



HEY! LET'S HAVE A CELEBRATION!....."Why?" you ask.....Well, seeing as today (Aug. 15, 1988) is the second anniversary of the Carnegie Newsletter, the question should be "Why not?".

That's right! The very first issue came out two years ago today. It had 12 pages and a run of 60 copies. Since then, the paper has grown to 24 pages and a bi-weekly circulation of 700. Since inception, that adds up to 48 issues, 201,600 sheets of paper, 806,400 pages, and a total circulation of 28,900 copies. AND.....have you noticed our recent inclusion (at no extra charge, of course) of an authentic staple in every copy?

The newsletter started in an office (make that a dungeon) in the basement, and in 1987 it was moved to a back room on the third floor, from where you could hear assorted empty bottles being tossed from windows into the alley. Just recently, we made another move to the old concession room on the second floor, overlooking the Crossroads of the Downtown Eastside. Occasionally we still have people wandering in, in their search for sandwiches and coffee.

Our little paper has grown through both good times and bad. It has been accused of "slander or whatever" and it became (for a short while) "a hot little item of discussion with the Carnegie Review Panel". Our

cont'd on page 2



cont'd from page 1

covers have proclaimed such events as the book-launching of Hastings and Main, the installation of long lost stained-glass windows, and the 52nd anniversary of the occupation of Carnegie Centre. The paper even survived the great Pornography "shit-storm" last March, and came out smelling like a rose.

Besides having a loyal readership in the Downtown Eastside, the newsletter has managed to turn up in such diverse far-away lands as Germany, Australia, China and Israel.

So, as you can see, all these achievements are good reason for celebration, so LET'S PARTY!! And remember, we couldn't have come this far without your submissions of poetry, articles and artwork. So, let's keep it up and who knows where we'll be next year.....or the year after.

POETRY

Which Time First

I am a volunteer
I wish you were on the team
but I question the Modus Operandi
there's efficient and inefficiency.

L-vis co-opted a revolution
so says one of the Patrons
but it's staff, all staff
I'm thinking, as I'm drinking.

Indexed pensions for all Canadians
Subject to review, revise, revision...
re-edition, re-addition, RE: Vision
Do you vote for the PARTY!
or the man?

little wood spiders
death is just a bite away
too refined, too pure
and no essential alcoloids

Sheffield steel enraptured
wanting it and captured
Working poor are Doing it
For life
In the Shear-laughter....

Dan Y Creag

... for a time

Have the eyes of Death passed on?
Have they forgotten their hatred?
Just for a time, just for a moment of rest
Down they lay their weapons,
Not firing a shot, not unloading bombs
Just for a time.
As they see those men with their
Blue Helmets on, they'll look on,
Counting the wounded,
Counting the dead.
Will it last until one fires a shot
when seeing the unexpected?
A broken oath?
A misunderstanding?
What will it be?
For now they'll have peace,
Just for a time.
Too short a time.
Yet that time must be.
Without that time there cannot be Peace.
Or will it be a time to rearm?
Or will it be a time to rebuild?
Who knows; but
They'll have Peace
for a time...!

Plume

Editor

Letters

I'm writing to correct a misquote in Diane Wood's article re: Rape in the Downtown Eastside (Aug. 1 issue).

I am that person who she writes of in the first paragraph of her article. I did not nor do I object to the reality of the "person-hunt," & what I did say that July 3rd evening was, "Be god-damned certain who you point your finger of suspicion at. There are hundreds of men in this area who fit what is a very vague description." It was at this point that I was booed and hissed at by Ms. Wood and her colleagues.

I feel utter contempt for a point of view which reduces all men to the level of stud machines, dogs and beasts, just and only because we are born male. And to clear up any further mis-conceptions 'bout my point of view I'll state quite clearly my 100% support for the reality of both men and women defending themselves from violent and unprovoked physical attack against their person.

The other thought I will air is the very frightening one of police terror and intimidation directed against both women and men in this community. Who knows but what if a certain fraction of rape and/or violent physical assault are committed by agents of the "force", for one of several reasons including the obvious one of giving the illusion to the public of the need for more "police protection."

I am thoroughly convinced that the peaceful, illusive society we seek is destroyed/ripped apart by a violent, military and police mentality that is attempted to be installed into males in north american society from a very early age; by a patriarchy who fear, hate and loathe the generation of youth born after the second world war - youth who attempt to connect up with pre-world war, pre-fascist values, ideas and realities of individual and collective co-operation, peace and striving for cultural fulfillment and spiritual empowerment.

Peter Imm

Live..and let die

I would like to express my views and concerns regarding Eric Erickson's article WHITE GREED (Carnegie Newsletter, August 1, 1988).

I would like to know (being an Ojibway Indian) who asked for this freelance advocacy on behalf of Canada's aboriginal peoples? What are the motives for bringing, or planning to bring Canada's malignant back pages on its indigenous peoples into the open today? The damage has been done and there is no turning back of the clock. I strongly believe that oppressed peoples around the world can do something today about tomorrow ... what they do not

need is a self-appointed crusader to do their thinking for them, or speaking and/or acting "on their behalf." You have to walk that walk to talk that talk; therefore Native people are best represented by their own, as are blacks, women, or any other minority group that has grievances to be addressed.

What the Natives do not need is to be associated with a "fringe" or "splinter" group, or any other sub-culture of this sick society which happens to be suffering from the effects of a particularly virulent strain of ANOMIE. Contrary to what the majority of Euro-Canadian soci-



you have to walk that walk

ety believes, the Native people do have a strong identity, although it is not firmly rooted in materialism and commercialism. The World Council of Churches has said that "The Native spiritual ways are among the great faith traditions of the world" and that they need to come and learn from us. How far removed from such ideals are the driving forces of modern, consumer-oriented society.

We can elucidate and elaborate forever on atrocities and genocide; let's name a few...e.g. Cypress Hills, the criminalization of Native religious rites, Batoche, and across the 49th... to the Cherokee Relocation, the Spanish religious, gold-crazy genocide in Central and South America. The picture hasn't

changed considerably today, only the players, and the list continues ad nauseum.

I was at a women's rights meeting in Winnipeg a few years ago. A film on pornography was shown; the "liberated" few got everyone's dander up then kindly and quickly fucked off leaving behind a roomful of pissed off people with mayhem on their minds. No viable alternatives for coping, or relieving, or resolving the issues were presented. Let's not have a repeat of that performance, okay Eric? If you must do your series, provide some alternatives, answers and/or resolutions. Can anything be done to rectify past injustices? If so, tell the world.

