

Woodwards - !



or is

the *Fix*

in at

The Core . . . *Ashtray*

## Neighbourhood News

### \*Is the Fix in?

The Woodward's Steering Committee is composed of politicians and/or their representatives, bureaucrats, and the Developers/Stakeholders and their reps

The Woodward's Social Housing Coalition is made up of several groups with home bases in the Downtown Eastside and/or many members of each living here. Many of them were involved in the occupation of the building and supported the squat outside.

The Steering Committee presented a report to City Council which gave results of several public forums like Ideas Fair, design and 'best possible' workshops and so on. The Social Housing Coalition then points out serious flaws in the way numbers, favoured designs and, more importantly, the tacit exclusion of the expressed desire of the Downtown Eastside residents for at least 250 social housing units are given weight and priority by those who wrote it..

#### For Example:

-300 people reported in attendance at the meeting where Ideas Fair results were put together and the preferences tallied given much weight; actually only 100 people attended, many of whom wandered in and out while the most aggressive proponents got the floor again and again.

-Artists based designs on what the few monopolising the floor wanted, and residents intimidated by this, or having ideas that didn't add onto what was already drawn or 'on a roll', didn't speak at all;

-Aboriginal input was dissuaded or ignored which, along with community suggestions pertaining to an over-nite drop-in, Aboriginal Restaurant for training local Natives, almost any Alcohol or Drug Treatment resources were not reflected in this report;

-prioritization of key issues was continually set to demand profit-making components; this is especially reflected in the continuous and unchanging figure of 100 social housing units, no matter how many times by many people the base number was set at 250+.

#### More recently:

-the presentation of the 3 proposals made by the short-list of submitters of Expressions Of Interest



papers giving the distinct and awful feeling, shared by scores of attendees to the In-Woodwards exhibit, that the conclusions and company 'winning' has already been decided.

-the vagueness and generalization of one model at this display, even with the architects and P.R. staff there, seems intentional. It was presented by the same people who worked for Fama Holdings when, for 14 months, their owner and boss – Kassam Aghtai – screamed bloody murder at all points where the DE Woodward's Committee refused to let him treat future residents in the then Co-op model as second-class at best.

The plan wrangled over with FAMA/Aghtai started with cutting out the centre of Woodward's like a doughnut. Aghtai had the elite capitalist idea that he was going to sell what he built and that the buyer would just have to settle for what he offered.

\*Co-op residents would have only one entrance on the extreme west corner; they'd have to walk back 40+ meters to the one elevator for them to get home

\*Co-op residents could not use an overhead walkway from the parking garage on the north side of Cordova; even if they had a car (or were dropped off by bus at 2am) each person would have to go outside, cross the street, walk the long L from Cordova to Hastings then west to the same single entrance and proceed as described above

\*all apartments in the Co-op part were to be as small and utilitarian as possible, with rooftops and common courtyard to be used solely by the condo owners in the other half of the building.

Aghtai kept this up, screaming at the then-head of BC Housing and DE reps, for 14 months. When all had been resolved (meaning virtually all of his planned 'ghetto' ideas were replaced with decent housing) Aghtai then balked at the last thing – showing he had the money to go ahead, as required in all government contracts. He just pulled out and started trying to flog the empty building on the open market. Downtown Eastsiders talked to or visited reps of every person or company who expressed interest. Aghtai finally realized that locals weren't



going to let Woodward's become the mecca for shop-till-you-drop consumers or Gucci flea markets. He tried to save face by having each deal public: buying Woodward's and the parking garage for \$17 million, selling the garage the next day to the City of Vancouver for ~\$10 million, a note in some legal rag showed he was trying to stiff all the sub-contractors for the \$300,000 owed to them for work they did inside, making hundreds of thousands for renting space for movie shoots, and finally having to sell it for (get this) \$22 million to the NDP Provincial Government. His company, FAMA Holdings, employed almost all of the people now involved with the vague plan/model under discussion.

- while at Woodward's these same people were being as secretive or even dishonest as possible in not telling those in attendance that their model and proposal included property they own next door (Woolworth's). The most desired model/proposal, [as indicated by everyone who saw that the other one did not, even with all the additional space potential of the Woolworth's site, increase the number of non-market units above this 100 number] gave specific and open-ended designs addressing almost all viable ideas, including a base number of 250 non-market, social housing units.

Why does it feel more and more that the ex-Fama group has a lock on getting the go-ahead? Whose back have they scratched to permit this whole public display to go on... like a \$300,000 charade?

By PAULR TAYLOR



*Following is reprinted a letter sent to Council on behalf of the Social Housing Coalition, attached to their 5-page critique of the Steering Ctte's report:*

### **Dear Council Members;**

We send this letter with the greatest of hope that it will result in the Woodward's building being used to resolve the issues encompassing the DTES. Immediately following the election of the new City Council we brought down the Woodward's Squat with the assistance of the owner of the Dominion Hostel and the new Council. We immediately set about to find out what the poverty community needed to see happen in the Woodward's building. Out of this evolved a 7-page quantitative and qualitative survey. Some of the results can be found in Attachment 2.

At the heart of Woodward's lies the opportunity to offer honour to those who have been denied it by so many other governments of all levels.

We hope that yours is finally a government which truly understands the relationship between governance and social justice.

We hope that you understand the relationship between offering social housing and reducing the Public Safety budget. We hope you recognize that failing to adequately house the homeless has a negative impact on the local community and its capacity to attract shoppers and tourists into the neighbourhood, thereby generating negative financial results and reducing the city's potential tax base.

We also hold that the most significant opportunity afforded to you by the redevelopment of Woodward's relates to the aboriginal components of the workshops. Although there are a large percentage of First Nations people in the DTES community, there is no formal Aboriginal community. Woodward's and the recently purchased retail space in Blood Alley are the chance for Vancouver to finally entrench the Aboriginal community in the DTES. By setting up aboriginal art galleries, carving and craft store fronts, First Nations restaurants, Aboriginal healing centres, sweat lodges, long houses and other services

you will finally restore some long denied honour to the local aboriginal community.



We believe this can all be done within a financially sustainable package, where funding from other levels of government and subsidy through pooling of all lease income will balance the total books. The other point which cannot be given a financial value is the capacity to generate an aboriginal retail and enterprise zone which links Gastown and Chinatown, creating a major tourist attraction.

Over the years we have tried ignoring poverty, we have tried moving the poor from one neighbourhood to another. We have tried criminalizing poverty and its related problems and have discussed using four pillars to remedy the addiction problem which exists. in concurrence with poverty.

