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# Carnegie



## NEWSLETTER

DECEMBER 15, 1998.

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



### NO ROOM AT THE INN

At Christmas we live on dreams, hopes, myths; awesome contradictions. Part of my dream is the rebirth of a community between families, friends, ancient enemies, strangers at our door.

Sam Roddan

## Christmas Events

### Tuesday, December 15

- \* Christmas Carols, 10-11:30, Theatre
- \* Volunteer Party 2-4pm, Theatre
- \* Karaoke with Cody, 7-10pm, Theatre [Tickets for Boxing Day Dinner available.]

### Wednesday, December 16

- \* Centre closed 'til noon for staff meeting

### Thursday, December 17

- \* Floor Hockey Tournament, Gym

### Friday, December 18

- \* Learning Centre Party, 12-2pm
- \* Christmas Carols with Jenny, 1-3pm

### Saturday, December 19

- \* Children's Christmas Party, 11-3, Theatre

### Sunday, December 20

- \* Christmas Choir with Sue, 4-5:30, Theatre
- \* Basketball Tournament, 6-9:30, Gym

### Monday, December 21

- \* Solstice/Drumming, 7:30-10, Theatre
- \* Christmas Light Tour, 5-9 (sign-up)

### Tuesday, December 22

- \* Crafts - make a New Year's hat! 10-11:30
- \* Christmas Carols, 3-5. throughout.

### Wednesday, December 23

- \* Accoustic Night, 7-10, Theatre

### Thursday, December 24

- \* Christmas Eve, 7pm-7am, all night!

(Continued on page 3)

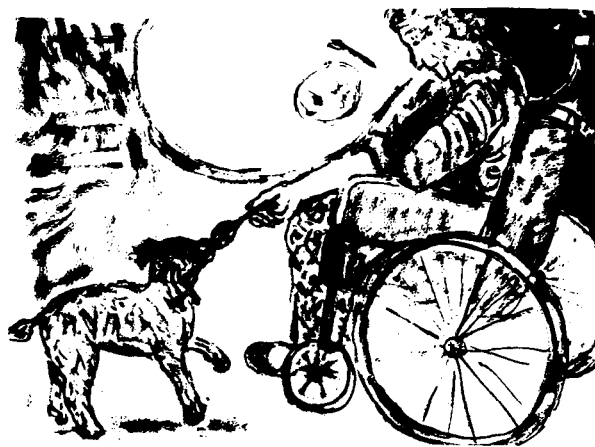
## Issues around disability and addiction in the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver

As president of the Westcoast Aboriginal Network on Disability (WAND), a newly formed organization whose purpose is to provide a healthy alternative to the negative activities and influence of the streets, I want to share with you some of the difficulties and frustrations we encounter.

We, at WAND, believe that by making programs of cultural and recreational significance available to aboriginal people who are disabled, and to those who are at a high risk of becoming disabled through the use of alcohol and/or drugs, the negative aspects of street life will be lessened or obliterated. I refer here to the ease with which marginalized people fall prey to the lifestyle of just surviving till the next fix, the next drink, or some other "comfort."

As a First Nations group we are in competition with other social service agencies, churches, non-profit organizations or drop-in centres; all of whom claim to be dealing with the same issue - the connection between poverty, disabilities and substance abuse. The WAND Society does not claim to be the sole source of support for those people who are handicapped by physical disabilities or substance abuse. Neither do we claim to have the sole right and responsibility to provide services in the Downtown Eastside. However we do believe that we are the only group of First Nations people who are trying to make a practical difference for our afflicted people in this area of Vancouver City.

This past year I have noticed that the non-profit organizations in the area have been very active in their demand for funding from various levels of government. Many various organizations claim to represent our people. Have we given them that right and that responsibility? We, the First Nations people who are suffering from disabilities,



whether it is physical or emotional, coupled with addictions, may not respond in the same manner to similar individuals in mainstream society. The causes of addiction and concurrent disabilities in our native society stem from a long history of cultural genocide and discrimination. Many scholarly papers have been written on the subject. Often the theories of the scholars differ greatly in their attribution of blame and/or the "real" causes of the decimation of our people. Suffice it to say that indigenous cultures the world over suffer from these same assaults to their societies, and are struggling to survive against the results of alcoholism, addictions, and an abnormally high rate of imprisonment.

In my humble opinion we, the people who are targets of various rehabilitation programs, should be consulted in the on-going strategy of addressing and solving the unique problems of our own society. A novel idea perhaps.

I refer, of course, to the strategies of Vancouver City and the mainstream service organizations in this community - their failure to recognize the unique problems of Native people "at risk" and to take action towards the implementation of appropriate programs (e.g. detox centres, treatment programs, counselling and support). I am speaking about particular programs for the 30%-40% of the Downtown Eastside population that is Aboriginal.

That being said, I am compelled to view the

existing programs as racist, in that First Nations people are still being perceived in a stereotyped manner. As a First Nations person I see clearly that attitudes and mindsets of the nineteenth century are alive and well in Vancouver, and especially in it's City Hall.

Rehabilitation programs for First Nations people and an equally discriminated group, the Latinos, are few and poorly funded in Vancouver. The provincial record is not much better. We provide only eight beds for addicted children in the entire province of British Columbia. Any other children may be sent out of province.

The answer is obviously not to lock everyone up - the current solution forced on Vancouver Police. These problems must be discussed with the parties concerned. The people on the street, people who now access the scarce resources of treatment programs, the grassroots organizations that are struggling against a heavy tide of deprivation and human misery, and those on the border of addiction and ostracism - let us all work together to solve such obvious wrongs. Together we can do the extraordinary.

By FRED ARRANCE



## (Christmas Events Cont'd)

3.

### Friday, December 25

\*Free breakfast, 5am, 2nd floor.

