

FREE - donations accepted.

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



OCTOBER 15, 1987.

Circulation since inception - 14,900



At Main & Hastings the grass doesn't grow under your feet, but trees will soon be in view outside Carnegie. This area is like a magnet for the old boys after thirty or forty years of workin' hard and the stories they can tell would amaze you.

Soon to be released is the book called Main & Hastings which is the Aural History of

a lot of these guys who were logging or fishing or mining before I was born.

It's being done up by Star Press, who had a breakdown a while ago, but should be ready in December. In the meantime life goes on. Respect and asking questions will get you a story that'll burn your ears off, and Willy will be doing the asking. TV twelve hours a day can be pretty boring, eh?



Stop...take a deep breath, slowly exhale...repeat, smile. A breath of fresh air - well maybe. Politics rarely produces such a psychic refreshment but not getting involved is tantamount to apathy. Hate is not the opposite of love; apathy is.

In the late 60's and early 70's the breakout began in earnest with Free Love and social consciousness making exponential leaps. But the gains seemed to be almost eclipsed by the pricetags on every victory. Another worn homily.."everything has its price" (and somebody has to pay). When the powers-that-be keep spearheading changes that benefit them and their elite clique - Bill 19, Free Trade, privatization.. with subsidiary sleaziness like killing wolves from helicopters and logging grizzly bear preservation areas and signing whole wilderness and wildlife areas (Meares Island) over to private hands...

Getting involved is futile to many, but most of this many complain for the next two or four years about the blatant 'use of abuse' that passes for government..

A fair deal, just justice, is the ideal, but how? Pay attention and listen, think before speaking, show up to add one more body to the line.

Always it is the poor and sick and disabled and, for want of a better word meek,

who could swing the balance of power. Brian or Bill or Gord or whatever your name is, we're learning to play your game better than you ever could. Love is all there is.

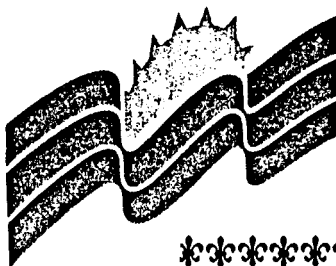
PAULR TAYLOR



CARNEGIE

EVERY WEDNESDAY - with
BONANZAS, THROWAWAYS
ODD & EVEN

6:30 PM
WEDNESDAYS



**British
Columbia
Lottery
Corporation**

RULES APPLY.



Letters to the Editor:

To Claudius von Planidin: You may think that you have a loon on a prairie lake, but I dislike these sudden squeak train noises that remove me from my most exciting dreams.

Willemien

"Alderman Davies made reference to the motion on page 27 of the September 15, 1987 Council Minutes concerning partisan political activity at the Carnegie Centre. In particular, she was concerned about the newsletter published by the Centre. Therefore, it was

MOVED by Alderman Davies,
SECONDED by Alderman Erikson,

THAT the Carnegie Centre Newsletter be under the editorial control of the Carnegie Centre Board of Directors." CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY

Hell's bells!! This motion is great. There was a 'recommendation' in the Review Panel's report that the Carnegie Newsletter should be put under the control of the City's Director - that anything would have to be submitted for approval before it could be published. Now, the City has recognized our independence and right to control our own paper.



Having clearly won the papal race, in most gallant fashion and, being such a good prince in victory.. I personally invite Sam(Some Stutter) Slanders to take up the position of janitor at the Vatican while I loot the joint.

Also I am appointing the Godfather of Skid Row to be my personal ambassador to the Women's Centre and the irreverent Mother Superior Mary Putchas as my Minister of Gratification.
NEW PRECEPTS:

- Technology came from chaos
- Act insane to stay sane
more to come..

Crasly Yours,

The Crasly exalted one.



LETTERS

An Open Letter

Where did the Volunteer Voice articles go? The Voice should have been out on September 4th.

Bill Deacon, Wayne and myself handed our articles in to Earle P. in plenty of time. I became tired of the delays and complaints from the Volunteers who look forward to this special newsletter. They have a right to complain, since they work exceptionally hard to keep the Centre operating.

I would like to see everything out in the open, which is why I'm writing this. Many people are blaming Earle and letting George Nicholas off the hook. Earle gave George or Austin the articles in good faith, but I wonder if George has an axe to grind about Carnegie. I informed Earle that the articles were not supposed to leave the building, but he said that he was not aware of that policy.

We would like to hear George's side.

I am trying to get the Volunteer Voice out as soon as possible. Please leave articles in the Newsletter office on the third floor, marked "For Volunteer Voice" and I will type them up. I would like to hear from everyone who contributed to the 'invisible V.V. Thank you for your patience.

IRENE SCHMIDT

Mr. Denike, as a holder of a public office, should get his facts straight. Public funding has nothing to do with it, as even a private business could make out.

More last Thanksgiving I went to a very store to get a turkey. I had to pay a lot of money for it. I could get a Grade A at a very high price or I could do without.

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Park protesters want apology

We are appalled and dismay by a recent statement of Cpl. Bob Labranche, head of the plainclothes unit of the Ports Canada police, that "the intelligence unit gathers information on all individuals who are active in complaining about the overpass" (Complaint Sparks Police Probe, Sun, Sept. 23).

We all attended the Vancouver city council meeting of July 28 and spoke on the question of lack of accessibility to the Waterfront Park. Are there now files on all of us?

