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Carnegie

NEWSLETTER



AUGUST 1, 1988.



CAPTAIN VANDER ZALM SETS OUT ON VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA...

By PAULR TAYLOR

Do actions agree with words? This is the measure of realibility. If you convince yourself, you can speak utter balderdash in every word and you will be believed until those who suffer from your actions feel their wounds and see their own life's blood.

Witness: Vanderzalm is the man that B.C. can depend on to listen. He will make sure that government is open and honest...the Sacred line.

Witness: Gordon Campbell was the one who nominated Vanderzalm for Mayor in 1984 and campaigned in an all-out effort to get him elected here.

Do you ever get the feeling that

you have been kicked in the head?

History tells a narrow story of events, always the high points that led inexorably to the next step. The village, town, city, province, country & world grows and progresses and the 'official' records have a few sentences saying the thing happened. But those who would repeat the past must control the teaching of history. So, from kindergarten on, we are "helped" to believe that the Government has been responsible for the present situation. The present situation is the Sacred-sanctioned leadership of Vanderzalm - and to get back to the question of being kicked in the head: How did this dismal excuse ever get to be premier? How could the so-called majority in this province elect this blank to the highest office? The answer might have something to do with cloaking the tyranny of the minority in the mask of the majority.

Every leader requires outsiders to perpetuate 'his' leadership, but even with Vanderzalm his backers are learning that they can't manipulate a marionette with only one string. These people are in it for the money and with Mr. derZalm saying, "Give them shovels," he wasn't about to listen to his conscience. Fine and dandy. 'He's pathological enough to let being called "Mr. Premier" go to his head, so we can rely on him to confuse people while we MAXIMIZE PROFITS.'

Smoke & Mirrors

Unfortunately, education is no substitute for intelligence. The image makers for Sacred policies know so much about the subject that they're totally ignorant. Spending \$20 million on TV ads to promote family (anti-abortion) ideas while cutting \$50 off single mothers' cheques;

putting \$80M to JobTrak while selling public services to themselves & reducing assistance by \$7 a head & increasing shelter aid for landlord's pockets. and being philosophically opposed to social housing while frothing at the mouth to relax immigration rules and get the super-rich from Hong Kong to move their financial empires to B.C. before China gets Hong Kong in 1990. Everything is being done to widen the gap between the rich and the middle and low-income people of this province.

Witness: Brian Smith resigns as Attorney General because the integrity of the legal branch was seriously in danger of subversion through the meddling of the Premier's office.

Vanderzalm self-righteously says: THOU SHALT NOT QUESTION - so when a person with the whole story opens his mouth, the smoke and mirrors are whirled out of the legal department.. everything and anything to keep the case (read the Truth) out of court.

The truth should be consistent with facts and not just more politically motivated puke. You can tell by the smell that all's not well. It's obvious that most of the scandalous actions of Vanderzalm and Claude Richmond are covered with sickly-sweet coatings, but no sweeteners can cloak some forms of bitterness. If it tastes bitter, spit it out. That's what our most ancient ancestors did.

BELIEVE and get burned

Vanderzalm and the Sacred implore us to Believe - like a hunchback who can't see the hunch. It's possible with mirrors, but the tragic consequence is that the entire being might be seen. We are the mirrors - and worst of all, their children, whose willing participation they seek in their dream...they must see their

parents with disgust. (You try going to school with another kid who's hungry because your father thinks it's wrong to feed him!)

The First Law of Bureaucracy: Grow to the limits of available energy. Use the lie that taxes and new programs will solve all problems. Keep doubt- alive and you'll Always get one more chance.

The basic belief that is sinking the Socreds is Money=Wealth=Power. When money is everything, not having it makes you nothing - and "nothings" have no more rights than orts in the gutter. Don't get me wrong: money isn't evil - it's the actions of humans to acquire it that would make a corpse puke.

COPE OPENS VOTER REGISTRATION OFFICE

By Sue Harris, COPE Organizer

The temperature may be in the late 80's, but COPE isn't taking a holiday. Instead we've opened a storefront office to register voters for the November civic election.

This year the NPA majority council has made a political decision and eliminated the usual door-to-door enumeration. Instead they are relying on the 1986 voter's list and a mail-in registration.

Of 270,000 eligible voters, only 155,000 are on the list. 115,000 (43%), many of whom are seniors, students, Downtown Eastsiders, tenants and new Canadians and low-income Vancouverites are NOT on the list. Now Mayor Campbell's answer to this has been that only those interested in voting will get registered. Such an answer to the thousands unregistered is not only stupid but wrong. Many people do not even know they must register to vote. If you don't know something, how can you do anything about it?

DANGER
WARNING: not voting

CAN
SERIOUSLY DAMAGE

YOUR HEALTH.

& Government Health

It should come as no surprise that the majority of unregistered voters live in the eastside. Most did not even get the forms - a complicated, wordy, official form.

As a concerned community organization, COPE will do all it can to register voters. To do this, we have: - a storefront, wheelchair accessible office, 1314 Commercial Drive;

Tel. 251-2963

- the yellow & black COPEmobile will be located in different neighbourhoods to register voters

- actual door-to-door enumeration in communities with low registration.

Other groups have also responded to this very important problem. DERA has a registration campaign for the Downtown Eastside - contact Brain Campbell (682-0931) - and for Grandview/Woodlands call Michelle at 251-4209. The campaign is on. If you can help, drop in to our office on Commercial or call 251-2963. We have until Aug. 20th and our target is to register 30,000 residents. Even though the heat is on, C.O.P.E. is working for the people of Vancouver. Get on the list!!!

Vandergoof Has Struck Again

Vandergoof is selling the B.C. Steamship, the last of B.C. Merchant Marine. He does not care about the men and women who crew these ~~shipd~~. Well over two hundred jobs will be lost. They will go on U.I. for a year and what then - Welfare?!

That kind of thinking does not make much sense to me. By the time the old boy is done and everything is in the hands of private business, the Socreds will have no need for the Parliament Buildings. They could sell them to someone to turn into a tourist hotel.

Just think of it! They could put up a sign saying "VANDERZALM Slept Here!" and have the cheapest rates in B.C. - \$100 a night.

JAMES ROADKNIGHT

Dancing in the Downtown Eastside

It's Welfare Day, when the fairy godmother transforms with temporary gold and Prince and Cinderella reel down East Hastings, their glass coach: a bottle that will spin them far from the five-week month and the mattress under the viaduct into the Palace of Forgetting: Mardi Gras, where footmen bow them into the intoxication of the happy hour no government can dock, where homelessness is banished, and theirs is the kingdom, the power and the glory, and Prince and Cinderella live happily ever after, dancing in glass slippers in the Downtown Eastside.

If wine can flow like water, it will drown the bawling of the midnight hour, the glass slippers will not shatter, the dance not end, its measure dribbling to a slop mopped up

Dear Friends,

I wonder if the readership knows that there is an Editorial Committee composed of Lillian Harrison, Bill Deacon and Paul Taylor, and that this committee reviews items submitted.

I also wonder if the readership knows that the Newsletter is totally independent of the City of Vancouver and is supported solely by the Carnegie Centre Association, donations and advertising revenue.

It's my understanding that the Editorial Committee would welcome feedback. So if you're wondering why certain items are or are not printed check it out with Lillian, Bill & Paul.

