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Carnegie



NEWSLETTER

DECEMBER 15, 1997.

401 Main Street, Vancouver V6A 2T7 (604) 665-2220



**WELCOME
TO EARTH;**
welcome to reality...

The Aboriginal Women's Action Network (AWAN) took Women's Equality Minister Sue Hammel on a walk through Vancouver's Downtown Eastside on December 4, 1997.

"We felt she was really far removed from the reality of Aboriginal women," explained AWAN member Fay Blaney. AWAN had called for the walkabout in a brief submitted to Hammel in the summer. The brief outlined AWAN's concerns



about high rates of poverty, violence and child apprehension, as well as their dissatisfaction with the treaty making process. In the brief AWAN also questioned the lack of representation for Aboriginal women in the decision-making process of the various ministries, including Women's Equality.

AWAN was accompanied by Jenny Kwan, Libby Davies and several Aboriginal women. The walkabout began at the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre and ended at Vancouver Native Health and She-way. Other sites visited included the Crabtree Corner, the Neighbourhood Safety Office, and the Needle Exchange. Aboriginal women organized the walk so that each one could take a few minutes to tell the Minister how she experienced the absence of detox centres, the removal of children, and homelessness among other things.

"We're trying to get [Hammel] to be more responsive to the Aboriginal community," Blaney told the *Carnegie Newsletter*. AWAN is seeking the

support of the Women's Equality Ministry in their struggle to gain a political voice for Aboriginal women. One such area could be to do educational work on violence against Aboriginal women in relationships, as well as through institutionalised and systemic racism.

During the walk AWAN members raised the question of the second "Aboriginal Women and Treaties" report. While a written report is not being done, AWAN was promised that a verbal report would be arranged. They will notify community groups of the details of this event once they hear from the Women's Equality Ministry.

At the end of the walk, Rain Daniels presented Hammel with a bag of dried beans as a way of graphically showing "the seriousness of the problem of apprehension of Aboriginal children." One type of bean (chick peas) was used amidst a variety of other beans to indicate the proportion of how many of the children in care are Aboriginal. Aboriginal children make up over half of the children in care, although the government denies it.

Blaney believes the walk did have an impact. Hammel seemed touched in witnessing a small glimpse of everyday life for many Aboriginal women. Now that the Minister has visited the Downtown Eastside, AWAN will be lobbying to bring about policy changes which would improve the lives of Aboriginal women.



*United We Can Bottle Depot
Crossroads and Lanes*

*52 East Cordova Street
Vancouver, BC (V6A 1K2)*

Tel: 681-0001



TO REMEMBER ME

The day will come when my body will lie upon a white sheet neatly tucked under four corners of a mattress located in a hospital busily occupied with the living and the dying. At a certain moment a doctor will determine that my brain has ceased to function and that, for all intents and purposes, my life has stopped.

When that happens, do not attempt to instill artificial life into my body by the use of a machine. And don't call this my deathbed. Let it be called the Bed of Life, and let my body be taken from it to help others lead fuller lives.

Give my sight to the man who has never seen a sunrise, a baby's face, or love in the eyes of a woman. Give my heart to a person whose own heart has caused nothing but endless days of pain. Give my blood to the teenager who was pulled from the wreckage of his car, so the he might live to see his grandchildren play. Give my kidneys to one who depends on a machine to exist. Take my bones, every muscle, every fiber and nerve in my body and find a way to make a crippled child walk.

Explore every corner of my brain. Take my cells, if necessary, and let them grow so that, someday, a speechless boy will shout at the crack of a bat and a deaf girl will hear the sound of rain against her window.

Burn what is left of me and scatter the ashes to the winds to help the flowers grow.

If you must bury something, let it be my faults, my weaknesses and all prejudice against my fellow man.

If, by chance, you wish to remember me, do it with a kind deed or word to someone who needs you. If you do all I have asked, I will live forever.

- Submitted by "Gram"



RAGING AGING

Just a line to say I'm living,
that I'm not among the dead.
Though I'm getting more forgetful
and mixed up in the head.

I got used to my arthritis;
to my dentures, I'm resigned.
I can manage my bifocals,
but God I miss my mind.

For sometimes I can't remember
when I stand at the foot of the stairs,
If I must go up for something,
or have I just come down from there?

And before the fridge so often,
my poor mind is filled with doubt,

Have I just put food away, or
have I come to take some out?

And there's times when it is dark
with my nightcap on my head,
I don't know if I'm retiring, or
just getting out of bed.

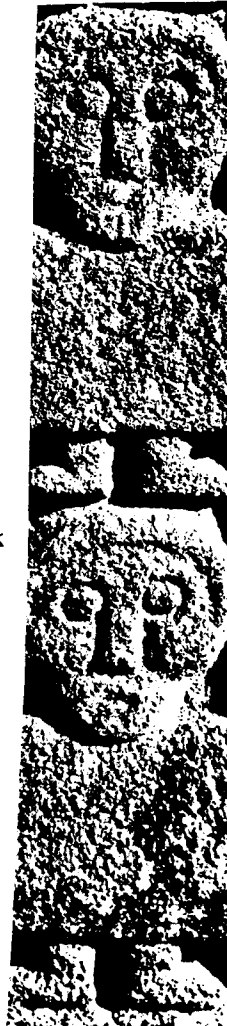
So, if it's my turn to write to you,
there's no need for getting sore,
I may think that I have written,
and don't want to be a bore.

So, remember that I love you
and with that you were near.

But now it's nearly mail time,
so must say good-bye, my dear.
There I stand beside the mail box
with a face so very red.

Instead of mailing you my letter,
I had opened it instead..

-Anonymous



Look down
And see the simple child
Where we all start.
Be amazed by how much
You have grown.

Look up
And see the Infinite light
Where we all came from
And be amazed by how much
You have to grow

Look inside
And see the eternal love
The source of all being
And be amazed.

Dreamweaver

Learn to be a light
Before your little lightbulb
burns out.

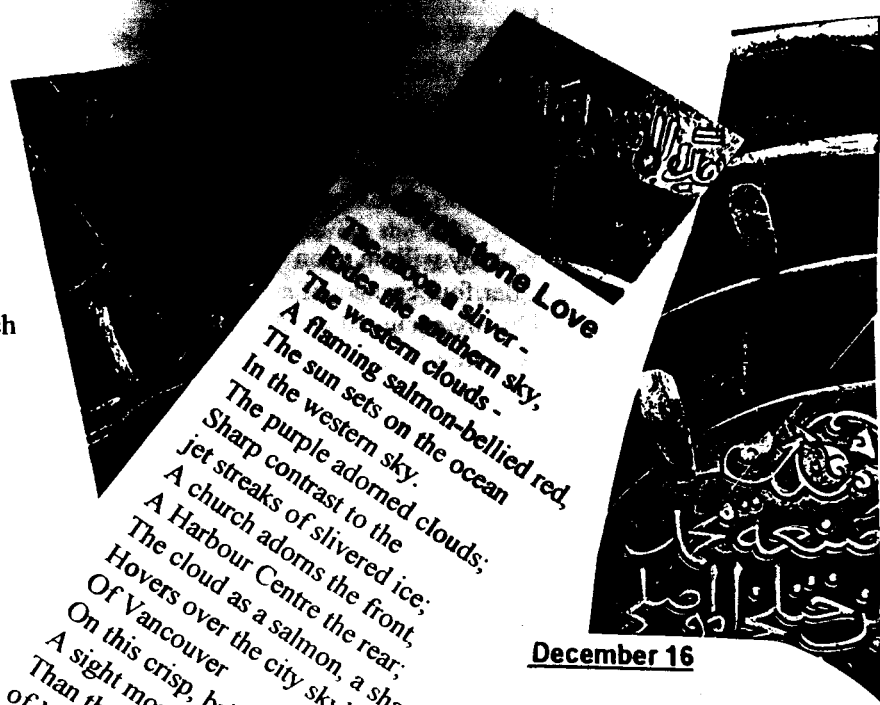
Dreamweaver

Hidden by a small billowing cloud -
Westward, always westward
Rides the moon;
Eastward, always eastward
Push the clouds.
Until twilight fades
The shark with no belly, swollen,
Now a steel gray
in the evening sky.
A city beneath blinks
'til morning is nigh.
Josh Thay