We have tried charity, criminalization, relocation, and minimalization. We have tried everything but hope and honour.

The Woodward's Social Housing Coalition challenges the COPE Council to break new ground. Today you have before you the chance to offer hope rather than poverty and death to the most marginalized in our community. Do not allow the manipulation of the Woodward's Vision Workshops. Do not take the softer, easier way out by pursuing the short-sighted view of budgeting which has placed this province in the crisis it is currently in through the anality of shortsighted micromanagement. Do not allow the agents of gentrification within city council or the broader community to influence or compromise your integrity.

From the urban warriors who held the line at the Woodward's Squat, we encourage you to not falter in your bravery. Stand behind the commitments you made during the civic election. Make Woodward's more than just another glitzy agent for gentrification and the marginalizing of the poor.

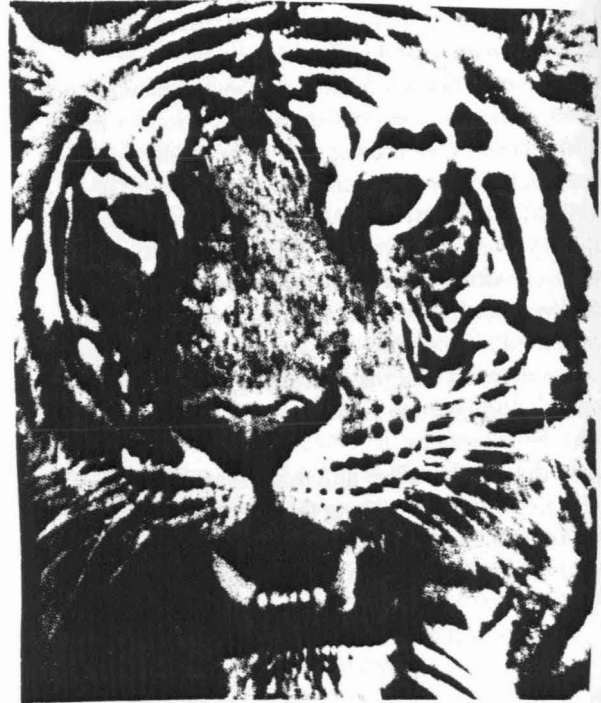
As a Council you have the fortune of being presented with the greatest opportunity in twenty years to address and significantly reduce the environment which cultivates poverty and entrenches addiction and other poverty-related diseases in the downtown east side of Vancouver. We encourage you to do

what you know must be done to address the needs of those in poverty in a way which does not minimize, marginalize or in any other way avoid dealing with the problems which keep so many of our citizens entrenched in poverty and hopeless despair.

What lies in front of you is the capacity to offer real solutions and genuine hope to the most marginalized in our community.

Be wise, be brave and do not falter.

Jim :Leyden  
Organizer



*The Downtown Eastside's*  
**POETRY NIGHT**  
**& Cabaret**  
*is next at Carnegie on*  
**Saturday, September 4<sup>th</sup> at 7 pm**

*In memory...*

## For the late Nelson Gurney

Nicest guy in the world

Always had a smile  
and something positive to say

He loved life  
and never had anything bad to say

He will be missed by all of us  
who were closest to him

He was the light  
at the end of the tunnel

An irreplaceable life  
that gave life

He had the Energy of the People

Selina Barten

## Temporary Respite

Come up to the patio, get accosted by some freak  
wants my money; I refrain from telling her GO DIE  
warm august afternoon, too lazy to even argue  
if I had a cigarette, life would almost be too perfect

strange how happiness creeps up on ya, catches you  
unawares; ya got no reason to feel good but neither  
do ya feel bad so, given the toss-up, I'll just groove  
with the sun, no complaints worth uttering.

if I look real hard I'd find some shit goin' down  
some sob story, tale of woe, but I'm tired of blues,  
might as well roll with the punches; ain't that bad

tomorrow or the next day the blues will get to me  
misfortune has my middle name stapled to its chest  
don't mind me if for once I don't give a shit  
I'm sure the Blue Meanies will fill me in on the rest

Al Loewen

## As I Can

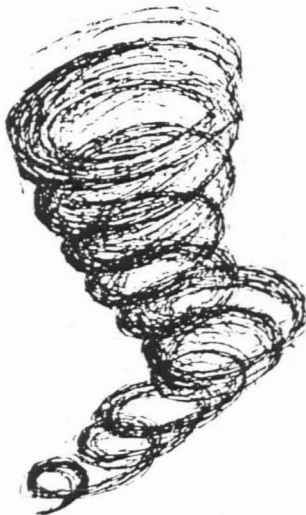
I know that some will criticize,  
What I, as a poet write.  
The more negative the talk becomes,  
The more wish to read at night.

If critics wish to cut me up,  
Then welcome they will be.  
For I am not college taught,  
I just write what I do see.

I also write of my feeling,  
What I sense that others feel.  
I write sometimes of the news,  
And what the government tries to steal.

So the more who read my poetry,  
Because the critics, they do pan.  
The better informed the people,  
I write for them all I can.

Bill Preston



## DESTINY

The destiny of each is told,  
as the hands of the fates unfold.  
What you may do, next week or next year,  
if you have laughter, or shed a tear.

If you are happy, and married well,  
or in pain, with a life of hell.  
Many say that you rule your own life,  
that only you control the strife.

Think you deep of the steps you made,  
of the plans you thought well laid.  
Any strife that came was not foreseen,  
the loss of friends, you did not mean.

Yet each dream, each plan you had,  
went awry, some were bad.  
Even now, your footing sound,  
plans go bad, no fault found.

That which comes from a faraway place,  
may be that, which next you face.  
Or perhaps from right next door,  
that which makes your life mean more:

Bill Preston



WESLEY — Charlotte Dorris  
May 11, 1955 - July 6, 2004

Though your smile is gone forever,  
And your hand I cannot touch,  
I will never lose the memory  
of the one I love so much.  
As time goes by without you,  
And days turn into years,  
I have a thousand memories  
And a million secret tears.  
Missing you always,  
Your loving friend Ken

## **Dance -DJ MIX - MOVE TO THE GROOVE**

**Friday Sept.03, 2004**

**7pm - 10pm Carnegie Theatre**

Come out and have some fun with Cody and his  
unique blend of tunes and dance away the night.

