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Carnegie



NEWSLETTER

MARCH 1, 2003

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

CRY JUSTICE!



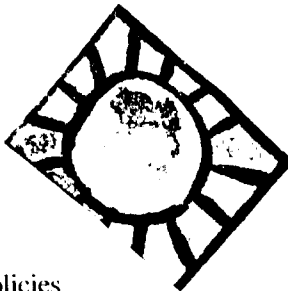
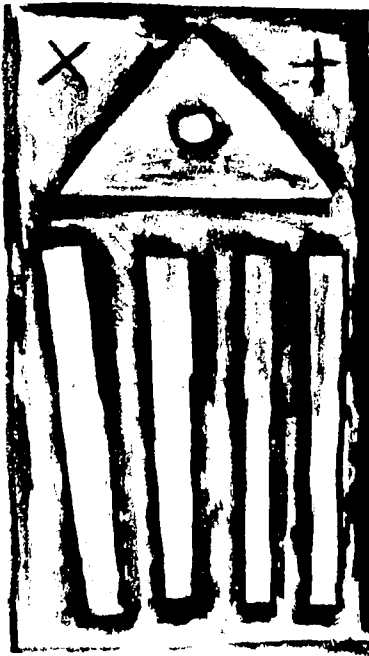
POSADA

CRY JUSTICE

There are times
in our lives
when we have
to take a stand,
when we have to
speak out for what
we know is right.
Such a time arrived
on February 11, 2003,
when four thousand Canadian citizens,
many of them seniors and students,
gathered on the front lawn
of the Legislature
in Victoria, British Columbia,
to protest the
Scrooge-had-it-right policies
of the provincial government.
The occasion was
the start of a new session
of the Legislature,
and the Premier,
Gordon Campbell,
planned to escort the Lieutenant-Governor,
Iona Campagnolo,
up the red-carpeted stone stairs
into the Legislative building.

A police-protected fence
kept the people
away from the entrance
to the Legislature,
but citizens crowded
against the fence,
and waited patiently
for the Lieutenant-Governor
to arrive in a limousine,
and for the Premier
to descend the crimson-covered stairs
to greet her.

The mood of the people
was defiant but festive.
They listened to speeches
describing how Campbell's corporate policies
undermined the social cohesion
of the province,

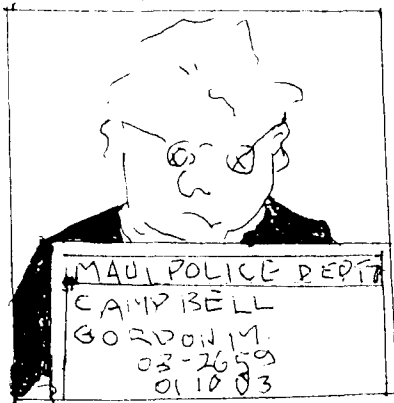


destroyed public institutions
that regulate private power,
and abolished social programs
that gave ordinary citizens
a measure of security
and therefore a measure of power.
The Raging Grannies sang,
these gentle, elderly folk
with the souls of warriors,
their songs one more weapon
in the armory of justice.

Yellow-coated police
patrolled the fence.
A platoon of
red-coated mounties
stood at the ready.
A dark blue honour guard,
with rifles,
waited to greet
the Queen's representative,
Ms Campagnolo.
A military band lurked
in the background,
and the army positioned
two small howitzers
at the harbour edge,
ready to fire
a ten gun salute,
or whatever protocol demanded.
The trappings
of royal power
guarded the entrance
of the Legislature, while
the people congregated
on the other side
of the fence,
waiting.



A limousine arrived
and Iona stepped out.
She was booed by the people
in a half-hearted way,
even though she, personally,
was not a member
of this vicious government.
By accepting the job
of Lieutenant-Governor, however,
and by agreeing to read
the speech from the throne,
she implicated herself
in Campbell's catastrophe.
So Iona was booed
as she waited with dignity
for the Premier
to descend
the red-carpeted stairs.

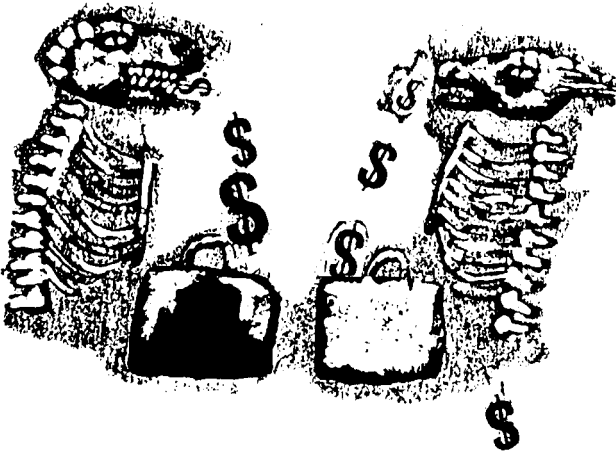


Then the people saw Campbell
coming down the stairs,
supported by a woman aide.
He was smiling
that same sickly smile
we saw on his Maui mug shot,
and he moved with the alacrity
of a scared rabbit.
A thunderclap of boos
greeted the Premier,
a tsunami of disapproval
that bounced off
the Legislative building
and echoed over the harbour
the city
the province
and the nation.

"Shame, shame,"
people shouted with passion,
and their cry
was taken up
by the seagulls
swirling overhead.

"Liar, liar," people shouted,
for Campbell had promised
his tax cuts
would pay for themselves,
but they created
the largest deficit
in B.C. history.
He promised he wouldn't
cut health care,
but he closed hospitals
and laid off nurses
and health care workers.
He promised he wouldn't
devastate the public service,
but he did the opposite.
He promised to maintain
environmental standards,
but he reduced them.
He promised he wouldn't
cut education,
but schools are closing
class sizes are increasing
and teachers are losing
their jobs.





He promised to honour
signed contracts,
but he didn't.
He said there were no plans
to reduce welfare,
but he cut benefits cruelly
and made it harder to qualify
for assistance.
How can citizens dialogue
in good faith
with a Premier
who does not keep
his word?



