

FREE - donations accepted

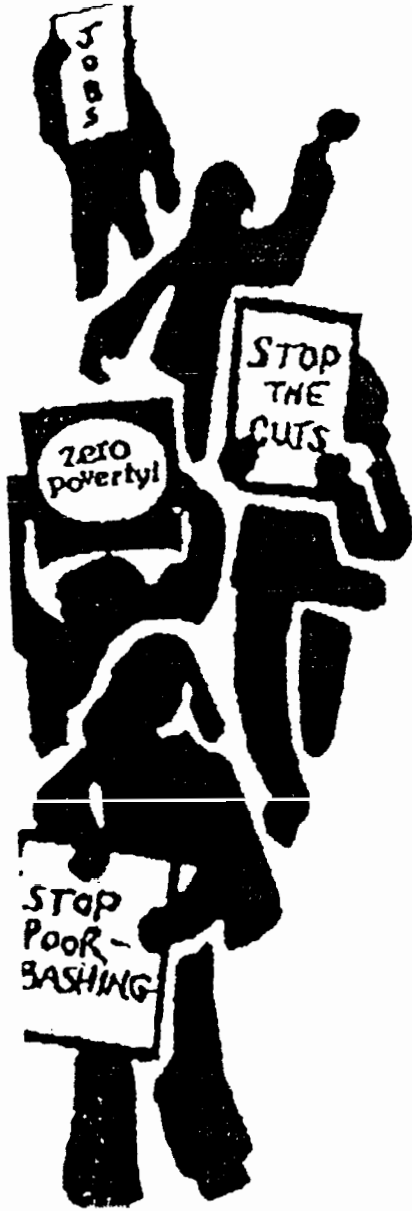
Carnegie



NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER 15, 1998.

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



A Call for Action on the
**INTERNATIONAL DAY FOR THE
ERADICATION OF POVERTY**

MARCH AND RALLY

OCTOBER 17th, 1 p.m.

Assemble at

VCC City Centre Campus
corner of Dunsmuir and Hamilton

March to

Carnegie Centre
Hastings and Main

for the rally with

>Speakers>Entertainment>Information>

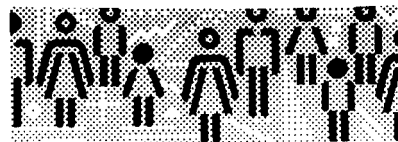
>Children's Activities>Food>

Busfares for people surviving on low income.

Sponsored by End Legislated Poverty
879-1209

Health and Classism

- to talk about health care without talking about poverty is hypocritical



The amount of income you have and the wealth you own have a huge effect on your health. To a great extent, they determine what kind of neighbourhood you'll live in, if you have housing, the condition of your housing, the adequacy of your diet, the state of your clothes and, in many cases, the quality of the air you breathe. If you're unemployed, the stress of unemployment will increase your chances of becoming sick. A one percentage point rise in the rate of unemployment leads to a 5.6 percent increase in death from heart attack, a 3.1 percent increase in death from stroke, a 6.7 percent increase in violent crime, and a 2.4 percent increase in property crime. (1)

A study conducted by the BC Ministry of Health and the Vancouver Health Department showed that people on Vancouver's wealthier west side are healthier than those on the poorer east side. Residents of the Downtown Eastside, where the average income is among the lowest in Canada, get sicker more often and die earlier than anyone else. Provincial health officer Dr. John Miller said the study reinforced research around the world indicating that social and economic conditions are just as important for health as genetic factors or the number of doctors available. (2)

Instead of striving to improve our health by improving social and economic conditions for ordinary citizens, governments and corporate business have been creating unemployment and downsizing, driving down wages and undermining social programs.

"Canadians Got Poorer in the 1990's!" said a headline in the *Globe & Mail*. The story, based on the latest national census figures, reported that incomes dropped significantly - by 6 to 8 percent - for most workers between 1990 and 1995. Only a privileged minority in the highest income brackets - business executives, professionals, major

investors and shareholders - saw their incomes rise over the same period.. some by 50 percent and more. (3)

Canada, therefore, continues on its way to a two-tier class system: an elite that owns and controls just about everything, and the rest of us who are getting poorer and sicker.

At the same time we continue on our way to a two-tier health care system - one tier for the rich, the other for everyone else. Our universal Medicare, one of the greatest democratic achievements after the Second World War, is under attack. (4)

Inadequate welfare rates, unemployment, part-time employment at low wages, the brutal attack on Canada's unemployment insurance, and the lack of decent, affordable housing are all making people sicker. The Canada Assistance Plan (CAP) guaranteed the right to income when in need and the right to adequate income. When CAP was abolished in 1996, along with the human rights it contained, the way was opened to widespread Third World poverty, a fundamental cause of both poor health and poor performance in school. The business class, in launching a class war against working and low income citizens for the sake of maximum profit, has sown the wind. It will reap the whirlwind." (5)

By SANDY CAMERON

References:

- (1) The End of Work by J. Rifkin, pub. by GP Putnam's Sons, 1996, p.178.
- (2) City's wealthier west side healthier, too, study finds by Robert Sarti, *Vancouver Sun*, Jan. 16, 1996.
- (3) The Inequality Plot *CCPA Monitor*, Sept. 1998, p.2.
- (4) The Undeclared War - Class Conflict In The Age Of Cyber Capitalism by James Laxer, pub. by Viking, 1998, p.23. See also Caring for Profit by Colleen Fuller, pub. by *New Star Books* and the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives, 1998.
- (5) The Undeclared War - Class Conflict In The Age Of Cyber Capitalism by James Lax