We want the minister of transport, John Crosbie, to tell us whether it is government policy to automatically open investigative files on citizens who lobby their elected representatives and crown corporations. If that is not policy, we demand a public apology and that the files be destroyed.

MARGARET MITCHELL, MP, DON LARSON, JIM GREEN, NICK BUSZOWSKI, PETER CARVER, GEOFF McMURCHY, SAM SNOBEL, PAUL TAYLOR, ELIZABETH HARRIS, DAVE TODD
8392 Fremlin

& ACCESS

The BC. Coalition of the Disabled, through its Access Guide Project, has completed an assessment of CRAB Beach Park for the Access Committee.

The inaccessibility of the Main Street Overpass is now a well-known fact. However, this report states that main facilities within the park, such as the pathways and bandstand, are also inaccessible. The City of Vancouver's own building code standards have not been met!

The situation again emphasizes the importance of consultation with disabled, seniors and other community groups before public facilities are built.

For Further information, call Geoff McMurchy at 875-0122 or 251-3601; or Dan Guinan at 875-9227.



I like to be alone sometimes
To read or think or dream,
To let my mind fly me away
With wild imagining.

To take me from what I am
To what I hope to be,
A quiet time, a peaceful time,
To just discover me.

Dear Mom,

The day I broke your button jar
Because I used it for bugs,
I felt so scared
I almost cried
Then you gave me a hug.

I think that hug beat all the rest
That I have ever gotten,
It's nice to be loved when you're
good,
And GREAT when you've been
rotten!

Wayne Schmidt (11)

C.I.P.





Two hymns down and two
to go, while a finger of sunlight
inscribes slow sermons
across the pews: calligraphy
of Time to these
awaiting the second coming
of free coffee and cookies at eleven.
The priest is nailed
by lack of funding to a cross
he cannot carry, and no Simon
is ever detailed by government. Oh Lord,
forgive us our trespasses as we forgive
not the tinkling cymbals
of those who dole out the wafer
of welfare, touch lips
with a fingertip of watered wine.
The music goes round and round
and it comes out here
where the water of life
rises to a boil in the kitchen and there's
one hymn left to go
before a white-aproned angel
sings, "coffee's up," and offers communion
in a plate of Peak and Frean's: this last
being also love.

Grandmothers in Chinatown

They seem boneless, these women; twigs of black
pants and dragon-embroidered jacket, shuffling
between family and franchise
on a culture still alien
after fifty years.

Their jet eyes reveal nothing
except an onyx patience: apology -
or intuition, maybe - for living.
Stung by my Wasp eye, they twitch
their gaze to oriental jungles
of shark fins, birds' nests, clasping
grandchildren - small springs of cherry blossom -
by the hand.

What do they have to teach me, me
the loud-mouthed, white-skinned giantess
from British Properties, crashing the barrier
of Chinatown's East Pender Street?

What do I know of dragons, however silken,
that stalk their sleep?

How does one enter a language
shaped like twigs
even though those twigs
be cherry blossoms?



from a work-in-progress titled,
Poems from the Downtown Eastside
By Jancis M. Andrews

GENERAL HOSPITAL

The driver on the Richmond bus offers scant response to the passengers' sparse questions and after the -infrequent- stops on the express route, he retreats into a shroud of apathy. The bleak commuters crowd of tired city workers nodds off to numbness. "We are Children of Eden, we Play in the Garden of Freedom," says the tattoo on a limp arm of a man sitting beside me.

The few blocks' walk from the busstop is accompanied by the insistent roar of the rush hour and as I come near the indifferent square mass of brick, surrounded by a network of four- and six-lane "roads", in otherwise lifeless flatland, my anxiety increases.

Leaving the hospital elevator on the sixth floor, immediately I am surrounded by productive efficiency, or so it seems. As I proceed to my child's room, wordless, sterile automations carry pots and trays, push trolleys, change sheets.

I wait. She will be back from the O.R. in 30 minutes. The silent coldness of the room begins to unnerve me. I remember the cases of patients who could not be revived from anaesthesia. What is taking them so long?

I wait. The room has become darker and I have been here 60 minutes. No compassionate nurse has explained the delay, discussed my great kid, put me at ease.

I wait. I want to crawl into this bed and wait for her there. Instead my head rests on the foot end. I cry for the desolation of the modern city hospitals and fall asleep. I dream that I am back on staff in the Toronto hospital and that is depressing.

I jump at the sound of a bed on wheels. There she is, out cold. The nurses from the O.R. roll her onto her bed, fix her I.V., check her blood pressure. They leave and I scan her lifeless face. Blue veins are faintly visible beneath her ash-coloured skin and her lips are strangely pale. I have a choking feeling while I sit in silence and hold her good hand.

Then, the world lights up and resumes its steady beat, when she opens her eyes and says "Hi mom."

Willemien

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Downtown Eastside

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NEWSLETTER

POETRY

If the rainbow had a mind,
The rainbow would be kind
The colours would be a song
For each of us who has done wrong;
The rainbow would teach truth and
peace and harmony -
The arms would stretch out
And hold us like children.
And all the gold the rainbow owns
would be enough for all,
When someone needed they would call
- to the rainbow -

If you were sad,
The rainbow would comfort you,
And hearing the words
of the wonderful rainbow
you would not be blue.
Hardships born and mountains climbed,
All would be well -
I think you'll find,
If the rainbow had a mind.

valley of fools
Land of Rules
For those who seek
no longer weak
looking to find
one-ness of mind.
To share, to begin
From the spirit within.
It shines like jewels..
in the valley of fools.

needing to know
Can bring tears -
Show someone cool.