back to the womb

there's such a delicate balance at my parents' place 31
& going back to the womb is a 2-headed dragon
espousing a mole tunneling for gold in a sewage plant
a womb is a room without a view

anita stevens



Stone Love
Rides the southern sky,
The western clouds -
A flaming salmon-bellied red,
The sun sets on the ocean
In the western sky.
The purple adorned clouds;
Sharp contrast to the
jet streaks of slivered ice;
A church adorns the front,
The Harbour Centre the rear;
Hovers over the city skyline
Of Vancouver
On this crisp, brisk autumn day.
A sight more glorious
Than the autumn (maple) leaves
of Muskoka.
The crescent moon is now
Hidden by a small billowing cloud -
Westward, always westward
Rides the moon;
Eastward, always eastward
Push the clouds.
Until twilight fades
The shark with no belly, swollen,
Now a steel gray
in the evening sky.
A city beneath blinks
'til morning is nigh.
Josh Thay

December 16

Quest Outreach Society
303 E. Cordova St.
Ph: 602-0186

Mon. December 22

Women's Centre
44 E. Cordova St.
drop by & pick up tickets for
women and children only



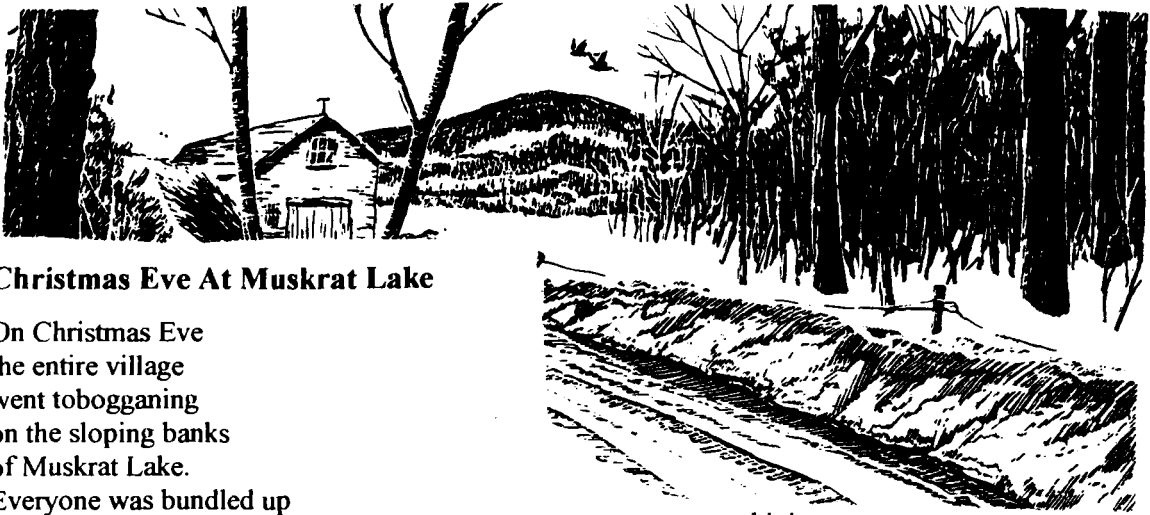
Wed. December 24 (open 72 hrs)

Dug Out
59 Powell St.
AA meetings in the evenings.
Snack only.
Ph: 685-5239

Thu. December 25

Harbour Lights
119 E. Cordova St.
Ph: 682-5208





Christmas Eve At Muskrat Lake

On Christmas Eve
the entire village
went tobogganing
on the sloping banks
of Muskrat Lake.

Everyone was bundled up
in mukluks
parkas
mitts
and scarves.

Some came to watch,
others to ride
on this festive night
of clouds and stars.

Some toboggans scooted down like otters.
Others slide sideways, and
still others turned over.

Tiny children
with wide eyes
were held firmly by parents
who rode with them.
Everyone who wanted a ride
found a place on a toboggan.
No one was left out.

Jeremiah, who was six,
tugged on my arm.
Come for a ride, he said,
and I rode with Jeremiah
and as many of his friends
as would fit on the toboggan.
Down the hill we went
with shouts and screams
and the toboggan skidded sideways
and we all fell off
and Jeremiah jumped up,

eyes shining,
and ran after the toboggan.

Big, fluffy flakes of snow
began to fall
from the dark sky.
Children tried to catch snowflakes
on their tongues,
and older folks stood still
and let the large flakes
land on their heads
and outstretched hands.

Gradually people started
to go home.
There were children
to put to bed,
and hands and feet
to be warmed.
It stopped snowing,
and stars were visible
among the clouds.
In the distance
a wolf howled,
and the dogs at Muskrat Lake
took up the call.
Walking on the snow path
through the dark trees
I repeated to myself,
The Kingdom, the coming of the Kingdom.

Sandy Cameron

'Who made that?' . . .

A united coalition of workers, students, religious and human rights groups hosted the first annual *Sweatshop Fashion Extravaganza*. It happened on Dec. 13 at the Canadian Auto Workers' Hall in New Westminster as a tongue-in-cheek look at a very serious issue. A fashion show of the kind we don't normally hear anything about took place with much social commentary about sweatshop labour practices used to make such expensive, trendy labels as *Liz Claiborne*, the *GAP*, *Edie Bauer*, *Joe Boxer*, *Nike* and others.

For the past two and a half years, a coalition of workers, students and human rights activists have been working together around issues of imperialist globalisation, transnational corporations, free trade and human rights. This July several members of the Canadian team, along with a Guatemalan delegation, gained entry into Korean-owned maquilas in Guatemala, where subcontractors produce such well-known labels as *Liz Claiborne*. Photographs of the subhuman conditions, labour law violations



Poetry in Motion

in the theatre

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 7pm - 10pm

and human rights abuses show that serious violations continue to occur in these 'free trade' zones.

Corporations such as *Liz Claiborne*, the *GAP* and *Starbucks*, claiming social consciousness and responsibility, have their own codes of conduct for dealing with their subcontractors. However, as we noted on our visit, these codes are simply not respected. Meanwhile, the corporation basks in public praise for its 'generosity' towards workers. Adopting a motion is simple - implementing it is another story. The self-monitoring of these corporations has proven to be a flimsy joke at best.

As demonstrated by the response to the APEC Leaders' Summit in Vancouver, thousands of Canadians believe in fair trade, equality and human rights for workers and their families. Most Canadians would rather buy from companies that treat workers with dignity, pay fairly, and support grassroots community development than those which abuse human rights to turn a bigger profit.

On hand were photographs, a parallel fashion show featuring fair trade garments, guerrilla theatre from the Langara Students' Union, food from Guatemala, unionised Starbucks workers-run cappuccino and a no-host bar. Proceeds went to support the work of the coalition in their fight against corporate violations of human and labour rights and into educating Canadians about their choices.

For more information, call Tara Scurr at the Christian Task Force on Central America (875-9218) or Roger Crowther of CAW (522-7911).