\*Traditional dinner, 5om, Theatre, \$1.50

\*Karaoke, 7-10. Theatre

### Saturday, December 26

\*Free Dinner, 1 & 2:30 & 4 & 5:30

\*Videos, 7:30-10:30, Theatre.

### Monday, December 28

\*Carnegie Classics concert, noon, Theatre

### Tuesday, December 29

\*Poetry Night, 7-10pm, Theatre

### Thursday, December 31

\*New Year's Eve Dance, 7-12:30.

### Friday, January 1

New Year's Day Dinner, 5pm, \$1.50



## GOING DOWN ON THE EAST SIDE

So many of our brothers and sisters without a pillow for their head,  
and many others forced to use the concrete or mother earth for a bed.  
Who are these people that are being forced to flee,  
from developers and their politicians on bended knee ?  
They are our blue collar elders, their working days long past,  
their sweat, toil, and sacrifice from which this countries wealth was cast  
They are First Nations people kept poor, wounded, and abused,  
lost sons and daughters, only Ministry numbers, continuing to be used

In the name of gentrification, the polite term for eradication  
of a people, of their way of life down here. Why ?

For Expo, for a casino, for a convention centre that benefit the profiteers,

and casts out those for whom this has been their neighborhood for years  
Who's to blame ? Where should our anger and letters be directed ?  
To the politicians and developers whose mutual greed is protected  
By the west side rule the east side mentality that exists in city hall,  
and whose lack of conscience and morality will be downfall of us all

Do they really think that today, when the world is an open book  
we will remain so ignorant of their intentions and not take a second look ?  
At the knowledge that is out there to illuminate the issues that we face,  
and continue to ignore the discrimination that debases all in the human race ?  
How deeply do we need to look to understand those that are down and out,  
when their basic rights we do deny, while politicians and news stories decry  
“ It's the drugs and prostitution, that's the problem down here, “  
safe in the belief that addicted and broken people, will submit without a tear

No life force left to fight, drugs and Chinese cooking wine the last resort  
to lives lived in poverty and struggle, too often brutal, empty and short  
And, to those hypocrites who conspire to cleanse the Downtown Eastside  
of the neglected people and problems society has tried to hide...  
It may not be your brother, mother, daughter, or son on the street,  
and no one you know is being used by some stranger as an under- aged treat  
It is this lack of concern or caring for those who people never meet  
that insures that blood spilled washes up on the east side, but not at your feet

If you avert your eyes in order not to see these injustices while others bleed,  
and accept housing policies that place corporate greed before human need  
Then please don't whine if you can't stand the grime and the crime,  
for those on the street are victims of these plagues all of the time  
Forced to live in scummy Downtown hotels paid from the public's purse  
and the only cars they ride in are the police wagon, ambulance, and hearse  
This will continue because developers have to keep the money rolling in,  
to support city hall when they blame drugs and prostitution for their sin

People should not be pawns that can be moved against their will,  
so those responsible won't have to view the graveyards that they fill  
The problems of addiction, abuse, and poverty are simply moved around,  
rather than honestly facing them, so some solutions may be found  
These issues will not go away because it is healing that is needed,  
not deception, nor avoidance, nor waiting until the populations been depleted  
By death, eviction, detention, or other methods of social rejection  
Because against this ignorance, knowledge and caring are our only protection

*THE Social Poet.*

# PEACE ON EARTH MEANS JUSTICE



The Teton Sioux nations felt the pressure of the European invasion. By 1877 all they had left was the Great Sioux Reservation on Dakota land, and the Europeans wanted even this.

In desperation, people turned to the religion of the Ghost Dance, which preached that Europeans would disappear, the dead would return, and the land would become bountiful again. Based on Christian as well as First Nations' images, this religion was non-violent. If the living would only dance in the manner prescribed, the Messiah would bring the resurrection of the dead and the land.

By November, 1890, Ghost dancing was so prevalent on Sioux reservations that most other activities stopped. The white authorities became afraid and ordered the arrest of Sitting Bull, even though he was not a major figure in the Ghost Dance religion. On Dec. 15 Indian police arrested Sitting Bull with the US Calvary in the background. Ghost Dancers surrounded the cabin where the arrest took place. A scuffle broke out and Sitting Bull was killed.

Had it not been for the Ghost Dance religion, the Sioux, in their grief and anger over the assassination of Sitting Bull, might have fought the soldiers. Ghost dancers believed that the white man would soon disappear, and that in the spring their dead relatives and friends would return.

One Sioux leader, Big Foot, decided to move his band to Pine Ridge (the place where Chief Red

Cloud was) for protection. The band consisted of 120 men and 230 women and children. The people were tired, hungry and cold; Big Foot himself was ill with pneumonia. The US Calvary met them on Dec. 28, 1890, and took them to Wounded Knee Creek where there was a calvary tent camp. The soldiers had been ordered to take Big Foot's band to a military prison in Omaha.

On the morning of Dec. 29 the soldiers began to disarm the Sioux warriors. A struggle broke out over one gun and a shot rang out. The soldiers opened fire with rifles and Hotchkiss guns, which could throw explosives up to two miles. "We tried to run," Louise Weasel Bear said, "but they shot us like we were buffalo." Nearly 300 of the



original 350 men, women and children in Big Foot's band, including Big Foot himself, died in the massacre. The soldiers lost 25 dead and 39 wounded, most of them by their own bullets. After the battle, a blizzard with driving snow and fierce cold struck Wounded Knee Creek.

