a very caring person; one couldn't help but want to be around her whenever possible.

Willie took her duties and responsibilities seriously. She understood the issues of this community and its struggles. She was especially committed in her resolve to speak out for women who struggle and continue daily to fight for justice.

That was how I saw Willie, her character. She truly was a beacon of light in the darkest of many nights.

Stephen Lytton



The Magic of Alouette Lake

It takes a while before my mind rids itself from Vancouver's impulses. A wonderful fire is going and Tim is on a good old repertoire of country songs.

After weeks of thinking about it, then getting the camping party on its way to Golden Ears Park, I am absorbing the musty moist smells of lichens and mosses; the sounds of the forest surround and embrace me like my mother's old blanket. As the last sunrays are disappearing through the tall trees and behind the mountains, I hear a bird's song of despair in tune with Tim's guitar chords.

We are surrounded by tall trees, everywhere, silently dripping, standing guard; it's as if they are drawing power from the huge stumps that once were in charge. Will these trees have a chance to remain here for a few centuries?

Our moods are mellow; as the evening progresses the night's mysteries are waiting to be unfolded.

Then I'm in the tent with Velma. Around me the gentle sleeping people sounds, only separated by a thin sheet of material. I feel deliciously snug all wrapped and rolled up in my bag and I'm gone

It's as if a curious nudge tells me to get up. It takes a while for me to realize where I am and to peel myself out of my warm protection. There is a dampness of gentle rain on my face as I worm myself out of the tent. I take a few steps down the little hill and stare into the woods.

There, where only a few hours ago I witnessed the tall, new-growth forest, the old stumps have all risen to their original majestic beauty. I close and open my eyes and the vision does not change: there is a dim light between the huge trunks to highlight their colossal dimensions and I have never seen such silent power in my life. I sense the mysterious nudge again and return to my sleeping bag, with an immense sense of happiness and gratitude.

By WILLY MUNRO

There are only two ways to live your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as if everything is. ~

Albert Einstein

WILLY MUNRO

I don't have a lot of funny stories about Willy, most of them are deeply moving, almost bittersweet. A lot of you remember her Solidarity song from the Downtown Eastside Community Play "In the Heart of the City". We all saw different sides of her; I saw a vulnerable, insecure and very sweet woman who didn't know how truly amazing and accomplished she was. I was her confidante. It was an 18-year friendship interrupted only when she returned to Holland to be with her mother in her dying years. We celebrated our birthdays together for many years; hers was one day after mine; and we turned it into a yearly picnic at Strathcona Community Gardens a little while ago. This year's party included Emily who turned 8, Shawn and Lisa who turned 41, and Austin who turned 70, but keeps telling me he's 69! That was the last time I saw her, she died the week after. She went peacefully, in her bed. Her daughter Lorraine told me she had taken off her glasses, put down her book, turned off the lamp and gone to sleep. She was so full of vitality and plans these last few months, it came as a complete shock to all of us. Lorraine called me from Toronto with the bad news. I'm thankful I heard it from another person, instead of walking into the Carnegie one day and seeing the poster for her memorial, as many of you have had to do. This is where we met. She loved this place, the Carnegie and the Downtown Eastside. This centre and the conditions we live in have forged some mighty strong friendships. Ask yourself, how many people would not be in my life if not for the Carnegie? Lots, I bet.

She left a grey small town in Holland when she was 15. She told me about being a child in Holland during World War II, the food shortages, and hiding in a hole they dug in



the garden when the planes were dropping bombs. Last year we went to the Mothers' Day Pow wow at Trout Lake. The war vets came in wearing their uniforms during Grand Entry, and were introduced by the emcee, but there was one elder who remained seated for health reasons, who was also acknowledged. Willy said to me, in shock, "he must have been in WW II!" "Yeah" I responded; I didn't get it...yet. She wanted to meet him see him talk to him but was torn with uncertainty, so I encouraged her and we went over to the man. Then I understood, this man had been one of the Canadian soldiers who marched into occupied Holland with the Canadian army to liberate it at the end of the War. We took his picture and phone number and she talked about how that day had been one of the most wonderful times of her life as a little girl. We hugged and cried for the beautiful miracle the Creator had gifted us with.

Willy was an old anarchist from way back when. Because of this, she was able to raise two beautiful daughters who knew a freedom she hadn't lived with. One of the first things she and I ever did together was silkscreen T-shirts for Crab Beach in 1987. Tora did the design and cut the stencil and we drank and swore and danced and sweated and got ink all over us in someone's warehouse space, and it was all good fun, Tora, her, me and another guy who was so straight we figured he must be a CSIS plant taking lessons on How to Be Bad from us. We sold the shirts for \$5 in the community; I don't remember what we did with the money so I guess we drank it up.

Although she was qualified as an X-ray technician, education was her passion, her "calling". Most of the years I knew her, she worked in learning centers as an adult educator, helping people upgrade to a GED. With some it was their humble admission they could barely read or write she addressed. Last summer, she and Sandy Cameron gave a community workshop at the Gallery Gachet entitled "Stupid - The Politics of Education and Illiteracy". It was an emotional critique of the way the educational system dehumanizes students. I am listening to Nina Simone sing "I did it my way" as I write this. It could be Willy's theme song! She loved music, and would start dancing when I put on Cesaria Evora. She was so sensitive; she could pick up on people's emotions in a heartbeat. We were in an Artists' Healing Circle based on Julia Cameron's book "The Artist's Way". Willy found it difficult to let the others experience our own pain, without pouring out her love and trying to help with kind words, advice and her own tears. That's the Willy I remember, but I also remember her wonderful smile and that playful twinkle in her beautiful blue eyes. Goodbye my friend.

Diane Wood

I remember Willy from her participation in 'The Heart of a City: The DTES Community Play'. As a producer of the play I didn't get to know her personally. The rehearsal hall wasn't my domain. I did however get to know her from watching her performances night after standing ovation night. And what a performer- she was one of our heroes who committed their heart and soul to this production.

As her participation in the Community Play shows Willy was active and committed to her community. A close friend of hers described Willy as "acutely sensitive...empathizes with others...and could put herself in other peoples shoes." How out of character then that Willy should perform in the Community Play the character of an employee who was insensitive and uncaring to one of her clients. I've also heard Willy described as 'feisty'- how appropriate then that this very same character in the play should wear a shirt that said 'Fuck Authority'. "Now that's Willy" I'm told.

And how very appropriate that she should play another character in the Bloody Sunday scene - a Ukrainian woman from the Ukrainian Hall supporting the men who - back in the 1930's - were attacked by the police when they occupied the Postal Office to protest the lack of work and lack of social support.

That's how I'll remember Willy- singing Solidarity Forever in that Bloody Sunday scene. After the community Play was over I was talking with the some of the woman from the Ukrainian Hall whose mothers were the ones who helped out these striking men back in the 1930's. The very women that Willy portrayed. The daughters of these women loved that scene and were so pleased with the Community Play and its portrayal of that struggle. Thank you Willy for bringing your heart and soul to this play and for making the story of the Ukrainian women so alive for the people of the DTES and the larger community. Every time I sing Solidarity Forever, I'll think of you.

