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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



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Vander Zalm for Pope?

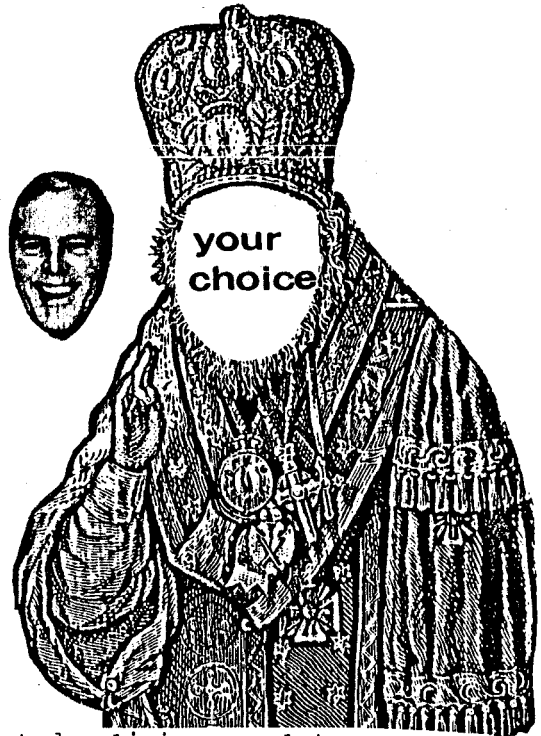
By PAULR TAYLOR

Abortion is not morally acceptable
OR abortion is the choice that any
woman expecting has a right to make.

These two statements constitute
the views, basically, of both the
Right to Life and the Pro-Choice
groups. Each is aware of circum-
stances where abortion is necessary,
and while the first allows that a
life-threatening situation to the
mother warrants termination, the sec-
ond justifiably includes pregnancies
resulting from rape, incest and uni-
ons that have made a fetus horribly
deformed.

Pro-Choice wants more emancipation
for women from having to bear and
raise a child that would live its
life in grinding poverty or in any
situation where it will not receive
the care required - the food, the
love, the multiple needs of any human
alive. These all seem to be valid
reasons why the term 'unwanted' is
used. But enough of this academic
reasoning; this isn't the subject of
a boardroom debate or a classroom
exercise.

The Abortion laws of this country
have been struck down as unconstitu-
tional and now the spectre of anti-



quoted religious zealotry rears
its ugly head - with mucky morals
and narrow-minded pronouncements
by those presently in control to
impose their philosophy on the peo-
ple of this province without giving
any credence to the rationale of
Pro-Choice.

Vander Zalm and his minions have
just given the game to Right to Life
by making the responsibility of the
government sufficiently vague to
allow anti-abortionists - and I mean
ANTI - to continue to decide whether

Claude Richmond

Both students and tutors in the Carnegie Learning Centre went through a very emotional meeting on Tuesday, February 9. The two times under discussion were hungry children in our schools and the concept of charging fees for any course or instruction.

"Students and tutors of the Learning Centre are concerned about the young learners in our city being unable to learn due to hunger.

We feel that whether this occurs because of parental irresponsibility or not is immaterial; the children should not be punished. Identifying the children would be humiliating and is unacceptable. Parents with continuous financial problems can be assisted with counselling and other means - like crisis grants, etc."

MOTION: THAT THE CCCA (Carnegie Association) SEND A LETTER TO CLAUDE RICHMOND URGING HIM IN THE STRONGEST TERMS TO TAKE IMMEDIATE ACTIONS TO HELP HUNGRY SCHOOL CHILDREN WITHOUT HARASSING THE PARENTS.

This motion was agreed to at the Board meeting on Thursday, the 11th, and following is the letter going to the Hon. Claude Richmond:

Dear Mr. Richmond,

"My physical disorder was caused by starvation. I know what it is to be hungry."

With these words, I opened my short response to your government's decision to reduce GAIN support by \$7 some time ago. I survived having nothing but water for 86 days straight and intravenous feeding for a further 18 days, the first 14 of which I was in a deep coma. For almost two years following this, walking, coordination, manual dexterity, balance, vision, speech and thought were very similar to being stoned drunk 24 hours a day. Mental

and physical well-being - progress - centred around eating and eating and eating. Hunger does that to any human - life becomes narrowed down to food.

I hoped to get a human response from you, hoped that you would get a glimmer of what life is like to people who do not have the financial means to provide adequate nourishment for themselves or their families..but you persist in trying to convince sane people that the fault for lack of food in poor childrens' bellies is their parents. This is an excuse for failing to see your government's hand in perpetuating the lying myth that everyone is enjoying the 'good life'.

A sane response - society realizing its culpability and the wealthy moving quickly to correct itself - a response already happening, is being denied by you. That children continue to attend classes with their ability to advance diminishing daily is blatantly disgusting, but to you and your government it is irrelevant! If being a public servant means only remaining in office then, and only then, does your submitting to Vander Zalm's will become a sane, human response.

Punishing young learners for the failings of a society far older than they is the act of a non-human.

I urge you in the strongest terms to reverse your seemingly personal stand and approve the waiting programs to feed our children without harassing parents.

Respectfully submitted,
PAULR TAYLOR

'GRASS' FIRE: Joe Romano's high-tech smoke detector summoned police and firefighters to his smoke-filled home, although he didn't want them. Police quoted Romano, 40, of Old Bridge, N.J., as telling officers, "I'm just smoking a little marijuana, and it's OK in my own house." Police disagreed and charged him with possessing marijuana.

LETTERS

I really have changed; realizing everyone has to mature through time and patience. I never really thought that alcohol could have such a devastating effect on lives in a community. Only when I got the message my uncle was dying and only has a short time to live did it hit me.

I try to do things but now I fear because situations are so far away in another country I may not see them. Generally, people have immediate family in the country (or within travelling distance) and blank out others who don't.

I never grew up with grandparents or other relatives, except personal family, and still get angry when people get opportunities so easily because this person knows someone else or has a cousin or an uncle - the other loners get left on the side. It's not fair to get what you want because of who you know.

I've always had to work for others accepting low-scale wages, inevitable struggling just to hold onto something without much encouragement - so sacrificial.

Eventually, you get sucked into the crowd of people fighting back as best you know how. But this takes away from you things that show you as a genuinely independent personality. Not really afraid of beating or crushing your pride or self-confidence for the betterment of their own position.

Then I see people trying to better themselves in one way or another - beating drugs, getting grade 12 equivalency, or being self-sufficient. There are people who haven't worked a day in their life

for their education or goal and still have gotten everything given to them.

