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Carnegie



NEWSLETTER

JUNE 15, 2003

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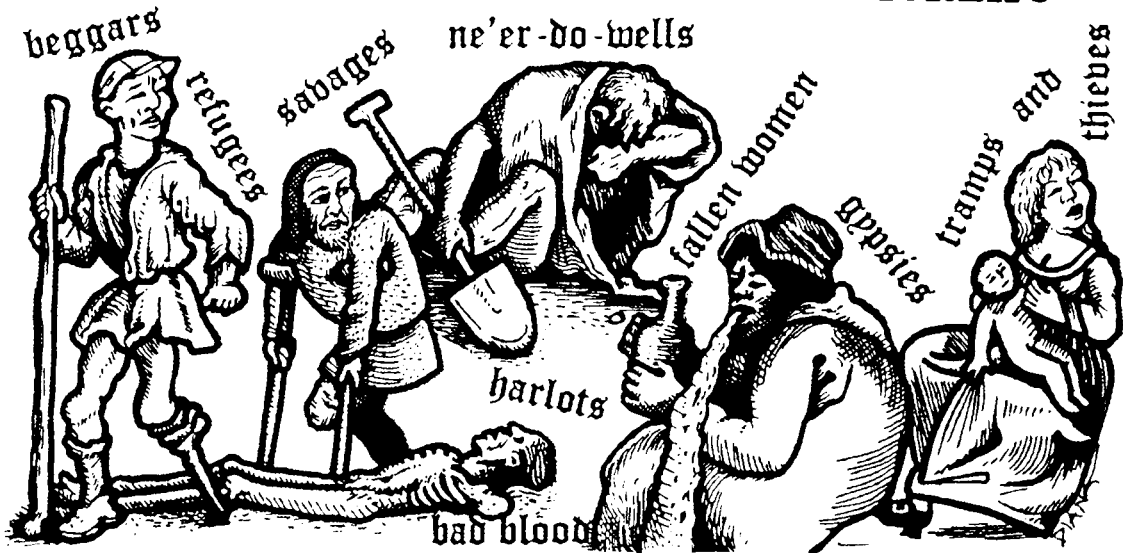
'LAZY'

THE POLITICS OF POVERTY

JULY 5TH, 3 PM

FREE PUBLIC WORKSHOP

WITH JEAN SWANSON AND LINDA MOREAU



A MULTI-MEDIA SHOW
EXPLORING THE LONG-TERM EFFECTS OF NAME CALLING



The Carnegie Community Centre & Vancouver Moving Theatre
present

A SNEAK PEAK

of

THE DTES AND DISTRICT COMMUNITY PLAY

A reading of selected scenes from the Play

Check Carnegie Community Centre Theatre
for DATE and TIME!?!?!, Free Admission
Refreshments

Come out! Find Out! Help Out!

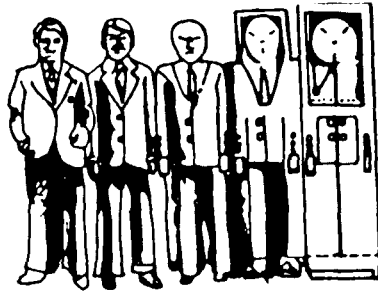
Meet Assistant Director Adrienne Wong, Artistic Director Savannah Walling, members of the playwriting team, the Play Organizing Committee and other special guests.

Vancouver Foundation, The Hamber Foundation, Vancouver Parks Board, City of Vancouver Social Planning, City of Vancouver Office of Cultural Affairs, Human Resources Development Canada, The Carnegie Centre, Vancouver Moving Theatre

For more information please contact Terry Hunter at 604-254-6911 or vmt@vcn.net



An apology: In the June 1st issue an article entitled "3 Little Pigs - The True Story" appeared with the name Colleen G. at the end. It was submitted by her with no reference to the actual author. A reader called to say that the story was written by Jon Scieszka and is in a 1989 book of children's stories.



entitled untitled

I am recently given occasion, particularly since I ingested an exotic and powerful hallucinogenic herb, to seriously question the sanity of my ego. Quite frankly it seems in its seeming entirety to be a decidedly nebulous and cartoony abstraction of reality at best, and at worst a sticky bog of hopeless misanthropy and nihilism. Indeed, it has never worked effectively for me.

So I've been reflecting on the idea of being around the world around me inasmuch as my perceptions play out entirely in my nervous system, inside my being as it so happens, this all including the entire extent of all the universe I can perceive at any given instant. This perspective is helpful in filling the self with something other than ego and settles the wild thrashings of its phasing-out, ultimately revealing to one a self-identity consisting of everybody (and everything) around (in) oneself.

There is incredible comfort in experiencing the public as a healthy, beautiful part of who I am inside, and I am encouraged to wonder if perhaps there is yet hope for the masses here in our dark night of commodified consumers and social justice rollback. We're all so wrapped up in our desperate plan to make the grade that we are ineffectual at standing in solidarity for critical times. "Motorhead madness" grips the heart making people fearful and defensive, and it sometimes seems the only place in the city where it's safe to ask a stranger for the time without triggering their constipation is the Downtown Eastside. "Consumerism annexes the energy and generosity of citizens for its own profit." (Cameron, '99)

The poor in B.C. are often exempt by exclusion ³ from popular consumer culture, but are just as commodified in more oppressive and coercive ways. Our prostitution, our brutal addictions, our hunger, our need, our wounds, are deliberate designs in the market structure. The Liberal government is slashing prices on human worth by creating desperation and vulnerability for as many people as they can get away with. But desperate people do desperate things, and there's supposedly some point of gone too far where people stand together for a better society, when the breadline grumbings become a juggernaut. When hours of standing and waiting leads you to befriend the folks around you and you realize that you're in excellent company, and it feels good to be a united assembly of people. The root of this phenomenon is at the heart of what makes the Downtown Eastside a notoriously feisty (and fundamentally friendly) enclave.