New Learning Centre Staff

Hello folks. As you may have noticed, there are a bunch of new staff in the Learning Centre. If you don't know what we look like, we are the ones running around with frantic and lost expressions on our faces. You may have caught glimpses of us as we go in and out of innumerable meetings. We are Fay, Tim, Carol and me (Sarah). Once we all get oriented and things settle down, Tim and Carol will mostly be running the 3rd floor Learning Centre and Fay and I will be doing some "in-reach" within Carnegie and some outreach.

Despite all the recent changes, the Learning Centre is still open -in fact, we've started evening hours as well. The room is open for studying, reading, Internet, or just hanging out from 9 to 9 every weekday.

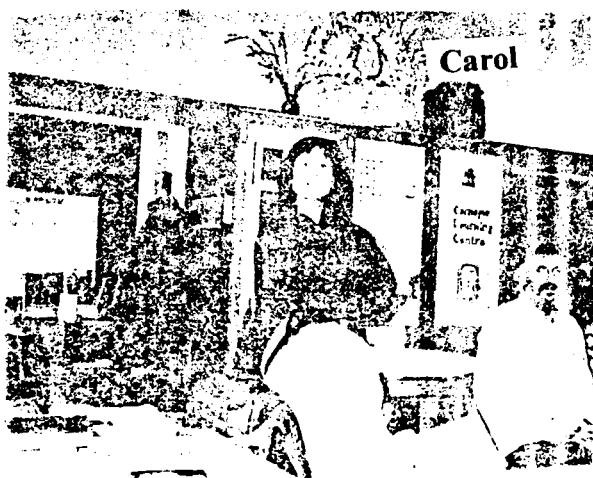
Many thanks to all the hard-working volunteers who are helping to orient new staff, as well as working overtime to keep the Centre running smoothly. We couldn't do it without you!!!

Thanks also to all the committed people on the Education Committee who struggled to get the best possible funding for the Carnegie Learning Centre!



Hello everyone. My name is Fay Blaney. I am from the north of Coast Salish territory, the Homalco First Nation, but have lived on the eastside of Vancouver for over 20 years. I have two children - Corena (12) and Andrew (7).

I am very happy about being able to work at the Carnegie Centre. I find the work similar, in some ways, to the goals and actions of the Aboriginal Women's Action Network (AWAN). AWAN is where my heart is. (Please read about our walkabout with Sue Hammel in this newsletter.)



Hello. My name is Carol (Chau Mei Ching). I've been working part-time at the Learning Centre since September. I really enjoy spending time with all the tutors and learners. When I am not in the centre, I play with my 3 year-old and try to see my husband too. I'm a fourth generation Chinese-Canadian from Vancouver. My parents grew up in Chinatown and my grandmother used to run a rooming house on the corner of Cordova & Main. Needless to say, I'm learning a lot about my family history working here! My hair is black and my eyes are brown; the rest is Subject to Change without notice.



Tim

Hi! My name is Tim Michel (Xixwelst in my language). I am the new First Nations Tutor Trainer at the Carnegie Learning Centre (that's a mouthful, eh?) I am originally from T-k'amlupsh and moved around a fair bit prior to settling in Vancouver about 7 years ago. I am also a sessional computer instructor at the Institute of Indigenous Government, a performing singer/songwriter, an actor, a father of four grown children and grandfather to Lynx. I am looking forward to working with the gang at the Carnegie.



The latest efforts concerning the Woodward building culminated on December 10 at a hearing of the Board of Variance. This body has 2 people appointed by the provincial government, 2 people appointed by the municipal government and a chairperson. These five can overturn a decision - in this case that of the Development Permit Board to let Kassem Aghtai and Fama Holdings go ahead with plans to put 419 market condos in there, with a humongous amount of shoppes and boutiques and so on for all the phantom riches expected.

Presentations for the community included, again, the social impact and consequences for the neighbourhood, with SROs on adjacent streets holding over 500 units of low-cost housing now with void futures. On a level balance we won; every argument was articulate and sensible to progressive reason... on the balance of money to be made by the real estate speculators and the new breed of 'smash 'n grab' developers, it was almost a foregone conclusion that the final vote - 2-1 - was in the interest of dollar signs and those of the community and residents and the Downtown Eastside were 'too bad . so sad' The war goes on...

AIDS Benefit

December 2 marked the event of the Shooting Stars Celebrity Auction. Hats off again to downtown eastside Gallery Gachet. Artists donated valuable time, energy and stamina to the Art Auction for AIDS Benefit at Performance Works on Granville Island. They were able to cut through the upper crust pretension, rejection.

exclusivity and behaviour surpassing even that of Ebenezer Scrooge.

On hand were April Portner, Louise Gerrard, Larry Mustvedt, James Parker and J.Christian S. Also present were good-guy bartender, Just John and the Queen Bee of Prior Street, Elizabeth Glancy. And all for a worthwhile cause.

Many thanks to the staff and volunteers at the Arts Club Theatre who afterwards enabled me to get home and a special thanks to Jerzy Mazurak of Triguard Security Services for guiding me through the maze.

By ANITA STEVENS



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IN THE DUMPSTER

Greetings fellow binner & binnerettes. Merry Christmas. Sung dey fay luck. The very best to all readers and sponsors of the *Carnegie Newsletter*.

As some of you know I have been accepted into Four Sisters housing and got my first Xmas card. The swine flu got me as well as many others, but the 'welfare greed' took out one of my pals. My old neighbour, "One Shoe" Joe, was robbed of all his money, thrown down and had his simply shitty shoes ripped off too. Where were the APEC police then?..and the bastards are still on the street.

Unfortunately, the man shot by the police on Granville Street died. This is the 2nd time in 14 months that Vancouver police took "appropriate action" on persons with mental problems. To me it is another reminder of the cutbacks by the Federal government. How many more [deinstitutionalized] people with mental problems must die before they/we get help?

I heard volunteers are needed at Canada Place for the Christmas holidays. On July 1, Mr. McBinner got tossed out of Canada Place for binning, while the better-dressed yuppie "recyclers" were okay by the Security Schizoids. I used to go just to enjoy the displays and donate 10 or 20 bucks but now I can't stand the place.

Please remember that Christmas is about loving each other and getting along. The Downtown Eastside Guru will soon be sending us greetings.

May The Bins Be With You. And hey! Let's be extra careful out there.

By MR. McBINNER

Let me catch my breath
Let me be at rest
Let me be in harmony
Let me be my best

Me catch my breath
Me be at rest
Me be in harmony
Me be my best

Catch my breath
Be at rest
Be in harmony
Be my best

My breath
At rest
In harmony
My best

Dreamweaver



Trashhopper sez

Merry Christmas and many happy dumpster returns to y'all. This time of year is very hard on many of us folks in the DE. I know some who don't feel too good about xmas or what the new year might bring... all I can say is that we made it this far so hang in there.

I have the best Christmas you can allow yourself to have; try to remember what the true meaning of this season is - be kind to each other. In the binz!!!

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all my friends. There are too many to mention by name, plus I want you all to feel equal in friendship.

Time's are bad, life's hard;
Here's yor Downtown Eastside Card!!!

Carl MacDonald

Steve Brodie led the occupation of the Vancouver Post Office by the unemployed in 1938. After 30 days of repeatedly asking to be arrested, the occupation ended with "Bloody Sunday." Much of the blood that was spilled belonged to Steve Brodie when he was almost beaten to death by the police. Steve Brodie is 87 years old and is living in Victoria. The following is a letter he wrote to activists in Ontario after seeing them interviewed on CBC news last year.

I found out, all of sixty years ago, that the first thing to remember about organizing unemployed Canadians is you must not offer tea and sympathy. There are enough phony committees doing that, teaching stoic contentment in adversity. It is necessary to be brutally frank about the reasons for poverty through unemployment, and its necessity, between wars, in the history of industrial capitalism.

