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Carnegie



NEWSLETTER

May 15, 1999

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

recognition honouring healing

VETERANS IN THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE

Nothing twists the knife in the soul like loss of shelter.

For the homeless - no refuge from rain, cold, dependency, indignity.

During World War Two, many of us, after battle, were taken out of the front line. As lucky survivors we got a clean bed, blankets, warm drinks, lavish TLC... and later, every soldier in the war got medals and ribbons.

No such luck for veteran casualties of the street today.

Sam Roddan





Healing: for the Seventh Generation

Please take this submission into consideration in the discussion around the issues regarding the Residential School Syndrome, and the healing of those who have suffered under that system. This deals specifically with the impact of the past on the lives of today's young people, especially with those with disabilities and their families.

Currently, there is the largest concentration of Native people in Canada, comprised of many nations, residing in east Vancouver. Some have lived on-reserve for part of their lives, and others who were born and raised off-reserve. All Native people, however, would have had family members who grew up under the residential school system, unless adopted away from the culture. As a result, the following generations have had to deal with not only the feelings and actions of their elders resulting from their residential school experiences, but also with the destruction to the family and clan units, and culture as a whole.

Unfortunately, the result has been that many Native children have themselves become victims of the same abuses and addictions, and require equal if not more attention to deal with their life situations. Whether those young people live on-reserve or in an urban area like the eastside, they are all in need of extra support and understanding as evidenced by the continuing higher-than-average rate of suicide, incarceration, and Native youth in government care. The number of Native children with diagnosed and undiagnosed physical and cognitive disabilities is also increasing. The Native birth rate is rising with many more teen-aged parents who are ill-equipped to raise children

of their own and, as a result, become more susceptible to having their children removed from their care.

As a result of their disabilities and circumstances, many children and their families with disabilities are faced with the difficult task of caring for not only their own special needs, but those of their immediate and extended families who are also dealing with these issues. Due to the higher-than-average rate of Fetal Alcohol Syndrome and Effects, Attention Deficit Disorder, and other disabilities, Native children living in the community face an increasingly uncertain future. Their disabilities make it difficult for them to receive adequate education, healthcare and social services and they all too often end up in the criminal justice system or out of school for long periods of time. Understandably, the longer a child goes without receiving the necessary care and attention they require and deserve, the more difficult and expensive the struggle becomes for the children, their families, schools, and other important agencies involved in raising healthy and happy families. From the experiences of many of our disabled members and their children, they have found that many institutions that are mandated to provide services to those families dealing with disabilities are failing in their efforts due to the lack of emphasis on healing in the locus of most current programs. As a result, many Native youth are 'falling through the cracks.' The reality is that if a young person becomes 'street involved' it is a sign that they are receiving insufficient guidance and support to understand and adapt to their disability, and help with their own healing process.

Many children in the community, who are living with disabilities, poverty, and without a network of caring adults, are in an untenable position. We as adults demand that they be responsible for their actions; however we do not adequately support them and their families with their situations, and then punish them with court, juvenile detention, or removal from their families when they act out on their frustration and anger. Left to the street, these children become the less known victims or participants to the crime and violence that accompanies the poverty that is being created here on the eastside. The forced movement of hard core street activities from the Downtown Eastside has resulted in a lethal combination for those children who, for whatever reason, find themselves on the street and subject to the drugs, prostitution, and violence through adult neglect of these children's needs.

As adults who have grown up with disabilities related to abuse and addiction, and with children who have inherited these disabilities, we encourage other individuals and families to seek out and participate in traditional healing practices. In many instances, current strategies for dealing with these issues (where they are available at all) create more problems. While a considerable amount of

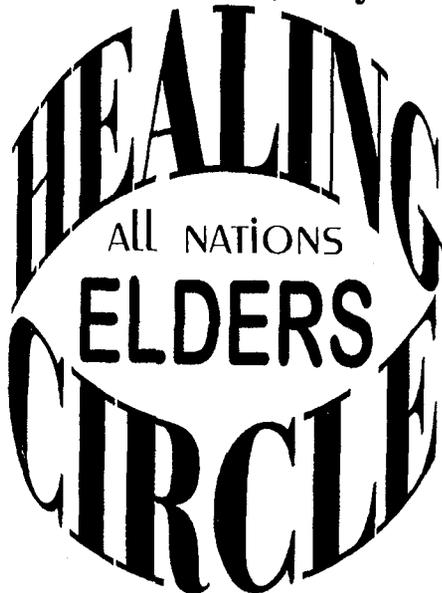
3. time and money is provided for the care and benefit of children with disabilities, the lack of understanding and sensitivity to the issues they face has resulted in those individuals not receiving the appropriate attention and care from mainstream service providers. As a result, the children often do not participate or benefit from such programs because, in conjunction with other activities, healing is not offered, and although funds were granted less benefit is enjoyed.

We propose traditional methods to heal these wounds because it addresses the true nature of the problem, which requires acceptance, sharing, and also honoring disabled people as part of the community. That is not what is happening now. Rather, those individuals are being pushed to the fringes by many of these same institutions. The restoration and practice of traditional ways can help restore what has been lost, and help ensure that seven generations on, children from all nations will not suffer as those in past or present.

All My Relations

Fred Arrance, President
Westcoast Aboriginal Network on Disabilities
Cultural Development Society
303 - 1356 East Georgia Street.
Vancouver, BC V5L - 2B6

THURSDAY, May 27th



3:00 - 5:00 p.m.

