

FREE - donations accepted

# Carnegie

## NEWSLETTER



JULY 15, 1988.



Obscenity is not confined to pornography. That's just one of the obvious examples - where rights of Freedom of Speech and decency are twisted to produce tragedies.

Chopping \$50 from single mothers' assistance is a much more virulent form of obscenity.

Vander Zalm, of course, proposed the cut. He needs extra money for his office budget - \$4 million - and to help pay for his friend's ripping us off with the coquihalla highway - that was Jim Kerkhoff - for millions more and until today,

the little matter of \$1,500 of public money for proposed: Numerologist.

When this idea first surfaced, or I should say was pushed out from under a damp rock, public outrage was loud and pointed. We are not ignorant of what the Socreds spend money on; their priorities are disgustingly obvious - pour millions into politically friendly pockets and to hell with the rest.

This cut goes into effect on October 1, but some single mothers are being pressed right now to sign a paper wherein they commit themselves

to being "employed by then. There are no jobs, little training, and being on welfare for even a few months makes it doubly difficult to re-enter the workforce. Yet Claude Richmond, the Minister of Social Services and Housing, was quoted as saying, "It (the cut) will give an incentive for them to get back in the workforce."

Some incentive: there are reductions in daycare facilities because it costs too much; training and job-creation are 'on hold' - what it gets down to is that single mothers will have to take any kind of mindless drudgery at whatever wage is offered and work 8 or more hours almost every day - just to go home to her now-neglected child(ren) and be a mother while dead on her feet.

Women who have fought for years to get unionized for decent wages & safe working conditions will be undermined by this new surge of single mothers who have to find work or starve.

The Sacred government is callous to the plight of any independent woman. If they won't remain subservient to a man, they are a threat to the security of this male-dominated, gross-profit motivated provincial disease.

The greed of the people presently in power is a virulent symptom of their mental disease. Single moms are today's victims; employable persons on welfare are next and then, perhaps, disabled persons/employed persons/persons making less than...

The idea is clear: The Sacreds are working to turn all social concerns back onto the ones making noise with fear and threats that "YOU" are next. The hoped-for outcome? BE 'GOOD' or BE GONE!

By PAULR TAYLOR

# BAD ATTITUDE THEATRE CO.

**FIRST  
PRODUCTION  
AUG. 1ST  
IN THE THEATRE**

*Carnegie people  
are invited to  
Rehearsals  
beginning SOON*

**A CHANCE TO LEARN:**

★ **DIRECTING**

★ **ACTING**

★ **STREET**

**THEATRE**

★ **PRODUCTION**

★ **SCRIPT**

**WRITING**

**CONTACT: DON ROBERTS  
ON THE THIRD FLOOR  
FOR MORE INFORMATION**

(PS: Register to vote and let's  
do it to them.)

Letter to City Council: [REDACTED]  
re: Strathcona Community Gardens

i'm shocked and horrified that this council would be so mean as to try to drive peaceful city farmers from off of what used to be the city's dump! For shame, and double shame. i do not direct this, my anger, at those city councillors who, in their wisdom and foresight, wish to see us continue tilling the land and beautifying the local Strathcona neighbourhood. i certainly am glad i registered to vote this up-coming civic election. i know that i wish to be represented by people who care for my community and not just interested in bowing and scraping to the next glitzy ritzy developer's scheme that is whispered into councillor's greedy ears. it's quite a sad story to think that the living green and coloured plants and vegetables that grow so profusely and abundantly on the Strathcona community garden site are not appreciated. i happen to garden in the disputed one-acre tract. i like my garden. i do not believe that i am living in the "dark ages" as is claimed, by Peter Tseng, head of the Chinese Freemasons. The Strathcona community gardeners are not racists as is claimed by the Freemasons. We are Gardeners of all cultural heritage. We are asian peoples, native indian people, people of european descent, etc. And unlike the old folks that the Chinese Freemasons wish to sedate, the senior citizens who garden on our 4 acres are involved with healthful outdoor activity under the wide open skies of east-side Vancouver.

The Freemasons should be compassionate to their people and develop on Expo land where variety and mix of people of all ages and cultures will happen, hopefully after full community input. Anything less is yet another sham; We are peaceful practicing the ancient art and science of gardening. We would like to see our community east-side gardens intact and not butchered. Thank you.

Peter Imm

i'd also, as an aside at this time, register my dis-appointment that 2 avowed Freemasons were allowed to vote on this matter despite what is the blatant appearance of conflict of interest and a mis-carriage of common sense.

A DRINKER'S LAMENT / James Roadknight

I believe honesty is the best policy. When I drank, I told so many lies I could not remember what I told you s'morning. I lost a lot of friends this way, not just friends but relations as well. It got to the point where I did not know truth from fiction. I'd wonder why people did not want to have anything to do with me.

"I'm a good fellow," I thought as I sat alone in a pub. "I'll show them. They can't do this to me."

Towards the end of my drinking, I was not only alone but scared as well.

FLAGGIN' FLIES FOR CARNEGIE

Crack of the bat, flash of the eye  
 "I've got it," I hear third baseman cry.  
 Christ that's me, flaggin' flies for Carnegie  
 This one sailing over shortstop's head,  
 No fear, mighty mike's at third; got it read  
 All the way, glove outstretched, charging hard  
 Middle infield stops, gives way, WHOOAH! runner barred  
 From home, Coach screaming HOLD UP drag  
 Body back to third, set to tag.

Mighty mike looks up, other runner burst  
 Digging hard for second-coming, first  
 Too far behind. Perfect double play awaits,  
 Arc of ball and union glove inexorable, but fate's  
 Playing fickle. Trickle gravity, final dip, ball  
 Falls out of reach, a hit, a palpable hit.  
 My call, my play, oh rue the day, my life's worth shit!

One bitter moment, futility frozen in time  
 Meter stuck, hey buddy got a dime?  
 Sliding through space, third baseman on his ass is  
 A total disgrace. Earth in upheaval on its axis  
 Ceases spinning, earthquakes, WORLD IN CHAOS  
 BALL DROPS, ushers in Big Inning, curtains for Carnegie, (Super!)  
 This is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a blooper.

Crack in the earth, flash in the sky  
 Fissure invites me, jump right in.  
 I do, but it's hard to win when life's new beginning  
 Opens the same with another Big Inning. Oh fret not, friends of Carnegie!  
 Life's only a game, slide home in a poem, called safe for eternity.

mike kramer

FROM ME TO YOU

Here's a poem that expresses my feelings about all of you  
 at the Carnegie Learning Centre.