"Shame, shame,"
people shouted again.
Shame on Campbell
for the deaths
of seniors who feared
losing their nursing homes,
or could no longer afford
the medicines they needed
to survive.
Shame on Campbell
for the deaths
of people with disabilities
who could not cope
with the stress
of feared loss of income.

Shame on Campbell
for the increasing numbers
of young people
who are turning to
prostitution, drugs, begging
or suicide, because
they have neither
adequate jobs
or adequate incomes,
and live in despair
rather than hope.
Shame on Campbell
for the students
forced to abandon their education
because of enormous
tuition increases.
Shame on Campbell
for the people
who are homeless,
many of whom
cannot get welfare.
Shame on Campbell
for the pain
of working people
who are seeing
a massive transfer
of power and money
from workers to employers.
Shame on Campbell
for the loss
of court houses,
and legal aid
for our poorest citizens.



Another Bad News Budget for People with Disabilities

5

So did people shout
the language of resistance
against the government's language
of oily equivocation.
Alternatives to corporate greed exist,
and First Nations
have shown us the way
with five hundred years
of resistance
to imperial injustice.
Environmentalists showed us
the way at Clayoquot Sound
where eight hundred people
chose civil disobedience
to make their voices heard.
Seniors and students
showed us the way
when they shouted defiance
directly at the Premier
on February 11, 2003.

In the face of
an avalanche of outrage,
Gordon Campbell scurried up
the red-carpeted stairs
with Iona in tow.
The massive doors
at the top of the stairs
closed slowly behind them,
and we, the people, were left
on the outside.
We'll be back, though.
No lie can live forever,
and the cry for justice
will be heard.

Sandy Cameron

Yesterday's provincial budget brings more bad news for people with disabilities and their families. The Ministry of Human Resources' budget has been cut by \$255 million, and the Ministry of Children and Family Development's by \$136 million. Both these Ministries are responsible for the province's most vulnerable adults and children.

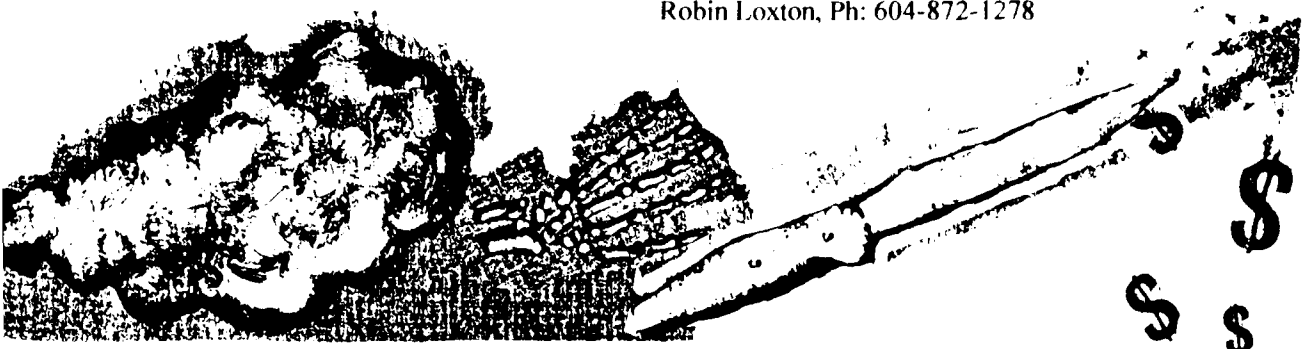
Since October '02, the Ministry of Human Resources has made thousands of people with disabilities reapply for their meager benefits. Budget figures confirm that this Ministry estimates that thousands of people with prolonged and severe disabilities will no longer qualify for benefits under the new legislation. The budget cuts now show clearly that the Ministry's plan to block the number of new applicants for disability benefits is well organized.

"In order to camouflage these severe cuts to income and supports to people with disabilities, the government is 'spinning' a so called good news announcement," said Margaret Birrell, Executive Director of the BC Coalition of People with Disabilities.

"The Premier stated in his recent address to the province that the government will increase the earnings exemption for people with disabilities to \$400 from \$300 a month," explained Birrell. "This is not money from the government. Individuals have to find a job and are only allowed to keep \$400 of any income they receive."

"The real story of this budget is that over the next 2 years our homeless population will have thousands of people with disabilities joining its ranks."

For more information contact:
Margaret Birrell, Ph: 604-875-0188
Robin Loxton, Ph: 604-872-1278

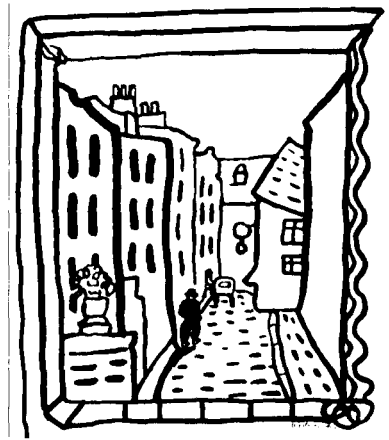


A young single parent phoned me today to say that the Minister of Finance (Provincial) has put a lien against her tax refund (Federal). She wrote post-dated cheques to pay back the security deposit that is now repayable (MIIR). They have already cashed some of her post dated cheques, but the Ministry put a lien on everyone's tax returns across the board. You must find out yourself and then phone to ask if they will please remove the lien before you can get your tax refund.

Lesley

I will tell you about a recent case I had where a person was discontinued benefits for non compliance. This person is trained for a specific type of job and was trying to start his own business. The ministry found out when he claimed the money he had earned and cut him off. Even though this person had just started up and the income for a month was less than \$100. He figured that after 3 - 4 months he would become financially independent of the ministry, they still refused to support him until that time. They stated he was *non compliant with job search*. They also stated that the money he received was not from employment and that starting your own business was *not being employed or considered seeking employment*. The client could appeal, but he has chosen not to at this time. I think he just feels frustrated right now. I am hoping he will come back.