Carnegie Theatre

.Alcohol Addiction

.Drug Addiction

.Depression

.Isolation

.Residential School

(Victims & Survivors)

.Unemployment

.Welfare

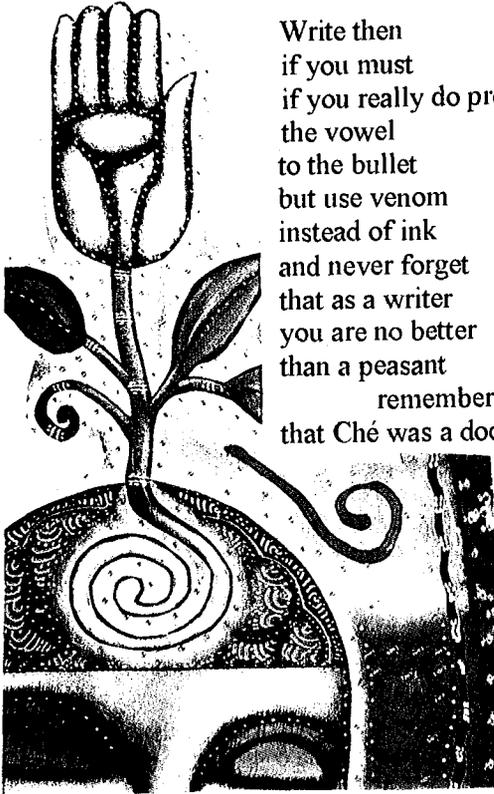
.Poverty

.Health Issues

A pledge
for revolutionary poets

Write then
if you must
if you really do prefer
the vowel
to the bullet
but use venom
instead of ink
and never forget
that as a writer
you are no better
than a peasant

remember also
that Ché was a doctor



Writers!!

Joan Skogan and the Carnegie Writers' Group will read their work and talk about writing, getting published, etc., in the Carnegie Art Gallery (3rd fl) at 2:00 pm on Tuesday, May 18th.

Joan Skogan has recently had a new novel published, entitled Moving Water. The book draws upon her own years at sea, as a wanderer and wonderer, in telling the story of Rose Bachman - a woman at mid-tide in a life awash in the debris of a mysterious marriage. Skogan's work has been read on numerous CBC radio programs and has appeared in *Saturday Night*, *Vancouver Magazine* and *Western Living*. She is coming for this event from her home on Gabriola Island.

This event is co-hosted by the Carnegie Writers' Group and the Carnegie Reading Room.

All are welcome!

before he became a fighter
setting down for you and me
a path to follow.

So write then
If you must
If you really do consider
words to be more powerful
than actions
but when you dedicate yourselves
to your poetic potions

remember
that a poem
is like a bomb
and it must have
just the right ingredients:
two parts
love for the people
one part
hatred of oppression.

If words must be spoken
then let us speak them
let them drip from our mouths
like honey
but let them also bring death
like bullets

words as weapon
words as ammunition
also as drug
the deadly elixir

let us intoxicate the tyrants
with treatises
of turning the other cheek
with words and witchcraft
we shall seduce the most sanguinary
haunt the wicked
with sentences that stink of death
under the cover of night
we will invade their peace
turn their dreams
into nightmares
and with poisonous phrases
we will punish them.

Cienfuegos

stay still. Christy's varied careers—war reporter, musician, sculptor, TV actor, private dick—grizzled boomers and downtown-eastside lost new short-fiction collection, *Junkman & Other* (Ekstasis Editions), a lived-in quality.

Our Carnegie Library is The Cat's Pajamas

The Carnegie Library, officially known as the Carnegie Reading Room, is Vancouver's oldest library; it was Vancouver's main library from 1903 to 1951.

The Carnegie Library contains 10,000 books. About one-third of them are fiction, and westerns are very popular. One-third of them are nonfiction, and that includes history, computer books, biography, and books on health. Another one-third of the Carnegie collection is made up of a fine Chinese selection of books. These books have a high circulation.

The Carnegie Library has an excellent collection of 300 books on First Nations subjects; it also has books in Spanish and a small Japanese collection. The library contains books that support Carnegie programs, and you will find books on pottery, photography, weight-lifting, fitness, cooking, music, chess, gardening and art on the shelves.

The Carnegie Library subscribes to 50 magazines and a number of newspapers, including *The Globe and Mail*, *The Province*, *The Vancouver Sun*, *The National Post*, *Sing Tao*, *Ming Pao*, *World Journal*, and the *Christian Science Monitor* (a solid newspaper, not a religious tract). There is a small reference collection at the Carnegie Library. These books can be obtained from the staff by request, but they can't be taken out of the library. The Carnegie Archives contain past issues of the Carnegie Newsletter, the Carnegie Crescent, the Carnegie Scrapbooks, life stories of Downtown Eastsiders on cassettes, history and research, and government publications on the neighbourhood.

Each week articles on the Downtown Eastside, taken from various newspapers, are posted on a bulletin board in the Carnegie Library.

Andrew Martin is the librarian in charge of the Carnegie Library. He listens to the suggestions of Carnegie patrons for new books, and tries to follow up on those suggestions, budget permitting.

Nothing is wasted at the Carnegie Library. If you have books you don't want, bring them to the



The Spiritual Precepts of Annie Dillard

Spirit

Wonder
Courage

- Living fully in the present
- Understanding limitations of knowledge and language
- Eliminating consciousness of self
- Receiving world in attitude of worshipful acceptance
- Experiencing unity of micro and macrocosm
- Mastering time - taking part in the rhythms of nature's cycles
- Experiencing sacrifice through death
- Becoming one with Spirit -
- Sharing in the process of Creation.

(*from 'The Pilgrims of Tinker Creek').



library. The ones that don't go on the shelves are given to other people at the book giveaways in front of the Carnegie Centre.

Thanks to all the Carnegie Reading Room staff and patrons for keeping alive the Carnegie Library tradition - books for a democratic society.

Doubledrum Mike

Yo Sarti!

How come when I order vegetable chili I get no meat, but when I order meat chili I get veggies?? This is very confusing.

