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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



JULY 1, 1988.



The 100th performance of the play NO' XYA' (Our Footprints) happened in Vancouver's Waterfront Theatre 5 days before Canada's 121st birthday. Thinking about this historic case, the Gitksan-Wet'suwet'en Land

Claims, kept me apart from the festivities at Carnegie's Canada Day Picnic at Buntzen Lake, but the gaiety and games and good food were enjoyed by all there. The words of the Native people are as solid as rock -

ABORIGINAL TITLE: European immigration into Native lands now known as BC began in the late 1700's. By the 1850's, settlement had taken place in major parts.

Since long before European contact, all people in the region have belonged to a number of distinct political jurisdictions. Among these groups numerous languages and cultures have evolved. Each jurisdiction governs itself with its own laws and institutions, the most important of which govern how humans relate to the land, its plants and its animals.

This relationship involves deep spiritual, social and legal obligations that, in western terms, can be expressed as ownership and jurisdiction. Aboriginal title is based on this original state.

GITKSAN AND WET'SUWET'EN: The Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en live around the Skeena and Bulkley Rivers in northwestern BC. Both groups are matrilineal. All inheritance passes through the mother's line. They share a social and legal system based on their membership in two social units - the House and the Clan. The House is the primary land-owning unit. Its members are close relatives who share a common history.

Through their House Chief, the people fulfill their responsibilities for precisely defined land and fishing territories. In return, the land and rivers feed and support the House.

Each person also has a formal and complex web of rights and responsibilities outside of his or her House which are identified through the Clan. All members of a House belong to the same Clan and are related to other Houses within that Clan, although the nature of the relationship may be lost to history.

There are four Gitksan Clans: Wolf, Fireweed, Frog and Eagle, and five Wet'suwet'en Clans: Wolf, Fireweed, Frog, Small Frog and Beaver.

All important transactions must be validated in the Feast House. Feasts are given to mark all important occasions: death, marriage, settlement of disputes, inheritance of a name and territory.

It is the hundred or so territories belonging to each House which is the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en spiritual and resource base, a base encompassing 22,000 sq. miles.

CONFLICTS: With the ever-encroaching settlement into Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en territories in the 20th century, disputes and confrontations grew. The Canadian method to deal with these confrontations was to introduce the Indian reserves.

The establishment and imposition of these reserves were protested by the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en. They persistently asserted they owned the House territories and never ceded their ownership or jurisdiction.

ACTION: On November 1, 1977, the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en Declaration of ownership and jurisdiction was accepted by the Federal government but the Province of BC refused to recognize and acknowledge this declaration.

On October 23, 1984, 54 hereditary chiefs representing 76 Houses, launched a land title action against the government of BC. This is probably the most important test of aboriginal rights that the legal world has yet faced. The Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en seek a declaration from the court to confirm their continued ownership and jurisdiction over their lands and all its resources.

CROWN POSITION: Shortly after the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en filed their Statement of Claim, the Federal government was compelled to join the Province of BC as Defendants to the action.

They defend their case with 4 arguments: 1. Denial of the existence of Aboriginal title. 2. If such title did exist, it was extinguished by the colonial government prior to BC joining Confederation, or by the Terms of Union when BC was admitted to Confederation. 3. If aboriginal title somehow survived Confederation, title was extinguished by the supposed acceptance of Indian reserves; that the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en voluntarily gave up their claims to their territories in exchange for Indian reserves.

4. Assimilation - that the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en no longer have a distinct way of life on the land. That is has been replaced by Indian reserves, public education, Christianity, the wage economy and provincial jurisdiction over hunting, trapping, etc.

They further deny that the Constitution affords any positive protection to the relief sought by the Native people.

THE COURTS: The trial opened on May 11, 1987, in Smithers, BC, in the territory of Gyologyet, a Wet'suwet'en chief of the Wolf Clan.

It went into summer recess in June, underwent a change of venue and reconvened in Vancouver on January 4, 1988.

The trial in the Supreme Court of BC is expected to last until August, 1988. Regardless of the decision, this case will go to the Su-reme Court of Canada.

It is estimated that the cost of this action will reach \$5-6 million for the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en; \$10-12 million for the Federal government; and \$15-18 million for the Province of BC.

For over 100 years, the Province of BC has refused to negotiate land title settlements with the Aboriginal peoples of BC. The entrenchment of aboriginal and treaty rights in the Constitution in 1982 has not changed that position.

The Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en are in the courts explaining who they are, the basis of their ownership, how their institutions of jurisdiction operate...the fact that they are two distinct peoples. They raise the evidence to challenge the Province of BC to answer the question - "By what authority do You claim your ownership and jurisdiction over the same territory?"

Spirit Rising

Spirit Rising is accepting application for grades 1 to 7 on the 1988-1989 school year.

This program is designed for Native children of average or better ability who take pride in their culture and wish to learn more of it. The staff emphasizes basic academics, native arts, and use of the native community as positive role models.

Special programs currently operating include computer education, instrumental enrichment, alcohol/drug awareness and personal decision making (Project Charlie) and the salmonid enhancement program.

For further information or an application form, please call: 251-4414.

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Letter to the Editor, Paul Taylor

I would to thank you for putting in full time, and your all out effort in editing the Carnegie Newsletter for the Volunteers and the readers.

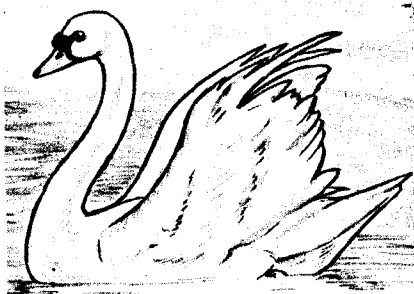
In every newsletter, there is always consistency on important topics and special events, plus other interesting creations. It is put together with so many ideas, which require a lot of thought and work.

In my opinion, I would say that you are one of the best editors I have met, whose patience and temper are Top Gun. i.e. you're very human and irreplaceable.

Although I am a fairly new volunteer tutor, there is always something new to learn day by day. Whether one learns something minute or gigantic, one does feel its impact, soaking into their mind filled with mind parasites. (Mind parasites are what people have to eat up new ideas and strange thoughts.)

On open-mindedness: It's good to have an open mind, so long as it's not open at both ends. To make the story shorter, I wish you luck with your future endeavors.

With gratitude,
Miki



REWARDS
OF

taking notes

By HENRY HEBERT

After buying a cup of coffee at the canteen near the entrance at Stanley Park. I placed my plastic bag filled with my notebook, a couple slices of bread and four peanut butter sandwiches beside me on the park bench as I sat down. I had barely begun to enjoy my coffee when four geese walked within reach and waited to learn whether or not I would share my food with them. Among these beautiful birds was one who wasn't only in a rush to be fed but he also showed his curiosity by putting his head into my bag.

"Hey!" I said to this goose. "You'll be fed too! Don't be in such a rush."

While enjoying my coffee and sandwiches and sharing my food with 'Hurry' and his feathered friends, a man with camera in hand took a picture of these birds and my actions. They resembled each other with their grey bodies, their long black necks, black beaks, black web feet and a white spot on each side.

Appreciating the fresh air, smelling the green grass and hearing the different sounds of the wildlife weren't the only things I enjoyed while feeding the geese. An additional thrill was watching the waves on Lost Lagoon which were caused by the little wind.

I also noticed a swimming platform in the middle of Lost Lagoon. It was an ideal place to take notes. It wasn't within walking distance, just swimming distance, so I moved to a different area.