For a few years Canadian workers elected enough social minded MPs and MLAs and when they occasionally had a balance of power they negotiated U.I., old age pensions, health legislation and an obligation to provide some support when peacetime brought poverty through unemployment.

Now there is a nation-wide move to rescind those benefits and revert to pre-World War II conditions. We must make sure that the workers understand that work is not the point of the class struggle, but wages and standard of life, which now are totally inadequate for most of us. Work was required of the hundreds of thousands of workers who build the Great Wall of China and the pyramids of Egypt. They had neither wages nor standard of living above the lowest animals. Workers must stop demanding the privilege of working and unite to obtain a fair standard of living as the right of a citizen.

This country calls on citizens to leave family, home, employment, and all they own, at the call of the Federal Cabinet to fight in foreign fields, to uphold a government that has no obligation to him or her, unless he accepts the most menial wage offered by the employers. To demand anything less than a Canadian standard of living is stupidity.



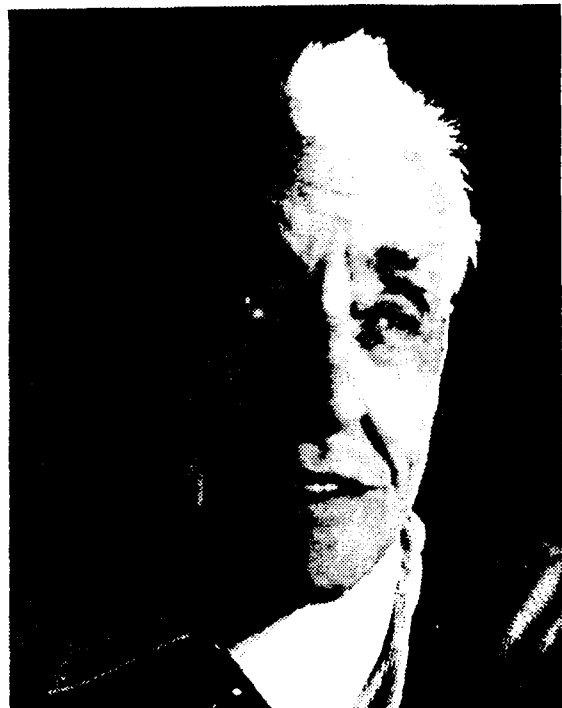
Bloody Sunday, June 19, 1938: Police attack the unemployed in V
Steve Brodie just before he was beaten unconscious by pc

Letter from Steve B to Today's Unemployed

Workers must realize that the public can be conned into not only accepting poverty through unemployment, but condoning force when inflicting poverty. The excuse used by politicians is that "we are guarding your money and won't use it to feed useless bums." Therefore the only weapon in the workers hands is to make unemployment so expensive that full employment will be cheaper. Standing in front of City Hall or the legislature is an invitation to head smashing, tear gassing, and cavalry charges. Even guns have been turned on unemployed Canadians on more than one occasion. Where then is the best site for a demonstration? Posh hotels, cafes, libraries, museums, are a better idea. Harold Winch of the CCF (precursor to the NDP) acted with Vancouver City Police in

June 1938 in conning two hundred unemployed in the sitdown at the Art Gallery to avoid damage, (even though they were tear gassed) on the theory this would "keep public sympathy."

I've always made it clear that after having been refused the right to arrest and trial, and then being deliberately attacked, the first teargas bomb thrown in should have met the "Mona Lisa" on her way out. Demanding arrest and trial is what stalled the attacks for thirty days, and although at the Post Office we countered the gas attack by admitting



fresh air through windows that cost over \$40,000 to replace, no-one ever faced a charge for occupying the Post Office and Art Gallery. Having submitted to arrest on day one and four times more, and five minutes before we were attacked, made that attack illegal and unconstitutional and the courts had no choice but to act accordingly and quietly ignored the whole affair.

During the fifty years before 1917, the Czar's Cossacks had plenty of exercise riding down and sabering the crowds of protesting workers. Ten men on horseback can easily rout two thousand demonstrators. Today, companies of twenty

scattered through a modern city holding twenty demonstrations simultaneously would be a daunting task for the enforcers of poverty. Carried out in a disciplined manner with due regard to the interest of insurance companies, it could have a great effect towards ensuring that adequate work or adequate welfare would be much less costly.

While it is true that the demonstrations of the 30's were led by members of the Communist Party of Canada they were mostly spontaneous eruptions that the official party could not control. Individual party members noting the restiveness of the rank and file took over leadership and tried to prove to Canadians that hunger and homelessness can lead to very expensive results. Unfortunately, we who knew that failure in the 30's would mean that the condition we now see around us would return, were far too few.

There were not many Arthur Evans around. He was a man who fought bravely all his adult life from the picket lines in U.S. coal mines, to leading the On-to-Ottawa Trek (in 1936), in spite of the fact that he knew the workers were too prone to accept their lot rather than to fight. Organizers today too will likely learn that sorry lesson.

Methods of protest will no doubt present themselves to any leadership. I believe the task today is harder than ours was then; the working class have now become the unpaid and under paid, and their prospects are even worse than ours were.

The depression of the 30's did not end. World War II broke out. The redneck middle class of today made their place through massive spending for war and the resulting inflation made their property acquired for a few thousand into the massive wealth of today. Our rather puny middle class were complacent and indifferent to hunger and homelessness then, but today's middle class are hostile to any effort to fight poverty--morning talk shows show that clearly.

I thought I should mention some tactics that were smothered by the Communist Party line. They agreed with the hierarchy of the C.C.F., that individual politicians should not be demonstrated against. I had a contrary idea. I said then and I believe now that a parent who seeks sympathy by

telling how he or she is walking the floor at 3 or 4 a.m. worrying about the fate of their children, should wrap up their children warmly and with the help of two garbage can lids, make sure the nearest municipal, provincial and federal politician is awake to the situation. The rank and file of both the C.C.F. and the C.P. would have been more militant, but they were conned by their leadership about losing public sympathy. My view then and now is you never had it and never will have it.

That fits well with my version of the good Samaritan. When we were invited to church base-ments to hear how we'd get more from govern-ments if we were not so loud and antagonistic, I usually rose to point out that no part of the estab-lishment really gave a damn about poverty and unemployment.

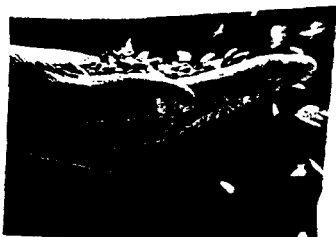
I would tell how my Sunday school teachers told

me the story meant when you are down and out, some good person would come to your aid. I pointed out that the story really meant that since a priest and a politician had "passed by on the other side", the story must mean it was two-to-one nobody gave a damn, and also that the first thing to do to help the poor and needy is to get off your ass and don't talk so much. It says so in the Bible.

I shall be watching your struggles and only wish I could man the picket lines as I did in my youth. I never counted the cost personally. I know what I was doing and never have regretted the stand that I took. When the battle lines are drawn I will be there in spirit until the end of my days.

With respect and comradeship to all who try to make a bad situation better,

R. Steve Brodie



BRODIE — Robert (Steve), born June 08, 1910, died on December 06, 1997. Steve is well remembered for his activities during the 1930's; trying to rally the working people, to fight against hunger, poverty and homelessness. Unfortunately our numbers were too few. "Workers of the world unite!" No service by request and no flowers.