The Downtown Eastside has entered a period of accelerated and profound change. The current "gunman's siege" is a harbinger of the kinds of winds heading our way, and we're going to have to pay attention as to how our people get swept around and hook in tighter with our friends. We've been struggling against gentrification so long and hard now because our dispersal would spell the end of what makes us great: our particular experience of community. We struggle on and on and on against class because we are justice, we are the people and we are one. Lets stick together.

By SHAWN M.



Contact
Jenny
Wai Ching
Kwan, MLA

Working for You

1070-1641 Commercial Dr., V5L 3Y3
Phone: 775-0790 Fax: 775-0881



NEW STUDY CONFIRMS GROSS INADEQUACY OF BC WELFARE RATES

The new "Market Basket Measures" published by the federal government confirm the gross inadequacy of welfare rates in British Columbia, SPARC (Social Planning and Research Council of BC) says "We've been saying for years that welfare incomes in BC are far below what people need for a minimum standard of living," said SPARC BC researcher Andrea Long. "This new research confirms all our own work."

The Market Basket Measures were prepared by the federal government at the specific request of provincial and territorial governments. The federal government does not regard them as poverty lines, but they aren't that different from any of the measures routinely used by people outside government as poverty lines.

"It's time for the BC government and governments everywhere else in Canada to stop trying to defend the status quo," Long said. "What they need to do is to start raising welfare rates immediately." Single people on welfare in BC now get a mere \$510 a month and are not allowed to earn any outside income without having their welfare cheques reduced dollar for dollar. The Market Basket Measure for greater Vancouver in 2000 was \$1,158 a month - almost the same as the SPARC BC estimate of minimum living costs in the Lower Mainland.

A single parent with children aged nine and 13 currently gets \$1,092 a month on welfare. The comparable MBM for 2000 was \$1,969 and the comparable SPARC BC guideline was \$2,163. "We're not talking about people who are just a little bit poor," Long said. "We're talking about people living many hundreds of dollars a month below any reasonable measure of poverty."

The research paper released by the federal government along with the Market Basket Measures shows that child poverty rates are higher in BC and most other provinces than under the measures normally used in the past.

The overall child poverty rate in BC was 24.1 per cent in 2000 using the MBM, compared to 12 per cent under Statistics Canada's low income cut-offs after income taxes and compared to 16.9 per cent using the pre-tax low income cut-offs.

"The federal research suggests that many families with children are facing high out-of-pocket expenses for child care," said SPARC BC research director Michael Goldberg. "The study also suggests that many families with modest incomes actually fall into poverty once they pay for child care."

The BC government has cut child care subsidies to parents to the point where only parents with very low wages qualify for the maximum available help.

Even the maximum subsidy does not cover the entire cost of care, and most parents are forced to pay hundreds of dollars a month out of their own pockets.

"The need for high-quality, affordable child care simply won't go away," Goldberg said. "It's time for BC and other provinces to accept reality and start building a proper child care system."

The federal research put the overall poverty rate in BC at 20 per cent in 2000, compared to 12.4 per cent using after-tax LICOs and 16.5 per cent using before-tax LICOs. At least some of the overall increase was due to higher MBM lines in small communities and rural areas of the province.

SPARC BC has contended for years that the poverty lines in all parts of the province are more or less the same. Housing costs are higher in urban centres, but transportation costs are higher in small towns and rural areas.

The new federal research reached the same conclusion. The MBM for rural areas for a family of four was \$28,376 - a bit higher than the comparable line of \$27,791 for greater Vancouver.

Welfare rates in BC seem to be set arbitrarily rather than in any systematic or logical way.

Goldberg said the new federal research and SPARC BC research dating back some 15 years show there is a much better way to set welfare rates, based on the actual needs of actual people.

"It's time for the BC government to change the way it sets welfare rates," he said. "Pulling figures out of the air and imposing them on poor people simply isn't acceptable public policy."

Michael Goldberg, 604-718-7738
Andrea Long, 604-718-7739

Doors Open: 7:30 pm
Play Begins: 8:00 pm

INJUNUITY THEATRE PRESENTS A ONE ACT PLAY
Written by Curtis Ahenakew and other Eastside PlayaZ

5

Six First Nations Youth, challenged daily with issues of identity, temptation and peer pressures of drugs and alcohol, come face-to-face with tragedy & are forced to look at the reality of life in Vancouver's



Directed by Curtis Ahenakew & Jerilynn Webster
Cast: Victor Henry, Chelsea Scow, Rob Parnell, Crystal Lucas,
Herb Varley, Kayleigh Jones, Clyde Fitzpatrick

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1607 East Hastings Street

*"It has been prophesized by native people that through the arts
they will shine brightly as we always did and always will!"*

For more information call Jerilynn (604) 562-3230 or the center at (604) 251-4844, Ext 301



Who Chi Chi Is

Chi Chi's heart soars above the drifting wispy clouds, sweeping away, softly beyond her sparkling mind, unending, eternal. She rolls and lofts her loveliness beyond boundaries, skyward, to peak. She willingly shares her flawless spirit and seamless soul to all who ask of her to do so without hesitation. Chi Chi loves all of the wide world that ever surrounds her shimmering astral aura as a cozy cocoon. She can easily and simply cheer your feelings upward instantly and release you from your agonies - and even those yet to come. Chi Chi will never resist her *fait accompli* but turn and turn in a state of suspended animation

She hears your pleas and tracks them down relentlessly yet Chi Chi slows and eases you, sniffing the scent of many flowers on her way every day hour after hour as the sun disappears... 'Never hurry' she seems to say, 'and do not bother to worry your cares away.' How to teach people is a gift, an art, a special talent and Chi Chi is so alive, she is so real. ...so undeniably good, uncategorically fair, ceaselessly dedicated as to be surreal. I just thought you'd like to know who Chi Chi is - she moves with the flow through the rivers of your soul with unconditional love.

Robyn L.