A boy named John Tompson lived up my street
His hands were so clean, his hair was so neat
He carried my books from school one day
He asked me to come over, would I like to play?
Well I was a girl and he was a boy
I thought "What would we play? With what kind of toy?"
When we got to his house, his mother so kind
Gave us chocolate chip cookies and helped us to find
his kitten named Marbles who was under the chair
And then so gently she patted my hair
"Why don't you kids go off and play
I have so much to do.. I've been busy all day?"
'John Tompson, my friend,' I thought, 'What shall we do?'
as he opened the door to his room which was blue
A hockey stood there by his bed
and on his dresser was a shrunken head
There were cars and things and I thought 'Well this is okay'
I have a brother myself - I could play cars all day
There was a Batman poster and Robin too
And his curtains had spaceships. They were done in blue.
There was a robot, a rocket, a GI Joe
and everything sat there all ready to go,
And then John Tompson, his eyes sad and blue,
Turned to me and said, "What should we do?"
I picked up a car and said, "This is okay."
And shaking his head sadly he turned away.
He went to his dresser and took out a key,
Then went to a cupboard and turning to me
He said so softly with a tear in his eye
"If the other kids knew I think I would die."
I went to his side and all I could say was
"I don't know what's wrong, but John it's okay."
We smiled at each other as I crossed my heart
And towards the cupboard John Tompson did start
I held my breath as he turned the key
I was almost afraid of what I would see
As the door swung open and John stepped aside
I gasped in awe, my eyes open wide
For there in the cupboard was a sight to see
There were so many Barbies I just giggled with glee.
There was Barbie and Midge and Tressie too

And pink, pink, pink but not much blue
 There was every kind of Barbie a soul could want
 And every kind of outfit a gal could flaunt
 There were baubles and flounces, feathers and shoes,
 Hats and veils and wigs of do's
 "My, my!" I said, my voice a peep,
 "This is the greatest secret I'll ever keep!"
 And my friend John Tompson just smiled through his tears



His grin was so wide it touched both his ears
 And we played and played and John was good
 He did all those things the way you should
 He accessorized with the finesse of a pro
 He knew exactly where each little thing should go
 He put this with that so it looked real smart
 His Barbie would never look like a tart
 She had class for sure and so did John
 And we played 'til it got dark, we played on and on
 Well John's Barbie collection was the best no doubt
 And I kept his secret, it never came out.
 We played quite often, come rain or come shine,
 And John was some friend, he was really quite fine.
 Now of course you know what it's like at school
 There's always some kids who will never be cool
 They pick and they push, they pull and they poke,
 They just aren't happy until something is broke
 Well now my friend John was so gentle and sweet
 But to those bully boys he was just a treat
 He was certainly different, he wasn't like them,
 And they picked at poor John like some little hen
 They picked and they poked 'til John was in tears
 And as fools will do they fed off his fears.
 My friend John Tompson, though brave no doubt,
 Would never fight, not even shout,



They called John fairy, sissie and fag
 And they stuffed poor John in a duffle bag
 But John, so smart, knew the way
 He would never give them the time of day,
 John was my friend until sixteen

When he went to L.A. to make the scene,
 I heard he made the women there shine
 From the tips of their toes to their hair so fine
 With his hands so deft he braided and bobbed
 And with the ritzy and glitzy he hobbled and knobbed
 He put this with that 'til they looked real smart
 And all his friends knew: John Tompson had heart.
 John Tompson my friend, his bedroom in blue
 Always knew what he wanted to do
 Though his secret was kept under lock and key
 I now believe my friend is free.
 The last thing I heard, John Tompson was dead
 He was beaten to death. He was kicked in the head.
 He was found in an alley, behind the mall.
 In letters so big it was hard to miss
 Written in blood and smelling of piss
 It was the one word my friend, so gentle, did fear
 On the wall above John, in blood, it said Queer!
 Now this is a story so sad it's true
 And though John's dead and there's nothing to do
 There is one thing you can learn to say
 If you have the guts and don't back away
 The next time someone says the word queer
 Don't pretend you didn't hear
 Just stand, tall and firm, and in a clear voice say,
 "That's just not cool, it's not the way."
 For fools and bullies, there will always be
 And self-righteous folk from sea to sea
 Just think of the children we hold so dear
 For there may be a John Tompson standing near..

Bev Krupp

"Strategic Action Plan For The Downtown Eastside"

5.

City Hall has plans for you. Big Plans

2 PM, Thursday, October 22, at City Hall

City politicians will be looking at two major documents affecting the future of our neighbourhood. What they decide will have a big impact on whether you have a place to live over the next few years. The Carnegie Community Action Project will hold a workshop on what's happening the day before,

Wednesday, October 21, at 10:30 am in Classroom #2

We're going up to see what happens -- and to try to talk to them about it.

If you want to come up to City Hall with CCAP, we'll be meeting at the Association office, on the second floor of Carnegie at 1 pm.

A grand time is guaranteed for all.

Dear Friends,



The Community campaign called "Downtown Eastside Women Break the Silence Against Violence" has planned a series of events during the month of October to raise awareness about the ongoing violence against women in this community and to propose solutions toward Zero Tolerance for violence. We are asking that all people who live and work in this community take some action, such as having discussions with friends, inviting speakers, viewing films or participating in one of the organized events below.

The media is constantly portraying this as a violent community. We can begin to take steps to prevent the violence that occurs within our community and to fight the violence that outsiders, including mass media, do to us. Please get involved!