I had only walked a short distance when I saw a big tree stump. While I was sitting on this stump with my notebook between my legs, I heard one of two men who were observing the ducks flying in and out of the pond describe the style of these ducks' actions. "Their take-offs and landings are just like a 714."

After hearing this description, I was asked by an older woman, "Would you mind taking a picture of me feeding the white swan?"

"With pleasure," I said.

Even though I was prepared to make this lady's wishes come true the swan wasn't so cooperative as he decided to swim away.

"He's not too cooperative," she said in a depressing voice.

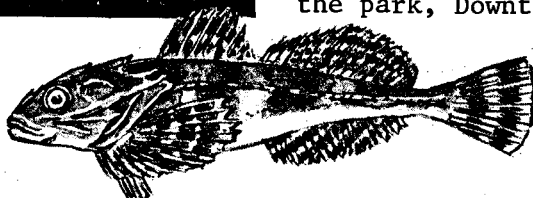
"I guess he must have eaten too much today," I replied. Just then, the swan returned and made this person's wish come true. Before leaving, the woman gave me the rest of the corn. She thanked me and said good-bye.

I happened to look towards the pond and saw water coming out of the thing on which I had wished to sit to write my notes.

"Well," I said to myself, as I discovered that the ideal place to take my notes was a water fountain. "I sure as hell would have had a good surprise if I had sat on that thing, not to mention how wet my shoes would have been!"

This discovery caused a good laugh and I decided to call it a day and returned home with a happy smile on my face.

WHICH WAY
TO CARNEGIE?



CRAB PARK PROGRAM INFORMATION

The Crab (portside) Park will be transformed into a fun and enjoyable playground for Downtown Eastside children and youths. The park, located at the foot of Main Street near the overpass, will be supervised daily from 12 noon to 8 p.m.

NOTE: The park is closed on Tuesday with no staff.

The park program will start July 1, and end on August 22, 1988.

Moms will find the park playground program very attentive to their needs. Young children can play in the park while mom does her daily chores, or takes a break in the shade.

Ray-Cam Centre has hired qualified and enthusiastic staff that will lead exciting daily activities - water activities, games, sports, arts and crafts, drama, out-trips, barbecues, movies, rollerskating, treasure hunts & special events.

The park will host a number of mobile caravans. Each caravan will present useful information, or entertainment that will enlighten youths of all ages. Look forward to dog shows, puppets, kite making and local talent that will appeal to youth.

All activities on the park are free, including a daily nutritious snack for children.

HOW CAN YOUTHS JOIN THE CRAB PARK PLAYGROUND!

Cecille Henry, the Playground Leader, will be visiting families in the Downtown Eastside. Registration forms are also available at the park, Downtown Eastside Youth Activities Society, and Carnegie. For more information. Ray-Cam 251-2141

To clarify B.C. Coalition of the Disabled's position with regard to the proposed taxi service to Crab Park, (see Crab Park Service to the Disabled - Carnegie Newsletter, June 15) please refer to the Coalition's brief to city council of May 31. We do not say that the taxi service is "NOT the permanent solution" as suggested in your article.

What we did say is that "after considering the implications of the proposed taxi solution we cannot support it and also defend the principle of equality of access and the dignity of people with disabilities." For us the taxi proposal is no longer an acceptable solution, permanent or otherwise. Why should people have to go to a pick-up point and be screened by staff to determine whether they are disabled enough - just to get into a public park? And why should anyone think that disabled people only want to use parks in the summer between 12:00 noon and 8:00 p.m.?

Please allow me to add that while this issue and others far more crucial to our community - False Creek and Coal Harbour, to name just two - loom ever larger on the horizon, I find it personally distressing that self-serving opportunists attempt to distract us from our goals with personality cultism.

Our victories, whether housing, Crab Park or the Carnegie Centre itself, have all been won through our collective efforts and a strong, united voice or residents and workers. We cannot afford the luxury of individual or special interest group heroics.

While chicken little and henny penny try to impress us with their own importance the fox has his way.

A little less worry about who takes credit and a little more positive hard work, please!

Ken Lyotier



FROM THE BC COALITION OF THE DISABLED TO VANCOUVER CITY COUNCIL
RE: ACCESS TO CRAB PARK BRIEF PRESENTED 31, MAY, 1988.

It has now been over a year since we first raised our concerns publicly about the lack of access to CRAB Park. Since that time we have worked with community groups, city staff and yourselves to recommend and review possible solutions.

We have made representations to the Port, the Canadian Human Rights Commission, our MP's, the Minister of Transport and the Prime Minister. Last fall we supported the city's application to the Canadian Transport Commission to re-open the level crossing at Columbia Street.

We took these actions for two basic reasons:

- in the hope that people with disabilities could gain as much independent access to the new park as possible; and
- to raise awareness of the public and decision-makers of what we believe to be a fundamental principle of equality.

During National Access Awareness Week, it is our hope that not only will recognition be given to the advances made to improve the equality and independence of access for people with disabilities, but that real action be taken to further this principle. We appreciate the support given by you, Mayor Campbell and members of this Council, and that received from other groups and private citizens. In furthering our goal in this.

This situation is a sad commentary on the strength of the federal commitment to the principles of accessibility as outlined in Human Rights Legislation, the Charter of Rights and the spirit of National Access Awareness Week. Agencies and corporations controlled and regulated by the federal government should adhere to these principles.

Early last summer we thought that accessible taxi service would be provided as a temporary measure by Vancouver Taxi. Faced with the immediacy of the problem we agreed that the offer should be accepted even though we had strong reservations. We stated that this should not be considered as anything but a temporary solution. In fact, the service was never implemented.

We find now that in terms of reasonably independent access, except for some minor modifications we're no further ahead than we were last summer. After considering the implications of the proposed taxi solution we cannot support it and also defend the principle of equality of access and the dignity of people with disabilities.

We call on Council to help us find a more satisfactory solution. We understand from your engineering department that a safe, level crossing could be installed at the foot of Columbia in short order if permission were granted now. We ask that the Mayor request to meet with the Port Corporation and Canadian Pacific to seek their cooperation in removing the barrier before another summer goes by.

The Mayor has suggested that he will consider meeting soon with responsible officials in Ottawa to try to convince them to act swiftly. We encourage him to do that. We are prepared to work with the City, the community, the Port and the Canadian Pacific to secure a permanent solution to this situation.

The SHAMAN

i followed
and he led me
through ceremony and ritual
a spiritual cleansing of/at Crab beach,
(a beach with a name that is different than
the name that the official white officials have given to it)



the shaman and his brother saw me,
at the beach where crabs splash and play.
he blessed birds with an offering of bread
he talked with father who radiated
like a sun beyond the horizon,
he pulled things out of the water,
the living salt ocean deep sea water harbour water.

and he threw something back
when he saw its pointed nature
was too much like hate.
Native Indian shaman blessed the sacred beach
His brother ever watching, sitting in silence,
his spiritual helper.

i sprinkled bread for birds and we entered
into cold mystic waters and dried our
diamond bodies on jeweled-crust of rock
a day of peace, a lapping off gentle water spirits
on to an ancient shore.
we parted, friends . 2 cultures but one mind.
The Shaman his brother and me.

p. imm

I like my title

I'm not a professional,
But I enjoy being an amateur.

This title suits me like a key.

I can make a few mistakes
which lessens the high criticism.

Just a beginner, "That's me!"

I'm not a professional,
But never the less, "I like my title."

The amateur-at-heart. "That's me!"