Colette



Reflections in the Rain

The streets are lonely
 When you don't have the money
 to get out of the rain.
 When you want to sit and sip
 a hot coffee and reflect on moments
 past that will never return.
 Perhaps the warm coffee or
 Perhaps the warm café
 dispels the feeling of emptiness
 that never quite goes away.
 Especially when you walk alone
 down dark lonely streets wishing
 you had the money for a coffee
 to get out of the rain.

Jimmy Stewart



Hi, Anybody experience this new bit of misery the Ministry is trying to pull on people? I had an EAW [Employment Assistance Worker] and her DS [District Supervisor] say because a client is on hardship and receives PWD [Person With Disabilities] benefits he is only entitled to \$260.00 for support. Of course I informed the DS of Schedule D and the amount regulated is \$461. So she's going to look into it. Her actual response was 'Oh really? you mean we have been doing this wrong? Oh dear I better look into this. I'll get back to you'

Colette
 DERA

We need your vote!

**VOLUNTEER OF THE YEAR
NOMINATION**

**Please enter your nomination in the
ballot box at 2nd floor reception by
Noon, Wednesday, March 5, 2003**

**TEENAGE PICTURE
for
CARNEGIE'S
'HAPPY DAZE EXHIBIT'
OPEN HOUSE MARCH 15th**

We need a picture of your other life - you know,
when you were a teenager.

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE

**We need your picture and the person's behind,
in front, and beside you too.**

YES EVERYBODY!

(Display on the 3rd Floor Gallery)

**PLEASE GIVE YOUR PICTURE TO COLLEEN
IN VOLUNTEER PROGRAM OFFICE**

you will get your picture back

**International Women's Day
Saturday March 8th from 7- 10
at Carnegie Centre**

Come celebrate the inspiring woman in all of us in
an evening of performance, ceremonies, food and
tributes to the inspiring women of our community.

If you are interested in nominating someone, or
performing (women only) in the event, the sign up
and information sheets are in the third floor office at
Carnegie or call

Marlene@665-3005 or Sharon @665-22 13

Nomination Deadline: March 5th 2003 ~ 5:00 pm

Dear Carl MacDonald,

I read your email in the *Carnegie Newsletter*, and I
wanted to respond.

As you probably already know, you can't rely on
The Vancouver Sun to be a completely accurate
source of information.

I was trying to talk about how city council would
have to apply different criteria to judge a Wal-Mart
on industrial land at the edge of the city and a Wal-
Mart in a downtown location, such as near The Bay
or in Woodward's. I didn't say that I'd welcome a
Wal-Mart in that location. I said the application
would be judged differently. If a store fits into
existing commercial zoning, it's a different decision
than if it asks to rezone industrial land for retail use.
For example, transit could serve a large store in the
downtown area so that would reduce traffic impacts.

I agree you need better shopping. Personally, I
don't think Wal-Mart is the best answer because it
relies on sweatshop labour to keep down its prices.
Instead, I hope we can encourage smaller, local
businesses to thrive in the Downtown Eastside.

Regards,

Anne Roberts, City Councillor



Vancouver Public Library presents

Ken Howe

**in Carnegie's 3rd floor Art Gallery
11 am, Tuesday, March 11**

Ken Howe presents his newest collection. **CRUISE
CONTROL: A THEOGONY**, an original, spirited
and unforgettable homebrew concocted from his
limitless thirst for philosophy and literature and his
vigorous love of language.

Ken Howe's previous collection, **HOUSEHOLD
HINTS FOR THE END OF TIME**, won the
Saskatchewan Book Award for Poetry. He has been
declared one of the most entertaining readers in the
country. Ken has studied German, philosophy,
education and translation, has a degree in Music and
was a Jesuit novice for two years. He currently lives
in Toronto, Ontario.

Every day stories at Main and Hastings:
Things are rarely what they seem.

It happened some weeks ago. The scene had an Elder Aboriginal gentleman (one of my neighbours) running behind a nicely-dressed man (who looked as a top gun CEO of some company). The CEO man had parked his brand new car near Cordova & Gore and was walking fast -seemed in a hurry, time is money- when he realized the Elder gentleman was trying to reach him, so in an aggressive way, the CEO told him he did not have spare change, but the Elder gentleman just replied, "Excuse sir but I think you dropped this cellular telephone when you left your car." Quickly, the CEO searched in his pockets and receiving the telephone, somehow ashamed said : "thanks". The Elder gentleman said: "You are very welcome," and continued his walk quietly and in peace. The CEO started to walk again, but this time more slowly and his face seemed somehow different, maybe pensive...

That is a real story that brought to my mind another nice story called "The little boy and the ice cream", whose author's name I can't remember (if you knows him, please let us know). But I'm going to re-tell that story because, as the famous Greek Classic Euripides said "As the country of peaceful, goodwill people is the world without borders, culture, knowledge and history do not belong to individuals but are a public treasure of the humane community". Here is the story:

"The little boy and the ice cream"

A nine year old boy wearing ragged clothes enters an elegant N.Y. restaurant and sits at a table. Plenty of well dressed people are waiting to be seated at that restaurant. A waitress comes to the little boy's table bringing a menu. She seems uncomfortable and stressed with that boy. Putting aside the menu, the boy asks her:

"How much is it for a small chocolate ice cream with peanuts?" "One dollar and twenty five cents!" she replies unpleasantly. The boy gets some coins from his pocket and carefully counts a bunch of dimes, nickels and pennies. Then he asks again:

"How much without peanuts ?" The waitress, who is growing impatient and looks upset, then replies with a grave voice: "Seventy five cents". Finally, the boy asks for the ice cream without peanuts.

As soon as he finishes enjoying his ice-cream, the boy goes to the counter, pays his check and leaves. When the waitress comes to clear the table where the boy was seated, she finds something that is like a punch to the liver, breaks down her heart and put some tears in her eyes: fifty cents, her tip!

Make your own judgment... maybe things are rarely what they seem.

Jorge Escolan-Suay

Would you? .. Could you? Help it happen!

CARNEGIE KITCHEN BOOK

There will be a meeting on Wednesday, March 12, at 2:00 in the 2nd floor lounge for anyone interested in volunteering to work on creating this. Ideas so far include a history of the kitchen and food program, what we mean to our community, stories, anecdotes, people and - of course - favourite recipes!