To passify fears
Bring back the glow,
When the mist clears
There may be an end to this woe
Worry and trouble may become mute,
For someone needing to grow.

IVAN

the brand NEW
BUREAUCRATIC
COUNTER!!!
it WAS hard CORE
PLASTIC! YES!
it WAS GREY &
the little trap door
like a DRAWBRIDGE
YOU LIFT UP OR
LEAVE DOWN
for PEOPLE WHO
Get in or stay
OUT
Yes... it WAS
Sooner or Later
they stuck you
with one of those
BRAND NEW
Bureaucratic
CAUGHTERS
in GREY PLASTICKS
for your I.D.'s
& FOR PAPER
WORKS
But only the
CRIMINALS &
the animals
COMPLAINED So...
they USED the
RADIOS to call UP
EMERGENCIES &
CLOSE the
HA HA DRAWBRIDGE!
+MRA

CAMP RUNAMUCK

This is the story I had to write again because some inconsiderate person ran off with all of the articles for the Volunteer Voice. Why don't they have the decency to return them?

The Carnegie camping trip took place in August. We had difficulty in finding Klein Lake. Setting up the tents by the lake took considerable time. We were in a beautiful spot surrounded by a variety of trees and the sounds of nature. The lake had such warm water it was like taking a bath at home.

Later that night, Dave Stanley and Dave McConnell decided to do a scene from "The Beachcombers". They pushed a raft way out into the water until Earle told them to return it to where it was.

On the return trip, Dave McConnell (Relic) fell into the water and lost his shoes. This left Dave Stanley (Bruno Gerussi) to try and get the raft in by himself. He stripped down to his shorts to complete this enormous task.

The next day some of us went to Smuggler Cove for a picnic. We learned that liquor was smuggled in at this particular spot during prohibition in the 1920's. They also smuggled in Orientals from the United States to work on the railroads in the late 1800's.

The hot dogs tasted good after a long hike. The rows of white birch made a lovely archway for us to walk through.

That night there was a torrential downpour and many of us found ourselves swimming in our tents.

Some of the campers did not enjoy the trip. They missed the modern conveniences - such as bars in the concrete jungle. They were anxious to return home but others wanted to stay on the Schelt Reserve.

We stopped at the Reserve next morning. The Chief talked to Earle Peach and told him that we could stay at the Community Hall. Those who were anxious to leave went home and the rest of us stayed, which was a real adventure. Many thanks to Chief Paull and the rest of his people who treated us like family.

Phyllis and Norman Mark grew up on the Schelt Reserve. They introduced us to many people and told of their experiences living there. I visited the graveyard and learned that the tribe was almost wiped out by a Smallpox epidemic at one time.

When we returned to Carnegie I was confronted by so many negative stories concerning the trip. The ones who knew the most received second-hand information. I had a great time and so did the rest of us who stayed behind. Earle Peach and Butch LaRue did an excellent job considering the people they had to deal with.

"So often with our human ways, We remember the faults, but not the praise."

In closing I would like to suggest that the next time we go camping we should be well-equipped with baby bottles, pampers and soothers for the chronic complainers.

By IRENE SCHMIDT

She laughed so easily, and I knew the life -
 long responsibility was on her shoulders.
 She had the child, she had the job of parenting,
 yet she was the one with the honest smile.
 And I knew, watching her from a distance,
 whatever life dealt her, whatever turmoil tore
 at her, she would be the one with inner strength
 She would at times be lonely and hurt,
 and I knew she would, at times, be angry;
 But I also knew she was more real than anyone.
 Accepting responsibility so gracefully,
 accepting a life of giving to another -
 so unselfishly -
 without hardly a second thought, without -
 hardly - a tear.

As I watched the tear stream down her face,
 for her lost freedom, for her lost carefreeness..
 yet she had the smile of contentment on her face.
 So, though I had maybe never said it to her
 (and maybe never would)

How could I not be proud of her, and
 how could I not have love for her in my own way..
 So as I sit here, I can clearly see,
 she is what makes life good...and sadly see
we hardly know each other.

Dave McConnell

Index Of First Lines Of (some) Imaginary Poems

About the things I never told you Steven Belkin

Accept what angels seem to say

Admonish not the time it took

A fog, to seem a river flowing

After the revolution next Wednesday

A greatness passed me by unknown

As I dreamed of flying

At the corner of Main & Hastings

Awhile longer let us linger, love.

Because the night betrayed us

Behind our secrets, lurking,

Blind the hunger, deaf the scream,

Bought and sold desires

Bring me back oh! memory

But for what I never knew

Can't you see me hurting

Ceilings I have known before

Cities writhing on the earth



Descend to unsuspected depths
 Destroyed by hope
 Destruction loomed the night we met
 Didn't you get my message?
 Don't leave me yet, sweet dream.