Terry Hunter
Producer,, DTES Community Play

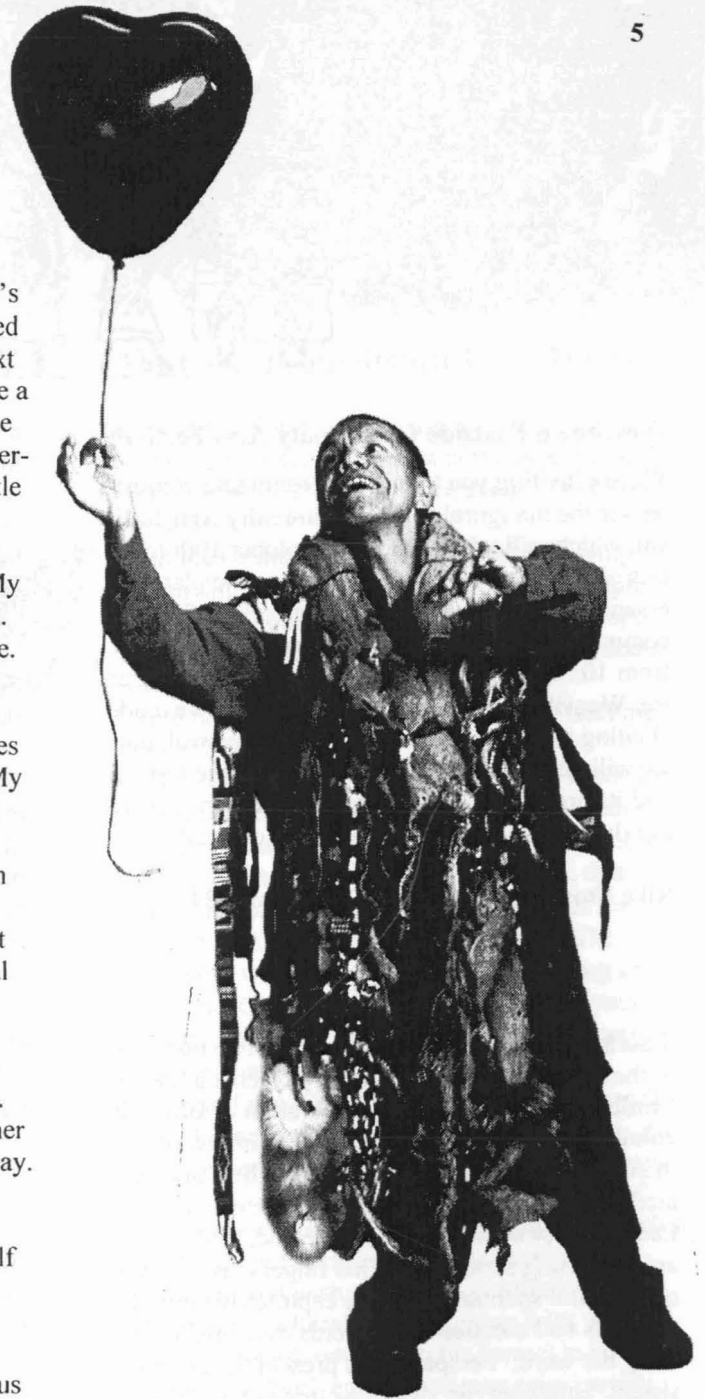
Touched by An Angel

We were touched by an angel, truly a beacon of spiritual light, in the darkest hour of a cold winter's night. The audience awaits the scene while huddled together side by side, just wanting to catch the next ride on the following tide. Bloody Sunday was like a beautiful dream, part fantasy and part reality. Time seemed to stand still for a moment but lasted an eternity. A voice in the far-off distance, sounding gentle yet so soft, so tender – a love song – eerie and bittersweet all rolled into one. So moving it shook my very foundation, sending chills up my spine. My blood rushing like a raging river, waiting for calm. Emotions begin to dance within me and come alive. My ears are more open to hear. My eyes are open and fixed on her every move to center stage. Suddenly sadness and sorrow grips me as she continues to sing Solidarity Forever in unity with the cast. My heart pounds like thunder as I want to join in with them but can't, so I did in silence sing every line (and I was good Man!) The cast sang with passion and compassion as one, leaving me mesmerized, causing that tingling sensation to shoot throughout my entire body. Man, what a rush.. a super natural high! Wow!!

That night, as the light beamed ever brighter, it seemed different somehow. The stage belonged to Willie – she captured our attention and our hearts. Right where she wanted us. Bam! in the palm of her hands. Willie was the sculptor and we were the clay. She could mold us and shape us in her own way. Willie prevailed in her endeavors once again: to touch the very core of our being, to share of herself and a spiritual message to humanity. by reaching into the very depth of our souls, thus leaving an eternal imprint – the memory of her.

Willie's message of life and beauty has brought us closer and forever enriched our lives.

By Stephen Lytton





Downtown Eastside Community Arts Festival

We are inviting you to join the organizing committee for the inaugural **DTES Community Arts** festival, which will take place from October 10th to 17th this year. Community involvement in the planning is essential to its success. The first meeting of the committee will take place Wednesday, June 9th from 10:30 am until noon, 3rd floor, Carnegie Centre. We will fill you in on the progress we've made eliciting support/commitment for this festival, and we will be seeking your involvement in the festival and its programs. If you have any questions regarding this meeting, or the festival, you can call

Rika Uto: 604-665-3003 or Dan Feeney: 841-3454

BLUE

Laurie Marshall and Noelle Nadeau, two members of the artist-run collective Gallery Gachet at 88 east Cordova St., invite you to a celebration of **Blue: the colour, the music and the essence**. Immersing themselves in the hues of blue paint, they have created art within the confines of a single colour. Laurie has painted landscapes, people, birds and animals using scrapers and his fingers. By working quickly and spontaneously, he captures his initial thoughts and emotions and avoids over intellectualizing the work. Perspective is present but not consistent, buildings can slant upwards in varying directions, a huge figure will stand next to a tiny one and small figures are not necessarily far away. He depicts an other-world where peaceful characters mingle. He describes a blue person as looking "solemn

and serious and doesn't laugh or talk much. But that's only his surface personality – his real self walks around giggling to itself and being amazed at how seriously people chase after things they can see but really aren't there, and how he himself is caught up in just the same predicament. All is a divine joke. One fine day it will be too much for him and he will burst out laughing so hard he will pop and float off to heaven... where people ride around on fluffy clouds in a blue sky and where time doesn't exist."

The endless generosity of nature inspires Noelle's misty abstracts that conjure up seas, skies, and fields of blue growth. She draws on her experiences being on and near the ocean for these paintings. She says blue "is the colour of our planet at a distance. It is a cool, calming colour affiliated with the throat chakra and communication. Most of my paintings are happenings. I don't know what the final product will be. I try not to control the process too much, but rather let the painting unfold. In essence I am having a conversation with the canvas. It perhaps is a trace of where my inner dialogue has been."

The opening night reception is on Friday, June 4 from 7 – 10 pm, with acoustic blues by David Marchant. You can also sit in the Blues Room, a collaboration mixing music and found objects. Wear something blue! Both artists hope you will leave the show feeling a little bluer than when they arrived – that is, a little more calm and serene, and a little more kindly and compassionate.

The show runs until June 25. Gallery hours are Wed – Sat 12-6 pm. Telephone (604) 687-2468
Web: www.Gachet.org



WEST COAST NATIVE ART CLASSES

The theft of Grandfather Eagle Feather



**AT OPPENHEIMER PARK FROM 1-4 PM
EVERY THURSDAY.
JOIN TODAY !!!**

Learn the culture and tradition of west coast art in the form of drawing, painting and carving.