Piss on the rabble-rousing history lesson and talk of dealing with today's problems. Let's look at some issues involving real people - TODAY:

- why does a northern Manitoba teenager from a reservation prefer the confinement and restrictions of the Manitoba Youth Centre to the reality of existence at "home" on the reserve?
- of those inmates caged in Canada's jails, why is such an obscenely high proportion drawn from the Native population?

For some stark evidence of some of the seamier aspects of the story of nation-building in this land, take a glance through Walter Stewart's BUT NOT IN CANADA.

If these problems are to be confronted, and dealt with and/or alleviated somewhat, a definite and viable strategy must be in place. It's fine to believe, and say with an angry conviction, that things must change. Activists, advocates and spokespersons must be aware, however, that going off half-cocked usually worsens matters. The "crazies" only add credence and legitimacy to those who are already selling us out!

Have a nice day.

By ROBERT KIYOSHK "J.R."

P.S. NUKE THE ZALM!

(the poem "our room" is here translated from the estonian into english for the first time. the poet, johan liiv (1864-1913), spent the last years of his life in an insane asylum; perhaps as the result of living in too many rooms similar to the one he describes, a room all-too-familiar to residents of the downtown eastside.)

our room

our room has a black ceiling
black & smokey
there are cobwebs
& soot
& bugs

what all our room has heard & seen
I cannot say
how pain is throwing shadows
how the room changes its face
it has seen many tears
& much fighting
& so much
so much pain

o lord have mercy

our room has a black ceiling
& so does our time
which is twisting in chains
if only it could talk

- translated by Heljo Liitoja
& Bud Osborn



WESTCOAST WOMEN ARTISTS

We are forming a multicultural women artists society in New Westminster, with a special focus on promoting arts and culture in community development.

Some services we want to offer are: studio and gallery space, shows and workshops, a resource library, and a slide registry.

We want your participation and ask you to call us at 520-3078 for more information.

NOT LEGAL
TENDER
N'A PAS
COURS LÉGAL

3



Many Canadians are confused about Free Trade and what a Free Trade Agreement with the United States means to us as Canadian citizens. The important thing to remember is that the Free Trade is strictly a BUSINESS AGREEMENT and that only Big Business will benefit from it.

We are asked to support the Conservatives who are backed by business, and whose interests revolve solely around what is good for business. Recently, Brian Mulroney was in this province to promote Free Trade, promising subsidies to grape growers and wine producers to cover their losses. If Free Trade is such a good deal, why should there be any losses or subsidies? Surely, something beneficial shouldn't cause losses.

Most industry in Canada is already American owned and because of tariffs, they must have manufacturing plants here in order to sell their products here, thereby creating employment for Canadians. If the tariffs were removed, why would the companies need to produce in Canada? Several factories, even those making a profit, have closed up shop and moved south to the "Right to Work" states where labour is cheap in factories so large

that in one week they can produce enough goods to supply the entire Canadian market. Where could that leave us? The answer is easy - UNEMPLOYED WITH NO PURCHASING POWER.

American unions are envious of the Social Benefits we take for granted and they will never enjoy. How long will we have them after the agreement is signed? Not long, to be sure. Social and Welfare are always being cut in the U.S. where the difference between the haves and the have-nots is extreme and traditionally, Americans will not allow a welfare state to exist. They want to use our hydro and water but we won't be able to put our needs first should this conflict arise. Common logic should tell us that we're being deceived by the business community, that their interests must be served at our expense. Profits are always the first priority and people don't count.

Business is always first and foremost and Brian Mulroney is their tool to obtain results. While we're facing unemployment, possible relocation and substantial personal losses because of Free Trade, Mr. Mulroney will always be looked after by his rich and influential friends.

Something is terribly wrong. The government is telling us half-truths, announcing retraining programs and subsidies to soothe us into accepting something we don't need in the first place. The American economy is slipping and when the economy is in trouble the first place companies look is at wage controls, while governments eyeball social programs. When people start losing their purchasing power, small businesses start going under and the downward spiral feeds on itself. Meanwhile, our neighbours to the south are laughing all the way to the bank. Canada must put the brakes on Free Trade and control her own destiny.

Brian Mulroney is not being honest now and has not been honest from the beginning, when he stated that Free Trade was not on his agenda of election goodies. Now he is merely trying to appease Ronald Reagan and their joint rich corporate buddies, the ones who put up the funds to put them in office and will undoubtedly look after them when they are out. We are being suckered in by a government that doesn't think the voters are too smart. Let us show Mr. Mulroney that we are not being fooled so that his business cronies will not reign supreme and that we will not be impoverished by his lack of concern.

Jackie Saunders
Union Counsellor Local 1606

**Jean
Swanson
for mayor**



BAD ATTITUDE THEATRE CO.

MEETING: Wednesday, August 17
Classroom #2, 5:00 pm.

A CHANCE TO LEARN:

- ★ DIRECTING
- ★ ACTING
- ★ STREET
THEATRE
- ★ PRODUCTION
- ★ SCRIPT
WRITING

Downtown Eastside ARTISTS!!!

The Carnegie Art Gallery (located on the 3rd floor of our Centre) is currently looking for artists who either live or work in the Downtown Eastside, and would like to show exhibitions of their work in the gallery.

Exhibitions run for 3 weeks and are usually of drawings, paintings or photographs. However, the gallery would also be interested in sculpture shows and may be able to accomodate installations.

Carnegie Centre gives priority to exhibitions by artists from the Downtown Eastside or to exhibitions which reflect local issues. We will also consider shows by out of area artists and special art shows (e.g. women's art, prisoner's art, etc.).

If you would like to present a one-person exhibition or group showing please contact Brendan O'Neill at 875-3003. Suggestions/comments about the gallery are welcome & encouraged.

One PERSON can change the world

Never initiate force against anyone.

This should be the underlying principle of your life.

But if someone does violence to you, you should retaliate without hesitation, without reservation, without quarter, until you are sure that he will never wish to harm, or be capable of harming, you or yours again.

These words ended an article printed over a year ago entitled The Mystery of Violence. Non-violence is hypocritical, especially when applied to the prospect of someone doing damage to you or yours. But we need to be aware of the subtler forms of violence - the kind inflicted not with physical weapons but with the mind.

Have you ever heard yourself saying "that's the way it always happens" or "that's the way this rotten system works" or even "that's the way they always do it"? And we feel frustrated and powerless, unable to break the chains of 'the way things are' - or even to use the system to our advantage. Why does it have to happen the same way every time; why are people so asleep???

Violence is what we are the victims of when we are told, or it's implied as a simple matter of fact, that it's our fault that we have no money, job, family, house, opportunities, education ... the list is endless. The mindset of the ones saying this, with words or actions, is one that has them saying to themselves, "Well, it sure as hell isn't my fault!"