Your welcome was like the rayons of the sun,  
 Your friendship, like the blooming flowers of the trees  
 in the spring.

Your interest, like the highest ocean tides  
 that support the surfers on a sunny day.

Yes, you've lightened my life.

Thanks to you, I'm like the bird that flies with ease  
 in the deep blue sky.

This poem is from me to you.



- Henry Hebert

Strathcona Community Gardens is in danger, I hear,  
As people help each other to dig and weed each lot.  
No money for paid workers, and it works out oh so fine,  
People helping out each other, planning for a common good.

Sharing their tools and their produce, cleaning their collective lots.  
Backbreaking, callousing labour, for this hard-working group on the land.

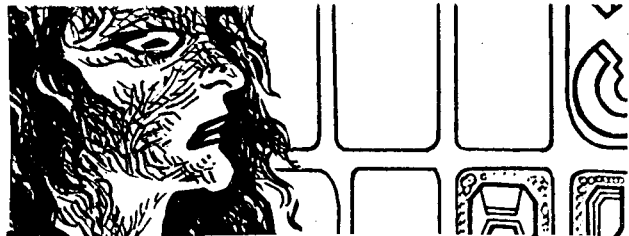
Governments start to get worried, and feel threatened by this work,  
Alderman Puil is Outraged - and publically denounces this group,  
For daring to have the audacity to grow food on this -  
Industrial-Zoned Land!

So now the bulldozers are coming, and zoning meetings are called,  
A struggle, a fight is envisioned, and battle lines are formed.  
Strathcona Community Gardens are preparing to go to War.

Sheila Baxter

*Write it down...  
Read it out...  
USE OPEN MIKE  
OPEN STAGE  
PUBLIC FORUM*

*Help  
Deliver  
The Message*



**LA QUENA** COFFEE HOUSE

**1111 COMMERCIAL DRIVE**

Thursday **JULY 28**

**DAY AFTER CHEQUE DAY**

**7:30 PM FREE**

*Come out & hear  
your own people  
talk about POLITICS  
& POVERTY*

**OPEN MIKE** ☆☆

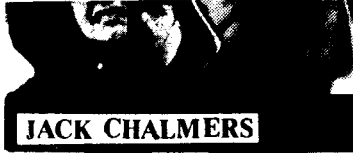
TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS

Being 2500 miles from home  
It's not always easy  
Away from my friends and family  
From where I come from  
It's two different worlds  
One world being cold  
One world being a little more warm  
One world being small  
One world being large  
Sometimes it's like I'm in a different time  
When I'm away from my friends and family  
From where I come from  
It's two different worlds  
One world being noisy  
One world being not as loud  
One world being more cluttered  
One world being not as much  
From where I come from  
It's two different worlds.

Stevie kae

## FLAGGIN' FLIES FOR CA

Crack of the bat, flash of the e  
 "I've got it," I hear third base  
 Christ that's me, flaggin' flies  
 This one sailing over shortstop!  
 No fear, mighty mike's at third;



**JACK CHALMERS**

## MORE CHANGING FACES



In an area bounded by Prior Street in the south and Alexander Street to the north, running from Cambie St. in the west to Dunlevy in the east - roughly a six block area - there are no less than 25 hotels with licenses.

Twenty-five hotels that first opened their doors to provide good wholesome lodgings for transient guests. The beer parlours were only a way of keeping those guests happy. THAT WAS YEARS AGO ! These same hotels, not all of them but a great majority, now look on the beer parlours as a major source of income; the rooms are secondary. Why? Because the guests are no'l'onger transient.

What has happened to the inn-keeper of yesteryear who worried about his client's comfort - so much so that he employed staffs of people: chambermaids to change linen, cleaners to keep the premises clean, laundry persons to ensure that clean towels and linen were always available and, in some cases, a kitchen to serve meals. Need I say, those days are gone.

Nowadays, rooms are furnished with cast-offs bought at dubious sales for as little as possible. Washroom facilities are minimal, garbage disposal is haphazard and vermin infest most of these places.

When there is money to be spent, if it is spent at all, it goes into the beer parlours and not the rooms. The

only time a move was made in that direction was when a fast profit could be made, such as during Expo 86. People were turfed out left and right so the money-hungry landlord could pretty up his place for Expo visitors.

In recent months two examples of what could be done by taking thought and proper planning and wedding them together to produce outstanding examples of urban renewal are:

1.) TELLIER TOWER, located at 16 E. Hastings is a prime of urban, downtown renewal. Already it is causing waves in communities as far away as Toronto and Montreal. It must be seen to be believed.

2.) The old Travellers hotel on Cordova Street. Long an eyesore and the site of knifings, near riots and other forms of mayhem, it was gutted and rebuilt and - over a period of months - was transformed into a lovely residential building. It's not quite a Tellier Tower but, all things considered, an improvement on the old place. (No beer parlour.)

A section of our city that is only now reclaiming its pride and doing something positive about it is Mount Pleasant. The people up there have re-awakened their civic pride and done something about it.

As Downtcwn Eastsiders, we should be proud of the area we live in. It was Vancouver's birthplace and in the

## MORE CHANGING FACES

next twenty years it can be Vancouver's showplace. Civic pride is something you develop, not something that's manufactured.

I don't know how many rooming houses we have in the area, nor do I know all their names. I have been in some as a visitor, lived in some, and believe me something has to be done. Special funds must be made available for social housing. Surveys must be made and answers come up with fast.

There is no excuse any longer for single room occupancy. Landlords must be made aware of this. When enough social housing is built, they will begin to feel the pinch and start doing something about theirs.

Until then we need to be United.  
ONE VOICE-ONE VENTURE-ONE VICTORY

Social Housing will be the slogan;  
Decent Living Accomodations will be the goal and Pride in B.C. will be the victory.

Imagine if you can, just one of the hotels I mentioned earlier - it could be the one you live in, one you've visited or a rooming house. If you had a hand in changing the place, what would you do?

Let's hear your ideas, your complaints about the place where you live and what you think should be done. To help you in this, there will be a prize of TEN DOLLARS for the most original and constructive suggestion. Remember it's our City, our Downtown Eastside & OUR PLACE!!

This is not really a contest; it's an exercise to stimulate thought & a beginning to restore pride in the Downtown Eastside.



Send your complaint, suggestion, idea to : JACK CHALMERS  
c/o The Editor,  
Carnegie Newsletter  
401 Main Street.

Please give the address and name of the place where you live, your name, the number of rooms and, if possible, the landlord's name. The winning response will appear in the Newsletter August 15, 1988. Deadline for entries is July 31st, 1988.