Randy Tait, local artist & craftsman, will lead with traditional sharing of west coast stories, crests, shapes and animals, teaching his skills and experiences over a 12 week period:

Week 1: Intro to West Coast shapes and forms

Week 2: Template making

Week 3: Drawing West Coast art

Week 4&5: Painting in it's intricate detail

Week 6: Knife-care, sharpening and carving

Everyone is welcome to join these classes. There are no fees and all materials will be provided. All participants must be sober.

For information call Oppenheimer at 604-665-2210

Grandfather Spirit, forgive me, I know not what I do. You have given us the gifts of the medicines, the power of healing. Yet, that is not enough. I always want more!

When the Grandfather Eagle Feather was lying there, having smudged many thousands of people, the prayers of goodness and healing that were spread over those that asked to be smudged and the rooms that were blessed.

I could not resist the urge to take it away with me when I left the room.

In First Nations belief, to take a part of a Medicine bundle that does not belong to you is "Bad Medicine" How disappointed we were to discover the Grandfather Eagle Feather had been taken; this medicine is not to be bought or sold. It holds the prayers of many thousands over the years. The Grandfather was a gift to the Cultural Sharing group at Carnegie. On Monday, May 3rd someone wandered into the theatre and walked out with Grandfather Eagle Feather.

What could you possibly get for a dressed Grandfather Eagle Feather? Perhaps 10 bucks, a couple of glasses of beer, a compliment and thanks if it were given away to some unsuspecting person, a hit of dope, a joint or whatever else you might think such a magnificent item such as this should command!

If however, you wish to return Grandfather Eagle Feather to the Cultural Sharing group with no questions asked, please return it to the Carnegie info desk and all will be forgiven and you may even receive some "Good Medicine" in return.

Marlene Trick, Cultural Sharing programmer.



Pigeon Park Savings

This facility, located at 92 East Hastings, is open and helping low-income residents of the Downtown Eastside. Hours are Monday to Friday, 10am – 5pm, and on Cheque-days it opens at 8:30 am.

An account package is a flat fee of \$5/month. The 'package' includes cashing of cheques, withdrawals, bill payments, money orders, and ATM card access.

Basic cheque-cashing for people who don't have an account is a flat rate of \$2.99 per cheque. They DO NOT take a percentage, as other institutions/services do. If you want more information, drop in or call **604-408-8890**.

Forever and ever...

Forever fooling you, masking me, I hide, you seek
Who am I? you'll never know but I'll let you peek
Is it ever the correct time for us to say so long
And if it is it can't be right, can't be wrong.

Cast off your aspersions, let it out, feel your pain
If it's time to move on, break your heart, take it slow
I once knew a girl who cried tears deep as rain
Couldn't deal with loss, refused to move with the flow

In the future, if you learn how to forgive, to forget,
I'll always be there for you to hug you, no regrets.
Remember I needed you desperately in times past
If I then feel this bond I promise it shall never be
broken because it's true love....it will last.

Robyn L.

Pratistancara

It seems like a long while since I've written anything of substance. For several months now each issue has come together and been pretty good, due in no small measure to the artwork and hands on involvement of Diane Wood.

Working alone is the forté of most serious people, but as Kurt Vonnegut once opined, you don't even know if life is serious. It's certainly dangerous and can hurt a lot, but that doesn't mean it's serious. The character who said that - Kilgore Trout - goes on, in response to another fictitious person's question about how he couldn't figure out if Kilgore was kidding or not, said, "I always cross my fingers when I'm kidding. And please note that, when I gave you that priceless bit of information, my fingers were crossed."

The immediate violation of my sense of "rightness" - mostly perpetrated by the slimy business of elite capitalists and their political hacks - kept writing and activism alive in my contributions. It's not burnout or a wistful wall of depression making flame become ember, sentience hidden inside stasis. It may just be waiting and gathering power —regenerating. The feeling is one of treading water, starting to sink, and from whatever depth the decision not to drown comes from, using worn methods to get back to the surface — only to tread water until the sinking starts — again.

Self-analysis can be akin to crawling up one's own asshole. It can degenerate or just become static as selfishness. On the upside, with the application of spiritual practice and moral courage, life (using the previous analogy) makes swimming a valid option. Thank you to all who've put up with this stuff. Sincerity counts and helps.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Willie Munro. As a teacher of mine once said, "Death is just 'changing clothes', leaving one body, one life for the next."

So to Willie, go well.

PAULR TAYLOR



Woodsquat

Edited by Aaron Vidaver
West Coast Line,

A Review by Sandy Cameron and Jean Swanson

Woodsquat is a collection of about 80 eye-witness accounts, poems, photos, posters, official reports, and analyses about the occupation of Woodward's from September 14 to December 14, 2002. The book starts with Theresa D. Gray who situates the squat in the context of 500 years of aboriginal resistance and notes that all non-natives are squatters in Canada. Maxine Gadd follows with a creative, blistering attack on the Gordon Campbell government.

First of all, the book is an inspiring story told by the homeless, low-income people who took part in the Woodward's squat. Aaron Vidaver, the editor, was a squat supporter who helped produce an almost daily newsletter of squat events and thinking, and accumulated hundreds of hours of recorded interviews with the people involved. As Vidaver says, the squat "was a self-managed poor people's site of reclamation that deserves to be studied and tried again wherever there is an unused building and people who need to make dignified housing for themselves." The best part of the book was reading about the sense of power and community that the people involved created for themselves. "It was an awesome feeling for me to be needed and that sense of being in a family was there," writes Skyy, who helped out in the kitchen. "We were a lot more secure and safe. We held general meetings and committees, democratically... And we the people are

standing up' wrote Craig Ballantyne. Tony Snake-skin said, "We made the people see that whether we're homeless or whether we're alcoholics, or whether we're drug users, we're still human. We still deserve a chance at life as well." A Native man acknowledged the great support the squatters received. He then commented on those with power, "They think we're disposable but we're not ... Give us the right tools and we can do stuff ... There's a lot of very talented people down here." Lyn Tooley began to dream of the room she would build for herself in Woodward's. "I imagined six floors laid out like villages" with learning centres, workshops and "places we could all heal and learn how to care for ourselves and each other." Lyn went on to say, "We don't need charity, we need community."

The interviews with the squat participants are well-edited and forceful, pulling the reader along with the excitement of the squatters in building their own community, the anger at police brutality and at government policies that are oblivious to the needs of people who are poor. Vidaver's use of official reports juxtaposed to the voices of the squatters shows a huge contrast between the humanity of the squatters and officialdom. After 16 descriptions of the violent way the police conducted the second eviction, and a four-page list of the squatters' possessions that were thrown in the garbage, Vidaver puts

in the report from the Sanitation Branch Manager who was responsible for the garbage trucks that took these possessions to the dump. The Sanitation supervisor, he reported, said that "nothing appeared of value which was removed by his crews and discarded..."

In another report, police inspector Dave Jones revealed that, "The cost for police to remove the squatters from inside the Woodwards building exceeded the entire cold weather shelter budget for the winter."

The mood of the reader follows the mood of the squatters as the book continues: excitement and hope as the action grows; frustration, anger and sadness as it becomes clear that squatters aren't going to get decent housing. The squat ended on December 14, 2002, when some people moved to single rooms at the Dominion and Stanley Hotels.

If the book had a few more pages it could have included more on the history of why we have such a

huge housing crisis in a wealthy country like Canada. This could have included information about how the federal government under Paul Martin as Finance Minister, ended funding for new social housing in the early '90s, and destroyed the Canada Assistance Plan and with it the legal right to an adequate income. Since then provinces have been free to deny welfare to people in desperate need and reduce rates. This was a big reason for the squat. Some people had no money to pay rent because they couldn't get on welfare. And even when they could, rates have declined a huge amount since 1980. At that time the support portion of welfare (everything but rent) for a single person was \$191 a month. Today it's down to \$185 and the cost of living has more than doubled.