Every time they meet

Fire works the ancient spell
 Forgotten by the masses
 Frantic rapture stalks our days
 Frighten not the sleeping heart

Gather me together before I say goodbye
 Get out the photographs
 Gone to a lonely heart
 Gusty winds howl through my soul

Have another drink instead
 Heaven never have I glimpsed
 Hope is a strip-tease skeleton
 Hunting for emotions

I am not alone it seems
 I couldn't believe she wanted me
 I forgot it was your body, dream
 I go to where I've never been
 I haven't got a clue
 I must call her up someday
 I never lost the feeling
 I sometimes drift away from pain
 I try not to think of moments
 I've wandered through the past unlive
 Joy!: cease haunting my remembrance

Knightmare in blue

Like the star-deserted moon
 Lost to a richer meaning.

Maybe when the stars come out
 Memories - where sadness grows a shadow
 Moments fly to their assigned abysses
 Must I relive the present too?

Naive flowers bloom ignorant
 Never leave a heart exposed
 Never will your warmth desert me
 Night gathers round a cult
 Not a reason left to cling to

Obscure visions jerk my lifesteps
 Often I wonder if you miss me
 Oh! cliché driven culture

Perhaps the moon can tell me
 Possible courses flow to a standstill
 Practice, practice oh my heart!
 Preludes to an uncaused future
 Prevented from beginning.

Quiet winds caress the autumn leaves
 ather would we brave imposters
 Respect the answers time will give
 Rising from a peaceful daydream
 Round a hollow feeling, I was built

Sacred monuments to mourn me
 Save me from my only sorrow
 Several memories float dead my heart
 Sudden glimmers of teasing truths

Taken from an unused joy
 Tell the sunshine of a sorrow
 The abdicated mind last surrenders
 The death my father gave me
 The dimmest hopes die hardest
 The heavy weight of will's memory
 The past keeps throwing up
 The simple pleasure of your smile
 The tunnel my life is crawling through
 To gather a shattered life
 Trust slipped through my fingers

Under surveillance
 Until the last moment

Vague wisdom seethes his sorrow
 Violent winds howl me homeward

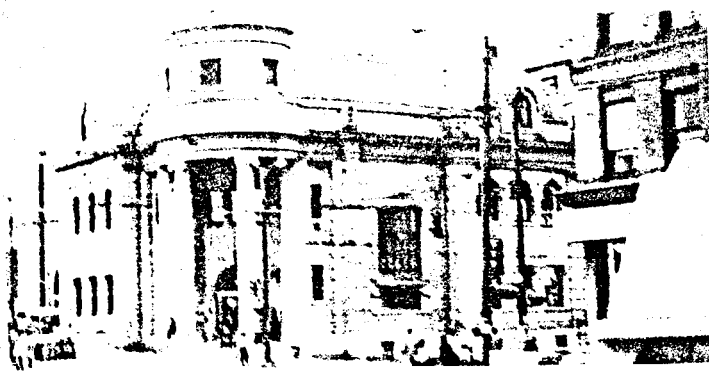
Was the answer always there
 What does the body know of heartache
 What do Socreds think of
 When I was last among the joyful
 Why does the sky desert me
 Why isn't the sky betrayed
 Will: I am so tired of wanting
 Wistful magic haunts the image

Xenophobia is mine, saith the mirror

You 'severed yourself from appealing
 You tame a wilderness with your caring
 You were not meant to heal me
 Your smile will never leave me
 Your warmth...
 Your warmth...

Steven Belkin

...zzzzzzz...!



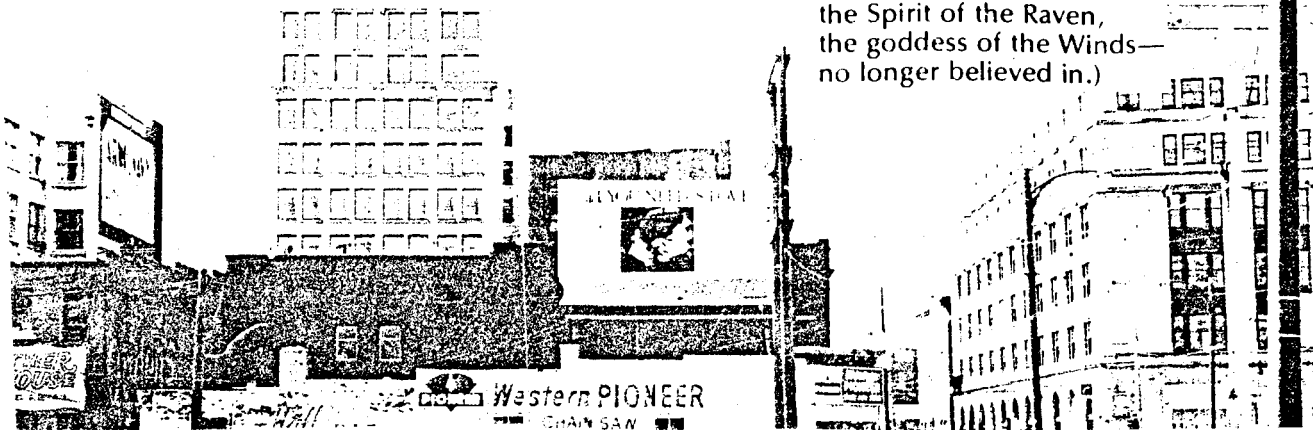
EAST HASTINGS STREET: JULY 1963

Like a sperm whale feeding on plankton
the City of Vancouver Museum
at the corner of Hastings and Main
opens its doors to the public.
Haida carvings and totems
war canoes and ceremonial headdresses
Chinese statues and jade snuff boxes
broaden the minds of the very young
and leave those of the old like masticated leather.