FIRST MEMORIAL FUNERAL SERVICES
384-5512



There's Gotta Be a Ray of Hope in Hell

(to Ken)

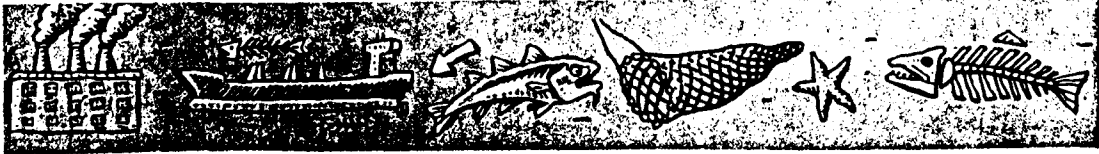
In honour of **Daniel Day Lewis**

Forced to march into hell and return fighting for my sanity. In and out of the twilight zone, dancing in a cage, trying to help those encountered there. Gaining from their returned affection, but also knowing that my essential needs must also be met. To have been driven crazy by their lack of under-standing, detrimental suggestions and violently



imposed police and psychiatric 'correctional treat-ment.' You can break every bone in my body but you'll never break my spirit. Firm in resolve not to return to my enemies; an arbitrator is required. And, O, but the craziness of loving and caring and sharing and wanting to be cared for. And, O, but the violence & the atrocities & the horrors committed by the ugly & the jealous & the ignorant against the sweet & the beautiful & the enlightened who dare to raise their voices against injustice.

Anita Stevens



This fall, finance minister Paul Martin and the Liberal Government are introducing legislation to bring about drastic cuts to Canada's public pensions.

They plan to replace the universal Old Age Security (OAS) pension with a 'means tested' Seniors Benefit.

They also intend to reduce benefits payable through the Canada Pension Plan (CPP) and privatize part of the plan.

Here are the facts!

What's wrong with the government's plan to replace the OAS and GIS with the new Seniors Benefit?

1. By officially ending the universality of public pensions, the Liberal government has transformed our hard-won pension benefits from a right of citizenship into a 'hand-out' given only to those deemed deserving.
2. The government is cutting more than \$8 billion from all public pensions, but raising benefits for the most needy seniors by only \$10 a month (33 cents a day), keeping them well below the poverty line.

3. Under the current system, OAS benefits are "clawed-back" at a rate of 15 per cent on every dollar over \$53,215. The new Seniors Benefit would begin to claw-back benefits on every dollar over \$25,921 and increase the rate to 20 per cent!
4. Eligibility for the Seniors Benefit will be based on household income - that means seniors, especially elderly women, whose spouses earn more than \$40,000 would lose their pension benefits, their only source of independent income.

Some people say that the Canada Pension Plan will go broke and that we can get a better return on the stock market by privatizing the Pension Fund. Is that true?

1. No! CPP can't go broke. It is a "pay as you go" public insurance plan. That means that working Canadians pay affordable premiums that guarantee the income paid to pensioners. As long as there are working Canadians, there will be a public pension plan.
2. Privatizing the CPP Fund is a good idea if

From Canadians' hard-won Canada Pension Plan

Jan. 1st, 2001

To: The Big Banks and Stock Brokers

\$40,000,000,000

Forty Billion Dollars

XX

dollars

The People of Canada



you're a Bay Street broker or an investment firm. They get the free use of Canadians' \$40 billion pension fund with no strings attached. That means brokers and investment houses can speculate on high risk ventures like Bre-X and "derivatives trading", which bankrupted Orange County in California and Barings Bank in England, so they can skim off any profit for themselves while not being responsible for any of the losses.

3. The CPP Fund is presently loaned out to the provinces and all loans are fully guaranteed to be repaid at market rates of return. It's a great loan arrangement for the provinces and for Canadians, but private banks want to cash in on the profit.

Critics of our public pension system say it's wasteful and inefficient. Are there any benefits to having a public plan?

1. *Portability*: Public pension move with you from job to job and from one part of the country to another.
2. *Universality*: Nearly everyone is covered by public pensions. That makes them far more effective in guaranteeing income security for seniors. By contrast, only about one-third of Canadians are covered by RRSP plans.
3. *Low-Cost*: Because public pensions are universal, they have fewer administration costs. The CPP costs about 1 per cent of benefits to administer, while private plans eat up 5 per cent and more!
4. *Quality*: Our public pension system offers benefits such as survivors' benefits, disability allowances, death benefits, and guaranteed protection from inflation that are not available with RRSPs or most private plans.



southpaw@vcn.bc.ca

Dear Gary Groove:

Merry xmas. Do you know any secrets about cooking a turkey?

Unsure

Dear Unsure:

A fine xmas right back at ya. The only secret I know is to put popcorn in the dressing. When the popcorn pops the turkey is done.

Dear Gary Groove:

What ever happened to the Stoned Ranger?
Concerned

Dear Concerned:

Be not down-hearted. Word has reached me that the Stoned Ranger and his sidekick Teranta have been spotted in New York. They are busking outside the Ed Sullivan Theatre, much to the dismay of David Letterman.

Merry xmas to all my readers.

Gary Groove

**DOWNTOWN
EASTSIDE
YOUTH
ACTIVITIES
SOCIETY**

1997 DONATIONS

Paula R. - \$30
Wm. B. - \$20
Lillian H. - \$25
Joy T. - \$20
Frances - \$25
Charley B. - \$15
Libby D. - \$40
Guy M. - \$10 Tom - \$20
Sam R. - \$20 Amy - \$10
Rick Y. - \$63 Sharon J. - \$50
BCCW - \$60 Holden Htl - \$5
Joan D. - \$5 Mike - \$15 Bill G. - \$20
Ray-Cam - \$40 Harold D. - \$19.10
Sonya Sommers - \$100 Anita S. - \$10
Census Wkrs - \$200
B.C. PLURA - \$1000
VanCity Chinatown - \$200
Legal Services Society - \$1230

**STD CLINIC - 219 Main; Monday-Friday, 10a.m. - 6p.m.
NEEDLE EXCHANGE - 221 Main; 8:30a.m. - 8p.m. every
NEEDLE EXCHANGE VAN 3 Routes day**

**City - 5:45p.m. - 11:45 p.m.
Overnight - 12:30a.m. - 8:30a.m.
Downtown Eastside - 5:30p.m.
- 1:30a.m.**

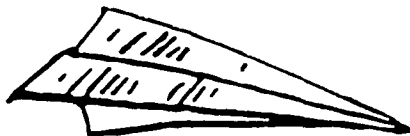
Carnegie
NEWSLETTER

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

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

**Submission Deadline
for the next issue:**

**12 January
Monday**



NEED HELP?

**The Downtown Eastside Residents Association
can help you with:**

- Welfare problems;
- Landlords disputes;
- Housing problems;
- Unsafe living conditions;

Come into the Dera office at 425 Carrall Street or
phone us at 682 - 0921.

**DERA HAS BEEN SERVING THE DOWNTOWN
EASTSIDE FOR 24 YEARS.**





[Excerpt.. actually a chapter.. from Kathleen Yearwood's unpublished novel "Self Mutilation".]

There will be no Great Awakening. There will only be vague flashes of turquoise light near the horizon. Vague flashes that disappear and then return- never, never brighter, never reaching higher or more or less quickly towards the dome of night sky. They return and disappear according to a natural law, they reappear like the voices of coyotes- human yells- no, coyotes. Or human beings wearing coyote skins.

There will be no day of awakening. There will be no great understanding. The coyote voices will reappear. The faint flashes of greenish light will reappear. If I can't find enlightenment from that subtle turning of the seasons, that spiral of rolling sky and cloud and shivering forest, then I cannot be enlightened.

It's no use waiting. The waiting is over. What I know now is enough. My father, corpulent, odourous, lays me down on my stomach among the dog-shit in the backyard. The backyard with the red & white fence. Alternating red then white: red for suffering, white for redemption. Repeat: Suffering Repeat: Redemption, all around the world. All

around in either direction, a circle containing The House. Enormous and RED, a wound among suburban dwellings. A two-story container of pure rage. Rage so great and powerful that it contains the seeds of pure redemption. A red house in a sea of pastel green and a backyard full of dog-shit.