Four men and forty-seven women and children from Big Foot's band who had survived the massacre, were taken to Pine Ridge and placed in an Episcopal Church after the benches had been taken out and hay had been scattered on the floor. It was the fourth day after Christmas, 1890, and the shivering, hurt people could see the Christmas greenery decorating the church. At the front of the church hung a banner that said "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

Development corporations that will make billions of dollars through the gentrification of our community see the Downtown Eastside as an

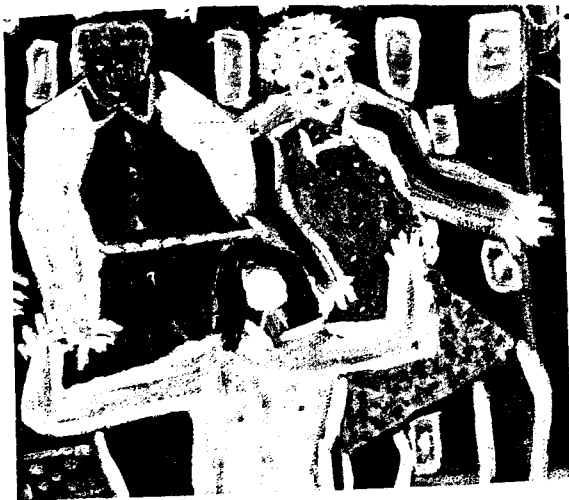
urban frontier. The local residents stand in the way of this invasion and, like the Sioux, are in danger. Many live in despair. As one resident said, "One day they're going to come in here with a bunch of army trucks and ship us all out to the sticks like POW's." Yet there is hope.

The harm reduction conference in Oppenheimer Park on Nov.20 was a sign of hope, and First Nations people bring hope. Their struggle for justice has been one of the longest and most successful resistance movements against oppression in the world's history. All of us can take inspiration from it, especially in these dark days when we feel we are losing control of our lives to economic wars in the global arena, or mega-projects that overwhelm our neighbourhoods.

Then there's Christmas – the hope of peace on earth. And peace on earth means justice. Surely you can see that.

By SANDY CAMERON

[The information in this article was taken from Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, by Dee Brown.]



### **Same Old Story**

Saw the Professor down on the corner back on junk, looking like hell, scared why in hell did he detox just to turn to that familiar hellish road again? this time he may not make it back



### **I Remember Christmas**

As another Christmas is fast approaching, I remember what Christmas means to me. It means forgetting our cares and worries for a while and just sharing our joyous gifts.

It means being caring and giving - that is truly putting the Christ back in Christmas. It means being open to love, and the truth that is found there.

Christmas is also a time to relax with good friends and to share the special moment with as many people as possible. This year, when we say, "Merry Christmas," speak it as you mean it, with emphasis on merry.

"Merry Christmas" from Dreamweaver

makes me cry 'cause I know what's inside – a real person under all that junk.

The jolly Cree chick, who just for awhile was smiling in her last days of detox happy when I left.. never thought in less than a fortnight she'd be back selling and using on the corner

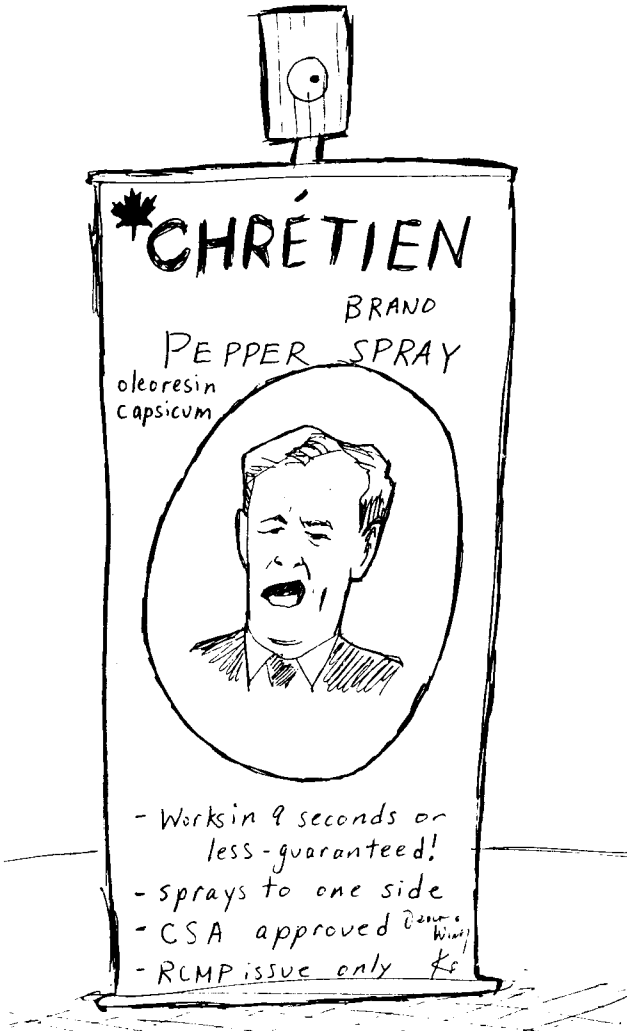
And Jackie from the Kootenays, used to be beautiful, blonde with a baby on her back thought she'd always stay like that. month ago I see her on the corner, nodding, next time she's right in front with the dealers. we talk but thru a fog so thick, I can't scream "go home before you kill yourself, Jackie" last time I saw her, in an alley waiting to turn a trick, couldn't speak, couldn't look Barely 21 and I don't hold out much hope hard to see someone once beautiful in their innocence get dragged thru hell. just sad, that's all

R. Loewen

## United Nations Committee Trashes Canadian Government on Human Rights

The UN Committee on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights just issued a report that blasts Canada:

- for low welfare rates and low minimum wage
- for lack of social housing and homelessness



- for the gross economic disparity between Aboriginal people and the majority of Canadians
- for lack of national standards for social welfare
- for the vicious cutbacks to unemployment insurance
- for a National Child Benefit that should be given to all children of low income families but is in fact

- only given to children of working poor parents <sup>7.</sup>
- for workfare programs that submit the right to social assistance to compulsory employment schemes and deny citizens the protection of fundamental labour rights and labour standards legislation
- for the crisis level of unemployment, poverty & homelessness among youth and young families
- for the cuts to services on which people with disabilities rely
- for the plight of thousands of refugees in Canada who cannot be given permanent resident status for a number of reasons, including the lack of identifying documents.