*Refreshments served to the thirsty*

### **VOLUNTEERS OF THE MONTH (August 2004)**

#### **Egor Marov:**

Egor? What can I say? To know him is to love him, even though you may waver from wanting to smack him (with a feather) or hug him. There is only one Egor in the whole wide world and we are lucky to have him. I've never seen anyone do *grumpy bear* quite like him. Egor works tirelessly to keep the Theatre set up for a myriad of events seven days per week 365 days per year, even when he is suffering from severe leg pain. Like the Postman, for Egor, the show must go on!

#### **Michael Green:**

Michael is a long-term volunteer whose consistency and reliability is as sure as the sun and stars in the sky. Michael volunteers as a Prep Cook in our busy Kitchen and as a Cashier for our Concession, which is a particularly tough position to fill due to its complexity. Michael is a vital part of our community who keeps us on our toes. Thank you Michael, for helping to keep the wheels turning.

*Kindness Inspires Kindness;*

*Commit Random Acts of Kindness*

#### Volunteer Committee Meeting

Wednesday, September 8, 2004

Classroom 2 @ 1:00pm (it is now the week before the Volunteer Dinner)

Volunteer Dinner an opportunity for the staff to serve you for a change!

Wednesday, September 15, Theatre @ 4:30pm

If you have 16 volunteer hours in this month, please pick up ticket from Colleen

August 17th / 04

**My name is Florence Green** and I am a volunteer at Carnegie Community Centre. I am having a very bad day. HRC will not help and I don't know how to read and write. I have had Grade 3 in school and I am living at the Lookout for the month of August. I feel like I am put down; I feel like I might do drugs and beer and be like one of the people out on the street. HRC wants me to look for work — I cannot work!

Florence J Green

## **KARAOKE with *Gerald!***

**Friday, September 10, 2004**

*(Colleen's Birthday: Yahoo!!)*

**7pm - 10pm Carnegie Theatre**

*Wanna exercise those pipes? Have  
your voice heard?*

**Come join us with Gerald to show the way  
Refreshments served to the brave willing souls.**

## A Friend to Carnegie and the Downtown Eastside



"If people need help, then you help them." That's what James Chi Ming Pau says, and that's what he does.

James has been on the Carnegie Seniors' Executive for six years, and on the Carnegie Community Centre Board for five years. He came to Canada from Hong Kong in 1975. In Hong Kong he trained as a nurse in western medicine and as a doctor in Traditional Chinese Medicine. In British Columbia he is a registered Doctor of Traditional Chinese Medicine in the areas of herbs and acupuncture, and a licensed practical nurse.

James follows the Buddhist path. He believes in the Buddhist teaching, "Be decent, wise, and don't engage in selfish competition, but do meritorious deeds for the benefit of others." He says that we should be kind to other people, even strangers, and he agrees with Gandhi's statement, "We must be the change we wish to see in the world." He does not think that healing should be a commodity in the market, and available only to those who have the money to pay for it.

Because of his philosophy of respect and caring for others, James opened a free Traditional Chinese Medicine and Acupuncture Clinic in the Downtown Eastside in 1997. It is open to everyone and is multi-cultural. It is non-profit, funded by donations and bequests. The telephone number is 604-689-8807.

James has lived in the Downtown Eastside since 1975. In the early 1990's he became aware of the devastation of HIV/AIDS and Hepatitis C, and their link to intravenous drug use. Through reading and

dialogue with other community workers, he learned that drug misuse was primarily a health problem, not a criminal one, and he became a strong supporter of the Four Pillar Approach - prevention, treatment, harm reduction and enforcement. In 1997 he started, along with John Cameron and Unk Sandquist, the Downtown Eastside HIV/AIDS IDU Consumers' Board, an education and needle exchange facility - telephone 604-688-6241. This Board does receive funding from Vancouver Coastal Health.

Besides his volunteer work at Carnegie, the Traditional Chinese Medicine Clinic and the Consumers' Board, James sits as a volunteer on the Special Advisory Committee on Seniors to Vancouver City Council, the Neighbourhood Advisory Committee of St. Paul's Hospital, and a Committee for the Acute Care of the Elderly (ACE) at Vancouver General Hospital. Also, he sat for seven years on the Seniors' Health Advisory Committee of the Vancouver/Richmond Health Board, but that committee doesn't exist anymore.

James has received a number of volunteer awards, including a Community Service Award from the Canadian Red Cross (2001), a volunteer award from the Government of Canada during the International Year of Volunteers (2001), a Community Service Award for work in the Downtown Eastside, given by Volunteer Vancouver (2002), and the Lower Mainland Good Neighbour Award, given by the Association of Neighbourhood Houses of Greater Vancouver (2002).

The training James has received in both western medicine and Chinese Traditional Medicine gives him a unique perspective on health issues, and his understanding of the "drug problem" as a health problem enables him to explain to others the importance of the Four Pillar Approach to drug issues. He is a dedicated volunteer worker for Carnegie and the Downtown Eastside, and he supports himself by working three days a week as a nurse. He lives his beliefs, quietly and modestly, and helps to build a better world. "I am inspired by the people in the Downtown Eastside," James says. "They are people with heart - kind people who help each other." When I ask him what the best medicine is, he replies, "The best medicine is love."

By Sandy Cameron

## You're The Way

Just before and a wee bit after I erred to you and delivered my latest, unusual, flimsy excuse, yet weak and delayed and you once again unconditionally accepted and, again, another precarious truce. Do my minor transgressions seem to you to occur too suddenly, too frequently, too often? Don't answer this, I already know; I see it in your listening eyes, I hear it in your catching breath. Yes, I know they do. Please just give me some more precious time and essential expanded space... I have been known to be carefree and reckless, misunderstood and misconstrued, abused, deluded and put upon, yet no excuses, no alibis. I've blown my supposedly seamless cover to smithereens and left a tawdry trail of shattered dreams. I pick and I choose, making awful wrongful decisions as I roll the loaded dice; I hardly win and most often lose. Is this the time to settle down, not to stay up late, not stray around? You know, I suppose it is - no - I now know it is...but how to submit.. how to forever give in to achieve some sort of relief and peace within .. because it hurts so deeply to hear your distant pleas. Well, you may rest assured, this is the perfect time to put your quest at ease.

Robyn L.

## I Call You in the Morning

I call you in the morning  
When the horrors of the night  
Still press their dark shapes  
Against my soul.

Later I know these frights will fade,  
And the sun will flood my narrow room.

But now is the only time  
A human voice can dispel this sterile emptiness.—  
Your human voice.