# IGNORANT &

## ARROGANT

Why arrogant?..because ignorant; because who I'm speaking of are well schooled but ill-educated.

If "sapien" means intelligent then the person who called his kind "homo sapien" was ignorant of the existence of intelligence far beyond that of man.

The proof of man's ignorance and incapability is easily seen in his irresponsibility toward others of his own kind - in greed & cruelty. Man is the only animal that kills his own kind for reasons other than survival. Man is the only animal that will hoard anything he can just to gain power over others of his kind.

Man invents devices that destroy the environment, yet it is the only environment in which man can exist. Man alone invents killing machines continually because these are most profitable to a very few...and people help these very few in order to share some of this 'power', to willingly use these killing machines.

An outside observer sees man as the only animal on this planet that kills anything & everything: what kind of proof is that of superior intelligence? It just proves that man is incapable of living peacefully - proof of arrogant ignorance.

By ARCHIE MIYASHITA



### THE WAY TO HAPPINESS BOOKMARK

One can feel  
at times like a  
spinning leaf  
blown along a  
dirty street,  
one can feel  
like a grain of  
sand stuck in  
one place. But  
nobody has  
said that life  
was a calm  
and orderly  
thing; it isn't  
a tattered leaf  
nor a grain of  
sand: one can,  
to a greater or  
lesser degree,  
draw his road  
map and  
follow it.

A Believer in  
God

ICE  
ANGELS

I look into the cat's eyes,  
And caught the Hong Kong flu.  
They took me to the hospital  
And pumped me up with  
Glucose and short skirts  
Bending over,  
Making beds.  
I was delirious  
And adolescent,  
Affected for life  
By fleshy,  
Silk stockings  
And white-capped hair.  
In my fever  
I discovered:  
"This is the cure!"

Garry Gust



# A is for Anarchy

How can anarchists organize anything - aren't they supposed to be against following rules?

That's the common idea of anarchy. But the 1,000 anarchists who got together for an "unconvention" in Toronto a week ago proved they had a better idea.

They showed you don't need a boss or a top-heavy bureaucracy to make things work. People can come together freely, agree on some basic ground-rules and then make decisions by way of consensus.

Free food and free accomodations for the weekend - all provided in the spirit of "mutual aid."

The topics were a full smorgasbord - from how to fight racism and U.S. warmongering to running co-ops to whether it's moral to eat meat to self-defense for women.

Most of the participants were from Canada and the U.S., but there were also people from as far away as Germany and Australia. Several Downtown Eastsiders - current and past - were part of the gathering. They attended as individuals, and were not representing any groups.

The Downtown Eastsiders contributed ideas that showed the special nature of our neighbourhood. For instance, they helped start a workshop on "middle-aged anarchists" so people 40-and-over could talk about how to stay politically active as the years roll by.

The Globe and Mail highlighted the middle-aged group and even quoted an anonymous Downtown Eastsider as saying, "We're looking at pension plans, nursing homes, that sort of thing." It was supposed to be a joke, but the Globe took it seriously.

The main excitement actually took place after the unconvention was



POPULAR MISCONCEPTION OF TYPICAL ANARCHIST



ACTUAL ANARCHISTS IN REAL LIFE.

finished, at a protest demonstration because of the Iran aircraft attack. Hundreds of anarchists picketed the U.S. Consulate, then marched up University Avenue and burned Canadian, British and American flags. Even the black flag of anarchy went up in flames because, as one Downtown Eastsider explained, "We don't believe in symbols."

At that point, the police waded in with horses and clubs. They expected the anarchists to go limp or scatter, but instead, the anarchists fought back. Result: some property damage and a few injuries on both sides. "What happened," moaned one cop. "This was more like a European demonstration."

There were dozens of arrests, and the Americans arrested got orders ejecting them from Canada.

The rabid right-wing tabloid, Toronto-Sun had apoplexy. "Baboons in heat have more class than the boobs who desecrated the Cenotaph, attacked policemen and innocent bystanders and destroyed everything they could lay their paws on," the paper screamed.

"Police would have been well within the rules to book the anarchists at the Toronto Humane Society's River St. animal pound and then lock them up overnight at the Metro Zoo."

Other than the false statement that the anarchists attacked inno-

10 cent bystanders (it didn't happen) and policemen (it was self-defense), who can complain about glowing reviews like that?

No wonder everybody is looking forward to another good time at next year's unconvetion in San Francisco.

By GUY FAWKES

...FROM A RESPONSE...

...you are correct. The free trade bill will swallow Canadian interests. Unless a person lives in the States, one is never aware of their absolute predatory methods in business. Their greed is pointed out by Americans themselves in such books as Alvin Toffler's Future Shock and that book was written in the early 70's.

Your "East Side" of Vancouver will go the way of the neighbourhoods similar to yours in San Diego, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Toronto to name a few where I have witnessed affordable housing vanish with my own eyes.

...

TOM SCOTT

Simple as 1, 2, 3, 4!!!

By PAULR TAYLOR

"For this exercise, class, we are going to shut off everything we can. Put your fingers over your eyes, your thumbs in your ears and close off your nostrils with the sides of your hands. Today, we are going to decide on the future of hungry kids and do it in the same way that the big men in the provincial and city governments do: see no evil, hear no evil and smell no slime.

Now, the eyes are covered so you won't see the records of children from those "poor" families who do so "poorly" in school because they are thinking of food when they should be doing their arithmetic! You also won't be able to see the

words in print about it being the parent's fault or how these little ones throw their lunches away.

Your ears are plugged so you won't hear parents asking for more money, or schooling or jobs or just a chance to tell somebody that they CANNOT... well, you don't want to hear that 'cause the truth hurts. You also don't want to hear the children when they say they are still hungry when they go to bed or don't go to school for the last week of every month 'cause their Mom has no money for food...That doesn't matter to the Great God Banker/Accountant!

And you HAVE TO plug your noses. I'm really sorry, class, but the odour of the logic (buck-passing) of the Aldermen who killed the food program is obscene."

"What are Aldermen?"

"That's what the people are called who make decisions for Vancouver."

"All of them?"

"Well, on paper anyway."

"No, I mean did all of them decide not to feed the hungry kids?"

"No, just four of them, out of eleven, said that it wasn't their responsibility. Just like the provincial big shots, they seem to want to blame someone for hunger in one of the richest countries in the world. So they decided that the kids could just stay hungry until this someone is identified and can be told what a bad person they are.

"Who are these four guys?"



I met a man who lived down town in a small hotel room on Hastings Street. This man was quite content with his room, because it was close to Carnegie. The room gave him sleep and solitude.