Henry Hebert
THAT'S LIFE

YOU HAVE YOUR SAY ON RENOVATIONS

By Muggs Sigurgeirson

It was the most ambitious survey ever undertaken in Carnegie. And now you will get a first-hand peek at the results.

A total of 155 Carnegie patrons, 13 Carnegie committees and 18 Downtown Eastside community groups took part in a survey to help decide how Carnegie should be renovated. Some of their answers are real eye-openers.

The results of the survey will be on display in the third floor art gallery from Monday, July 4 to Sunday July 17. Everyone is welcome to browse through, and to add their comments and ideas.

Later this year, Carnegie will be making some important decisions on how to spend \$650,000 allocated by Vancouver voters to modernize the Centre and to ease the over-crowding. These decisions must be made by everyone involved, not just left to a few. That's why the survey was conducted -

to make sure the opinions of the "quiet people", as well as those who know how to express themselves, get recorded.

On Sunday, July 17, at 7 p.m., a public meeting will be held in the theatre to go over the results, to answer questions and to get more comments. Everyone is encouraged to attend the meeting and to have their say.

But that's not all. The city has hired a "functional programmer", a man named Gerry Rolfsen, whose job it is to go around the Centre and meet with individuals and groups to find out what they think about Carnegie and where it should be heading. He will be at the July 17 meeting and will be working in Carnegie during the summer and fall.

It's a long, complicated process, but it's necessary; we're all going to have live with the results afterwards. That's why we want to make sure everyone has a chance to contribute to this important stage in the development of Carnegie Centre.

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DERA is located at 9 East Hastings
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DERA HAS BEEN SERVING THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE
FOR 15 YEARS

Old man
Alone
In a basement room.
You've outlived your time, you say.
You hoped that maybe
Something might have happened...
That you would not have been so left
Alone.

It wasn't always so.
You've travelled in our country coast to coast,
You've built large houses in a new Vancouver,
You've logged in Kamloops and the wild west coast.
You've sweated as a miner -
Yes, and like a meteor you've come to town
Shaken by the bleakness
Of the northern camps.
You created this country!
Now you have nothing.

You found an old time boarding house
And lived with friends,
Until that cunning pack of money makers
With teeth and regulations sharp as razors
Destroyed your home,
Not caring where you went.
A few just died
And solved the housing problem in that way.
Some left town.
You wandered to a basement room
Alone.

I greet you, friend,
And wait to hear the stories you have lived.
Tell me our heritage
That is not found in school books.
Tell me of those who really built this nation.

Sandy Cameron



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2 BR gr
\$450 + util.
1 BR ste. \$350. Avail
Aft. 6 pm 271-0088.
Jul 1, 2BR apt. \$475 inc.

Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

Articles represent the views of individual
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ART BY TORA

DONATIONS:

Nancy W.-\$200
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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.

DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE WOMEN'S HOUSING

To Gail, who's there.

Can you help me
I'm pregnant
I keep on moving -
I want a place that I can call all my own.
No sharing washrooms,
Sharing kitchens,
Ignoring knocks on my door
For attention, my food or a loan.

There's a meeting
About some housing
Only women -
What a drag if my kid is a male.
They promise safety
And protection
And a hand in getting grants -
I am guided as I was back in jail.

Coordination
Facilitation
Alienation
When we enter the stainless steel gate
I find my number
Hear the echoes
And I freeze, this can't be me -
Immaculate, what's the price, where's the bait.

Benefaction
Contribution
What a warehouse -
Find my shelter in the room next to Gail.
Infused with pittance
Humbled trusting
Create a home with the alms -
Now you ladies, be sure not to fail.

I've got to stand up
For my sisters
For my brothers
For the children in our place:
We are poor
Yet no restriction,
Subordination.
We are free
We have no fear
We are grateful
But please close the door.

Willemien.



(Can be sung to the tune of "oh, help me, please doctor,
I'm damaged", by the Stones)

1 DEALING WITH EMOTIONAL PAIN

Self-armouring (mental, emotional & physical tightening) is always our first defensive reaction against emotional pain dumped on us by others, but - it only gives a temporary illusion of safety, & soon becomes much worse than the pain that caused it in the first place.

Psychic armouring that accumulates in the body & soul traps us, limits our energy, & dulls our thinking-feeling process.

An example of total psychic armouring is a catatonic mental patient who sits in a rigid posture all day long, stares straight ahead, says nothing, & reacts to nothing - in extreme cases, the person will not eat or even move to go to the bathroom. Such people are often forced intravenously just to keep them alive.

As long as we are alive, every one of us will encounter some emotional pain each day of our lives. There is no escape from this - it is the price we pay for being involved in this strange adventure called "being human."

So, dealing with emotional pain is an ongoing daily necessity like everything else. Some are better at it than others. Those who practice "dealing with" (getting rid of) emotional pain retain a youthful, active & compassionate attitude even into old age. If we become successful at this, it's even possible to face & pass into death without fear or agony. The last days are often the best.

There are some practical ways to get rid of armoured body-mind states that accumulate every day inside us. One way is to take off all your clothes and lie down on the bed as soon as you get home (especially important when you've had a bad day); concentrate on relaxing all your muscles, tendons, ligaments, internal organs, etc. Slow down & deepen your breathing by concentrating on the out-breath...slowly breathing out all the way down to the bottom of your lungs...this is the one that gets rid of toxins (poisons) & gradually dispells emotional pain by getting rid of the imprint it leaves on your body.

Don't worry about spontaneous coughing that may erupt during this practice - get right into it - it's part of the process. If you fall asleep, try to remember to begin deep relaxation & out-breathing again when you wake up - this can be very effective.

Deep out-breathing is not a technique that can be mastered overnight - it needs to become part of your daily routine, before the longterm benefits of it can be felt.

Deliberately relaxing the body is also not as easy as it sounds. As you go more deeply into it, you will encounter the physical pains, tightness & lack of feeling in your body that resulted from your emotional pain reactions during the day - it holds on at a level deeper than the muscles - in the internal organs, ligaments & bone marrow. Pain, tightness & loss of feeling in the body is subtle, & the deeper you go the more you discover.

Getting rid of recently accumulated emotional pain is relatively easy compared to getting rid of deep, traumatic, early childhood pain,

which is encountered when you get really good at deep relaxation through constant practice.

By this method, practiced with dedication (out of desperation), anyone can learn to "deal with" the results of emotional pain.

This process can help you to begin each day in a calm & clear manner, especially when you do it each morning before you get up.

It's possible to relax, still your thoughts, & simply feel the state of your body. This deliberately places the powers of awareness into the centre of painful, tight situations inside you... practicing this, you will gradually become braver at accepting & feeling many of the negative conditions within the body. This is the only way to get rid of them. The fear of feeling this pain is the thing that caused us to tighten up around it in the first place.

The first step is to admit the need to feel pain in order to get rid of it - & the practice is to relax deeply & allow the natural flow of life within you to move this pain along the way a river floats out to the ocean - or the way the ice on a river breaks up in the spring.

Finally, if this apparently simple but sometimes difficult practice becomes a real part of your life, you will gradually discover how very subtle and miraculous the human system is. There are forces working within us that, if given the chance, can result in a new sense of inner strength & confidence.

When you know you can get rid of "bad vibes" others dump on you every day, it makes a big difference in your attitude.

When you are finally doing something practical against personal pain - something that actually works

- & allows you to deal with pain (get rid of it) effectively, it's possible to move in the direction of light & dispell the fearful, destructive & very real shadows that cling to us all.

Moving toxic psychic wastes through & out of the body as quickly as possible is what it's all about.