Even though the squatters didn't get the dignified social housing they fought for, the squat and subsequent tent cities did have a big impact in the city and maybe even the province. As Shannon Burdock writes in her article, "... efforts made by an unlikely coalition of working poor, drug users, urban aboriginals, disabled people, homeless people and many others was successful in mobilizing a sympathetic public around the crisis of the Downtown Eastside... The housing crisis as an election issue gained prominence as a result of the work done by the squatters and their supporters."

Though they had nothing, the squatters became a major force leading the fight against Gordon Campbell's social program cuts. They helped push the City or Vancouver to buy Woodwards. They reached out for solidarity and received it from the larger Vancouver community. They survived police violence. They found freedom in their own caring community which they created out of empty space, abandoned materials and their own imaginations. They inspired others to fight a little harder for social justice. They had an effect on the result of the city election in November, 2002. The squat may even have been part of getting the province to back partially off its plan to impose welfare time limits. The squatters sent a message that they will not be pushed aside like trash, that they will be back, that someday dignity and human rights, including the right to decent housing, will be an important part of the lives of all the world's peoples.



A NEW POETRY CONTEST CASH PRIZES TO BE WON

Closing date July 30, 2004

Following the successful 2003 contest, the **Poetry Institute of Canada** will again award over \$5,000 in cash and other prizes, to Canadian poets, in its open poetry contest for Fall 2004.

This will be our eleventh annual poetry contest. Any poet, previously published or not, may enter this contest and be a winner. The contest is open to all poets of any age. **Any subject or style is acceptable** and there is no entry fee.

The poem should be original and consist of 24 lines or less. As well as the opportunity to win a cash prize, the best 60% of the poems received will be published in a beautiful hard cover Anthology of Verse.

To enter, please send one original poem only to: The Poetry Institute of Canada, P0 Box 5577L Victoria, BC V8R 6S4, or you may e-mail or fax your entry. Name and address should be included at the top of the same page on which the poem appears. Typed or neatly written poems please. Entries should be postmarked not later than July 30, 2004.

Poetry Institute of Canada

P.O. Box 5577L • (509 Foul Bay Rd.) . Victoria,
British Columbia V8R 6S4

Phone (250) 519-0446 • Fax: (250) 519-0029 •

Email: poetryinstitute@shaw.ca

Our eleventh year of uniting poets across Canada

* Proudly Canadian

Journey

Rain falls, storms pass, sun fades.
My life plodded on, day followed night followed day
My shine lost its luster, I lost my pure joy
I was living so shallow, I felt reduced to a toy.
I hit rock bottom. I couldn't fall further still
The drug wanted me, my soul it would kill.
So up, I got up, my feet hit the ground
I fought for the chance to turn life around
I put it together, the pieces starting to fit
My glimmer of hope has again been re-lit

Katy Bryant



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Downtown Eastside Poets

are encouraged to bring your work to the Poetry Night readings held in the Carnegie Theatre on the first Saturday of the month at 7pm. The next one is June 5th. Possible submissions can be collected there and submitted via email. Mary Ann, our librarian, hopes to publish a book of DE poetry by the end of the year, so indulge your imaginations and write!!!

Sandy Cameron will be reading from his and Jean Swanson's new book "Being True To Ourselves – Downtown Eastside Poems of Resistance**"

Being Indian

Being Indian you are told to
Be proud of who you are
And be grateful
To be Indian now is like
Don't care or don't smile
or say hi, hello, how are you
Just keep walking with your
Head down or your head so
High in the air no time to face
Anyone so much shame anger
Dislike but at the same time we
All must know that we all we all
Have feelings.
So take a look around you
And smile now that is
Being Indian

c.jim

Moods surface, lavished in purple grey
 Moving like waves
 Deep aqua green and blue with envy
 Sitting in a mood
 Turning red and black
 Helpless and humiliated
 Taking her colours
 Washing them away
 In the depths of the ocean
 Stripped of her beauty
 Damaged her innocent thoughts
 Took bright canary yellow and poisoned brown
 Her pretty pinks and pale purples
 Drowned them with thoughts

A morbid existence
 In this mood
 Sprawled on the ocean floor
 Her colours vanish
 And she is white,
 Transparent with fear
 Gasping for air
 Dying to surface yet
 Bound to the sea

Jane Kersten



> A man died and went to heaven. As he stood in front of St. Peter at the Pearly Gates, he saw a huge wall of clocks behind him. He asked, "What are all those clocks?"

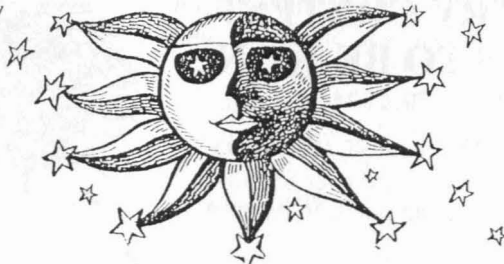
St. Peter answered, "Those are Lie-Clocks. Everyone on Earth has a Lie-Clock. Every time you lie, the hands on your clock will move."

"Oh," said the man, "whose clock is that?"

"That's Mother Teresa's. The hands have never moved, indicating that she never told a lie." "Incredible," said the man. "And whose clock is that one?" St. Peter responded, "That's Abraham Lincoln's clock. The hands have moved twice, telling us that Abe told only two lies in his entire life."

"Where's Gordon Campbell's clock?" asked the man.

"Campbell's clock is in God's office. He's using it as a ceiling fan."



A Healing Prayer

Mother Earth
 Father Sun
 Sister Wind
 Brother Sea

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

Larry Mousseau

Thanx For The Concern, Buddy

If you even suspect you have HIV, don't tell even those you think you can trust you can't told my acupuncturist by mistake and he exploded not you, you're one who should be leading us not dying like the rest, His response exactly was "why don't you just step in front of a train?" in the a.m. she comes to town to see her Pops flaxen-haired girl God blessed me with, my daughter we talk on the porch and then head for Chinatown looking for a magic blackstone turtle, start over a collection she lost, years of lucky turtles & stones stolen by the storage company and poverty the bitch I ache wondering how do I tell her? Daddy might've killed himself by mistake last month as if anyone goes out and gets infected on purpose my therapist kept screaming about 'those you affect' all the people around you who are forced to watch their father or mother waste away from AIDS sorry kid didn't mean it but I killed myself as you pick thru the cast-offs at Value Village while the middle-class kids with proper parents waste more in a month on cellphones than the golden girl in Aisle 5 trying to find jeans you know I'd give my life to make it easy for her don't know if I need therapy that makes me cry I have enough guilt but I also have more love than my detracting doctor, never good enuf for you you even bitch about the way I'm gonna die worried his tax dollar will fuel the funeral pyre

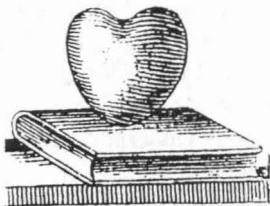
PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE REPORT

This has been the first year that the Board has reconstituted the publications committee as a formal standing committee of the Association. Its mandate is to deal with all issues respecting publications sponsored by the Association, including the Carnegie Newsletter; ensure that the publications policy as approved by the Board is followed; provide the editor of the newsletter with any support that the editor requires; and address any concerns from residents, contributors and people affected by the contents of the newsletter.