Later, you say, later we will talk of pain and fear.  
Now is time for work.

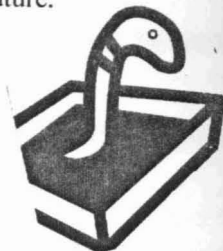
But it is now.  
And yet I know my pain and sorrow by then  
Will be forgotten,  
Or maybe just buried 'neath the noises of a new day.

Wilhelmina



*The Washington Post's Style Invitational* once again asked readers to take any word from the dictionary, alter it by adding, subtracting, or changing one letter, and supply a new definition. Here are this year's winners.

**Bozone** (n.): The substance surrounding stupid people that stops bright ideas from penetrating. The bozone layer, unfortunately, shows little sign of breaking down in the near future.



**Foreploy** (v): Any misrepresentation about yourself for the purpose of getting laid.

**Cashtration** (n.): The act of buying a house, which renders the subject financially impotent for an indefinite period.

**Giraffiti** (n): Vandalism spray-painted very high.

**Sarchasm** (n): The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.

**Inoculate** (v): To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.

**Hipatitis** (n): Terminal coolness.

**Osteopornosis** (n): A degenerate disease. (This one got extra credit.)

**Karmageddon** (n): It's like, when everybody is sending off all these really bad vibes, right? And then, like, the Earth explodes and it's like, a serious bummer.

**Decafalon** (n.): The grueling event of getting thru the day consuming only things that are good for you.

**Glibido** (v): All talk and no action.

**Dopeler** effect (n): The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.

**Arachnoleptic** fit (n.): The frantic dance just after you've accidentally walked through a spider web.

**Beelzebub** (n.): Satan in the form of a mosquito that gets into your bedroom at three in the morning and cannot be cast out.

**Caterpallor** (n.): The color you turn after finding half a grub in the fruit you're eating.

*And the pick of the literature:*

**Ignoranus** (n): A person who's both stupid and an asshole.



"You see, I don't believe libraries should be drab places where people sit in silence, and that's been the main reason for our policy of employing wild animals as librarians."

-Monty Python

## News From The Library

**Two New Reference Titles:** These books are great for browsing through if you want to hang around the library for a while.

**Chinese Natural Cures: Traditional Methods for Remedies and Prevention** by Henry C LU

This book is heavy like an encyclopedia so we will keep it at Reference Desk; however it is full of lore and legends as well as cures for what may all you.

**Vancouver A Visual History** by Bruce Macdonald  
New to us this was published in 1992. and gives brilliant maps and historical data of Vancouver from the 1850s to the 1980's.

### Other New Titles

**Rethinking the DSM: A Psychological Perspective** edited by Larry E Beutler.

Editors collect a wide range of perspectives on the diagnosis and treatment of mental disorders and present them as a challenge to the western biased medical and illness model which the current DSM has.

**The Moon Watchers Companion** by Donna Henes

A delightful collection of science myth folklore poetry and more which should put you in synch with your lunar cycle.

**I might be nothing: journal writing** by Lara Gilbert

Lara Gilbert took her life October 7, 1995. This book is eight years of her journal writing edited by her mother Carole Itter. It serves as a witness to an exceptional young woman who as Ian Ross Director of the Crisis Centre of Vancouver says "was let down by all of us in the end".

This is one of the most haunting and heartbreaking work I have ever read. I felt angry at the system which betrayed her, moved to tears by her eloquence and honesty, and amazed at her compassionate soul. Here is what she says about the DTES:

" There have to be more people who care enough to

look hard at the Downtown Eastside and decide that these lives could be better. No one should have to sleep in a back alley with rats or search through the garbage bin for supper... Inequality is everywhere around us... Why does it exist??? Because as long as you're healthy who cares about the guy down the street who is gradually dying of TB or AIDS and is addicted to chemicals and is unloved. Anyway he smells bad and looks weird and therefore must deserve his fate."

Lara did not deserve her fate but we are all the richer for her brief life and the challenge she leaves us to do our part in responding to her witness. At the library we are exploring the idea of having a Book Club for women and reading and discussing ***I might be nothing***. Leave your name and contact number at the library for Mary Ann if you are interested.

**Book Club Reading; The Corporation.** We will try to start once the Learning Centre is back in full swing after Summer break



Welfare decline misleading

By SUE BAILEY / The Canadian Press

OTTAWA - The number of welfare cases plunged to two million from 3.1 million between 1994 and 2000 as provinces cracked down and job markets picked up, Statistics Canada said Thursday.

Politicians often hail such numbers but social activists say they illustrate heartless attacks on the poor. Tighter welfare restrictions have swelled the homeless ranks and caused suffering, they say.

"The study shows that the provinces in Canada are involved in a race to the bottom," says Robert Arnold, president of the NAPO. "Each one is getting stingier with welfare payments and eligibility in an attempt to get poor people to move away." Alberta Premier Ralph Klein went so far as to buy bus tickets to British Columbia to help cut his welfare rolls.

Across Canada, social assistance use fell most dramatically for single moms, says the first report to track national rates by family type. About one-third

of single mothers were on welfare in 2000, down from one-half in 1995. "Eligibility rules were tightened, especially for new entrants, benefit levels were cut, snitch lines were introduced and other rules were adopted," says the study.

It examined four family groups - singles, couples with children, couples with no children and single moms - in all provinces. Welfare recipients were defined as anyone aged 18 to 64 who declared more than \$101 a year in social assistance or had a spouse who did.

Alberta consistently issued the fewest cheques to singles, with a user rate of 9.2 per cent in 2000, followed by P.E.I. at 12 per cent. At the other end of the scale, Newfoundland had the highest rate of single people on welfare, 21.4 per cent, followed by Quebec at 21 per cent.