Events scheduled so far:

At Carnegie Community Centre (401 Main Street):

October 17, Saturday, approx. 4 PM Film about the Women's March Against Poverty will be shown by ELP at the rally marking the International Day to Eradicate Poverty. (in the Theatre, main floor)

October 19, Monday, 2 - 5 PM Wenlido (Self-Defense for Women), starting in Classroom #2, 3rd floor.
***Please sign up by coming to the Program Office (3rd fl) or calling 665-2274.

October 20, Tuesday, 1 - 4 PM Art against violence: Mask making in the Art Gallery, 3rd floor.

October 23, Friday, 1-5 PM An open forum on violence in our community, for men and women. (Theatre)
Throughout October see the selectin of resources on wmen in the display case in the Art Gallery (3rd fl.).

At Downtown Eastside Seniors Centre (509 E. Hastings):

October 26, Monday, 1 PM Discussion on violence against seniors.

At DERA 'a Solheim Place (251 Union St., 9th floor):

October 21, Wednesday, 1 - 4 PM "Women know your rights about welfare and tenancy"

November 13 - 15 Women's retreat at Loon Lake to strategize on the ongoing campaign to fight violence.

***Please call 682-3269 #8319 and sign up. Look for updated notices as more events are organised.

wall quilt sewing

to speak out against violence against women

facilitated by *Karenza*

"Brother
I don't want to
hear
about
how my real
enemy
is the system
i'm no genius
but i do know
that system
you hit me with
is called
a fist."

Pat Parker



THURSDAYS
October 8 to 29
2:00 - 6:00 PM




Carnegie Community Centre
401 Main Street
3rd Floor, Art Gallery

Wenlido Workshop

(self-defense for Women)

Monday,
October 19
2 - 5 pm

 **Carnegie Centre**
Classroom 2, 3rd floor

sign up in the program office on the 3rd floor or call 665-2274



jones'

jones my
mother's maiden name
now street jargon
for a deep aching angst
withdrawal
all comes crashing down

years ago
before his death from aids
my brother told me about people
going "coke simple"
their faces inches from the floor
for hours
examining every little speck...
i think my brother was too cool
to jones out speck'n ,but then
before he died i guess his nose
swelled up enormous pimpley
and red...

little boat

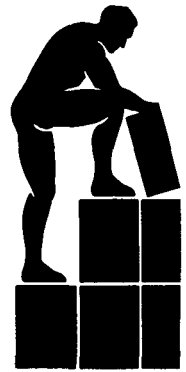
they say almost every single bill
of american money
carries particle traces of cocaine...
i wish i could follow some of
my hard hurtin' cash
upstream
out of the downtown eastside
from the hustler on the corner
middling for his own hit i'd
ride the currency current
'nd find whos faces i'd see...
i'm wondering who all profits
from my crimes against myself
i want to bake a finger pie
full of cops 'nd lawyers 'nd big
business men
politicians and prison guards
moguls ,barons ,ceo's
who knows ?
perhaps the pope himself !?!
at least a peasant farmer

i'm fucking up some
golden opportunities
and people're different
with me now
than from when i was staying clean
but i had two lunch invitations
last week
beautiful
more solid type characters still accept me
it seems... it's an emotional rush
smoking crack a fleeting few moments



somewhere way down south
gets a few cents more
then he did
growing coffee beans...
it's enough to make a guy
want to quit doing drugs
when the lawmakers gain so much
by keeping it illegal
billions of dollars're reaped
from the trade
but it aint yet showed itself up
on my welfare cheque
whooops!
(as the words are spoken
so it shrinks again...)
is it just paranoia
or are they laughing at me
here in my shame...

jericho



of peaceful bliss
also i guess a connection to
the street
that i like

i don't like jones'n tho
feels so so awful
ough !...
sends me out broke
pawning all my things
borrowing from my friends
all shaky 'nd sweating
'nd when those options're
worn out
i speck the carpet...
like a goof

my mentor suggests i
dream up better dreams
perhaps my own organic
emotional rush
dream up my peaceful bliss
my connection to the street...
my mentor rocked my thinking
apologetically
like somekindof angel
addiction is round
'nd round 'nd round 'nd round
i'd like to forget forever
the jones

jericho

GATHERING FOR JUSTICE

A REPORT ON THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNAL INTO RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL ATROCITIES

9:30 AM - 6:00 PM
FRIDAY OCTOBER 30TH 1998
FIRST NATIONS HOUSE OF LEARNING
1985 WEST MALL, UBC

SPEAKERS:

JUDGES AND PARTICIPANTS FROM THE TRIBUNAL, OTHER NATIVE SURVIVORS OF RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS, SCHOLARS AND COMMENTATORS.

CONTACTS: KAREN REGAN: (604) 531-7875
E-MAIL ENQUIRIES: kdannett@Interchange.ubc.ca



Ministry Legislates Misery

The misery of many sources, also known as the Ministry of Human Resources, forces recipients to engage in demoralizing activities in order to survive.

Think about it. When one receives less than half the minimum wage and cannot even subsist, when no employment is to be found, how does one manage? One is at the mercy of society's charity and, not unlike Charles Dickens' novel *Oliver Twist*, society can be treacherous. I was homeless for two months while searching for an apartment. I napped in cemeteries, parks, beside dumpsters, in friends' and adversaries' homes and the Ministry's temporary shelters. Sometimes I walked all night

It's not a lot to ask for, is it? Just four clean rooms many kilometres removed from the objectors, who in any case are able to drug themselves in middle-class comfort and privacy (Safe site for addicts 'saved lives', Sept. 25).