TORA

WOMEN ARTISTS

We are forming a woman artists centre based in New Westminster and want your participation. Some of our objectives are to promote original artwork, develop a slide registry, a resource library, a newsletter, and provide advocacy services and studio space. For more information, call us at 520-3078.

The 1st Annual Seniors Games were a big success, with over 200 finalists converging on Vernon, B.C. for 3 days to vie for victory and possibly win a medal.

Sponsored by the provincial government, there was a full agenda of ceremonies (opening & closing):

- Wine and Cheese Socials
- Entertainments
- the Games themselves

(and a great closing Banquet!)

We did not win anything and were all alone. My partner, Mrs. Mary White, represented False Creek Community Centre, Vancouver, and myself playing for Carnegie. We did badly at the Bridge tables; 2 days and very little score, though we did not make a lot of errors.

All together it was a lot of fun. I want to thank Don Roberts, Jerry Santino and all the staff at Carnegie for their support in providing an interesting holiday.

Norman Wilton

A GOOD DAY, WELLS, NEVADA...



The pickup rumbled south; a gravel road
Devoid of traffic ended at the cattle spread.
A ranch created by three generations, sweat
And water, precious water, running
Down from the nearby Humboldt Mountains.

The rancher drove and drank his Bud,
His work stetson, Pearl, but stained and
Tilted back from a frowning wrinkled face.
My arm hooked into an open window, relaxing,
Drinking a can, a good day coming.

Completing a hectic graveyard shift,
Bartending at a rowdy casino,
With Indians drunk, whooping, cowboys drunk,
Shouting, fighting, making up, drinking
Too much every night, nothing ever changes.

I was grateful for a day working cattle
As we sped through the Clover Valley. bottom
land smothered in sage brush glistening green,
Purple or silver from the hoar-frost,
Depending upon how the sun smacked it.

A jovial mood, dressed in boots, jeans and
Denim Jackets, another cold beer, the cowboy
Cursed the eternal wind of Northern Nevada.
A blow ready to buffet the faces of cowboys,
Hereford bulls and the vet with grit, dust.

by TOM SCOTT

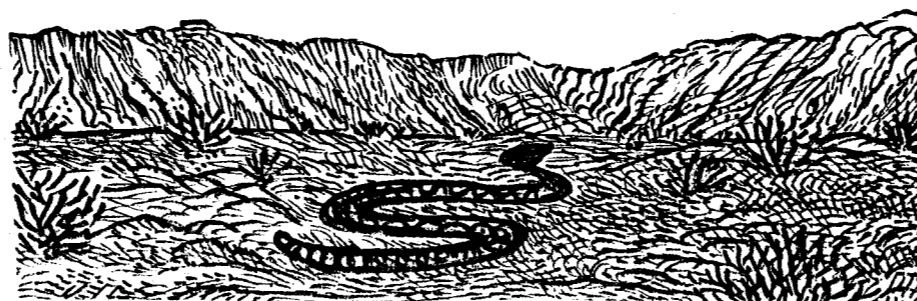
Soon the weak would go to Idaho,
A red X sprayed on their flank,
They failed. laughter.
Their edible parts would serve humans.
Their thinking parts consigned to oblivion.

The vet declined a drink, drove off.
Cowboys to the ranch house, content
To finish off the beer, the task complete.
I grabbed a fresh can and slipped with two
Young dogs through the wooden corral fence.

Climbing up through Pale green, tufted grass,
Two young bay hounds, running ahead,
Coming back to my boots, eager for adventure.
Fresh crisp air, tolerable wind, content,
I looked down past the valley to the canyons.

Last spring, early morning, riding,
I spooked a herd of mustangs, drinking
At a stream, banks muddy from their hooves.
They galloped away with tails straight out,
Ears pricked, alert, watching for holes
And snakes. Angry with me? You bet.

Buckskins, bays, roans, the blacks loomed biggest.
Dust everywhere, two colts and a filly, yearlings
Trying to keep up. Ribs showing, scrawny
From winter, matted coats but
They would never feel the weight of man.



Mustangs, misfits like Marilyn and Montgomery
City folks love them,
Want to save 'em.
Ranchers hate them,
Want to kill 'em.
They are free and wild, like me.

Another memory from just two months ago,
Climbing the marble steps of Carnegie Centre,
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada;
Never mastering the new white typewriter despite
A helpful staff. Lots of coffee and brooding poets
Complete with a thoughtful editor making it all work.

I am a long way from the Sunrise Pub,
Where some mornings are like New Year's Eve.
Many times I sat with four Native sisters,
Just friends, drinking, laughing, listening,
Learning about their homes on Vancouver Island.

Happiness, tagedies, , marriages, divorces,
Sons, daughters, life and death,
I hope, pray, their pretty ankles are no longer
Stuck in the morass of Hastings Street,
Booze and speed, too many ups and downs.

Looking at the squat ranch house, surrounded
By bleached, blanched cottonwoods, I saw
Smoke wisping from the huge barbecue pit and
Called the dogs. We headed back, content.

A good day in Wells, Nevada. Spring 1988



Author's Note: Line 1, Verse 13 -

Marilyn Monroe, Montgomery Clift and Clark
Gable starred in the movie "The Misfits". An
excellent film which depicted the capture of
mustangs. This cinema classic was filmed on
location near Reno and Winnemucca, Nevada and
was the last movie of each of the above mentioned
film greats.

T.S.

Sum-muh-ti-ime and the fishing is easy. Well I certainly can't vouch for that. I was down at Wreck Beach and the only thing I got for my trouble was a sunburn from going bagless. Well now I'm back at Carnegie to review the Whoppers that have been netted for the July movies. We've got four recent theatrical releases and one comedy from a decade ago. These films will be shown at 7:00 pm, every Friday in the Carnegie Theatre at 401 Main Street. As usual I have used the 4-star rating system as follows:

- **** Excellent
- *** Good
- ** Fair
- * Poor

July 1st:

THE SERPENT AND THE RAINBOW (1988)

Directed by Wes Craven

Starring Bill Pullman, Cathy Tyson and Paul Winfield

A drug researcher travels to Haiti to study that country's voodoo-zombie cult. This film is based on Vancouver author Wade Davis's book of the same title. As I haven't yet seen this movie, I have left it unrated.

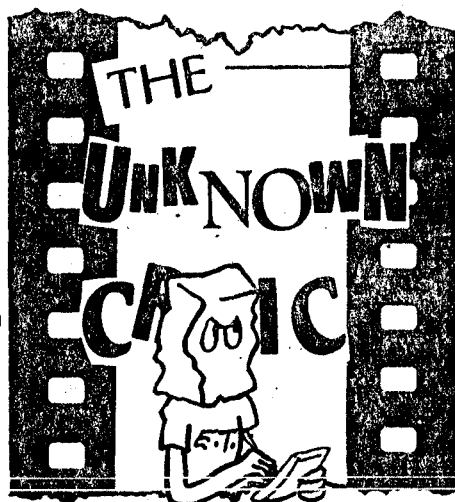
July 8th:

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED (1987)***

Directed by Matthew Robbins

Starring Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy and Elizabeth Pena

Steven Spielberg produced this film about extra-terrestrial machines that help some Manhattan ten-



ement dwellers keep their home out of the clutches of a developer. This movie is good entertainment for the whole family.

July 15th:

CRY FREEDOM (1987)****

Directed by Richard Attenborough

Starring Kevin Kline, Denzel Washington and Penelope Wilton

The director of GANDHI returns with the true story of the friendship between South African reporter Donald Woods and martyr Stephen Biko and their fight against the apartheid policy of their country. Be sure not to miss this one.