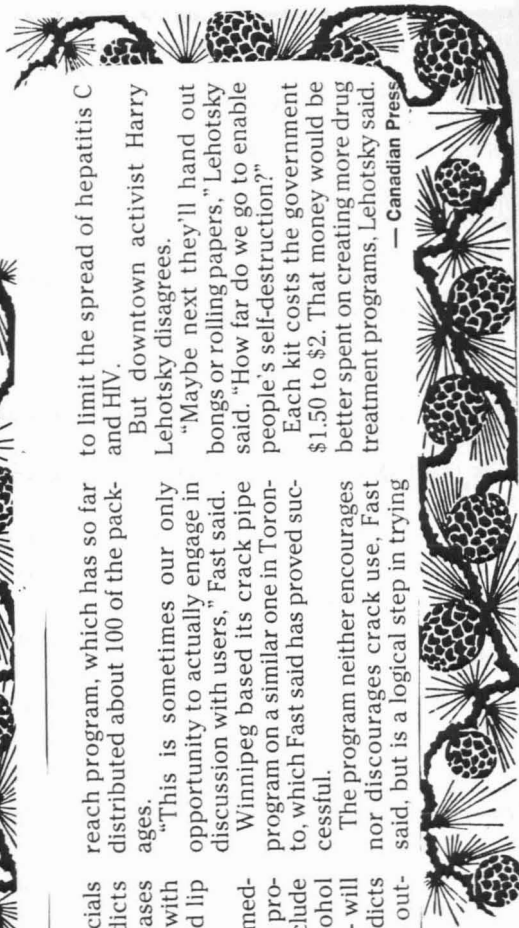
The nasty '90s were a bad time to be poor and it's no better today, said Sue Cox, executive director of Toronto's Daily Bread Food Bank. Support was slashed across the country after 1994, she said. Cox witnessed an "extraordinary rise" in food bank use after the Ontario Conservatives under Mike Harris cut welfare benefits. Single moms were hit especially hard. "It drove them into fairly dangerous situations . . . where they and their families were at real risk as they tried to reduce the cost of housing by moving into crowded and very poor conditions."

A strong economy hasn't helped shut down services like hers, Cox said. Food banks in the greater Toronto area now serve about 175,000 people a month. "The strain on the charitable sector has been enormous, and not one that they've been able to meet for the most part."

Governments could humanely help people off welfare by not cutting them off drug benefits and other supports when they land jobs, Cox said.

John Murphy, chairman of the National Council of Welfare, says government policy has too often amounted to punishing people for being poor. His group advises Social Development Minister Ken Dryden. Better child-care and retraining services are badly needed, Murphy said.

"Provincial and territorial governments keep the rates so low with the [corporate] misconception that by squeezing people they'll get them back to work."



# Winnipeg addicts handed crack kits

WINNIPEG — City health officials are hoping to keep crack addicts from spreading infectious diseases by handing out kits complete with glass tube pipes, matches and lip balm.

Dr. Margaret Fast, the city's medical officer of health, believes providing the kits — which also include a pipe cleaner, screens, alcohol swabs, gum and condoms — will help develop trust between addicts and workers with the city's out-

reach program, which has so far distributed about 100 of the packages.

"This is sometimes our only opportunity to actually engage in discussion with users," Fast said.

Winnipeg based its crack pipe program on a similar one in Toronto, which Fast said has proved successful.

The program neither encourages nor discourages crack use, Fast said, but is a logical step in trying

to limit the spread of hepatitis C and HIV.

But downtown activist Harry Lehotsky disagrees.

"Maybe next they'll hand out bongos or rolling papers," Lehotsky said. "How far do we go to enable people's self-destruction?"

Each kit costs the government \$1.50 to \$2. That money would be better spent on creating more drug treatment programs, Lehotsky said.

— Canadian Press

Canadian police chiefs talk about their drug problems

# Safe injection sites not a priority for Edmonton

**By Mike Howell**  
Staff writer

INJECTION DRUG USE is a problem in Edmonton, but the city is not prepared to open a supervised injection site like Vancouver, says a visiting Edmonton police officer.

Supr. Thomas Grue, who is in Vancouver this week as part of the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police conference, said Vancouver's unprecedented implementation of an injection site has inspired Edmonton community groups to pressure police and politicians for a site in the city.

"Different parts of the community support a safe injection site, but I would suggest to you that the predominant feeling in the community is that they're against it because it doesn't attend to their concerns about the crime that results from drug addiction," said Grue, the Edmonton Police Service's commander of that city's downtown core.

Grue said police are focused on cleaning up Edmonton's crystal methamphetamine problem, which has eclipsed cocaine and heroin use.

"By some accounts, it's an epidemic. We have a lot of kids who have basically ruined their lives on meth, they've become addicted and have taken to

turning to crime to fund their habit. It's no different than heroin, in many respects, but it's just a different drug."

Next month, Vancouver's Insite injection site on East Hastings will celebrate its first anniversary serving injection drug users, who buy illegal heroin and cocaine on the street and then legally inject it at the site.

It's the only injection site in North America and was opened despite opposition from various business groups, the RCMP and some Vancouver police officers.

Many local police still won't talk about the site on the record, and neither will many visiting police chiefs, including Cape Breton Regional Police Service Chief Edgar MacLeod, who is president of the national chiefs' association.

"That's a decision that was made out here in this community based on what they think is relevant to their situation," MacLeod told the *Courier* Monday from the Trade and Convention Centre. "Hopefully, that will work for this community."

MacLeod said Cape Breton has a growing problem with prescription drug abuse.

A resolution to be considered by police chiefs this week asks the federal government and the pharmaceutical

industry to "prevent the further diversion of prescription drugs to the illicit drug trade."

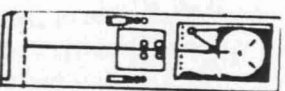
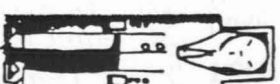
In an accompanying fact sheet to the resolution, prepared by the chiefs' drug abuse committee, it notes eight of 20 sudden deaths in Cape Breton are linked to oxycodone (brand name Oxycotin) abuse.

The drug of choice at Vancouver's injection site is 40 per cent cocaine, 40 per cent heroin, with morphine, prescription drugs and crystal methamphetamine comprise the remaining 20 per cent.

Seventy-four per cent of clients are male, and 26 per cent female, according to statistics from the Vancouver Coastal Health Authority, whose website no longer indicates number of daily visits.

A short message on its website says it "continues to serve a steady stream of clients," and notes statistics related to use will be presented shortly with the release of data by a research team.

Chiefs attending this week's conference will also consider several resolutions related to marijuana growing operations, including urging the federal minister of health, in conjunction with police, to conduct a scientific study on health hazards found at grow-op sites.



Dear friends,

In mid July, a Belgian cabinet minister quoted my report "Hidden from History: The Canadian Holocaust" to his country's media to point out that not only Belgium had inflicted Genocide on indigenous people.

Since April, indigenous Mayan organizations in Guatemala have been pounding on the door of the Canadian embassy with a "denuncia", or formal protest, against the murder and Genocide of Canadian aboriginal people in residential schools.