The Violence Of Empire, Cannibalism, 9-11

In 1763, Lord Jeffrey Amherst, the English Commander-in-Chief in America, ordered that smallpox infected blankets be given to Indians led by Chief Pontiac. The disease spread quickly, killing an estimated 100,000 aboriginal people. Amherst had written to his subordinate, Colonel Bourquet, "You will do well to (infect) the Indians by means of blankets as well as to try every other method that can serve to extirpate this race." (1)

In 1897, the British Governor of the colony of Kenya said, "These people (Africans) must learn submission by bullets - it's the only school. In Africa to have peace, you must first teach obedience, and the only tutor who impresses the lesson properly is the sword." (2)



European imperial policy throughout the world was driven by systematic violence to instill fear, silence and obedience. It was a policy of submission by terror, as were the illegal war in Afghanistan and the illegal war in Iraq by the American Empire.

What drove this imperial violence? In one word, GREED. The Inca people described the greed of the Spanish in this way: "They lifted up the gold as if they were monkeys, with expressions of joy, as if it put new life into them and lit up their hearts. Their bodies fatten on it, and they hunger violently for it. They crave gold like hungry swine." (3) Put the word "oil" in place of the word "gold", and you have the Bush Administration.

Empires want to devour the world. Slavery is economic cannibalism. The exorbitant interest rate that western banks charge on Third World loans is financial cannibalism. Marlowe, the story-teller in Joseph Conrad's anti-imperialist novel, The Heart Of Darkness, describes the European man, Kurtz, in these words: "I saw him (Kurtz) open his mouth wide, as though he wanted to swallow all the air, all the earth, all the men before him." (4) This description fits the Bush Administration with its plans for world domination. (5) Cannibalism and vampirism (sucking the blood out of a colony and its people) are characteristics of Empire. We see these characteristics in Gordon Campbell's neoliberal government in British Columbia, for it is sucking the life out of poor and working citizens so that those who have much can have even more.

Violence begets violence. If we understand the violence of 500 years of European/American racist imperial history, we will not be surprised, although we will be saddened, at the tragic events in New York City on September 11, 2001.

Bartholome de Las Casas warned us. He was the Bishop of Chiapas in the 16th century - the early days of the Spanish Empire. Las Casas defended the right of aboriginal people to their land, culture, resources and institutions. He was overwhelmed with grief at the violence of Empire, and at the end of his life he wrote in his will: "I believe that because of these impious, criminal and ignominious deeds perpetrated so unjustly, tyrannically, and barbarously (by the European invaders), God will vent upon Spain His wrath and His fury, for nearly all of Spain has shared in the bloody wealth usurped at



the cost of so much ruin and slaughter." (6)

A French lieutenant who was present at the massacre of the people of Laghouat, a town in Algeria, by French troops in the 1830's, also warned us. He wrote, "It is impossible to know how long the desire for revenge will live on. I could swear that when the day of reckoning eventually comes, it would give them (the Algerians) great pleasure to fill my belly with small stones or flay me alive to make a drum out of my skin." (7)

Poor America! Empire, which oppresses its own citizens as well as the human beings in its colonies, has led the United States away from the dream of democracy. The peoples of the world hope that someday the American people will take back their country from the military/industrial powers that have captured it. If the American people could do that, they would encourage us Canadians to take back our country from the corporate "junta" that runs it. (8) Both Canada and the United States are big business oligarchies, not democracies, and that situation is making the world unsafe for everyone.

By SANDY CAMERON

(1) A Little Matter Of Genocide - Holocaust and Denial in the Americas -1492 to the Present, by Ward Churchill, City Lights Books, 1997, page 154.

(2) Detained - A Writer's Prison Diary, by Ngugi wa Thiong'o, published by Heinemann, 1981, page 37.

(3) Open Veins of Latin America - Five Centuries of the Pillage of a Continent, by Eduardo Galeano, Monthly Review Press, 1973, page 29.

(4) Cannibalism And The Colonial World, edited by F. Basher, P. Hulme, and M. Iversen, Cambridge University Press, 1998, page 189.

(5) Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategy, Forces and Resources for a New Century, by the neo-conservative think tank "Project for the New American Century", September, 2000.

(6) The Conquest Of The Americas, by Tzvetan Todorov Harper & Row, 1984, page 245.

(7) Desert Divers, by Sven Lindqvist, Granta Books, 2000, page 59.

(8) The Canadian Establishment, vol. I, by Peter Newman, Seal Books, 1977, page 446.

Carnegie Community Centre Association Board

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Attention All Women

The office space of **Breaking the Silence**,
located at 501 E. Hastings St.
will be closed as of Friday June 13, 2003

Breaking The Silence is unable at this time to continue the activities at the current organizing space, 501 E. Hastings, due to the lack of structural integrity, vision, unity and partnerships during the six-month developmental time and not the lack of funding.

We want to be clear that **Breaking the Silence**, a coalition of women committed to the elimination of all forms of violence against women in the Downtown Eastside, is not lost. The future goal of **Breaking the Silence** is to provide women with the opportunity to meet and debrief and talk about lessons learned, regroup and then re-implement an anti-violence campaign in the Downtown Eastside.

Once again, we would like to reiterate that the closing of BTS is due to the lack of structural integrity, vision, unity and partnerships and not the lack of funding. With this in mind, we would like to thank Status of Women Canada for their generous support this past six months and the women on the Coordinating Committee, Steering Committee, and the community women who have come together the past six months and contributed their time, strengths, and wisdom to **Breaking The Silence**.

For more info: <http://www.dtes.ca>

Community Directions Steering Committee Elections

Saturday, July 5th – 10 am to noon
(location to be announced)

It's time to make your vote count! We encourage all community members to help elect the new Steering Committee for Community Directions. Watch for posters advertising the location. For more information, call Julia at 604-665-2127.

SHARE

Walking, walking, through the trees.
In the forest, the forest of the trees.
Alone in the crowd, searching for my soul.
In the darkness, in the light, searching for that seed.
Walking through the trees.
Wait what do you see through the trees?
That bright friendly light, a feeling so safe.
Do you see, do you feel the light?