Carnegie gave him a living room, rec room and den.

A place to eat, drink coffee and meet friends, to share his wisdom and knowledge.

He also learned a lot from the people off the street.

This man never had love from his family or respect from society.

This he got from the folks at Carnegie.

He knew if they were to close Carnegie down, his world would be the street.

Where Society would call him a bum and judge him by his material worth, which was none; not by his mind and heart like the people at Carnegie.

This man was a good man, a talented man. He had just seen through Society's bullshit and decided not to participate.

So let's hear it for Carnegie and all of the people there that really care.

The Vancouver Sun

MONDAY, JULY 4, 1988

## Four names to note

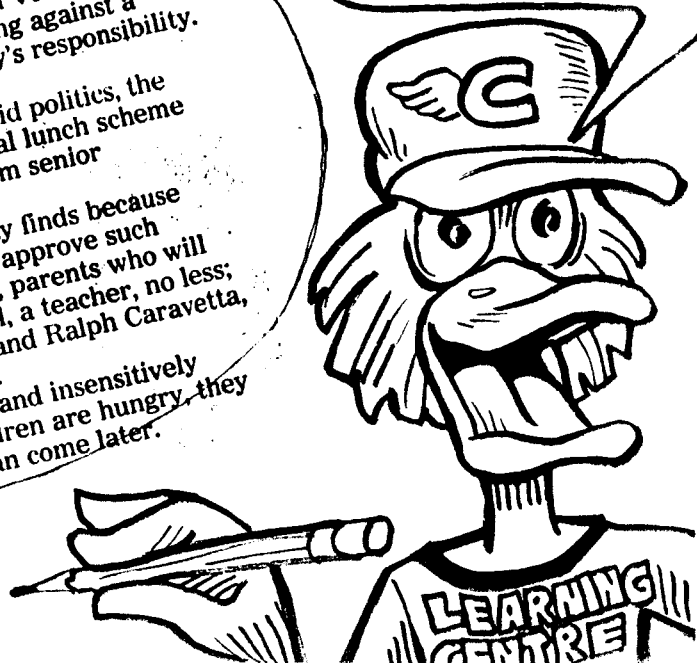
Once again the city council has short-changed Vancouver's children. The excuse of the four aldermen voting against a school lunch program is that this is not the city's responsibility. The excuse is, pardon us, puerile.

Against considerable odds and a lot of stupid politics, the school board is pressing ahead with a minimal lunch scheme in the new school year. But it needs help from senior governments as well as city council.

Only four aldermen were able to deny city funds because eight of the 11 council votes are needed to approve such expenditures. The four — mark them well, parents who will vote in the next civic election: George Puil, a teacher, no less; Jonathan Baker, a lawyer; Don Bellamy and Ralph Caravetta,

both in the so-called hospitality business. This remains a pathetic issue crudely and insensitively handled. It is really very simple. If children are hungry, they should be fed. Blame and accounting can come later.

NO HEART...  
NO VOTE



# The Long Run Home

TALK ABOUT WRITING HOME  
BUILDING HOME  
THE LONG RUN HOME...

HOW WOULD YOU BUILD IT?  
OUT OF WHAT?  
CURBS? GUTTERS?  
THE SMELL OF GARBAGE?  
LOCKED DOORS? PARKING LOTS?  
TRAFFIC IN THE RAIN?

WHAT WOULD YOU BUILD IT OUT OF?  
GLASS, STEEL, PLASTIC?  
GASOLINE, ALCOHOL?  
-BUILD IT ON EMPTY BEER CANS?  
RIPPED T-SHIRTS?  
TORN POCKETS?  
TWISTED DAYS & NIGHTS  
ON NEEDLES, WELFARE?  
STRANGE SYNTHETICS, FIREWORKS  
BURNING OUT YOUR BLOODSTREAM  
BRAIN CELLS GOING CRAZY  
IN A DREAM, ON A DREAM  
FOR A DREAM ... SHOT DOWN  
SHOT DOWN AGAIN?

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?  
WHEN YOUR DREAM'S SHOT DOWN  
WHAT DOES IT MATTER  
& WHAT DOES IT TURN OUT TO BE?  
...HOME.

NOT A PICKET FENCE  
NOT A POTTED PLANT  
JUST A PLACE TO SLEEP  
WITH A LOCKED DOOR  
CAREFUL, DEEP  
SOLID THIS TIME - MAYBE  
IF I CAN BE THAT WAY  
IF I CAN STAY THAT WAY  
WHATEVER GRABS ME, TAKES ME  
HOLDS ME, SHAKES ME  
HANGS ME IN THERE, UP THERE  
DRAWS THE CIRCLE OF  
MYSELF TOGETHER  
WHATEVER GIVES ME WHO I AM  
IN A PLACE TO WAKE UP  
WORK & DREAM

WHERE LIGHT COMES IN MY WINDOW  
ON A PIECE OF FLOOR

WHERE I FOUND THES  
TWO OLD WORDS  
LEFT OVER IN THE

ONE WORD WAS COMMO  
& THE OTHER WAS UN  
SO I PUT THEM TOG  
WRITE A POEM ABOUT  
& IT CAME OUT COM

EVERYBODY TALKED A  
BUT NOBODY COULD  
...TOO MANY CRAZY  
DON'T GO OUT THER  
IT'S THE NIGHTLI  
DON'T GO ANYWH  
STAY AT HOME  
SLEEP IT OFF...SLE

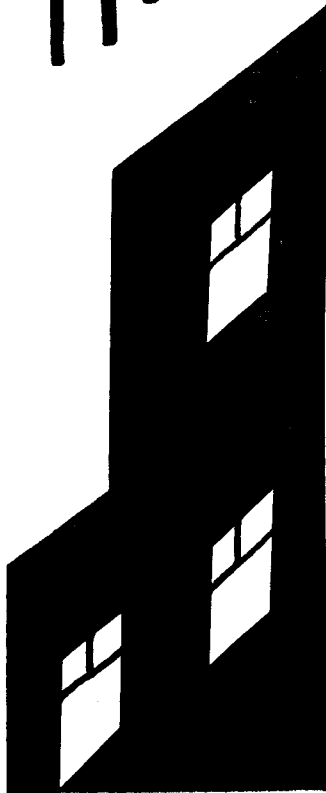
MAYBE IT WAS JUST  
PARANOID LITTLE NE  
ON A PARANOID LITT  
WITH SOME PARANOID  
WHO COULDN'T HAVE  
RESPECT FOR EAC