This UN Report supports everything the *Carnegie Newsletter* has been saying for the past ten years about the Canadian Establishment's war on poor people. Shelagh Day, special adviser on human rights to the National Association of Women and the Law, said, "This is the harshest criticism Canada has ever received on its human rights record." Shelagh was one of nine Canadians who spoke to the Committee in Geneva on behalf of low income Canadians. Jacquie Ackerly, president of the End Legislated Poverty Coalition (ELP) and vice-president of the National Anti-Poverty Organization (NAPO) was another.

The UN Committee recommended that Canada establish a program like the now-defunct Canada Assistance Plan (CAP) to support the right to income when in need, the right to adequate income, and national standards for social welfare. It said Ottawa must implement recommendations of the Royal Commission on Aboriginal People. It urged the Canadian gov't to bring back an unemployment insurance program that adequately covered all unemployed workers. It said homelessness and inadequate housing should be treated as a national emergency, and it suggested that the new National Child Benefit for working poor families be changed to prevent provinces from clawing the benefit back from families on welfare.

The economic and political elite and their corporate media will try to bury this report. Conrad Black's *National Post* has already published an

editorial (Nov.28/98) saying that economic human rights such as the right to a decent standard of living (in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of 1948 as well as the Covenant on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights of 1976) are only "benefits" that can be taken away whenever the powerful feel so inclined. The closing words of the *National Post* editorial showed the real face of the Black media empire: "And Canada should make clear its commitment to political freedom by renouncing its signature upon a flawed piece of Soviet political propaganda left over from the cold war." In other words, the UN Covenant on Economic,

Social and Cultural Rights, and the human rights it protects, are seen as Soviet propaganda. Here is the face of Black's corporate totalitarianism, and we will see more of it in the coming years.

The UN report by the Committee on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights, dated December 4, 1998, is only nine pages long, and it trashes the hypocrisy of the Canadian government on poverty issues in clear and blunt language. It is available from ELP at 879-1209. It is also in our Carnegie Library. It is an important document that speaks to the human rights of ordinary people. It should be widely distributed.

By DOUBLED RUM MIKE

### a song of hope

my old drug buddy mike sellin bus transfers dodgin transit cops  
shootin coke his daughter in foster care waitin for his next  
visit but mike's dead from aids

lance stripped naked in public to go to jail and get off the  
street believed his addiction misery endless pressed his  
father's shotgun to his head and pulled the trigger

mitch always extended friendly first nations hand slept in cold  
rain his skin stretchin tight like a skeleton his liver  
swollen died of aids from dirty illegal injections

wolfgang fellow activist spoke powerfully on behalf of mentally  
and socially oppressed died an overdose death

keith senior citizen worked the docks union man became a junkie  
ran a shooting gallery and wanted one decent room before he  
died didn't get it gone from aids

evelyn tellin of 15 year old daughter fixin turnin tricks beaten  
up skinny as a broken stick crashed in alleys askin why her  
daughter's life should be destroyed overnight because of  
adolescent spree in downtown eastside

patricia my mother befriendin underclass crack addicts in her  
60s arrested for possession locked in a cold jail cell sick  
with cancer and humiliation

my son aeron busted again and again for marijuana in america  
busted recently in new jersey days in jail warrants outstanding  
his life hung up in prohibition sentencing

a judge told me I was of no use to society a psychologist told  
me I was hopelessly ruined from dope and a doctor asked me  
after an overdose why I was still alive because it offended him I  
hadn't died





norma tom's mother in suburban desolation with fullblown hidden  
prescription addiction like a million like 2 million north  
american woman died of an overdose in her 40s

and robbie runnin out of life in and out of prison stealin for  
heroin his aunt who raised him wailin to me in her anguish  
"why don't they just give them the drugs?"

one year ago a meeting was held in a corner of this park  
and from that meeting a drug users organization got its start  
a place to speak our grief our cruel blues and suffered truth  
a hundred users in a meeting room now a block from here  
latino black white and aboriginal building a song from  
scarred flesh and courageous souls from overdoses guest fees  
choke holds and hep c  
a song wring from harassment and exclusion misery a song flown  
from the hearts of the last and the least and multiple abused  
a song of hope

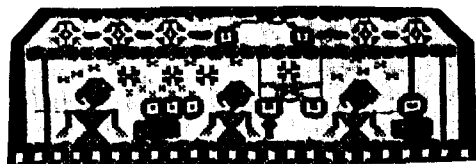
YOU CAN CRIMINALIZE OUR PAIN  
PULVERIZE OUR HUMAN RIGHTS  
DEHUMANIZE US WITH CHARITY  
BUT  
WE ARE SOMEBODY

YOU CAN TERRORIZE WITH HATE  
DEMONIZE WITH LIES  
LOCK US UP  
TEAR US DOWN  
YOU CAN DRIVE US OUT OF TOWN  
BUT  
WE ARE SOMEBODY

AND YOU CAN'T BE WHO YOU OUGHTA BE  
IF WE AREN'T WHO WE OUGHTA BE  
NOBODY CAN BE ANYBODY  
ALL BY THEMSELVES

SO WHETHER YOU DENY IT  
OR WHETHER YOU EMBRACE IT  
WE ARE EACH OTHERS' ONLY BROTHERS AND SISTERS  
WE ARE EACH OTHERS' ONLY CHANCE  
FOR A LIFE IN COMMON AND REAL BEAUTY  
WE ARE ALL EACH OTHER HAS  
WE ARE ALL  
SOME-BODY

*Bud Osborn*



## SHITTY HALL

Takin' it down to Shitty Hall  
Tell 'em one, tell 'em all:  
Christmas time is almost here,  
Have no money, but have no fear.