Sincerely,

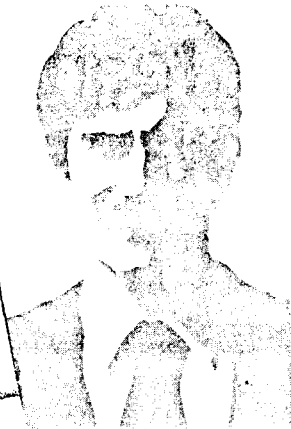
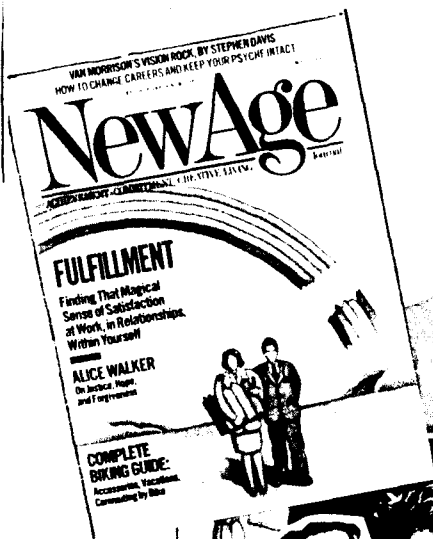
Diane MacKenzie, Director.

from some bar-room plastic table
the music not falter
sprawl
into a gutter,
the coach not warp
to paddy wagon,
nor the footmen
mutate to rats
fighting them for sour scrapings
from garbage cans
behind an East Hastings
grocery store.

*Contact
for next
meeting*

Jancis M.
Andrews



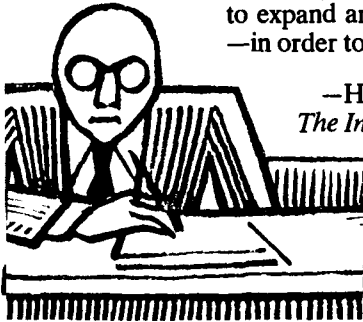


RUSH HOUR: TODAY & EVERYDAY

I see their faces
 Behind rush hour
 I see their eyes
 Determined to make work
 Bodys have to be showered
 Armpits deodorized, legs shaved
 Necks perfumed, fingernails painted
 Earlobes have to be hung with earrings
 Lipstick applied with a brush
 Today & Everyday
 Thousands of working minds
 Locked in on Powell Street
 One Way, through Gastown
 Ties have to be tasteful
 Shoes have to be shined
 Pants pressed, hair combed
 Socks have to be clean
 The world will stop dead
 If they don't dig it up
 If they don't turn it over
 Set the alarm, get out of bed
 Filing cabinets have to be unlocked
 Video screens switched on
 Telephones have to be answered
 Mail opened, forms filled in
 High heels have to click
 Down polished corridors
 Today & Every day
 Licenses have to be registered
 Claims recorded
 Reservations have to be made
 I.D. checked, tickets picked up
 Everything that was done yesterday
 Must be done Today & Everyday
 & tomorrow it must be done again
 Faster & more efficiently, they say.

"The mind industry's
 main business and concern is not to sell
 its product; it is to 'sell' the existing
 order, to perpetuate the prevailing pat-
 tern of man's domination by man, no
 matter who runs the society and no
 matter by what means. Its main task is
 to expand and train our consciousness
 —in order to exploit it."

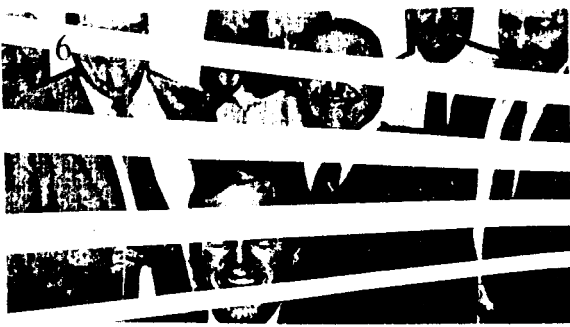
—Hans Magnus Enzensberger
The Industrialization of the Mind



TORA

CHINESE PROVERB:

If we do not change our direction we are
 likely to end up where we are headed .



Jean Swanson for mayor



Yorke replies to Campbell

Editor,

Mayor Campbell's reply to my recent letter shows that he has no respect for "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

It remains fact that over 100,000 citizens, yes over 100,000, will not be on the voters list this November come election day, because Mayor Campbell and his NPA Council have *refused* to conduct the usual door to door enumeration.

Briefly, on March 22, 1988, thru the initiative of Alderman Davies, Council had before it various options regarding the *implementation* of an agreement to produce a new kind of voters list corresponding to changes in Provincial law.

By a 9 to 2 margin City Council voted to reject implementation by the usual door to door city enumeration and decided on a mail out of registration forms—Aldermen Davies and Eriksen opposed.

To date the number of citizens returning the forms thru the mails is around 160,000, compared to the 292,000 who were on the 1986 city enumerated door to door list.

Mayor Campbell attempts to justify his civic neglect by saying, "only people interested in voting are likely to register."

This elitist attitude completely ignores the facts of life that people living in relatively low income areas, *and all tenants*, are forced by all kinds of circumstances to move frequently, and hence have NEVER received the mailed out registration forms in the first place.

As to the self-registering at a polling station on election day, this is a cumbersome process at best, especially if thousands of unregistered voters showed up, causing mass confusion and frustration.

The whole point of a city conducted door to door enumeration, in advance of election day, is to make the actual voting as efficient, speedy and widespread as possible, TO OBTAIN THE MAXIMUM franchise not the minimum one.

What is the real political motive behind Mayor Campbell's refusal to conduct a door to door enumeration?

It is easy to see. From the returned mail registrations he knows precisely that the woefully inadequate results are nevertheless RELATIVELY HIGH in the areas of the city that voted for the NPA, and relatively low in COPE areas.

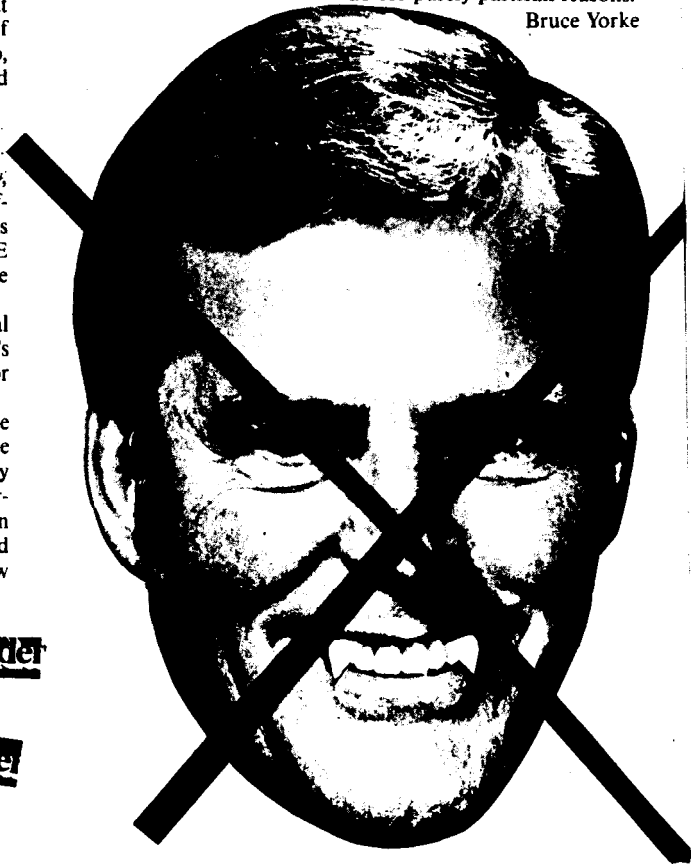
In a strictly "partisan" way he concludes—many more of my supporters are on the voters list, why should I do anything *serious* to get the others on also.