Over the past year, the committee has worked with the editor and others to develop a formal editorial policy which, following approval of the Board, was printed in the newsletter. It has worked with community volunteers to develop a web site for both the Carnegie generally and the newsletter specifically. It has helped to oversee the production and printing of the "Heart of the Community," a retrospective of the best of the Carnegie newsletters over the past 23 years.

Thanks, Paul, for your incredible efforts to write and edit this book as well as all of the accolades you and we have received since it was published. It is an amazing book, celebrating more than two decades of our community's ability to survive and create poetry about our survival.

Gena Thompson
Publications Committee Chair



Montreal based author visits Carnegie Tuesday June 1st Gallery @ 2pm

Please join us and come to hear award winning author Mary Soders reading from her latest novel **After Surfing Ocean Beach** which was featured in latest edition of Montreal Book Review and draws on experiences of her youth on the West Coast.

Refreshments will be served!

News From the Library



New Titles:

In the Heart of the Sea by Nathaniel Philbrick

This National Book Award winning work is a riveting and critically acclaimed bestseller. It's the real life inspiration for the famous story of *Moby Dick*.

The Book on Bush: How George W. (Mis)leads America: by Eric Alterman and Mark Green

For those who want to read even more from the stream of anti-Bush literature here is another winner. Alterman (author of What liberal media? the truth about bias and the news), and Green (Selling Out: How big corporate money buys elections) may offer us insight as we rush towards electing people to office who often say something while doing another.

Fire and Ice by Michael Adams. The subtitle which reads "the United States Canada and the myth of converging values" tells us what to expect from this national best seller. The *Globe & Mail*- "Michael Adams accurately describes the value structure beneath the current Canadian -American debate" but the author concludes that despite being inundated by the same mass media we are not turning into unarmed Americans with health insurance.

When 44 doesn't work for you: rational steps to Quitting Alcohol by Albert Ellis. A self help book for anybody with emotional problems, especially those of us who use alcohol too much for our own good. The authors use rational-emotive therapy to help us get to recovery and stay there and hopefully move on to a more fulfilling life.

Haunted Hills & Hanging Valleys by Peter Trower. This collection of selected poems by former logger and BC resident Peter give us the voice of a poet who would fit right in with our many talented participants at the Carnegie Poets first Saturday readings.

Native Peoples and Cultures of Canada by Alan McMilian. Described by George Woodcock as being authoritative and accessible, this updated work covers pre-contact to present day and examines the many issues that face Canada's First Nations today.

Mary Ann, your librarian.



Canada and its Churches are Accused of Genocide by Major Guatemalan Indigenous Organizations

On Thursday, May 20, 2004, a representative of three major indigenous groups in Guatemala presented a formal protest letter or "denuncia" to Monica Izaguire of the Canadian Embassy in Guatemala City.

This protest letter accused Canada and its mainline churches of committing and concealing acts of Genocide against its native populations for more than a century, in their Indian Residential Schools and hospitals.

The letter called for the Canadian government to support an international investigation into these allegations of Genocide by Canada and its churches.

The letter was endorsed and signed by the Defensoria Indigena, the Consejo de Esperanza of San Andres Itzapa, and the Consejo Asesor Indigena of San Andres Itzapa.

To quote the letter,

"To the Government and Prime Minister of Canada,

We are deeply alarmed and concerned by the fact that crimes of Genocide are alleged to have been committed against the indigenous peoples of Canada by your government and by the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian and United Church of Canada.

According to eyewitnesses and official documentation, these crimes are alleged to include murder, torture, rape, involuntary sexual sterilization, forced labour, biological warfare, medical experimentation, land theft, cultural eradication, pedophilia, and the conducting of a prolonged war of extermination against non-Christian aboriginal people.

These crimes are alleged to have occurred for more than a century in the state-sponsored and church-run Indian Residential Schools which legally interred every Indian child across Canada between the years 1890 and 1984. During this period, more than fifty thousand children died in these schools, according to the statistics of your own Department of Indian Affairs. Most of the bodies of these dead children have never been located or recovered.

According to the evidence before us, paid employees and officials of these Indian Residential Schools perpetrated, condoned and concealed every act defined as Genocide by the United Nations Convention on the Prevention of Genocide, which was passed by the United Nations General Assembly in 1948, and ratified by Canada in 1952.

The same evidence indicates that the highest officials of church and state in Canada knew of these crimes and continually approved them as a matter of policy. As such, your government and the churches in question appear to be responsible for having committed and concealed intentional Genocide, as defined by the United Nations.

We understand that government and the churches in question have only acknowledged the physical and sexual attacks on native children in these schools, and have refused to take responsibility for

any of the other crimes attested to by eyewitness survivors. In this way, your institutions can be considered to be openly violating international law, and holding yourselves unaccountable for crimes against humanity committed by your employees and accountable officials.

As representatives of indigenous organizations throughout the Americas, we therefore call upon your government and the churches in question to abide by morality and international law, and do the following:

1. Support a motion before the United Nations General Assembly and the International Criminal Court to establish an International War Crimes Tribunal into Genocide in Canada.

2. Surrender to this Tribunal all evidence held by your government and the churches in question pertaining to any and all crimes committed against indigenous people and their land, including murder and Genocide.

3. Surrender to this Tribunal the names of all persons who are guilty of such crimes in the Indian Residential Schools.

4. Respond publicly to the allegations of Genocide made against your government and the churches in question by survivors of the residential schools.

5. Revoke the charitable, tax free status of the churches in question on the grounds that they are accused of having committed and concealed crimes against humanity, and should therefore not be subsidized and aided by the public until these allegations are proved or disproved.

We are communicating this appeal to the world community and its media, prior to further public action on this matter."

This statement has been delivered to the world press, as the first of further denuncias anticipated by the Guatemalan indigenous groups, which are working with The Truth Commission into Genocide in Canada to make these facts known.

For more information, contact The Truth Commission into Genocide through this email or (in Canada) at 1-888-265-1007.

Kevin D. Annett, Secretary
kevinannett@yahoo.ca

President's Report

We started off with a few and then we grew to 15 board members. Can you imagine Bob Sarti finally put his name forward to be a board member? Since then it has been interesting, don't you think?

I'd like to thank all board members for being part of a wonderful year. A few of us were busy with community issues and our many committee meetings. Bob has been walking miles with many volunteer during his Sarti walks and so far no one has complained so this is a great outing for everyone.

Carnegie staff does a great job with the minutes for committee meetings, and for that I would like to take this time to thank them for the work they have done. Great job! Keep it up.

There is always a sad part of our AGM reports and that is to remember those volunteers who've passed on. Most of them have left us with great memories of who they are and how much they gave to our Community Centre. You will all be missed dearly, thanks for being a part of our lives and giving so much.

Margaret Prevost



Carnegie Community Centre Association's **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**

Thursday, June 3, 2004 at 7pm
in Carnegie's Theatre

This meeting is open to all members of the Association. If you are nominated to stand for election to the Board of Directors, you must have been a member for 60 days immediately prior to June 3. If you wish to vote, you must have been a member for 14 days immediately prior to June 3.

Reports from all committees and the President will be tabled, and refreshments will be on hand!

**This poster advertises a musical event that has already taken place. Ricci had handed in a copy for the last issue, to let readers and residents know of her show.

During the day of layout for May 15th's *Newsletter*, it was put with the stuff 'already done' by the editor and didn't appear at all.

Please accept my apology and pass on copies of this issue to your friends and family, along with the good feelings generated by your music.