Takin' it down to Shitty Hall,  
Bring along yer Christmas balls.  
Eastside pride is here to stay  
Pride for both da straight and gay.

Takin' it down to Shitty Hall,  
Foodbank empty - every wall.  
Sonny says "have some more beer"  
Eldon says "da cost too dear."

Takin' it down to Shitty Hall,  
Don't need no convention hall,  
D.E. needs more housing first,  
Mayor's wine won't quench the thirst.

Takin' it down to Shitty Hall,  
Binnars always on da ball.  
Binnerette wants inline skates  
Budget says Maureen must wait.

Takin' it down to Shitty Hall,  
Watch da poor folk trip and fall.  
Shitty Hall dey got no ball,  
Merry Christmas one and all.

Trashopper  
[surreylanka@hotmail.com](mailto:surreylanka@hotmail.com)

**Thank you all my friends at Carnegie for all  
your support during my hour of need.  
Merry Christmas and Happy Holidaye.**

**Carl MacDonald**

# 50 YEARS AGO CANADA PROMISED US THE FOLLOWING HUMAN RIGHTS

Unemployment in Canada has increased steadily since 1940. Canada's annual unemployment rate has remained above 9% since 1988.

6 Canadian provinces force people to work or train to receive social assistance benefits. Unemployed workers receiving UIA has fallen from 88% in 1990 to 48% in 1997. In comparable jobs women earn 72% of what men earn.

The average full-time job at minimum wage provides 67% of the poverty line for an individual living in a large city.

## Universal Declaration of Human Rights

December 10, 1948

### Article 23

- (1) Everyone has the right to work, to free choice of employment, to just and favorable conditions of work and to protection against unemployment.
- (2) Everyone, without any discrimination, has the right to equal pay for equal work.
- (3) Everyone who works has the right to just and favorable remuneration ensuring for himself (sic) and his family an existence worthy of human dignity, and supplemented, if necessary, by other means of social protection.
- (4) Everyone has the right to form and to join trade unions for the protection of his interests.

## Article 25

*Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and of his family, including food, clothing, housing, and medical care and necessary social services, and the right to security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond his control.*

- (1) *Motherhood and childhood are entitled to special care and assistance. All children, whether born in or out of wedlock, shall enjoy the same social protection.*

**There are over 200,000 homeless people in Canada.**

**The number of persons living in poverty increased from 4.2 million in 1990 to 5.3 million in 1996; the poverty rate rose from 15.4% to 17.9%.**

**In March of 1997, 669,000 Canadians used a food bank. 1,500,000 children were living in poverty in Canada in 1996.**

# LET'S MAKE THEM KEEP THEIR PROMISE NOW!

**END LEGISLATED POVERTY**

211 - 456 W. Broadway  
Vancouver, B C V5Y 1R3  
ph: (604) 879 -1209

**National Anti-Poverty  
Organization**

1 (800) 810 -1076

**Oxfam - Canada**

294 Albert St. Suite 300  
Ottawa, Ont K1P 6E6  
ph: (613) 237-5236

Produced with assistance of Communications Energy and Paperworkers Union of Canada  
Statistics from National Anti-Poverty Organization, Statistics Canada and Toronto Disaster Relief Committee

## Editor,

There is a friction between shoppers and foot traffic over the sidewalk at the corner of Powell and Gore at all times.

On Sunday afternoon, I was in the Sunrise Market when I heard shouting coming from outside. One minute later two security guards pushed and kicked a stumbling man toward the back of the store and started punching him. Fortunately a brave man intervened. He yelled at the kung fu artist to call the police and stop beating that man.

What happened was a guy on his way home couldn't get by on the jammed sidewalk – all the vegetable stalls and shoppers: delivery vans and



From the office of Dick Wad:

### **Here is 10 top reasons you know it's Christmas in the Downtown Eastside:**

1. Inside Carnegie - Eggnog; outside Carnegie Cracknog.
2. Mr. McBinner grows back his beard.
3. Binnerettes on ice skates singing "The 12 Days of Christmas"
4. Police are called in a sleigh-jacking.
5. Vendors sell last year's hot-dogs at 1/2 price
6. Bearded bidders want young ladies to sit on their lap.
7. Emergency sirens play "Santa Claus is Coming To Town"
8. You dial 911 for Christmas carol recordings.
9. Police use festive holly instead of yellow tape at crime scenes.
10. People say *Merry Christmas* before giving you the finger.

dollies; worktables and workers – and he lost his temper, pushed someone and a verbal fight erupted.

To make room for all that commerce, Sunrise Market forces people off the sidewalk. People using wheelchairs and crutches can't get by at all.

I question the wisdom of the City issuing outside permits to such a store and then have them block off the corner completely.

Tom Milionsky



*Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
the everlasting light.  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
are met in Thee tonight.*

## **Magnum Opus**

**By Robert R. Rich**

What is the Magnum Opus? It is not the largest handgun in the world; neither is it a fugue by Tchaikovsky. Magnum Opus is the most important thing in your life.. that thing around which your life revolves.. that thing which gives your life focus and meaning.

For me, it was to write.

But today, I seem to be faced with random thoughts.

Or am I like Lewis Thomas writing in *A Late Night's Thoughts on Listening to Mahler's Ninth Symphony*?

Not long ago I was sitting or lying around and suddenly it occurred to me: I hadn't had a drink for almost ten years now - at the end of this year.

Don't get me wrong: when I tell people I did something or didn't do something it is not to make myself feel important. It is to get the point

across that if I can do it, you can do it too. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you the most important thing: you might have to get help from Upstairs.

I did.

William Faulkner once wrote a book entitled *As I Lay Dying*, for which he received the Nobel Prize. Well, I was about like that, but I didn't get a Nobel Prize.