Citizens should remember that this kind of anti-democratic attitude is not new to the real Gordon Campbell. In 1984 he was the chief promoter, cam-

paigner, bag man and what have you, for Bill Vander Zalm's unsuccessful attempt to impose his autocratic presence on us as mayor of Vancouver.

Democratic community groups are now compelled to conduct a door to door enumeration themselves, a *civic responsibility*, that Mayor Campbell and the NPA Council refused to do for purely partisan reasons.

Bruce Yorke



Read the EastEnd

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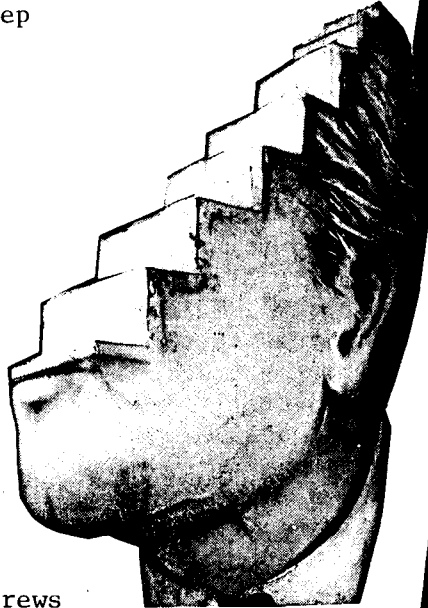
Read the EastEnd

The Glitter From A Highrise of Black Glass

Notice how these panes
cast all the world in darkness,
reflect from this bank's highrise
a thousand black translucent coffins.

When politicians dance the two-step
with bankers, the Dow Jones index
capers up and down
between hysteria and hope. Hope
is a gilt-deged commodity
out of reach
of these abandoned
who wait in the stock exchange
of lost lives
for dividends
from the swig of rubbing alcohol.
At night
they sleep under the grey stains
on the moon, and even there,
government discarded
what it termed garbage:
the moon, too,
is trodden, now.

Jancis M. Andrews



Strange Closets

We are the strange
A patchwork of scabs
from self-inflicted wounds
surround us on all sides.
We ask no one's pardon
for our taste in decor.

We are patient with advice.
We don't want to hurt their feelings.
We nod yes to their council
because we take pity on their fear;
It would take up too much mind
to explain we only threaten their
complaisence.

We are the self-contained
at the crux of subjectivity:
We pet Schroedinger's cat
A familiar worthy of our mettle -
as our closets slowly expand
to embrace the odd friend.

Stephen Belkin



When I initially described the attacker/rapist (at the July 3rd "Writing Home" Poetry Reading), I said he was 5'10", white, with a beard. The first reaction was a very defensive one from a man who fit this description (a lot of men look like that) who said that he didn't want this to turn into a Man-Hunt. The response from a few of us was "Yes it is!"

Another response from a man was 'could I get a better description of the attacker/rapist, or all men with beards would be suspect.' Well, I would like to explain to you that if you are a woman walking alone after dark, ALL MEN are suspect. From a block away I see a silhouette and wonder who it is, and what they could do. When it's a man I don't recognize, my brain goes on alert. It's not a pleasurable stroll on a beautiful summer night - it's will he or won't he...? and once he's past I can relax, though I usually check again at the corner to make sure he hasn't turned around to follow me.

Men don't feel this threat of violence on a daily basis the way women do. Try to imagine several people out there, possibly armed, who want to attack and humiliate you, who are waiting and looking for you. We face that kind of energy every time we walk out of the house.

There's no guarantee that we're safe in our houses, either. Men who rape are not just the lurking-in-the-shadows types described in the media. It's a myth that it's usually a total stranger; more often it's fathers, brothers, husbands and friends. There's Date Rape - men

acting out what they consider "Normal" sexual realtions - men over-powering women - with complicity on the part of any woman who supposedly 'allowed' herself to be raped.

So be careful who you walk home with, women - is it someone you trust or just someone you've seen around a few times? It's safer and easier to get a woman to walk you home: she understands without explanations why this is necessary, and will leave when you thank her at the door. How many men expect to be asked in for a visit or a goodbye kiss? No thanks, I didn't ask you over, I asked you for a safe walk home.

I was explaining "all men are suspect" at a friend's, how when I see a man on the street half a block away my defenses automatically go up. A man in the room asked, "Even if you saw ME?!" Hey guys, you don't get it do you? Why are you being so defensive? Why are you using all your energy to protest your innocence?

"I'm not the rapist!" OK. But your responsibility doesn't end there. Show some concern for me and my sisters; you're not the one getting attacked. If you say you love women, then help make this community safe for women and leave your ego behind.

If you seriously believe in equality for all then help make this community safe for all and not just for your intimates and friends. No matter how drunk or out-of-it a woman is, no matter what her job, no woman "deserves" to be raped or beaten. It's not a matter of protecting a woman if you like her; you should protect everybody.

Rape is not a woman's problem. It is a Community Problem, and one for

which men must take responsibility. We always hear what women should do - lock your car doors, carry your keys in your fist, don't walk home alone - but we rarely if ever see those guidelines for men. The role of men is not for them to "avenge the honour of their women". It's to fight the social conditioning which reinforces all the sexism and aggression that make rape and violence against women so common.

If you see a woman and a man having a fight, don't assume it's her boyfriend. It's as easy as saying "Hey, what's going on?" as well, you could ask the woman "Is there anything I can do? Do you need help?" What can I do?" If they are a couple, he or she or both of them may yell at you to leave them alone, that it's none of your business. So what? So what if someone yells at you - you might be saving a woman from being hurt.

Make it obvious to the woman on the street you're not going to attack her. Cross over so you're not coming up behind her or where you are the only two on an otherwise deserted block and you spot her from a good distance. That's probably the same distance she will spot you from and begin tensing her defence mechanisms. If you're at a bus stop, make it obvious you are waiting for the bus, not her. If it's a woman you know, wave and call her name, not "Hey, Blondie, Cutie, Honey etc." There are some people who call me nicknames to my face, but on a dark street from out of nowhere, it sets off the alarm. Go over and see what's happening or come out on your porch if you hear a scream, whistle or loud arguing.

It's been shown that the earlier a woman resists her attacker, either verbally or physically, the more possible it is to get away unharmed.

Rapists are counting on a woman's silence, through threats to harm or kill us during the attack, and through threats of harm as well as our "guilt" that we won't tell after. Rapists are looking for an easy mark. Cowards choose helpless victims. This one is waiting for women coming home from the bars in the early hours of the morning. If you are drinking, get someone to CALL A CAB before you go out the door. The guy may have been watching you in the bar, and waiting. I know it's hard to spend money on cabs when money's so scarce, and walking costs nothing. If you don't have it, beg or borrow, explaining that it's to get home. If you can spend money on drinks, you can spend it on yourself - if you want to be able to go out again tomorrow. I'm angry that it's ME who has to spend MY money because there's some creep out there. That's part of the reason I drive a bicycle - safety and economy.

If we are with male children who are harassing female children, we cannot "let boys be boys" but must point out the harm they are doing.