On the street outside
are the flophouses and cafés
the penny arcades and cheap theatres
the beer parlours and news-stands
and the sluggish flow of people
beneath the hot July sun.

A harmless Indian, drunk,
and an aged Chinese philosopher
narrowly avoid colliding.

The inevitable cripple on crutches,
one pantleg pinned above the knee,
makes me feel like a criminal.



Sam Slanders

13

Dear Sam Slanders,

I am writing to tell you that
your disgraceful behaviour is
extremely embarrassing to me
personally and to the Church as
a hole. I must demand that you
stop carrying on in such a dis-
gustingly repulsive way.

John Paul

Dear Repulsive,

You ain't seen nothing yet, JP.
Next week I'm coming to Rome to
kick your butt. And all your
Swiss Guards in their tacky little
uniforms won't be any obstacle
at all.

Yrs. Truly

Sam Slanders

Three sirens in slit skirts
beckon sailors to come and drown,
while from around the corner
a prowl car slinks furtively
like a fish in a tank.

(Inside the museum
enclosed in glass cases—
bare-breasted amazons,
strong-sinewed warriors,
the Chief of the Haida,
the Spirit of the Raven,
the goddess of the Winds—
no longer believed in.)

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

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

ART BY TORA

FREE - donations accepted.

City info staff can't
accept donations for this
Newsletter, so if you can
help, find Paul Taylor and
he'll give you a receipt.

Thanks everybody.

This memo was received by the
President of the Association, Muggs
Sigurgeirson. The time frames for
the various tasks are acceptable
but the category of 'WITH WHOM' is
questionable - see number '6'.

As the voice of the thousands of
people using Carnegie, the Association
will be included in setting

up new programs and aiding in putting
our ideas to work. Being excluded
from this process may have been a
technical error. If not, the other
points where the CCCA is included
are not acceptable. Advice may or
may not be acted upon, but to ignore
or refuse to even listen is tantamount
to arrogance.

SOCIAL PLANNING DEPARTMENT MEMO.