July 22nd:

HEROES (1977)**

Directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan

Starring Henry Winkler, Sally Field and Harrison Ford

Winkler trades his leather jacket for a straight jacket to play a crazy Vietnam vet who travels cross country in search of wealth and success. This movie is good for a few laughs.

July 29th:

BILOXI BLUES (1988)***

Directed by Mike Nichols

Starring Matthew Broderick, Christopher Walken and Penelope Ann Miller

Neil Simon's sequel to BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS follows our hero to boot camp in Mississippi. As with most of Simon's work this is high class entertainment.

Until next month this is the Unknown Critic signing off and heading back to the beach.

WAR or FRIENDSHIP?

Sometimes I think that Brian Mulroney and his merry band of men and women have all gone crazy down there in Ottawa. They want to spend twelve billion dollars, which they do not have anyway, on submarines we have no need for. Perrin Beatty, who is a lackey for Brian and has the title of Minister of Defense, wouldn't know the difference between a Trident submarine and a Humpback whale if they were both running side by side. Perrin seems to think that we need to protect the Arctic ice fields. Is Canada ready to sink an American ship, or any ship for that matter?

The first two ships that steamed through the ice were Canadian. Captain Larson brought the Saint Roch, an RCMP wooden vessel, from Halifax to Vancouver a few years ago - a great skipper and a great ship. The following two ships that went through were American: the first was a tanker, to see if it could be done and the cost of bringing oil from the Atlantic to the Pacific (which was millions - scrap that idea); the second was a coast guard ship. The Americans risk their own lives to save people and pluck them from the ocean. Ottawa gets very upset over this. I for one am glad the Americans are there. The very worst

thing that can happen in that frozen hell is that cod fish or a few seals would be killed to be eaten.

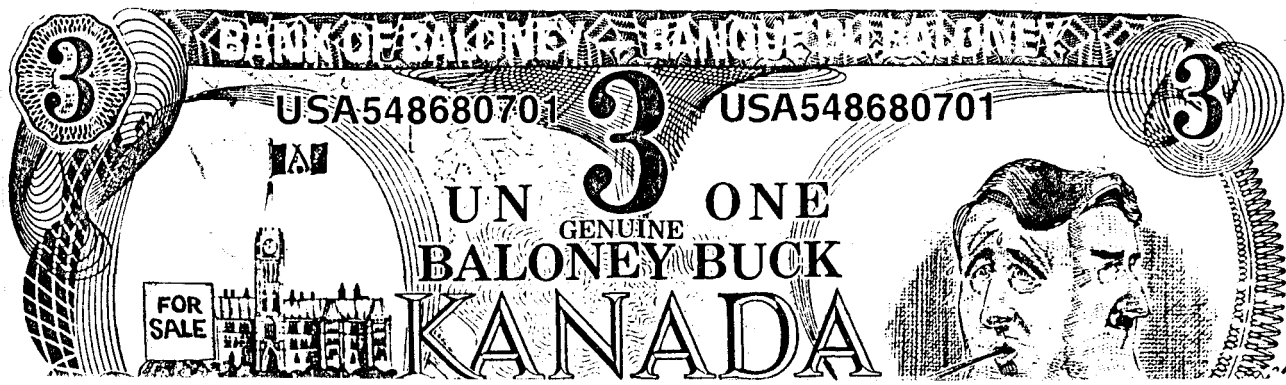
If Ottawa wants to spend that kind of money, why don't they build Canadian merchant ships in our shipyards, manned by Canadian men and women? Peaceful ships would fly the maple leaf proudly, sailing the seven seas carrying grain and helping Russia feed her decent people. Japan needs our coal and lumber products....

Canada is still a young nation and we, the Canadian people, are lucky to have been born here. Every country needs our resources. We can't afford to give it away; they have to pay cash, just as we do. There is no such thing as free trade and I hope to God there never will be anything calling itself that. I have never seen anything that was free except friendship.

Canada is a peaceful nation and I hope it always will be. Is it not better to shake someone's hand and offer a cup of tea or coffee and sit down and talk about how we can get along better and how we can help one another? Is it not better to learn somehow to love each other and live in peace, side by side? Is it not better to say do you need help today?

Tomorrow might be too late.

By JAMES ROADKNIGHT



In the last Newsletter, we dealt with wire, and before we move off that subject I have one last bit. With all wire, two things must be paid attention to.

- 1) The connectors must not be pulled on; e.g. before you put the plug in the guitar, put it through the strap and then in the guitar. This prevents stepping on the cord and pulling it out, which is very hard on solder joints in the plug.
- 2) Storage means doing it the right way, as I have seen cords rolled up many ways but there is, to the pro, only one way. Most sound companies have string attached to the cord near the plug. The cord is held by the plug and wrapped around the elbow and hand between the thumb and forefinger. Do this until it's all rolled up and then tied with the string, so that when they are needed they can be taken out one at a time and used again quickly.

Now that you know all the types of wire and how to handle them, you are ready to wire up a small P.A. I move all components to where they are needed, keeping in mind the length of the cord. The components are microphones, stands, main speakers, monitor speakers, mixing board and power amps. Most small PA's have small power amps built in. If not, they must be connected.

The board we use in Carnegie has power, so we will use it for an example. The following diagram is used for set-up:

It's important to lay wire where it won't get stepped on because the wire can get broken inside. Next issue we will deal with Board control, level, equalization and effects.