Heroin is not poison. Unknown doses kill; adulterated dope kills; hepatitis and HIV kill; TB and wrecked immune systems kill; starvation and dirt and damp and cold kill. Poverty is the world's most powerful reason for a fix, and poverty kills for sure.

After all, the good folks who enjoy heroin, cocaine and alcohol in Kerrisdale, Shaughnessy and British Properties don't die, do they? They have warm, secure shelter; they have clean kitchens and good food; and they are treated respectfully by those around them.

Dope and booze have been a solution to the irritating presence of the poor. To anti-safe-site objectors; thank your lucky stars the poor lie drugged and wasted in their ghetto — a clear sobriety might have them tearing down your legislature and parliament stone by stone.

DAVID KIPLING
Gibson

gazing at the stars, wishing I was one of them. More than once I went to hospital emergency wards to have my feet bandaged. I was told to keep off my feet. Really!

How does one find a home when the Ministry does not provide funds for the bus or a pay phone?

I sat down in a parking lot with a bottle of wine and was quite taken back with what I observed - a mountain ash tree with a trunk that resembled the crucifixion. I decided that the apartment building the tree was guarding would be my home. I made inquiries, and, yes, there was a vacancy.

I felt honoured and privileged when a priest granted time in his busy schedule to bless my home.... amazing grace.

Anita Stevens

**POVERTY KILLS,
FOR SURE**

MANU SEN, OCT. 6/98

SENIOR'S CENTRE
Pancake Breakfast Fundraiser
Thursday, October 29
8:30 - 10:00 a.m.

Detox Rebocks

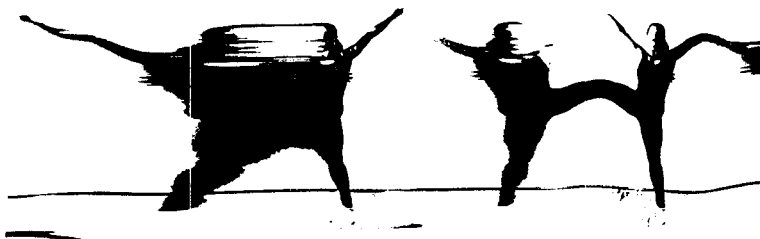
Sandy she's leaving me with one last look
 promises to come for coffee sometime
 the essential slinky blonde hippie chick
 in 30 seconds flat I was in love.

The Professor of Junk sits in the corner reciting
 old lyrics from Dylan, Warren Zevon, forgotten Tom Watts songs,
 tells his tales of robberies and smuggling, 50, and still a hype,
 it's his 20th time kickin, brags about vault jobs,
 scams on the docks of Montreal, Indian prisons, drugstore robberies.
 Through it all he is still just another child of the 60's,
 the time behind bars washed him with a wisdom
 few men would care to share or could even handle.

And Carl who left before Sandy did me more good
 than months of talking to "professionals" a square dude
 who just lost his way owing more to his success than failure
 he shows me an escape route as we smuggle coffee
 down to the smoking room

There's stories that make tears of blood flow, suffering so real
 agony and losing it all going on and on and on for years
 but somewhere in the morning laughter the twinkle of a reborn eye
 is a hope that burns bright enough to light the sky

R. Loewen



Decadancer

A siren wails bleeding light
 Off puddled tears wept oblique
 On mainly wasted reflective streets.
 No mere years have I bled these tears
 But decades, 'til too young
 I was inured no more heard
 The siren wail shameless street.
 Neurons flashed warning heed
 The red wailed splash reflecting black
 Off asphalt damp bleeding streets.
 Awash reflective immersed in years
 Sirens sing a song of fear
 Ringing ears blood rush stung
 Plangent wrung last bliss here.
 I wait here in patient rage
 Of destitute wasted years.
 Here I am decadancer dry of tears
 Plangent wrung blood stung eared.
 I, I dance here
 In the analyzed anal linguists
 Discussed statistics
 Reconfigured finger-pointing
 Destitution should go here.
 I dance here I'm addicted
 To one last fling on red wailed streets.
 A need that screams for sacrifice
 Of siren song's dying cry
 That is ignored, absorbed, inured
 'Til near I am decadent.
 I cry here a silent wail
 Obscure, unheard, a static hiss
 A serpent hint subtle kissed
 A crisp red taste bane of bliss.
 I am taste disparagement
 Recalled oblique displacement
 I am back bleeding streets
 I splash black decadance.

J. Appleton

Our Lonely and Isolate Fathers

I remember being *afraid* of my father, because he acted as if what went on around him did not affect him, acted as if *what we kids thought or felt* didn't matter. It allowed him to whistle while our mother went into a rage, to read the newspaper while my mother put my sister's hands in a pot of boiling water etc. Lately, I've been thinking about how *afraid* of his father, whom he always spoke of as stern, as "a hard, hard-working farmer," he must have been. At my grandfather's funeral, his harshness appeared to be the under-lying theme. Nonetheless, they kept pointing out, he was "morally upright," the example used being his sponsorship of a couple of Korean families emigrating to Canada during and after the war. My father, whenever I asked him about his wartime experiences, for I was in particular interested in whether or not he had ever killed anyone there, seemed extremely reticent. "You just stuck your gun out over the edge and fired in their general direction," he would answer, meaning, of course, that he didn't really know whether or not he had ever killed anyone. My brother would say to me privately, "I don't think I'd be very confident fighting along beside him if that's what he did."