This is an Anniversary initiative, with the (wild) dream of having it ready by Christmas 2003. Please come and bring your best!



UPbeat DOWNcast split

Keep on cryin' keep on tryin' don't give up the battle
It'll wage on don't be put upon don't let 'em see you
rattled

Devise a scheme, have a distant dream in sight
not out of your sphere

What next to do you make the rules to trigger all that
you wish

It's foretold from days of old that stars see yur hazards
The Ups the Downs the Turnarounds are all that really
matters

The Third Degrees are as you please - content to roll
asunder

The menopause the long lost cause all to keep rolling
thunder

A wicked turn to crash and burn to cover all the angles
The angel of death taps at your door, so old its mind's
entangled

So be the sunshine in your world, stay high on air and
fables

You can only win with this recipe:

Keep Stirred and turn the tables.

Robyn Livingstone



9

THE ABYSS WITHIN

The artist featured on the back cover is Bruce Ray. At 21 he was diagnosed as schizophrenic and has been on medication since then to treat it. He will be having his first solo show of lino cuts at the Gallery Gachet, for the month of March. He calls himself a surrealist painter, often using imagery that comes from his dreams. These black and white prints depict his experience of mental illness. "Everything I do has a story to it." Kirsten May, who is helping him promote and hang his show, says his "linocuts are more expressionist, you can feel the distress and the hurt."

Bruce has lived in group homes or institutions for the major part of his life, and has been a resident of Victory House on Cordova St. for almost 2 years. He says the group home where he lived prior to moving here was in "suburbia" and they "twisted my arm to go to Victory House" where he would have more intensive 24 hour staff supervision. "I'd like to be independent, but I've got to take steps."

Bruce is a member of the artist-run Gallery Gachet, which is 3 blocks away from where he lives at 88 E. Cordova St. That the gallery is part of an interesting, creative neighbourhood, with thousands of stories to tell, is more important to him than "someone with a big fat wallet wanting to come and buy the work. Obviously I'd love to make money but..."

The Abyss Within deals with conditioning, how we're punished as kids and brainwashed into seeing things as Good or Evil, Bruce says. "When you get older you get punished in your job or whatever. Religion's responsible for a lot of mental illness for a lot of people. People feel that they're damned. They suffer from self-condemnation." He's witnessed people who become suddenly religious and it becomes a part of their hallucination.

As well as his prints, Bruce will be exhibiting and reading some of his poetry. He describes it as "meaningful and symbolic" like two of his favourite writers, Baudelaire and Anaïs Nin. He wants to get involved with a writers' group, and has heard there's one at First United Church.

He welcomes feedback of all kinds and hopes to see you at the opening of his art show Friday March 7th at 7:00 p.m. The poetry reading is at 7:30 with an open mike and refreshments to follow.

- Diane Wood



Anti-Unionism: The Last Legal Hate Fix

We live in a society where everyone from a single mother doing a tightrope act on the poverty line to Conrad Black say that they are part of the middle class. The single mother is just indulging in a little of the opiate of the masses she got hooked on in school. Conrad is selling crack. But the Big H when you need to feel better about yourself is still definitely Hate.

Thankfully we have managed to get our ruling class to legislate, at least nominally, against the evils of racism, sexism, ageism, and discrimination because of disability or sexual orientation. These haven't disappeared, but like drunk driving, they are no longer anyone will admit to in polite company.

However there is one hate that still dares speak its name: class hate, and because we are a classless society, this is manifested as union hate. Hating unions, and by extension, hating union members is not only acceptable in good company, it is encouraged. Racist jokes are generally now met with stony silence or a polite rebuke. But bring up those unions and everybody has a story to tell.

I spent today on the picket line with the cleaning staff of the Toronto Dominion Centre. These workers, primarily immigrant women, are some of the poorest paid unionized employees in Canada, most grossing substantially less than \$500/week. They

were picketing in front of the Parking garage where the Masters of the Universe park cars that sell for five to ten times one of the full time strikers yearly gross. This picket was a unique viewpoint from which to view numerous incidents of union hate. The rules on this line were simple: we would block entrance while the picket captain said a few words to the driver and gave them strike literature. If they took the pamphlet we let them through.

Anybody who came by with a pamphlet on their dashboard went straight through. If they did not open their window or refused a pamphlet we held them up for one minute, then let them pass.

I was hit twice by cars. Once by a BMW and once by a Jaguar. Numerous times engines were revved ominously, like the cocking of a gun, so we would get the lethal message. Several cars drove through the line pushing picketers clear. After hitting me with his shiny new BMW, the driver laughed and called me: "Asshole". The driver of a Jaguar, when allowed to pass after serving his minute, rolled down his window to say: "What would you do if you couldn't clean toilets, go on Welfare?" After pinning me against a wall and then screaming off, the driver of a new Volvo gave me the finger. Although I didn't actually compile statistics, everyone on the picket line knew, in a way that you can only know when self preservation is at stake, that there was a correlation between the price of the car and the level

of hate displayed toward the strikers. These incidents were particularly chilling when you consider that a car is probably the only legal way to kill someone in Canada. With a good lawyer you can get off with nothing but an increase in your insurance rates.

Earlier in the day officers from the Industrial Disputes section of the Metropolitan Toronto Police had stopped by the picket line to explain the rules. A constable had kindly left his telephone number in case we had any problems. When I called after the BMW incident I got an answering machine.

Upset, I did the only thing I could do. I went for lunch. But for some reason my food court chicken teriyaki tasted like cardboard. It looked good. It smelled good. But it turned to sawdust in my mouth. Something like this had happened to me before and I recognized it in myself as a symptom of depression. I suddenly realized that my mood had suffered a serious negative alteration that morning. I felt depressed. But I couldn't fathom why.

I ditched my half eaten lunch and went outside for air. I was going to take a walk before returning to the picket line, but instead, I stopped and observed it from across the street.