I looked toward the sky, a break between the trees.
I saw a beautiful pyramid, I felt compelled to climb.
So I ran, and I climbed, and climbed to reach the very top.
And climbed and climbed to see what I could see.
Then I looked and looked as if it was a dream.
I saw the very history of all mankind between the stars and sky
The moon was shimmering brightly on my left;
The sun shone warm on me.
With nature's perfection of balance attuning oneself.
With respect to both darkness and light in positive grace.
Of conscious awareness of the actions of truth.
Yin Yang is a purpose, with freedom the key.

Judy L



unholy toledo

renamed today by graffiti
on gray walls and t-shirts
"zero city"
where the spirit of tecumseh
drifts above the poisoned maumee river
where police discover
satanic mutilations and blood-altars

unholy Toledo

a burned-out laid-off radiation-cancer-zone
my hometown
a place that has killed itself and lived through it

indescribably happy for a moment at least
 my grandmother's preserved photographic proof
 an ordinary advertisement for kodak camera
 displayed in the only local newspaper
 I was a chubby little white child with curly blonde hair
 running heedless and head-long and ecstatic
 towards the outstretched arms of my beautiful young mother
 my father kneeling nearby
 aiming a camera to record a successful domestic scene
 the message obvious
 'be like this family'

be like this city
 toledo ohio in 1950
 a paragon of prosperity
 in the wealthiest and most powerful nation
 in the history of the world

today near the end of the second millennium
 I see boarded-up and broken-into blocks of houses
 entire vacated smashed-up neighborhoods
 empty hotels and empty relocated factories
 new soup kitchens and emergency shelters
 long foodbank line-ups and welfare cutbacks
 a tent city for refugees within zero city

crack cocaine out of control
 solid citizens and politicians calling for martial law
 and euthanasia
 for increasing numbers of crack-addicted babies
 where posters on city busses proclaim collapse
 "If you use a .38 in a robbery
 it's a mandatory 5 years
 have you got school problems?
 - call this number
 have you got family problems?
 alcohol-drug-disease-suicide-pregnancy problems?
 call this number"

crimestoppers' reward posters
 'turn in your neighbor for money'
 and neighborhood watch signs
 over every terrorized street sign

where the long ago happy kodak family
 has long since been destroyed
 my father hanged himself in jail

my mother went crazy and tried to kill herself
 my aunt shot my grandmother in the heart
 and turned the gun on herself
 my grandfather died young
 of childhood-coal mine-black lung
 my other grandfather died a drunk and a bum

unholy toledo

where
 my friends
 koontz burned alive in a drunken gas heater fireball
 louanne was beaten and raped and dumped. in a cemetery
 condemning my family as an example of
 "the consequences of flaunting contempt
 for the moral laws on which
 our society ultimately rests"
 full-page sensational suicide and sex scandal
 the message obvious
 'don't be like this family'

unholy toledo

where my friend paulette picked up syphilis turning tricks
 and was thrown by her pimp from a 2nd-storey window
 breaking her back and paralyzing her
 her pimp a guy named eddie
 my basketball-playing buddy

toledo ohio

where the valedictorian of my high school class
 mixed a poison and left a note saying
 "I'm tired"
 where my friend beverly a lesbian
 heard voices telling her to stab a man
 and she did stick him 14 times
 and spent ten years in prison

zero city
 originally called "the black swamp"

where charlie shipman
 a short smart-ass joker with one dead arm
 who showed me the ropes in a local institution
 was eaten by rats
 beneath a black velvet billboard
 in the weeds on summit street
 beside the river

where archie an old friend of my mother's and father's
 was beaten to death in the tavern he owned
 on collingwood avenue
 by somebody who said he just wanted to take a piss
 where ray ray's mother in the south end
 sold blowjobs in their livingroom
 and ray ray's eyes at 7 years old
 looked as hard as sonny liston's at the end
 where doctor fisch a psychiatrist
 at the toledo mental health center
 the nuthouse
 told me I was 'emotionally disturbed'
 of course I am

then said to me "the world is going to end in cannibalism"
the black swamp

where a judge before sentencing me
told me I was of "no use to society"

I took it as a compliment
where doctor bitar
a sociologist at toledo university
declared to me that

"what america is becoming will make hitler's germany
look like a sunday school picnic"

unholy toledo

where I was locked-up with eric
a vietnam vet who had explosions going off in his head
and was afraid he was going to hurt someone
and locked-up with gary
who went through vietnam without a scratch
but back home in toledo

was shot in the stomach by his girlfriend
where my long-time friend joyce
hallucinates thieves breaking into her locked-up life

toledo ohio

where I was kicked out of rowe nursery school
for not getting along with the rest of the kids
then I dropped out of kindergarten
and when the teacher called to invite me back
and said the kids were having so much fun
I said that's because I wasn't there

I was as desperate as a human being can be
by the time I was 5 years old
I'd already twice tried to kill myself
in zero city

where when I was 4 helplessly watching my mother raped
by a man she brought home from a bar

where my mother ran wild
ran manic

ran with a black motorcycle gang
ran to crack houses with stressed-out vietnam vets
ran for president of the united states
upon her release from a psychiatric ward

unholy toledo

where when I was 4 and 5
my mother used me sexually
and I felt like I was being burned alive

zero city

where I made a vow when I was 15
never to become vulnerable to another human being
then took 200 aspirins
and was charged with a crime
for 'attempting to harm' myself

where my friend joe plasecki
who lifted my spirit despite myself
became a superintendent of schools
in southern michigan
and was shot to death by a teacher
who resented him

where crysta
a beautiful woman I've known for years
tried to sell me her baby in a bar for a drink
and was arrested for it

where my friend bill
janitor of the downtown ymca
was stabbed to death
mopping the hallway
his killer found naked and on his knees
praying in the lobby

the black swamp

where the only person I've ever trusted enough
to collapse in tears in his arms
a tough guy from the north end
an organized crime guy

my stepfather louie
who never harmed me
was convicted of raping a 9 year old girl
and is doing 6 to 25 years
in the penitentiary

unholy toledo

where twenty years ago
I walked into southwyck shopping mall
and read a sign above a video arcade saying
"create your own reality"