In a way, that attitude of isolation and near indifference is the prevailing mentality of business and government in Canada, in national, provincial, and municipal government and in *entertainment* - not just in Canada, but in Canada as much as anywhere else in the world. *Our lonely and isolate fathers*, as it were, to whom our concerns are petty, insignificant, have nothing to do with "the real world."

Members of society from all classes and from all political parties, individuals from, as the saying goes, all walks of life, hid, protected and saved Jews from the holocaust during the Second World War. Although the Communists were the only ones who openly fought against Nazism, there

were many who did extraordinary things that their official peers did not do, things to help the most vulnerable in society.

Right now, in Vancouver, those most vulnerable, to attacks on their rights, to disease and other things are the poor, and in particular the intravenous drug users, who are dying at a phenomenal, atrocious rate. The moral uprightness of our lonely and isolate fathers at city hall and on Howe Street hopefully won't continue to determine the course Vancouver takes in *dealing with the drug problem*. The drug problem is the rule of the lonely and isolate father, and whether we oppose them politically or in our daily relationship with the victims or potential victims, these *morally upright fascists* must be opposed.

Dan Feeney



Neighbourhood News

* Congratulations to Tom Laviolette and Jill on the birth of their first child on Saturday, Oct 10. Jack liked the hospital and chose to stay for the first week; Jill came home for a (brief) rest.

* The infamous *Carnegie Newsletter* got/is getting /will get dumped on - such is life - and more is always welcome. If you have concerns, complaints or an uncontrollable urge to run your mouth about how rotten this rag is, please feel free to do so. Barring the odd response that may suggest something obscene, most replies will be printed or at least taken seriously. This request comes following a meeting of the Publications Committee when someone came with the sole purpose of dumping on the volunteers who produce the *Newsletter* and then walked out, refusing to hear any response to the attack.

* This neighbourhood has a bad rep - seems the media and politicians and business interests have

a vested stake in describing conditions as the most awful and horrendous anywhere. The idea that we accept things no matter what, that drug dealing and overdoses and the cancer of rice wine and kids being sold for sex are normal life, is fodder for the righteous cannons of gentrification and cleaning everything up - getting back to the bottom line of clearing out the local population. There is a meeting at City Hall on October 22, where Council will "consider" the 6 reports on the Downtown Eastside. As referred to in the Reading Room news, these reports contain the City's plans for the area. To put it simply: this is our community, our neighbourhood, our space. If 'you' want to live here and will be a good neighbour, fine, welcome. If you have your nose out of joint from the get go about all the poor people dirtying up 'your' home and feel that the sainted bulldozer is the only solution, you're just not welcome. We live here; this is our home; we are staying. Massive homelessness, thousands of street people, Canada's Beirut, confrontation and obfuscation will be the order of the day if the gist of these reports is used to fuel the steamroller of greed getting ready to roll. Residents of the area and those who work here daily have incredible insight and can challenge the problems, but will not ignore the stark realities of poverty, inadequate

housing, unemployment, violence, lack of sports and recreational facilities for kids, safety... while the stated business interests (and their politicians and their media) keep trying to make drugs the only issue to deal with. The whole spiel is to convince the nebulous 'public' that the "7000 Drug Addicts in the Downtown Eastside (front page, *Vancouver Sun*)" are forcing the police to act, tying the politicians' hands, demanding extraordinary powers be given to agents of the owners... a "State of Emergency Requiring Martial Law"... and everyone is going to vanish into thin air?" No, people will be forcibly removed or made into criminals when current poor laws are intensified. The reality of maybe 1200 people being active in their addictions is an embarrassment to those touting the inflated numbers - they're relying on attrition but get all hot and squirmy hoping for the trucks (tanks) in a manufactured emergency to suddenly grant them acres of prime real estate without the inconvenience of an indigenous population. **PR**

* There will be a Carnegie Association Budget Workshop on Saturday, October 24, starting at 10.00 am in Classroom 2. The CCCA has an annual budget of \$120,000-\$200,000 and helps fund many important programs with seed money and support. Come & help decide on the future.