Men - in situations where the other guys are making rape jokes or trashing women, make clear your serious feelings about rape. I was saying I'd like a "Sweetie" to a male friend last week. As we were leaving Carnegie at 10 p.m. to head our separate ways, he joked that 'I'd probably be glad to run into a rapist on the way home. I said, "That's not funny." It is a male myth that women enjoy rape. Rape is not sex, it is violence. It can scarcely be described as pleasurable. Rape or de-personalized sex (no sharing/no caring) is not what I was talking about. I don't think I or any other woman would have any

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problem (other than emotional starvation) getting Just Sex. You know the word I mean. It's unfortunate but true in this capitalist, male-dominated society: women are a commodity - something to be "won", "conquered" or a "service."

Community awareness of the reality of rape, that it is an act of violence and sexism, is the first step in reducing the numbers of attacks on women. Neighbours isolated from each other by fear and unfamiliarity have little power to effect necessary changes in their own neighbourhoods and in the community at large. Neighbours looking out for each other can provide more security than the police. The police are often ineffective, coming a half hour too late if they come at all, or the woman has a worse time with their questions, or they're so nervous that they make jokes - "make light". I heard an officer who'd just questioned a young woman who had been assaulted refer to the "concocted story."

When I suggested to the girl that if this happened again she make a lot of noise, that someone might help, she said, "No one on the street ever helps you...not in this neighbourhood." We need to be discussing ways of making our community safe, ways we can do it ourselves. To provide safety for each other, we can offer rides or arrange to walk home together. We can also set up systems of checking up on each other. Women living in the same building can arrange signals that will bring help quickly. We can agree as we set off on our separate ways to phone when we get home to let each other know we're OK. Self-defense courses are useful for building confidence.

, Break the silence to end men's violence. Don't shrug off ugly, woman-hating jokes, turn a deaf ear to a stranger's screams or "make light" of the very real pain of a woman who has been assaulted. Most women don't like talking about it because we're told it's our fault. We internalize the blame = maybe I shouldn't have been walking alone ...wearing a skirt...out late at night... Is it a crime for a woman to walk alone, wear a skirt or be out late at night? When we're too frightened/paralyzed with shock to fight - usually the first time when we thought all along this would never happen to US - we blame ourselves that it happened because we didn't fight. The propaganda for the male supremacy tells us it is women who cause rape by being unchaste or in the wrong place at the wrong time. In essence, by behaving as though we were free.

What you do not stop from happening, you allow to happen.



In the next room a woman cries over the rain battering the skylight.
 Walls of paper, walls of lead.
 I create distance reflexively now,
 I've had twelve years' practice.
 After all, she was only punched once this time before he stormed out.
 Walls of paper, walls of lead.
 Surely, she could get away if she didn't enjoy feeling sorry for herself so much.
 Walls of paper, walls of lead.
 Someone, another woman, knocks on her door.
 Lectures her; tells her this must stop.
 The crying woman's life story tumbles out
 all over my elaborately wrought defenses;
 I note that I don't feel a goddamn thing.
 Walls of paper, walls of lead.
 The woman leaves; the crying stops.
 I remind myself that I should care, just for the record.
 Walls of paper, walls of lead.
 The rain stops. No one sees the rainbow.
 By morning I have wiped her from my mind again.
 Until the next battering.
 Walls of paper, walls of lead.

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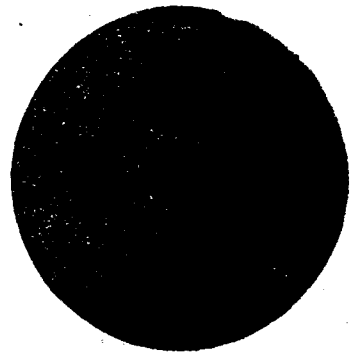


Wondering of the Dawn

The streams are rushing
 And God is letting us live another day
 Showing love with the warm glow of the Sun
 I'm wondering of the dawn,
 I sense that there'll be a dawn coming
 And there'll be blackness and doom
 Everyone will be terrified
 Beauty will disappear
 And the cause of the ages will be lost
 So I'm wondering at the dawn
 As God gives us another chance
 And lets us continue on
 To make life anew as the Sun purifies the day.

Dorin

Sun



JUDGEMENT: "I HAVE SEEN THE ENEMY -
and it is us." Pogo

TORA

Those who get "jobs" & perform paid work for bosses in the capitalist system are enslaved contributors to it. Just as those who wear military uniforms create a world in which torture, death & destruction are the bottom line, working wage slaves help create planetary suicide by corporate greed. Anyone who only wants a paycheque for a nine-to-five slot in life is worthless to the truth, worthless to the evolution of humanity, & ultimately has no place in the harmonics of change. The real work we were born to do is economically unacceptable & every human soul fitted into a paid slot is another small but significant victory for capitalism.

Because people are convinced by their fear of "failure" that they have no alternative, they agree to follow orders & maintain rules that fall short of the truth... & get paid for it, of course. They wouldn't do anything they didn't get paid for, most of them... & most of them go on complaining about "The System" all their lives, and never even see that they are it.

Those who have learned how to defend & promote capitalism are the worst of all... our elected officials, leaders & corporate heads whose bodies, hearts & brains have been signed, sealed & delivered over to the ultimate error of our times - the doctrine of economic salvation...just get hooked into money...let money run your world...& together we will create a profitable future...we have all the answers, and...we're doing it all for you, they say.

Well, the fact is, capitalism is eating up the future so fast, we will be lucky to exist on this planet the day after tomorrow... & future generations, our children's children, will be up against cancerous mutations & sophisticated control systems in a dead & dying environment. Everything we are or have ever accomplished as a race of conscious beings on this planet is all over - it's gone - signed, sealed & delivered into capitalist oblivion.

By the time this "resource" planet is used up, capitalist science will have produced a vehicle capable of carrying a new generation of elite controllers to another solar system - another host planet will have been targeted, & the death cult known as "resource management" will produce another "work force" to gobble it up.

If you want to know what Star Wars is all about, consider Darth Vader and the eternally malignant existence of the "Boss"...the whole concept of one person's ambitions directing another person's actions is sick. It is an invisible & socially acceptable disease of the heart & mind that continues for as long as we let it continue, & the ultimate result of all its symptoms is a series of living environments...one planet after another...reduced to toxic waste.

Those who "get jobs" & perform paid work are angels of death who do not recognize themselves, so...is it all for nothing?...is every human lifetime a wasted effort? Well, if

you consider history a material event with no surviving Spirit...yes. It's all gone down the tubes - & everyone who contributed (innocently or ignorantly) to it, must bear his/her share of personal responsibility for the horribly ludicrous failure & continuing perversion of "economic salvation" in a material world.

But - this world, this conscious experience of being here now, is not just a material thing...being identified as human souls, we are not just limited to the tragic warfare most of us have made of this existence. Let's not be too quick to heave a sigh of relief here, & forgive ourselves, however - our eternal presence on the universal scene - our continued existence beyond death, is a mixed blessing to say the least.

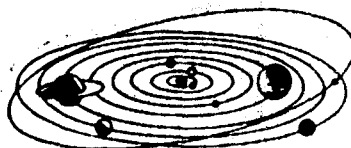
If "Justice" - the principle of correcting mistakes, rewarding honesty and discarding lies - that we have tried to apply in courtrooms...if such a thing as this "justice" prevails & is active in the universe and not just a figment of our imagination... at some point beyond this abused reality, each individual being will be called to account.

I must say that I've examined the evidence for such a possibility, & I'm convinced that it will be so... of course, I'm aware that many others do not believe that, & in a world of free will, they are welcome to their view.

Since I am convinced, however, I must act on my conviction, & reveal as much of the terrible truth as has been revealed to me. It's not death that we must fear, but total revelation, because so many of us have welcomed the subtle corruption of our souls by "economic salvation". In this context - that is, beyond death - total revelation is inevitable.