In "British Columbia", the Haida people have begun to repatriate the physical remains of their ancestors, who were stolen and imprisoned in American and European museums. The Haida are considering extending this repatriation campaign to include retrieving the remains of all of their children who died in church-run residential schools and hospitals, and whose bodies still lie concealed in secret graves across Canada.

And thus is the tide turning in our struggle to expose the legal mass murder of indigenous people in Canada. It is time that once again we gathered our forces, update and educate ourselves, and plan our actions for the coming year. On Wednesday, September 15, at 7 pm, our Truth Commission will be holding its first general meeting for the coming year, in the main floor board room at the Canadian Auto-workers Hall at 326-12th street in New Westminster.

At the meeting, I'll be giving a report about the native gatherings I have attended across Canada

The Haida elder who now co-hosts my radio program (Mondays, 12:30, 102.7FM), with me Wilf Price, will also be in attendance to discuss our forthcoming lecture series entitled "The Roots and Ongoing Reality of Genocide in Canada".

I have also asked a representative of the Guatemalan Mayan groups acting on our behalf to speak at the meeting, to tell us of the actions to force an international inquiry into Genocide in Canada.

Ph: 604-466-1804

Kevin Annett

*A final inducement to attend: At the meeting we will be selling organic Fair Trade coffee from the same Mayan people who are working with us to bring Canada and its churches to justice. We hope to extend the distribution network for this coffee so that the Mayan cooperatives that produce it can be sustained. Lend these brave people a hand!*

## **Accountability In Short Supply At The Federal Level** –says Member of Parliament Davies

Libby Davies, NDP Housing Critic, today called on Housing Minister Joe Fontana to ensure accountability when it comes to federal funds for housing.

"The BC government has chosen to renege on their affordable housing commitments and the federal government is doing nothing to prevent this from happening," said the Vancouver East MP.

**Home Insecurity: The State of Social Housing in BC**, a report released earlier this week by the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives and the Tenants' Rights Action Coalition, finds that the provincial government is diverting federal funds earmarked for housing into assisted living spaces, in an attempt to meet the province's health care commitments.

"While assisting living is also a pressing need it is not social housing," said Davies.. "We have a housing and homelessness crisis in communities across this country and the federal government can't seem to get it together enough to ensure that the little money they do provide provinces for housing actually gets spent on creating affordable housing units."

Since the federal government signed the Affordable Housing Framework Agreement in November of 2001, few provinces have matched the funds committed by the federal government. As a result, very few affordable housing units have been created. The federal government must introduce binding accountability rules which would guarantee funds transferred for housing programs are actually spent in that area.

"Affordable housing needs to be on the agenda and we in the NDP are going to use our position in the current minority government to make sure an effective, national, affordable, housing program gets underway," said Davies.



## LUST IS NOT LOVE

One has to walk thru the pain of betrayal  
In order to reach beyond to the other side

Transformation of lost pleasure  
into new possibilities

To venture along the path of life Alone again, yet  
determined: "don't let the bastards get us down"

To act on fantasies of vindictiveness  
Is to puke on your own dignity  
Despite righteous indignation.

Spite does not bring back a luv that never was.  
Acts of vindictiveness only fuel the self-righteous  
bastard to say: "see, the woman is wacky"

Neither stifle the anger & grief with harmful substances  
— only to lose yourself further  
But a good party couldn't hurt!

Waltzing thru pain to the other side  
Means not wallowing in destructive self-pity  
Nor acting on visions of retribution

Get back to living your own purposeful path  
There lies your redemption — despite  
frustrations & betrayals of everyday survival

Find & light your own spark  
But don't start fires of passion with someone (anyone) who  
Sadistically dowses your enthusiasm with scornful comments  
& passive-aggressive behaviour — like pretending u don't exist.  
He never cherished your essence!  
So much for shaggin with someone who never honoured you  
Nor even cared enuf to become your friend  
(except to pretend to be when it suited him  
— to get your juicy body)

As if, once he relieved himself  
Your usefulness was then flushed down the toilet —  
Because he can't tolerate the sight & smell of his own shit

You were merely the receptacle to relieve his anxiety  
And now that his stressful life is temporarily soothed  
by your titillation and tender embrace —  
He has not desire to honor who your are

Seduction followed by rejection —  
Your sexual service no longer required —  
Lest you bog down his wretched life  
with expectation of reciprocal emotion

Blow up barbies & submissive succulent porn flicks  
That create ever unfulfihlable erotica;  
A real woman with emotional wants is too much bother



Edvard Munch, *Der Kuss*

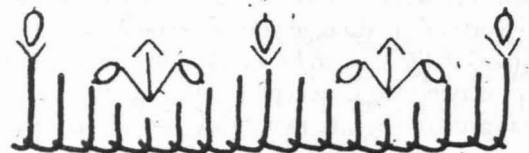
Lust separated from love:  
Too much responsibility to return affections —  
Easier to have ejaculation disembodied from  
Heart, mind, soul

U defecate on me:  
The temple of my body which houses my sacred soul  
U defecate on my essence

I am not the Handmaid  
And you are not the Holyman

Spent hen

Selina Barton



"It is better to have loafed and lost than never  
to have loafed at all." - James Thurber



## Indy Vancouver Totally Sucks

Aside from being midget league compared to the Montreal Grand Prix, or being an annual annoyance for locals whose share of the shrink wrapped fuss is a two day deluge of invisible hornet swarms, or being a track so flat it can't much outshine the geometry of a prairie airport, or not to begin to mention being a staggering colossus of putrid corporate infection lasciviously reeking up any and all manner of pirated space, the Vancouver Indy heralds decline in quality of life for east Vancouver race fans, since the zenith of the sport here is past. As such I guess this is a memoir of sorts.

In my early memories dad is hospitalized or thrashing about the house, blind with fever and pain courtesy of some vicious backwater cousin of the bubonic plague he unearthed at his first job in Vancouver, digging up old sewer lines. He was sick for years, and I guess that derailed his destiny to be a grand prix champion and follow brilliant career beginnings. As I grew up and my dad got well the fambly spent summer weekends in the Westwood area of Port Moody, before the Westwood housing subdivision, when Westwood was a beautiful gem of a road-racing track.