SUBJECT: COUNCIL RESOLUTION RE: CARNEGIE CENTRE

TASK

BY WHEN

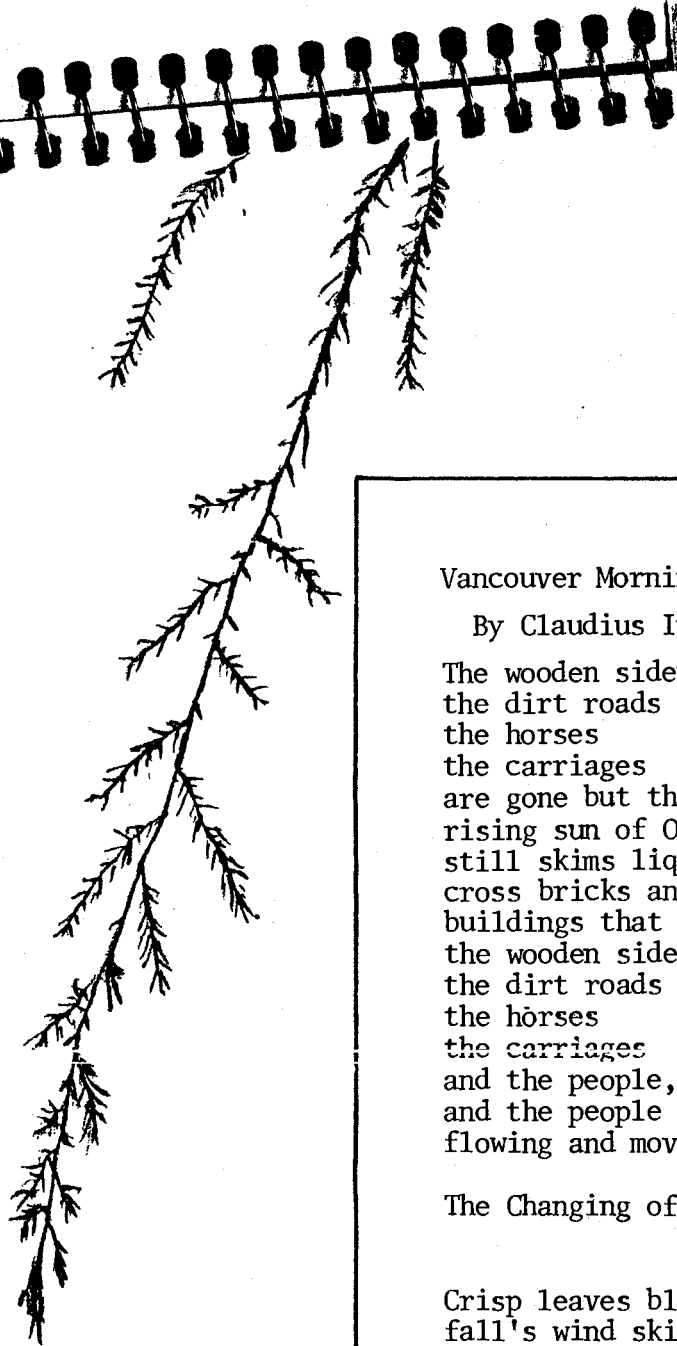
WITH WHOM

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|---|----------------------------|---|
| 1. Staffing - program coordinator senior admin clerk | October-end
of November | Social Planning
Personnel
Carnegie Ctr. |
| 2. Report to Council on feasibility/costs of extending hours in conjunction with VPL reviewing possible extension of services | October-end
of November | Social Planning
Parks, Library
Carnegie Ctr./CCCA |
| 3. Develop an operating agreement | Oct - Jan 88 | all |
| 4. Report on auspices/Canada Assistance Plan | Spring 88 | Social Planning
Parks |
| 5. Negotiate changes to CCCA by-laws re Board membership | by CCCA
AGM-April 88 | CCCA/Social Pl.
Parks/Library |
| 6. Implementation of Review Panel Program recommendations | on-going | Carnegie Ctr.
Social Planning
Parks |

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Vancouver Morning

By Claudius Ivan Planidin

The wooden sidewalks
the dirt roads
the horses
the carriages
are gone but the
rising sun of October
still skims liquid copper
cross bricks and stones of
buildings that watched
the wooden sidewalks
the dirt roads
the horses
the carriages
and the people,
and the people still
flowing and moving and alive.

The Changing of the Colours

Crisp leaves blown by
fall's wind skip the
sidewalk. The winds
of change are here.

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NEWS

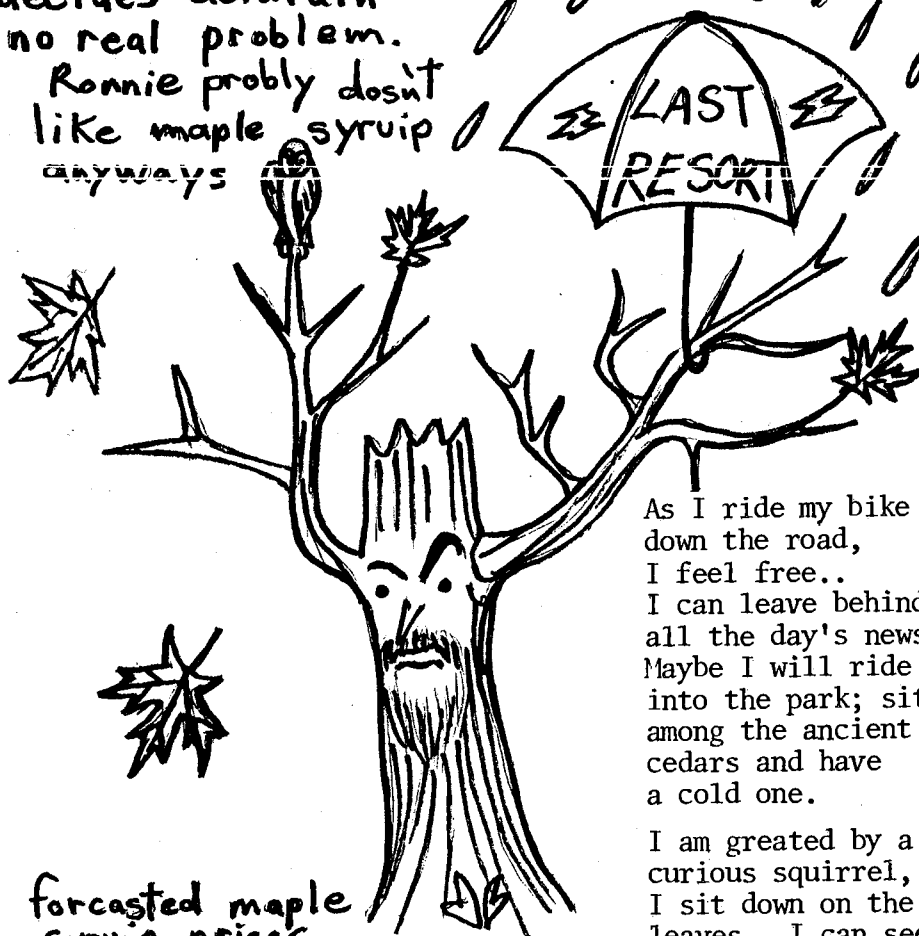
Fall/87

Headlines

U.S. government
decides acidrain
no real problem.

Ronnie probly dosn't
like maple syruip
anyways

2
ALID
RAIN



As I ride my bike
down the road,
I feel free..
I can leave behind
all the day's news.
Maybe I will ride
into the park; sit
among the ancient
cedars and have
a cold one.

I am greeted by a
curious squirrel, as
I sit down on the fallen
leaves. I can see an
invasion of tiny chirping
birds above me...
hopping through the branches.

Yes, there is still
freedom in the forest.

John Bell

forecasted maple
syruip prices
\$100. U.S. a jar?
(1990's)?
Only in Eastern
Canada Pity!

A REAL WINNER

ANOTHER FIRST for Vanderzam

By JAMES ROADKNIGHT

Another first for Vanderzam and crew. The only ones suffering from the closing of Riverview are the mentally disabled and the staff. Take a page from history Mr. Zam and shoot them all. The only loss to your government is the bullets and burial. Keep up the good work Captain Vanderzam.