But let's look at some examples:

- Expo lands - sold in a secret deal to a billionaire who right away tries to bribe the rich here and buy zoning. All queries about public meetings are stonewalled or left until after the plans are made by the few millionaire backers of the politicians...

- Main Street Overpass - only after acute embarrassment do the Port & CPR agree to make a park, yet the deal is an overpass in exchange. People are lied to about accessibility; CPR, after a year reveals long-made plans to urbanize the waterfront with skyscrapers and increased density - the price of everything rises and they "Wipe out our personal history and replace it with an answering service."

- Carnegie - it took years of hard work to force politicians that wanted businessmen's clubs or parking lots to recognize the Downtown Eastside as a Community - with a basic right to have a decent Community Centre.

Going back up this very short list, it becomes really clear that brutal violence is still being done to our hopes and dreams - our Spirituality/our Common Unity. Hooked into this at the most basic level is the stranglehold applied to over 95% of us through economic nooses around our collective neck. On a global scale hundreds of billions of dollars are emptied from numerous governments to be spent on "defense", while we struggle constantly to get decent places to live, good food to eat, clothing, medical aid and education. Common sense says to channel these enormous sums into the basic necessities, meaningful and creative work, municipal sewage and environmental improvements... a breathing neighbourhood/world that is not in danger of vanishing if we relax for a bit.



**GREENHAM COMMON WOMEN ATTEMPTING TO STOP
CRUISE MISSILE DEPLOYMENT IN ENGLAND**

STRUGGL
FOR LIBERTY
She
DE
COMES One

One Person Can
Change The World

The above is a classic example of psychic violence. People don't want to become targets for nuclear weapons, don't want to see the arms race perpetuated with yet another round of missiles, and the Law stops their primal action with "Illegal Assembly."

Here the Law itself does violence to humanity when wielded by political means - to allow the stocking and restocking of arsenals at the expense of cuts to basic human needs.

Most leadership gets its hands on the reins after scuttling someone else, to promote the vested interests of their backers. Wealth-force-wealth... and "Communism" vs. "Capitalism" is the myth used to quiet protest. What is required to break this vicious cycle is people speaking en masse. by voting with their ballot (to start) to remove

those who won't do anything to stop it.

On local levels to global levels: don't be intimidated by force, categorized in negatives, don't let anyone do the brutal disservice of saying that we "just don't understand."

I have purposely not used the word power so far. All of the above refers to the uses, both subtle and crude, of force and violence. Power is a far more causal thing, a level from which an enérgya can be tapped to create a radically different and sentient life. It is within the Power of Life to make living a sentient experience. No one has enough human-made force to violate our birthright. The bottom line is the top line: One person can change the world.

By PAULR TAYLOR

CASH bingo

at

CARNEGIE 

6:30 Wed.

FROM A SPEECH BY DICK CALDWELL...

Most of what I really need to know about how to live, and what to do, and how to be, I learned in kindergarten. Wisdom was not at the top of the graduate school mountain, but there in the sandpile at nursery school. These are the things I learned:

Share everything. Play fair. Don't hit people. Put things back where you found them. Clean up your own mess. Don't take things that aren't yours. Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody. Wash your hands before you eat. Flush. Warm cookies and cold milk are good for you.

Live a balanced life. Learn some and think some. And draw and paint and sing and dance and play and work everyday some. Take a nap every afternoon.

When you go out into the world, watch out for traffic, hold hands and stick together.

Be aware of wonder. Remember the little seed in the plastic cup. The roots go down and the plant goes up and nobody really knows how or why; but we are all like that.

Goldfish and hamsters and white mice and even the little seed in the plastic cup--they all die. So do we.

Everything you need to know is in there somewhere--the Golden Rule and

love and basic sanitation--ecology and politics and equality and sane living. Take anyone of those items and extrapolate them into sophisticated adults terms and apply them to your family life or your work or your government or your world, and they hold true and clear and firm. Think what a better world it would be if we all--the whole world--had cookies and milk about three o'clock every afternoon and then lay down with our "blankies" for a nap. Or Canada and the United States of America had a basic policy to always put things back where they found them and clean up the mess.

And it is still true, no matter how old you are, when you go out into the world, it is best to hold hands and stick together.

—Robert Fulghum

The Story about Man's Best Friend

I witnessed something last Friday, that made me wish that I would have had a camera. I was about to cross the street at Main and Hastings when I saw a dog pulling his Master - who was sitting in a wheelchair - across the street. This animal had a sign around his neck that read, "I sure could use a drink of water and I'll pull my Master to the end of the world, if needed." It impressed me so much that I assisted them.

After we crossed the busy intersection, I had a conversation with the man. He told me that he had purchased "Blacky" at the pawnshop, the reason being that he had been robbed last month.

Who would stoop so low to rob a man who had both legs amputated? I received a thankyou from Blacky's eyes and asked the Lord to bless them and to please be sure to punish the person who committed the inhuman act.

By Henry Hebert



Dear Readers:
I have learned recently that a very small group of misinformed people have been spreading a rumour about me. These hopelessly naive fools have apparently been telling other people that I am a nice guy. Nothing could be further from the truth. So, to set the record straight, I wish to state here and now that I am a total jerk at least 99% of the time.

Thankyou.
Sam Slanders

Dear Sam Slanders:
What we both wanted, a long time ago, was to be happy, successful, crazy writers and get paid for it. Right?

Hunter S. Thompson

Dear Hunter:

I don't know how you found out where I am. I don't want to know how you found out where I am. Just don't ever write to me again.

Yrs. Truly

Sam Slanders

Dear Readers:

A few folks have indicated that they don't feel I have the proper qualifications to be Pope.

I have to state that I obviously have stellar Papal qualifications. I've never been married, I've never had an abortion and I never read books. So what's the problem?

Yrs. Truly

Sam Slanders

SURVIVAL IN A PARADISE

An average day in Paradise this time of year takes me back to the Andes in Peru along with their festivals. My friend, Pamela, a German blue-eyed blond and myself had been travelling the Andes for a few weeks and needed a hard earned rest.

In Huacar we caught a ride with ten others and baggage in a six-seater van and went to a place called San Miguel de Quacar - by a river, out of the city and no tourists please. Upon arriving I felt like it was a setting for an old Spanish movie: cobblestone, old colonial buildings and no hotel.

We found a small restaurant near the Zocalo, or local square with the family running it in back with mucho rug-rats. Pam hit it off with them at once and I tested the "pisco", the locally produced beer, and started strummin' my sixstring.

Four hours later we'd met half of the 600 people, all related, and I was shown how sugar cane becomes brew. The distillery was a hand beaten copper pot, 30 feet high, built sometime in the 17th century. A song from the sixties kept running through my head: "Up on Cripple Creek" and the line "A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one!"