I'm proud to be myself because I'm able to express my inner light and still genuinely care about others.

By SANDRA M. VANTOL

I was really touched by the article written by Tora in "The Corner Stone". Even though I've lived a great deal of my life in Van., I was never really a part of the "East Side" - even though the Eastside has been a real part of me.

Until recently, I began to view it, really see it! I guess perhaps the change in self was that it no longer threatened me.

I spent most of my life feeling - if I fail, I'll end up on Skid Row...if...if... Then I finally realized: I AM in Skid Row - and it came with the recent newfound acceptance of Who I am - what I am. That nothing will change it, because what I feel is my heart; only I have power over that. I reflected then that I used to feel as I rode on a bus...those poor Indians...those poor souls...but for the Grace, there go I..... (all the favourite sayings)

I began to re-evaluate my values - Why did I feel that?

Now I walk free from my fear. Free from the Standards that society felt I should have to be a credit to my race, to have to continue to be a closet-alky, a hypocritical, self-righteous Indian.

These people are my people. I walk among them, not judgemental,

neither looking up or looking down. But I did notice that this is the heaviest concentration of Indians. They are survivors. They have overcome what National Indian Conferences have been trying. There are no barriers; they all get along. Prairie, Coastal, Northern, Southern - no politicking - religion in the secular sense. To be left alone - to do their own thing - as it once was, in the beginning.

By DINAH SCHOONER

Dear Nancy Jennings,

I was just in the Post Office at Hastings and Gore. They are no longer handling package pickup and quite a few other services. They tell me that there is a real threat that this post office will be closed down.

It would make sense if a few community groups wrote letters of support to keep it open.

I've had to walk 6 blocks to pick up a heavy package and now have to walk another 3 blocks to pick it up. What about the old timers who have trouble walking?

Are there other groups/agencies who could be encouraged to write?

I'm a concerned neighbour.

Carol I.
543 Hawks Ave.,
Van., B.C.

Dear Ms Jennings:

I am writing to acknowledge receipt of your recent letter addressed to Mr. D.H. Lander, President and Chief Executive Officer, regarding the new policy with respect to the pickup of parcels and registered mail.

Because the nature of the subject you raised falls within the responsibility of Mr. M. Gormick, Divisional General Manager of the Pacific

Division, I have forwarded a copy of your correspondence to his attention. Your query will receive full consideration, and you will be hearing from him in the near future.

Helen Mrakovics
Manager

Corporate Correspondence Service

Dear Mr. Levesque,

I would like to thank you for your recent correspondence regarding Canada Post Corporation.

Please be assured that I fully understand the motives that have prompted you to write. Every Canadian deserves access to an efficient and reliable postal service.

While Canada Post has made encouraging progress in various aspects of the postal service, I realize there is still much work to be done. I am confident that the Corporation can build on the initiatives already taken to restore the service to a level where it can once again be a source of pride to all its users. This cannot be done, however, if our Government does not consult with people like you. Your experience is valuable to our Government and I would encourage you to share any further suggestions you may have regarding Canada Post Corporation with the Minister responsible, The Honourable Harvey Andre, or with your Member of Parliament. I can assure you that your views will be given every consideration as discussions on this important aspect of Canadian life continue.

Once again, thank you for making me aware of your concerns.

With every good wish,

Brian Mulroney.

These three letters seem to be a good example of citizen-government interchange: (1) real concern is brought to someone who may be able to help; (2) the concern is forwarded to the exact person responsible and (3) the Head Man responds. The responses are deserving of analysis - especially (3) - in light of the fact that the post office at Gore & Hastings is being closed!

This branch is much used by older and senior residents, many of whom speak only Cantonese. Most have no vehicles, many are disabled, yet these special /general things are irrelevant to the decision to make residents walk to the main branch on Pender for parcels and essential postal services.

Mulroney uses a lot of words in 'his' reply - as does VanderZalm or Richmond - but what is actually done? Nothing. This is basically a "form letter". Assure anyone that they are important, a good citizen for being concerned, that their concerns & suggestions will have the highest priority...and then act as though the ideas never came up, ignore the hardships imposed and just stop the service entirely.

Read letters you get from politicians; be coldly aware that they consciously give such 'quick fixes' so you won't feel ignored. The boost to your ego to get a reply from "The Prime Minister Himself" is usually sufficient for him (them) to go ahead with their decision/plans; letting human nature take over the mind of the noise-makers.

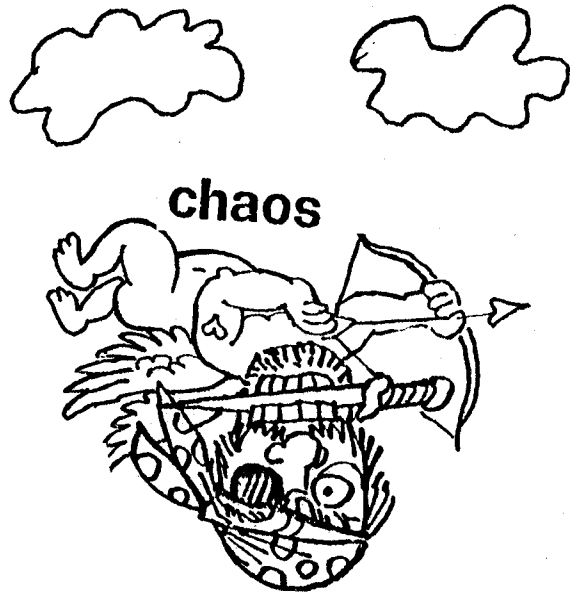
- "They must have had good reasons"
- "They know more than I do..."

or the greatest blinder: "They are in office and it's their job."

From experience, it's a given that any government move that will hurt almost everyone but the rich is well

planned to include responses to those hurt. Send them form "A" or "B" with the minor changes to make it seem personal; promise them the world but give them diddly-squat.

By PAULR TAYLOR



Ho boy, did you guys miss something! The Feds erred again. They did not let my two cousins in the country. ...you know, the one from Senegal who said he wanted to Aid(help) Canada develop into a Banana Republic (see U.S. satellite countries)

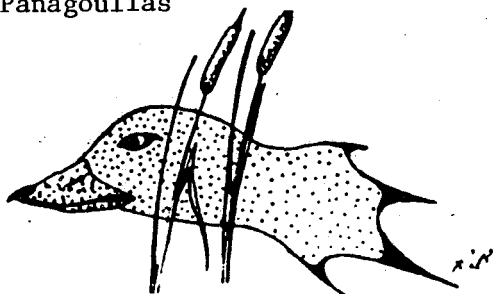
And what about my cousin Gross-Hilda? They claimed humanitarian reasons for not letting her in. They felt Grosshilda Molotov was too fired up for Canadian men, since the last time she dated a male all she got was the Son of Kong.