My mom, dad, sister and I would hitchhike from Broadway and Rupert and one way or another end up in dense woods atop the mountain where the track was nestled away. Besides loping along trails from one prime vantage point to another we were fixtures in the pits, and I soon began corner marshaling; waving flags, sweeping debris, and providing assistance to any car, motorcycle, or sidecar racers wiped out or what have you at that spot. The area teemed with wildlife, and there was a perfect dippin' lake by the road halfway up the hill. Topping it off the track itself was a perfect beauty, with steeply

inclined corners, a sweeping downhill off-camber (inclined inside-out.) turn, and a hairpin at the downhill end of a long all out straight stretch with a leap in the middle. I spent a lot of time feeling certain that some of the drivers in the pits were thinking of letting me take a spin around the track with their machine.

One rainy night when I was 11 or 12 my dad suddenly drove through the front door on a motorcycle. I was shocked and surprised, not only that my dad could ride a motorcycle, or that somehow he had managed to be able to afford to buy one, but that the bike could run given how bashed up and rusted it looked! The next evening the bike was dismantled down to the wires and filled the living room. The evening after that the bike was completely re-assembled, and both my sister and I knew pretty much every part on the bike and how it basically worked. The old man was full of surprises, and there soon came the day we rented a van and went to Westwood to race.

The first time I saw my dad race I was corner-marshalling the Carousel turn, a long 270 degree arc with such a radical bank the group went through it single file, hugging the bottom inside edge of the tarmac. I was distressed to see dad way out of formation on some awkward line through the turn clinging to the middle of the track and having to navigate into the pack at the middle of the corner. Each lap seemingly got worse, higher on the bank making more trouble getting into the pack, till eventually he stopped coming around. I ran back to the pits to see my dad in the back of the "pick up" truck with a couple other crashers, beaming like a damn fool. All day he'd been so nervous I thought he'd piss his leathers. He even wiped out standing still at the technical inspection! I felt it was a very dubious debut.

His second race didn't start any better. In the Carousel my dad hadn't changed his ways, and I assumed he was having trouble along the whole course. I felt my heart sink. As the contest continued however it became clear that there was method to the madness, for with the descent from the top of the track to the inside he was swooping in closer to the lead, and he began to dominate most of the racing. Later at the clubhouse there was different energy around because he had harried Poohacker (as my sister and I called him), the guy who always won

every race in the class. Unfortunately, my dad got caught in a hairpin pileup at the start of his third race that mangled his forks and inlayed a pebble to his funny bone. That all ended up being pretty much all of all that and all.

My most cherished Westwood recollection is the time my mom, my sister and I hiked the track when there was no racing or other people. On the road up the mountain a terrific crashing came at us from the bush, and we were amidst what looked like a mother and two adolescent brown bears. Typical of my encounters with bears they seemed embarrassed being seen by humans, but like us to be getting an incredible kick from such an intimate meeting. We could have touched them, it was intense, and Indy totally sucks. Like all sportacles claiming to be the best humanity has to offer a privileged clique of parasitic poseurs who costume and parade themselves as the champions, while most of the world is denied participation by economic exclusion. Motor sport here was better before Indy, when a welfare fan from the East-Van projects could represent, and (briefly) kick ass.

Katphysh Berdawg



### The Vandal's Heart

Fighting over flowers... I'm dumbfounded by people who wreck the beautiful 'cause they can't create it themselves. The world can only take so much beauty After that it implodes and, by necessity, becomes as ugly as before.

Beauty intimidates those bereft of it, so they have to smash art or destroy gardens. As you weep over the broken china or roses you took seasons to nurture, some puke-face punk snickers. They got theirs making your life just as ugly as theirs. It's their big kick for the day. Only way some people can feel good is by spreading their disease.

Al

Dear Letters Editor,

*Re* Liberal MLA Lorne Mayencourt spending five days on the streets to experience being homeless

While I commend Mayencourt for his efforts (certainly much more than any other provincial Liberal has done), I think it is fallacious to compare this feat with that of Emery Barnes' (who lived for a month *and* an additional three weeks on the same amount as a person on welfare would receive). For one thing, Mayencourt's stint was much shorter. For another, he allocated himself \$15 per day, which is about eight dollars a day more than a person on welfare would receive.

His conclusion--that the city allowing Single Room Occupancy hotels to dwindle is a mistake--is valid. However, he makes no reference to his proposed Safe Streets legislation, which amounts to a crack-down on panhandlers, many of whom are homeless. How can he sympathize with the homeless on one hand, and ignore the plight of panhandlers on the other?

Yours sincerely,  
Rolf Auer



## CALLING ALL TENANTS

**Have you experienced an eviction in the past 12 months? If so, we want to hear your story.**

The Strathcona Research Group is looking at the social and economic costs of eviction and we want to find out about your experience.

The project is funded by the Federal Government through the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation (CMHC) and is being conducted in Vancouver, Toronto, and Montreal. The aim of the project is to find out what evictions cost both tenants and landlords and to look at alternatives to eviction.

If you'd like to share your experience of being evicted, please call **Jeff Sommers at 604-632-1733.**

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**Submission Deadline  
for next issue:**

**Monday, September 13**

Editor: PaulR Taylor; cover design & layout; Diane Wood.

We acknowledge that Carnegie Community Centre, and this  
Newsletter, happen on the Squamish Nation's territory.



**Contact  
Jenny  
Wai Ching  
Kwan MLA**

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## SURVIVAL WITH DIGNITY IS ONE OF THE BASIC RIGHTS OF LIFE

Taken from "Conversations with God" (Book 2, p. 207) ~ by Neale Donald Walsch

**God:** People have a right to basic survival. Even if they do *nothing*. Even if they contribute *nothing*. Survival with dignity is one of the basic rights of life. I have given you enough resources to guarantee that to everyone. All you have to do is share.

**Neale:** But then what would stop people from simply wasting their lives, lollygagging around, collecting "benefits"?

**God:** First of all, it is not yours to judge what is a life wasted. Is a life wasted if a person does nothing but lie around thinking of poetry for 70 years, then comes up with a single sonnet which opens a door of understanding and insight for thousands of people? Is a life wasted if a person lies, cheats, schemes, damages, manipulates, and hurts others all his life, but then remembers something of his true Divine nature as a result of it ~ remembers something he has been spending lifetimes trying to remember ~ and thus evolves, at last, to the Next Level? Is that a life "wasted"?

It is not for you to judge the journey of another's soul. It is for you to decide who YOU are, not who another has been or has failed to be.

**Neale:** But do you really think this would work? You don't think those who *are* contributing wouldn't begin to resent those who are not?

**God:** Yes, they would, if they are not enlightened. Yet enlightened ones would look upon the noncontributors with great compassion, not resentment.