Why is he able to make me lie down? What magic power does he have? Which part of my body chickens out first and agrees to fear his huge hands? What must I accept as true in order to allow his punishment, his violence, his humiliation? Oh. His humiliation. The foundation of all control. And he has learned how to produce shame and humiliation.

I am a saint among dog-shit. I'm dog-shit among dog-shit. And whether he hits me, fondles me, or pokes sharp objects into my anus and vagina, it is the same. It is the same violence. It is the same shame and expectation.

It is a source of ecstasy and fulfillment to me that this man can and will murder me.

Is it illegal to speak in this manner? Why, in all the books I've read, does no one speak in this manner? Is it because humiliation brings on an eerie silence? I will not be afraid this time. He lies helpless on a hospital bed. He deflated like a lifeless punching bag with a skull painted on it. There are so many. I will vomit up the stones from my belly.

I will be unashamed of my body. I trade red and white for pink flesh and hair memories. The things I do not anymore need to remember and the things that remember me in those days, and mock my innocence.

And he never did yet kill me, the man who hid my cut-off hair in his coat pocket and never spoke of it. He never admitted anything. A sick man. A man dying of apoplexy, hopefully induced by me in my night meditating on his long and hideous death. Over the years, using my imagination to undo him, and now, finally, he is undone.

I cannot now be sainted because I used pure hatred to defeat him. I concentrated on hate for so long that it took on the impression of my mouth and now when I pray in darkness it prays: O

Prayer of Hate, deliver me from my somebodies
and something I can't quite place, but I know they
are hard and waiting for me. If I fail, deliver me
again and again like rain on my own head, like
blood in a wedding bed, help me get this march
lighted, AMEN.

I still dream of pursuit by bears. My mind still
prefers symbols. Do not think that reading this can
help you. I have only a burning coal to signify all
the fires of hell that once kept me warm. I'm going
to keep it close, in case there is ever a next time.



NOW YOU SEE IT

rush hour traffic
roars rips blasts and pours
on east hasting street
near the corner of main
and I'm standing with a small crowd of people
at the bus stop
I look across the street
and see a frail old white man
leave the empress tavern
and hesitate a moment

before he lurches from the curb
into the relentless traffic
'oh no!' I think 'he'll never make it!'
he'll become one more
vehicular fatality or maiming
so dreadfully common in the downtown eastside
the other people at the bus stop
now watch him too
you can feel the tension
and collective holding of breath
'my god he's gonna get run over!'
but a lean first nations man
leaning against the bus pole
stands up straight
and begins to make his way
into the midst
of the ominous rush hour fray
and at first I think
he's gonna get smacked by a car too
but like magic
the native man parts the metal waves of mayhem
like moes parted the red sea
the hell-bent automobiles bear down on him
then stop make way and yield
like magic
the native man reaches the old white man
and escorts him safely to the curb
and this magic of self-sacrifice
the extraordinary results that happen
when people
come to the aid of each other
is the magic that holds
the downtown eastside together
and transforms the forces
tearing it apart so brutally
the everyday magic amidst misery
never reported in degrading media depictions
magic
making the downtown eastside
the caretaker
of the magic of real community

Bud Osborn



Dear Mr. Rock [Honourable Allan Rock, Federal Minister of Health]

Thank you for meeting with me November 19, 1997 concerning the epidemic of HIV infection of injection drug users in the Downtown Eastside area of Vancouver.

I appreciate the opportunity to meet with you in person, to provide information on critical issues that are still not being addressed. As I discussed with you, it is vital that as Minister of Health you take the lead and respond to the epidemic from a health perspective, as outlined in the *National Task Force Report on HIV, AIDS and Injection Drug Use* (May '97), to medicalize drug use and reduce harm associated with obtaining drugs on the street.

The stabilization and improvement of living conditions in housing is a key determinant to addressing the epidemic. It is essential that Public Works (Housing) be involved in the Interdepartmental Committee you propose to set up, and that a special allocation of funds be provided by the federal government to improve the livability, tenure and management of existing housing, as well as to create the development of new housing.

As I outlined in the meeting, the situation is worsening, and there is increasing concern about the spread of the epidemic, particularly within the Aboriginal community and other populations that are at risk. Local consultations with front-line workers and the community are critical to determine priorities, and direction of federal funds and programs.

You advised that you are willing to visit the area and meet with local representatives and I know this would be welcomed as a positive step. You also said you understand how important housing is, so I hope this means you will do everything you can to secure a commitment from your government for badly needed housing dollars. I intend to also seek a meeting with Mr. Gagliano to press further on housing.

I was glad to hear that you will review the National Task Force Report outlining a National Action Plan for HIV, AIDS and Injection Drug Use and that you recognize the importance of coordinating a response. I urge you, as a first step, to convene a discussion of Justice, Solicitor General, Attorneys General and police to concretely address injection drug use as a health issue.

Mr. Rock, I do understand that as Minister of Health you have many pressing demands within your department and on your time. But if - as a society and as individuals holding positions of responsibility - we do not properly respond to the health and care of the most marginalized and vulnerable people who need help, then our health care system, that Canada is rightly proud of, has failed. I was encouraged by your apparent concern and sensitivity - but your demonstrated action and leadership are what count.

I hope that the information and feedback I provided are helpful to you. I will continue to pressure the federal government in every way I can to ensure that the poverty, inadequate housing and homelessness, and lack of health care that increase the risk of HIV infection are addressed.

I would appreciate it if you would advise me of when you plan to visit Vancouver.

Sincerely,

Libby Davies, MP,
Vancouver East.

cc: The Honourable Alfonso Gagliano, Minister for Public Works and Government Services
 Judy Wasylycia-Leis, Federal NDP Critic for Health
 The Honourable Joy MacPhail, BC Minister of Health
 The Honourable Ujjal Dosanjh, BC Attorney General
 The Honourable Penny Priddy, BC Minister for Children and Families
 Jenny Kwan, M.L.A., Vancouver-Mount Pleasant
 Tim Stevenson, M.L.A., Vancouver-Burrard
 Ken Higgins, Deputy Police Chief for Vancouver
 Liz Evans and Mark Townsend, Portland Hotel
 Lou Demerais, Vancouver Native Health
 John Turvey, Downtown Eastside Youth Activities Society
 David Levi, Vancouver/Richmond Health Board
 Bud Osborn, Vancouver/Richmond Health Board
 Dr. Martin Schechter, BC Centre for Excellence in AIDS
 Ian MacRae, Downtown Eastside Residents Association
 Dr. Liz Whynot, North Health Unit
 Muggs Sigurgeirson, Carnegie Community Centre Association
 Margaret Prevost, United Native Nations Local 133
 Kathleen Boyes, Main and Hastings Community Development Society
 Marcie Summers, Positive Women's Network
 Paul Taylor, Carnegie Newsletter



Preamble to the Motion by B. Osborn:

"Let me preface this brief statement by saying that what follows is not the opinion of the V/RHB but is a composite cry of anguish expressed to me by both service providers and drug users in the Downtown Eastside, the people I represent on this Board.

While implementing the recommendations in the Action Plan is a strong first step towards responding to the HIV/AIDS epidemic among injection drug users in the Downtown Eastside - an epidemic which is, by the way, escalating provincially from New Westminster to the Comox Valley - these recommendations when operational still keep us at a great distance from actually halting this explosive outbreak, which further requires immediate action upon shelters and permanent housing, detoxification and treatment facilities, an

increase in the welfare rates, and decriminalization among other harm reduction measures;

But to ascribe the eruption of this tragic phenomenon to the behaviour of addicts, to injection drug users crowding into the Downtown Eastside in unsanitary conditions, and injecting cocaine in large numbers, is a subtle form of blaming the victim for the conditions, when the production of this epidemic can be found in the near criminal neglect and abandonment of our poorest and most afflicted citizens by all three levels of government; government culpability in this situation constitutes an actual assault upon those for whom we are so concerned.