Crassly yours,
Captain Chaos

I lay awake waiting for my body to relax
My mind pleads for an answer to my worries
I feel an urgent need to analyze each interaction
Should I have done this or would a hug have worked better?
I see a parade of young troubled faces
How can I show them there is a better way?
It seems so long ago that I was one of these kids
Is the answer there in my past?
I try to remember exactly what gave me comfort
to see another day through
What words did they use to unlock the shell I hid in?
From there to this night seemed to take a long time.
People who tried to help were important but they never
stay very long in my life.
I didn't travel alone. Even when I had no
name to call You. I could feel someone close.
I guess that's my answer, You are there with
all the kids so I can go to sleep.

POETRY

Pat Panagoulis



Paper Lovers

They linger by the water's edge
as dusk envelops their embrace,
reluctant to end the consecration
each had learned to live without.

They drift home as slow as time,
heart-sprung, sweetly secret smiles
washing over their pasts like waves
until the current claims their needs.

Steven Belkin

Mobious Strip

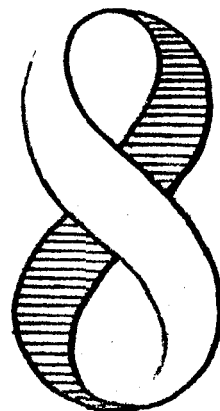
Seven days from Sundays I wait inside the space,
leftover from the emptiness I tried to fill with waiting.
It occurs to me that I've seen this place before.

Time steals back from me the moments I gave away
waiting for my time to come - calling it my future.
I am reminded of a game played with peas and shells.

Memory keeps a list for me of the things I've asked it to forget, cross-referenced with index and footnotes. I must remind myself to forget to remember it.

You aren't really paranoid until you start censoring the letters you write to yourself - or the poems. Would someone please lift me off the paper now?

Steven Belkin



It was a long freight ride, through two thousand miles of lakes and streams, and every part of me felt dehydrated. Water,---I almost did it that time, or I sure as hell thought so.

Nowadays almost everytime I walk by a water tap, I take time to drink, and drink plenty. Never mind India or South America or Africa where there is no water for miles - or poor water unfit to drink because of diseases.

That freight ride with no water scared the hell out of me, never mind no water all the time.

Do you know what it feels like? Cramps, tightening up..it feels like you're burning up and have used every drop of water in your system!

Well, I have to tell you, somewhere in Ontario, I jumped off that damn train (at not a slow speed) and ran like hell for the nearest ditch and damned if I didn't scream because I found life! Even now my body shakes, my head feels like exploding, my eyes burn holes through me...just thinking about it.

Every time I see a man, woman or child without water and in pain, it causes me anger and hate and, above all, fear. Nobody means for it to happen - "no-one goes for days on end without water" - in this day and age, with all our expertise and technology and wealth; but it does.

Everyone has a right to be ensured of good drinking water and, with about 2/3 of the earth's surface being covered with it there is no reason whatsoever that those in power should spend their time on other matters when their own people are dying of thirst and disease due to a lack of clean water.

It was a long freight ride, a long thirst, but it opened my eyes. Why don't you open yours? Should we pass legislation - we, the people - and say no person can enter political office until they've had the dehydrated freight ride? Okay, I've gone too far..to the point of cruelty, but it's no worse than the total inaction, total unconcern for others...politics & wars...

I sit here and gaze at a picture - a beautiful lake with people in their boats - with a caption:

"Let Only Good Spirits Guide You"

- an advertisement for our country. Perhaps we should thank someone named God, that we have good drinking water..so far..still!

In the news we read about oil spills, chemicals, dumping of waste in water here and everywhere. Let's face it, the world seems determined to destroy the good they've received from someone else.

Third world countries have polluted, diseased water; many places all over the world have a water supply problem, and we, in this country, are too stupid to learn the costly, death threatening mistakes of other countries and avoid them.

I don't know if there is a way to turn bad, polluted water into clean drinking water, but there is a way to help keep water clean and to distribute it to everyone. It will only cost minimal bucks compared to what it will eventually cost if people don't stand up and do something now!

We have to say No! Nothing in the water but what God put there. That's how it should be..that's how it was meant to be. Let's all do our part to be part of the solution.

Dear Carnegie Editor,

Strange that the Eastender for Jan. 28 should feature a front-page picture of Robert (Cowboy) Ellis, saying: "This Centre (Carnegie) has been taken away from the older people of this area..." The rest of the article talks about the book Hastings and Main & Carnegie's 8th anniversary.

But here is Ellis's face glaring out at us, and the statement that Hastings and Main is "a book of life stories by Ellis and other inner-city people."...To say this book is "by Ellis & others" is not only totally inaccurate, but it is a terrible insult to all the people who worked on this project.

What is the Editor of the Eastender trying to do by promoting Ellis's accusation that Carnegie has been "taken away from older people" ??

Carnegie can't be taken away from any group of people because it never belonged to any one group of people and never will.

A community centre is a centre for all the community: old, young, male, female, good, bad, beautiful or whatever - it belongs to everyone equally - discrimination on the basis of age is illegal under the Constitution, & if any group thinks it owns or operates this Centre, and that someone or something can "take it away" from them, then those people are just not playing with a full deck.

Bob Ellis often shoots his mouth off around here, without thinking or caring about the consequences. That is nothing new.

But for the Editor of the Eastender to promote his discriminatory statements is very clearly a political move.

We should ask ourselves who might have suggested this approach to the editor of the Eastender, since he himself would obviously have nothing to gain from such actions... but somebody does, or else it wouldn't have happened.

- so, who's behind Cowboy Ellis anyway?

TORA

Carnegie member & Volunteer

FAST REACTIONS & A NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH:

outlaws

Are not necessarily criminals in a community of outsiders.

But those who weave a tactical web of accusations False rumours half-truths...

What are They?

Who are the real community criminals?

Who will not take up a supporting position within her/his community of friends?

Who will see "junkies, pimps & whores" everywhere?

Who will hatch out destructive plots on the dark side of the moon?

...sometimes needing to have their ridiculous hats knocked off & their crop of paperwork ploughed under!