For the next two weeks, I was making it and my patron was selling it in the jungle in forty-five gallon barrels coated with coal tar to preserve the spirits.

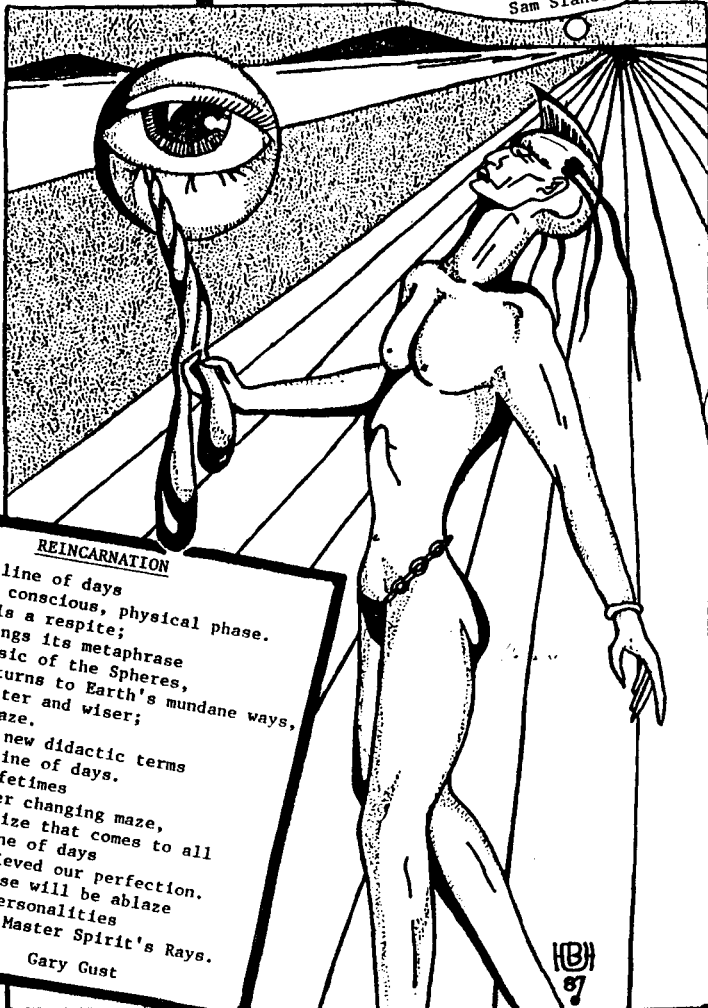
In the two months there, we saw a number of religious holidays...processions, lights, costumes. It looked a lot like the Winter Solstice we had here recently. They built an incredible fireworks tower three stories tall out of bamboo, the electricity was shut off, and firing the fuse made the wheel spin and shoot flames and explosions in every direction! The finale was the top becoming a roman candle. The lo

At midnight on the eve of my birthday, my love and I were in our matrimonial Qaxaca hammock, when these cats just barged in and with a couple of "Anos" (happy birthday) gave me a couple of hot shots, and laughed as this first run from the still burned its way down, literally taking my breath away. (150 Proof)

I was dragged out and my birthday party began. Here the way is to stand up and drink as much as you want, but you must drink: no wimps allowed. The food was guinea pig stewed in sweet beer and whenever I started to flag, I was taken to the table and told to eat, Period.

Here you drink too much and you die; there friends take care of you and you survive. At least long enough to write another story - shaky to say the least - but "in here". Happy New Year.

ROBERT LEMIEUX (1987)



REINCARNATION

Life is a line of days
Within the conscious, physical phase.
Then life is a respice;
The soul sings its metaphrase
With the Music of the Spheres,
Until it returns to Earth's mundane ways,
A little better and wiser;
Slower to amaze.
It thinks in new didactic terms
For another line of days.
A thousand lifetimes
Of birth's ever changing maze,
Seeking the prize that comes to all
At the last line of days
When we've achieved our perfection.
Then the universe will be ablaze
With our soul personalities
Dwelling in the Master Spirit's Rays.

Gary Gust

HBH
87

WIND IN THE WILLOWS



Well, here it is springtime again; the flowers are growing - trees in blossom - while the rest of the country melts through its burden of snow, appearing and disappearing like the coins in some spiritual magician's hand.

Perhaps my friend Bill, the only true hobo I know, is on his way again to the plains of Cartagena in South America (a truly long haul when you're riding the rods) or perhaps the year's melt off will find him grown still amongst the wild flowers along the right of way.

We all answer the call of the seasons in our own way - "in the spring a young man's fancy turns to..." but an even younger man's fancy may turn to marbles, perhaps an even wiser choice.

Well dear-hearts, my own spring-time fancy is to move to the Sunshine Coast to an isolated cabin away from everyone - except a few choice weekend visitors and do nothing except practice music and write... and yourself?

How about writing us a story with your dream or spring-time reality.

TOM LEWIS (1987)

BURNT TOAST

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

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

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

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

TORA

So young and alive
So wild and free
Everyday I strive
Just to be me.
How can I be me
When you tell me
Not to do this
And not to do that
It's when I do that
And when I do that
That I am being me.

Randy L.

you are a flower; a veritable flower
a synthetic black bloom
a Bella Donna or Venus fly-trap
a painted smile on a cleanex
in a wastepaper basket.

Kevin

The Follower

By Claudius Ivan Planidin
Walking home late I knew
I was being followed,
I turned quickly in menace
To confront my own shadow.

DOWNTOWN in... The NEW MANAGER



plums?

As I looked out my front window, I saw the landlord trying to talk the kids away from the plum tree. He was saying "If you climb the tree, you might fall and hurt yourself; if you jump for a plum you might break a branch of the tree and you really shouldn't because the plums aren't grown or ripe yet..."

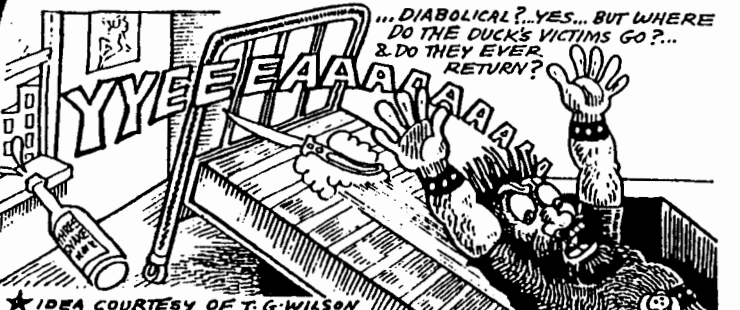
And one child calmly said back (with a gleam of steel in his eye), "We aren't stealing because we asked, and the old landlord would always give us plums."