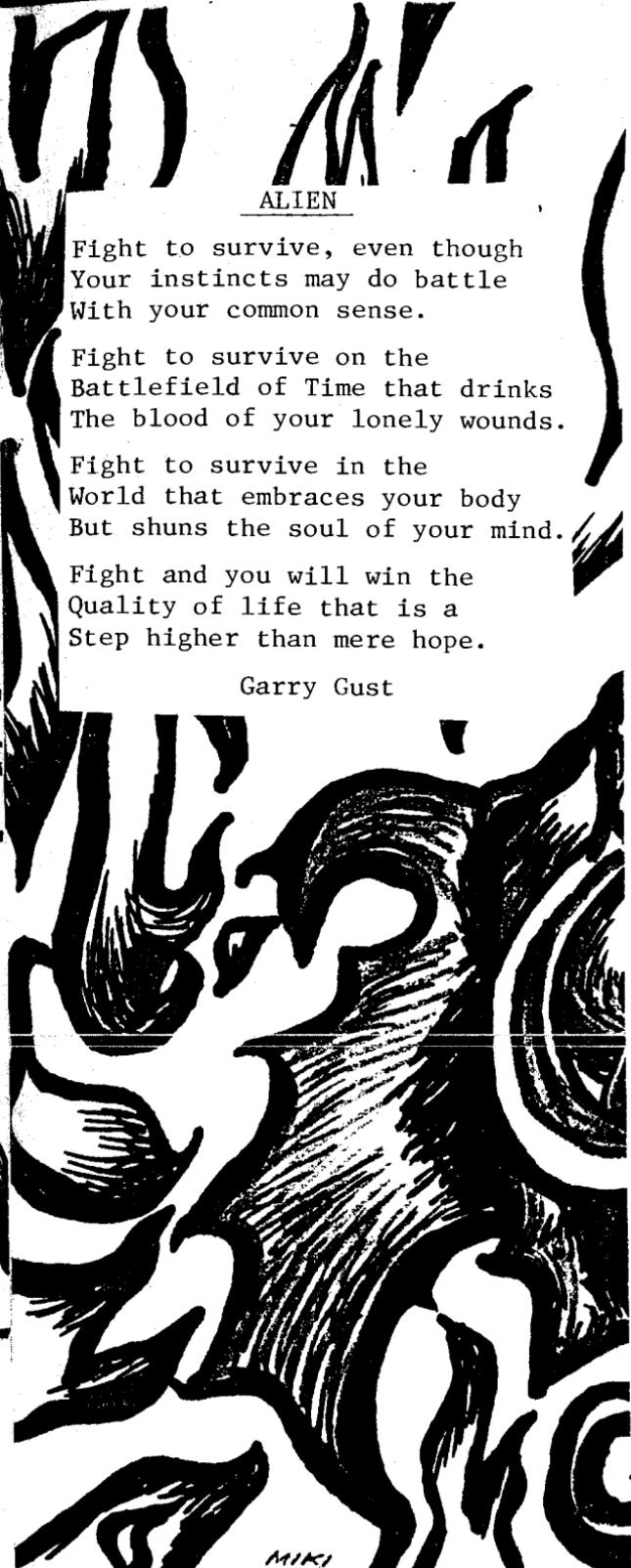
By BRUCE SAUER

Fine; this is it - **chaos!**

- A) I will make Vancouver a Free Trade/Free Zone even if Free Trade does go through (nothin' ain't worth nothin' less it's free).
- B) I have gone into most serious archeological research but
 - where's Sam Slanders?
 - where's Downtown Eastside duck?
- c) I, unlike my opponents in the race for Mayor of Vancouver, have not demanded invitations to the openings of social housing projects in the D.E. (I don't need brownie points))
- D) SAVE THE GARDENS - from greedy developers!!!

Crassly yours,
Captain Chaos





ALIEN

Fight to survive, even though
Your instincts may do battle
With your common sense.

Fight to survive on the
Battlefield of Time that drinks
The blood of your lonely wounds.

Fight to survive in the
World that embraces your body
But shuns the soul of your mind.

Fight and you will win the
Quality of life that is a
Step higher than mere hope.

Garry Gust

HOME FREE

Shout hosannas
Thank you, God
Infinite mercy
Unburdened me today
of my last dime
Spent

Final U.I. cheque
Paid my debt
Broke at last
Free to demand
The right to give
My life
Free

At long last liberty
To spend each day
Finally alive
Sharing joy, tears and love
With family at Carnegie
Brothers and sisters
Equal all
My first real home
Offering without reservation^{Help}
Expiation of sins
Real or imagined.

I've earned this moment of glory
Ready, my God at last,
Ready to enter the Ministry
Sanctum sanctorum,
Holy of holies,
MSSH

Waiting for a worker
To pass the bloody
Welfare wafer
Ticket to ride
And baby does care
God, how we care!

My joy is unencumbered
By guilt. All that we have
We offer to you
Carnegie doors are open
To social workers, paid educators too
Screwed by the system
Don't spread the misery
Don't tell me you're trapped

I've been there, so long King and Bay
All those wasted years, I paid my dues
Grabbing for green and going gray
Don't tell me you have no choice
Just quit the bloody job
Let us help you
Open your eyes, mind, heart
We know you're human somewhere
You lost your way, but we still care

Your system won't crush Carnegie
We are Carnegie
Corridors flow with our blood
Multitudinous seas of coffee coupons incarnadine
For this my family home I'll die tomorrow
We're building the future of the world
At Hastings and Main,
Carnegie the present we offer you.

So when next week
I enter your temple of worship
MSSH
Communion to seek
And you try to cross me
My soul's at peace
It's yours that's imperilled
I work with learners ten hours a day
In spiritual union
My pay is generous
Though non-negotiable at your bank
Do you really expect me to apply at 7 - 11 ?
Southlands poison half the world with Slurpees
And starve to death the other half?
I want better homes and gardens
Not the waste of nuclear subs
I know the value of work
But I do work of value
I use a measuring stick that's not
Standard government issue.

So I'll deliver you but this note of caution
Treat my family with respect
We'll treat you in kind
Screw us around
We'll bring you down
Your precious system
Crumbling to ashes
Our family intact
Carnegie will stand, beckoning,
Till even you see the light.



You'll climb from the ruins
Of your illusions of power
And humbly beg membership
In the Carnegie family.
We'll be there as always
Open-armed with a smile
To greet you at long last
Under the dome
With a joyful "Welcome Home!"

mike kramer

IN OPPENHEIMER

It's a cool Sunday morning and many people have already congregated in Oppenheimer Park to find a cure for the summertime blues.

Over by the swings, two teenage girls are riding high and chattering vivaciously, a young man practices mime, making opening and closing doors a silent art form.

Two old men on a park bench by East Cordova surrepticiously pass back and forth a bottle enclosed in a brown paper bag.

A group of young people play an improvised game with a football. Seven or eight Oriental ladies swing their arms, breathe deeply and do knee bends to make yin meet yang or get the circulation moving. A Bible study group, seated at a table under the trees along Powell Street, testifies to chapter and verse in hushed voices.

Across the street in front of the Marr Hotel, an old man in a red jacket, wearing a green and yellow cap slowly sweeps the sidewalk, getting ready for another day.

Eighty years ago, Oppenheimer Park was a staging area for angry protest marches. More recently, it's been the private preserve of groups of single men sharing a bottle.

But now the park, a heavily used square block of green amid the concrete and traffic of the downtown eastside is an oasis for locals.

The land was acquired by the City in 1898 and was originally known as the Powell Street grounds. It was officially named Oppenheimer Park July 26, 1911, after the city's second mayor David Oppenheimer.

Now, during the summer months, something is happening for kids all the time. It keeps them off the street, and off the skids, says Constable Don Schmidt of the Vancou-

ver police native liaison squad, who regularly patrols the Hastings and Main area. During the evenings, baseball games are available for residents and a Hard Times Festival takes place in the park.

The old people like to just sit in the sun and the kids like to play. When you leave the park, you kick a smooth, narrow bottle. Mennon's skin bracer says its label. It lies on well-groomed green grass blades in Oppenheimer Park on a Sunday morning.

By JOANNE HAMEN

The Shard

I found a piece of glass on the sidewalk, it glittered bright in the noonday sun;

oh sharply glowing,

oh magic triangle,

oh hopeless one.

I squatted on the sidewalk and bore down upon the glass with a sturdy stare. In its mirrored side I saw the wrists of my many best friends marked with thin, unsuccessful white scars that spoke of despair, and the impotent, thwarted rage of young women;

oh sharply glowing,

oh magic triangle,

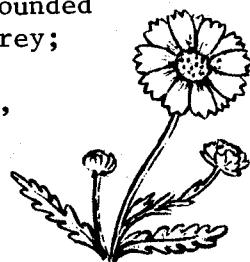
oh hopeless one.

Its brilliance leapt out from the sidewalk, surrounded by a dull, pedestrian grey; the piece of glass, the struggling fragment, the shard;

oh sharply glowing,

oh magic triangle,

oh hopeless one.



Joanne Arnott

Sunrise/Sunset

Standing on the Burrard Street
Bridge, well after sunset.

Looking at the boats moored
under the starlight.

Sun coming up, turn walk
back to core of the city.

Everything looks so peaceful
and serene.

What pity as the
sun comes up.

Cars and Buses come out,
Everyone start to rush about.

Pushing, Shoving, to make
work on time, they don't even
see the sunrise.

So caught up in their-
middle/upper class
dream machine.

I left that work-a-day life
behind.

Now I have time to feel
the sunrise.