I knew what it meant
an invitation to death

maureen slashed her wrists
amy drove her car with her daughter in it
to the middle of railroad tracks
and waited for the train
where morningstar staggered out of a bar
and fell beneath the wheels of a truck
where my closest childhood friend robin ehret
murdered himself
where lance smith blew his head apart
with his father's shotgun in the family bathroom
where preston blount froze to death in an alley

where ray logan froze to death on the sidewalk
in front of the salvation army
where sammiee owen froze to death in an abandoned storefront
and his son steals for food and spends his youth in jail
where I lived in a halfway house for drunken bums

and sold my cock for money
my life an endless death
not worth a penny

with retarded billy rogers
who sodomized and strangled a little girl
where a mugger pulped my friend donald bond's brain with a 2-hy-4
and where helen who lived downstairs on western avenue
smeared her face with a dead dog's blood and foam
and whose mother pulled her own hair out
in bloody clumps

where my closest high school friends and myself
lived on the same residential avenue
jim's mother drank herself to death in her 50s
tom's mother had nervous breakdowns
and overdosed on pills in her 40s
chuck's mother started crying and couldn't stop
or set the table for invisible guests
so she'd have someone to talk to
and received another psychward confinement and tranquilizers
torn's mother had nervous brso she'd have someone

to talard confinement and tranquilizers
but their houses were neat and clean
they were usually smiling
and wearing cosmetics carefully applied
none of them knew of the others' anguish
though their husbands' business careers thrived
on berdan-avenue-in-hell
in zero city

where my uncle earl fought scabs police and the u.s. army
organizing unions
until he died of cirrhosis and alcohol poisoning
where my friend george love's brother
hanged himself in a boxcar
where louie holloway the wino artist
lost his toes from exposure
where billy and bobby devlin
my little dearborn-avenue-next-door-5-year-old-friends
became respectively a brutal drunk and a convict junkie
where my good friend danny stole a truck
on his way to kill his father
who'd beaten and tortured him as a child
but was arrested first and turned 18 in prison
where omar my arab room-mate
just out of prison from the civil war in lebanon
shot a biker coming after him with a broken bottle
calmly in the head 4 times
in brenda's body shop
where my friend jeffrey the body builder
who used to bring me protein powder
murdered a man in cold blood and bragged about it
and is doing life for homicide
where dewey blanchard who could recite by heart
"the hound of heaven"
was thrown from a car with his throat cut

and where the toledo blade advertising
itself as "one of america's greatest newspapers"
printed an editorial

one year after the kodak ad
zero city

where I purposely drove a car
into a wall on I-75 expressway
70 miles an hour
certain I was going to die
bitter and angry at having survived

where when drunk one night fell backwards
against a concrete curb
cracking my skull open
and crawled into wet grass and shadows
of scott park at 3:30 in the morning
blood pumping out of an artery
a police car passed near me but didn't see me
I gave up
I was dying and glad of it
then suddenly
a white cadillac appeared in the street
strong arms lifted me to my feet
placed me drunk bleeding and muddy
into a clean backseat
handed me a towel to press to my head
my anonymous saviours
brought me back from the dead
drove me to toledo hospital
where still alive and resentful
I believed I was evil
and my life a curse

toledo ohio

where I nearly made a man a murderer
provoking him in a bar on broadway
friendly until I discovered he had a gun
then taunted and provoked him into pulling it
aiming it right at me
I told him to shoot
"what are you? a coward?"
but a look of horror appeared on his face
he knew I was crazy
and he would've gone to jail

zero city

where the head of psychology
at toledo state mental hospital
pronounced me "hopeless"

unholy toledo

where it took place in the middle of the afternoon in the summer
I'd been sober a few weeks and was walking down erie street with
rush hour traffic roaring beside me and I was given a moment that
changed life for me
afterward I'd believe the moment changed me but that would take
many years and much suffering before I was willing to stop running
face myself and allow the upheavals of real change to occur
I'd simply looked at a gnarled and bent old tree its limbs sawn-off
it was diseased yet a branch or two sprouting new life green leaves
still grew



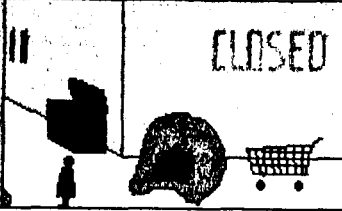
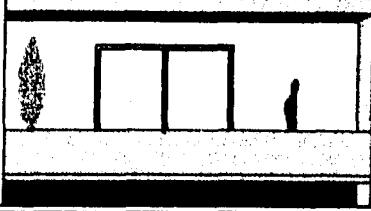
then I stopped walking through it as though I were stopped
I heard a sound like forests of leaves singing in a very strong wind
a wind blowing right through me through my heart through the center
of my being my gut my soul that place always so cold hungry anxious
a kind of black hole trapping any light coming near it and crushing
the life out of it
this wind pouring through me filled that hole torrentially wondrously
yet paradoxically replacing 'me' I was aware of something tremendous
happening but it was no longer 'I' no longer the desperately miserable
person I'd been all my life until that moment
I looked up at the blue sky and it was moving more swiftly than anything
I have ever seen but it was absolutely still at the same time
and for the very first time I was feeling joy feeling pure joy with my
entire being I was nothing but pure joy
and then became awe-struck and instinctively bowed my head and the
words came to me "the sky is closer here less blockaded"
I was returned to 'myself' and looked around at the traffic the city
buildings the other people on the street and an indisputable certainty
informed me that 'everything was all right'
for a man who formerly and fervently was convinced that everything the
details and relationships and circumstances of daily life and of my life
and of life itself were hopelessly wrong this revelation contradicted
my experience yet I recognized it to be the truth about reality that
the deaths and violence and madness were not the ultimate truth the
final word but within them and through them everything was all right
everything was joy
and I was shown vividly that life was alive though perhaps to other
people that's obvious or taken for granted but to me life was death and
I was among the living dead moving around meaninglessly yet violently
but that moment revealed to me that life was truly alive and there was
no death but reality

and I was given to know I belonged to this aliveness this truth
this livingness I who had always felt abandoned and alone belonged
to this intimate yet transcendent being I belonged to the creator
of this 'moment' I belonged as much as anyone or anything as much
as any billionaire or drop of dew on a blade of grass
here was meaning here was real reality containing and embracing all
appearances to the contrary in a oneness of joy each thing around
and within me distinctive yet wedded in a oneness of joy and this
truth and this reality is who and what I am beyond experiences of
death deeper than condemnations and negations this prodigious
affirmation