There is no way under it, over it, or around it - everything that is will be revealed to you at some point beyond this present reality. Your actions up to that point will be what you are, and what you are will have no choice but to face up to the absolute truth.

When Judgement comes upon the soul who supported & justified itself by the lie of economic salvation, there will be a swift & final resolution of the debate over right & wrong. Those few who have nourished & kept some part of the truth alive in their souls will survive...barely. And all those who supported the lie of economic salvation to the point of eroding their true spirit, will cease to exist now & forever, as if they had never been.



CRAB PARK

EXACTLY one year ago today as this is being written, the President of Ports Canada and the chairperson of the Vancouver Parks Board were congratulating themselves on making the new Portside Park a reality!

The 'official' opening happened on cheque-issue day, the last Wednesday of the month, so they were sure that their media event wouldn't be marred by the loud protests of the seniors, mothers with very young children & especially people with disabilities. These are the residents who have been discriminated against through the conscious design of CPR and the Port Corporation. If you have no idea, go to the foot of Main Street and look at the Main St. Overpass!

On this anniversary of our victory over the developers, a rally/picnic took place in Crab Park (that's Portside spelt backwards). For the past week events have happened to build awareness of the upcoming date.

On Saturday, a fundraising carwash was held, First United donated the proceeds of the parking, the Carnegie Pool Room donated, DERA donated and BC Coalition of the Disabled chipped in. The focus of the rally on Friday began with a march from the DERA meeting at Carnegie and over 150 people proceeded to Crab. There reports were given amid music, dancing and playlets.

The case before the Human Rights Commission hasn't been resolved yet but the ideal outcome will be for both the Port and CPR being held legally responsible for the disgusting violation of our rights.

Alderman Philip Owen spoke about a possible solution "weeks" away, but one year ago the majority on City Council promised to "...put political



pressure on both Ports Canada and the CPR to immediately re-open the at-grade crossing at Columbia Street." Owen was all enthused about the hard work of the NPA and the Mayor, yet in the next sentence said that the City of Vancouver got a reply from "a junior law clerk in Montreal" who said that the crossing wouldn't be reopened. Two weeks the Mayor finally got around to meeting with a vice-pres. of CPR and after a half-hour nothing had changed. (Gordon Campbell worked for Marathon Realty, the real estate arm of CPR, before entering politics.)

So, like always with this Council, as little as possible boat-rocking as is publically acceptable. Owen stood in for Mayor Campbell, maybe because the Mayor didn't want to be embarrassed by public awareness of the lack of progress.

Alderman Libby Davies spoke about the history of the struggle to wrest Crab from developers and the insult of the only access route being a farce. She said that the Port & CPR forced a deal on us, saying "We'll give you the park only if you concede to an overpass."

Denis Ralston & Harry made quite a symbolic statement: they started up the hill yesterday, went as far as they could before tiring, then pitched camp and stayed the night on the slopes - just to get to our park under their own steam.

Theatre Terrific performed a play about a visitor from outer space wanting a "perfect human being" to learn fairness, compassion and love from. The players, all with disabilities, made a

MOTION: THAT D.E.R.A. COMMUNICATE TO LIBERAL LEADER JOHN TURNER IT'S SUPPORT OF HIS EFFORTS TO FORCE MULRONEY TO ALLOW THE PEOPLE OF CANADA TO DECIDE THE FATE OF THE CANADA-U.S. FREE TRADE AGREEMENT BY WAY OF A FEDERAL ELECTION.

STAGE 401 - Saturday Night's "Live" (Atiba & Donalds have all results)

Surveys are going over well with users of Carnegie. People here have good ideas and our suggestions/questions/complaints prompt surveying as the way to get the community's opinions.

Stage 401 is the Volunteer Support Group's weekly dance & fundraiser; the survey was conducted to "touch base" with the users and utilize responses to make beneficial changes. During the 3½ week period, 71 people helped with humour (wanting bear meat at the concession), criticism (one singer is always too loud) and insights on decoration, ventilation, lighting, sound quality and even the tables & chairs.

Respondents asked about more variety in the music - checking preferences in a list of Country, Country Rock, Rock n' Roll, Blues, Rhythm & Blues, Dixieland, Folk, Labour, Jazz and Other (Salsa, Reggae, Womens' Bands, Bluegrass, Swing, Heavy Metal and Originals). Other concerns included food at the concessions, more young men and more young women! One person says the pizza is great!!

The Volunteers want to thank all who took the time and energy to help.

scorching point that one's physical or mental challenges do not detract from the inner beauty of the person.

In all, we still have a fight. The new Minister of Transport is Jerry St. Germain from a Lower Mainland riding. He must be constantly reminded of our demand for a truly immediate solution. We have to extract respect and recognition of our rights from people who smile, are polite, then knife us in the back. The sour thought festering in their minds:

POOR PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS DOING THIS TO RICH PEOPLE.

It's a hard life, eh?

By PAULR TAYLOR



HOUSING ON COMMUNITY GARDENS?

SUGGESTIONS FOR LETTERS TO THE MAYOR AND MEMBERS OF CITY COUNCIL

ADDRESS The Mayor and City Councillors
 City of Vancouver
 453 West 12th Avenue
 Vancouver V5Y 1V4

NOTE If your letter is addressed to the Mayor and Members of City Council, the City Clerk will distribute copies of each to the councillors.

AIM As well as registering your opposition to having the northwest quadrant of Strathcona Community Gardens rezoned for residential use, it would be helpful if your letter gave City Council a sense of who you are and what the Garden means to you. There is no need to write like a city planner. Write in your own voice, so all our letters together can create a picture of the Garden's reality.

Some of the things you can mention, if they apply, are:

- * that you live in the neighbourhood of the garden (and if you have lived there a long time, say so).
- * that you are retired, or disabled, or unemployed, or a single parent, or a new Canadian, or working for a low wage.
- * that you live in social housing, or rental housing, or any kind of housing without garden soace.
- * that you need the food you grow in your garden.
- * that your own garden is in the threatened area; how much work or money you have put into it; what it would mean to you to lose it.
- * that you use and enjoy the common areas or projects -- you bring your children to the play area, walk in the marshland, pick blackberries in the shelterbelt, delight in the entire garden's openness to light and weather - whatever it is about the garden that's most important to you. Say what it would mean to you to lose the common areas of the garden.

If you have any special interest or expertise (if you work with seniors, or in landscaping, art, mental health, environmental economics, etc.), mention it and use it to bring your own angle to the question.

COPIES If you can, please let us have a copy of your letter for our file.

HELP If you are not confident of your ability to write in English, other garden-members will help you.

We will post the times when someone will be at the garden with a typewriter. We can also supply stationary and stamps.

FURTHER INFORMATION: Ellie 253-9618; Tania 255-3719; Joanne 254-5742.

I am white but I know that twice in my younger days, the genocidal savagery of the white man touched my life.

I was born in a trapper's cabin in the woods of Northern Saskatchewan. The country had been newly opened to homesteading - in fact our bush farm lay at the northern limit of government-surveyed land. Between the northern limit of our farm and the North Pole lay only bush, muskeg, tundra and Arctic ice and snow.

The one-room log cabin in which I was born stood within 100 yards of the Cumberland Trail, a fur-trading route leading to Cumberland House - a trading post on Cumberland Lake - which was established by explorer Alexander Hendry in 1876. The cabin's beams were blackened by decades of wood smoke.