Or was it like the myth of Pandora's husband? Pandora was given a gift from the Gods - a chest containing all the Good and Evil of the world. Pandora's husband found the chest and opened it to find out what was inside and, by the time he got the lid back on, the only thing left was Hope.

Or was it like poor old Harry in "*The Snows of Kilimanjaro*" by Ernest Hemingway? He'd saved up all of his life experiences, hoping to be ready to write that one great novel, but in the end he

didn't get it. I thought that same thing: if only I could get that one great play, that one great novel; after that everything would be all right.

I know now. I'm never going to get that one great play, that one great novel. Do you know why?

Because I don't want to.

After all these years and all the things I did, where did I end up? Right back where I started from. And by now I don't want it. To hell with it.

How can I ever explain that? Maybe I can't. I can't put it into words and I'm a writer. Maybe I have found that which is beyond words - the Way, the Tao, the Pathless Path. I don't know.. and if I did know, I couldn't ever tell you.

I do know that I haven't found it necessary to drink anything for the last ten years.

Love, Robert.



There is always someplace better than here - until you get there.

Joe Paul

Why do we know all the answers at 17 and don't understand the questions until we're 40?

Joe Paul



## Celebrating the Season with our Community

We would like to invite you to our

### Expanded Operating Hours:

Monday to Thursday

9:30 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

Friday 9:30 a.m.- 6:00 p.m.

### Children's Christmas Party

**December 18, 1998**

**1:00 - 4:30 p.m.**

Refreshments will be served - ***please join us!***

Four Corners Community Savings

390 Main St., Vancouver, B.C. V6A 2T1 (604) 606-0133



**Carnegie Community Centre  
Association.....Presents....**

# The Carnegie Classics

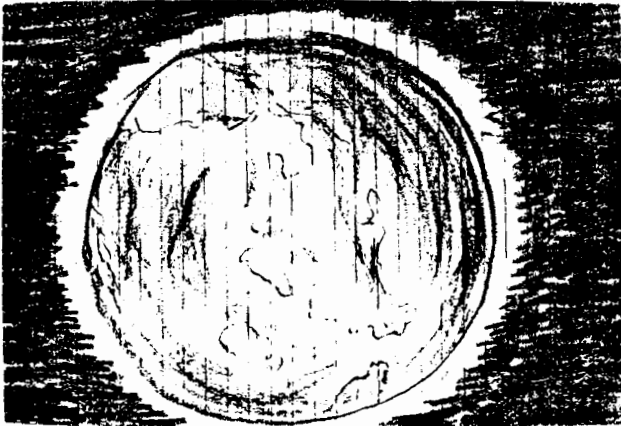
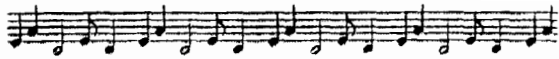
A concert of Baroque and classical  
music by:

**TRIO**  
(Violin, Flute and Cello)

**MONDAY, DEC. 28, AT NOON  
IN THE THEATRE.**

**All Welcome!**

(Financial help from the Leon & Thea Koerner  
Foundation)



## **RACISM**

One of the most talked about issues these days is racism. I've had too much scientific training and read too much of Carl Jung and his idea of archetypes to ever be a racist.

In the encyclopedia I read that two people of different so-called races can (unlike donkeys and horses) breed fertile children, give each other blood transfusions and learn one another's language. (Am I a Myna bird or am I really saying something?!)

Although I am of Chinese descent, I don't feel

that I am their (the Chinese people's) ambassador or representative. Sometimes, to hear people at a table vociferously speak Chinese, puts me off.

Some people are racists in the way that they practice reverse discrimination – they are nice to people of all 'races' except their own. Maybe this stems from being reminded of family members they dislike or these people remind the person of their own personal foibles...

It can be humourous - White supremacists use the Italian alphabet although they might not consider a 'wop' to be their equal; they use the Arabic numeral system although they wouldn't cozy up to an Arab; and they claim to be anti-Semitic but they also espouse to love Jesus.. and Jesus was the biggest Jew of them all. For that matter, Christianity is just a renegade branch of Judaism.

Orwell noted that white people, although seeing themselves as masters of the Earth, have a curious inferiority complex where they will worship Jews (Jesus), East Indians (Buddha) and so on, but don't see one of their 'own' as good enough?!

Hitler tried to reinstate the whole Teutonic Nordic pantheon but invariably made too many deals and fell in too deeply with the Christian democratic countries to do that. Besides, it doesn't help to be a white person with the real white bigots because then you'd only be the wrong kind of white person – same with any other 'race.' The claim by anyone to be of "pure" race is just bogus – travelling and intermingling are everywhere!

A person of one race says of another: "As wonderful and diverse and enlightened as that culture is, they seem to be lacking one or more essential ingredients that my culture takes for granted. Maybe I'll help these people..." and on this basis all types of magic has occurred!

Science fiction creates worlds and interplanetary societies where different species (Human, Vulcan, Romulan, Klingon, etc.) could live harmoniously.. I've been exposed to too much science fiction to ever be a racist!!

By DEAN KO

Many people have told me I shouldn't just say this or that is wrong, but should prescribe, or say this or that is right, or that we should do this or that. The world is contaminated and stuffed and cacophonous with fatal prescriptions, inane rote shoulds, sadistic enforcement psychoses and brain-shredding religions. One should not be a part of these, insofar as one is able to avoid it, even though, doing this, one will be ostracized and/or hated and/or enslaved and/or impoverished and/or murdered etc. Also, if one at least knows that these things are contaminations, inane rote shoulds, enforcement psychoses etc., one might also assist others in not being part of these, insofar as one can not be

part of these, and criticise those who are part of these. I do this sometimes by directly addressing the often goofy and/or morose, but always ridiculous academic, professional, managerial, corporate, political useless class, sometimes by relating how I see myself within the world contaminated, shoulded and psychosed by that class, and sometimes by attempting to describe a moment or two within that world. My writing is a public service for a public beaten and lied to and cheated and disrespected by the arrogant and the privileged.