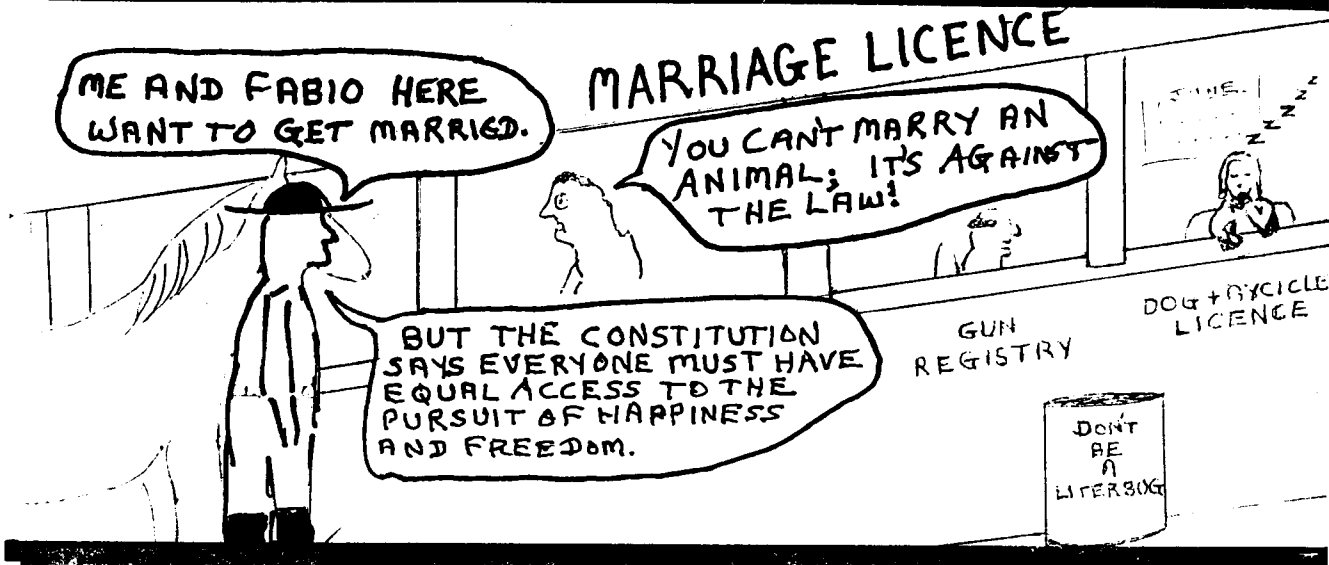


* An idea is one step closer to reality. The Jennie Lyne Memorial Society has been granted a charter and the real work continues. Hazel is working with friends to set up a safe house for young kids who have gotten caught by the street, by sex-for-sale, by drugs. More on this as it unfolds.

* Not all tourists are afraid of their shadows. The photo here is of an elderly gentleman from New York and Shilo doing a chalk drawing on the sidewalk outside Carnegie.

R I G H T Z

GARRY GUST



ME AND FABIO HERE WANT TO GET MARRIED.

MARRIAGE LICENCE

YOU CAN'T MARRY AN ANIMAL; ITS AGAINST THE LAW!

BUT THE CONSTITUTION SAYS EVERYONE MUST HAVE EQUAL ACCESS TO THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS AND FREEDOM.

GUN REGISTRY

DOG + BICYCLE LICENCE

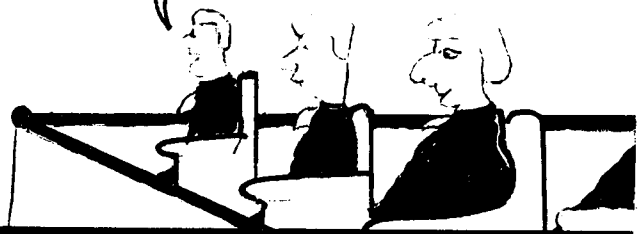
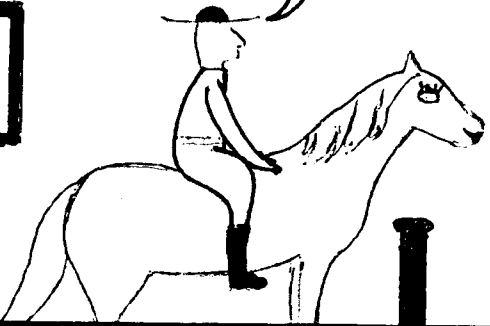
DON'T BE A LIBERBOG

... AND SO, YOUR HONOUR, WE WANT TO LIVE LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE DO. WE'RE TIRED OF HIDING IN THE BARN.

SUPREME COURT OF UNELECTED OFFICIALS



IT IS OUR FINDING THAT THE CONSTITUTION MUST PROTECT EVERYONE FROM DISCRIMINATION, AND, THUS, THE GOVERNMENT MUST PERMIT YOU TO LEGALLY ENTER WEDLOCK.



BY JEEZ, WE'LL LIBERALIZE THIS COUNTRY IF IT KILLS US.

DOWNTOWN STD CLINIC - 219 Main; Monday - Friday, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.
EASTSIDE NEEDLE EXCHANGE - 221 Main; 8:30 a.m. - 8 p.m. every day
YOUTH NEEDLE EXCHANGE VAN - 3 Routes
ACTIVITIES City - 5:45 p.m. - 11:45 p.m.
SOCIETY Overnight - 12:30 a.m. - 8:30 a.m.
Downtown Eastside - 5:30 p.m. 1:30 a.m.

1998 DONATIONS
 Paula R. - \$10
 Wm. B. - \$32
 Joy T. - \$18
 Charley B. - \$15
 Libby D. - \$50
 Sam R. - \$40
 Rick Y. - \$45
 Sharon J. - \$30
 BCCW - \$25
 Ray-Cam - \$10
 Harold D. - \$20
 Sonya S. - \$80
 Nancy H. - \$35
 Jennifer M. - \$15
 Brenda P. \$10

Val A. - \$50
 Neil N. - \$20
 Helene S. - \$18
 Jenny K. - \$18
 Tim S. - \$18
 Thomas B. - \$14
 Beth L. - \$18
 Bill G. - \$100
 Rolf A. - \$25
 Bruce J. - \$14
 BCTF - \$12
 Sabitra - \$15
 Susan S. - \$7
 Margaret D. - \$20
 DEYAS - \$150
 PRIDE - \$50
 Pam B. - \$20
 CEEDS - \$50