MAYBE IT WAS UNCOM  
WITH NOTHING TO L  
SOMETHING AT WAR W  
LIKE THEY SAID IT  
SOMETHING AT WAR  
THAT CALLS ITSELF

& EVERY TIME YOU WE  
THE BATHROOM YOU C  
BECAUSE THE ROOM  
WAS A CAGE FOR A  
LET OUT ON LITH  
BECAUSE A JAPANE  
WANTED HIS OLD RO  
& LAST WEEK I EVEN  
SOME GUY IN THE  
BECAUSE HE KEPT  
ALL THE WAY THR  
& WOULDN'T LIST  
OR THE SINGER

HEY - I'M SICK  
I NEED TO REMEMB

CHILDHOOD - CHILD  
I NEED TO REMEMBE



THESE  
THE BOTTOM DRAWER  
COMMON  
UNITY  
TOGETHER TO  
OUT COMMON UNITY  
COMMUNITY  
D ABOUT IT  
LD BELIEVE IT  
ZY PEOPLE, MAN  
HERE, WOMAN  
TLIFE  
YWHERE  
OME  
SLEEP IT OFF.  
ST A  
NEIGHBOURHOOD  
LITTLE PLANET  
OID LITTLE PEOPLE  
AVE NO  
EACH OTHER.  
COMMON DISUNITY  
O LIVE FOR  
R WITH ITSELF  
IT WOULD BE  
AR WITH A WORLD  
LF REALITY?  
I WENT TO  
OU CARRIED A KNIFE  
OM NEXT DOOR  
R A PSYCHOTIC KILLER  
LITHIUM  
ANESE BUSINESS COLLEGE  
O ROOM AT RIVERVIEW  
VEN PUNCHED  
HE FACE  
EPT TALKING  
THROUGH OPEN STAGE  
LISTEN TO THE MUSIC  
GER OR THE POETRY  
K  
MEMBER  
CHILDREN  
EMBER

HAVING A HOME IN MY HEART  
IN MY HEAD - IN MY HANDS,  
I NEED TO DO MY HOME WORK  
I NEED TO JUST STAND HERE  
& WRITE COMMON UNITY  
COMMON UNITY  
COMMON UNITY  
ON THE BACK OF THIS  
OLD HOTEL A HUNDRED TIMES  
UNTIL MY EYES CROSS & MY FINGERS HURT  
& MY MIND GETS MELTED DOWN AROUND ME  
LIKE COMMUNITY - COMMON UNITY  
THAT'S WHAT I NEED  
THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED  
THAT'S WHAT WE NEED

WE LOST IT -  
A MILLION CORPORATE GIANTS  
STOMPED ALL OVER HISTORY  
& RIPPED OFF OUR COMMUNITY  
OUR COMMON UNITY.

NOW WE HAVE TO  
GO BACK DOWN INSIDE  
WITH ROPES & LADDERS & LUNCH BUCKETS  
LIKE VOLUNTEERS, AND GET IT BACK  
IT'S DIRTY WORK - UNPAID WORK  
PICKING UP ~~THE~~ PIECES  
LIKE A REAL CRAZY MAZE, MAN  
A PUZZLE - WHERE THE LITTLE OLD LADY  
SLEEPING IN FRONT OF A TV. SET IN  
THE SENIORS LOUNGE IS LIKE SOME  
DELICATE OLD FASHIONED MOSIAC  
SMASHED IN THE PATH OF PROGRESS  
LIKE THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE  
RUN OVER BY A TRUCK  
AN EXPLOSION OF POETRY  
SCATTERED ALL OVER THE INTERSECTION  
PILED UP IN CARDBOARD BOXES  
DUMPED OUT OF HOTEL WINDOWS  
PIECES OF PERSONAL HISTORY  
DREAMS, VISIONS, SCATTERED IN A CAPITALIST  
WHIRLWIND  
& YOU'VE GOT TO PICK THEM UP - THE PIECES OF  
YOUR HEAD - YOUR HEART - YOU'VE GOT TO PICK THEM UP  
SOMEWHERE OVER THERE - A HAND, AN EYE, AN ARM  
SHIVERING IN THE RAIN, A FOOT, A FACE LOCKED OUT  
LYING IN THE MUD, SOMEWHERE DOWN THERE  
HAVE A HEART, OPEN THE DOOR - GET BACK HOME.



TORA

## Writing Home From a Dumpster...

It's not as though I spend every Sunday night in the dumpster outside Carnegie. So it's tempting to limit this sordid little secret to a few insiders. Two days of soul-searching force me, alas, to share this squalid little tale.

Sunday night goin' down and the local gang of Unknown Poets disperse from the Regent, celebrating the perpetration of their latest outrage, a reading on the patently subversive theme of "Writing Home: Building a Community in the Downtown Eastside." Pizza at Hobo's and it's now after midnight. Head home to bed, right? Well, not quite.

It seems that a routine smoke break in the course of the evening generated an archeological find of mind-numbing proportions. To wit: one huge dumpster in the dimly lit alley behind Carnegie FILLED with (Dig it!) books, books, and more books; beautiful, labouriously crafted, expensively designed, glorious hardcover books!

All those fine words about building community (which we sure are doing, even though we're not perfect), and we're SHREDDING the surplus from the West Van Library system. I mean, this has to be a mistake. It's either a mistake or a crime of major proportions. So what to do? Two poets remain, yours truly and Wayne Rymer, who is a fine fellow indeed. But neither of us has been in a dumpster before, and we both own all the books we can handle. Dedicated subversives, we decide no way can we allow this precious cargo to perish ignominiously.

Yes, once again m.k.'s trusty '73 Pinto is socialized as a community resource. For the next few hours we're digging in the dumpster and

filling up the hatch. Monday I sleep and Tuesday the car staggers down to Carnegie, mission of mercy not quite complete. Who ya gonna call? Sheila Baxter of course. In the pouring rain, we unload our treasures into Sheila's basement.

This story has a happy ending. These marvellous free books are already finding homes in daycare centres and with poor families whose lives they will brighten a little. At least half are written for children, often replete with lavish colour illustrations.