C.L. Eckert

Virgin's Lament

Eating my own hunger, indiffer-
ence swells. Why am I so feared?
Who she will be has always been my
only problem. The pain of reaching
walls balances the dream. Nothing
left to live with. Stuck at ground
zero, an empty circle closing in,
with an armless heart bloating from
starvation... I can't hold onto
myself any longer. Torture must
have a stop. Hold me. Need me.
Once before I die. And please,
whoever you are, hurry!
Or am I of Diana beloved?

Stephen Belkin

DAD

I know life is not always easy for you.
Although it's not easy being the daughter
of a wonderful father.

We've had some bad-good-and joyful times.
But I'll always treasure the good times.

When I'm with you - you make me feel
special.

But when we're miles apart I feel the loss
of your laughter and your wonderful stories.

Dad I just want you to know
you're always in my thoughts, mind and
most of All in my Heart.

I love you Dad.

Happy Father's Day

Love Always,
Margaret

They suffer the most

She said, she loves me.
I said the same.
But these words vanished
as the years went by.

Because of this,
There's sadness in my heart,
and I sometimes wonder
if she shares these feelings?

The ones to suffer
most, are the children.
What happened to
Mom and Dad?

I'm certain
this question, is always
on their mind.
Because they suffer the most.

Henry Hebert

At the Learners' Conference, I had the privilege and honour to meet Mr. Emery Barnes, who is every inch a gentleman and concerned about the needs of the people everywhere. He came for a reason, as there was a workshop on English and creative writing that this writer attends 2 days a week.

The most important fact: 250,000 can not read or write. I was as surprised as he was to learn that there was that many people in this day and age who will never get a decent wage, and who get very frustrated that they cannot supply their loved ones with proper food and a decent place to live. Poverty is to blame for this and the government red tape that a person has to go through in order to go to school is deplorable. A mother with two children doesn't have the chance of a snowball in hell - because a petty social worker in the welfare office tells her to stay home and look after "your babies" and "you are well looked after by this office." That little tin god is really saying, "We can not and will not pay for your books and pencils and fees for education because you will never amount to naything anyway." I know one man who, because he was 52 years old, was refused the thirty dollars to take two courses. He really wanted to learn. In this case what the social worker was saying was, "You're too old and the government will not get the money back in the form of income taxes."

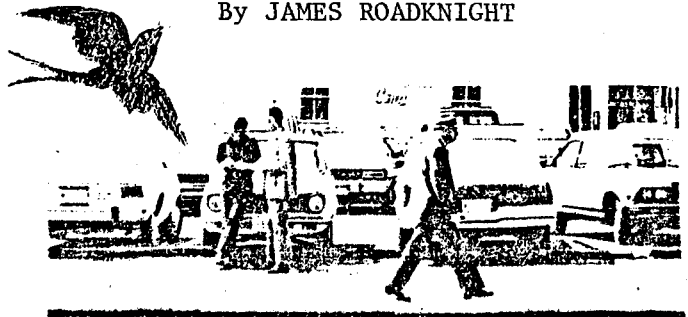
This same man wants to be a writer and has many stories to write about his life: as a cowboy, sheep herder, and about his comrades. I just love his tales and would buy his book, if it is ever published. The government would get their money back and

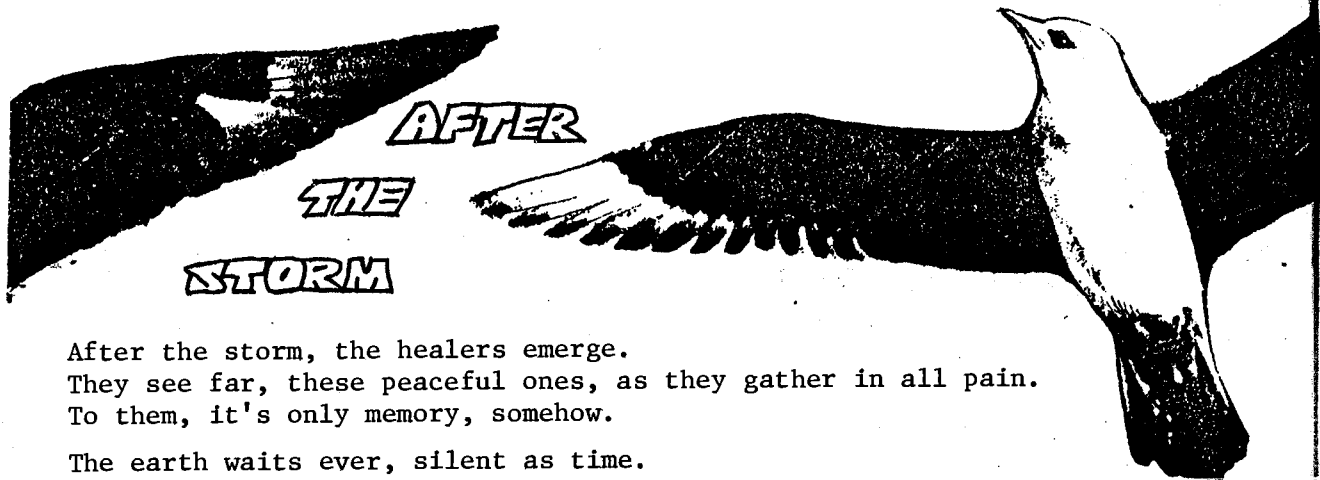
much, much more. This cowboy would be full of pride and say that Canada is a good country to make a living in.

To get back to Mr. Barnes; he came down here to try and live on \$375 a month and found that it can't be done unless you go without a few meals, nor could he afford to take a lady to a movie or anywhere else because of poverty. Yet the government keeps telling us that we, in downtown eastside, are well cared for.

Nobody can live on \$375 a month without standing in food lines and getting clothing from missions - all because of poverty. This writer never gets anything free except love. I've worked since I was 12 years old, and proud of it. I like to work. But today, because of my health, nobody will hire me for wages so I do volunteer work in the community; not only for myself but for the betterment of the people who live down here - decent human citizens. We get along better with each other than people who live in fancy apartments uptown; we watch out for each other so there is very little trouble among ourselves. Give a smile and a "how are you?" and you will get the same in return. I see that I'm rattling on, so I'll close this by saying Vote for N.D.P. We will get a fair deal from Mr. Barnes, Mr. Harcourt and all the other NDPers running for office. We, the people, have nothing to lose by voting for a decent and honest government.

By JAMES ROADKNIGHT





After the storm, the healers emerge.
They see far, these peaceful ones, as they gather in all pain.
To them, it's only memory, somehow.

The earth waits ever, silent as time.

Some venture too soon.

Some live the storm like bridges and are swept away.

Courage is a blinding need, bound fast to other's pain, screaming for release.

Courage is the flame death passes through,

Like memories, once they've been shared.

The storm lasts forever.

The earth is in ceaseless labour.

Let us emerge.

The earth holds all victory.

The earth gathers all loss.

(The earth even suffers fatuous men).

The circle of caring does not need to be large.

Keep standing, and we will not fail.

We all stand alone, in the unshareable heart of ourselves, naked as flames.

We move together, like a circle, like a stone. Just like the earth.

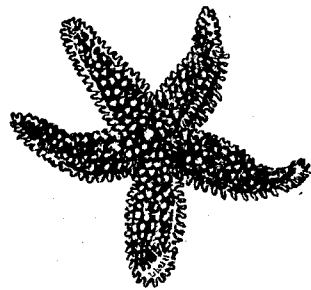
Into the storm.