FREE - donations accepted

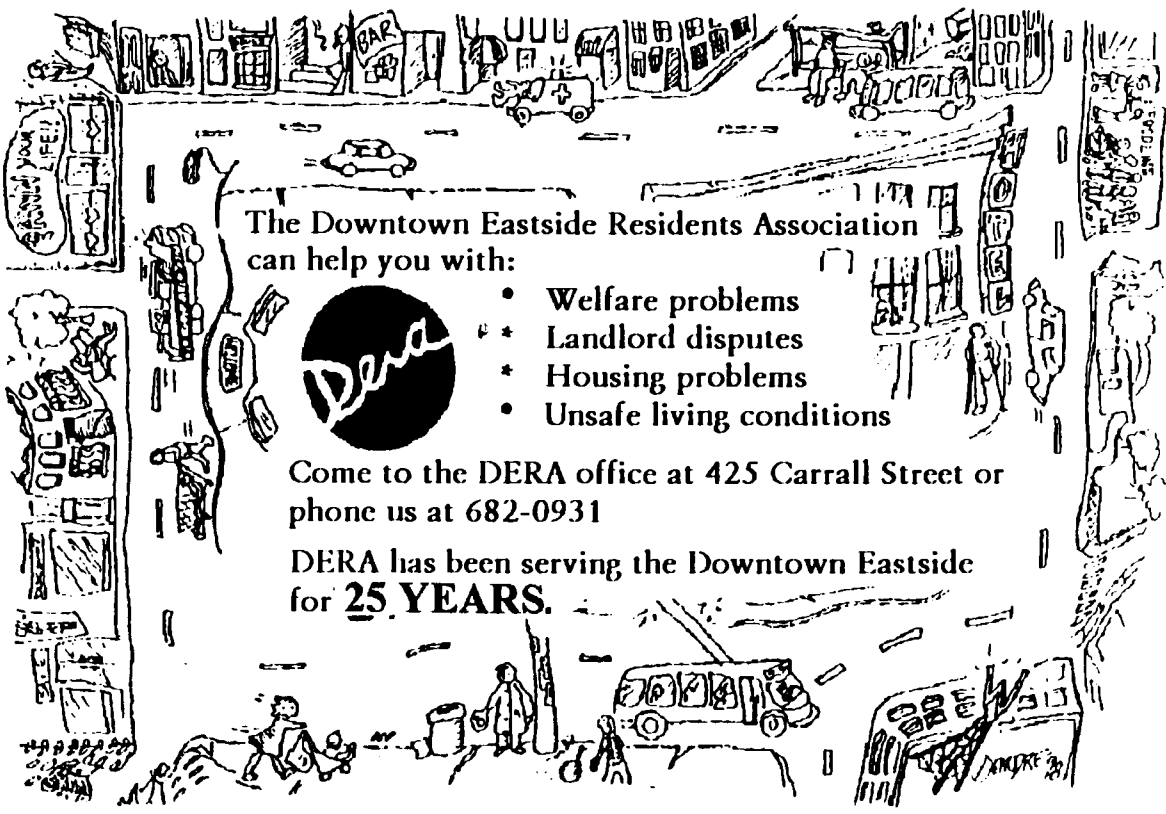
Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

101 Main Street, Vancouver V6A 2T7 (604) 686-2288

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
 CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION
 Articles represent the views of contributors
 and not of the Association.

**Submission Deadline
 for next issue
 Thursday, October 29**



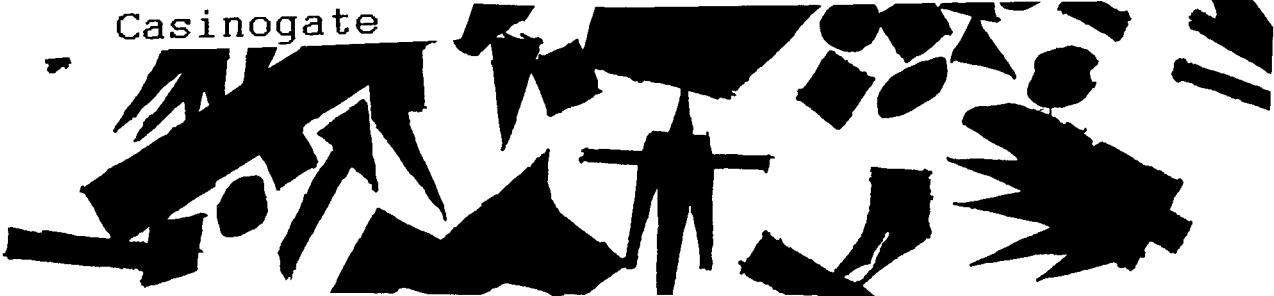
The Downtown Eastside Residents Association
 can help you with:



- Welfare problems
- Landlord disputes
- Housing problems
- Unsafe living conditions

Come to the DERA office at 425 Carrall Street or
 phone us at 682-0931

DERA has been serving the Downtown Eastside
 for **25 YEARS.**



There is a quiet thing going on that people need to know. It has to do with the interdependence between governments and gambling and the seeming 'okay-ness' of allowing destination gambling facilities on native reserves.

This is the way it's done in Washington State, with several tribes having a casino and bingo hall on their lands, and operated under the name of their band. Just so it doesn't start to bore you, this is the way it's going here in BC, with the majority of applications for casino licenses, under an expected loosening of for-profit gaming regulations, coming from the Band Councils of BC natives.

In Washington the surface story seems to be one of win-win-win for members of the particular tribe, but underneath it becomes pretty clear that it just doesn't work that way. There is a tiny minority of people who are directly involved and who get benefits - jobs and money. Most of the jobs are minimum wage, and the workers are left to augment their meagre incomes with tips from gamblers. The enormous profits being reaped from gambling go to the tiny handful of people who are the managers/owners of the license. I checked; there is a remarkable tight-lipped response given to any questions of profit or distribution or ownership or benefits to the tribe in question... it's almost as if they have something to hide!