The hostility and hate of the drivers crossing the picket line were palpable. In the heat of confrontation and the challenge of survival I hadn't really noticed that the drivers of most of the vehicles were seething with hate for unionized immigrant working women who didn't know enough to know they don't have the right to hold up a Master Of The Universe from his Manifest Destiny for Even One Fucking Minute, Bitch.

Last year, in a course about racism, we the participants did presentations about how racism had manifested itself against our communities. I did a presentation on the issues that early Portuguese immigrants had faced. But as an english speaking, university educated white boy, I had no personal experience of racial hate. But this afternoon, for one minute, just one lousy minute, I knew what it was to be hated.

And it wasn't because of the colour of my skin, or my sex, or my sexual orientation, or any disability. It was because my heart is on the left.

by Humberto da Silva

What a Difference a Day Makes!!

I attach the brief February 13 Provincial Throne Speech remarks from Mr Nettleton, now sitting as an Independent Liberal. (Some years ago, he was an LSS Staff Lawyer in the Fort St James)

P. Nettleton: What did the Speech from the Throne tell the people of British Columbia? In essence, it told them that the emperor has finally found his clothes, or someone has found them for him. His new wardrobe consists of compassion, consultation, partnership, openness, balance and reconciliation. Wow. Does this mean government has finally located its heart? Let's have a look. The throne speech talked about not leaving any regions of the province behind. It talked about not marginalizing any segment of society. The Speech from the Throne goes on about finding a balance between uncertainty and change for British Columbians. There's more. It states that the government will listen, learn and act accordingly, that in effect the earmuffs are finally gone.

What a transformation. Overnight this is a government that is now open to debate, dialogue and constructive criticism. Overnight this is a government that cares about those parts of B.C. geographically north of Hope. Overnight this is a government that feels for the disadvantaged of the province. This must be so, as it's all there in the throne speech.

Wow. I stand in awe before such new-found magnanimity, at this sudden moment of epiphany. According to this change of heart, my timing was sure off when I protested the breakup of B.C. Hydro. With hindsight, I should have waited until the throne speech. Had I waited, I'm certain that I would have been embraced and encouraged in my dissenting view as part of this government's new era of reconciliation policy announced in the throne speech. What a difference a day makes – or a night in Maui. Seriously, Mr. Premier, the handwriting is on the palm tree. Aloha. Goodbye.

paul.nettleton.mla@leg.bc.ca

THE NEGATIVE WAVES AFTER 2010

Garry Gust

If the IOC were unwise enough to give Vancouver the 2010 Winter Olympics there would be a temporary swell of employment during these games as hotels and restaurants scurry to hire minimum wage workers for a few weeks.

Well-moneyed people would come to check out Vancouver and most likely love it.

Then the games will end and the workers will be laid off and the tourists will go home.

Within a few months to several years the first negative wave of the Games will arrive, and once again Vancouverites will find themselves dwelling in a less livable city as the rich 2010 tourists start shipping their kids over here to be educated.

As it now stands, there are at any one time, over 80,000 foreign students in the lower Mainland attending ESL and other institutions of education. And that by itself is perhaps harmless enough, but the negative impact is that all these students have to reside somewhere, and it appears that most choose apartments in the downtown area, just as people who work in Vancouver do.

After Vancouver was “discovered” after Expo 86, and the great influx of foreign students began to increase, the downtown apartment owners decided that it would be a good idea to take advantage of the fact the many of these students stayed for several months then went home. So, they insisted that *everyone* should sign a 1-year lease.

When a 1-year lease is signed and the lessee leaves before the year is up, the lessee must pay a penalty, which the foreign students could *afford* to pay.

Thus, the foreign students became a favorite extra money maker for the apartment owners, much to the chagrin of thousands of unknowing British Columbians who came to Vancouver to work, and found it next to impossible to find available apartments in the downtown area that didn't have a year's lease.

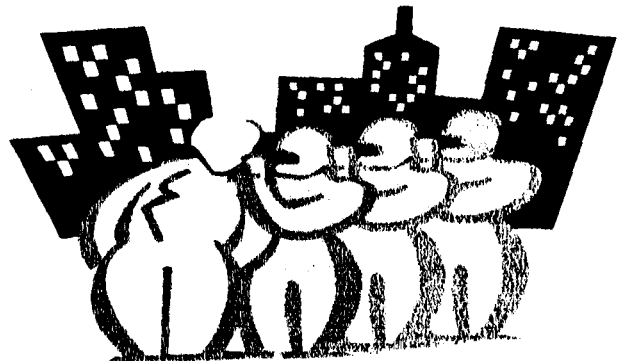
With a low vacancy rate, because of foreign students, the rents grew to unreasonable rates, especially for those young adults just starting out as workers in Vancouver. They found themselves competing with temporary foreign students for living space and were regulated to the status of second-class citizen in their own province.

On February 22, 48,651 Vancouverites voted against supporting the 2010 Olympic bid. In effect, they were choosing between having a World Class city and a Livable city, and they chose a livable city where they could live as good citizens in a reasonable economic environment where they were more important than the greed of a small, powerful minority (who spent \$700,000 to promote a Yes vote, while a mere \$5,000 was spent to promote the No vote)

The Yes side was spearheaded by none other than David Podmore who only a few years ago was trying to convince Vancouverites to build a gambling casino on a Vancouver waterfront that would be controlled by heavy duty Las Vegas corporate thugs.

The people of Vancouver saw through Podmore's mirage, and said “No!” Well, nothing has changed, it's still the same deal, and British Columbians should take off their blinders and see that Vancouver is not some whore to be bought buy the highest bidder.

When under attack, the best tactic is to scream as loud as possible to drive off the attacker. So, let's scream people. Let's scream for a livable city that welcomes the world but puts its own citizens first.



Below is a letter written in response to a call from the school parent committees concerned about potential cuts to inner city and community school funding. It was not about the Olympics per se, but Jeff and I thought it was ludicrous to be asking not to cut hot lunches for inner city school children and to stop other cuts while we were being asked to vote for all kinds of \$\$\$ going to the Olympics.