A "Middle Finger Party" voter.



In The Dumpster

voice: 682-3269 #8072

Dear fellow binners & binnerettes:

How goes the battle? As yer unofficial supreme exalted Leader, along with ever-faithful "snuggle bunny", I have drafted new boundaries for the Downtown Eastside. Starting immediately:

- Carrall to Gore will be known as the east.

WILL THE PERSON or persons who removed the picture of a Canada Goose - by native artist Todd Jason Baker (Squamish Nation), please return it to the Learning Centre. The picture has been photographed and can be traced.. We will not prosecute or make you feel guilty. People make mistakes.

Wilhelmina Miles
Learner/Tutor (L.C.)



- Gore to Jackson will be the near east.
- Jackson to Clark will be the middle east, and
- Clark to Boundary will be the far east.

This might help shitty hall and stark Clark to be able to find the eastside areas that need help easier.

The weather is getting warmer and bringing more Bidders out in the alleys and parks. Please remember to keep the areas clean so residents and sanitary engineers don't complain. See y'all at shitty hall.

May The Bins Be With You.

And hey! Let's be careful out there.

By MR. McBINNER

LONE BEAR

Hunting for food along the banks of the Fraser River, lone bear claims his territory.

He hunts for food but there is none. His hunting grounds are no more.

Lone Bear has nowhere to go, nothing to eat.. this is where Lone Bear lives.

Where are the fish and game? Where are the berries and wild forest?
Must have somewhere to live, something to eat.. Lone Bear finds nothing.

Across the river are farmers' cattle, fruit trees, small game.
Lone Bear swims across very hungry.

Farmer kills Lone Bear for being on what the farmer thought was his land.

Fred Arrance

Neighbourhood News

* May 12 - The memorial for the 21 women who have gone missing from the community over the past 3-4 years. The mayor does what's politically profitable in asking for \$100,000 rewards for info on each person, then the police person gives him an all-too-obvious reality check. Yeah, you can't win..

- May 21 and 22 are days for the Vigil of Hope in Oppenheimer Park. This is to remember, honour and give respect to the few thousand people who have died from drug overdoses and addiction-related illnesses and to keep energy in working on viable solutions to the genocide. Call Jim at 253-7333 for details.
- May 30 is the AIDS candlelight memorial vigil. Bus service goes from Carnegie at 6:30 on that Sunday. This is the 16th year for it...

There are a lot of memorials and recognition of death and dying and efforts at establishing effective harm reduction strategies and models. It's also essential for everyone to see the life of our community as well. It's so easy to just mouth the spin put on by the corporate media and their class-corrupted cohorts: and get reminded of the seeming futility of stating the obvious - over and

Don't Abuse People, And People Won't Abuse Drugs

The drug problems of wealthy people have caused personal tragedies, that's true, but the point is that their drug problems are manageable for the most part. (Reckoning -Drugs, The Cities and The American Future, by Elliott Currie, p.3) The well-to-do have money for drugs and nice homes in which to use them. They also have money for private treatment, should they decide to move in that direction.

All of us get caught up in the enormous manufactured abuse of legal drugs - manufactured abuse because advertising promises us a cure for whatever ails us. Doctors, pharmacists and drug corporations all benefit from this quest for the quick fix. Uppers, downers, you name it! The need for mood altering drugs is responsible for most of the

over - to people who aren't so much dense or ignorant as not interested in any truth that flies in the face of their particular vested interest.

* Aliveness is bubbling at Carrall and Hastings in the old inter-urban railway space! Find Sharon!!

* FREE EAR ACUPUNCTURE mornings at the Vancouver Native Health community room, 449 E. Hastings. More on this next issue.

PRT

No Geek Love Lost Here

The freak show never stops; horrific beings used to take LSD to conjure, now the phantoms wander for real - always there. You turn your head from one side only to find a worse monster - breathing hideous as hell wanting a cigarette spittle rolling down it's chin

The Catholics can't scare me anymore, I already live in hell.. the demons leer from every doorway - the deformed & crazy laugh in stupified wonder as another falls dead in the street.

I can see your hair's on fire again, the pus on your face as you nod, that you were once near human scares me as you slip from being old to plain demented in a flicker... the waking nightmare has no end.

Bosch would love this neighbourhood.. fit right around her he would...

R. Loewen

prescriptions written by Canadian doctors and dispensed by Canadian pharmacists. (High Society - Legal And Illegal Drugs In Canada, by Neil Boyd)

The catastrophic drug scene that developed in North American low income communities, and especially inner cities, in the 1980's and 1990's is a much different experience than the recreational drug use of the well-to-do. Deepening poverty, unemployment, the growth of part-time work at low wages, the loss of low income housing, the erosion of social programs, disintegrating families, growing child abuse, fragmenting communities, growing alienation, the huge loss of income and work for youth, the loss of the human rights

in the deceased Canada Assistance Plan which opened the door to third world poverty in Canada, growing stress, growing humiliation in the face of a hostile welfare system, and an overwhelming sense of despair have combined to shatter the self-confidence and hope of many low income Canadians. This is people abuse on a large scale. There appears to be no way out of this nightmare, and drugs are a powerful painkiller.

Elliott Currie points out in his book that "the link between drug abuse and (social) deprivation is one of the strongest in forty years of careful research." (Currie, p.77) The spread of drug use in low income communities is associated with human misery, and therefore the framework for controlling drug abuse has to be social justice. "Never before in our recent history have so many

been excluded from the realistic prospect of living the good life as society defines it," Currie writes (p.145), and he reminds us that, "The poor, and near-poor, make up the largest part of the drug addict population." (Currie, p.215)

"We will not police, treat, or imprison our way out of the drug crisis," Currie says (Currie, p.6). We need an intelligent police force. We need adequate treatment and prevention programs. Above all, we need a healthy, equitable community that enables its citizens to live fulfilling lives – and one thing that means is decent, stable work at decent wages. The Scandinavian countries have a stronger commitment to the well-being of their citizens than we do in Canada, and one result is that they have far fewer citizens abusing drugs than we do.