It's disturbing to me that governments in Canada, and particularly in Alberta and BC, see this kind of set-up as the obvious thing for here: it's okay to make a handful of natives wealthy in order to have a kind of charade of improving the economy and living conditions of natives-on-reserve necessary to salve the consciences of said governments and

their backers who don't want to do anything that might mean changing the fundamental relationship between native and non-native citizens.

If gambling casinos are going to become part of native reserve land, then do it on the same footing as the current charity-based casinos, where 25% of the take every day goes to a designated charity and into improving the communities. If gambling for the profit of a tiny handful is permitted, then the fears of Las Vegas north will become real.

By PAULR TAYLOR

CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION BY-ELECTION

**For a new Board member
at next meeting:
November 5, 1998.
7pm in the Theatre.
Must have been a member
for 14 days to vote & 60
days to be elected.**

TRASH

We're th white trash, th drunk Indians, th niggers, th spics, & half-breeds
We're th ones U call Stupid, Ugly, Lazy, Dirty, Good-4-Nothing,
Only Good 4 One Thing
We're th ones with Fetal Alcohol brothers and sisters
cuz Mom couldn't take it anymore by th time she had th little ones

We're th ones who die on dope
cuz it would cost more 2 keeps us alive with AIDS
We're th ones who get a Shooting Gallery
instead of a bed in detox or a shelter or a safe place 2 call home
and we don't even get a choice

We're th women who die
because we're sluts, whores, evil, th reason 4 all th Sin in th World that
ever was & ever will B...howdya like them apples?
We're th ones U love...2 hate
We're th ones U love

We're th men who'll die
screaming "FUCK" on th street-corner
& 2 every person we've ever known

We're th ones who's bodies R scarred with yr hate
and R hate 4 ourselves
We've had lovers who couldn't make up their mind if they loved us
or wanted 2 kill us
We've tried 2 kill ourselves
We've wished we were dead
We've carried hatred like a plague
We've worn R anger as armour

We're th ones who don't get a job
or we're th ones who when we get a job
U tell 2 go back 2 where we came from

We're th children U spanked, punished, taught, fondled, touched, abused,
molested, locked out, locked in, and wished had never bin born
We're th ones U called Stupid, Ugly, Lazy, Dirty, Good-4-Nothing
Bcuz we R poor
& Bcuz U were poor
& there's no birthday present U could buy us
that would make us forgot R scars

We sang "Freedom's just a nother word 4 nothin left 2 lose"
& found R freedom in th buzzed-out eternity of drugs
If "th best things in life R free"...howcum this is th "worst" parta th city?

We've watched our neighbourhood get worse
We've watched people get paid 4 things we would've done
and have bin doing 4 each other, anyways

We R dying from an insane RAGE
at having 2 watch people we care 4 die
We have hit th breaking point where we decide which memorial
we will go 2 this week Bcuz there R just too many
... and we don't wanna lose what belief we have that...
th belief that we have in...
what?
that there's any reason 2 continue praying



that we're still alive cuz of some cosmic lottery
or that we're dying of AIDS & OD's as punishment 4 th road we took
when all roads lead 2 Main
& if U could help me find that vein,
I could get outta here again
outta my head and th ghosts that haunt me
away from that glittering world that taunts me
2 get more buy more take more
2 feel more like I "should"
instead of how I feel
cuz how I feel is Bad
& I don't like it don't want it
& have spent all my life tryin 2 lose it
somewhere
in some bar
in someone's arms
Close my eyes and make it go away
My family set me on th street 2 float...like Moses in th rushes
I didn't drown tho I sure have gone down

We're born alone and we die alone
and what legacy do we leave behind?
where R th future generations?
and if anybody finds them, could U tell me where they're going?
Is my map any kind of map 4 anybody 2 get anywhere
it's Downtown here...or Downtown there

& if I could find someone (somewhere)
who doesn't wanna see me beaten or broken or on my knees
(and that goes 4 bosses and politicians as well as partners)
could we move 2 th Farm
or somewhere where none of this shit exists
or will we just stay here
in th here & now
and pick up th shit
& th bones of our loved ones

D.W

Poetry & Prose Night *at the Carnegie*

Come and join us

(every last Tuesday of the month)-

the next one being

OCTOBER 29, 7 - 10:15 pm

**and experience the wonderful creative minds
of the Downtown Eastside.**

Sign-up time for participating writers is 6:30

- 10 minutes maximum for each time slot.

Refreshments will be served!!

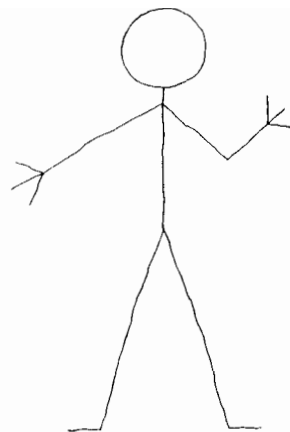
Carnegie's Writers Circle

come and see what we're all about

everyone's welcome
to sit, listen and read

WHEN every Tuesday from 2 - 4 PM
WHERE at the Carnegie Centre
on the 3rd floor

**BECOME A
STICK PERSON.**



from the **READING ROOM**

There are some new reference books in the
Reading Room - you can ask for them at the
circulation desk.

Leonard Maltin's 1999 Movie and Video Guide
- (ID item)

New Guinness Book of World Records
- (ID item)

Also, the Reading Room has copies of the City
of Vancouver Reports for Public Discussion - all
about the city's plans for the Downtown Eastside
We have lots of new Literacy and ESL books too!

Happy reading!!

Lin (while Andrew is on holiday)