The new landlord kept a calm face and said "I'd prefer if you didn't, but you must answer for your own conscience," and one of the kids quickly replied, "I don't know what the word conscience means, but it's probably sleeping anyway." The kids proceeded to steal the plums.

I asked the landlord how long his battle had been going on and he sadly, and with anger, shook his head and said: "For twenty years... different children each year... but the same plum tree and the same me."

And I thought to myself, 'this life is definitely not easy.'

DAVE MCCONNELL
(1987)



★ IDEA COURTESY OF T.G. WILSON

APOCALYPSE NEVER: Gabriel on Earth

Now everything was all set for the big show: the grand finale - until God noticed that Gabriel was missing. It seems that at the last moment, like a hunter looking into the eyes of a deer, he could not bring himself to blow his horn. He had fallen in love with the earth. He's only human now. He could be anywhere. His skin could be any colour. He could be a refugee. He could be in a wheelchair. He could be in a paych ward. He could be on the bottle or the needle. He could be on welfare or U.I.C. He could still be a child, going hungry to school. He could be gay. He could even be a woman, and a lesbian to boot, so I guess there's only one way to make sure we thank the angel who, at the last moment, saw our lonely planet with a native's eyes.

Stephen Belkin (1988)



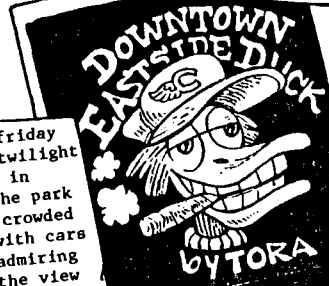
Hello, it's me again. Did you know that being the Pope of the DES is rather boring lately? So I have decided to let my incompetent opponent have it. I'd rather take Santa Claus' job away...and give the Punky Kiddie Brats electric chairs for Christmas.

Crazy yours,
Captain Chaos

SUMMER MEMORIES

I thoroughly enjoyed the summer. It really began when Mom and I went to visit my grandparents in Nanaimo. They live close to a Bird Sanctuary with the largest variety of feathered friends I have ever seen! The Millstream River flows behind Grandma and Grandpa's yard. Their garden is full of Peace roses. My mother was named Irene because it means "peace". Grandma and Grandpa also grow vegetables. One day we walked to the downtown area through a wilderness park. Another highlight during the summer was the Scout Jamboree near Sooke. We met Scouts from all over the world and had many adventures. We went rafting, canoeing, log-rolling and even took part in midnight hikes. The jamboree occurred from the eighth to the fifteenth of August. We learned many outdoor skills and best of all we made many new and lasting friendships.

Wayne Schmidt
(1987)



The frost was clearing from the top corners of the windshield, and the sun was hot on the dash. He could smell the snow in the warmed-up air from the heater. He squinted as the highway brought him closer to the sun. As he banged his hands on the wheel he thought of how the writer, the performer, has to create himself every day. The hands have to wave, the soul project into the shifting illusion, or nothing is there. It was different with the accumulators. They had no magic but their souls were laying all around them; buried elm, antique brick, smoked glass. They just had to stretch out a hand to reassure themselves, to know they were somebody. The sign for the exit floated by and he slowed for the turnoff.

Bill Deacon (1987)

friday at twilight in the park crowded with cars admiring the view a pink gray mist envelopes the city dust flies as young boya run up the hillside having fun exchanging points of view remembering where they'd been together and I thinking of my unattainable lover with his wife at a lake filled with memories where we spent the last month together



scorpions should be grounded
words suspended like scorpions
refusing to be released
nerves raw
synapses snapped
monstrous spiders
thundering through
burned before arrived

anita stevens

A Welfare Bum (A Heroine)
by S. Baxter

WELFARE BUM they called her
As she struggled to raise
three kids.
She baked, she sewed, she tried
so hard to make a little
money.
The house she cleaned at the
top of the hill
only earned her twenty dollars.
Just 35, but she looked so old
her face so lined and wrinkled.
She worked and worked,
that welfare bum, and
raised those tiny children.
And I believe the time has
come
For society to "HONOUR" such
WELFARE BUMS.

Where do we belong?

That's votes, folks. The Greater Vancouver Regional District (GVRD) meeting was the forum and the issue was the proposed privatization of Camp Capilano.

Carnegie

Safety

NEWSLETTER

We've come a long way Toward a long way

LOST WINDOWS INSTALLED



They're back! At a ceremony held on Dec. 10 the three long lost stained glass windows that had originally been commissioned and installed in 1902 were unveiled by Mayor Gordon Campbell.

Being articulate when notes is dependent distance of said notes was making

On to Ottawa

Now you see it on our

Willis Shaparla was here on both of the above dates. With a slide show to help, Willis told the history of the incredible event that helped change Canada's life.



**GOD BLESS YOU FOR VOTING ME
LET'S NOT TALK CAPITALISM HERE
LET'S TALK PRIVATIZATION
LET'S NOT TALK UNIONS
LET'S TALK COMPETITION
LET'S TALK WORKFORCE
... EDUCATE THE KIDS TO MAKE MONEY...**

40 39

Danger signals

JUST SAY NO

It's out and it's beautiful! The first book published by the Carnegie Community Centre Association was "launched on Sunday, January 2, at the gala celebration of the Centre's 8th birthday. Hastings and Main 100 over five years ago."

GOODBYE Nancy & Val



This year, it seems, we are the year of hopelessness - mean rooms and priced rooms - in

In an unprecedented display of creativity and colour, the celebration of the Winter Solstice transformed the halls of hope Carnegie into a vision of hope amid peals of laughter. Beginning on the third floor, a pageant named "Rhapsody" brought in virtually everyone as invol...

TRUST US ... WE'RE RICH!

A RENAISSANCE OF CREATIVE PASSION & CULTURAL ACTIVISM

Streets

Carnegie Centre invites you to join our first Hastings & Main and

Inside

NOW YOU DON'T!

For six years now supervised by the city Social Planning Department. That's the way Carnegie patrons, staff and the Carnegie Community Centre Association Board prefer it. Under Social



your choice

Take two artists;
One who just put his pen to paper; One special reporter;
A Graphic Artist doing the lay-out;
An Editor;
One person taking directions re: assignments from the editor direct Storylines, by-lines, Headlines, Deadlines,
And what have you got?
Take a community of very strong people who take the time, To reflect, write and contribute,
Put it all together AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

COULD THIS BE THE BEGINNING

Carnegie Newsletter....

Beverly-Jeanne Whitney (1987)

Unanswered Love Sonnets

There he was, a mere man who had everything God could ever grant him.