Now, criticise me.

Dan Feeney



### A STUPID IDEA

That any writing can be described as being in the first or first person omniscient, second, third or third person omniscient, or declarative, and not in all of these at once is one of the stupidest ideas in the world. Love letters, memos, newspaper articles, novels, philosophical arguments, point form notes etc. all have an "I", perhaps hidden or coded, a "you" (even if only "I", later) and a "they" (basically everyone else in the world one cares to think of). The separation of writing into these categories and the acceptance of the so-called difference between them, and of their appropriateness or inappropriateness for certain functions seems fundamentally to be religious and/or legislative. It is as if all the piles of books and all the speeches ever made, all the advertising and statistics, amount to a regurgitation of the basic fantasy that we do not all consider ourselves god-like, that we do not consider our participation in the so-called world essential. The world is forcibly separated into classes of people who use these pronouns and these kinds

of sentences and people who use those other pronouns and other kinds of sentences. The separation of speaking and writing (and hence all social life) into these categories is, far from being incidental to the maintenance of the class structure, absolutely central to it. The same idiotic difference between prescriptive and descriptive writing or speaking is made, when, in fact, all writing serves these functions, though, like advertisements, the prescriptive function is often meant to be hidden or unconscious. To argue that these are mere theories and exist only for convenience in the sharing of information in the great operations of the world ignores that fact that the difference between what is said in writing that can be categorized in any of these ways can and certainly always does say the exact same thing. It is only religious awe of the pronoun that induces us, foolishly, to believe that there is any essential difference in these so-called forms at all.

Dan Feeney

# Reading Room News

**Book Blitz:** On Wednesday, Dec. 2, a loyal group of Reading Room supporters (Sandy Cameron, Bob Sarti, Leigh Donohue, Fred Zwecker, and Andrew) walked around the neighbourhood distributing flyers to hotels. These flyers request the return of lost, overdue or wayward books from the Carnegie Library and Learning Centre. It is hoped that in future (many do it now) hotel staff will contact us to pick up such books. As an added bonus we recovered six books on the blitz. Copies of these flyers are also up throughout Carnegie.

**New Books:** The Reading Room has recently

obtained a copy of the **UBC Law Students Legal Advice Manual** (1998 edition). The manual includes sections on young offenders, family law, violence against women and related misconduct, children and the law, divorce, employer-employee relations and worker's compensation. If you'd like to see this item, please ask for it at the Reading Room's circulation desk. We require that you leave a piece of identification while using it.

Staff gathered up brochures on **Hepatitis A, B and C** during the International AIDS Day at Carnegie. These have been put together in booklets for easy access. If you'd like to take out copies, check the health section in the library.

You wanna look great? I will give you my winning recipe with no diets, no exercise, no protein or carbohydrate myths involved. All you have to do is hang around with people fater or more out of shape than you are; all you'll hear is "You look great!"

"Chappie" Voytech

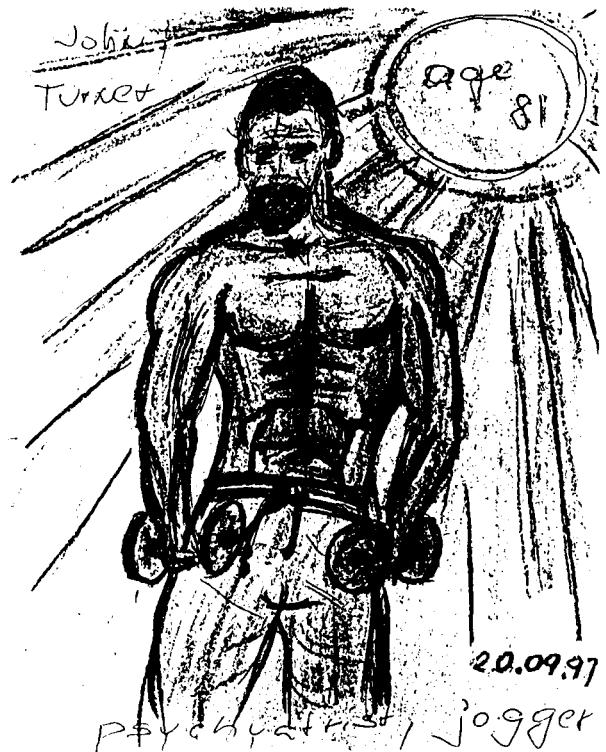
Three top peeves if Vancouver's Police Dept.:

- 1) Their shoulder holsters only hold 3 donuts.
- 2) On police radio too much talk not enough rock.
- 3) Police Chief Chambers is too quick to call Batman/Mayor Owen for help.

Voytech

Miracle on Main Street!

An apparent medical miracle occurred recently at the corner of Main & Hastings. A middle-aged, physically challenged/handicapped man with two crutches under his arm was seen suddenly sprinting down Hastings at a speed almost unbelievable but surely amazing to passersby. Praise the Lord! - a medical breakthrough.. or a sudden healing.. not quite. As it turned out the harsh reality was far simpler: a deal had gone bad and he was chasing the one who'd ripped him off - who was losing ground some distance ahead of him



The moral, if there is one, may be that even the weakest among us can be some kind of athlete if the need arises. Tough to beat that!