By SANDY CAMERON

Cottage Hospice

St.James Social Service Society is opening a Hospice on North Penticton Street at the end of May. An announcement came here in what seemed a "media release" and it didn't really register. Things change.

A hospice is a facility where terminally ill people go to die. The need is for a warm and caring environment for people who might otherwise spend the last few weeks of their lives alone, frightened, abandoned and without any attention or care. Staff and volunteers provide comfort, a hand with the little things and ease any suffering. Then it begins to dawn that seniors as well as younger people are dying and the causes are not limited to cancer. It's a carefully hidden-in-the-open secret that hundreds of local residents have died and are dying from AIDS, addiction-related illnesses, rice wine consumption and plain wear-and-tear. Okay, look again.

Information brought back from the opening event has warm and decent things to say about the May Gutteridge Community Home, a local hospice, even though the writer starts out with the bleakest stereotyping of the world outside its doors.

"The neighbourhood screams typical downtown Eastside--garbage litters the streets,



broken bottles, a discarded needle; graffiti competes with the bars on the windows of local businesses and otherwise abandoned buildings; a man wanders aimlessly while another sleeps in a doorwell; the stench is stifling."

In our neighbourhood, the dead and dying are too often and too quickly just numbers for those who read the above 'intro' without question, as just confirmation of the myth that people (us) who would actually *live* in the Downtown Eastside are all damned!

The Cottage Hospice is a needed project and may be a model for many more in the future. It takes a lot of effort to raise the awareness of what can help in the universal sense of harm reduction. Death and dying can be a fairly severe form of harm to an individual's soul.

By PAULR TAYLOR

Four Sisters Housing Co-operative

is accepting applications for 2(\$695) and 3(\$797) bedroom apartments.

Our award-winning, mixed-income co-op is part of a diverse, vibrant, family-oriented community located in the Gastown area of the Downtown Eastside.

Member participation is required.

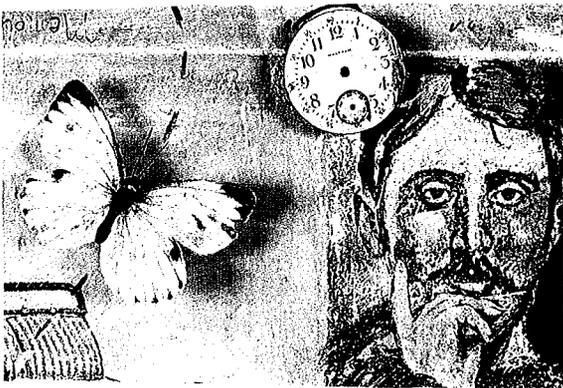
Some subsidy.

Applications are given out only in response to a written, mailed request.

- > Do not phone Four Sisters and
- > Do not come to the co-op office to ask for an application.

To get an application, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to

**Membership Committee, Four Sisters Co-op,
P.O. Box 88341, Chinatown Post Office,
Vancouver, BC V6A 2V2**



8:00 PM
Sunday, May 30th, 1999
Alexandra Park
Vancouver, BC
(Bidwell and Pacific Avenue)

Candles will be provided

WE the willing (volunteers)
led by the unknowing (staff),
are doing the impossible
for the ungrateful (patrons).
We have done so much
for so long
with so little
that we are now capable
of doing anything
with nothing.

9.

16th Annual International

Bus service from Carnegie at 6:30 p.m.
Coffee and sandwiches before.

**AIDS
Candlelight
Memorial
& Vigil**

Sponsors: A Loving Spoonful • AIDS Vancouver • BC Coalition of People with Disabilities •
BC Persons With AIDS Society • Downtown Eastside Consumers Board •
Downtown Eastside Women's Centre • Downtown Eastside Youth Activities Society • Dr. Peter Centre •
Healing Our Spirit, BC First Nations AIDS Society • Heart of Richmond AIDS Society •
Portland Hotel Society • St. James Community Services • Vancouver Native Health •

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- ◆ Serving It Right
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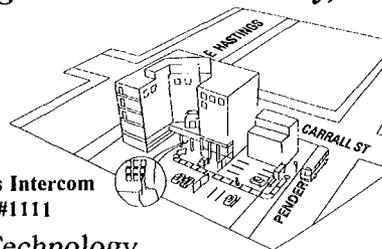
PRIDE Centre (*People Responsible for Improving Downtown Economy*)

110 - 1st Floor, 425 Carrall Street (off Pender Street)

Vancouver, BC V6B 6E3

Phone: (604) **685-1288**

Fax: (604) 669-9593



Press Intercom
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Funded by the Ministry of Advanced Education, Training And Technology

* Priority given to 19-24 years old. Seats available for mature students

Four Corners Community Development Society

Attention: Get Your Resume Done! Mon-Wed-Thurs 1:00pm

Canada, a society for all ages



International Year of Older Persons 1999

D.E.S. **COMMUNITY SENIOR CELEBRATION!**

June 5th 10am - 4pm
Oppenheimer Park

**Our Community Celebration in Honour of the
International Year of the Older Persons**

Entertainment - Music - Food - Prizes!!

Featuring:

***Chatowath
Seventh Wave
Carnegie Choir
Chinese Choir
Song Child
Strathcona Chinese
Dancing Company
Blue Sky Flyer
Lemieux
Arrows of Freedom
Gordie Walker***

Speakers:

***Andy Huclack
Chris Laird
Lorelie Hawkins
Irene Schmidt
Muhinder Grewel
Jenny Kwan
Councillor Jennifer
Clarke
Sandy Cameron
Margaret Prevost***

THE DAY I SAID GOODBYE TO MY BEST FRIEND

As a teenager, I met the best friend I ever had. We connected instantly; the intensity likened to the merging of two souls. I was hooked.