The sad part is that such travesties continue to occur (I am told) on a regular basis throughout the city, and there;s this great conspiracy of silence about it. I've spoken to the senior staff at Carnegie and everyone is appropriately dismayed by the painful decision apparently forced upon us (lack of space, no takers, fire hazard, and threats from the city, etc.). The reasons sure sound convincing. Obviously no one is to blame. That's the way the system works, folks. Yeah, it's a shame alright about the little kids with Moms on welfare and the desperate need in third world countries. Sure is a shame. But everybody's just doin' their jobs, right? That's the way it goes some times. So why am I Writing Home here? Well, a couple of things are still bothering me, like for example ...How come two guys with a little car and one lady with a big heart can find a way where others have decided there is no way? Why do I feel like a character out of Fahrenheit 451? And the big one: **WHO IS GOING TO STOP THIS FROM HAPPENING NEXT TIME?**

mike kramer

# THE WAR INSIDE HER

did you scent the war inside her, did you  
hear the sound of bodies  
falling from trees. did the sky  
inside her appear glorious  
and blue above the corpse-fed  
beasts and vegetation. did the death there  
scare you, were you  
fearful as your gaze picked through  
the grasses.  
where did you run.  
where did you run, do you know,  
inside to the war haunted forests and fields  
or beyond, to the stern feeling  
grey ungivingness  
of concrete.

Joanne Arnott

## ON OLD AGE...

All I want is to have a serene,  
tranquil life and I usually experi-  
ence the peaceful moments - even  
with all the noise around me, living  
in the city. Of course it would be  
much better to live in a little out-  
of-it place all by myself sometimes.  
It's too late for that; the boat is  
too old and too far gone and so am I,  
but knowing that my life expires soon  
I am (I think) prepared for that.

Lately I care much less about my  
own well-being and try to think of  
others.

It's too bad I don't have the abil-  
ity to form a government. I'd make  
a government to help the helpless and  
defend the defenseless and let the  
rest take care of themselves. Is  
this why I feel this way - only be-  
cause of my old age? If it is, then  
I'm glad that I've aged this way.

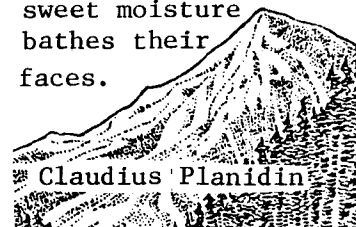


Totem Poles

Rolling mists  
shroud slippery  
logs, granite  
boulders,  
deep forest.

Grey silhouette  
kneel, lie back,  
sigh and watch  
thick gardens grow.

Efforts over,  
sweet moisture  
bathes their  
faces.



Again I say let's form an Anti-  
Zalm Party. You know he is no good  
and we should try to get rid of him.

The only way to do that is to elect  
another Party...NDP?

If the NDP wins the next election  
it will probably be by default. The  
Socreds are untouchable by the major-  
ity of people in BC. They're in there  
for themselves and a small number of  
rich/greedy people like themselves.  
These powerful groups push Socred and  
scare people who work for them into  
voting Socred 'or else'...

If we vote NDP, then at least we  
can talk to them and get the majority  
of BC people working together. These  
rich and powerful can take care of  
themselves without government money.  
Let's make a government that will  
help people. The Socreds can't and  
won't help anyone but themselves:  
that's a proven fact.

By ARCHIE MIYASHITA

# Carnegie

NEWSLETTER

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE  
CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION

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

ART BY TORA

**FREE - donations accepted.**

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

**Thanks everybody.**

**DONATIONS:** Nancy W.-\$200  
George B.-\$9,  
Robert S.-\$20,  
Louis P.-\$20,  
Margaret S.-\$10,  
Richard P.-\$23,  
Ted B.(Vets Manor)-\$5.  
Willis S.-\$50  
Tom -\$4.02

Message to Jackie, who shared us  
during Open Mike poetry reading  
July 3. I told you the next Poets  
meeting was Thursday; realized later  
we had changed it to Friday. Sorry.

Next meeting is Thurs., July 21,  
in the basement pottery room at 5 pm.  
We'll be reading at La Quena, 1111  
Commercial Dr., July 28 at 8:00 pm.  
"Poetry and Politics" - everybody  
welcome. Hope to see you there.

In friendship,

mike kramer

**DANGER**  
**WARNING: not voting**  
**CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE**  
**YOUR HEALTH.**

**& Government Health**

**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 15 YEARS**



### HER BODY: (WHO GETS HOOKED)

Her sister's face is kind of  
old under all that makeup  
But she's got a young body

Her sister's body makes a date  
This time it's the parking lot

Her sister's body does the  
Quick Ten Minute Trick

Her sister's body makes thirty bucks

That's three dollars a minute  
One hundred eighty dollars an hour  
Not counting the time  
Her sister's body takes  
to hang around.

### SLAVE LABOUR IS ALIVE AND...

If you are on welfare, it is hard  
to get work - there's a stigma, but  
there's also a few sleazy people who  
will exploit you no matter what.

Downstairs is an ad - KORRIES

MOVING - offering work on a day-to-  
day basis at minimum wage. What it  
is is joining others at 6 a.m. in  
Kitsalano, in a "holding cell" and  
waiting for work. BUT you get paid  
only for the times that you are actu-  
ally moving stuff - and not the time  
it takes to go from one place to  
another. The drivers have to phone  
the office when they start loading &  
when they finish. Then they phone  
again when they start unloading and  
again when they're finished. The  
driver gets 25¢ more an hour than  
the guys getting the minimum wage.  
Pay is at the end of the day, but  
even though a person was there from  
6 am to 9 pm they will only get  
paid for the total of minutes that  
they had stuff in their hands.

And of course, the minutes are accor-  
ding to the timekeeper's watch, not  
the driver's who is right there.

She don't wear no makeup  
Her body's tough & old  
It works as a cleaning lady  
Bending, scrubbing, sweating...

The Lifetime Trust & Credit Corp.  
Who owns the office tower  
her body works in  
& fifty-six other exclusive  
Office towers around the world  
Is not allowed to pay her body  
Less than four dollars an hour

The cleaning foreman's body says  
Immigrant bodys work for three dollars  
So her body signs a piece of paper  
& that's how much it gets

Her sister's body comes home with  
A hundred dollars every night...

But she don't wear no makeup  
Don't play no dirty tricks  
& her tired tough old body thinks  
It's making an honest living.

TORA

### Cut 'an incentive'

VICTORIA — Welfare moth-  
ers facing a \$50 cut pleaded  
their case with Social Ser-  
vices Minister Claude Rich-  
mond yesterday, but came  
away empty-handed and  
downhearted. Richmond told  
three members of the Van-  
couver-based Child Poverty  
Action Committee that the  
cut, due in October, is an  
incentive to get employable  
women back into the work-  
force.

SLAVE  
LABOR  
SPECIAL

EXPLOITATION  
SUCKS



# the Ship of State

Captain Vander Zalm's ship of state is slowly sinking and his crew are abandoning him lest they get dragged down with Captain Bill. It's a shame really; he is either stupid or arrogant enough to think that he can sail his ship alone, without a crew. It's too bad.