PRT



IN the CRUCIBLE

May 28 – June 26

at the Interurban

#1 E. Hastings Street, Wed to Sat, 10am-6pm

In the Crucible is Nomadic Visions/Network photographer Duane Prentice's in-depth voyage profiling the lives of 30 people and families in the Downtown Eastside over the past five years. The pervasive cultural ignorance of the conditions surrounding substance abuse, mental health survival

and housing issues, fed by the enforced silence of those living within them, continues to prevent solutions to this problem. *In the Crucible's* visionary miasma the disquieting and the redemptive in the finest documentation of this challenging time.



FORUM ON CHILD APPREHENSION

Saturday, June 26th, 2004. 12pm to 5pm

Chief Simon Baker Room, Vancouver Aboriginal Friendship Centre, 1607 E. Hastings Street

Food, bus tickets, and on-site childcare will be provided.

12-1 pm: Set up and Registration

1-3 pm: Speakers from Organizer's Training Group, Vancouver Coastal Aboriginal Regional Authority, Legal Services Society, Vancouver Native Health, Battered Women's Support Services, and more!

3-4:30 pm: In smaller groups, strategize on how to fight back & tell our stories

4:30 -5 pm: Clean up

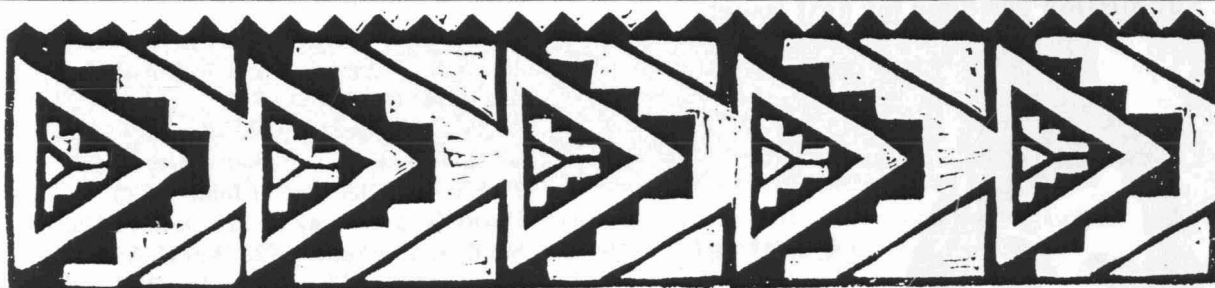
The Organizer's Training Group consists of a group of women who meet weekly in the Downtown Eastside. We are committed to women's empowerment, political activism and ending legislated poverty. We are also sponsored through End Legislated Poverty.

We demand an end to racist and classist child apprehensions!

ORGANIZER'S TRAINING GROUP

Suite 211 - 456 West Broadway, Vancouver, B.C. V5Y 1R3

For more information, contact Melissa Medjuck... Tel: (604) 684-0778 or (604) 602-1604 Fax: (604) 684 0799



The Job Shop supports residents of the DTES in their return to work. Participants develop and broaden the skills they will need to get and keep a job. Federally funded by HRDC, The Job Shop starts new participants every week. Program information sessions are held Tuesdays, at 1 p.m. Call 604-253-9355, Ext.238.

Need A Chance To Prove You're Ready, Willing & Able To Work?

Get the



you deserve!

Find out what your next step needs to be.

Call to attend the Job Shop Info session. 604-253-9355

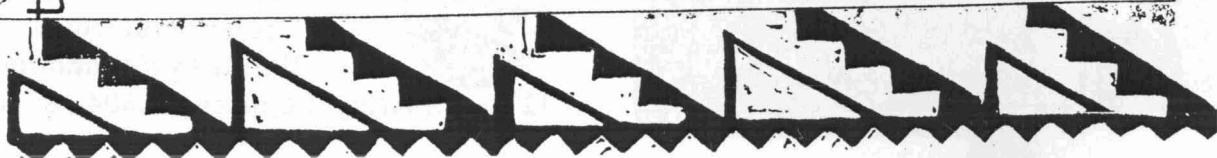
Program funded by HRDC



Human Resources
Development Canada

Développement des
ressources humaines Canada

tradeworks



DOWNTOWN
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YOUTH
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SOCIETY

49 W.Cordova
604-251-3310

NEEDLE EXCHANGE – 221 Main; 9:00am – 7pm every day
NEEDLE EXCHANGE VAN – 3 Routes:

City – 5:45pm – 11:45pm
Overnight – 12:30am – 8:30am

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Carnegie
NEWSLETTER

401 Main Street, Vancouver V6A 2T7

www.carnnews.org
carnnews@vcn.bc.ca
604-665-2289

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
CARNegie COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION.

Articles represent the views of individual
contributors and not of the Association.

Editor: PaulR Taylor; cover art & layout: Diane Wood

Submission Deadline for next issue:

Thursday, June 10



Contact
*Jenny
Wai Ching
Kwan* MLA

Working for You

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2004 DONATIONS Libby D.-\$40
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Heather S.-\$25 RayCam-\$30 Gram -\$100
Paddy -\$30 Glen B.-\$50 John S.-\$80
Penny G.-\$21 Jenny K.-\$20 Dara C.-\$20
Sandy C.\$20 Audrey-\$20 Wes K.-\$50
Joanne H.-\$20 Christopher R.-\$25
The Edge Community Liaison Ctt -\$200
Peter T.-\$20 PG for PB -\$25
Mike B.-\$15 Anonymous-\$23

We thank the Coast Salish People for allowing
us to produce this newsletter on their land.

 
The Downtown Eastside Residents Association

DERA helps with: Phone & Safe Mailboxes
Welfare problems;
Landlord disputes;
Housing problems
Unsafe living conditions

At 12 East Hastings St. or phone 604-682-0931

*If they can choose a Volunteer of the Month,
then it's up to US, the volunteers, to pick*

STAFF OF THE MONTH!

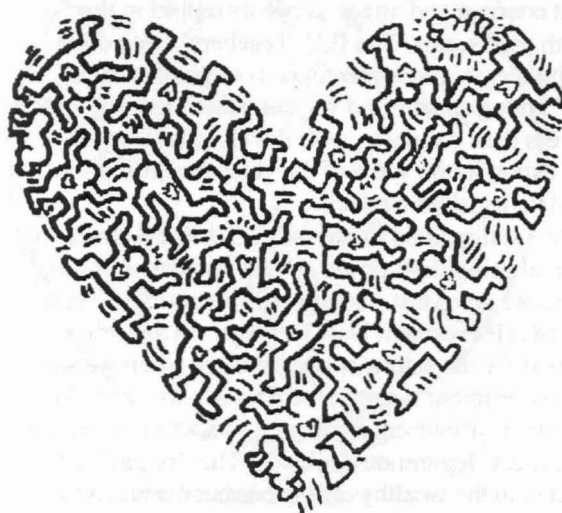
Cast your ballot in the Newsletter Office

Let us know **WHO** should win and **WHY**

Responses so far have been interesting; from "I don't know their names" to a volunteer who voted for himself because he'd never won Volunteer of the Month, and then persuaded the guy sitting beside him to vote for him as well. Ted on Security started campaigning "Vote for me" right away. Despite our policy that Staff cannot vote for themselves (or each other) Mary Ann the librarian is considering cheating if the prize is worth it.

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You have two more weeks to vote. The winner will be announced in the mid-month Newsletter.