This friend not only approved, but urged me onto greater heights. I felt totally accepted and acceptable. I could be the funniest, loudest, saddest clown. I could dance to the moon, sing to the stars and love with all my heart. All was okay.

With this friend I felt protected from the world, both inside and out. Together there was never any perceived danger. My friend blocked out otherwise unbearable pain, but most of all I felt beautiful, loved and loving.

All was not peaks; we shared the valleys too. Together we stood and together we fell, making our relationship complete. I depended on my friend to the point I felt I could not live without him.

Unfortunately there was one catch that made the relationship impossible. This friendship was costing me my life! Yet life without him both terrified and mystified me. With the end in sight, I consumed more and more time with my friend. The more I realized we had to part, the more urgently I indulged him. Never had I been as committed to anything as I was to soaking up everything within my being that my friend had to give.

It was a very painful time. I laughed, I cried, I wailed, I loved, I hated, I was confused, rude confident and obnoxious. I was foul-mouthed, wildly frenetic, entertaining, affectionate, distancing and withdrawn... an extroverted introvert with an inferiority/superiority complex... all without judgement bestowed upon me by the friend I had to leave behind. Our last days spent together were outlandish.

It took me a few years to be aware of the



need to grieve the loss of this powerful union. This friend had been my primary source of connection my entire adult life, an experience not to be idly dismissed. We shared important years...

I will never forget my friend... what he was to me, what he did for me and, in saying this, not to deny but to forgive the destructive aspect that was inescapable due to the nature of our union. That was an aspect unforeseen yet born on our first meeting.

Yes, the spirit of and relationship with alcohol is a powerful one indeed. One that walks with me to this day lurking in the far reaches of my being. Once smitten, he has never totally left my sphere - just moved over... no longer King, no longer depended on, no longer needed or welcome, just every now and then he knocks at my door a little just to let me know he is still there. I acknowledge him, sometimes with a faint smile, sometimes a twinkle in my eye remembering... at other times with the old familiar pain of longing an unrequited lover.

Today we exist in our distance together. Today I am building a relationship with my long forgotten self. Today I don't fly so high, fall so low or feel as beautiful, accepted, loved, lovable or loving. But today I feel.

Controlled prescriptions for addicts will have to wait

VAN SUN
MAY 11/99

Ian Mulgrew

Vancouver East MP Libby Davies, who appears to be alone among Vancouver New Democrats willing to go down fighting to save lives on the Downtown Eastside, deserves kudos for trying.

After eight months of waiting, she recently introduced a private member's bill calling on the federal government to approve tightly controlled heroin prescription trials.

"The motion is not about the legalization of drugs or heroin," Davies said. "The motion does not encourage condoning heroin use. It's aimed toward facilitating the research needed to implement an effective, alternative, regulated-treatment option for heroin addicts."

Across the province last year 371 people died of drug overdoses (primarily of heroin and cocaine), most of them in

Greater Vancouver, and a huge proportion in the Downtown Eastside.

While the provincial New Democratic Party administration ignores the scandalous public health concerns, Davies has fought a thankless battle in Ottawa to persuade the feds to adopt a new approach to illegal drug abuse. Yet her proposal has widespread support, especially given burgeoning injection-drug use across Canada:

- Swiss trials of prescription heroin, begun in 1994, have been hailed for reducing crime and helping stabilize the lives of addicts.

- In 1997, the national task force on HIV/AIDS and injection-drug use (which included representatives of the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police

and the Canadian Bar Association), called on the government to conduct clinical trials of prescription morphine, heroin and cocaine.

- In 1998, the B.C. provincial health officer suggested controlled prescription heroin trials as part of a comprehensive harm-reduction program.

- In December, the Canadian Medical Association recommended Ottawa investigate heroin prescription programs for the drug-dependent.

"I want to bring forward the desperation and the urgency that exists, not just in my community in the Downtown Eastside, but in many urban centres," Davies said.

"People are dying on the streets from drug overdoses because they cannot get the help they need, the housing they need, or the medical support they need."

Pauline Picard, the Bloc Quebecois member for Drummond, endorsed Davies' strategy.

"Needle exchange and condom distribution services, instruction on safe injection methods, and the provision of locations for injections are part of the harm-reduction approach," Picard said.

"More and more studies are concluding in its favour. [Davies' motion] is right in line with this thinking."

Greg Thompson, the Progressive Conservative from New Brunswick Southwest, also concurred, saying it was time Ottawa considered new



treatment options.

"The motion was brought forward to bring about a debate, to bring about understanding, to encourage the government not to close the door on this matter," Davies added.

"I would encourage the government not to reject this outright as being too controversial and risky, but to look at it as an option, as part of a comprehensive harm-reduction strategy for dealing with illegal drug use."

But her motion died with a whimper.

Elinor Caplan, the Liberal parliamentary secretary to the health minister, decried the ravages of addiction even as she killed the bill: "While the member's proposal is well-intended, we do not believe it is supportable at this time."

Health Minister Allan Rock didn't even show up for the coup de grace. Neither did Justice Minister Anne McLellan, nor most of the media.

But at least you know Davies tried.

CYBERLOVE
Garry Gust

It all started innocently when I searched the internet for information on my Grandfather who had left Tbilisi, Georgia (former USSR) in the early 1900s. I looked through personal web pages at the few Tbilisi sites I could find, and during the course of viewing an artist's guestbook my eyes fell upon a name that filled me with an intuitive sense of trust.