Mr. and Mrs. Vander Zalm seem like a happily married couple. I don't know why, if they want to rule, they don't go and live in their castle and rule over Fantasy Land with servants at minimum wage. The King and Queen could be ambassadors of good will to everyone who visits them. They could put on six royal pageants a day. They would also make a good dollar out of it. They would be doing a good service for British Columbia.

I might pay to see them myself.

By JAMES ROADKNIGHT

## PASS THE KOKANEE ON DOWN, BRO

As you all well know, I am leaving the downtown Eastside to go live in the Kootenays. Many people are wondering why I wish to do this since, aside from the lack of crime, concrete, pollution, drunks, sirens and the high price of living; the Kootenays are exactly the same as here. Well the answer is simple. It's none of your damn business!!  
THE END?

Lloyd B. Fenton

CARNEGIE NEWSLETTER  
401 Main Street,  
Vancouver, B.C. V6A 2T7  
665-2289

## Open-mindedness

??  
?  
( )  
( )  
!  
?!  
???

## Open-mindedness at both ends

Sit down to thought where  
Death disrobes your vicinity, what  
Is your rate of exchange? Which  
Of you bastards is it who  
Fuels the venom?

## Open-minds closing either end

I lust another coin for  
the toll-box of my poem.  
I do too wonder - for  
such a price I should have Argentina -  
Falklands and all.  
Still, I disambiguate propositions, and  
Nothing gathers darkness like wisdom.  
My grandmother warned me you know  
"yu keep yua eyes on ya feet - yu  
los' yor marbles boy!" And  
the other day on TV that perfumed Star  
said "between the hair and the nails,  
maintenance is the shits." Like  
Plato even, each soul wonders  
the calligraphy of its budget.  
Still, like Norman, much misunderstood,  
I prowl this voice, press it to  
betray each dew-drop, the bird's nest,  
the sudden infant's call.

Tony

## Beaten man identified

Vancouver's 10th homicide victim of the year has been identified as Edward Chapman, 80. He was found Sunday beaten to death in the washroom of the Balmoral Hotel on East Hastings Street.

**Prov**  
July 12,  
1988

# THIS IS MY STORY...

By Brian Patchell



Wol and Weeps were with us long enough to be well known in Saskatoon - particularly Wol. As my father said, Wol never quite realized he was an owl. Most of the time he seemed to think he was people. At any rate, he liked being with people and he wanted to be with us so much that we had to finally stop trying to keep him out of the house.

If we locked him out he would come and bang his big beak against the window panes so hard that we were afraid the glass would break. Screens were no good either, because he would tear them open with one sweep of his big claws.

So eventually he became a house owl. Riding on peoples' shoulders was a favourite passtime for Wol. Usually he was so careful with his big claws that you couldn't even feel them.

Sometimes when he was on your shoulders and feeling specially friendly, he would nibble your ear. His beak was sharp to have taken the ear right off your head at a single bite, but he would just catch the bottom of your ear in his beak. Well, you could do a lot of things to Wol and get away with it, but kicking him was something different.

Hissing like a giant tea kettle, he spread his wings wide and clomped the Postman on the shins with them. A whack from one of his wings was like the kick of a mule. The Postman dropped his handful of letters and went pelting down the street, yelling blue murder with Wol right at his heels. After I got ahold of Wol and calmed him down, I apologized to the

Postman, but for a month after that he wouldn't come into our yard at all. He used to stand at the gate and whistle until one of us came out to get the mail.

Our owls were so used to going nearly everywhere with me now that when school started that fall I had a hard time keeping them at home. I used to bicycle to school, which was about two miles away across the river. During the first week after school opened I was late four times because of having to take the owl home. He was smart though. He got out after I'd taken him home and didn't land on me until I was almost at school and out of breath. He was so pleased with himself that I didn't have the heart to take him home again.

Anyway, there wasn't time. So he rode the handlebars the rest of the way to school. I couldn't decide what to do but had some twine in my pocket. I fished it out and used it to tie him by one leg to the handlebars. The first class I had that morning was French. Well, between worrying about Wol and not having done my homework, I was soon in trouble with the teacher (who we called "Fifi" behind her back).

Fifi made me come up in front of the class so she could tell me how dumb I was. I was standing beside her desk, wishing the floor would open and swallow me up, when there was a whump-whump-whump...at the window was my pet owl, who scared my teacher out of her mind! Then she told me that I was expelled from school for six months because of Wol.

# Wimmin of Downtown Eastside

wimmin who are active and/or living in the Downtown Eastside "DE" of Vancouver. The DE is Van's urbancore. It is known as the "roughest, toughest, and poorest" area. Despite this reputation, and reality, it is the most stablest and least transient community in Van.

## JOB POSTING

A new position has been created for a Women's Co-ordinator at Carnegie Community Centre. (This is a temporary, part-time position with funding available for 8 hours a week.)

### DUTIES:

- 1) Reports regularly to a Recreation Programmer.
- 2) Organizes, plans and develops specific activities and programs to satisfy the needs of women & children at Carnegie in conjunction with the overall needs of the Downtown Eastside Community.
- 3) Meets with and assists the Women's Support Group as required.
- 4) Promotes and also publicizes the program and its activities within the framework of Carnegie and the Downtown Eastside.

### QUALIFICATIONS:

Completion of grade 10 with previous experience in working with community groups and women's groups especially are preferred. Knowledge of the Downtown Eastside would be an asset.

### SALARY:

Community Centre Worker 1 rate of pay: \$8.11/hr + 12% in lieu of benefits.

ALL APPLICATIONS SHOULD BE MADE ON "APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT" FORMS AVAILABLE AT THE INFO DESK AT CARNEGIE CENTRE, 401 Main St., Vancouver, B.C. V6A 2T7. 665-2220

DEADLINE FOR APPLICATIONS: Wednesday, July 20, 1988.

All applications should be directed to Donalda Viaud, Volunteer Co-ordinator.

Most of the residents are men over 40 living in old hotels. Many of the people are survivors of the institutional systems: labor, welfare, prisons, reservations, psychiatrics, et al.

There is also alot of urban core activity; wheeling and dealing of drugs, bodies, goods. Despite the bad odds, more wimmin & children are living in the area. There is a new ♀♀ housing complex, a relaxed and active ♀♀ Drop-in, a working ♀♀ drop-in, and emergency daycare available to ♀♀ of the community. All of these resources are wonderful, but underfunded, as usual. There is also the Carnegie Center a resource space used mostly by men, but is now having a ♀♀ support group, and monthly ♀♀ & kids cabarets. The demographics of the area are: changing slowly, as ♀♀ & kids settle in. It is very important to have safe area where the streets can be threatening & isolating.