Powell Street Festival



The Powell Street Festival Society presents a community art workshop series facilitated by Haruko Okano for all members of the Japanese Canadian community, including artists, children, youth, adults and seniors. This is an artist and community collaboration project aimed at exploring "hyphenated" identities in the Japanese Canadian community (what makes us Japanese? what makes us Canadian?) by bringing together artists and community members to create individual art pieces that will, at the end of the series, be put together to make one large art installation during the 2004 Powell Street Festival weekend (July 31st-August 1st). Workshops take place on Saturdays from 1-4pm, June 19, June 26, July 10 & July 17, at Tonari Gumi (511 East Broadway). All interested participants should attend an orientation session on Saturday, June 5 at 1pm at Tonari Gumi. Information: 604 683 8240 or miko@dkam.ca.

We need your help to spread the word about this project! Please forward this message to any family, friends, co-workers, who may be interested in spending a Saturday afternoon or two to create a valuable and meaningful community art piece! We need folks of all ages to come out and participate!

Please email or call Miko with any questions.

Best to you all,
Miko
powell street festival society
www.powellstreetfestival.com



パウエル
祭り

Teachers are disgusted by Liberal attack on hospital workers

Teachers all over the province are watching with great concern and anger as events unfold in the health care sector. The B.C. Teachers' Federation has held emergency meetings to respond to members' concerns and find ways in which teachers can express their solidarity with the Hospital Employees' Union in the wake of the government's reprehensible legislative attack.

"We are disgusted to see the B.C. Liberals once again abusing their power to ram legislation through to impose an unjust settlement in a contract dispute," said BCTF President Neil Worboys. "And we're worried for the future of our province when we see this government's pattern of flagrant disregard for collective bargaining rights and vindictive responses to workers' legitimate demands. They're paying for tax cuts to the wealthy off the backs of caregivers."

Worboys vowed that teachers throughout the province would join with the hospital workers in their fight against privatization of health care, education, and other vital public services.

"Like the HEU members, teachers have had our collective agreement ripped up by this government too. We understand how devastating it is to see provisions that protect services—whether it's to students or to patients—being eliminated with the stroke of a pen," Worboys said. "Why is this government so desperate to privatize absolutely everything? They are trampling people's rights as they rush to sell off the province to their private sector friends."



RIGHT-WING INSENSITIVE QUOTE OF THE DAY:

"Being poor is a state of mind, not a condition." —

HUD Secretary Alphonso Jackson's explanation yesterday to the House Financial Services Committee about why he refused to discuss housing the poor.

Just imagine

If I had the power to reform the Welfare system, I would create the following policies:

- 1) Eliminate so-called 'Welfare Wednesday' that brings too many 5-week months for adjustment. The cheques would arrive on the last working day of the month, like other provinces.
- 2) Double the rates so people could move into decent places and rebuild their health and reintegrate into main stream society.
- 3) For fully employable people I'd retain a flexible 2-year time but give full funding to schooling to enable the learning of new trades and upgrading of existing skills; full funding would include a transit pass, phone, comprehensive dental and eye care, good clothing and all the help they need to put them on the road to permanent work at decent wages.
- 4) Create a semi-employable category which allows people to work part-time without losing benefits. Regular reviews would help ascertain illness and whether the person is ready for permanent employment or chooses to remain on the part-time plan.
- 5) Full disability with all benefits for life would be reinstated, meaning those in this category would not have to work to survive. They could work part-time for their mental, emotional and spiritual well-being with no penalty.

These simple steps would reduce health costs alone in 6 months, and the total welfare costs would go down. No one would be trapped in a vicious cycle of permanent poverty – less crime, alcoholism, addiction, homelessness, sex work and even death. What governments now overspend on shelters, health care, homelessness, shelters, and to a lesser extent police, courts and prisons, could be channeled into social services.

Investing in human potential is the good cost of doing business. This is a vision whose time has come.

Christiane Bordier

GENIE Awarded for "Fix".for Best Canadian Documentary

Documentary filmmaker Nettie Wild was an impromptu, surprise guest at a VANDU meeting on May 22 @ 2pm in Carnegie's theatre. Along with the producer and some crew, she showed off to one and all their well-deserved **Genie** Award for *Fix*, her much acclaimed and prize-winning film.

Wild was gracious in her remarks and, along with Ann Livingston, Philip Owen and Dean Wilson, traveled to Toronto to accept the **Genie** on behalf of VANDU and the Downtown Eastside (having just returned with Dean and Ann from a whirlwind tour of Australia).

She briefly took questions from those in attendance and permitted them to be photographed holding the award, if they wished. Nettie and her small but very well-informed entourage were then off to another special appearance, somewhere in the deep heart of the Downtown Eastside. A good time, good vibes, were had by one and all.

By Robyn L.



School Of Life

I've learned that life is like a roll of toilet paper. The closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.

I've learned that we should be glad God doesn't give us everything we ask for.

I've learned that under everyone's hard shell is someone who wants to be appreciated and loved.

I've learned that God didn't do it all in one day. What makes me think I can?



~Our Addictions~

We are addicted, we have deep set fears.
Our body calls daily for what we've done for years.
The bottle, the pills kept away our hidden tears.
The sickness awaits us each and every new day;
wondering, will our minds ask us
"Are we addicted Today?"

Letting go of old behaviors trying to do only good.
A struggle at times to remember how we "should."
The rage and sadness runs deep; our souls go awry.
Trying to keep up with the AA slogan
"Just for Today"

Then one day we relapse, we "thought" we were
Ok. The patterns, the behaviors;
- this illness never went away.

We are addicted we have deep set fears.
Some fight more than others holding back the tears.
We look at the innocence in our children's eyes.
Hoping they never endure the pain their parents
keep in disguise.

One day it hits us, and it hits us good. We hit
bottom again, we "thought" we understood.
We must accept we have this disease, It awaits us
each and everyday. We must remember it hides
in us. We need to always stop and PRAY.
Keep it simple One step through Nine, and
remember there's Ten, Eleven, and Twelve. For
us Alcoholics it's ONE DAY AT A TIME!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lisa Marie

SPARE CHANGE

Corner of Pender and Abbott, just before midnight.

Whose bright idea was it to build a multiplex theatre and high-end mall here? Remember when it was a parking lot? I liked it better as a pit filled with water. I knew a guy who was arrested once for canoeing in the flooded hole that gaped where this mall now is.

I light a smoke into cupped palms. Orange glows bright, then dimmer. Streetlights leak shifting spilled paint reflections off shining sidewalks and pavement. It is chilly tonight, like this evening belongs in a whole different month than the rest of this week.

She'll be out any minute. She's in the bathroom, getting rid of the watery cola we drank during the late movie and fixing her mascara. I smoke with one hand and run fingertips over the ridged edges of quarters in my pocket with the other.

There's a woman, she's just rounded the corner off Carrall onto Pender St, she's walking towards me. Her dress has two straps; one has fallen to her elbow and remains there, the other clings to a prominent collarbone. I watch her only because there is nobody else on the street to look at.

She shuffles, fists blossoming into five narrow fingers and then closing again. Repeat. Eyes down, back and forth, she searches the sidewalk and gutter. A flat cigarette butt is scooped and placed into the shapeless front pocket of her dress. A small baggie is picked up, opened, sniffed, licked, and dropped again. She runs a yellow tongue over peeling lips, passes a sleeveless wrist under her nose. Repeat. I look down as she starts to get close to me. I can hear the sound of her flipflops sucking and slapping against the wet pavement. The flip-flops stop in front of me.

I don't look up. Both hands are in my pockets. My half-smoked cigarette is crushed and soggy, an inch away from the toe of my boot. What a waste, I think, too late to fix it.