We sent it in response to those potential cuts. But, interestingly enough, the provincial government announced in the budget the week before the Olympic plebiscite in Vancouver that they would *not* cut the inner city school funding or the community school funding. In retrospect, I believe it would have fueled the fire over the Olympics versus education funding if they had cut school funding at that time. Up until then, it was widely rumoured that this funding for inner city schools would be the next cut.

Joanne

Dear Government members,

We are writing to express our extreme dismay at the thought of more cuts to inner city schools and community schools, both of which our children attend. School-based services that inner city and community schools provide were assured until March 2003 and then the funding is up in the air, including hot lunch funding, literacy based programs, staff assistant and youth and family worker funding, as well as funds for many important and invaluable programs in these schools. This cannot happen.

The increase in class size alone has already had a severe impact in my children's classrooms and the thought of more cuts is unpalatable. Now we are being asked to support all kinds of money to go into funding for the Olympic Bid in 2010?? Surely this is a joke when parents like ourselves have to write the government to ask not to cut school funding!

This funding for inner city and community schools makes an enormous difference in the daily lives of school children in this province. Olympic funding cannot be considered until the basic needs of children's education are met. As a Vancouver voter, I do not intend to watch the school system

be cut while support is expected for an Olympic bid.

Do the right thing by the school children of this province and increase funding for inner city and community schools, which make a daily impact and difference for thousands of children's lives and education..

Sincerely,

J. Hochu and J. Sommers

Neighbourhood News

*Much of what appears in this issue has to do with the mindset of those allegedly making decisions. It's kind of sad having to respond as though Gordon Campbell is responsible while he does what he's told and just acts as the public mouthpiece. He's not a complete idiot, but, like the President of the United States, can really only pretend to be in charge.

Anyway, he's the current focus – the face to hate maybe – but getting rid of him as an individual wouldn't miraculously transform the current government into a wise and caring bunch of miscreants. Maybe Union Gospel Mission should send its gang of prayer-bound chocolate chuckers over to Victoria to save the MLAs from letting their moral courage swirl in the toilet any longer...

*The **Neighbourhood Safety Office** gave us an ad before the New Year to remind people of the new location at 47 W.Cordova. It got forgotten. Sorry#2
***ALL IS NOT DOOM & GLOOM!** Anniversary stuff, planning, organizing, creating, fundraising is all ongoing. The Community Play is the most ambitious project that has the potential of hundreds of people being responsible for thousands of things over the next 8-9 months. Savannah, a 25-year resident, is taking the lead in this and over the next few issues there will be stuff on her and other artists involved, as well as bits on what's coming in (for the play).

*Kevin Nugent from the Vancouver Community Net came to the Centre and is helping start a Carnegie Web Page – and this time it will have actual contents after getting to the homepage.. as in the Newsletter on line. It's still too early to give the address – well, it's www.Carnegie.vcn.bc.ca – 'cause there isn't anything there yet, but it has 'enormous potential'(!)

Win / Win

I propose a new provincial holiday
Murder Day, amnesty for all but a few
oh there would still be trials and judges and juries
The System must go on
except after playing the game They say
ah forget it – they proly deserved it
Once in a while they'd surprise us and lock someone
away just to add an element of random misfortune
..... to keep it interesting

Unfortunately once in a while someone has to do time
BUT think of the opportunities::
-clean up the streets
-a few less assholes wasting space
-get rid of those who make life intolerable for the
rest of us peaceful people
Great for the economy, lotsa work, with inheritance
money floating around..
Lawyers would be even bigger thieves
Construction of shiny new prisons for the few who
do get the old life sentence...
Then there's new civil servants – putting those
welfare bums to work building new jails they'll need
after more cuts to welfare...
eventually it can be eliminated altogether!

Think about one day, sorta like Mardi Gras
Murder Day – blow 'em all away
Right now it doesn't seem too far-fetched to me.

What do you think? Fits in with the Liberal agenda!!

AI

An Immodest Proposal

Drunk driving has been proposed as an Olympic event. Premier Gordon Campbell can personally endorse the suggestion & introduce the new game if BC is chosen to host the Games in 2010.

A spokesperson for the premier has said, "This is seen by Mr. Campbell as an opportunity to turn a negative into a positive. Mr. Campbell is very familiar with the sport, having both played and promoted it internationally on his own behalf."

There are those who oppose the initiative but, as a promoter of the sport says, "there are always going to be negative nellies out there. Gordon Campbell is our hero and this sport can emerge from the back streets of our country to international prominence – as big or bigger than hockey!"

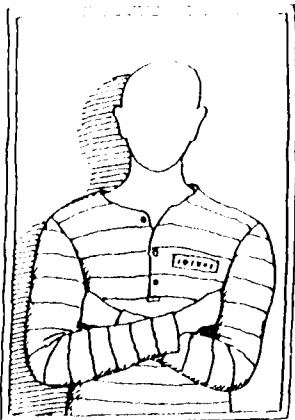
The sport of drunk driving has been around as long as we've been driving and, indeed, as long as we've been drinking.

It is a ruthless sport. Rules may vary from locality to locality, country to country. As one official stated, "players of this game play for keeps."

This is an opportunity to legitimize this sport for profit, giving it a place among the rest of sanctioned diversions for our sports-loving public around the world. Ralph Klein is on board with this initiative as a fan of irresponsible drinking himself.