There was evidence that this had once been "Indian country." One could find flint arrowheads and occasionally the most marvellously made native stone hammerheads. There were also leaden-grey balls of what had been "pemmican", a mixture of animal fat, meat and berries. Although that pemmican had lain in the bush for decades, one could still eat it.

There was all of this evidence of native occupation of the land in past times - but there were no natives.

Born in 1930, I lived there until I moved away in 1946 with my family and in those sixteen years I only saw native "Indians" once. In about 1938 a wagon train went through. Its people had skin darker than the Caucasian white which was all the settlers in the district had seen before. My mother - from England - announced that they must be Gypsies. No one would go near them.

Of course these were native Indians passing through a vast area of Nor-

thern Saskatchewan where there are no Natives.

Why is there this big hole in the aboriginal map - this great expanse of country where no Native peoples exist? I have since learned why that is and it is to the everlasting shame of the white man.

About the time the CPR was driven through the prairies to its final goal in British Columbia, white fur traders in Northern Saskatchewan were looking ahead.

"This is going to be good farming country," they said. "Farming and Indians aren't likely to mix so we gotta' get rid of some of these f***ing savages." So they opened the gates of their trading posts and handed out free blankets to the Natives. It would have been a nice gesture except that they took the blankets off the beds of a number of smallpox victims within the fort.

The white men had their way. Smallpox went through the native population like a sharp scythe through a stand of ripe grain. That is why there is a great sweep of the map in Northern Saskatchewan where there are no Natives, why the once well-travelled Cumberland Trail was - even when I was growing up there - an abandoned trail through the woods.

In following issues of the Newsletter, I expect to take a look at other examples of the white man's shameful behaviour. Much of that shameful record is not taught in the white man's schools. It is covered up and whitewashed and swept under the rug. How terrible it would be if the plump and well-fed white children should learn that they will inherit this marvellous country thanks to policies of robbery, murder, genocide and outrageously lying policies - and that the shadow of those policies falls across all dealings with the Native population today.

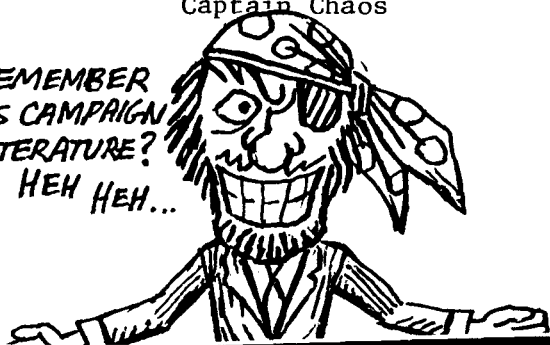
Now is the time to strike to the Heart of the matter; During my archeological search for Sam & the Duck I didn't find either, but I did find a true gem - the Sacred Secret! Actually is was a smelly modly doucement titles Fascism Strikes Back - Part II by Winnie Vander Za,m; also subtitled "How I Will Run B.C. for YOU". It was worse than Armageddon, with Sacreds giving themselves titles like Sir and My Lord and Your Worship... & worst of all was the last page - The Sacred CONSTITUTION!!! To replace the Canadian one?

Let's make Vancouver a Sacred-Free Zone. Write your MLA about the pacifier for Vanderzalm and don't forget that Gordon Campbell was No. 1 behind getting him elected as Mayor of Vancouver in 1984.

Crassly yours,
Captain Chaos

REMEMBER
HIS CAMPAIGN
LITERATURE?

HEH HEH...



**Bill
VANDER ZALM
The "GROWING"
SENSATION**

LETTER FOR AL

There is a bottom to a bowl
There is a bottom to a well,
The earth has layers of rock, water,
oil and so on, Everything we can
see or measure has a size, shape and
depth.

But what about the depths of our
emotions? Does everyone experience
the same amount of joy and sorrow?

Sometimes I feel an extreme and in-
tense happiness; sometimes I am very
sad, lonely and down in the dumps.

I often wonder about ordinary people
The ones who work day in & day out
The ones who have children & live in
the suburbs...

Do they experience these great
happineses & depressions?

I answered my own question finally
and concluded that these people that
are constantly on the go don't have
time to think about these things all
that much because their goal in life
is money and most of their energy is
put into getting ot thinking about
money & what microwave or car or
house they are going to (have to) buy.
Happiness can be having fun telling
jokes, partying, going to the beach,
being in love...

There is great happiness in friends,
and doing for others; helping, listen-
ing and sharing.

Happiness is knowing you are
appreciated. It is feeling good,
lively and energetic. Looking at a
bird in a tree can be great happiness.

Maybe a cup of coffee and a sand-
wich is the greatest happiness of all.

Some people need microwaves and
others are happy with a smile!

Love,
Pearl

As you will all probably notice, I don't have a "cute" little opening blurb to start my column off with this month. This is because my writers quit to go write speeches for Captain Chaos's bid to become Mayor. Well, that's okay. I hear Johnny Carson has been writing his own material, so maybe I'll write him a letter and see if he'd like to share some of it with me next month. Okay, now let's get down to the business at hand which is my thumb-nail reviews of the movies for the month of August. They are shown every Friday evening at 7:00 pm in the Carnegie Theatre at 401 Main Street. As usual I have used the 4-star rating system as follows:

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



August 5th:

PRINCE OF DARKNESS (1987)**

Directed by John Carpenter

Starring Jameson Parker, Donald Pleasence, Lisa Blount and rock star Alice Cooper. A group of college students, professors and a priest investigate a canister containing a strange green liquid in the basement of an abandoned Los Angeles church. The priest believes the substance to be none other than Satan himself.

August 12th:

JAWS (1975)****

Directed by Steven Spielberg

Starring Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, Richard Dreyfuss and Lorraine Gary.

Fast paced thriller about a New England coastal town that is terrorized by shark attacks. This, the original, is 100% better than any of the sequels. John Williams won an Academy Award for his now classic musical score.

August 19th:

MORONS FROM OUTER SPACE (1985)

Directed by Mike Hodges

Starring Griff Rhys-Jones, James B. Sikking, Jimmy Nail and Joanne Pearce.

What happens when a spaceship filled with aliens - who just happen to be brainless twits - crashlands on Earth? Having not yet seen this one, the answer is beyond me, but I'm sure it'll be outa this world.

August 26th:

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (1941)****

Directed by Preston Sturges

Starring Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake, Robert Warwick and William Demarest.

A Hollywood film director, tired of making fluff, decides he wants to make a serious picture. To research it, he sets out with 10¢ in his pocket to experience life in the real world. This is an ageless classic not worth missing.

COMING IN SEPTEMBER: Iranian bad guys, Chicano street gangs, a black Trans-Am, bleach-blond beach-bums and Clint Eastwood. So until the lights go down again, this is the Unknown Critic suggesting "try a bag of the Volunteers' popcorn."



By JACK CHALMERS

The other day I took a walk down to the old Expo site. My wanderings led me to The Plaza of Nations and there I found the model of Pacific Place.

Despite all the writing I have done on this proposed development and the effect it would have on the Downtown Eastside, I left there in a state of mild shock.

The presentation was slick, including a six-minute video display; the model itself was beautiful, an example of the model maker's craftsmanship. What really grabbed me was this development is going to be right on our doorstep.

Up until now, most of us thought of Pacific Place as being blocks removed from us. That's not so. Its scope runs from Yaletown at the far end to Pender St. at the extreme north end.

Did I say Pender St.? Yes I did. The south side of Pender St. from Shanghai Alley right up to the Sun Tower, at Beatty St., is included.