Stephen Belkin

A Sincere Presumption

I don't know what I'm doing here,
floating on the sea of women's pain & triumph;
I only know that I will not drown
if I keep to the current, gentle or fierce,
leading me back to the ground I left behind.
It was the dead of winter then when I fell in...

Stephen Belkin





Downstairs in the Carnegie Theatre on June 9, we were treated to the presence of two local heroes, combatants in the political/legislative arena - Emery Barnes, a very popular and well-liked MLA (NDP) and Michael Harcourt, his partner and former Mayor of Vancouver.

During this meeting, billed as a "Get to know Your Candidates" forum with an open mike so that questions from the audience (largely made up of downtown eastside residents and Carnegie users) could be fielded. It was a positive evening with a full and open airing of residents' grievances, hopes and dreams. Appropriate responses were made by the politicians, who promised this; spoke about that; got angry when necessary and lambasted Socred policy (or lack of policy) regarding lack of affordable housing on the Expo site and blasted the stupidity of the cabinet in their non-sensical, scrooge-like attitude toward kids with no lunch.

Fine and dandy. The N.D.P. seems to stand solidly behind "We the people" and says that it (the party) pushes forward the concerns of those of us caught up in the crazy-quilt tattered fabric of legislated poverty. But are the NDP, as represented by their leader speaking in Carnegie, all that keen on fully, openly and conscientiously representing our voice at Victoria in the legislative assembly? A legitimate Question - and one which we ought not be afraid to ask and discuss.

Case in point: During the meeting Sheila Baxter, well known and liked local author and activist, forceful poet and concerned parent, went up to the microphone and courageously assured Barnes that she was "a friend and not an enemy." She then presented to him (Harcourt was not present at this early stage of our meeting) with what is commonly called a "pacifier", used by babies to suck on.

The pacifier had a note attached to be read by our illustrious and very popularly liked premier bill. The note said, "Suck on this." Emery was certainly startled and asked what he should do with it. Sheila said to present it to the premier. Emery, not quite sure what to say or do, asked us, the assembled audience/participants if that was our wish. We wholeheartedly agreed with our whistles, clapping and cheers that "yes, it god-damned well is our wish!" Emery promised us that he'd present it to premier "baby" bill. After Harcourt came into the meeting late, Emery explained the situation to him and he also agreed to present the pacifier.

Fine, matter settled? Well, think again. I took it upon myself to double-check with the local N.D.P. office, operating out of a Broadway St. address. I called them a week after the meeting and asked if the pacifier had been presented to "baby" bill. The spokesperson did not know. O.K., fine, I let it go at that, but I phoned back first thing Monday morning, June 20.

I spoke with Rick Smith, Barne's & Harcourt's "liaison with the people". I asked again, point-blank, if the pacifier had been presented as we had asked. He said "no", and that Harcourt or Barnes would look silly presenting a pacifier to "baby" bill and that one or the other would get ejected from the legislative assembly and that it'd make the front page of the Sun or the Province.

Far Out! What a swell idea Sheila came up with, but, for lack of will of our representatives, the idea is trashed in an NDP trashbasket somewhere? I don't know but, the point is, what good is it to say, as the NDP probably do time and time again, that we as Canadians live under a system of representational democracy but those we support - not only financially but morally also - fail to (re)present our "voice" in the provincial parliament? In this case our voice, as residents of the D.E. and users of Carnegie, is deemed (I guess, for lack of better words) "too silly to mention to the political leader of the province."

Well, just who is being silly, Baby bill or us? It says over the door of the Senior's Lounge that "To Have No Voice Is To Have No Power".

By P. IMM

(Editor's Note: Imm's point is a valid one. We, by dint of our economic status, are excluded from having any influence on Socred practices, except being the "bums, frauds, lazy, etc. Our response to such crud, especially to the perpetrator Vanderzalm. can only be one of scorn and derision.)

**SUPER
BUYS**

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Adam
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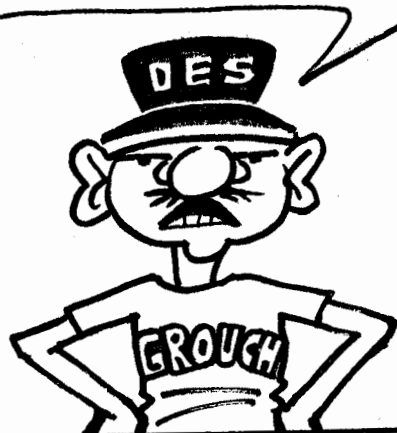
vote
CHAOS



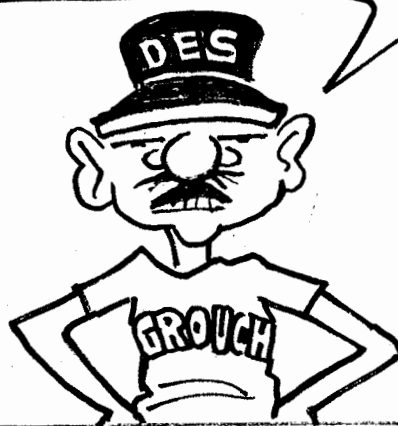
...the
perfect
candidate

Garry Grouck sez:

...REMEMBER THAT MEETING
WHERE BARNES & HARCOURT
PROMISED TO DELIVER
A PACIFIER TO
VANDERZALM?



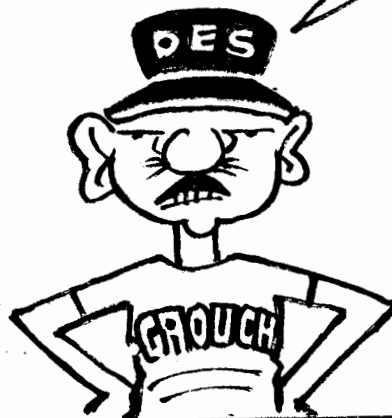
YEAH! IT WAS THAT - THAT
SHEILA-WHAT'S-HER-NAME'S
IDEA... & WE ALL
VOTED UNANIMOUS
TO DO IT, AY?



NOW I HEAR SOME
GOOD 'OL CARNEGIE
BOY CALLS UP MIKEY'S
OFFICE & HIS SECRETARY
SEZ HE AINT GONNA
DO IT!



HEY!.. I MEAN, IF YOUR
OWN GUYS WON'T
DELIVER THE GOODS
...WHAT CHANCE?
HAVE YA GOT?



BUILDING A COMMUNITY **ISN'T**

Building a community isn't,
Bulldozing low rental homes
and replacing them with
pricey condominiums...

Isn't threatening to sell
off the land...
at Strathcona gardens

Isn't Community Centres with
no real input from
the Community

Isn't cutting back on Social Service
to the poor, elderly and sick

Isn't letting children go to school
hungry...

Isn't people getting evicted for Expo
and the Olympic Games

Isn't not being consulted
on community development

Isn't selling out to the highest bidder
who may not have the interests
of the community at heart...

Isn't pollution, porn, pimps, and pushers.

Building a community is: none of these things
But we survive and create a community
because we fight these "isn't's"

and become a community **SOLIDLY UNITED FOR CHANGE.**

By SHEILA BAXTER

I am BLACK
I was born BLACK
When I go out in the sun I am BLACK
When I am sick, I am still BLACK
When I am dying, I'm BLACK
When they bury me, I am still BLACK

You are WHITE
You were born PINK

When you go out in the sun you turn RED
Then you go BROWN
When you get sick you turn WHITE
When you are dying, you go GREY
When they bury you, you are PURPLE
AND YOU'VE GOT THE FUCKING NERVE
TO CALL ME COLOURED!

Author unknown.