Yes

We might seem like a community that's easy to take advantage of but We've got fast reactions & a neighbourhood watch on that says it's a human family...

& how could those who work against it ever be part of it?

TORA

LETTERS

URBAN NATIVE SUPPORT

An Open Letter to all Native People

The Vancouver Indian Centre at one time appeared to recognize the problems of Native people of the Hastings and Main area. The response to these problems has been unsatisfactory.

There are many people sliding back into the street scene with its drug and alcohol problems. As there are no programs set up to help them during this difficult time, several concerned Native people have decided to form the Urban Native Support Group. This is our response to an urgent need for programs with which people can constructively occupy their time.

It is unfortunate that we must set up an alternative program without cooperation from the Vancouver Indian Centre. We feel it is necessary because of our frustration and disappointment with the lack of focus by the Indian Centre on the needs of Natives in the Hastings & Main area.

An exploratory meeting is arranged for Thursday, February 11. Native people attending will be Dinah Schooner, an experienced speaker on Native concerns and issues; Bill Quinn, who is very familiar with what's happening to our people on the streets; and Allan Thevarge, who is a recreation activist. These people are interested in implementing new programs for Natives in the area mentioned.

We would be interested in hearing your comments on our complaint.

NATIVE SUPPORT GROUP

Role Playing Club

The R.P.G. Club, also known as the Role Playing Games Club, is nearing the completion of its second year of existence in Carnegie...myself being the third president since inception.

The road to becoming a club was paved with obstacles, but with time and patience we managed to overcome them. Whether it was outside interference or personalities, still the core of the group endured.

Now the membership seems to be fluctuating upwards, but the most important part is that people are enjoying the game at a level of play where their various skills of communication are put to the test. The game is not only about killing Dragons & Ogres, but to learn how to become an actor in a way - all of the games are make-believe situations.

I must acknowledge Robert Goudreau for being the original one to introduce D&D in this Centre, and as things grew a second president took over (Robert Ryan). He, in turn, gave up his position last December.

D&D has been active since October, 1985, but became a Club in Apr. 86.

On the 6th of March, there will be a tournament at Heritage Hall and five of our players have banded together to form a team:

ROBERT RYAN	PALADIN
MITCH ANDERSON	CLERIC
DAN PINCK	BARBARIAN
TOM CARLISLE	THIEF
JULIEN LEVESQUE	FIGHTER, MAGIC-USER

Gentlemen, good luck.

By JULIEN LEVESQUE

AN EVENING AT

The story you are about to read is true.
However, it did not all occur in one night.
It is a composite of several visits
to the Joint.

the CLASSICAL

JOINT

BY

DAVID RYERSON



Someone much wiser than myself once told me that the only way to cure the "mid-week blues" was to wander on over to the Classical Joint and take in the "open mike" folk night. Well! It was now Woeful Wednesday; 9:23 to be exact. I packed my guitar and made the journey from Carnegie Centre over to the building on Carrall Street with my friend Arlo Bendo.

When we got to our destination, we entered and closed the door behind us. Looking around the candle-lit room we saw a fair sized group of people who had come to hear the country/bluegrass sounds of the Cotton Street Band which was the feature act of the evening.

After we staked out a table on a platform by the window that afforded us an unobstructed

view of the room, I went to the back, deposited my guitar with the other instruments by the piano and signed up to perform a few songs later on. I then grabbed a chess game and returned to our table.

As Arlo and I set up our pieces on the board, the waitress, whose name was Florence, came over with her tray on which she had her orders and a coffee cup with one and two dollar bills neatly stacked inside.

"Bon soir. Would you like anything to drink?" she asked very cheerfully in her French accent. If you were feeling down when you came in, you weren't now. If it was raining outside, the sun was shining at your table. We ordered two pots of orange pekoe tea with honey and she was gone on her way back to the kitchen.

Our emcee, David Querido got things off to a good start, singing some songs about union organizing on the Fraser River and mulching gardens.

Cont. pg.15

the
first
letter
of
each
line

Just lift my Spirit higher, just a little bit more, Dear Father
Oh! Lord I come to You today with a prayer
Need for You to show me the way
And guide me, Lord of my night, Lord of my day
Take me home, so my soul will be at ease
Hate and violence, seems Love has become a disease
Anybody who has only Love inside
Never makes it; they die barefoot along the riverside

Left out, outcast or dying alone somewhere
Is a high price to pay when one carries only Love and care
Very long ago, a Man died on a cross, because He was Loving
I knew the road for Love would be long, and winding
Never gave up my Faith, 'cause I knew in my lonely sky
God would provide, I knew He wouldn't let me die
Soon or later, I too, would see and meet Love
Today, my Love and me need the help from Above
Otherwise, the rough times ahead will be much harder
Nothing is easy to go through without You, Dear Father

Someday, people will realize that without Love, there's no Life
Each day is made from a little bit of joy and strife
And if you're not alone to live it, you're very blessed
Give with Love, live with Love, and you'll find happiness
Unique and special it will be, 'cause it comes down from God
Love is the only answer and against all odds
Life in the world will be one of Peace and Harmony.

Now the world needs to change, 'cause it's getting quite late
Enough of that hatred, where is your Love and Faith?
It's now or never, you've got to turn on your Heartlight
Let it shine always, and walk towards the Guiding Light.

Don't you know that Love is the answer?
If you let it die, we'll never be together
Always be kind to your neighbour.
Must you yell and shout at each other?
Open up, speak with your heart, and spread the Good Word
No matter who you are, it's time for Love, make yourself heard
Don't delay, please, 'cause I know we all want a better World.

Louise Delan



a woman will die if she has a baby. The question of what constitutes "life-threatening" is purposely being ignored. This will not allow a woman to terminate a fetus even if the birth would have the child in an unwanted situation from the start.

* "Governments, if they endure, always tend increasingly toward aristocratic forms. No government in history has been known to evade this pattern. And as the aristocracy develops, government tends more and more to act exclusively in the interests of the ruling class - whether that class be hereditary royalty, oligarchs of financial empires or entrenched bureaucracy."

* Taken from Children of Dune
by Frank Herbert

POPE of your CHOICE

The present premier of B.C. has increasingly expressed his fanaticism about "the way life should be" as opposed to life. In the words of Mike Tytherleigh: Premier Bill Vander Zalm's fanatical crusade against abortion may get him a welcome at the Vatican but it smacks of a man who has allowed power to go to his head, losing all sense of reason.

By denying abortions to victims of rape or incest, he shows a hostile attitude toward women that is archaic and deplorable.