"Spare change, young fella?" Her voice is deeper than her small frame seems capable of. I shake my head. She lifts one lip a little in my direction. "I know you've got change in your pockets. I can hear it. Heard it all the way up the street."

"You asked me if I could spare some change, not if I had any."



BRUCE RAY

She raises her eyebrows. They've been plucked and then painted back on, but she raises them nonetheless. "We got a wise guy, huh?"

She flips, then flops back two steps and surveys me closer. "You go to college? That, my friend, is lawyer talk."

I shake my head. "I'm a writer. I tell stories."

She snorts. "Same diff. Makin' shit up. Twisting the facts so they end up on your side. I'll ask you again, counselor. Can I have some of the change I can hear n your pocket?"

"It's not change. It's my car keys" I jingle them for evidence.

"Other pocket. Nice try. What, are you afraid I'll go spend your hard-earned money on drugs?" I half shrug half nod. What if I get you something to eat?" I motion over my shoulder to the McDonald's which is getting ready to close up. She snorts again.

"That garbage? Now that stuff will kill you." We both laugh. I pull my other hand out of my pocket. Two loonies, a toonie, three quarters. I hand it over. A nicotine-stained band shoots out and collects, then disappears, the change gone before I can squeeze out a second thought. She doesn't thank me.

"You're welcome." I say.

"What? You want me to thank you now? I took your money to make you feel better about having more of it than me. I just did you a favour. Don't you feel like a better person now? Helping out an old woman? I'm the mother of four children. I have three grandchildren. I'm almost 65."

"You don't look a day over 80," I quip.

"Where are your kids-then?" I'm starting to wonder where my girlfriend is, too.

"My kids? Where are my kids? You mean why don't my kids swoop down and rescue their poor old mother from the mean streets of the Downtown Eastside?"

"Well, yeah. That's pretty much what I mean."

"And argue over whose turn it is to keep me in their basement suite? All the free cable I can watch? I tried that. There's one catch. There's always one catch."

"What's that?"

"I'm never allowed to bring my heroin." I nod, because there seems to be nothing to say.

"Shit happens, kiddo. Sometimes life gets in the way of all your plans. I'm too old to live under someone else's roof. Someone else's laws. Had enough of that when I was married to the bastard, may he rest in peace."

I nod again, reach into my pocket for my smokes. I offer her one, light both. She inhales deeply, stares at the red end of her cigarette.

"It's the simple things. How 'bout you spare me a couple more of these for later?"

I look down into my pack. ~ two left. "I'd offer to buy them from you but you'd probably just go spend the money on more cigarettes. She smiles. I hand her the rest of the package. Up close she smells like rose water.

"There now." The pack disappears. She pats my forearm. "Doesn't that feel better?"

[This story, written by Ivan E Coyote, was in some paper but cut out and handed in here. sans the name of the publication. (Just found out it was "X")-Ed.]



Life

Fuck it all, get down and crawl
No time for life, forget it all
Look at me and tell me why
Wash the tears from my eyes
Tell me why the fuck you cry
When deep inside you know we'll die.
Life's like a dream floating in a stream
Standing in the rain feeling nothing but shame
this is my life, this is my pain
no time for you no time for me
so let's pretend to be a happy family

Jesse Calvert

the 16 yr old fool



Stop, Slow Down and Breathe

I'm sitting here thinking
Thinking about my life
about my past, about my present
and especially about my future
I want so many things
so many dreams, so many hopes
that all seem so far away.
I'm sitting here worrying
worrying about family, worrying
about friendship, worrying
especially about myself
What if I don't make it?
What if I fail?

I have to tell myself to stop,
slow down and breathe
One day at a time
Things will be fine
You will be fine
Just stop, slow down and breathe.

Amber Hubbs

BRUCE RAY

CARNEGIE

VOLUNTEERS

© Volunteers of the Month (April)

Shannon Stevens (joined us May 2003) and **Mike Waffle** (joined us October 2003) Both these brave folk volunteer as a Cashier for our 2nd Floor Cafeteria, a particularly tough volunteer position to fill due to its complexity and responsibility. This is a multi-task front-line position which not only requires customer service skills but organizational and technical skills ~ *all at the same time* AND while standing on their feet for hours in a confined area. Carnegie food is great, but volunteer cashiers must contend with bad attitudes along with all the rest.

Mike also faithfully volunteers as a Coffee Seller in the Senior's Lounge on the Lane Level. We thank you Shannon and Mike for your guts, skills and faithful commitment. Colleen

Gentle Reminder to all of us!

Let's be kind and remind ourselves that Cashiers are generously giving of their time and efforts to serve us! We want them to feel good about what they give, not dread having to face another shift at the till. (I have never ever met a perfect person in my life, so lets give what we want: respect and acceptance even on our off days)

~ **Volunteer Program Committee Meeting**

Wednesday June 16 @ 2pm --- Classroom II

- **Volunteer Dinner**

Wednesday, June 16 @ 4:30pm -- Theatre

© **Out-Trip- 'Dance (Revolution)'** at the Vancouver Academy of Dance

Friday, June 4 at 7:30pm

Meet ~ Info Desk at 6:30pm

Sign up with Colleen in Volunteer Program Office

Karaoke with Gerald

-hosted by Colleen

Friday, June 11, 2004 7pm - 10pm

in the Carnegie Theatre

Come and sing your heart out with us

Refreshments to wet your whistle...or your pipes!



'DJ Mix and Friends' with Cody

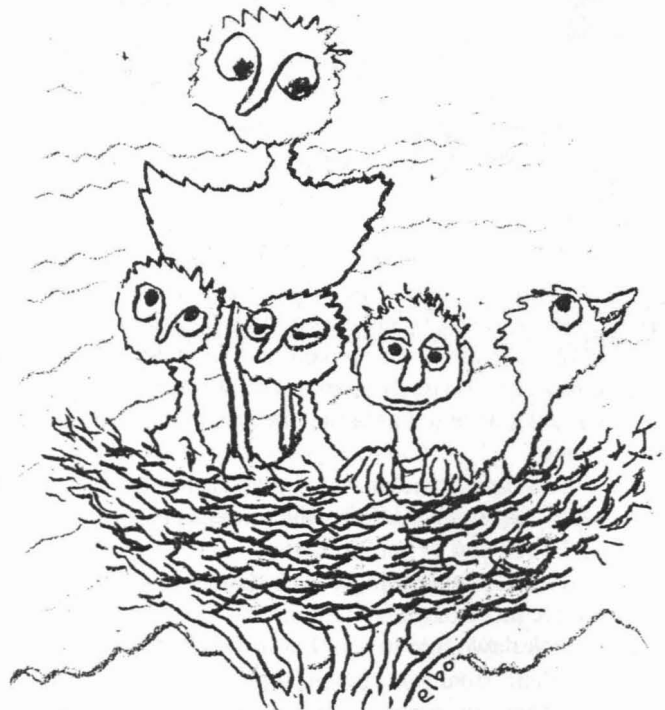
- hosted by Colleen

Friday, June 4th, 2004 7pm- 10pm

in the Carnegie Theatre

Refreshments served to quench your thirst

EVERYONE WELCOME



© **CAMP CULTUS**

Monday June 14 to June 18, 2004

Get ready for one of the most popular trips of the year!

An opportunity to get out of wacky city life and Commune with the birds and the bees and the flowers and the trees

An experience you won't forget

The Dream Team will be along to ward off the bears while you sleep at night:

Marvelous Marlene, Kween Colleen, Bishop Ian, Lumpy 'Doug'