Another first for Vanderzam is the hell with feeding poor children. The good old boy made a statement that his mother always had breakfast on the table during the last war. I just wonder what his mother managed to feed him. The first two years of German occupation, everything was hunky-dory for the Dutch people - only a few Jews rounded up and put into slave camps or shot. The last three years, everything was shipped back to the Fatherland. Were you eating boiled tulip stems, Bill?

The good old boy says that we do not need the U.S. of A. in one sentence, yet in another breath he says that free trade is good for all Canada..."I don't see how jobs will be lost". The poor will not be able to keep up with the cost of living, like now, but after this 'deal' is ratified he'll be able to slash social services and people on GAIN will get food stamps... unless, UNLESS we remove the Social Credit from power by using our right to vote. If you think that one vote doesn't make a difference, you're wrong. A long time ago an entire election was lost by ONE VOTE.

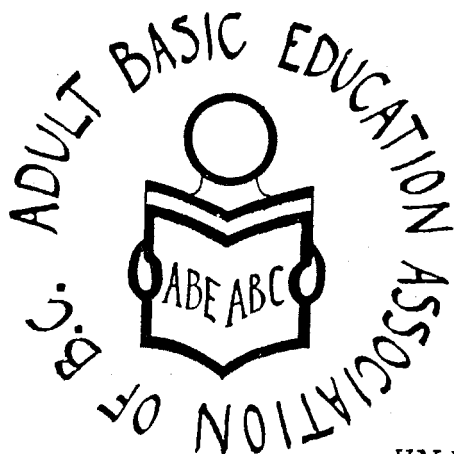


The cat that doesn't live here
Cries plaintively at the door,
For the kindness of the man
who lives..

Neither here nor there.
Suspended as it were
By the religion of choice,
The cat wails its loss.
Drawn by some redolence
of flesh,
But the Spirit leaves no trace
of complaint.

Occluded at and devoured
By Cosmic Energy
The whole human worth.
Designated by the sum of its particles
and the crying out at death...
...only a wave length
in an expanding medium...
Wherein humans weave their mark
in a final reckoning of their endeavours.

T. Lewis



Adult Basic Education Association
of British Columbia

11091 72nd Avenue
Delta, B.C.
V4E 1Y4
(604) 594-0664

WALK FOR LITERACY WALK-A-THON

The Walk is on Saturday, October 24th, 1987 at 10:00 a.m. It will start at Second Beach and finish at Lumberman's Arch (total of 5 km.) The Organizers can accept no liability for any injury or damage to property sustained by participants or spectators during the Walk. Money collected will be used to help Literacy projects in B.C.

Make caring about the quarter million functionally illiterate people in this province a personal priority and help end illiteracy.

CONTACT PEOPLE

SHELLI REEVE or CHERI CAUCHON

11091 72nd Avenue
North Delta
V4E 1Y4
(604) 594-0664

87' WALK FOR Literacy

Sponsor
Sheet

(PLEASE READ CAREFULLY before Filling OUT)

We need you to walk for literacy on October 24. Most people in Vancouver don't understand that not being able to read and write holds the illiterate back from participating in our society.

Come out to Second Beach in Stanley Park and help raise money for the literacy project. Help raise public awareness. You can pick up a sponsor sheet in the Learning Centre.

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'

It's been four months I've been away,
And just got back the other day.
I travelled east to my home town,
Meskanow, Saskatchewan - a pce. of grnd.

My dole ran out in Saskatoon,
But bound I was to get there soon.
Greyhound's no fun since you can't smoke,
When no one talks it's no joke.

With my suitcase in my hand,
By a roadsign - took my stand.
To Regina I shall go,
And tell 'them' what I know.

Well, I got there, in a way,
But they didn't give a damn.
There was no help for me,
And I guess it's plain to see.

I expected just too much,
From a "pile o' bones" and such.
Next time I go, they're gonna know,
I'm home to stay where Granpa and Uncle lay.

There won't be much of me to plant,
I'm a donor of my parts and can't.
Be sure how many Ashes of Love
Will pass through the sod and go above.

Don Hodgson



in the newsletter office with Paul & Willy
 typing & putting it all together the white brick
 wall of the Roosevelt Hotel looks pretty
 neat across the way in Sunshine Indian
 Summer

We talked about the salmon spawning
 the millions & millions up & down
 the coast & how their dying was reborn.

the millions & millions of eggs hatching
 the small fish swimming millions
 & millions out to sea &
 the Indian summer sun

looks so good on the
 Roosevelt Hotel

meeting old friends
 like the salmon
 spawning

knowing
 another day.

toza

Hikers Song

As I tread through the
 street of Dreams,
 I wonder how things
 have come apart at
 the seams,
 The call of Peace drives
 me on,
 Looking for lost love I
 sing this song.
 To camp in the woods could
 be nice
 But alone in the night
 can feel like ice.
 Then you will know how
 the cougar feels..
 Apart from the love.
 Running from the wheels -
 The Wheels of WAR!