He had dreams of a love, a love so beautiful and innocent. He wanted the love of a young woman who would fill the emptiness he had in his heart - to complete himself.

He thought to himself, and with one thought which broke the silence, he began a soliloquy on the girl who would change his dreams into reality. Thus, he would have all that he had ever wanted...

There she was every night, fixed in his mind: "Oh, if she would only come to me...I can feel her soft touch, but...I would like her to be with me. Oh! How I would like to savour the taste of her sweet lips." A tear came to his eye and he was all alone.

He looked up. There she stood - the girl he had wanted to be his Lady.

She complimented him on his beautiful eyes of blue and she disappeared without a trace. He saith unto her, "O Dear Lady! Don't leave your man, Please come back... "

He wrote her Love Sonnets, remembering his Dream Lady who loved his eyes of blue..in hopes that she would capture the starlettes which twinkle so merrily..so overjoyed he waited to greet his Lady Divine.

He waited, and prepared himself to meet his Lady. On the third day, the Lady came to see him and proved to him that she was not a vision, nor was she a dream. He prepared a dinner for her and hoped the magic would begin. His eyes lit up when their eyes met. They started play-fighting and she came close enough to him for him to fall in love with her. She felt this, embraced him and left.

He thought to himself, "She will come back and I will be so happy. I shall fulfill her every need." He thought about being with her... He thought about loving her... He thought about her compliments... He thought about their love - he had the love and respect for Life & Love and he wanted her to share it. Finally, a letter from Her!

She saith unto him: "Dear Love, I love you as a friend, and I would like to thank you for your Patronage and your letters. The greatest gift of love is freedom. If you love somebody, set them free... if they do not return, it was never meant to be... "

After that he never saw her. For a long time he sat there with his unanswered love sonnets, wondering why he had ever thought of having his dreams fulfilled. In the depth of his memory he kept on loving her and knew that, someday, he would love again.

Miki



On The Death of My Friend, Val
(July 5th, 1988)

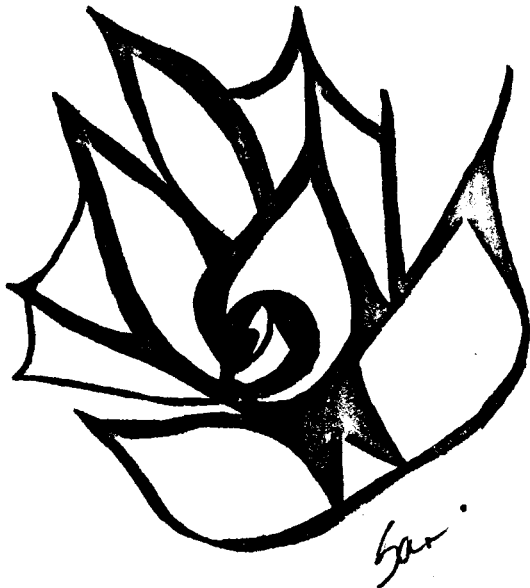
No incense is strong enough
to sweeten death, and the red eye
flickering above the altar is yourself
blinking in the dark, while
Father, Son and Holy Ghost stamp
their three-footed dance
on our illusions.
From Eden's living water
into womb-world's bitter salt,
we are plunged into God Magician's joke:
He holding out the stick
with string and bent pin baited
with The Word ... So,
flickering from dream to pale fish,
we swim through our mother's sea
towards the hook.

The mouth opens, closes, opens,
but God was only teasing: fish speak
only with their eyes; so stick
is transformed to wand, and with one flick
He causes evolution to flake from us
like scales, till we fin upward
from fish to ape, our simian thoughts
climbing through the darkened tree
of flesh.



The fruit of speech -
the answer to the riddle, "Why?"
still glistens out of reach.
Hapless acrobat, we are dangled
upside-down; the tail
shrinks, and suddenly
we are let go and drop
from a nine-month night
into a human day

that blinds us. But the joke's
not over yet, for after all that -
after all that -
our first word is a howl; the joke
is that the riddle
has no answer, and we must learn immediately
how to pray
to find the word
that takes us home again.
Is this not more than dis-illusion, Val -
is this not an inhumanity -
that even as we begin to sing our solo,
dance our tentative, unique ballet,
God reveals wand is nothing more than whip
and with or without The Word
(as you did, without a word)
herds us back to Our Father's House -
back into earth and night and void -
that three-ringed circus
that is our home and also
our heartbreak.



Jancis M. Andrews

HOW TO SAVE A TREE

By Garry Gust

Once there was a clan of people called the Boomgaard Knuffeleners, who had the unusual habit of hugging trees.

The early Boomgaard Knuffeleners discovered that hugging a tree would cause a warm, energetic feeling in their hearts that would last the whole day long.

Thus, they were a thriving people, and after 300 years of hugging trees, they made another important discovery that would lead them to become deeply attuned with nature.

They found that the ancient hugging-trees that surrounded their dorp (village) were stronger and could weather the fiercest storm-winds, but the ancient trees beyond the dorp were weaker and large

branches would often break off and crash to the earth.

The men, women, girls and boys of the Boomgaard Knuffeleners' clan held a great meeting and after much discussion decided that not only did they get energy from the trees, but the trees also got energy from the Boomgaard Knuffeleners, and this exchange of energies made them and the hugging-trees more healthy and peaceful.

Soon after this discovery, the Boomgaard Knuffeleners disbanded and travelled throughout the world, hugging trees wherever they went.

But, they were scorned and then persecuted for hugging trees and were forced to practice their ceremony in private - by the light of the moon!



Just want to say that tonight I celebrate my love for you.

Open up your heart and let the sunshine in.

Sweet Caroline, my dearest friend, tell me what can I do to ease the pain?

Ain't no mountain high enough for you, we go back a long way, you and I,

Every day, you are always on my mind, I can never forget you,

Please, smile a little smile.

Memories of the way we were, remembering the good times and the bad times,

But know that I'll be on your side for ever more, that's what friends are for.

I'll never forget riding "in Ensenada" on a horse with no name, crying

Because I'll been outcast, and you were there, boy,

You really made it feel like Christmas.

Never forget that my love is always with you, because

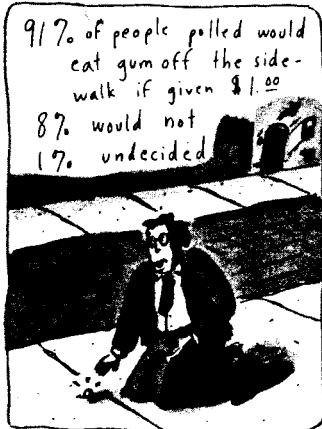
You're the best friend of all.