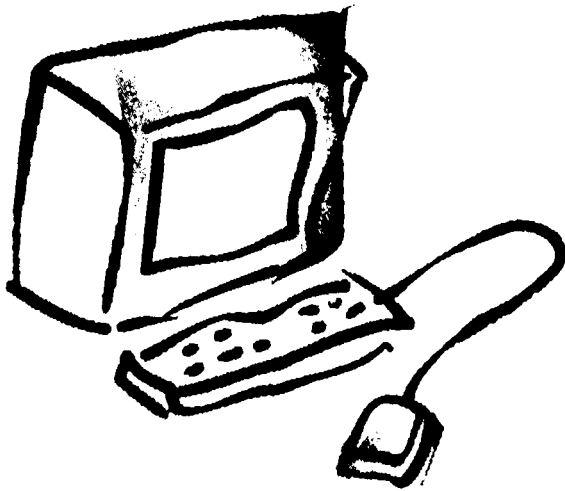
Signed,

The sub-committee of the Frazer Institute



concentrated
remote
independent
the key to getting things done
interested
prepared to entertain
speaking freely
hopes
regrets
influential

working so well
a far reach
concerned
what is not known
pressure to deliver
a problem
something to get right
given the risk
a price to pay
phenomenal



Computer Haiku

In Japan, they have replaced the impersonal and unhelpful Microsoft error messages with Haiku poetry messages. Haiku poetry has strict construction rules: Each poem has only 17 syllables - 5 syllables in the first line, 7 in the second, 5 in the third. They are used to communicate a timeless message, often achieving a wistful, yearning and powerful insight through extreme brevity. Here are some actual error messages from Japan. Aren't these better than "your computer has performed an illegal operation?"

**The Web site you seek
Cannot be located, but
Countless more exist.**

**Chaos reigns within.
Reflect, repent, and reboot.
Order shall return.**

**Program aborting
Close all that you have worked on.
You ask far too much.**

**Windows NT crashed.
I am the Blue Screen of Death.
No one hears your screams.**

**Yesterday it worked.
Today it is not working.
Windows is like that.**

**Your file was so big.
It might be very useful.
But now it is gone.**

**Stay the patient course.
Of little worth is your ire.
The network is down.**

**A crash reduces
Your expensive computer
To a simple stone.**

**Three things are certain
Death, taxes and lost data.
Guess which has occurred.**

**You step in the stream,
But the water has moved on.
This page is not here.**

**Out of memory.
We wish to hold the whole sky,
But we never will.**

**Having been erased,
The document you're seeking
Must now be retyped.**

**Serious error.
All shortcuts have disappeared.
Screen. Mind. Both are blank.**

**I ate your Web page.
Forgive me; it was tasty
And tart on my tongue**



Over the next little while, I will be doing my best to address each rumour out there, one article at a time. I am going to do my best to give you the straight information about DERA in an attempt to kill those rumours and to correct the misperceptions that are out there.

It seems that the most popular rumour out there is "DERA is finished and closing down." The truth is that DERA is suffering just as much from the Liberal cuts as anyone else is. One example is DERA's Job Skills Development Programs. For just over 10 years, DERA received funding so as to be able to give Downtown Eastside residents real marketable job skills in Building Services, Office Skills and Community Advocacy. Initially funded by the Federal government, for the last five years or so, the funding has been received from the Province. This year, the Liberals chose not to renew that funding. That has cost DERA a staff person.

Now, any organization seeks and receives funding from a number of sources. Each of those grants includes basic overhead like rent, utilities and so on. They include administrative costs. It was that part of the funding that allowed DERA to employ a person full time at the front desk. Well, 5% cut here, 10% reduction there, 7% another area and next thing you know, another person is out of work.

Remember I mentioned rent being a part of the overhead? Well, when a grant is lost, that grant can't pay its share of the rent. That small share has to be made up by the existing grants. Then along comes the landlord and says that the rent will increase to approximately double over the coming year. Too bad a commercial tenancy isn't covered by the RTA, but that's the way the real world works. In any event in light of reduced funding and increased costs, moving to 12 E Hastings makes perfect sense. Lower rent means more money to keep the doors open.

The Disability Reviews, eligibility restrictions, stricter legislation means that there is an even greater need for advocacy in this community and it means that the work has to be done with fewer resources. In the end, there's still a tremendous amount of work to do and we need your help more than ever. But DERA is not finished, it's just leaner and meaner.

Rumours, Myths and Misconceptions

"DERA Is Finished"

One of the most damaging things that can be done to someone is to spread nasty rumours about them. It ruins their reputation. Having a bad reputation means that others won't trust you or have anything to do with you. This also works when done to a corporation or a business.. Or a non-profit organization, like DERA.

Over time, many things have been said about DERA - what DERA does and how DERA does it. Many of those things are simply incorrect or misunderstood. Some are the results of bad publicity and biased media reporting. Some of the things said about DERA are simply malicious.

Henry Dutka
Community Legal Advocate, DERA

**DOWNTOWN
EASTSIDE
YOUTH
ACTIVITIES
SOCIETY**

NEEDLE EXCHANGE – 221 Main: 8:30am - 8pm every day
NEEDLE EXCHANGE VAN – 3 Routes:
City – 5:45pm – 11:45pm
Overnight – 12:30am – 8:30am
Downtown Eastside – 5:30pm – 1:30am



2003 DONATIONS Libby D.-\$60
 Barry for Sam R.-\$50 Eve E.-\$18
 Nancy H.\$30 Margaret D.-\$25
 Hulda R.-\$5 Val A.\$18 Wm B-\$20
 Mary C.-\$50 Paula R-\$15 Rolf A.-\$55
 Bruce J.-\$50 BCTE-\$10 Wes K.-\$15
 Charley B-\$5 RayCam-\$25 Gram -\$100
 Paddy -\$50 Sarah E.-\$10 Charles F.-\$5
 Rosemary Z.-\$20 Joanna N.-\$20
 Jenny K.-\$18 Nancy C.-\$25
 Glen B.-\$75 Penny G.-\$20 Liz S.\$5
 Celeste W.\$30 Sandy C.\$20
 Ellen W.-\$150 Jim G.-\$150
 Anonymous -\$2

EVERYBODY at the
Carnegie
 NEWSLETTER

wants **EVERYONE** to join us in wishing
Jean Swanson a happy 60th birthday (Mar 2)+
Margaret Prevost happy Xth birthday (Mar.4)

****And congratulations to Andy Huclack on
 being elected President of the Seniors!*****

In the Library
Where did my ass go? by Molly Starlight

[The newest list of stuff acquired for Carnegie's Reading Room was here in time for the last issue but got buried under a pile of paper and didn't see light until after that edition had gone to press. *Sorry.*]



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 12 E. Hastings Street or phone us at 682 - 0931
 DERA has been serving the Downtown Eastside for 29 years!!!