By being an anti-abortionist and, ironically, anti-contraceptive as well, he's sending out a signal that he's against female emancipation.

Despite the smile, this humourless, vindictive and stubborn man might be portrayed as a woman-hater out to control their reproductive rights, keeping them as chattels of men and second-class citizens."

Vander Zalm is displaying his mental distress (to be read disease?)

as the policies and legislation of the Socred government continue in their exposure as totally out of touch with common sense.

Bill 20 jams the education system with disgruntled teachers and worried students - no growth allowed; Bill 19 makes the labour movement lose its power of collective bargaining and negotiating at the table as equals with management; welfare rates are frozen for years but rents increase anyway and people must pay out of their food money, then support allowances are reduced because of "restraint" while thousands and millions of dollars are squandered on subsidizing idiosyncracies of the wealthy - legislated poverty becomes focused on the worm of legislated malnutrition; children go to school every day hungry and this government will not even approve the formation of a non-profit society to handle the million dollars or so that have been raised to eradicate this disgusting blot on society as a whole. They lecture about it being the parent's responsibility to ensure their children adequate food - ignoring the hard fact that the welfare rates are grossly inadequate to feed one person.

"The tail does not cause the horse."

What this caucus of self-righteous blanks is using is an ancient formula of government - and they probably aren't even conscious of doing so. They are right in their own eyes and that's sufficient. The formula?

"A large populace held in check by a small but powerful force is quite a common situation in our universe. And we know the major conditions wherein this large populace may turn upon its keepers -

One: When they find a leader. This

is the most volatile threat to the powerful - they must retain control of leaders."

When some one or group challenges the policies or legislation of this government, they are hounded and scandalized by carefully worded and edited media coverage. Witness the "seditious conspiracy" charge against the Labour movement: if these tactics, laws governing finance can be used - especially against those poor in money terms.

Two: "When the populace recognizes its chains."

Here is the main point reverberating through Vander Zalm's most recent pronouncements - no woman has the right to be a first-class citizen and decide on the course of her life. She must remain subservient to men and do their bidding - meaning having their children regardless of her own potential and needs.

* Three: "When the populace perceives a hope of escape from bondage. They must never even believe that escape is possible!"

People living in poverty, women caught in unexpected and unwanted pregnancies, workers in industry, teachers who wish to have a pertinent say in their and their students' futures, children who can be nutritionally cared for without the stigma of being labelled 'poor trash'...all of this and more is being perpetuated by people with deranged minds - deranged in that "they" have theirs and Screw You Jack!

These sidereal scumbuckets (or, politely, disturbed individuals) see no problem in keeping the majority of people in this province under control.

"Most lives are a flight from self-hood. Most prefer the truths of the stable. You stick your heads into the stanchions and munch until you die. Others use you for their purposes. Not once do you live outside the stable to lift your head and be your own creature."

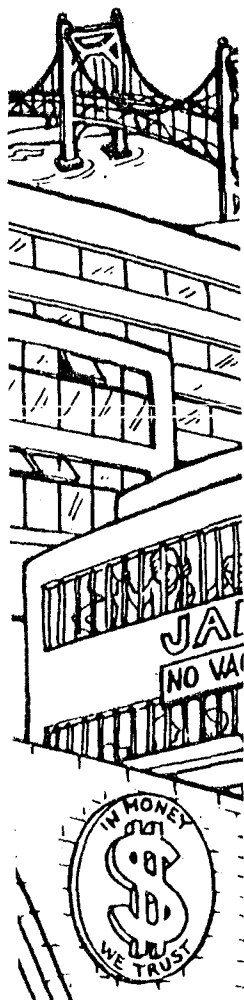
Privatization is the main thrust of it. Put more and more essential public services in the hands of private corporations and the public voice will have as much influence as a rag waved at a nuclear bomb. Put real control in the hands of the obscenely rich and objecting citizens will have no recourse but to obey. These will be returned to a place of serfdom as the new aristocracy proclaims its manifest destiny - Kings, Barons and Earls. Their word becomes law? Witness Vander Zalm saying that he doesn't listen to experts or consultants or anyone - he gets a "gut-feeling" and decides!!!

*On the air
LIVE* 
& UNREHEARSED...

Main & Hastings **BRAINSTORM**

Brainstorm theatre—live, unrehearsed, political satire with serious psycho-babble, and spontaneous Downtown Eastside propaganda, activist interviews, poetry, and environmental awareness, community announcements and news to die screaming by—music, local, live in the studio, or otherwise every second Thursday, with extended family and/or friends.

4³⁰—5³⁰
CO-OP RADIO 102.7 FM
EVERY SECOND THURSDAY



i visited your grave,

At Hospital today
they told me you'd died in your sleep,
after nine days of slumbering in coma.
You passed from in to out, after nine days
into the outer - field.
your flesh, a mortal husk, now only cold. Dead.

i visited your grave,

At the Cemetery office,
she directed me there, pointing to a map on the wall.
to a spot with no head-stone, there. Go.
I walked to your grave along a path lined with graves.
Nothing marked the plot they'd buried your dead body with-in.
Only a hyphenated number on a slip of paper marked it "X".
Your plot, an "X" on a slip of paper, your plot.
Your space of slumber, dream, peace.
A number for a name. A modern exchange.

i visited your grave,

i almost cried. i didn't though.
i controlled the flow. The tear.
i held the tiniest one back,
but, wept inside, dear
friend. Departed strong Comrade.

i don't know where you may be.
may-be some warm island in the middle of a hot sea.
Somewhere cold, Maybe? a frozen world.
Way out, out there somewhere in the orbit of Pluto?
Or maybe not, and then again maybe the plot is all you got.
Resurrection of the dead?
Reincarnated soul?

Zapped by a Memory

Sitting on the edge of my bed
A strange childhood dream zaps me
between the eyes.
Bits and pieces flirt with my memory
Dancing about on the edge of reality
Looking back in my old playgrounds
I can only try to comprehend.
There is a soothing Power in the air
Is it just my imagination?
Or am I now Comfortably Numb?

John Bell

The Mighty Eagle

There once was a Mighty Eagle
Who could fly so very High
He even once touched the Sky
Until one day he soared so fast
and free,
He woke up and was scattered
among the trees.

John Bell

Florence came back with our teas, we paid for them and she was gone before we realized that she had forgotten the honey.

"HONEY" Arlo called out to her as she headed for the kitchen. All of a sudden, every female in the room looked up at our table as Arlo realized what he had said and tried to hide under the table. Wonder what would have happened if he had called out for some sugar.