Her e-mail address was at Tbilisi so I clicked on her name, Tigra (not her real name) and boldly wrote: Hi, would you mind looking in the local phone/book for anyone named Lactin? I'm trying to Trace my Grandfather's roots. Thanks, Garry."

A few days later (Apr.18) I looked into my usually empty e-mail box and saw that I had a letter from Tbilisi, From Tigra! saying: "Dear Garry, Unfortunately, I could not find any Lactin in the Tbilisi phone-book. Could you provide more information about your Grandfather's roots? Best wishes, Tigra Xxxxxx"

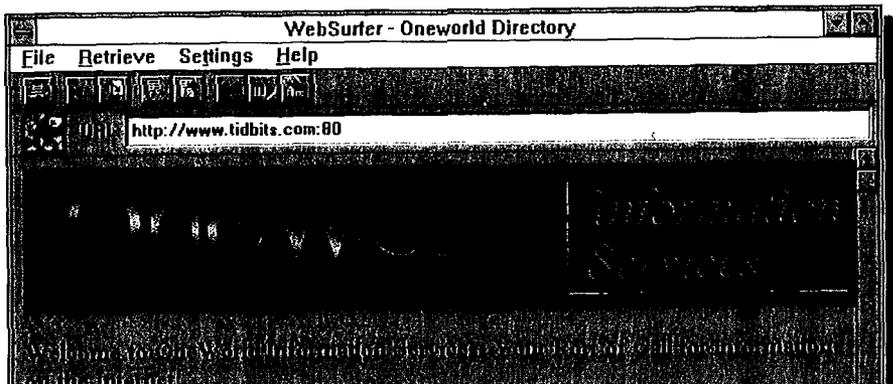
I immediately mailed her back to give my thanks for responding

to my inquiry. An hour later she responded again, and I responded, and she responded, until our letters took on a more personal tone.

She was a Webmaster at an Oper Society internet foundation in Georgia (OSGF). I told her I composed music and wrote short stories and articles, which seemed to impress her in that she played the violin and piano, and was also fond of writing. Because of the 12-hour time difference between our cities, and the fact that I was a night owl, we exchanged quick e-mails while she was at work. I was concerned that I might be disrupting her job, but she assured me she had a "diabolical energy" to do a number of things at the same time; being an Aquarian born in the year of the Tiger.

Weeks passed and I started to notice the STRONG addiction to the little sign that said: "You have new e-mail from tigra." And just as strong was the feeling of depravation when the little sign said: "You don't have any new e-mail." But I was hooked, especially after our first Cyber-kiss, and other personal exchanges of affection.

2 b continued, maybe...:-)



Headache

It is not so much the ambiguousness of the world and everything, or just about everything, in it, I was thinking, but the *headache of the world*, and the *headache of my existence* that holds my hand back from, say, writing or drawing or playing music, from so-called artistic endeavours, from mindless and destructive labour, from producing useless *items* or manipulating pointless figures and statistics toward some goal the pursuit of which will, no doubt, create or foster something completely unlike that goal, will almost certainly have an effect opposite to what was intended, or what was thought to be intended, as it were, when L greeted me on the bus. L, I said, in response to her question about why I wasn't writing, when I try to write, the whole grid of what I know about the world and what is happening in it resists, almost as if I would *have to destroy something* simply to put a thought or two down. I pick up my pen and, as I move it toward the paper, something holds my hand back, something, no doubt, in my head, as they say, I said. My life, from the time I was a child until now, has been a headache, a persnickety continuum of analysis and judgement and negotiation, and the only certainty is the certainty that whatever I believe or end up believing, in spite of myself, in all likelihood, is certain is certainly not, I joked. Those in the world who attempt to codify existence have made and continue to make the world a headache, I said, and resisting them, though, no doubt, necessary, is futile. Goofy and/or menacing politicians, for example, with goofy and/or menacing explanations for their goofy and/or menacing actions, I said - resisting them only expands the opportunities for their goofiness and menace, even though such goofiness and menace must, we say, be opposed. The more headachy the world becomes, the more insistently we are made to believe, or end up believing, there is an answer to everything, though there never seems to be an answer to goofy and



menacing politicians, say, to the answerers, to those who have all the means at their disposal, as they say, for convincing us that ambiguity, that life, is a problem they have the answer to. Their grammar will, you can be sure, be perfect as well, I said.

"Do you need an aspirin?" L joked.



Lost Journal Of Poems

Kate Braid lost a bound black leather notebook containing some of her poems. These poems were taken from her truck when it was parked in downtown Vancouver. Maybe someone has found this black leather journal of poems on the street or in a dumpster. The poems are hand-written, and Kate doesn't have copies of them. If you have found this notebook, please call Kate Braid at 299-6831. Reward offered by a poet in shock.