I continued walking down erie street floating is more like it
towards a residence for women alcoholics where my wife worked and
when I entered the front door of the house my wife spotted me from
the kitchen and started towards me but halted mid-way and looked at
me oddly with her face changing expression like a kaleidoscope being
adjusted to bring the colored stones at the bottom into focus
finally she said to me "what happened to you?"


holy toledo

Bud Osborn




The Conversings OF
**ARTHUR DECO &
 MOLLY KRUSCHEF**
 By Garry Gust (c)2003


Molly, do you get enough to eat? Do you go to those soup kitchens to get sustenance?




Gosh, no, Art! I can't stand to stand in lineups. I collect cans and bottles and then cash them in at UNITED WE CAN on Hastings, and that gives me enough to buy fresh vegetables.



So you are a vegetarian then? Do you not realize you need meat products to get protein into your system?




Well, twice a week I go up to the Carnegie kitchen and catch up on my proteins. They give a great meal for a fair price.



Oh, well, I guess all is well then with your diet. But living in your tent there, how do you keep up with current events without a TV or radio?



Huh, who needs it? The last time I watched the news up at the Carnegie Seniors room, I was disgusted to see Bush making war on the Arabs. So now I just confine my news info to the Carnegie Newsletter. It's free ya know!



A call to all -

Read **The Long Haul**
 End Legislated Poverty's Newspaper

When Jean Swanson first started this amazing paper, she commented that "it isn't as good as the *Carnegie Newsletter*, but..." *The Long Haul* is consistently the paper of record for news, views and needed hope for all of us living in poverty.

If you want one, call 604-879-1209 and get the distribution point nearest you.

Editor

In the last issue I put in a short note, saying "I do not believe the 50 affidavits collected by VANDU/PIVOT about police harassing drug addicts are true." It looks like I need to clarify.

To set the record straight, I did not mean that all the affidavits were false. I apologise if anyone took this to heart - I understand that there are legitimate affidavits and I wish those behind them all the best.

Margaret Prevost

**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 BCTF-\$10 Wes K.-\$15
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Paddy -\$50 Sarah E.-\$10 Charles F.-\$10
Rosemary Z.-\$20 Joanna N.-\$20
Jim G.-\$150 Glen B.-\$75 John S.-\$100
Penny G.-\$20 Liz S.\$5 Jenny K.-\$18
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The Edge Community Liaison Ctt -\$200
Jay H.-\$25 Bob S.-\$25 Christopher R.-\$25
Anonymous -\$4.02



**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:**

Thursday, June 26

A detailed black and white line drawing of a city street scene. It shows buildings with windows, cars on the road, and people walking on the sidewalks. The scene is framed by a decorative border. In the center of the illustration, there is a circular logo with the word 'Dera' written in a stylized font. To the right of the logo is a list of services provided by the Downtown Eastside Residents Association (DERA).

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

- Phone & Safe Mailboxes
- Welfare problems;
- Landlord disputes;
- Housing problems
- Unsafe living conditions

**Come to the Dera Office at 12 East Hastings Street
or phone us at 682-0931**

**DERA has been serving the Downtown Eastside
for 29 years.**

Here is one that might just make you laugh or at least grin and bear it a little.

A guy was traveling through the States on vacation when, lo and behold, he lost his wallet and all identification. Cutting his trip short he attempts to make his way home but is stopped by the Canada Customs Agent at the border.

"May I see your identification, please?" asks the agent.

"I'm sorry, but I lost my wallet," replies the guy.

"Sure, sir, I hear that every day. No ID, no crossing the border," says the agent.

"But I can prove that I'm a Canadian!" he exclaims.

"I have a picture of Jean Chretien tattooed on one

butt cheek and one of Paul Martin on the other."

"This I gotta see," replies the agent.

With that, Joe drops his pants and bends over in front of the agent.

"By golly, you're right!" exclaims the agent. "Go on home to British Columbia."

"Thanks!" he says. "But how did you know I was from BC?" The agent replies, "I saw the picture of Gordon Campbell in the middle."



CARNEGIE LEARNING CENTRE END OF TERM PARTY

&

SURVIVING WITH GRACE

BOOK LAUNCH

GUEST SPEAKERS

Thursday, JUNE 19 2003

3rd Floor

11:00 — 2:00

ALL WELCOME

Surviving with Grace

Writings, Essays and Poetry from the
Carnegie Centre Writers Workshop



inspired by

Mairuth Sarsfield
Author of 'No Crystal Star'



trade

**NEED A CHANCE TO PROVE YOU'RE READY,
WILLING & ABLE TO WORK?**

Get the **Break** you deserve!

Find out what your next step needs to be.

Call to attend the Job Shop Info session.

604-253-9355

Program funded by HRDC



Human Resources
Development Canada

Développement des
ressources humaines Canada

it's not funny
but it's cool
bug out
go nuts
kwazy
out of fear
the last dose
i'll ever do
gone
over with
point rough
keep it friendly
let's go
get money
dear chief
letters
junior's case
think about it
the wrong guy
will fear

charles fortin

PUBLICATIONS

There is now a functioning committee of the Board with this name. It had been so informal previously (like the last 10-12 years) that a few of us Newsletter slaves... uh, volunteers, would look at something found to be particularly offensive to Someone and see if they had a point.