Our game of chess was well under way when the Cotton Street Band began playing their tunes. My knight took Arlo's pawn to the tune of "Tonight The Bottle Let Me Down". Later the game took a turn for the worse. Every time I'd make a move and think I was safe I would notice Arlo's bishop lurking behind my queen's robes. I also learned that his king was a bigamist, when one of his pawns made it to my side of the board and queened.

The door kept opening and closing as people came and went. Throughout the evening the Carnegie contingent straggled in. There was Dave McConnell sitting over in a corner, and Mary Brogan was enjoying herself in conversation with Earle and Barb. Willi was sitting over by the wall with a group of people. Lloyd would wander in hiding behind his black as night shades and stumble into the table before finding a seat.

One musician I really enjoyed later in the evening was Tammy Fassert with her Emmylou Harris-like voice. Peter Allen sang one of his own tunes that told of "Suicide On The Installment Plan". John Lyon did some great Fats Waller tunes replete with vocal imitations of trumpets and trombones. There were a couple of poets. Tora was really down on the Americans. He did a piece titled "Distinctive Software". One piece that was really hilarious was a send-up of "At The Hop" in which the syncopation of the words was such that Tora's gasping for breath between lines was poetic on it's own. Wendy told a tale of a dress she found in a consignment shop on Commercial Drive. I got up towards the end of the evening and did a couple of tunes by my favorite singer, Gram Parsons.

All in all it was a great evening, and it appeared that in the words of the Beatles "a splendid time was had by all".

Oh! By the way, after getting beat about six times by Arlo, I finally managed to put him in check-mate.

PHIL FOERSTER
and
SHAWNEE SAWYER

are going to announce their engagement on Friday, March 4, 1988.

The Wedding will take place on Monday, August 1, 1988. Time will be 1:00 to 3:00, with the reception following the ceremony. Both events will occur in Carnegie Centre.

To Sheila Bell,

The Sheila Bell I know is a kind, warm, loving woman. She has a big heart that shows to everyone. No, she isn't perfect but then who is? You know, there are not enough people like Sheila in this world. I hope I will be like her. Sheila is like a mother to me, someone who cares what I do. She is someone who I really hadn't had in my life before. I love you Mom.

Mary

simply don't have enough money?
Richmond's response is nothing but an attempt to divert attention away from the government's failure to raise the below-poverty assistance rates and provide job creation programs. The Minister's desire to blame the victims of hunger and his unwillingness to help resolve the major problem brings into question his ability to deliver the mandate he is responsible for," says Shields.

The B.C.G.E.U. represents the 4200 employees of the Ministry of Social Services and Housing.

Alcoholics Anonymous held its first meeting at Carnegie on Feb.7, and it was an open meeting - open to any who wished to attend.

I was there, even though I could never see a reason why I should go to such a meeting but, believe me, I was very impressed.

The people who were called to walk up and speak - I listened to them. I was so impressed and touched by what they had to say - about themselves and about coming to A.A. meetings - I learned a lot.

The meeting was well organized and 27 people were present. Thanks to Frank R., Glenda B. and Vic R. for making it such a success.

These meetings will be held in Classroom 2 every Sunday: 7:00-9:00.

By Bell Mayer

To the Volunteer Support Group

I'd like to take this time to thank all the wonderful Volunteers who helped me this past month.

I really enjoyed working with you and hope this good work continues

Bell Mayer

BURNT TOAST:

I BURNED ONE SIDE OF
THE FRIED EGG SANDWICH &
BROUGHT IT TO HER
BURNT SIDE DOWN

SHE SAID:
YOU TRIED TO HIDE
THE BURNT SIDE
TO MAKE IT LOOK BETTER

YOU SHOULD SHOW
THE BURNT SIDE UP
SO PEOPLE WILL
KNOW THE TRUTH

SEE, I KNOW SOMETHING
WOULD BE WRONG
(SHE MEANS "DISHONEST")
IF I DIDN'T SEE ANY
BURNT TOAST AROUND.

TORA

DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE YOUTH ACTIVITIES SOCIETY (D.E.Y.A.S.)

Project Coordinator - John Turvey
Community Youth - - Sammy Green
Workers - Didi Nelson
- Allan Roscoe
Recreation Worker - Larry Parenteau
Referrals - Counselling - Advocacy
for youth in our community
& on our streets.

WILL BE MOVING IN
NEAR FUTURE

From - Crabtree Corner - 101 E. Cordova
To - 223 Main St. Phone 685-4488

This is an update on the continuous battle to have the hungry children fed in schools. The School Board Trustees are acting like the good guys in the latest soap opera. Just remember we have a civic election in November and they would to get elected again.

The only one who has been supportive of us is Philip Rankin and he wasn't allowed to be on the Hungry Kids Committee. The rest have bucked us at every turn until recently.. Now they steal all of our ideas and use them as their own. Something is rotten and it isn't in Denmark.

McDonald's are profiting from hungry children. Just recently they obtained a franchise to supply breakfasts for a certain school in an affluent neighbourhood. Even though the breakfasts are paid for by a businessman, McDonald's are charging two dollars a meal for those children who can afford it.

Why is the Provincial government such a tightwad when it comes to the issue of hungry children? These heartless wonders refuse to match the Canada Assistance Plan money offered by the federal government. They are the main obstacle in our battle to eliminate hunger among these defenceless members of our society..

Ask yourself why this provincial government is wasting money in its handling of the Gitksan and Wet'-suwet'en Land Claim Trial? I find it very offensive when I hear the ridiculous questions the government lawyers ask our Elders.

These lawyers are paid \$300/hr. There seems to be an endless supply of funds for these people, yet

social services are cut back on a daily basis.

This particular trial could have been over in three to four weeks; however it benefits the government to prolong the proceedings. The trial has gone on for three months and it will most likely continue for another six months.

The cards are stacked against the Gitksan and Wet'-suwet'en people and they will lose in this first case. Many of the Elders are unable to speak English so they have an interpreter to translate for the transcripts. By the time the case ends, I will likely be able to speak both languages fluently.

This was a press release dated February 3, 1988.

B.C. Government Employees Union today accused the Minister of Social Services and Housing of being responsible when he stated the way to deal with hungry children is to require teachers to report individual names to Ministry staff.

"We all know that income assistance rates are totally inadequate" says Shields. To suggest that the way to get rid of hunger is by compiling lists of names and offering instruction in budgetting is cynical and callous coming from the Minister who has set assistance rates that are more than fifty percent below the poverty level."