**Neale:** Compassion?

**God:** Yes, because the contributors would realize that noncontributors are missing the greatest oppor-

tunity and the grandest glory ~ the opportunity to create and the glory of experiencing the *highest idea* of Who They Really Are. And the contributors would know that this was punishment enough for their laziness, if indeed, punishment was required ~ which it is NOT.



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## Older than dirt...

"Hey Dad," one of my kids asked the other day, "What was your favorite fast food when you were growing up?"

"We didn't have fast food when I was growing up," I informed him. "All the food was slow."

"C'mon, seriously. Where did you eat?"

"It was a place called 'at home,'" I explained.

"Grandma cooked every day and when Grandpa got home from work, we sat down together at the dining room table, and if I didn't like what she put on my plate I was allowed to sit there until I did like it."

By this time, the kid was laughing so hard I was afraid he was going to suffer serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to have permission to leave the table. But here are some other things I'd have told him about my childhood if I figured his system could have handled it:

Some parents NEVER owned their own house, wore Levis, set foot on a golf course, traveled out of the country or had a credit card. In their later years they had something called a revolving charge card. The card was good only at Sears Roebuck. Or maybe it was Sears AND Roebuck. Either way, there is no Roebuck anymore. Maybe he died.

My parents never drove me to soccer practice. This was mostly because we had never heard of soccer. I had a bicycle that weighed about 50 pounds, and had one speed, (slow). We didn't have a television in our house until I was 11, but my grandparents had one before that. It was, of course, black and white, but they bought a piece of colored plastic to cover the screen. The top third was blue, like the sky, and the bottom third was green, like grass. The middle third was red. It was perfect for programs that had scenes

of fire trucks riding across someone's lawn on a sunny day. Some people had a lens taped to the front of the TV to make the picture look larger.

I was 13 before I tasted my first pizza, it was called "pizza pie." When I bit into it, I burned the roof of my mouth and the cheese slid off, swung down, plastered itself against my chin and burned that, too. It's still the best pizza I ever had.

We didn't have a car until I was 15. Before that, the only car in our family was my grandfather's Ford. He called it a "machine."

I never had a telephone in my room. The only phone in the house was in the living room and it was on a party line. Before you could dial, you had to listen and make sure some people you didn't know weren't already using the line.

Pizzas were not delivered, but milk was.

All newspapers were delivered by boys and all boys delivered newspapers. I delivered a newspaper, six days a week. It cost 7 cents a paper, of which I got to



keep 2 cents. I had to get up at 4 AM every morning. On Saturday, I had to collect the 42 cents from my customers. My favorite customers were the ones who gave me 50 cents and told me to keep the change. My least favorite customers were the ones who seemed to never be home on collection day.

Movie stars kissed with their mouths shut. At least, they did in the movies. Touching someone else's tongue with yours was called French kissing and they didn't do that in movies. I don't know what they did in French movies. French movies were dirty and we weren't allowed to see them.

If you grew up in a generation before there was fast food, you may want to share some of these memories with your children or grandchildren. Just don't blame me if they bust a gut laughing.

### *How many do you remember?*

Head lights dimmer switches on the floor. Ignition switches on the dashboard. Heaters mounted on the inside of the fire wall. Real ice boxes. Pant leg clips for bicycles without chain guards. Soldering irons you heat on a gas burner. Using hand signals for cars without turn signals.

**Older Than Dirt Quiz:** Count all the ones that you remember not the ones you were told about! Ratings at the bottom.

1. Blackjack chewing gum
2. Wax Coke-shaped bottles & colored sugar water
3. Candy cigarettes
4. Soda pop machines that dispensed glass bottles
5. Coffee shops or diners with tableside juke boxes
6. Home milk delivery in glass bottles with card-board stoppers
7. Party lines
8. Newsreels before the movie
9. P.F. Flyers
10. Butch wax
11. Telephone numbers with a word prefix (OLive-6933 or Yukon5-2236)
12. Peashooters
13. Howdy Doody
14. 45 RPM records
15. S&H Green Stamps
16. Hi-fi's
17. Metal ice trays with lever
18. Mimeograph paper
19. Blue flashbulb
20. Packards
21. Roller skate keys
22. Cork popguns
23. Drive-ins
24. Studebakers
25. Wash tub wringers

If you remembered 0-5 = You're still young  
If you remembered 6-10 = You are getting older  
If you remembered 11-15 = Don't tell your age,  
If you remembered 16-25 = You're older than dirt!

"Senility Prayer" ...God grant me... The senility to forget the people I never liked  
The good fortune to run into the ones that I do  
And the eyesight to tell the difference." Have a great week!!!!!!



Sam Roddan

Calling All Actors!

## **AUDITION FOR SIX ROLES**

*Through the People's Voice* will be a staged reading with live music of three one act plays written and performed by Downtown Eastside involved people. The plays will be directed by James Fagan Tait and the music by Joelysa Pankanea. Actors and musicians will be paid honorariums for these performances.

**Tues. September 7, 6-10 pm**

CARNEGIE'S THIRD FLOOR

Script workshops: Sept. 13, 18, 25  
Rehearsals: Oct. 10-15  
Performances: Oct. 16 -17, at the  
Heart of the City Community Arts Festival

Produced by Vancouver Moving Theatre  
in association with  
Carnegie Community Centre.  
For info: 604-255-1948; 604-665-2213

## PLAYWRIGHTS' ANNOUNCEMENT!!!

Vancouver Moving Theatre and play adjudicators Jay Hamburger and Savannah Walling are pleased to announce the three selected playwrights and their plays:

*Our Dinner Motto* by Dora Sanders

*Fit the Description* by Leith Harris

*Bidders Anonymous* by Patrick Wilfred Foley

The honorable mention is *Responsible Homeless* by Byron Edward Curran.

Vancouver Moving Theatre reserves the right to workshop and to play edit, in consultation with the selected playwrights, before possible production in the *Heart of the City Festival*.

## DTES Community Arts Festival

### "Heart of the City Festival"

Friday Oct 8<sup>th</sup> to Sunday Oct 17<sup>th</sup> 2004

For more information please contact

\***Dan Feeney**, Festival Administrator/Programmer  
665-2213 or 841-3454 [darkthirty@shaw.ca](mailto:darkthirty@shaw.ca)

\***Terry Hunter**, Artistic Producer: 254-6911



DTES musicians Gayle, Nancy, John, Andy and Ricky prepare for Heart of the City Festival Oct 8-17th. (photo: David Cooper)