After a semi-conscious decision to truthfully libel someone, other members opted for a review and everyone noted the necessity to watch our backs. At the same time the people from VCN began to grace the many hapless-to-moderately competent computer users here (I'm nearer the hapless end) with their incredible patience and knowledge while setting up a whole network for the Centre.

From the last minutes of this committee:
"The Vancouver Community Net is helping Carnegie set-up and maintain a comprehensive web-site. VCN has also been helping with putting special anniversary information on the web-site, and assisting the Disability Review Group in the Learning Centre (using the internet for advocacy and literacy aims.)

"The philosophy for VCN's support is to assist community organizations like Carnegie in using the internet as a tool for community development. All aspects of Carnegie can be included in the web-site: photos, minutes, reports, program information, special events, and the Carnegie Newsletter(!)

It is this last that gets special mention, both here and in VCN's report to the Federal Government – so



it will fund the Vancouver Community Net and keep it growing. In the short while he's been coming around, Kevin Nugent (I think he's a director or something) has had incredibly clear and exciting input into how the many7 aspects of Carnegie can be represented on the web. The possibilities for the Newsletter have brightened considerably in the face of yours truly feeling dense to stupid when things 'just don't work' with this machine. Brenda Belak and Will Stacey have generously taken time once to twice a week to teach and learn and just laugh.

KUDOS to VCN!!!!

On another note, Michael Clague (Director) reported that Councilor Ellen Woodsworth said she had been advised by City staff that funding for the "Help in the Downtown Eastside" directory be included in the line budget for the Centre next year. This is really decent! (Thanks for helping, Ellen.)

After Campbell & the BC Liberals scammed the public and got into power, they unceremoniously cut funding for the "Help" booklets, even though it had taken 10 years of lobbying by government welfare workers and Carnegie volunteers to get it. In fact the annual funding had just been guaranteed and said workers were ecstatic – they had concluded that they couldn't do their jobs without this resource guide!

Not without irony but just vicious is the sad state now when Campbell and cohorts don't want the welfare and social workers to do a decent job.

To stop on a high note – VCN is crucial to the future of the Downtown Eastside.

PRT



Carnegie Newsletter Advertising Policy

The Board has adopted the following advertising policies for the *Carnegie Newsletter*:

- No advertising from alcohol or tobacco companies
- Advertising will follow a business card format (name of business, contact person, contact information) and will be accepted for a \$10.00 fee
- The Editor reserves the right to decide what advertising is accepted within these guidelines
- There will be a statement that the Carnegie Association is not responsible for the information contained in the advertising.
- Individuals and organizations who make a donation to the newsletter will be acknowledged

Every day stories from Main and Hastings: The story of a no-helmet wearing fine.

It happened a couple of weeks ago, almost at noon, right in front of The Four Corners main entrance.. There she came, westbound on Hastings- a very nice looking girl, one of my First Nations neighbours riding her bike. She was carrying a bowl full of hot noodle soup.. .can you see yourself doing the same? For me it is difficult to ride my bike, even with two hands —but then again I'm just a simple man. And she was smiling, after all (in spite of the great TV networks with commercials and well organized misery), it was a sunny day.

She was keeping a very good distance from the car ahead, but as the light turned to red she used her brakes and stopped... .but Whoops! the car behind her was not keeping the proper distance —worse the occupant was talking in his cell phone. . .and she was hit and went to the pavement. Two other pedestrians and myself went quickly to help her, but in a couple of seconds she managed to stand up firmly by herself.. .though the soup was all over the street.

The two cars involved had to stop —even then the driver behind her took a look at his chances of leaving the scene. Finally two policemen walking by came to the spot. They saw the main characters of this herstory; they smiled at the two well-dressed men and their toys (cars), directed their eyes to the nice looking girl and her non-polluter bike. I cannot describe the feeling inside me on hearing the first words that one of the policemen said to the girl: "Where is your helmet?"

I was hoping for something more humane ("Are you OK?" at least), but that was it! The policemen chatted affably with the well-dressed drivers as they left the scene. Finally the girl got a ticket and strong words about the tremendous imprudence of her not wearing a helmet. The girl took the ticket without a single complaint and left on her bike, but without her soup.. .and amazingly she left smiling. 'Well, the world is upside down,' I thought to myself, since I could not understand. The system always find ways to switch roles: the victim turns into the law breaker and the law breaker becomes the victim. Not "You were driving at excessive speed for a busy street in downtown" or "you were not keeping the proper distance" to my fellow male citizens. (I think there



are traffic tickets for those actions too.)

I am a very absent-minded man, but when it comes to day by day life I always make associations among time, people and thoughts. People in the military or policing tend to have a vision that time is linear, history is for fools and memory is a stranger (maybe that is one of the reasons they love war and SWAT actions..) Thank God and my Mom, I have another perspective.

I asked myself why the young woman got the fine and not the men and, more meaningfully: why after being hit and fined, she left smiling (not complaining). And I found the answer back in Mexico almost 400 hundred years ago. Juana De Ashbaje (best known as Ines de la Cruz —her nun's nickname) wrote: "Stubborn Men who are accusing women without a reason, you know not that you are the very same cause of all wrongdoings you are complaining about.. .Who is the greatest sinner: She who sins for the money or He who pays to commit a sin?"

Clever words.. .especially considering they were written by a Latino lady in the XVI century - in a society eager to burn anyone at the stake (specially a woman) for any small fault. And I thought on Mary Shelly, Harriet B. Stowe, Frida Khalo, Anais Ni Anna Frank, Gabriela Mistral, Emily Carr, Margaret Atwood and many more fine ladies.