And as expressed by a highly respected epidemiologist and longtime advocate, in a single word - "genocide" - an inflammatory and disturbing word

but one which must be spoken if we are to fully understand what has happened and is happening in the Downtown Eastside and therefore demand, as recommended in this Action Plan a yielding of resources and new cooperative effort between separate ministries and three levels of government to meet the real costs, both human and economic, of facing and halting this epidemic."

Moved by B. Osborn

Seconded by J. Thorsteinson

MOTION: That the recommendations of the Action Plan be approved as presented.

**Stop
the
killing
now!**

Since the last study on drug use in 1994, **over 1,000 people have died** in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside from drug overdoses...

Society works to establish AIDS services in Richmond

BY MARLYN GRAZIANO
Editor

She's living a nightmare, but she keeps hoping for a fairytale.

Julie (not her real name) is 21. She's back at school here in Richmond, taking the courses she needs to get her high school equivalence. She left school in Grade 8, spent a number of years on the street and got hooked on drugs.

She began doing drugs at 14; two years later, she became an intravenous drug user, injecting cocaine in an effort to feed her never-ending hunger for the drugs to which she had become so addicted.

Her mother, who works in a Vancouver shelter, tried numerous times to get her daughter off the street. But Julie refused.

Finally, she made a break from that life and left

Vancouver to go to Nanaimo to "dry out."

There in February, having just fought to put one battle behind her, Julie came face to face with another: she tested positive for HIV, the virus believed to cause AIDS.

"I was scared, very scared," she says. "I'm still scared."

Julie had the HIV test done precisely because she knows the virus can be transmitted through IV drug use. Now she's living with the reality of her past and holding out hope for the future.

In March, she returned to the Lower Mainland and came to Richmond, although she makes monthly treks to the Oak Tree Clinic in Vancouver for her treatments. She is now tied to two medications — viral inhibitors her doctor hopes will keep the HIV in check

for as long as possible.

"It's like putting the inside of my body on pause," she explains, adding that her future depends on how well her body responds to this treatment. She's now tied to two pills which she takes twice a day.

Once a month, she is examined by her doctor and her blood is tested to monitor the virus. But it takes a full month to get those test results. If things are not going as they should, the virus will have had that entire month to progress before her treatments are altered. And that 30-day waiting period is frightening for a young woman who knows that she is at the mercy of the medications that doctors hope will keep the virus in check, preventing or delaying its development into full-blown AIDS.

But she keeps on fighting.

se
e

She goes to Narcotics Anonymous for support in kicking her drug addiction and has turned to the Heart of Richmond AIDS Society for support in her battle with HIV.

She was feeling alone and was scared to go to the first meeting. But there she found people she could talk to, even someone younger than she is who is infected with HIV. She learned that she is not alone.

But in many ways, people in Richmond who are infected with HIV or have AIDS are alone, and the Heart of Richmond AIDS Society is working to counter that.

"The society is trying to improve public awareness of the disease in order to help reduce the feeling of isolation which often exists with sufferers," reads an information sheet on the organization.

Part of that awareness-raising will be a red-ribbon fundraising campaign to coincide with World AIDS Day, Nov. 1

Another goal — one of the society's major objectives — is to "bring to Richmond some of those hospital and medical services which are currently only available in Vancouver."

A major step toward that goal was a public forum held Tuesday night to get community input into the needs of those who suffer from HIV/AIDS. Results of that forum will be used by the Richmond Community Health Committee to put together recommendations for future action.

Julie knows all too well

hard lessons and is still learning them. Glancing out the window on a grey, rainy afternoon, she remembers what it was like to sleep outside in the rain and to wake up feeling sick.

"I don't do that anymore," she says of her past life.

And each day that she gets up and goes to school is a triumph, says a friend who has accompanied her to the interview.

In spite of the virus that now invades her body, Julie looks to the future.

"I daydream a lot. I want a fairytale."

And with that admission, come the tears. But they don't last long.

Sometimes she gets angry.

"I didn't learn about

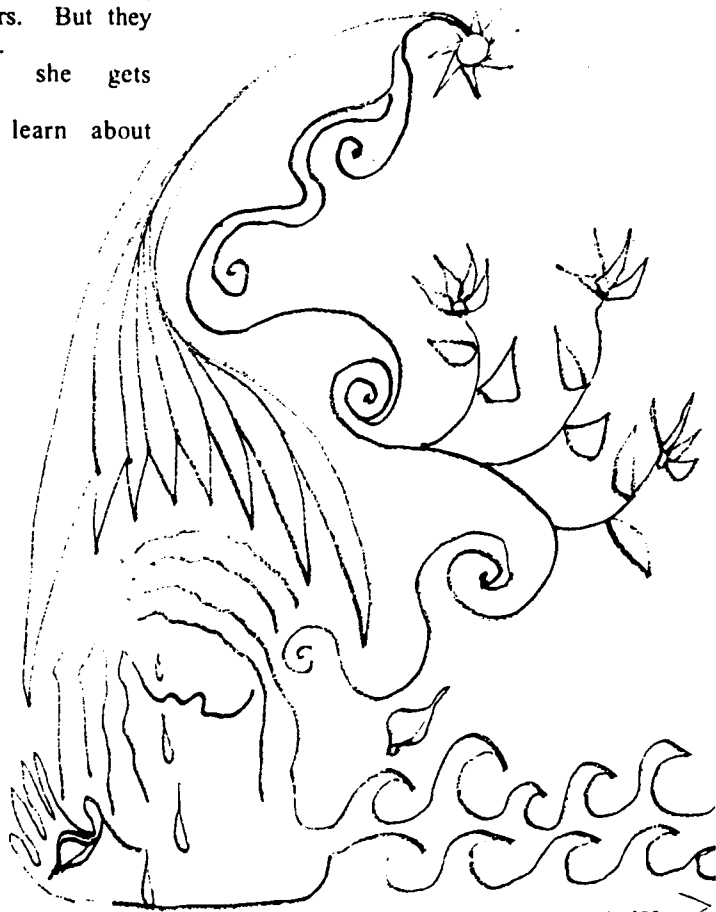
drugs, I didn't learn about AIDS," she says.

But then again, she left school in Grade 8.

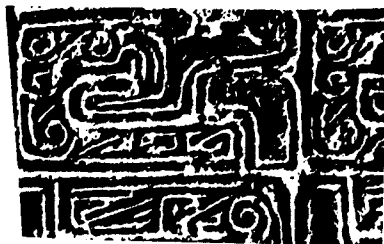
Julie admits she "messed up," but says society has to confront the reality of what can happen to people.

"There aren't enough services to get off drugs, not enough detox centres, youth detoxes. Youth need a safe place to go."