"It is hard to believe that the Minister responsible for the well-being of children and families in this province blames the victims for his own government's failure to improve the economy and create jobs."

"What benefit could there possibly be for Ministry staff to counsel people on how to budget when they

I Deganawidah
and the chiefs of the Five Nations of
the Great Peace
we now uproot the tallest pine
into the cavity thereby made
we cast all weapons of war.
Into the depths of the earth
into the deep underneath...
we cast all weapons of war.
We bury them from sight forever...
and we plant again the tree...
Thus shall the Great Peace be
established.

Iroquois poem
The Tree of the Great Peace

Satellite launched

CAPE CANAVERAL, Fla. —
A U.S. satellite blasted into
orbit Monday for a key Star
Wars test in which 15 simulated
nuclear missiles were to be
released and tracked through
space. The \$250-million US
exercise is to help determine if a
split-second response can be
developed for a space-based
weapons system.

The Straight Narrow Passage

At the last moment,
I steered my vehicle off the
busy winding Expressway -
Right into Straight and Narrow Lane.

The Moon & stars shone their light
to guide my way into the late evening,
The road was very lonely, yet
my spirit was lifted.
The birds were beginning to chirp
in the trees above me.

I was becoming uneasy after many hours
...travelling along,
The dawn is approaching and I still
haven't reached my destination...
A streak of brilliant light suddenly
lights up the sky and everything below
As a parable filtered into my
consciousness

'If you've fallen to the depths
I've journeyed,
You'd know of the peaks I've sailed
How much easier does the dark
Make the light to see.'

I sighed with relief,
As I realized I had just missed
a huge pile-up on the Expressway.

John Bell

DEEDS problem

February 11, 1988 The East Ender

Only four weeks after receiving a \$70,000 grant from Vancouver city council, the Downtown Eastside Economic Development Society is in the midst of a jurisdictional muddle. According to COPE alderman Libby Davies, part of a print shop operated by DEEDS has moved into the lounge area of the nearby New Hope Centre at 217 Dunlevy Street. "There's still an awful lot of confusion about who occupies which premises," she said Tuesday.

New Hope director Margaret Chisholm has had some discussions with social planning director Max Beck on the mix-up, "but I'm not sure if it got any further than that," said Davies.

"Mrs. Chisholm knows that the sponsoring organization has moved into part of her operation," she added, referring to DEEDS. "I think the city really needs to sort it out once and for all. Otherwise, she'll have nothing left at the end.



POWER BAD TRICK ALERT

JAN 15 1988

PROSTITUTES and OTHER WOMEN
for EQUAL RIGHTS

is a national organization and a member of the International Prostitutes Network. We are prostitute and non-prostitute women who are fighting to make changes socially, legally and economically for all woman...

ASSAULT/THREATENING/ROBBERY:

male, white, 40ish, 5'8", stocky, wire-rimmed glasses, phony French accent, ratty clothes. Male drove a small 4dr Toyota, a real beater/roughshape. Took woman to Mainland Nelson where he gave her a backhand to her mouth, tried to strangle her and robbed her. He said that he hated hookers and that if he saw her again she'd be dead.

ROBBERY/ASSAULT:

male, white, approx. 6'2", about 200lbs., early 40's, shoulder length graying hair, moustache, blue eyes. This man asked for a b.j. but told woman he didn't have enough \$\$, so he tied her to a tree and left her standing in her undergarments. He stole all her \$\$.

ASSAULT/KNIFE/ROBBERY/RAPE:

male, white, 38ish, clean shaven, short slicked back hair, black leather jacket, biker type. Male offers \$60 for a b.j., started to drive and refused to take her back. Held a switchblade to her neck, raped her and finally tied her up, blindfolded her with her own jacket and dumped her. Told her that if she went to the cops, he'd come back and kill her. Her empty purse was found a few blocks away. This pig drove an

American-looking car; blue, white
ASSAULT/PEDOPHILE:

male, white, short grey hair, glasses, 50ish, 5'5" or 6", 150lbs. This male picks up young girls, gets them drunk and takes nude photos of them. This sicko drives a VW van; 3-tone brown; BC# MVF 945. POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS:

male, white, brown hair, 5'6", med. build, on foot. This male took woman to sixth and Brunswick, did not tell woman that he wanted S/M; he tried to get her to submit but when she got really upset and afraid he let her go.

ASSAULT:

male, white, 38 to 42, 5'10" to 6', med. build, dirty blond/greying hair, thinning and to mid-neck, mustache, round face - not fat. Male picked woman up Broadway/Prince Albert - he couldn't come so he got violent. Woman received fractured jaw, has teeth missing, and she had to jump out of second floor window to escape.

ASSAULT/WEIRDO:

male, white, husky, 6', short hair under a toque with Canadian flag on it and scar on his face. Clean shaven, on foot, will walk up to you and attack you for no reason.

and on and on and on...

The Bad Trick Alert is produced by POWER and endorsed by POWER organizations across Canada and the USA and in England.

To contact POWER call 875-1050

- bad tricks, court advocacy,
lawyers, welfare rights, etc.

By Wayne Schmidt (12 years)

Do you ever like to talk about things that happened when you were much younger and really had a wild imagination? Well I do, and sometimes I wonder how my mother survived raising me this far.

Most of the outstanding events occurred during my fourth year. One day Mom registered me for Nursery School which I was to attend the following day. After supper, Mom went and washed the dishes. As soon as she had finished this particular chore, Mom looked for me all over the house and found that I had disappeared.

Imagine her surprise when she looked out the front window and discovered me walking down the road with my lunch bucket in my hand and the dog running by my side. I wanted Shep to have an education too.

Mom ran after me and explained Nursery School only happened in the daytime. She made certain I was sound asleep before she went to bed that night.

I thoroughly enjoyed Nursery School where I had many children to play with. The teacher always knew when I was in the washroom because every time I went in there I was yodelling like crazy.

Nursery School was a great place for contracting childhood diseases. I managed to catch measles and chicken pox that year. I hated the itching from the chicken pox and Mom kept rubbing lotion on me.

The same time I went to Nursery School Uncle Len stayed with us because he was dying from lung cancer. He was a heavy smoker and never went to a doctor until he became very ill.

Mom took him to our family doctor and he put Uncle Len on morphine because he was in such terrible pain. My mother nursed Uncle Len until he took convulsions and had to call an ambulance to take him to the hospital. This really upset me because I was very close to him and helped Mom wait on him.