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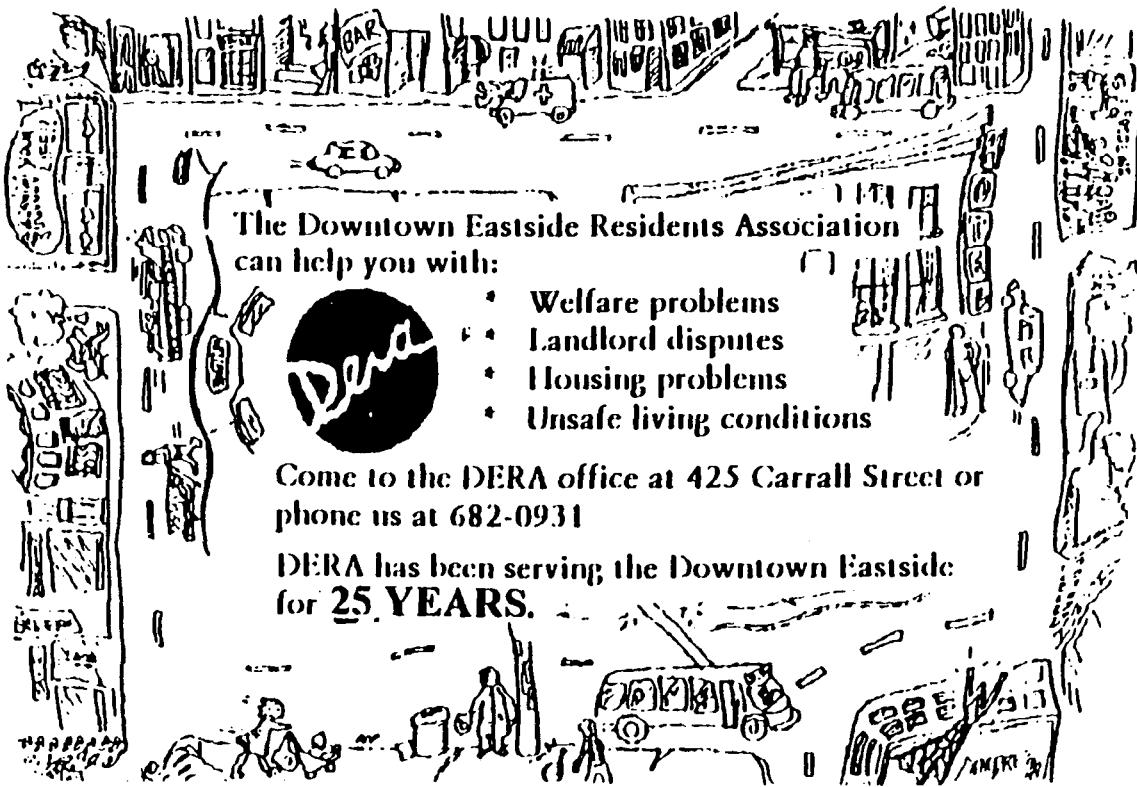
NEWSLETTER

101 Main Street, Vancouver V6P 1T7 (604) 682 3200

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
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Articles represent the views of contributors
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'In North America this culture's contradictions are most often expressed as negative perceptions with no understanding. Of course even the simplest notions of history are then bypassed because they cease to exist'

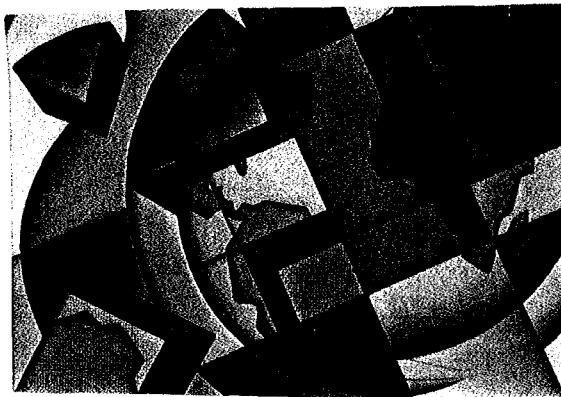
-Lucifer Armstrong

Jack Kerouac once said that life was a dream that had already happened. The fragmentation and alienation that others have pondered for centuries has always depended on "captive" audiences.

Ask yourself: what was the first thing you thought of this morning? Could it have been the war in Kosovo, the butts in your makeshift astray, that stuffy smell that comes with late afternoon hallways or terry cloth tablecloths? Maybe it was that plant you forgot to water yesterday, or your own mortality? Maybe it was that fight you had with your lover last night? . Maybe you don't remember or even care?

You look around and think that all you see is others scrambling for money and the washroom down the hall. It doesn't really matter if you're rich or poor.. your washroom is always down the hall. Ah, but money - that supposed great equalizer that smells so fresh and almost guarantees everything you might be afraid to dream of.

There are those who think racism can be bought and changed for the price of a workshop. Maybe they think that the price of their condescension is more important than the prices of food. There are even those who think that thinking is out of date. "You can empower the people" they yell. There are always those who want to be the sugar daddies and sugar mommies of social change. "We deserve that money!" they shout, and then are the very first ones to excuse their failures when the



monies are all spent. Yes I think money is one of those great contradictions that all of us have to suffer. (but wouldn't it be nice if we all had it). I guess we just don't deserve it!

In the meantime we grovel for acceptance and decent housing. "Give the people what they want". "Let them eat chalk" The so-called political leaders of this local or international culture spend their time trying to figure out how to give us nothing while looking as if they are giving us something.

I can't tell you anything you don't already know but I do have the honour of asking you to think about your own contradictions once in awhile. Try it. Some suggested topics might include: money, ego's, happiness, love, sex, booze, drugs, poetry, telephone answering machines, food, TV, public transit, hockey, self-destruction, workshops, films, books, theories (political or otherwise) children, cats, dogs, self-hate, so-called public art, disease, lectures, violence, wild birds, friends, gardens, racism, and of course those eternal mommies and daddies.

Leigh Donohue

"Contradictions are not good or bad; they are a form of history making that reflects on the individual in action with his or her society"

-Lucifer Armstrong

Rumours Ruinous and a word from that Satan dude...

There's a rumour that there's a bunch of crazed lunatics in town who'll do anything for a dollar. And over in countries that don't give a shit about human rights, they harvest organs from prisoners who fit genetic profiles.

Of course, these are just rumours that go around. ...like the one that says hookers in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside are being targeted by sick old fucks with way too much money who need organ transplants and don't like the politics of killing prisoners when trying to sign trade agreements that make these same assholes more money...more money to do their social engineering of killing off the transients and using their body parts to prolong the lives of twisted, demented barbarians who describe the monster Dracula to perfection. ...but those are just rumours we've all heard.