So: Why had she left smiling after such a disturbing

experience? Finally I got the answer myself...and began laughing like a crazy man: The nice looking girl, First Nations neighbour, was not hurt (she was strong and had The Great Spirit with her), her bike was still Ok; she went back to get a new bowl of hot soup, and as for the not-wearing-helmet fine...well maybe she'll pay it another day... that is, of course, if she does not get killed by a drunk driver or a serial killer the police should be looking for, or if a third world war is not caused by a mad cowboy in **tejas** (Tejas, with "j" and no "x", used to be part of Mexico, but was invaded as a preventive measure), or if an asteroid does not crash against the earth, or if the poles do not melt because of the greenhouse effect, or if our water does not get poisoned as a result of deregulation and privatization... and of course if we all don't get jailed for being poor or homeless (as a premier of a next door province said while he was very much drunk). I just wish to close this article with Henry David Thoreau words:

"In a society that stalks and imprisons everyone who fights against injustice, prison is the most honorable place for a Genuine Person."

By Jorge Escolan-Suay

A J June Thang / Every Year, Every Spring

June, the month of pairing, or is it paring
To wed or not to wed, that be the question
Me, a maiden @ the sixth level,
as my older friends so kindly put it.
Me, I am ready once more to plunge into the breach-
To seek sanctuary in the arms of a new-found friend
Caution to the Winds!

Mother Mona's voice pricks my bubble
"Don't get hurt"
But how can you do that thing man
Is there not More than garlanded flowers
What about Descartes
Cogitation was, alas my folly
Yea, but it tempted me
To illusions of instant Karma
Of Peace in MY TIME

And yet, after all, the beaten path
grows much more than mosses.

Wilhelmina Harriman-Miles

Are You Status First Nations?

- If so, have you filled in the **Consent Form** for Health Canada? It's the First Nations and Inuit Health Branch/Non-Insured Health Benefits (NIFLB) Program.
- The consent form is mandatory for all Status First Nations, and must be filled in **by Sep.1 2003**.
- If the consent form is not filled in by the deadline, you will be responsible for paying for your prescriptions, and then will have to be reimbursed. This is a long process. Therefore, you are advised to complete the consent form by the due date.

**If you need help filing out the consent form,
or need a form to fill out, I can help...**

Ms. Sandra Greene / *Community Health Advocate*
will be available at the:

Vancouver Residential School Healing Centre...
Located at 455 E. Hastings Street
Monday Afternoons 1pm-4:30pm

For more information contact:

Sandra Greene or Jenny Morgan
Phone 604-873-1833 Fax 604-872-1845

From the Pacific Association of First Nations' Women

All are welcome

to attend a Workshop on:

First Nations Passages: Menopause,
Traditional and Contemporary Approaches

June 23, 2003

11:00 — 4:00 pm

Raven Song Community Health Centre
2450 Ontario Street

(2 blocks down from Main and Broadway)

Pacific Association of First Nations Women

Luncheon will be served so pre-registration
is required **By June 16, 2003**

604-873-1833 ~ Ask for Sandra or Ruth

Getting Ready to Change

By Larry Trunkey

The significant changes that we make happen in our lives take a lot of energy and attention. Many things need to come together to make change possible. Research into the way we change has identified seven conditions that are necessary for change to occur.

We will explore these seven "precursors of change" over the next seven newsletters. Because this column addresses employment issues, we will examine how the precursors of change are relevant to getting a job, keeping that job, and getting ready for our next job.

Keep in mind that the seven precursors of change don't all need to be present for change to begin and that each assists and complements the others. At different times during the change process, some will be more noticeable and more important than others.

The Seven Precursors of Change

Precursor 1: A Sense of Necessity

Without a sense that change is necessary, we are unlikely to have sufficient desire and sense of urgency to start the process. For example, many participants of The Job Shop intend to find stable employment before April 2004. They say that they feel it is necessary to be prepared for the possibility that their income assistance will stop.

Precursor 2: Willingness or Readiness to Experience Anxiety or Difficulty

The process of change requires that we take risks as we try new ways of being and doing. We need to be open to experience, including the inevitable stress and anxiety that accompanies change. Fortunately, even stressful events like job interviews become less stressful with practice and experience.

Precursor 3: Awareness

Our awareness can guide us through our journey of change. Awareness helps us identify problems. It also makes us aware of our thoughts and feelings. These can help us make better choices about what kind of work to pursue and what offers to accept.

Precursor 4: Confronting the Problem

The only problems we can solve are the ones we honestly face. It takes courage to address areas that need improvement. Being in an employment program can give us the opportunity to work on improving our communication, personal management, and teamwork skills.

Precursor 5: Effort or Will Toward Change

We need energy to change and commitment to apply our energy. Sometimes this requires more attention to exercise and what we eat in order to get more energy. As we begin to see results, our willpower strengthens.

Precursor 6: Hope for Change

We need to believe that our lives can be better. Our hope may waver but we need to remain open to the possibility of change.

Precursor 7: Social Support for Change

Sometimes, friends or families support us by reminding us of past successes, our abilities, and strengths when we feel discouraged. Having even one person you can confide in can help you work through the many challenges of change. Social support can positively influence all of the other six precursors of change.

In the next newsletter, we will look at the importance of a sense of necessity. This series of short articles is inspired by research on the precursors of change by Fred G. Hanna. I hope that this information will help you to make the change you want to see in your life.

Larry Trunkey is the Program Manager of The Job Shop, at Tradeworks Training Society. The Job Shop supports residents of the DTES in their return to work. Participants develop and broaden the skills they will need to get and keep a job. Federally funded by HRDC, The Job Shop starts new participants every week. Program information sessions are held Tuesdays, at 1 p.m. Call 604-253-9355 and ask for The Job Shop.

'STUPID'

THE POLITICS OF
EDUCATION AND
ILLITERACY

JULY 11TH, 8 PM

FREE PUBLIC WORKSHOP

WITH SANDY CAMERON AND WILLY MUNRO

HUMILIATION

THRILLS

SHAME



RIDICULE

CHILLS

TERROR

A MULTI-MEDIA SHOW
EXPLORING THE LONG-TERM EFFECTS OF NAME CALLING

STICKS AND STONES

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