Submitted by Princess Margaret

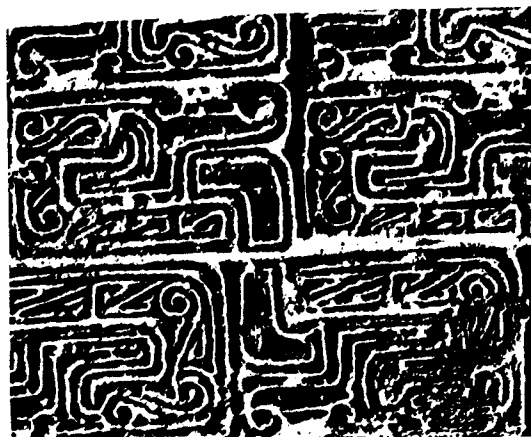


hundred block rock



hundred block rock
shoot-up shock
police chief
cold grief
war on drugs
pull the plug
clean it up
nowhere to go
ground zero
overload jail
rock and wail
where a dopefiend stood
comin soon
to your neighbourhood
knock it down
up or down
crack packers
jacked-up
"empty your pockets"
say the cops
the bug is loose
sellin juice
suburban kids
come to use
hundred block rock
blue eagle cafe
blood stains
illegal
latino
black
aboriginal
white
trash
flashin cash
smashin locks

no detox
hundred block rock
need a place
say the faces
keith
senior
citizen
leanin and dealin
flyin and dyin
welfare bribe situation
blue teardrop tattoos
the bug is loose
what's the plan
tear it down
let 'em drown
too much reality
fixin in the alley
blood streamin
naked girl tweakin
hundred block reelin
vancouver's first
western world's worst
hiv
public health emergency
fuck 'em around
'til their livers burst
media deluge
flesh scenes
teevee schemes
want to see
somebody fix
hustle tricks
die in their own shit
killed by politics
people stare
get shocked
afraid they do
hundred block rock
john popped



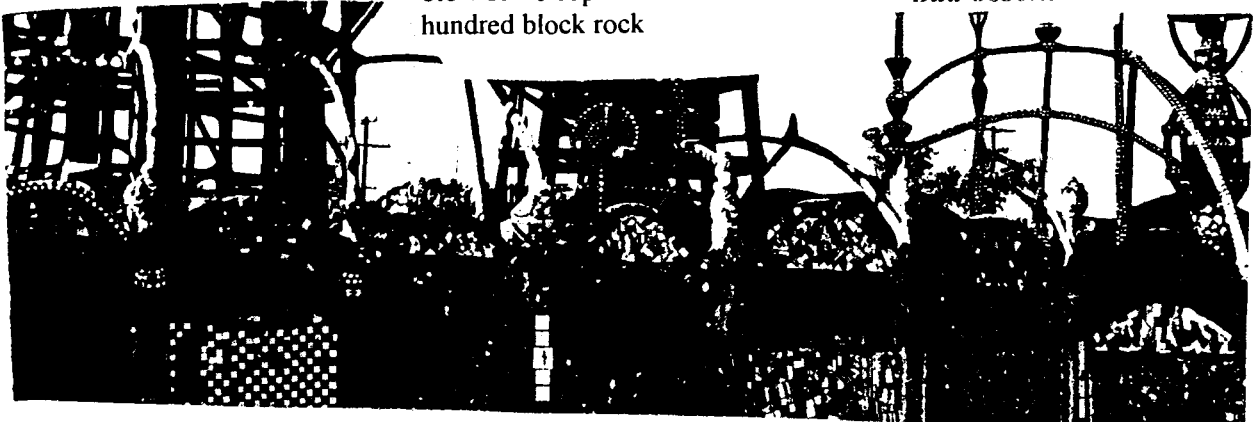
ppt
he ain't no big dealer
ain't no
burma opium cia trafficker
just native
poor
positive
scufflin hard
can't go too far
nobody gonna rescue
underclass fools
sirens
screams
abandon these
abandon you
got threes
got vees
fuck 'em all
the bug is loose
canada goose
cooked
hundred block fuse
somebody's baby
from the fraser valley
the bible belt
ain't no help
hundred block refuge
street church
free
hot dogs
jesus bleedin

weepin
dyin in shock
jesus doin
hundred block rock
fuck you motherfucker
drive 'em out of here
let dopefiends die
but don't call it
genocide
no place
to hide
kick in the door
nothin but whores
stick your badges

right up their ass
stinkin shit-hole
hundred block hotel
gonna replace
disgrace
with tourists
up or down
see the alien clown
in the doorway
on the bus bench
sold the rent cheque
disgusting creature
soul mirror
o.d. on the corner
cop some blow
blow some cop
hundred block rock

vilify
isolate
incarcerate
decimate
can't forget
hundred block rock
illegal
latino
black
aboriginal
white
trash
hundred block
crash

Bud Osborn



**NEEDED: MHR Outreach Workers
More Methadone
Hotel Rent Control**

It's a Catch-22. The chain must be broken. When one finds oneself in need of financial assistance but cannot leave home due to an injury - staying in bed because of doctor's orders or simply unable to get up - how does one obtain income assistance from MHR when they won't come to you and you must go to them? I'd suggest that the Ministry hire outreach workers.

Why is it that the only methadone clinic is in Mount Pleasant when the Downtown Eastside needs it the most? I've also learned that an MD must have an additional license in order to prescribe methadone and that each prescription

must be approved by the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Just the administrative backlog alone is costing lives. If each physician could legally administer methadone, as part of their license to practice medicine, the decentralization alone would be highly advantageous. Think about this far-reaching, long-term, life-saving theory - doctors and lawyers could work together to implement the concept. I'm talking to you.

I would also suggest implementing rent control for hotels. Ludicrous understates the fact that many of us on income assistance must shell out part of our support allowance towards shelter.

To quote Ms. Isabelle Lever:

"The system stinks."

By ANITA STEVENS

CONSTITUTION & BYLAWS
for
THE CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

ARTICLE II - Purpose of the Society

The purpose of the Society is to advise the Carnegie Centre Director on the formulation and implementation of all aspects of management policy including budget, staffing, program development, use of the building and relationships of the facility to the community so that the Centre can:

1. Offer those who live and work in the immediate area a wide range of social, recreational, cultural and educational services.
2. Follow basic management and operating principles that are in the best interests of those people who use the Centre by:
 - a) Maintaining quality programming that is aimed mostly at Downtown Eastside Vancouver residents who are over 40 years of age but does not exclude or neglect the program needs of local youth or special groups in the area.
 - b) Selecting staff who remain sensitive in all their work to the lifestyles, needs and preferences of local residents.
 - c) Integrating all program components regardless of funding source, so these function in a cohesive manner.
 - d) Developing new programs through coordinated planning.
 - e) Involving local residents directly and actively in all aspects of the Centre's operation so their advice and abilities are utilised but not exploited.
3. Provide a forum where people can meet to discuss local area and community problems and to work together toward neighbourhood improvement.
4. Maintain effective two-way communications with other agencies in the community, to ensure awareness of community needs and to inform local citizens of programs and services that are available.

***This above is directly from the original days, and the ideals are still as practical as can be. Many people question the role of the Association and the Carnegie Centre itself in these times, with pressures from all directions to bulldoze the local community and replace it with squash. Gentrification is continuously justified on the basis of local residents not being capable - of whatever those applying the pressure deem necessary to attain their own exalted, self-delusional status of "first-class" people. Bigotry, racism, classist slurs and so on are rampant among a minority of these people, but they are playing on the same narrow prejudices of those socially shot in the ass with themselves. We witness seven or eight 'societies' or 'groups' all made up of the same 20-25 people whining continually with the petty political bedmates of their pheromonal fellows. To have a voice is to have power. Unfortunately, for those of us who don't fit some nebulous mold of "normal", the back-stabbing and greed evident at any depth in what this vocal minority does and says are sad but having a detrimental effect.

Carnegie, fortunately, doesn't just fold up and blow away when this bunch unravels their hankies. So far their efforts are directed at exploiting the myths of 'urban wilderness', 'disgusting locals', in short the whole 'skid road' stereotype. We, each of us, can counter, but as individuals.. even local groups.. are denied equal access. It's this "pay as you go" thing. Well, maximum utilisation. There is only our spirit.