Louise Delan

NEWS

SURVEY RESULTS

91% of people polled would eat gum off the sidewalk if given \$1.00
 8% would not
 1% undecided



WEEK IN REVIEW



QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"It's a pain in the butt. I'm glad it's behind (me)."
 — Premier Bill Vander Zalm on the RCMP probe into his financial relationship with businessman Peter Toigo.



WEATHER



BLAH BLAH BLAH
 FANTASTIC BLAH BLAH
 BLAH REPORT BLAH BLAH
 BLAH TULIPS BLAH BLAH
 LATER BLAH DEAL BLAH



"Our policy is not to discuss policy," RCMP spokesman Cpl. Ken Schmidt said.

IS EVERYTHING CLEAR?



Hi friends,

The editor and chief of the Carnegie Newsletter has asked me to write a bit about myself. Not that I think that it's important. However my stomach does. The editor pays me in coupons; in return for this my tummy receives a bowl of soup, a sandwich and a cup of milk - so it's happy.

Here is a short biography about my life. I was born in Toronto on November 27, 1930. That was the start of the depression that lasted for eleven long hungry years.

My father was a trucker and thousands of Canadians like him could not get work. I remember my mother giving me ten cents to go and buy three stale loaves of bread. Somehow she would get milk and a bit of sugar; my sister and I ate by a wax taper because Dad could not pay the power bill. This is what people with money call dining by candlelight at sevenish.

I did not know how lucky we were. When Father went off to the wars, Mother went to work in war plants. There was money coming in and I received my first hot meal.

I recall entering kindergarten. It was the best year I ever had in school. It was also the first time I fell in love - with a cute little blonde girl. One of the teachers said, "All of you who are sick line up at the door." I thought she said six. She looked at me and uttered,

"Jimmy, you are six, aren't you?" I did not know then that I had a learning disability, so I lined up at the door and passed into grade one.

It took me ten years to get to grade five. I finally gave up, discouraged and full of disgust.

I worked at different jobs around Toronto, not staying very long at any of them. I got my first job as mess boy for the deck crew on a ship. I took to it like a duck does to water. I learned to observe how and what others did and repeated what I saw. I taught myself, working my way up the ladder from mess boy to chief cook and steward on ships over the years. I just loved the sea.

I got in in March, 1960 and entered a hospital. They found an abscess on my left lung and removed half of the lung. April 2, 1960 I was reduced from working any labour.

I had to learn to slow myself down. In other words I slowly came down the ladder of success to the bottom rung.

Today I do volunteer work to help others less fortunate than myself. I also come to Carnegie Learning Centre, taking math and learning how to put my thoughts and feelings and ideas, through the use of the pen, on paper; sharing myself with the readers of this newspaper. Keep your heart and spirit. Have a good day.

By JAMES ROADKNIGHT

Open Stage CABARET
TUESDAYS IN THE THEATRE 7 PM



She had been on the street since she was thirteen or fifteen or seventeen --- two? six? ten years? Another night, another trick, a knife and her pretty little body was still. Her spirit stepped out of it and looked around.

"I guess I must head for hell," she thought. "That's where all those street preachers and T.V. evangelists said I would go." She went down, down, down a steep winding path 'til she came to a gatehouse with two guards outside; she recognized them. Before they died they had often been on T.V. demanding that the prostitutes be driven out of her city.

"You can't come in here," they

said. "We don't want your kind!"

"But I was told to come here."

"Whoever told you that was wrong. You made people happy. You can't come in here. Go through the other gate at the top of the path."

Sighing, she trudged up the steep rocky path. "I've been turned out of restaurants and bars because I'm a hooker and now they don't even want me in hell. I wonder where that other gate goes?"

At the top of the path she came to a high stone wall with a narrow, unguarded gate. She tried the handle. It was unlocked and she slipped through into light and beauty beyond anything known on earth.

At first she thought she was alone but then she heard laughter and there were Nicki, Boo, Carol and others enjoying their surprise. "You're safe," they said. "There are no bad tricks, sadistic cops, Shame the Johns or self righteous citizens here. This is Heaven."

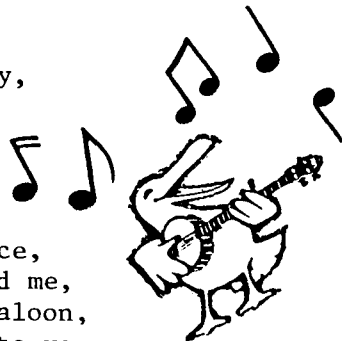
Ina Roelants

Rock Me All Night Long

I was hungry and thirsty,
To partake of your company,
You were my glory,
You were my well of life,
And a token to go on -
Rock me all night long;

Life was a slap in the face,
The struggle had destroyed me,
You were my Last Chance Saloon,
The beating sun drove me to you,
The rain beat the fury out of me,
My dream began and ended with you -
Rock me all night long!

Dorin



The Hired Hand

I saw you from afar,
Deep within my soul
I had a release of anguish,
I needed grace,
And you gave me your hand,
And I was the hired hand;

Don't leave me behind,
To be your shadow,
I want to lead the way,
Don't drug my feelings,
With your nonchalance,
I need some honesty in my life,
As life drains away,
For the hired hand.

Dorin

WHO'S AFRAID OF

Mental Illness

When I was growing up in Fort Vermilion, we children thought that all mentally handicapped people were total outcasts. Our parents told us to stay away from these people, principally because we didn't know any better.

I can remember when I went to school that first year. This Indian lady who was crippled in a sitting position would drag herself across our school yard. She had to use the outhouse and would drag herself about 300 yards, from where she lived with the nuns who looked after her.

We children would stop whatever we were doing and stare at her. Children can be very cruel about what they say, but then children tell it like it is. That is only natural, and we were no different.

When my brother Arthur and I arrived in Grouard in July of 1950, we were to experience similar situations all through the eight years we were there. I can still remember this one summer. We were playing in the boys' yard, when this lady came walking toward us with her arms outstretched. We would run from her and then stop and tease her. She just wanted to hug someone or be hugged, I guess.

When the nuns saw what was going on, they would call us into the boys' hall and lock the doors. I would look out the window and see this lady standing there all alone. Sometimes now I think about these two ladies and wonder what went on in their minds. It makes me sad just to think about it.

I have been in Vancouver one year and I see a lot of people with mental problems. One would think that with all this money floating around the government could do more for these

people. About two blocks from where I live this old man is living beside a dumpster. My neighbour tells me that he has been living in Vancouver for thirteen years, and the old man has been living there all this time.