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

Editor: Paul R. Taylor; Cover art & layout: Diane Wood

**Submission Deadline
 for next issue:**
 Tuesday, March 11

GOD

was born 14 billion years ago in the plasma of the Big Bang but it took evolution's expansion to give Him utterance from the mouth of Human; tribes, sedentary and nomadic, sought solace from Nature's stormy beauty in ritual deference to death and a Lord who'll, raining questions, drop from sky; and God assumed form and manner – immortal deity on Whom to pray for strength, courage, wisdom and God-like power to understand and control life's mysteries. How to manage our stay.



Some real bad poetry

Poets are only that way
because they don't have friends
to wax poetic to; they've bored
all his 'used to be' friends
Because of his endless ramblings
-usually subjective, self-centred,
focusing on no more than
his narrow-minded crap

Weirder yet is that people sit
sipping coffee, reflecting
'oh how deep' 'how meaningful'

Me, I'd just like 'em to get to the point
If you've got some observation, make it.
We're all lonely – that's been established
We're all hurt, also well known

So when's the last time you laughed
yer ass off at some remark?
Most times the only thing funny
is that they publish garbage like this.

Al

What's God done for you?

Lead your inquiry to *art* via her fearful sibling *religion*
– for the stout-hearted, research religion's victims –
addicted trade drugs for religion
broken seek salvation in a fellowship of misery
but ne'er the cup is filled:
A celibate culture in which "Christ" was born
like Athena from virgin birth
-it denies our evolutionary heritage
Imagine a church of art or sex
with bulls not devils, snakes not serpents
God was born in the human brain and shall die there:
Will you die with Him?

A Kostyniuk



Five surgeons are discussing who makes the best patients to operate on.

The first surgeon says, "I like to see accountants on my operating table, because when you open them up, everything inside is numbered."

The second responds, "Yeah, but you should try electricians! Everything inside them is color coded."

The third surgeon says, "No, I really think librarians are the best; everything inside them is in alphabetical order."

The fourth surgeon chimes in: "You know, I like construction workers...those guys always understand when you have a few parts left over at the end, and when the job takes longer than you said it would."

But the fifth surgeon shut them all up when he observed:

"You're all wrong. Liberals are the easiest to operate on. There's no guts, no heart, no balls, no brains, no spine and the head and the ass are interchangeable.."

-Sarge

"The Christian Churches in Nazi Germany were filled every Sunday, even during the worst persecutions. It was always business as usual for the church."

—Wolf-Dieter Zimmerman, *German Resistance Leader and Pastor of the anti-Nazi "Confessing Church,"* 1982.

For a religion with so much blood on its hands, European Christianity is unashamedly bold. Even now, after the Anglican, United, and Catholic churches in Canada have been proven to have killed more than 50,000 kids in their "residential schools," they continue to speak of themselves and that poor carpenter in the same breath, as if sterilized and murdered native children were part of Jesus's plan.

One doesn't realize the enormity of this historical deception until confronted by one of the practitioners of religious genocide, face to face. It happened to me in June of 1998, during a UN Tribunal held into Indian "residential schools" in Vancouver.

Perhaps he was trying to get rid of some of his own demons, like war criminals are prone to do. Or maybe he wanted to do the right thing, finally. But the old man who spoke to me over coffee in an East-side diner had the haunted look of someone who has spilled innocent blood.

"We used to flog them until they died," he began to mutter, in hushed, sad tones.

"Who?" I asked.

"The runaways. Five-, six year-old kids, even. They were brought back by the Mounties, in chains. Leg irons and manacles. Then we'd put them in the stocks."

"You mean, wooden stocks, like out of the Middle Ages?"

"Yes," the old man replied, not looking at me.

"They were set up right in the middle of the school yard. The runaways would be put in there and left for a few days, rain or shine. They wouldn't be fed or anything. Then we'd flog them with a whip until it was over."

"Over?" I asked. "You mean, the child was deliberately killed?"

The man nodded, avoiding my stare.

"Was that a regular practice?"

"Of course. It happened all the time. The kids were given one warning, and if they ran away a second time, they'd get the flogging."

"And the government knew about this murder?"

"Everybody knew. How else could we have gotten

away with it for decades? The Indian Agent, the Mounties, local doctors and coroners, and of course the church officials—they were all in on it."

"And what did you do with all the bodies?"

The old man looked at me for the first time.

"Every residential school had a furnace. Ours was kept going all the time. Just like the one in Port Alberni."

"And like the one at Auschwitz," I said to him.

He nodded.

"The only difference is that this is Canada, and the victims were Indians," he continued. "That made it perfectly legal. And that's why I never have to worry about going to jail, either, which is why I'm telling you all this."

"Come again?" I replied, feeling my blood boil.

"Look, son, you seem to think the winners have to answer for their crimes. We're the Anglican Church of Canada, for god's sake. Who's ever going to think we murdered children?"

"Me," I answered. He smiled for the first time.

"And who's going to believe you?" the criminal said, still smiling.

"I have your testimony. And documents which prove that manacles were used on children at the St. George's Anglican school in Lytton, BC, in 1952."

"And a lot later than that," he added. "The kids were dying like flies there until it closed in the '70s. But who cared then? And who really cares now?"

I stared out the window, not knowing whether to slug the bastard or turn off the tape recorder I had going in my pocket.

Instead, I asked him, "Are you still active in the Anglican church?"

"Of course. I'm a deacon."

"And you go before God every Sunday knowing that you and your church have all that innocent blood on your hands?"

The criminal stared at me for a long time, and finally said, "We believe that God forgives us."

His answer actually seemed to satisfy him.

That night I didn't think too much about a shivering and terrified child, awaiting death at the end of a whip. It was too difficult, even for me.

What I kept realizing, over and over, was that my Uncle Bob had died for nothing during World War II. Along with fifty million others.

By Rev Kevin D Annett
kevinannett@yahoo.ca



Women's Memorial March

2-14-03

Sage smoke balm
Today we hold our dignity and walk
For women
in our own thwarted city
Passed by eyes every where
Not to see
Today our minds ache for answers
Today we are humble
Under a sky so low

michael bowring

BR