But there's also this rumour that Satan is living on the earth today. You know who he is, right?! Belial, Mephistopheles, the Devil.. the archfiend who's here to take all those souls to eternal damnation?! This rumour says Jesus and the Devil are the same thing - just 2000 years apart! Now don't get me wrong, this is just a rumour I heard, but if you care to look in the bible it sez that Jesus said to some lunatics of that time "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." and he said it to a bunch of lunatics who wanted to kill a whore. Why? Because they were doing a little social engineering.

So here's a little message to those lunatics who rumour sez think whores are places to find useful organs to transplant: IF Jesus and the Devil are the same thing, The Devil sez "Keep your fuckin' hands off these Jezebel women, you assholes, or you're going to a place you'll never forget." ..get it?!... comprendé?!!

Satan Himself

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100-BLOCK

A couple was hit by a car today.. right in the middle of the 100 block East Hastings by a west-bound vehicle. Someone told me that both were killed. Angus, John and I walked over to Hastings from Cordova where we got off a bus at 5 pm. I carried Angus, who's 4, while coaxing a tired complaining John, who's 6, to see why Hastings Street was blocked off. Traffic was diverted throughout rush hour.

"Killed at 3 o'clock" a young native woman who stood watching with her mother and son said. "They took the man away a half an hour ago. The woman lived but died on the way to the hospital." I wondered how she'd know so much. Perhaps it will be in the papers. (I later heard it on CBC as a traffic report.)

My friend and I joke about the 100 block -ground zero- the core of our most impoverished neighbourhood. If the world comes to an end it ends here first. Scores of people brave the heavy traffic of Hastings Street to go from the Balmoral to the Regent, from the Brandiz to the Sunrise to score drugs or to socialize. We wonder if someone could paint a couple of crosswalks diagonally mid-block like the hippies did on Fourth Avenue in 1970... from the Last Chance Saloon to the Golden Palace Opera House because Fourth Avenue became a steady stream of cars coming to gawk at the hippies. What self-respecting outlaw lowlife would walk to the corner to cross, obedient to the machine? Crossing against the light and jay-walking are acts of defiance. Vancouver's most oppressed, never-to-be-employed, soon-to-be-dead citizens can still courageously muster (even loaded or hungover) a "fuck you" to motorists - suburban commuters - all "haves" in this "have-not" neighbourhood. The inconvenience of hitting someone could ruin their whole day.

Sometimes I stand on Hastings Street and obser-

ve the change since the 1970's. I remember there were folks, regular people, some with jobs, some without, who were old, young, shopping, drunk, walking by, transferring buses, and in the background when I trained my eye and watched long enough I could spot nervous addicts scoring drugs from skulking dealers. Now it takes time to spot people with jobs from boosters, addicts and drugged mental health consumers who crowd the wide sidewalks.

A small white City Works truck was parked in front of the Washington Hotel near a large white piece of paper on the road. The city workers get



out and lift up the paper while a fireman stands at the ready, a hose in his hands. There are guts -- internal organs of the squashed pedestrian -- left on the road surrounded by a wide stain of blood. I'm horrified that they can't pick them up and dispose of them in a more dignified way. I wondered which organs they were.. what falls out of us when we are split open, whacked by a car.

Ground zero was quiet; for once peaceful with no cars, buses and trucks thundering by. A pear is squashed flat closer to the curb in front of us and a clear plastic cup and spoon lay on the pavement. Was this their last meal? If we stood quietly could we feel their spirits lingering nearby, shocked by sudden violent death?

As I stood holding my 4 year old, I turned his head into my shoulder away from the guts dancing along the asphalt, chased by the water from the fire hose. John stared transfixed. I reached out and firmly pulled him to me, hugging him to my legs, my arm across his heart from behind and moaned a long low grieving noise. Tears welled in my eyes. "Let's go home now"

Spit and gum litter the wide sidewalk and the

stench of urine concentrated by a rare long spell of no rain wafts from a nearby alley, causing the kids to plug their noses. A man drunk/passed out against a boarded up store front stirs as we walk slowly by. Dealers and sick addicts are selling, complaining and scheming in small groups across the street by the Carnegie Center and the Roosevelt Hotel, oblivious to the somberness that has settled on their clean, dry neighbours and the two dozen or so cops and firemen loitering at the death scene.

I want to know who died. My boys worry it might be our friend who drinks too much --that he might have staggered onto the road. I sense whoever died had more spent on this untidy death scene than on their uncelebrated lives. I know the coroner won't tell who died as they will only confirm the death of someone you name.

I feel angry and suppress an urge to shout at the cold just-doing-their-job firefighters and cops and at passersby, spectators. I have to know who else cares and I'm embarrassed that I cried. I wonder how my children will understand that the inconvenience of this traffic diversion and mess on the road mean more than some people's lives. But I really wonder if those bloody human guts dancing along the gutter will slip through the grate of the storm sewer.

By ANN LIVINGSTON

RIDING THE STREET CARS

In the early 30's I drove street cars on the Owl Run.. the No. 1 Fairview belt line. Most of my "fares" at midnight were cold, wet and homeless.

At Main & Hastings (Inspectors home in bed), my "fares" (after my 'all clear' signal) climbed aboard.

Street cars, a refuge from the street, were always warm and cozy. Some of my "fares" stayed for several trips around town. I made my stoops with a gentle cushion of air and took great pride in rocking my friends to sleep in their warm, giant cradle.

Sam Roddan

Dalton Camp proves the Tory like a loyal Tory and to show love with a transparent, self-serving, corporate hypocrophant of the Reagan-Bush ilk is to urinate on our big, vulnerable, all...

Mendelson Joe,
Toronto

The very sight of Albanian r do they wear their skullcaps" tating. It's like they want t

ational dress became an issue. "Why a liberal architect asked me. "It's irrit- all me, 'We're here!' " The remark is



SAM RODDAN