Remember the Springfest - April 30?

As spring softly fades into summer, we recall the delicious smell of hot-dogs being made on the steps of First United Church, at Gore & Hastings. There was a neighbourly event- new for the Downtown Eastside but successful; both inspiring and functional to the needs of the surrounding area.

Invitations were sent to about 66 out-lying united churches in Greater Vancouver as well as the Chinese united churches. They were invited to participate and share in the spirit of the downtown eastside.

There was a great and happy response: home-baking, plants for the lonely rooms, hundreds of books for readers, what-nots and more what-nots at easy prices. There was music. and when you got tired a Tea Room to rest aching feet.

The Downtown Eastside organizations represented there were:

- Carnegie Centre, Dugout, Youth Activities, Women's Centre, CRAB, Pacific Youth, Crabtree, Vancouver Police Force and the Chinese United Church.

Out-of-the-area organizations, used by downtown eastsiders, were: Canadian Arthritic Society, B.C. Coalition of the Disabled, Camp Fir and B.C. Friends of Schizophrenics.

This festival was a first and successful, but it is wide open for suggestions and criticisms. There must have been more groups in the D.E. that could have been invited; more things that could have been done that weren't thought of...

We plan to make this a yearly event, so give us your ideas and store up your enthusiasm for next year and we'll see ya'!

Regrets to the Indian Cultural Centre and any others that we overlooked.

By GWEN ELLIOTT

WARNING: A woman I know was attacked a little over a week ago at the eastern most end of Union St. where it cuts through the parking lot to Clark. She described the man as a "regular Joe" - about 5'10", slim build, late 20's or 30, white, dark hair & beard, dark eyes, dressed in dark denim jacket & jeans. The first thing she noticed was the whiteness "like neon" of the running shoes - very new. He wasn't drunk and didn't say anything rude. Obviously he knows the area, because he spotted her walking east on Union and realized she would likely be walking up to the Commercial Dr. area. He didn't follow her, which would alarm her into calling for help where the houses were, but waited until she got into the light industrial zone past the train tracks to re-appear, and waited til she got past the last block of houses to make his move. He is a predator. In talking with our friends, we believe him to be the man who raped a woman in the park on Hawks St. near the Community Garden the previous week.

The description will help us find this one man. He can of course shave his beard or change his shoes & clothes. If someone doesn't fit this description he's not necessarily "safe". There's never only one rapist, though if this man is repeating his behaviour we have to find & identify him. One of Carnegie's Security staff told me there are 6 known rapists and child molesters in the area. (Next Issue: UNLEARNING SEXISM & STOPPING RAPE.)



## MURDER IS THE WORLD'S OLDEST PROFESSION...

("This rose is tattooed on my breast, so that when I'm killed, they'll know who I am:" prostitute at Women's Information and Safe House, First United Church.)

Rose, you stand on the corner  
of your own death, your pricelessness  
pruned to thirty dollars, hoping  
you've insured against the tricks  
of fate by registering over your heart  
your synonym - this rose  
whose livid petals reflect your blood.  
This crimson is your scream  
made visual - the tattoo  
of death's drum beating  
in the darkened car-lot  
where the John masturbates  
blood-lust, before consummating  
with the knife.  
Society also grafts you  
with the label, "whore,"  
and some buried part of you  
accepts this mutilation,  
allows the John  
will slash your flowering  
off by the root; your hands falling

like torn petals  
before the knife.

You said,  
"This rose is tattooed on my breast,  
so that when I'm killed,  
they'll know who I am,"  
and on that morning, those careful  
to insist they do not know you -  
police and politicians -  
will play jig-saw -  
puzzle your bloodied anonymity together  
piece by piece, while justice  
haemorrhages between their fingers;  
and gentlemen society will bluster  
they never did nor ever will  
know you, claiming,  
"A thirty-dollar rose, so shopworn,  
is overpriced;"  
and those you leave behind  
in this safe house,  
want to know you  
as you are now, not  
as you might be;  
sacrificed sister,  
dead night-flower,  
the silenced music  
of a rose tattoo.

Jancis M. Andrews

## Children of the Park

Little children in the Park  
Playing together on a hot  
Afternoon  
Oh what a beautiful day,  
One can have, Walking thru  
The Park.

Imagine, if you were, there...

Sitting on a swing, on a grassy  
field, full of little children, knee-  
high. It made me forget all the  
running around, trying to fit ev'ry-  
thing in a day's work - in a unit  
frame of time. Taking a vacation  
from books, television, and ev'ryday  
headaches, and a change from what we  
know as the Societal Adult World.

It's not that I wish to be one of  
those little children, running around  
and enjoying themselves playing in  
the sun, getting an all-over tan,  
climbing monkey bars...But, why not?

Children love friends, family,  
people - who can be trusted to join  
them in their fun & games and play.

Seeing and watching these children  
of the Park gives me the love, the  
warmth, the fun and all the good  
things I've always wanted to experi-  
ence, even though I have outgrown  
the little child who was me.

Unlike a lot of others, I do still  
feel like that little, knee-high,  
ankle-biter girl - who still likes  
to draw, to colour, to paint, to col-  
lect dolls and stuffed animals and  
...watch live clown acts

at the park

One day, I may have a child of my  
own who will be playing in the Park.  
I will be there with the children of  
the Park, and that is a beautiful  
gift in itself. There will always  
be children playing in the Park and,  
as time goes on, those children may  
remember being one of the lucky ones.

Miki McMillan



Your lips  
as soft as a rose  
your eyes  
sparkles through out  
the world  
your heart pounds strong  
hearing that sound  
and I knew I was found

your touch  
mingled at high speeds  
through my body

The soft breeze  
that blows the air  
so fresh the trees  
so green the bright  
red rose morning  
more and more  
day by day

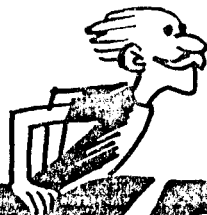
The world so clear  
that I can see  
your love to me  
and my love to you  
our love forever  
so very carefree!

I love you

Eva-Marie Anderson



DISABLED



ACCESS

RALLY  
& PICNIC  
CRAB PARK

FRIDAY JULY 29

ASSEMBLE at CARNEGIE CENTRE  
401 Main at Hastings 11:00AM

Free Food & Entertainment

DONATIONS & VOLUNTEERS NEEDED  
Please contact: DERA 9 E. HASTINGS  
682-0931