Voytech

**PS:** *New political correctness -*

homeless = residentially challenged  
pimp = management in the sextrade workforce



## I AM SORRY

I am sorry  
for the aching of  
gathering flowers for you  
as I threw up in the field

for the shuddering of paranoid delusion

for the travelling greyhound  
from Toronto to Calgary  
for the hiding in your parents' basement  
and for the chewing on their food  
and for the screaming at you  
that they hated me

for the deliberateness  
of dragging you down with me  
and for the gentleness of you  
tapping me with your cane  
and telling me – that I was a lousy guide

for the hardening  
and then the crying  
when the waitress brought us the wrong meal

for the plaguing of it getting so bad  
that the poisoning took hold  
and what came out of my body was black

for your talking me to the doctor  
for your talking me through it  
for the confusion, the dizziness, the ill-will

for the malevolence of your leaving  
stabbing me with panic  
for the throbbing of fear and pain  
for the cursing, the spitting out of the hoping  
that one day someone would kick you in the face  
for the wish of you lying in a pool of your own blood  
for my grasping of a suture to clamp  
the broken artery to my heart

for the winters huddled by the radiator  
for the summers splayed by the fan  
for the internal bleeding  
for the crying out that I wasn't going to make it

for the injustice of our living arrangement  
for the long flight of stairs



for the cockroaches and the mice  
for the old man passed out on a mattress next door  
for the harshness of a family crammed into one room  
for the welcome of the false promise  
of the abundance of this country  
for the cooking on the fire escape  
for the washing of the dishes in the bathroom  
for the cigarette butts everywhere  
for my alcoholism  
for the lottery ticket of my position  
for the willful withholding of my love  
for the fact that everything, everywhere  
got backed up by frozen grief  
and the gray and stale city air

I am the one most fortunate –  
                  had home, food, resting place  
At times taken in by others and myself  
I lived when I wanted to die  
I had a second chance where many don't  
In my mind the stars spun around to face me  
The moon followed me at night  
I tunneled underground and came up on the other side  
I sucked the cold air in

There was finality – and then  
The shapeshifting of change  
I felt the weight of all the human souls  
pressing down on me  
the anticipatory strains of warmth between us –  
the blessed space of silence  
for once it was so quiet in my head like muffled  
snow blanket of the arch on which we passed  
over the groundswell of my addiction.

Irene Loughlin

## THE SOFT MUSH OF CHRISTMAS

Come Christmas and you see it everywhere, mostly in store windows. Here, sentiment snows down like heavy slush.. false trees clothed in flashy light.. stockings bulging with phony promise.

For many who live on the margins, Christmas is a one-shot affair: turkey at the local Mission, plum pudding, carols, a few hymns, a stamp for a letter home or to next-of-kin... then back to the real world of grit, grime and chill - flophouses for the luckless, lonely and lost.



**DOWNTOWN  
EASTSIDE  
YOUTH  
ACTIVITIES  
SOCIETY**

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

Nancy W. - \$100

Agnes - \$9

Val A. - \$50

Neil N. - \$20

Helene S. - \$18

Jenny K. - \$18

Tim S. - \$18

Thomas B. - \$35

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

**City - 5:45 p.m. - 11:45 p.m.**

**Overnight - 12:30 a.m. - 8:30 a.m.**

**Downtown Eastside - 5:30 p.m. 1:30 a.m.**

FREE - donations accepted

# Carnegie

## NEWSLETTER

101 Main Street, Vancouver V6A 2T1 (604) 682-2280

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**

**Tuesday, January 12, 10.**

1998 DONATIONS  
Kettle - \$18  
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  
Vancy H. - \$35  
Jennifer M. - \$15  
Brenda P. \$10

Wisconsin Historical Society - \$30

The Downtown Eastside Residents Association  
can help you with:

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

**DERA**

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.**

## SODOM AND EDEN

G.Gust

Like seasons, the morality of mankind shifts from good to bad.

In the good season, each new generation becomes morally inferior to the old until evil is the accepted norm; the new generations then become morally superior to the old.



### "CHRISTMAS" -The cash Cow Of Capitalism

G.Gust

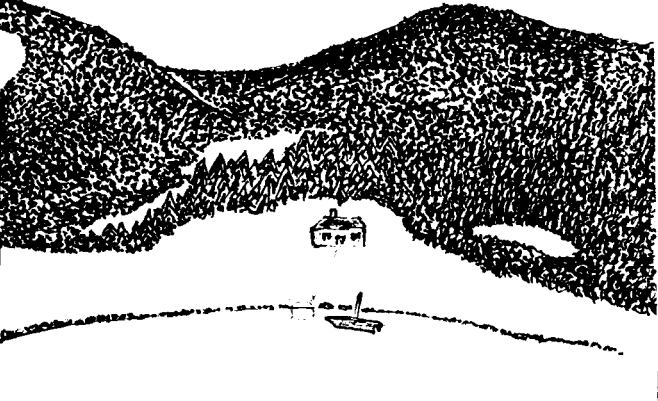
The big daddy of holidays is upon us once again. Credit cards and instabanks are working double-duty overtime for the hordes of brain-washed gift shoppers who have succumbed to the worst type of manufactured peer pressure ever known.

(What would He make of all this?

He who once kicked over the tables of the money-changers in the temple.

Wouldn't it be great if He came back today! I can just see Him stomping into the New York stock exchange and kicking the living daylight out of every computer and stock ticker on the floor.)

Anyway, though He wasn't born in December, let's all pick up a glass of wine and give a toast to one of our master philosophers, Jesus of Nazareth.



V6A.bc.ca

Garry Gust

Community -a common, overused word, perhaps, but when the chips are really down, the meaning of community can give that little bit of extra strength needed to overcome personal tribulations.

The Downtown Eastside is made up of many overlapping subcommunities constituting its vitality and strength.

It's an intermingling of activists who write, paint, sing, play instruments, volunteer, work for wages, hang out at the Carnegie, the First United, Deyas or DERA, the Dugout, the Evelyne, 102.7 FM, VIDUS, et cetra, etcetra.

It's people bumping into each other at all these facilities, and even though we many be from different subcommunities, we know we have one common purpose at hand; to make things functionally better from the root to the flower.

V6A Forever