Whenever I go fishing, I walk by the dumpster and the old man is there. He looks like he is doing okay. He doesn't bother anybody and the business people might see him as a night watchman. My neighbour tells me that the old man comes from a wealthy family. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if this were true. I knew a man in Edmonton in the same situation. It amazes me no end how a wealthy family could do this to their own flesh and blood.

It is a cruel world indeed.

By WILLIAM J. CARDINAL



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

Centre collage & cover by Dave Ryerson

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

DONATIONS:

Nancy W. -\$200
George B. \$15
Robert S. \$20
Louis P. \$20
Margaret S. \$10
Ted B. \$5
Richard P. \$30
Willis S. \$60
Jancis A. \$20
Tom \$4.02
L.B.T. -\$100
Anon. -\$11.23

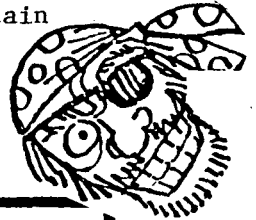
Do yourself a favour, help your
neighbourhood, by following this -
A. On the 25th at Strathcona Commu-
nity Centre there will be a re-
zoning hearing for the Gardens.
Be there.

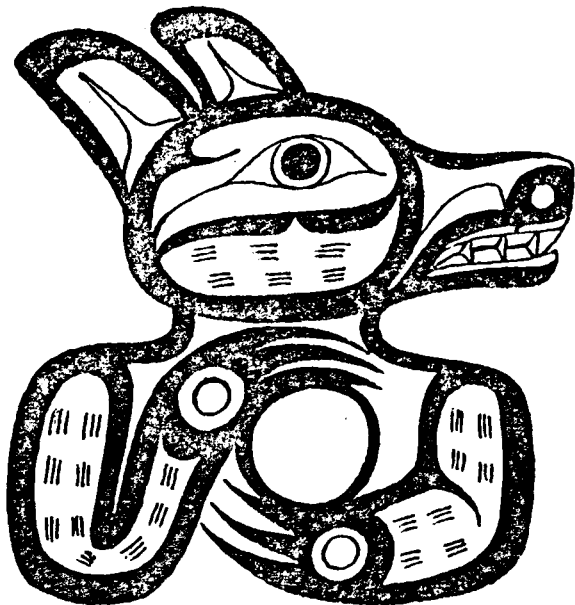
B. Stress the issue with total
honesty.
C. If it is too quirky for you go
camping at the gardens until it
is declared a victory for the
Gardens.

D. Or write to your city council
and let them know how you feel
about this matter.

P.S. Due to the fact that a most
appropriate candidate is running for
Mayor of Vancouver, I back off in
her favour. Go sick 'em Jean.

Crassly yours,
the Captain





the Rich & Gleaming hierarchy

Who grovel before the dollar
Who gamble with our lives
the Bastards want our property.

I sing a song, increased despair
Where will I love again?

The monkeys dance for change & bills
A string pulled here & there -
They dance & play
merrily upon the tombstone road -
All the while singing merrily,
merrily counting graves of you & me
(if not careful)
our toil would then cease.

Don Lawson

SURVIVING

Strange noise in the night
apartment half falling down
down

Wind through cracks
Rain through roof runs
along slanting floor

"Taps dripping in Time"

Try to sleep___ awake,
awake

Cat chasing - mice-chasing
cockroaches
Like three ring circus on
kitchen floor

Walls so thin, hear man down
hall snore

Better than two hours
before
Neighbours arguing after
partying with stereo at
full___ bore

Toilet in hall backed up,
use sink.

Back to bed, finally
dozing off

Awake-Goddam siren-awake

Law chasing crime/crime
chasing a need to survive

Not easy surviving in dumps
like this

Surviving with hardly a
dime
from time-to-endless time

Surviving under society's
grace in Poverty
Hardly a chance for
a creative productive
life

Surviving under society's
lack of understanding
knowledge

Surviving in homes like this
Yet hope and faith of a
better day

Surviving and daring to be
free
Keeping the fight alive, for
a better-far-better way

C.L. Eckert

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Yeah, it's called an Editorial and yeah, it's on the back page.

Getting into a rut is probably nothing new to a lot of us, but when the rut starts to dictate how we think and act and react, then it's time to take a hard look. The most basic truth: Love is all there is - and the 'child' of this is Struggle is the essence of Life.

The Carnegie Newsletter is 2 years old. In that time comments have ranged between it being called a "scummy rag" to "the best paper in Vancouver", and thanks to the wealth of creativity and talent here, 99% of the comments are good ones.

A while back, the people forced off the Board and virtually out of Carnegie were hot to trot to get a City Council gag clamped on the editorial content; truth hurts. The dismal excuse for an alderman, Caravetta, and his gophers (am I repeating myself?) brought their own mud but ended up having it smeared all over themselves. Ralphy has been told point-blank that if he tries for another nomination on the NPA slate he'll get ZERO support. The NPA is cutting the more obvious cancerous sores off - like mum's the word on (then Alderman) Campbell almost frothing to get Vanderzalm in as Mayor of Vancouver in '84.

The same scenario is happening with Vanderzalm. I read in a paper that the head of some Sacred cult stated derZalm could never win another election. Seemed like they were all ready to fry him at some meeting, but they came out and said that they've agreed to let Billy boy 'change' - to a human or an orangutang, didn't matter - to let them lull us with massive TV ads about how well he's doing, the old harangue about "socialist hordes" - while the whitewash goes on.

Moving on to Mulroney, he's still

trying to cram Free Trade down our throats.

At each of these 3 levels of what passes for government, the specialists in what is necessary to brainwash the public - that's us - are working overtime. Mulroney swings through BC, with videos taken of him being an 'ideal for dimwits', and the tightly edited version will be part of his campaign blitzkrieg. Vanderzalm has a \$20 million budget for putting his bullcrap on TV - "I've changed, more democracy, honesty, a refrigerator for every igloo..." Campbell and the NPA, on the local scene, stopped door-to-door voter registration so the majority of people who ^{LE} party is as non-part- be able to ^{STRATHCONA COMMUNITY GARDENS: this} next ^{REZONING HEARING AUGUST 25th!! won't} they will start packing & stacking people & skyscrapers in our community and just sweep us out.

From the major leagues to the minors to the bush leagues, the mental disorder is the same: Profits are the only Holy Grail and peoples' needs (like food for hungry kids) are under investigation, with unspecified repairs to be made sometime in the 'near' future.... Lip service where lip service is due, I guess.

DANGER
WARNING: not voting
CAN
SERIOUSLY DAMAGE
YOUR HEALTH.

& Government Health

The "Not Voting" logo is as simple as can be. Our collective health will be seriously damaged if any of these parties remain in power. The Civic Election deadline for registering to vote is AUGUST 20. Do it!

By PAULR TAYLOR