What's going there? Well would you believe; facing Pender St. a retail mall of sorts and going back towards Keefer St. medium-rise apartments and offices - stretching clear around to the Chinese Gardens on Carrall Street.

A few questions put to the gentleman who was explaining the development to us brought the info that construction is expected to begin at both ends at once. Yaletown and Pender St. at the same time. True enough, it will be a few years before we see anything happening but consider this: before five years have passed there will be new buildings on Pender St. between Beatty and Carrall St. It won't be much longer after that and we'll see new buildings on the north side of Pender. That is just around the corner from Tellier Tower - a block south and two blocks west of the Carnegie Centre, one block away from Woodward's and Army & Navy and several hotels. Pigeon Park might become a tourist attraction.

Before this happens, we might see considerable change in the D.E. Woodward's owns quite a large chunk of the area and Army & Navy almost as much. I don't suppose they are about to let the grass grow under their feet.

The new hotel that is to be built across from Sears will stretch to Pender St. and even take over some of the buildings there. The renewal fever will likely spread down Pender and Hastings Sts.,

creeping towards the D.E. all the time.

If we look at Hastings St. from Victory Square down to Carrall St., we can almost visualize what may happen. The buildings directly east of Victory Square are for the most part failed businesses, second hand stores (at least 3 of these under the same owner); the massive building at Hastings and Cambie will probably remain, but most of the others are expendable to a developer.

Across the street is mostly owned by Woodward's, including a portion of Cordova St. and extending right into Gastown.

The block between Abbott & Carrall will be most affected as it is mostly split up into units now. Behind most of these buildings is a large parking lot, going from the corner of Abbott to Carrall. Let's review what's there.

1) Actually fronting on Abbott St. but taking a large frontage on Hastings St. is the Abbott Rooms. This building is now owned by Korean money. It will most likely be razed and a hotel could possibly take its place.

2) The Grand Union Hotel (maybe merge with the money people who own the Abbott).

3) The old Wosk store; hard to say who owns the property now, but it stands in the way of development and would go under the wrecker's ball.

4) San Francisco Pawnbrokers and the building next to it; one is owned by Fedco Dept. Stores but both buildings are old and likely to be demolished.

5) Then there is the parking lot and next to it is a wedge shaped building which is old, although kept in good repair, and it will likely go the demolition route.

6. The Simon's Building, right on the corner of Carrall St.; a marvelously well-kept building and well worth saving as it stretches almost to Pender. This building would be an ideal make-over to social housing - another jewel beside Tellier and the Four Sisters.

Think of the Downtown Eastside without all these places: The Arco Hotel - Detox - Pender Hotel - Abbott rooms - The Silver & The Avalon - The Metropole (renovated & renamed) - The Grand Union - The Lotus - Save-On-Meats - Woodward's Store - Funky Winkerbeans - San Francisco Pawnbrokers - The Little Spot - and finally Pigeon Park. Previous losses of familiar places are: Wosk's - White Lunch - Warren Hotel - Asher's Men's Wear - Sweet Sixteen - The Boot Shop (now located opposite Tellier Tower).

What will take place on the south side of Pender St. will affect all of the D.E. and us as well. This is why it is important to get as many low-income housing projects in the next two or three years as possible.

This is why your vote is important in the upcoming civic election.

This is why we must be certain that the buddies of the guys who are selling our province off are not going to get a chance to sell our city out.

If you haven't registered to vote yet, get with it! A vote that's lost is a vote that costs!

Enjoy the luxury of firing a bunch of guys you don't like by voting against them.



Decent Affordable Living Accomodations Soon (D.A.L.A.S.)

The late Martin Luther King said in one of his speeches, "I have a dream." Those words of his caught the imagination of people all over the world and after his tragic death by an assassin's bullet, "I have a dream" became the rallying call for under-privileged and deprived people worldwide.

D.E.R.A. has had "A Dream" for many years.

First under Bruce Erickson and Libby Davies and now under Jim Green, that dream has been decent affordable living accomodations for all - regardless of race, religion, language or political persuasion. I refer to this by the acronym D.A.L.A.S.

Concord Pacific Developments Ltd., the Company under which the False Creek Expo lands are being developed, issues a questionnaire to visitors at their Pacific Place model located near the Plaza of Nations on the old Expo site. This questionnaire asks 12 questions, one of which is, "We are emphasizing residential development rather than commercial development for the site. Do you agree with this approach?"

Of course, I agree wholeheartedly with this concept provided that I could afford to live there. But the truth is, neither myself nor anyone else from the Downtown Eastside would be able to afford to live there if there is to be no affordable housing on the site.

Copies of this questionnaire are available to you. They are exactly the same as the one issued at the model's site, only we have removed the Co. name.

What is needed is that as many people as possible complete one of these forms and under the heading of additional comments, register their concern about the lack of affordable housing.

We will then forward all the completed questionnaires as a petition to Concord Pacific offices, directed to their Board of Directors.

This will be an opportunity for our wishes to be seen and our voices heard where it counts. Of course we will also have the issue brought forward at City Council.

If we all work together on this, maybe we'll make a difference in some decisions that well be made in the future.

Those of us who are already in affordable housing should remember what it was like and stand alongside our brothers and sisters, not only of the Downtown Eastside but all over the Lower Mainland.

WHAT HAPPENS TO ONE OF US, HAPPENS TO ALL OF US!

If you are presently living in affordable housing and would like to be a team leader for D.A.L.A.S., please call me at 682-1697 and I will arrange for a Team Response Package to be delivered to you. Thank you.

Jack Chalmers

CABARET OPEN
STAGE

tuesdays
7:00 theatre

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.

WELFARE RIGHTS & GAIN

THERE WILL BE FREE LAW CLASSES

AT THE ALEX CENTRE, 320 Alexander.

The guest speaker will be
Gary Calley, and the class is being
offered under the auspices of the
Public Legal Education Society.

FREE COFFEE - FREE COOKIES

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 7:30 p.m. **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

Our wonderful Sacred Govt. at work!

Dear Ms. _____

Thank you for informing us of
your move to the Four Sisters Hous-
ing Co-operative, effective May 1/88.

As a shareholder in a co-op, you
are eligible for the B.C. Home-
owners Grant and therefore ineligi-
ble for SAFER benefits.

You have been paid SAFER benefits
for the months of May & June 1988,
resulting in an overpayment in the
amount of \$13.98. Would you please
forward a cheque or money order for
this amount made payable to Minister
of Finance, in the enclosed envelope.

Thanking you in advance for your
co-operation and prompt attention to
this matter.

(Editor's note: I wonder if the
letter to Kerkhoff Construction ask-
ing for the "overpayment" of about
\$4 million is lost in the mail?)

SEAFEST

Greyhounds and Whip-its
The Navy Gun/Runner's dogs
Shake furiously at the crowd.

I remember his arms
tattooed in blues and greens and red and Gold
"We'll challenge that last score," he said
Minions of Midget Men.

Then,
I read her palms for free
After,
Janet asked for poetry.

POeTry



As the Moon Shines

I'm wondering how to go to sleep
with you on my mind,
Life is really worth it knowing you
You inspire my every waking moment,
I left you my memory
so you'd dream about my heartache
The moon's glow settles my mind
and I know you won't worry about me
if I go to sleep
You bring me home to my soul and
it was worth knowing you.
And as the moon shines you are
my guardian angel
to protect me during the night.

Dorin



FOLKFEST

'Twas the Vancouver Folkfest
Where I saw her Lesbian eyes.
I listened to her song,
but Boy
was I surprised!

I heard Jimi
again
done over
in Blue-Grass style.
And bag Piper
in the 51st State of the Union
and story tellin'
for the little chile.