Uncle Len passed away on Thanksgiving Day. The people at Shaughnessy Hospital were cold and callous when Mom tried to make the funeral arrangements. They wanted her to pay for the funeral and said there wasn't any room for him in the Field of Honour - even though Uncle Len spent six years fighting overseas.

Mom went to the Last Post and they were very supportive. They arranged for Uncle Len to have a full military funeral and the pallbearers were from the Legion at 49th & Fraser.

The people at the Last Post were horrified to hear how my mother was treated at Shaughnessy Hospital. They said every veteran is entitled to a full military funeral even if his body is found in a garbage bin.

They also said there was plenty of room in the Field of Honour for him. They ordered a beautiful plaque to mark his grave.

We place flowers on the grave on April 22 which was Uncle Len's birthday. It is easy to get to Mountain View Cemetery by bus.

Uncle Len's favourite hymns were played including "Beyond the Sunset." All of the relatives came back to our house after the service.

I found it very difficult to cope with Uncle Len's death and was afraid to go in a room by myself and had nightmares. It was because of this that Mom started a program

on teaching children how to cope with death at the Parents' Support Group.

I would like to speak to some of the adults at Carnegie. Before you hand out abuse to the children, try to understand what they have been through and how difficult it is for us to be growing up in these trying times.

poetry

MY SISYPHUS UNENVIED

Not solid you to resist. Witness only, you am drifted by otherness. Hollowed, you vacuum you to defend as best you know, clinging to peace that is a piece that eroded is by tide with time a witness-too, too innocent to prosecute with dialectic hope of hope's hopeful hopefulness hoping against hope to hope for hope qua hope. No currency anyway to trade for chance for fear is not tender only void where exhibited. No weapons left if weapons were ever right. Or was it warmth lost you? No matter now the cold is in. Comfort till you melt apart. Irony is left you still to understand. The mind is last to last.

Otherness you suffer. Other you are to otherness, not seen by as being drifted, only as a fail to other than other be.

You drift. Apart. Apart you drift too from parts of you that is all so left is to measure distance growing.

The tide is change.

You stay the same vacuums have no nows so do you still the otherness outside around.

"Please stay away."

To late to know of all but pieces being drifted of hollowed vacuum-being — all vacuum is the same you so to cling far together still, still. Still, worse you know for getting it only can. Everything so must you stop from happening inside. Brittle. Easy to know fatal is touch of otherness while clinging far together to sustain.

Stassis is the only anchor.

Stassis is the only shore.

Not solid you to resist. Hollowed, you scrape shreds off of you over left from hollowing that otherness has no hold.

"please stay away." No one can be here. There is no here"

Now onward, autist, while, beneath the tide, the echoes of thoughts lost arriving follow the rhythms of a boulder not the moon.

Steven Belkin

Note: Sisyphus is the name of a character in a Greek myth who keeps trying to roll a huge boulder to the top of a mountain, but just before he gets there, it rolls back down, crushing him underneath. This situation, which the Greek storytellers said happens over and over again, was given as an example of the type of mind that is self-defeating. It represents the life of someone who is living in hell.

LEARNING CENTRE

Just as close to home is the idea of fees - user fees - for any class or course to be offered in Carnegie.

Learning Centre people discussed new learning programs like small classes and one-to-one tutoring.

They expressed strong concern that no fees be charged for Learning Centre programs or any programs in the Centre as a whole.

"Just \$10" seems to be a statement that doesn't grasp the reality of life on an income 50% below the National Poverty Line. Paying a fee

for anything means that much less money for food that month - of doing without more of what you are already doing without. Remedies like going to 'your' social worker or the head of the thing being charged for means essentially begging and humiliation.

The Board of Directors of the Association was asked to and did move that: "The Association re-affirm our commitment to programs in all Carnegie that have NO USER FEES."

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.

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.

NEED HELP ?

DERA can help you with:

- * any welfare problems
- * UIC problems
- * getting legal assistance
- * unsafe living conditions
in hotels or apartments
- * disputes with landlords
- * income tax



DERA is located at 9 East Hastings
or phone 682-0931.

DERA HAS BEEN SERVING THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE
FOR 13 YEARS

THE GREAT DEBATE

...SO IS HER LIFE REALLY THREATENED? I MEAN IS SHE GOING TO DIE RIGHT NOW IF SHE DOESN'T GET AN ABORTION?... I CAN'T GIVE ANY MONEY IF SHE'S NOT GOING TO DIE, YOU KNOW...

WELL, SHE SEEMED FINE YESTERDAY, BUT TODAY IT'S HARD TO SAY - A FEW COMPLICATIONS HAVE SET IN, ACTUALLY - AND, OF COURSE WE DON'T KNOW WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TOMORROW ... I'D SAY YES, DEFINITELY, SHE WILL DIE IF I DON'T GET THE MONEY...



ACTUALLY, NEITHER OF THESE GUYS KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT GIVING BIRTH... BUT THEY BOTH KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT MOVING MONEY AROUND.

102A

Strathcona Community Garden's Society
is holding their

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

March 1, 1988 7:00 pm
at the Strathcona Community Centre
601 Keefer St.

Elections of 10 Directors will take place. To vote and stand for a position, your 1988 membership needs to be paid up. All Welcome.

ATTENTION: G.A.I.N. Recipients

All medical cards expire March 31st. If you have been at the same address for a while the new card may be automatically mailed to you.

But if you move frequently, you should see your social worker or contact me as I have the number of the medical office in Vancouver and I would be happy to help cut through the red tape.

One never knows when an emergency will arise and I don't want to see anyone without medical coverage.

By IRENE SCHMIDT

You know there comes a time such as this when the minutes and the hours of our time get well spent and feel good in the company of those near and dear ones; when the heart feels it is in a right place and the soul can stretch and relax.

The appreciation flows freely to all with such a masterful touch of making my time more enjoyable and worthwhile. Oh, beautiful music for my soul!

I'd like to thank such "Birds of a Feather" as Red Robin, Bluebird, Blackbird, Thunderbird...

Such "Dukes of Earl" as Earle of Peach, Earl of Scott

Such "Goliaths" with musical hearts/and lungs as David R. with whom I have a lot of ambitions and music in common;

David McC. who plays music with me whenever Ba-Ba-Bhar-ba-ra an' Anita song. (sic)

Robert's "Four-Aces" when it comes to music, and a good heart that comes from being born on Dec. 25

There is a Lee where there is no competition with the Jones'.

"When I find myself in times of trouble, Mother Mary speaks to me..."

This list is not complete, only always to be updated...

Dean O. from the heart