John Bell

AT THE PAWNBROKERS
 IN BOOTHS THAT SEEM
 CONFESSONAL
 THE POOR LINE UP
 TO ABSOLVE THEIR POVERTY
 HAVING COME TO THE KIRK
 OF THE USERER
 LEAVING WITH THE
 BLESSING
 OF ONE MORE DAY'S
 NOURISHMENT

ONE MORE GOOD TIME
 PAID IN EMPTY DAYS AHEAD
 AS I PAWN MY SOUL
 IN A BARGAIN
 FOR YOUR FLESH
 THAT BURNS UP TOMORROWS
 FOR THE MOMENT OF RELEASE
 AND THE WARMTH YOU BRING
 IS NO CONSOLATION
 AGAINST THE WINTERS COLD
 I HAVE PLEDGED TODAY AGAINST TOMORROW
 AND BEING LEFT
 WITH ONLY NOW, HAVE BALANCED
 THE BOOKS, HAVE COME AWAY
 WITH A PROFIT
 FOR ALL THERE IS
 IS NOW

Tom Lewis

The people are afraid
In this world we've made,
The riches horded by few.

The children are strewn everywhere,
The old search desperately
for someone to care.

The young and the old,
Their lives veritably sold.
The rich in their greed,

Pretend they can't see the need.
People helpless and forlorn,
Learning to die since being born.

Hanging out is without a doubt
My favourite line of work..

I don't get paid,
But I'm not dismayed
This work I never shirk.
I bide my time
And soon I find
The day has passed sublime,

I need to know
Where did she go?
She left without a word
to anyone.
She was my one and only..
How could she leave me lonely?
I'm lonely..yes, so very lonely..
lonely without her..
If she'd only call...
I'm so very lonely without her.

I haven't known -
since I've grown -
a friend.

IVAN

I often find that in my mind,
There are thoughts of fear and despair,
But I know there are people in kind,
Who serve those and teach them to care,

I illude to the grandiose,
My delusion is foremost -
I am and will be Jesus Christ..
My friend said we are all Jesus..
in time; schizophrenic, we fall
if we do not stand ground and fight.

I sit on my bed
Not sleeping in dread,
But poetry overcomes my brain:
For poets its best,
To stand for the test...
We're really not all insane.

Demons are small,
Take action - Stand tall,
Off with their screaming heads!
Spite them - they're dead.
Then rest your troubled soul.

Why is it I'm Jesus?
Shouldn't I shave?
Misbehave?
And Jesus next door cannot
take any more.
Jesus is Lord and likely gets bored
Of wearing out his sandals
on our street.

Ivan Heroux



OPTENHEIMER
PARK HOUSE
EXTENSION



PLEASE ATTEND
AND SHARE YOUR
IDEAS

AT A PUBLIC MEETING
AT CARNEGIE
1 PM SAT. OCT 17

HEY!

There will be a benefit dance, celebrating GUY FAWKES!!

ANIMAL SLAVES , ROOTS ROUND UP , NEO MORTE , MAD REGATTA
play in support of "OPEN ROAD", a local
anti-authoratarian news journal.

Date: FRIDAY, November 6, 1987.

Time: Doors open at 8:00 p.m.

Place: Legion Auditorium, 2205 Commercial

Tickets: \$4.00 low income. \$7.00 employed.

To pre-register for childcare, ph. Marion 251-2699



ENTER...



STILL UNDER THE VIADUCT, VANCOUVER B.C.

...JUST CAME DOWN FROM
THE NIMPKISH VALLEY,
DUCK... HUMANOIDS IN
HELICOPTERS
KILLED ALL MY
PEOPLE...

HEY- SIT
DOWN, BRO
& GET WARM
BY THE FIRE...

BEFORE THEY
DIED, THE
ELDERS
ELECTED
ME TO
REVENGE
THEM BY
ORGANIZING
THE ANIMAL
REVOLUTION...

HUMANOIDS HAVE
NO RIGHT TO POWER
... THEY'RE USING
IT TO DESTROY
THE EARTH...

THERE JUST AREN'T
ENOUGH REAL
ANIMALS IN THE
WORLD, I GUESS...

Aren't Working? Can't Work?

BILL 19 *privatization* **FREE TRADE**

BILL 19 - "THE MOST FUNDAMENTAL RESTRUCTURING OF OUR
INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS SYSTEM IN OVER 40 YEARS."

PRIVATIZATION - GOVERNMENT AGENCIES (i.e. SOCIAL SERVICES)
ARE BEING 'SOLD' TO THE PRIVATE SECTOR FOR THE
SAKE OF EFFICIENCY(profit).

FREE TRADE - IN A DEMOCRACY ONE PERSON GETS ONE VOTE, IR-
REGARDLESS OF THAT PERSON'S MATERIAL WEALTH..OR
LACK OF IT. WITH THIS DEAL IN EFFECT, THE MORE
MONEY YOU HAVE THE MORE THE LAW IS ON YOUR SIDE.
THIS DEAL MAKES IT OFFICIAL AND ABOVE BOARD!?!

SHAKY?

JACK NICHOL, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED FISHERMEN AND
ALLIED WORKERS' UNION AND A VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE B.C. FED-
ERATION OF LABOUR, WILL JOIN WITH SUE HARRIS OF D.E.R.A.
AND JEAN SWANSON OF END LEGISLATED POVERTY AT A PUBLIC
MEETING AT Carnegie Centre ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18 - 7:00 p.m.

The number of moves that have occurred in the last few
months - both at Federal and Provincial levels - to direct
the economy into private profit-making, is like the first
crunch of the Iron Heel. Poor, underprivileged, sick, old,
unstable people face being ignored on a massive scale.

Please come to this important meeting to listen and
question - to see what can be done about what is being done!

IN THE THEATRE

SUNDAY,

OCTOBER 18th 7:00_{pm}