'bout Jack and Hell;
and Canajiu tunes too.

Africa

Market-place

The Falafell's smell
OH! That deep Hawaiian,
Pacifica blue.

After sun-set
the Moon set
My sideburns dictate HOME.
Though another month has come
and gone
I'm still free to roam.

She shakes the brown blanket -
an extension from a friend.
I spun around to thank it
Off the bus,
On the street.
THE END.

By Taum Danberger



LEARNING CENTRE

I am writing about what it means to go back to school for someone like myself who went to grade school for ten years, and only got to grade five. I left in 1946 feeling despondent and disgusted. I did not know then that I had a mild form of dyslexia.

Words were entering my brain twisted around and they sounded different; it's still with me today, but to a lesser degree. I still have trouble with numbers. Ethan Minovitz, covering the one day conference at Carnegie, quoted me as saying I have a hearing problem, but I can hear fine.

Last year, I went on a camping trip for four days up to Sechelt. It was just great getting out of the city for a few days. It made one feel like a human being again. So I wrote a thank you note to Nancy Jennings, director of Carnegie, and the volunteers, for giving me a grand time. I bumped into Nancy one day and introduced myself to her. "Oh," she said, "you're the one who wrote the letter." I said yes and that I've only got to grade five, but I try. Nancy then asked me if I had two minutes to spare. I said sure so she took me to Tom Atkinson, Carnegie Learning Centre coordinator. That's how I entered the learning centre. I found out I really like going to classes. I'm taking math and English composition and creative writing.

Mary Frances, the creative writing teacher, asked me to write something

about three pages long. So I went home and thought 'What can I write about?' I started with the time I was on the ice on the motor vessel Theron. After three pages I could not stop, and got carried away, finishing with fifteen pages. Mary Frances said, "You must have been writing a long time;" and I said, "No, it's the first I have ever done."

She encouraged me so much. I started writing articles for the Carnegie Newsletter and the editor always says to keep writing. I am very pleased, and now my goal is to be a freelance journalist and author.

The Learning Centre has helped not only me. There is a lady with a few children who could not read or write when she first came, but now she is also happy that she is learning.

There are 250,000 adults in B.C. that can not read or write. There are a lot of people out there on a waiting list wanting to get in. Unfortunately, there is a lack of tutors and a lack of funds from the provincial government to the Vancouver School Board, which in turn hinders the Carnegie Learning Centre.

If only the Socreds could see down the road, people like myself will be working again, and paying big tax dollars back to Victoria - which helps pay MLA's salaries and fund many other projects. By getting people an education and off welfare rolls, the better it will be for all.

By JAMES ROADKNIGHT

CASH *bingo*

at

CARNEGIE

6:30 Wed.

BAD ATTITUDE THEATRE CO.

FIRST
PRODUCTION
AUG. 1ST
IN THE THEATRE

STORYTELLING: A new, adult-oriented gathering is happening in the Theatre on Thursdays from 1-2. Next week is "The Afternoon of the Faun" by Edna Ferber,

THE BASEMENT SUITE

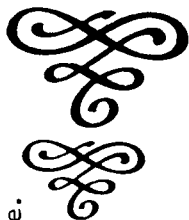
Pages of concentration are filled carefully. Then from above comes the spatter of beats hoofing fro. Their journey stops. So has concentration.

The latter is regained and the scaling of mountains continues. Again! The journey comes to again. The heart races, then is ordered to be calm But what is this if not impossible.

The papers are put aside, And the soft chair occupied. The remote control is touched, The guilty clowns enter.

The journey returns and all is like hell. Wide open ears dream of owning their own roof, And doing so Fall asleep.

Garry Gust



*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

SQUARE DANCING STARTS SOON.
SEE DON ROBERTS FOR DETAILS.

STRUGGLING FOR LIBERTY

she sheds her **ORIGIN**

OVERTHROWS My FLESH and **BE**
COMES

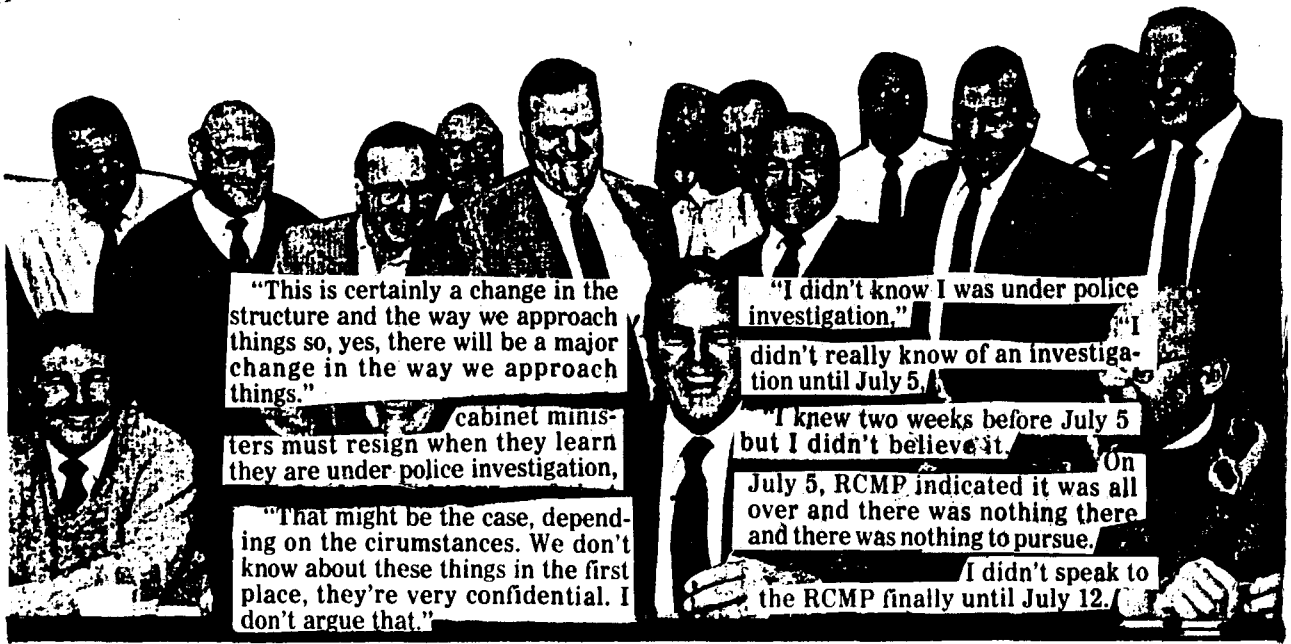
out of her OWN **BLEEDING** Chasm

CRYING JOY in A LANGUAGE

i HAVE FORGOTTEN

of perhaps never

KNOWN



Big Moment

p. imm/h. walter

Its Bill what'shizlastname's
big BIG moment.

"Charged", dum de dum dum, by the R.C.M.
force he sez for "influence paddling."
and we'll be damned

if ole' Bill whatshizlast name weren't cleared of
the "charge". and him grinning out at us
spreading those well gardened hands at us
out of the front page of the newspaper
Hands that are open and oh so squeeky squeek clean.
But, think. people. take a second thought. think.
Who the hell gets "charged" and never ends up
in court?

Bill whatshizlast name anyway! Influence peddling-
racketeering-bribery. Criminal type "charges"
and no court date. what the hell goes on?
Collusion with the police? Set-up with the A.G.?
One law for the rich and brutality and zoo time for the poor.
Throw the son of a bitch in the slam and bring him
before the court!